

PREFACE

When I went to work for Lockheed-Georgia Company in September of 1952 I had no idea that this would end up being my life's work. I thought that I would be there for about three years at the most. The war in Korea was going full bloom and when it came to a close then that would be the end of that job. I was wrong.

For some reason I decided to keep a record of my employment. These documents grew with the years. After about five years I started to make tapes and type up memos, I did not save anything that could not be considered my personal records. I saved just about everything in writing that reflected upon me. As the years rolled by my records grew, most of the tapes dryrotted but my notes and the other documents remained intact. I finally had two boxes full of material and I collated the information and decided that I would try and write a book. The book would have to be factual and I had few written notes on actual conversations. As I went over my material I found myself able to project back into that time frame and my memories became very clear. I feel that ninety percent of the actual statements made by others as indicated are verbatim.

I sat down and began to talk out the story and came to the conclusion that this book would be a narrative. The copies of the documents following most chapters constitute the backbone of this narrative. Read them for without them the facts of this story cannot be realized. This information is filed after the chapter written in the same time span and is readily available to relate back to the previous incidences as covered by the chapter. The experiences related here are only part of the thousands I lived through during those years. I tell them as I lived them. I don't bite my tongue in relating incidences as they occurred. This narrative is about me, myself and I. My opinions were developed from these experiences and I will not hold back on expressing those opinions. Some words seemingly profane are simply aircrafter's language expressing emphasis. This method of emphatic expression is found at all levels in all industry around the U. S. and the world. I can say that from experience. Ninety percent of the time there is nothing personal in the use of such words.

If there is any social significance to this narrative it will have to be the gradual reduction of discrimination over the years (appearances, skin color and so-called races) and the economic uplift that such an organization provided for the community. Technologically, things have advanced so far that at present younger workers of today would wonder how we did most of the things that we accomplished. I do not feel satisfied with the changes that younger "gungho" managers have initiated. From what I hear the attitudes and morale levels have dropped sharply

because of a feeling of insecurity. The workers seem to have a feeling of constant intimidation. In my opinion this goof called downsizing is going to explode all over the economy by the turn of the century. So be it, this is another generation.

This is a true narrative of working in the aircraft industry for almost thirty-six years. There have been books written on the automotive industry and most other areas of endeavor but I have never seen one about an airrafter from an hourly position up to management and then promoted back to salaried. There are over two hundred thousand working and retired airrafters out there and I hope this will be of interest to them and any others (like a million) who may find this book interesting. I hope all of the manufacturers and suppliers supporting the aircraft companies will have the opportunity to also read this story. There are millions of people who work as a team permitting the U.S. to maintain its air and space superiority. They can never be forgotten.

If you read between the lines you will understand the subtle evolution of the American original philosophy of the melting pot of different cultures and so-called races becoming one as the true American as spelled out in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. This won't happen in my lifetime but will occur eventually in the next fifty or one hundred years. If you were born in this country then you are one of those people. Basically, all of us evolved from immigrants or slaves. If we continue the effort to classify ourselves as races (or caste) instead of Americans this will only delay the fulfillment of the founding father's dreams. The American Indians must be recognized as the true Americans and treated accordingly. Without this recognition we will be the shortest lived dynasty in world history. Try and explain that to some politicians..

I would like to express appreciation to the following:

To Edith - my exwife who handled all of the home front and got me to work during those years.

To Jackie - my present wife who encouraged me to keep working on this book in many ways.

To Harry Jr. and Mike (my sons), Charles Frye (my step son) and Sharon (grand daughter-in law). All who were tremendous help in acquiring, setting up, programming, correcting and maintaining my computer.

To all of the people at Lockheed-Ga. company and our affiliates within the Lockheed Corp. for their help and influence (good or bad) upon me. This includes all departments and divisions especially the folks who worked directly with me over the years.

To all of the suppliers and vendors with whom I was associated for so many years. My records indicate about 95% of you but if I attempted to list you it would take at least ten pages. Your efforts in supporting Lockheed as to quality, delivery and competitive cost was always at a high

level. Your salesmen and manufacturing representatives were of the best. Read this paragraph as personal for I am talking about each of you. Those efforts supported me in maintaining my level of merit thus securing my job.

To all of my instructors in all the classes that you taught. Every bit of that information was used at one time or another.

To the American Red Cross Blood Banks for the opportunity of recruiting, donating and receiving blood for myself and family when needed.

My thanks to you all.

Dedicated to all of the people that were co-workers and business associates over the years who have passed over the end of the last runway.

DON'T STAND BEHIND THE FAN

(JET THAT IS)

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CHAPTER 1

My father and I operated a service station in partnership and the second Sunday of August of 1952 one of my regular customers came into the station to get gas. Bobby Kennon asked me how I would like to work for Lockheed Aircraft Corp. He stated that Lockheed was looking for Negroes with mechanical ability and a college degree. All both of them.

Well, I was not unknowledgeable of Lockheed because the first model planes that I had made during my childhood had been Lockheed models. The Orion, the Vega and the Electra. I did not know at the time that Lockheed had opened the old Bell Bomber Plant in Marietta, GA, and started modification of the B-29 Bell Bombers. Bobby stated that he worked for Lockheed and because the good Government had come to the conclusion that they would not be awarding federal defense contracts unless the company awarded same had a nondiscriminatory hiring practice. This resulted in defense contractors becoming the first major businesses in the U.S. to begin nondiscriminatory hiring practices. Another first for Democracy.

When Lockheed opened the plant they used the old philosophy of hiring a local dealing wheel to get the right community result and attitude to establish a firm base communitywise. Naturally, most of the skilled people (management that is) would come from the home base which was the west coast. The fellow put in as general manager happened to be Jimmy Carmicheal. Jimmy had not too long ago ran for the state Governor's office. He did not win the election. He was a successful businessman and well known in the political circles. His personal views on segregation were also well known. With the opening of this helluva big plant and the economic result Jimmy made the statement (according to the grapevine) that as long as he was manager of the facility no "niggers" would ever hold a higher position than that of a janitor. This was strickly propaganda for the locals. This could not sit with the powers that be so Bobby was hired to go out and find some super "niggers" (with mechanical ability and a college degree) who had a desire to drill holes and shoot rivets in airplanes. Bobby was that lonesome one held up to say , " See, we have a Negro recruiter desparately looking for qualified Negroes".

Most Negroes were either over qualified or under qualified. To be qualified to drill holes and shoot rivets a "Neegro" had to have a college education and mechanical ability (College degree first) so po" ole Bobby was running all over the southeastern states looking for Negroes with a college degree interested in drilling holes and shooting rivets in airplanes. The going salaries (like \$54.00 a week) during the early fifties were not the size that they are now and are not as impressive even though one was able to live fairly well with those incomes. I was not happy with the pay I was making nor the relationship my old man and I were having. My hours were too long and the atmosphere was becoming strained. I wanted to expand to several stations and my pappy and his banker friend could not see the advantage of having more than one station (be free

of debt first). My family was growing and I needed more income at a faster rate than the single service station was providing.

With a degree in Biology and a minor in Chemistry I figured I had at least the requirement for the first part of the qualification requirements. My studies and background were in the pre-med area but I did not have the money to go to medical school, my GI bill funds were practically exhausted. I had to realize that my livelihood would be in a different area. My surgical hands had turned out to be pretty good in the manual dexterity field (mechanical that is). Hell, it dawned suddenly upon me that I had the required qualifications.

I told Bobby that I was interested and after a few days of thinking it over and talking about possible hardships, I informed him that I would fill out an application and follow through with it. Well, the old boys had to move fast to show that all effort was being made to prove that they were sincerely looking for qualified "Neeegros" to fill these highly skilled positions.

I filled out an application form which was a typical form requesting your race. At that time in the United States no one was an American, they were a race. We were all Americans but were known as races as that information was required on all legal forms. Naturally, the number one race were Caucasians (preferably Anglosaxons), Italians, Irish and on down the ^{LINE} to Negroes (Blacks) and last but not least the only American, the American Indian. This was necessary because then your position and payscale could be established. Damn the qualifications, full speed ahead.

I was instructed to report to the Lockheed employment office on the corner of Peachtree and North Ave., which is in the city of Atlanta, GA. The time was about 7:00 PM the fifth of September, 1952. This was the testing location for all new hires. Upon entering the office I found that the testees consisted of ten Negroes and about fifty whites or Caucasians. There were no Chinese or Janpanese and no Indians (natural born). We looked at them and they looked at us. They sat on one side of the room and we sat on the other. This probably was to prevent contamination, to whom I never did figure out. The ten Negroes consisted of one fellow six hours and a thesis short of a masters in math. Five fellows with a degree ranging from English, Math, Sociology, Physics, Biology and Chemistry. Four fellows had no more than one year to complete for their degrees. Bobby had failed in not attaining his goal (?) of ten college graduates. Anyway they figured we had enough intelligence to get at least past the test. It never was determined how many degrees the white fellows had because we later heard that you automatically qualified if you were white. By the way, all the whites were white, pink or anemic. The Negroes were from almost white to black according to the melting pot of what their ancestry was.

The Negroes in the original ten were indicated as the "Super Negroes" with the ability to shoot rivets and drill holes in airplanes. They were J. L. Hicks, B.R. Petty, Albur Burt, Esterest Smith, Mac McMorris, Lou Morris, Robert Gist, H.L.Hudson, G.L.Kelly and Ike Jones. Since all of us had finished the sixth grade we had no problems passing the qualification test. We later found out that we had very good I.Q's. One fellow had an IQ of 87, another was 101 and mine was very high, 113. Hell, I had an IQ of 132 as stated by the Navy (when I was trying to play crazy and

get out) before I went to college. I decided that the test examiners could not rate anyone with a higher IQ than they had. We all passed, including all the white guys, and were instructed to report to the Bomber Plant the following Monday.

If you have never seen the Lockheed Georgia Division of the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. then you have missed the 13th wonder of the world. Until much later it was the largest aircraft manufacturing plant in the world. It is 76 acres under one roof, air conditioned and with 27 miles of neon lights. You have to go inside to actually be impressed with this gigantic structure.

We had to proceed thru what is called a "headhouse". This is the entrance past the guards. We all got extra long looks because it seems none of the guards had ever seen "super Negroes" before. We were instructed to follow the yellow line. The yellow line led us through the tunnels of the dungeon to the identification office. There we were fingerprinted, photographed and identified. We then went to the medical department for our physical examination. Having studied Pre-med I was impressed by that Industrial Medical Center and over the years have come to recognize it as one of the best in the Industrial world. We were passed thru the preliminaries and found to have all the required features of the human anatomy. We were certified that we were ourselves. At last we were told to proceed to the training department and you guessed it, follow the yellow line.

The yellow line ended in the training department. We were shown into a room similar to an average college class room. We were instructed on what an airplane was (I often wondered what them noisy things floating thru the air were). Orientation consisted of a tour thru the plant and the biggest exhibit were the tools crated and greased awaiting shipment to some destination. Some B-29s were in different stages of modification or repair. There were two B-47s on the line and this was the plane that (with our skills) we were going to produce for the good old Air Force. The size of these aircraft was very impressive as I had been in the Navy and never seen aircraft this large closeup. Looking up over 64 feet to the crane rails overhead was a sight to behold. The length of the building was over 2000 feet long and 1000 feet wide. One got the feeling that he was somebody. After all one was now employed at the Bomber Plant.

We were herded into a room to meet the department manager we would have after finishing the training period. This husky fellow of about five feet six inches walked in with personality oozing from every pore. We took a liking to him immediately. He was from the California division and seemed to be honest and straightforward. We did not know that he was the only manager that would take the first colored (Negro) department to be established (skilled that is) at the good old Lockheed Georgia Division. No other manager would accept the responsibility because the knowledge at the time was no Negroes could build airplanes (and the damn fools believed it) This may not have been the attitude in California but in Georgia it was a fact based on the average level of thinking at the time.

Our foreman's name was Lloyd DeWester. His confidence and respect for us and the respect we developed for him proved in later months to be the development of one of the best department teams in the history of the company. This statement was made by a number of instructors in much

later classes in training and also in management development classes, and that's the truth. DeWester was known as "Dee" from then on throughout his stay at the plant.

When "Dee" finished his greetings another fellow took the rostrum that everyone seemed to be apprehensive about. These were the training instructors and "Dee", we did not know enough to be leary of anyone. I was the first person this person shook hands with and that was the beginning of one helluva relationship. We learned that he was the superintendant of assembly. This was found to be one on the hipbone of the hog as far as the level of management was concerned. This person will be found throughout this narrative as he was somebody plus being one prime SON OF BROTHERHOOD. His name was H. Lee Poore and I can only compare him to General George Patton. Both of these gentlemen had many good points, but on most of the points they were very blunt. We called H. Lee old "blood and guts" or BG. Naturally, never to his face.

After orientation we were sent to our classes. These classes would consist of Aircraft Blueprints from preliminary to advanced design, Aircraft Math, Aircraft Terminology, NAS, MS and AN Standards. Since we would be building a Boeing design aircraft it would also include Boeing prints and design specifications. We would be instructed in design and use of thousands of aircraft fasteners, some electrical and hydraulic training, riveting and drilling of close tolerance and other type holes. As you can see, being ignorant as hell, we were going to get some of the best training ever given to workers before actually performing the job. We were told that the overall cost was better than \$10,000.00 per worker. It took about ten weeks and you can bet that we took full advantage of the opportunity. As everyone was segregated the white fellows that came in with us on that training period were always interested in our progress and gave us all the advice they thought we needed to succeed because they wanted to help us in this equal but separate training. Since they had the advantage of completing the fourth and fifth grades and up to the twelfth they had a better education.

At that time a degree from a black college was considered equal to a diploma from a white high school. Any white person that had some college education or an undergraduate degree were automatically considered as management or salaried material. We never knew what the white fellows marks were and ours were never mentioned except as noted on the certificates that were issued. Everyone seemed to be happy as we rolled along so now let's go into the classrooms see what fun we had in learning the essentials of building an airplane.

The best way to start an education is to progress from ignorance to knowledge. Therefore, let us start with our most brilliant instructor, that is if we are starting from the lack of qualifications for the subject he was supposed to have been teaching. This fellow, we shall call him Blue, gave us all the fundamentals of fractions and decimals and their relationships to measurements. By the time we had finished fourth grade math old Blue came to the conclusion that his eleventh grade education was not exactly teaching us ignoramus any aircraft math. He did not seem to understand any form of higher math and that was the level we were looking forward to tie in with aircraft building. Blue got real teed off with us and became frustrated. After two days Blue walked out and probably told the bosses that he could not teach us anything. We had no intention

of embarrassing him because it was the fault of the training management to put him into such a situation. We did not have a math teacher for two days.

On the third day I walked "Pop" Keller, a retired professor from the University of Georgia. "Pop" smoked a pipe and to demonstrate the developed respect we had for him, he was one fine fellow, we kept cups of water handy to put him out every time he put that lit pipe into his coat pocket. His first words to us after looking at our records were:

"Gentlemen, there is nothing to be taught to you on this level so why don't we discuss the merits of math and it's relationship to the manufacture of aircraft".

We really learned from "Pop" but he was only temporary for this assignment. We got him later on in a number of classes as he specialized in other subjects. Math was not one of my best subjects but under "Pop" I made an 87.

One of the most impressive people I met in this Industry was our drilling and riveting instructor, His name was R.R.Brown, so naturally we called him "Railroad". I don't think that Lockheed ever realized the value they had in this man as an instructor. Sometimes (in later years) I wonder if Lockheed (management) recognizes any of the potential of some employees. After this period of time it would be very hard to repeat verbatim the talk "Railroad" gave us as his initial instructions, with the following I will try:

" You people are now coming into the business of building airplanes. They may be for the military or commercial use. Remember one thing, without quality the product is not worth the effort or price put into it. If airplanes were built like automobiles they would not fly. For the cost of an aircraft the product must last almost twenty years to realize a profitable return. No businessman can afford to invest the cost of an airplane without a guarantee of reliability that we build into it. You must remember that people fly in our products and therefore we have to guarantee their safety. You may have a kinsman with the Air Force, would you jeopardize their life with poor workmanship or quality?. Could you , honestly, within yourself do a job you were not satisfied with and pass it on knowing that someone's life may be in danger because you thought that it was sufficient?. No one in this company will ever criticize you for stopping a line to guarantee quality and safety. Without quality you will not get reliability. Quality and reliability is the integrity of what you produce. Engineers can design all of the factors into an airplane but if you can't make it to meet those standards your product is worthless. If you don't get satisfaction in what you have done, don't buy it !. You will have times when you will make overtime and get more money. Live within your normal pay range and save your extra money. In this business there are ups and downs. Now lets go to work and learn how to drill holes and shoot rivets".

Well, old "Railroad" put us through the ropes. We learned all about the hole drilling and the installation of rivets. H kept up a steady stream about quality, reliability and the integrity of the job. For the ten people who studied under him, they came out with a thorough indoctrination of the right attitude of the professional air crafter. I never forgot the basics of quality that "Railroad" instilled in us. They have followed me throughout my career as an air crafter. "Railroad" will show uup in later episodes but it saddens me to say that he died in his early forties from

alcoholism. At least that is what we heard for he was one helluva drinker. If you know any aircrafters quite a few of them can move the booze, (not at work but on weekends). Managers and Union officials are included. If you think that this is an indictment of aircrafters think again. About 40% of most industrial workers do likewise. "Railroad" was promoted to supervisor and moved to the production floor about two thirds through our drilling and riveting course.

The pressures that these people work under in meeting delivery schedules and commitments are, at most, just plain stupid. The Military way is that everything must be done on schedule. My experience with the military has been to hurry up and wait. This idiotic philosophy has not changed one iota since I left the service after WWII and the working pressures are a result of this intense followup. As all old veterans and aircraft workers can certify that quite a few military officers, aircraft managers and union officials drink like hell. They get inebriated. A hell of a lot of enlisted men and aircrafters also drink heavily but they get drunk. Big difference. Regardless, all of them do some tremendous jobs. "Railroad" was one of the first people up there I met who did not seem to be bothered by racial prejudices. We respected him highly and a lot of people were really saddened by his, what we considered, premature death.

Two or three classes were taught each day. The next class we had was blueprint reading. All aircraft blueprints are basically the same as to interpretation but there are differences in information and the way certain aspects are governed by patents and company policies. In basic blueprint you start out with putty, mud or crazy dough. It holds the shape you make and you can see the object you are trying to make as you work. A lot of people can't make a ball. All squares turn out to be rectangles, perspectives turn out to be perceptions. Eventually, you learn the difference between a solid line and a phantom line. Before you know it you are able to visualize the object. As Gray's Anatomy is the bible of the medical student, blueprints are the same to the aircrafter. With the ability to read blueprints one can build all of the engineering requirements developed to produce the quality, reliable and safe end product we know as the airplane. It takes hundreds of people in engineering (design, methods, structural, stress, electrical, electronic, hydraulic and many others), planning, tooling, quality control, materiel handling, purchasing, plant layout, production control, scheduling, shipping and receiving and the thousands of other necessary functions required to complete the building of an airplane. All of the above starts with an idea then a blueprint. It ends with the most important people required, the aircraft assembler. If the assembler cannot glue all of the materials together correctly the first time then the efforts of all the proceeding people are worthless.

Sealing is the method one uses to make sure an aircraft does not leak. Sealing prevents leaks in fuel, oxygen, water, air pressure and any other damn leak that may occur. It also prevents mixtures of those elements that could be dangerous to the operation of the aircraft. Sealing compounds consist of rubber, glue and other chemical combinations of specified compounds with resistance to the different problems arising within the areas to be sealed. The same precise methods are used to make sure that quality is attained on the first application of the sealing compounds. Engineers are responsible for the compounds and the method of application. You can always blame one of the engineering groups if the gunk does not work. In the beginning sealing was a very messy job but improvements over the years had made the application of

sealants a relatively easy job. Anyway, we learned all about the different types of sealants and their application at that time.

All in all, we covered the training period which included Basic Arithmetic, Basic Blueprint Reading from primary through some advanced design and all the other subjects listed previously in this chapter. Coin Dimpling was a method of preparing skin and thinner understructure holes for receipt of flush rivets or screws. By eliminating countersinking the holes this left the original strength in the material. This was over 200 hours of class room and practical study. Thus the time arrived to fire us or put us to work. We went up to the production floor to see if we could build airplanes. Since it was said that it cost \$10,000.00 per each to train us it was time to produce something. The first week in November we presented ourselves on the production floor at the grand pay of \$54.00 a week (before taxes). The ten weeks we had spent in training was a very enlightening and, most times, a pleasant experience.

Following this chapter are ten of the training certificates given upon completion of the courses indicated.

CHAPTER 2

The following Monday morning after finishing training we went to the floor. We had been on a floor all of the time but it was in the basement. The main floor, which was the manufacturing area, contained most of the tooling (called jigs) arranged in an order indicating progressive assembly. One group started with the small jigs for the components to be assembled and these were passed to the next group who assembled them to other small assemblies resulting in a larger unit consisting of several assemblies. This was the beginning and start of that section of the airplane. In our first job we started on the nose or front end of the fuselage.

“Dee” brought a young fellow over to us and introduced him as our new supervisor. His name was “Buck”. If you have ever seen a young child on his first visit to the zoo, then that was the expression on Buck’s face. All of management had followed the progress of the super Negroes while we were in training and there were bets made that we would never make it through the first three weeks of training. It is hard to believe that was the level of some management’s thinking at the time. All of those stupid bets were lost. What had Buck amazed was the fact that out of the ten courses about every one in the group had made 98-100 grade on at least two of the courses. They acted as if this had never been done before. This is a fact and anyone contradicting it I call a liar (I have the records). Just before Buck came down to meet us there was this good ole boy driving by on his tug. He had never seen Negroes in a skilled production area before. He stopped his tug, cut the engine and got comfortable and stared and stared. We looked at him and found him to be an interesting specimen also. We were establishing a mutual admiration society until Buck told us it was time to go to work.

Subassembly jigs are tools anchored to the floor and calibrated to produce a part that will fit, when assembled, another part. This eventually ends up into a larger assembly constituting a major part of the aircraft. These type tools are calibrated back to a master jig and controlled to guarantee a fit down the line maintaining a .030 of an inch tolerance in most instances. Quality begins when you make the first installation of a part into your first jig. Quality cannot be bought, inspected or corrected into an assembly if it is not right the first time. Once you have located the parts in the jig and clamped them in position you come to the meat of your being there. The inspector checks the load and approves to proceed (on the aircraft numbered job sheet) with the next step. The next step is the hole drilling part of the “ drilling holes and shooting rivets” which is the reason for your being hired.

90% of small holes predrilled in the component parts are known as pilot holes. These holes tell you where to drill up to the final size or diameter which is also the size of the rivet to be installed in that hole. For top quality the pilot holes should be in only one of the mating parts. Pilot holes are usually only 1/8 th inch in diameter. After drilling the pilot holes you step up to the final size, which is inspected and you are ready to install the rivet (fastener). What we had not been taught was that a solid rivet expands to fill a hole and the size of a rivet hole can be slightly out of tolerance by a few thousandths and still be acceptable for a quality installation. It was during this time that we first experienced our encounter with the red grease pencil. Among other things a red grease pencil is used to indicate a squawk (minor discrepancy). If the tolerance is over the

maximum size required then engineering can give the approval to install the next size larger rivet. If the red markings had been blood our workmanship would have been dead and ready for burial before it was finished. Just about every drilled hole was redlined. We found out later that the inspector was using a micrometer to measure every damn hole. We thought he was just doing something to be sure. Our assemblies looked like blooming rose bushes in the spring. Using the old Hitler tactic of being told we were doing poor and unacceptable work almost had us believing that we could not do the job. Railroad had taught us to inspect our own work and we knew damn well that what we were doing was not the sorry inspection results we were getting. The new bet in management was that since we had made it through training it was not possible that we could actually do the manual work required on the manufacturing floor. This was the second losing bet.

There were always people in suits and looking important walking around observing us as we put every effort into doing a top job. Often there were members of the Air Force being given a tour, I guess to show the all out effort management was making to the requirements of the defense contract. After two weeks the inspector called us together and told us that he had been instructed by upper management to reject everything that he could of our workmanship to prove that "niggers" were unsuited for skilled labor and could not be trained to do so. He stated that he was a moral and christian man and his conscience would not let him go on with this farce. He asked us to please not say that he had told us this as it could mean his job. He said that we were producing some of the best quality he had seen since becoming an inspector. He said that he would not be able to go on rejecting our workmanship under these circumstances. He said enough. From that day on our squawks and rejections were far below the plant average. By stepping up holes and installing oversize rivets the problems we were creating in the quality of the end product was greatly diminished just because some prejudiced bastards were trying to win a stupid bet. That inspector had a long and prosperous career at the Bomber Plant and eventually became a salaried employee. I would like to mention his name but he will recognize himself if he ever has the opportunity to read this and know that we kept our word.

We tried hard as hell to do a better than average job because the word was already out that if we did not do good, which is always better than anybody else, then there would be no reason to hire anymore Negroes to do skilled labor. This was not the belief of most of the managers but they were not in the majority among the middle management. The simple bastards did not even consider the fact that we proved not superior ability but the results of a decent education. Poor Dee was catching hell from every direction. Not only was he teased about his "jigs" among the jigs, but what did he hope to accomplish with his "super niggers". I can imagine that anyone under that type of constant criticism would have wished that he had not accepted the responsibility of that assignment. But as previously stated, Dee was a fine person and he constantly expressed his confidence in us. Our supervisor knew we were doing a good job and he was satisfied plus he was knowledgeable of the work he was supervising.

The big lump hit the fan about the middle of November. Other new hires were in the training process and would soon be coming up to the production floor. Things had been going pretty good except for the subtle harrassment from the other departments and from some of the service groups (tool cribs, etc.). Big Kelly got teed off because we were making the fine pay of \$1.35 an hour and he was doing better at the Post Office before he decided that Lockheed would give

him better opportunities. With the crap we were taking he just quit and went back to the Post Office. That \$10,000.00 training cost was blown up into a bear's backyard. He refused to come back so the powers that be informed the postmaster that he was doing critical defense work (you know, the Korean war and everything) and they could not afford to let him go after all of the extensive training he had been given. The postmaster sent him back.

Now the normal reaction by the bosses was that they had let this "boy" know what power they had over us peons. Kelly reported to the foreman's office and unpolitely cussed out everyone informing them of his service time during WWII (emphasizing his having jumped from a crashing cargo plane over Montana and spending almost two weeks in the boondocks before being found) and no one was going to tell him where to work. He informed them that he expected to be promoted to the next upgrade, General Assembler, and the rest of us likewise or he would be walking out and he dared them to screw with him again. Well, Since Kelly was 6 feet 5 inches and weighed 260 pounds (no fat) he was taken seriously. He and us were upgraded to Structure General Assembler and got an increase in pay to \$1.50 per hour. Shortly afterwards the wheels would come by and say " You boys are doing a good job ". Among those was old "BG" himself.

There were rumbles going on about organizing the plant unionwise. The two major unions at that attempt were the AFL and the CIO. Both had organizers around the plant out in the parking lots trying to influence the employees to vote their affiliation as representative unionwise of the plant. These organizers were the cream of the crop when it came to influencing future members. I never saw so much screaming, blacking of eyes, busting noses, cracking heads and general rioting to prove how advantageous it was to be a union member. After a few days of getting acquainted through these actions a date was given to vote. No one seemd to have given a thought to the fact that the Negroes would also be able to join the union so no attempts were made to organize us. We were able to sit back and have ringside seats to all of this scrapping without getting our heads busted. We were rushed through the voting process by departments and I think the AFL won. Now we were a unionized plant. The only difference we noted was that they took out ten cents a week for union dues. I was a charter member of the union.

We moved on down the line making little assemblies into big assemblies. Quality was maintained and respect began to grow. Dee's boys were proving out to be pretty good. A few of the originals were left to work with and instruct the new hires who were coming to the floor with less training but enough basic instruction to perform in the subassembly areas. By the first week of December we moved into the major assembly jigs. These were the big babies where the larger assemblies were put together and you could see the beginning of an airplane. I, with several others, was moved into the 43 section which was the aft end of the fuselage of the B-47 Bomber. The B-47 was a Boeing aircraft that Lockheed was subcontracting to meet the need of the Korean conflict. It was a helluva airplane and it preceeded the B-52 Bomber.

My first work station was the mating of the longerons at the 1054 stationline. The longeron is a heavy milled or extruded part mating or tying in the four main sections of the rounded body of the fuselage. This is called a monocoque design. That forms the main structural parts of the fuselage. A stationline was the measuring distance from a given point in front of the nose, thus the location of the area was 1054 inches from that point in front of the nose. The location in front of the nose

on the B-47 is 66 inches. A Buttline is the measurement from the centerline (or middle line) of the aircraft to the right or left. The Waterline is the measurement from the position of the aircraft sitting on the ground in a normal position, that is from the ground up. The exact locations were indicated on the jigs at each permanent point. All assemblies were made to coincide with these points. The jigs were calibrated to guarantee that the parts would all come together at their designated points per the blueprint. Our quality said that we would be within .030 inch tolerance of maintaining that requirement. We did as was required. Stationline 1054 is where the center section mated with the tail section of the fuselage.

At stationline 1054 the longerons mated like putting two "U"s together. That is laying the "U"s down facing each other and pushing one into the other until they were mated together. The distance between the two parts inside was a little over four inches. Since this was the first ship being put together at Lockheed-Ga. (Gelac) no tooling had been developed to drill the finished holes to the final 1/2 inch diameter. The final hold had to be .500 inch +.300 inch tolerance. The hole could not be .499 inch or over .503 inch in size. Those bolts were in the most critical stress and structural area of that assembly. The mating area had been covered with the skins on the mating assemblies so you could not drill from the outside inboard. This was found to be the case in a number of situations as we progressed with the production of the aircraft. Blame that on Methods engineering. For the interest of those who might remember that was the first B-47 completely assembled at Gelac, S/S #0026. The following is for detail only and will be the only time I will go into such detail of the type of work which was not normally required.

J.L.Hicks (Buddy L) and myself were partners on this particular operation. It was necessary to have a 90 degree drill motor to get into the 4 inch area to drill. With the size of the drill motor our bit (cutting edge and shank) could not be over 1 3/4 inches in length. The material was 1 1/8 in. thick and had #40 pilot holes drilled in one section. We started with a #40 drill bit (1/8 in. in diameter) and cut the shank to the length just to get a good fit in the jaws of the chuck of the drill motor. We reduced the cutting part of the drill to 1 1/4 in. long just to get through the material. This was easily done with the help (I call it bootlegging) of a tooling machinist. We had the drills resharpened in the tool repair shop with the proper angles called out by methods engineering to perform that particular drilling operation. The smaller drills were easy to reduce to our needs. We were able to do this up to the 5/16 in. drills then the problem really grew.

When we reached this point and the need to be able to get the final size no drills or reamers in the lengths we needed existed for that particular job. There were drills and reamers of the proper size available but who could put a six inch length drill or reamer into an area only 1 1/2 in. long or wide and get a good hole. Everyone stood around giving off smoke and vapors which is the evidence of deep thought and consideration being exhibited by the great engineering powers that be. To hell with that. I went over to the tool crib and checked out a carbide drill and reamer that would give us the final finished hole. I took these items over to the tooling department and got an acquaintance (I always made good acquaintances) to cut each tool to the lengths I wanted and put smaller shanks which would enable us to tighten them into the drill motor chuck. The cutting lengths had to be also 1 1/8 in. long. Some of these guys had worked during the Bell B-29 days and retained some of that expertise. Those specialists did a top job of centering the shanks of our tools and we got no wobble during the drilling and reaming operations.

Buddy L and I put "C" clamps on our air hoses to the drill motors reducing the air pressure and thus the RPMs down to a speed that gave us good control over the drilling. We spent about ten minutes on each hole and came up with eight fullsize holes within .003 inch tolerance as required. This procedure was duplicated on the other three locations of the longeron tie-ins. This was an operation of improvising which is very common in the beginning of a new and complicated design. All of our equipment was inspected by quality control, planning and engineering before we proceeded with any of those operations. There was nothing done here to rate the "bootlegging" as wrong. I imagine some of the people mentioned above knew what I had done to get those special items but I'll be damned if I was going to tell them. Since I left those two pieces of drilling equipment for the fellows that followed Buddy L and me on that operation, I guess Lockheed is still wondering what happened to those two expensive items that were never returned to the tool crib (damaged). Actually, the installation procedures were changed on the third assembly eliminating the need and time expended to accomplish that first assembly. Methods engineering came through and cleared up that problem. Oh yeah, we maintained schedule.

That particular problem seemed to have been solved so we went to the next one. It seems that the rudder stud that we received from Temco in Texas would not fit our aft fuselage section. The rudder stud held the rudder (the vertical stabilizer) for the tail assembly. This non-fit was probably because of the possibility that their jigs had lost calibration somewhere down the line. Their component parts would not fit our assemblies period. I had been gaining a little reputation as one who was pretty good at improvising to overcome little nitpicking problems. This meant that if there was a problem I had indicated enough sense to think about a solution. I thought that if we built the rudder stud on the fuselage to the locations per blueprint that we should come out with a good installation. Well, after the smoke and vapors cleared, it was decided that this might be possible. The support group (quality control, engineering, planners and methods,etc.) decided that it might be better for us to go to the night shift so there would not be too many wheels wondering around guessing what the hell we were doing while we were doing it. To the swing shift we went.

The great swing shift operation started about a week or so before Christmas. We had in this qualified and distinguished group one Standards engineer, one Methods engineer, one Senior Planner, one top Quality Inspector and two experienced Structure General Assemblers (Buddy L and myself). With all of this talent we assembled all of the component parts required to build the rudder stud which would accept the vertical stabilizer (rudder). I don't think that any one of us had ever seen such an array of stringers, angles, extrusions, small forgings,skins and cleco clamps in one pile. The blueprints were brought out and laid open and thus began operation rudder stud.

We checked the component part numbers against the print locations and with a six inch scale the location points found and marked, believe it or not, but with a soft lead pencil. With the alclad on the skin that meant that the top 5% of the finish was pure aluminum and it should not be damaged (such as scratched) as this would destroy the anti-corrosion capability of the skin surface. As each part was located, each member of this famous group had the opportunity to double check the locations, this meant everybody. You can see that this took some time. Time is nothing when it comes to building a quality aircraft. The previous sentence has been my philosophy all of these

years and it was more firmly established during this time in my experience as I became an airrafter.

Once the locations were determined to be correct by all concerned then we drilled #40 size holes and installed cleco clamps to hold the parts together. When all the holes were drilled and the clamps installed we remeasured all locations and agreed that the assembly was in it's place per blueprint. Although the Skunk Works (Calac's experimental shop) may claim first place in improvising we had surely got second place for that beautiful metal pocupine sitting atop the fuselage. We stepped up each hole to it's required size and installed rivets, pins or bolts per blueprint. We then checked all of the dimensions to be certain thatr the material had not moved or crawled out of tolerance. Everyone agreed that we had made a good installation. The critical point now was to get the crane to bring down that massive vertical stabilizer and see if it would fit. Well, the smoke and vapors that arose then was strickly apprehension and anxiety. This was the test . Would you believe that that big sapsucker fit damn perfect and was within .030 inch of tolerance or better, dead on it !!! Unfortunately (or fortunately) there was no natural beverage of the airrafter with which to toast the occasion so we just let out one helluva yell that shook the rafters. For you who remember that was S/S #0026 and we accomplished the same results on S/S #0027. By the next ship Gelac was building it;s own good subassemblies and they mated. The first Negro group and the ones that followed were building those subassemblies that were going into the forty-three section of the B-47 fuselage.

As production speeded up a night shift was started on the 43 section. One night there was a commotion down at the water fountain at the base of the big jigs. We did not have a supervisor covering our group at that time. I was not a leadman but I had to be unofficial supervisor for none was provided for about two weeks. Usually, they took a leadman from a white group and put him over a Negro group and after a few weeks he would make supervisor. Then just possibly a Negro could make leadman. I was a structure general so that made me senior to be acting leadman and supervisor at the same time with no official notification, just responsibility. The white quality control inspector assumed he was the supervisor as he tried to act like it. I found about fifteen whites and ten Negroes milling around the water fountain. The fountain had a sign on it saying " White Only". A lot of things said " White Only " in those days. The fountain was in our work area but the whites did not want the Negroes to drink from it as it stated "White Only". Well, the Korean war was going on at the time and a lot of the Negro vets were not for that bullshit. We had and explosive situation building so I walked down and not giving a damn said:

" What the hells going on down here ?". Since my complexion did not readily identify to what American race I belonged to the tone of my voice usually got respect.

The supervisor of the other group (tooling) walked up and said:

" Damn right, what the hell is going on here?"

Both of us were speaking rountine aircraft language.

I said: " I'm not sure, but one thing is for certain, this is where it stops".

He told his people to go back to their work area while he talked to me. This was agreeable to me at the time as I did not want any trouble this early in the game. I told my coworkers to go back to work while I talked with this other guy. During this time one did not have to take any crap from a subordinate so our request was obeyed.

He said: " My name is Gus Hale". He was the supervisor over that group in tooling.

I said: " My name is Hap Hudson".

We went over and looked at the water coming out of the fountain. Both of us came to the conclusion that the water was clear, it had no color. I agreed with Gus that the water had no color therefore no problem existed. Gus walked over and pulled the sign from the fountain and it was declared that anyone wanting a cool drink of water was welcome to help themselves. Gus was from West Virginia and stated that in his opinion any man had the right to go as far as his ability could take him. He established himself, in my opinion, as somebody. No further trouble occurred at that particular water fountain and the signs began to drop from the others as time went by. My relationship with Gus as a working friend continued for many years right up to his retirement.

It was about this time that we recognized that Dan Haughton was our president and general manager. Old Jimmy (did not last one year) had bit the dust somewhere down the line. Dan, as he requested everyone to call him, was a man of extraordinary accomplishments. Born in Alabama, a little above the hard poverty level, through hard work and study he had pulled himself up " by his bootstraps ". No man has gotten ahead without the help of others, He was a man who recognized this and would be the last to deny it. Dan was a guy who seemed to understand the plight of the working man and had the ability to communicate with him. He had no pity on the person who did not try. I don't think anyone can explain the feeling that the average employee had for " Uncle Dan" at Gelac. He was the person that could come to the floor and request an extra effort to attain a delivery or pull-ahead and get it from all of the employees without a question of why. He was the only person I have known that could call at least a1000 employees by their first names. This he did every Christmas at the stairs and headhouses as we went out for the holidays. We always kept a hardhat in the area that said " Uncle Dan " and it had four stars painted on it , Dan was in his middle forties but he exhibited the experience beyond his years in dealing with and influencing people.

Dan Haughton was probably the most respected top boss that Gelac ever had. He worked toward meeting the requirements as specified by government contracts in employment. Most southerners were beginning to realize that one cannot advance when one has to stand in the ditch holding down another. They slowly understood if both left the ditch the path to a better future was on the level land of opportunity. Quite a few northerners and westerners thought that if they came down and made derogatory statements and acted with prejudice that they would be received with open arms. This was not the exact way of things they found. Basically, as long as one stayed in their place (where ever) southerners wanted benefits for all of their people. You never could get one to admit it publicly. Anyway , this was the beginning of the economic opportunity for the whole area.

It so happened that after the episode of the rudder stud there was another problem that had developed in the area of the tail cone. Upon removal from the major jig the tailcone would not fit the 43 section of the fuselage. The contour of the tailcone did not match the contour of the fuselage within the .030 inch required. Someone, possibly a methods engineer, remembered the guy who had helped with the solution of the problem of the rudder stud installation. I was told to report to the tailcone section. The problem was the same, the Temco parts would not fit the major jig. To make a long story short, using the same method of installation we built the tailcone from the skin inward on the major jig. That is, we installed the skins against the stops on the jig and added all of the components inward to the calibrated points and then drilled small holes, stepping up to fullsize and installing fasteners. They pulled the tailcone out of the jig and it did not fit the fuselage or anything else. "They" said bad workmanship. I politely picked up my toolbox and proceeded to a department that had started making the nose assembly for the B-47. This assembly was a new addition to Dee's department as it grew. They were just beginning to put workers into the area. Since my time card was stamped in every day Dee knew that I was somewhere in the plant. On the third day he found me in the new section, working like mad.

Dee: "What the hell are you doing over here?"

Me: "The tailcone did not fit the 43 section and I know damn well that I am doing quality work and some bastard ups and says bad workmanship while looking at me and he can go to hell".

Dee: "You can't walk off of a job like that. They meant that the tooling was not right. That's what they meant by bad workmanship".

Me: "Why didn't they look at the people who did the tooling instead of me?". I knew that most of them assumed that I had screwed up.

Dee: "Don't be so damn sensitive, now go back over there and build one more assembly and you can come back to this area as this nose assembly is in our department also".

As previously said, we thought the world of Dee so I went back over to the tailcone and this time it came out in tolerance and that problem was eventually solved. After all the crap I had gone through during these times (in general) I would have quit at the drop of a hat. If we walked out of the immediate work area except going to the tool or blueprint cribs we were watched over by Plant Protection to be sure we did not sabotage the place. I think when a situation is past it should be counted to experience and put out of your mind. (Some of the people in PP were the dumbest bastards that ever drew a breath). Therefore, I don't dwell in the past but at the same time my opportunity to go to medical school was very good as the good state of Georgia was sending Negroes out of state for medical training thus eliminating the necessity of intergrating the University of Georgia Medical School. This offer covered tuition, room and board and funds to take care of your family if necessary. Thinking that I would eventually do well (?) at Gelac I decided to remain. I went over to the nose section as Dee had promised.

Ever so often I will add a paragraph or two about some of the characters (some weird) who worked at Gelac. There was a gentleman who had control of all the keys to practically every lock

at Gelac. He was known as the locksmith or lockmaster. I think that he had names for all of the locks and keys. He had a hawknose like Dick Tracy and wore a black suit just like Freddy the friendly undertaker. He even looked like Freddy with black string tie, white shirt and wool hat. It was always dark in the tunnels as most of the area there had not been activated into work sections. One day I turned a corner and there sat Freddy gazing at the starter switch on his motorscooter as if he had misplaced the key. He looked like a combination of Dracula and living death. That fellow scared the living crap out of me. I did not want to give the impression that he was ugly as hell and twice as shocking but my reaction gave me away. From then on he always looked at me as if I was the nut.

In early 1953 the forward fuselage or nose was being built at a company call Temco (Texas Mfg. Co). This company has since merged with a larger company. It seems that the wheels that be had given consideration to the fact that since Gelac completed assembly of the B-47 and flew it away why not build it complete in Georgia. Unless they had taken a long good look at our accomplishments it was beyond me to understand why they came to the conclusion that the Negroes would be given the opportunity to do the job. I guess if one wants to find out if another can accomplish anything then give them the opportunity This has to be done to determine if a person can meet the challenge. Under " Uncle Dan's" regime, more Negroes had been hired but without the extensive training that we first ten had been given. We were expected to teach the others, including those that had worked with us. We were more than happy to pass on the knowledge that we had gained to the newcomers. There is a personal satisfaction that comes from doing a quality and acceptable job in any endeavor.

When I went into the nose section they had assigned a supervisor to the group. He was a young fellow in his middle twenties from Texas. Quite a number of people were hired from Texas , especially those put into supervision. The supervisor's name was Beck and the first thing I noticed was that he had about a quarter pound of "chawing" tobacco in his jaw. There were paper plates with sand in them that had been installed around the area for the tobacco chewers convenience. Funny thing very few Negroes chewed tobacco so no plates were in the work area where Negroes worked. Beck could hit one of those sapsuckers from about eight feet if he aimed correctly. He was a roly poly sort of easy going character, not exactly five by five in dimensions. He turned out to be a likable guy who did not step on your heels as you worked. After a short while quite a few of the Negroes started to chew tobacco. It got so that one had to careful not to step in the sand plates as you moved around the work area.

Beck assigned me to complete the nose ring that we had built as our first assembly when we came up from training. One fellow was assigned as my partner, his name was Buster Jones. I had known Buster from earlier years and we hit it right off becoming a good team in a very short period of time. We completed one assembly and the inspector bled it to death with his red grease pencil. They scrapped the assembly. I had had enough of chicken crap inspectors screwing up workmanship because of bullshit. I told Buster to go and help someone else for a while. I called the inspector over and told him to check out the jig to be sure that it was in tolerance. Since he did not seem to be too busy I asked him to standby as I loaded the jig. There were two and a half standard hours assigned for the production of that assembly. With the inspector checking the inspection calls as I progressed I loaded, clamped, drilled, brought the holes up to final size (being

a small assembly), riveted and bucked the assembly complete in thirty-five minutes. I put the job up for final inspection, called the inspector and told him " Now dammit, scrap that !". I watched him do his inspection and came to the conclusion that he did not know what the hell he was doing. That assembly did not have a red mark on it. Beck seemed to appreciate my attitude but he requested that I not do that again as they may lower our standard production hours on that assembly. In other words that would make our cost center budget smaller.

Initially, there were ten people in this group and none of the original ten. I wish I could remember the names of all of them but Milton (Buster) Jones stands out. Buster seemed to have the knack of doing things right. He had a lot of confidence in himself. Two weeks after going to the group I made leadman. The put a "L" on your hourly badge. A leadman is sort of an assistant to the supervisor. Normally, he is given about half of the crew to supervise and he keeps up with planning and methods and the changes that occur in the assemblies (including spares). A leadman is an essential part of the team. We had assemblies coming from the subassembly areas as component parts to the completion of the nose which was a major assembly.

We were called together and informed that if we produced a top quality nose within budget and on schedule that Gelac would be awarded the contract from Temco and the unit would complete the manufacture of the fuselage of the B-47 at one location. Our first assembly had to be top quality and on schedule. We were told the on floor delivery date to the Air Force. Beck took his ten structure assemblers and the leadman (structure general) and said:

" Fellows, we can do it "

I had developed the theory that Beck was smarter than he seemed. He had exhibited the qualifications of a manager in my opinion. Beck was liked by all of the crew as he recognized the fact that a manager has only his workers as his tools and by keeping them well informed, on the job, kicking them in the butt or patting them on the back as deemed necessary resulted in a close knit team. No need to go into minute details but that crew sat that nose assembly on the floor 12 days ahead of schedule and it was accepted. All hell broke loose in celebration of a good job. We got the contract from Temco.

After confirmation of the new contract a hiring frenzy began. We got about 75 new people directly off the street with no internal training and told to produce. In other words, train them as we go. Who had ever heard of such. I often thought where was management when the brilliantine was passed out with the morning coffee. I was asked to recommend everybody that I thought capable of doing aircraft work. I gave the names of about thirty people whom I previously knew with mechanical ability and an indication of general knowledge of manual dexterity. After interviewing all were hired (damn !) At one time people thought that I was the employment agent for Lockheed. I continued to get calls for employment for the next four years.

Our biggest problem was the inflight refueling system. This was a preformed pure lead component that was in the front of the nose. It was lead so as not to create a spark upon contact with the refueling nozzle from the aircraft known as the tanker. This nozzle receptacle was shaped like a triangle. The thickness was about 3/4 inch. It fit against the understructure with

approximately one inch clearance. There was no way to get to the installation from inside the assembly. All of the bolt installation had to be from the outside. This is under the skin and up that one inch clearance for (all around) almost three or four feet. We had what is called metal fingers. Since I may have to compare those fingers with the ones that man has it would not be socially acceptable. That is the ability to go up holes. The lead assembly for acceptance would not hold a permanent form because of it's natural softness. Therefore it was necessary to continually form it to stay within it's parameters. We had a problem.

It was decided that we bring in some people from the developmental mechanics group to come up with the procedure for the installation of the inflight refueling system. Two gentlemen came over and I'll be damned if it wasn't two of the white guys that had gone through training with the first ten group. It had not been one year and these guys were more than four pay scales up the ladder and now developmental mechanics. Not a damn one of them had more than a high school education. How could they be a few steps lower than an engineer ?. After about one week of smoking (spitting) and vaporizing they came to the conclusion that the problem would eventually be solved. This included the methods engineers and planners. The only fault was that they could not solve it. They were sent back to the development area where they continued to develop whatever they were developing. I got a brass hammer to form the lead component (noticing that they used a brass hammer to form the lead) and drilled the holes up to full size one at a time starting at the top which was the length of the metal fingers. We countersunk the 1/2 inch holes to seat the flush head bolts, put sealant on the washers to stick to the nuts, inserted the nuts up that one inch opening and torqued to specifications hole by hole. It was hell holding those metal fingers tight enough to properly torque. Inspection was with us all the way on each hole. We solved the problem. No need to call for development mechanics ever again.

The next nose assembly was completed and set upon the floor. The appearance was that of an aircraft that had flown through six hurricanes, four tonadoes and a sand storm. The skins looked as if we had failed to keep account of the number of hail storms. It was scrapped. The whole damned thing. Boy, we had to do some jelluva training in a short period of time.

I may as well recount some of the other little incidents that happened during this time. One of the new hires was standing very still with the look of a mating lion on his face. He was sweating like hell. All of a sudden one of the guys stepped up and knocked hell out of him right up side the jaw. This is a termination offense. When the fellow got up from the floor he went over and shook the hand of the guy that had hit him with all smiles. It seems that he had been standing in a puddle of water with his electric drill in operation and a short had knocked hell out of him with about 110 volts and he could not move or speak. His coworker recognized this and let him have one. Luckily, this probably saved his life. Everyone appreciated the alertness and effort of the coworker.

One incident happened to me. The leadman would assist any structural assemnler that may need it to complete a job. The operation was the completion of the opening of the escape hatch for the navigator. This was the floor of the nose assembly. I had one of the hew hires backing the drilling for the installation of the frame surrounding this area. I drilled the pilot holes for the fasteners with George Fuller (bless his heart) holding a piece of phenolic block braced against

the back frame to keep it in place doing the drilling. Everything went well until he leaned out of the assembly and requested my permission to go to the medical department. He did not seem sick to me so I asked him why he had to go to medics:

George said: " You have drilled a hole through my finger".

I politely answered: " You are full of crap, I have not drilled a hole through your finger".

Whereupon he held up his finger out of the opening and there was a perfect #40 hole through his index finger including the nail. Instead of holding the phenolic block against the part he had held the bracer in the other hand while using his index finger to keep pressure on the part being drilled. The drill came through the structure and continued through his finger. Since things were becoming pretty bloody I readily gave him instructions to the medical department and sent him along his way with my blessings.

I shall never forget that we only had one pressure testing jig for the nose section. This piece of equipment was kept in the final assembly area where all the sections of the fuselage were put together making the total B-47 fuselage complete. For some reason methods wanted to check and see if the pressure testing of the nose could be accomplished in the assembly area. Being ladman at the time I could sign for the responsibility of such equipment. I signed for it but it was not formally released from the flight line area. It was a big bowl like contraption that hd to have the overhead crane to move it to our area. It was returned after the check but I was charged \$4700.00 (to my account) for it because someone assumed that there were two of them and I had borrowed one and not returned it. I never found out how one could lose a one ton piece of equipment within the plant. Anyway, after fourteen years it was found that only one such animal existed and I was given credit for the \$4700.00. I think that most of our problems will be cleared up in time.

Things were going along fine. Quality was good, units were on schedule and cost were in control. It was the latter part of June, 1953. Schedule was picking up and more people were being hired all over the plant. It was decided to open up the graveyard shift (midnight to 6:30 AM). Since we did not have a swing shift it never occurred to me why the graveyard was activated first. I was told that I would be acting supervisor with about fifteen men under my control. We reported to work at midnight the following Sunday night. There were some security people and the plant only had on the security lights. The plant was almost completely weather sealed so there was no light coming in at all. It was weird in that big place with only the overhead lights in that area turned on. This was the time when the ghost of the past, the cats and the rats managed the facility. You got the feeling that someone was watching constantly. The cats and the rats were about the same size and there were big fights going on all over the manufacturing floor during those hours. We settled in and things went well for about two months. It seems no one ever knew that there was an acting supervisor (Negro that is) on the graveyard shift in the plant. With the Other areas closed down during this shift we had a rather free and enjoyable time. You can bet we did a damn good job.

The first week of September I had arrived home and just gone to sleep when the phone rang and my wife advised that someone from the plant wanted to speak with me. I had just gone to sleep and was in no mood to speak to anyone, plant or otherwise. The caller turned out to be none other than the superintendent of assembly, Clint Weinke, who had taken old BGs place as he hd been promoted. He asked me if I would come back to the plant as soon as possible. Clint was three levels up on the list of bosses so I considered it to be to my advantage to get my tail in his presence as soon as possible. He told me he would be waiting in the department manager's office for me. (Damn if someone hadn't screwed over Dee and busted him down and he was now salaried and in the planning organization). I have never gotted any facts for this aut I'm willing to bet that " his boys " did too good. The pressures put on him during the year I was under him was ridiculous. This was the first indication to keep a pound of salt in my hip pocket for all of these fine working relationships that management seemed to profess. Upon my arrival Clint told me he wanted me to go and take a test for formality only.

I asked: " What kind of test ?".

He replied : " Just a test to see if you have the ability to be a supervisor".

That was the first I had heard of that. I thought that they just promoted you and that was that.

I said: " I guess so".

We proceeded up to the test area. One of my highest points is in taking tests. This test contained no oral examination and very damn little about how to build an airplane.

In my opinion written test can be some of the most stupid methods of determining the ability of an individual's capability to do anything. Theory is nowhere without experience. But it can be a starting place. I always use the same system of taking a test that I developed in my educational years. There is a time limit on each section of most test given. The method is to answer all the questions you know right away and then go back to the ones you were not sure of in the beginning. This gives you all the time left to think out the answers. If a paragraph is in proper composition the first sentence gives you the subject, the middle sentence gives you the meat and the last sentence gives you a summary. Don't waste time trying to read the whole damn thing. The question is usually, what did the paragraph say ?. Multiple choice questions are a flip of a coin, you can get better than 50% correct by guessing. Most English meaning is based upon Latin or the Romance languages. If you can remember your Latin from high school you can pass that part. Math is a different story. If you are testing for a position in high technology requiring a great knowledge of mathematics you had better know your math. I passed the test with socalled flying colors.

I reported back to Clint and he told me to wait around for him to get back. About two hours he returned and told me I had made on of the highest marks on the management selection test. He gave me a supervisor's badge (name and all) and told me to wear my hourly badge to get out of the gate. Wear my supervisor's badge in on Monday morning and turn in my hourly badge, don't say a damn word to anyone until they notice the new badge and then say " Damn right, I are a

supervisor now “. Well, some of the faces showed a surprised expression but most knew that I had worked very hard for this moment and deserved it. This happened one year and one week after starting work at the Bomber Plant. I made \$86.00 per week as a leadman. Now I was a salaried supervisor at the great sum of \$96.00 per week. Back then one always got a be boost in pay upon assuming greater responsibility.

Chapter 3

September of 1953. I am now a supervisor. Someone seemed to think that I was the first black supervisor that Lockheed had ever had. (Since I was pure American , that is melting pot category, no one could tell anyway). That is open for discussion as surely they had some other than all white during WWII. Anyway, here it is Monday morning and I walked in with my watermellon badge on. This did not create another round of identification at the gate. I walked into the area that had been assigned as my first position of management. All of the people in the cost center (a unit of production) were black, colored or Negro. That is except the inspector, who had been informed that a new supervisor was taking charge. At first he did not seem to have any apprehensions until he noticed that all the people in the cost center seemed to know me and was on a more than friendly basics.

The person who had replaced Dee earlier I can't remember his name. He had come from another area and I think he had been assistant to someone on the next level up from department manager. H was a real quiet fellow who did not come to the manufacturing floor too often. He came down and informed the inspector that I was " the first of my race " to become a supervisor at the Bomber Plant and he was expected to work with me and help in producing a top quality product on schedule at the lowest possible cost. The inspector, being white and a good southerner, this indicated the he was the most knowledgeable and qualified cat in the area (psychology is potent as hell). Therefore, with his help in getting me over my ignorance and stupidity we would make a good team. That is exactly what we did, make a good team.

The inspector's name was Fisher. He was not a young man in appearance. He had experience from many years in previous aircraft jobs. If he ever put a red mark on an assembly with his red pencil it was on the item to be corrected and not all the area around it. He usually just pointed out the item to the worker. Not only was he an inspector, he was also a teacher of quality workmanship. He proved, as most southerners, that us " southerners" could do as well as anyone in these United States when it came to doing a quality job. As this is being written it is no effort to say that directly and indirectly, whites and blacks have worked together, unknowingly, for the benefit of us all, as long as we were under the impression that he was in his place and I was in mine. In other words, I did not expect him to invite me to his house for dinner and vice versa.

It seems that Fisher was a brother of the Elks Or Moose or some other great fraternity. I let him know that although I was not a member of the Masons that I had a lot of respect for groups of that nature. I did not give a damn about the klan but he did not need to know that. Fisher expressed to me that we would have the best damn cost center in the department and we would be on schedule with a top quality product. This I agreed with and we proceeded to make it a fact.

I had a good crew of sixteen men. The hardest thing I had to learn was the fact I could no longer work on the aircraft myself. The leadman was Frank Jones. Frank had been a brickmason in previous jobs and he had the expertise of knowing how to work with

measurements and close tolerance required in this type of work. I think that he was one of the first to make leadman in a short period . Frank exhibited the leadership that granted him opportunities later on down the line. Fisher's enthusiasm was that we be a success to the extent that he regretted that he could not share in the work on the aircraft himself. The men were not as good but they were learning fast. There were some rough times in trying to maintain that schedule and quality. Eventually, at times I drilled holes and shot rivets or Fisher did. We maintained schedule and quality and were not caught by the union or management. We did not do that for too long. I did not have any trouble in performing my job requirements as Clint had instructed all concerned that I was to get all help from the service outfits required to do my job.

In January Of 1954 our department manager had a heart attack and died shortly there after. We got a new department manager that was comparable to BG but without the ability. This fellow came from from North or South Carolina and considered hilsel God's chosen best. He was about as ignorant about aircraft as anyone I had seen up to that time. He was a politician and all one had to prove to some of those halfass characters from California was that he could handle "Negras" even though the government required that all would be treated equal. He came in demanding that his "boys" would do a better job than any other crew in the division or he would get rid of them and see that he did have the top crew. I never determined that this character could even read a blueprint. After the department built to capacity he was the boss of almost 500 hourly and 25 supervisory personel.

This was the beginning of the first big crisis that I experienced at the good old Bomber Plant. We called the new boss Mr. Hal and he rode my ass without a saddle for about five weeks. It was always that we were behind schedule, quality was bad and we did not make the necessary standard hours to make enough realization to justify our budget. The man could not even understand our production charts. I was not discriminated against. That man gave all the other supervisors (all white) hell continually. No one was doing a mediocre job but he had to emphasize that he was in control and things would be run as he required. The man did not know what was required nor would he let anyone tell him. His own assistant foreman was scared to death of him and never said a damn word to correct or inform him.

My guts began to pain me off and on and as earlier I had stated that I had been a pre-med student, I wondered if possibly I was developing ulcers. The climax was reached one day when Mr. Hal told me I would either produce or get further. I snatched that watermelon badge from my shirt and hit him in the chest with it and told him to ram it up his ass. I was going back to hourly and to screw with me then. After all the money spent on me to show the government that they could produce a supervisor (black, stupid or otherwise) they were not going to let me bust my own ass. Mr. Hal stooped and picked up my badge, told me to take it and cool off. The rest of the crew (including the inspector) had seen what happened and seemed ready to go down with me. This made me feel pretty good. No one had ever bucked Mr. Hal before so he cut his ass on back to the office and let the situation rest.

About three days after this incident I had been feeling woozy and wondering what may be wrong. At least I had a definite premonition that something was wrong with me. I took two

days off and headed to south Georgia. I told my wife that I would call her when I arrived wherever I was going. Naturally, this upset her to a certain degree. I could not give her any better explanation. I returned on a Tuesday. I had gone south to a half-uncle's farm, helped kill a hog and headed back home with of all things, fresh PORK!! I did not feel any better but I went to work that Wednesday which was a week after the altercation with Mr. Hal. After lunch I grabbed a jig to keep from falling flat on my face to the floor. Some of the men helped me up and after a few minutes I felt better. I went to the tool crib for something and on the way back I felt that peculiar feeling coming on and plopped down in an Indian position (cross-legged) and passed out. I came to in that position and several people were looking at me. I slowly got up and proceeded to the cost center. I knew then that difinitely something was wrong with me. All of my symptoms were indicating ulcers. Most of us doctors (bullcrap) recognize symptoms with patients but never really think that these medical problems happen to us.

I went home that evening driving with a full face (puffy) feeling. With the attempt of trying to digest a belly full of blood I did not have any appetite. I may have eaten some soup. Although not too weak, I felt sluggist when I awoke the next morning, which was Thursday, and went to the bathroom to wash and shave,etc. I noticed that my face was flushed and my eyeballs and fingernails were mighty white. I went on , shaved and got ready for work as I usually do. There are two versions of what happened, mine and my wife's. I guess that my wife's is the factual one. I turned from the bathroom door with one of those " in love " lion's expressions on my face and saying nothing fell flat on my face into the kitchen and lay there. She pulled and pushed and lifted when possible and finally got me across the bed, whereupon, I commenced to vomiting coffee grinds all over everything. When I had no more to throw up she straightened me on the bed and I did tell her to call the Doctor. This she did and he told her to get me immediately to the hospital and he would meet us there. Upon arrival at the hospital I was able to carry on the tale of this experience.

After three pints of blood I was able to think rationally. They fed me jello and half milk for two days plus the necessary medicines. By the third day I was so hungry I could eat a horse. I told my sister-in-law , bless her heart, to bring me a malted milk-shake with two eggs mixed in it and to make it chocolate. She did this plus bringing me eight hardback novels to read. Everyday she brought me that milk-shake and I began to improve like mad and I was not hungry anymore. She hid that milk-shake in that big shoulder bag she carried. Think how much hell the hospital and doctors would have raised had they known that milk-shakes were curing me of ulcers. Meanwhile, my crew on the lower panel of the B-47 carried on without my presense and the great Mr. Hal got his production and quality. To mentally help cure myself in the hospital I had to get my head screwed on right. I decided that nothing would ever get me into a stress condition or otherwise to cause sickness again. I did not know it at the time but that was the beginning of the development of my second personality. One for home, the other for the job. Being gemini that came relatively easy.

I read the eight hardback novels and concentrated on getting well, In seven days I walked out of that hospital cured of ulcers with seemingly six month old scars. It would be forty years

before I had another attack of ulcers of a different type. I learned that the mind is the greatest part of the body. Set a course and stick with it. Deviate when circumstances indicate it but keep your original plan in mind. I set deeply into my conscience that nothing , stress, bills, problems, conditions, job or anything else would ever cause me to have ulcers or any other stress related condition again. This worked for a long time. After two weeks from the the job I returned. This was the latter part of February. Although no symptoms of ulcers remained my stomach seemed to gripe me constantly. My only food for a coupla of months was baby food, half cream and half milk with plain biscuits. I dropped more than a few pounds. The cost center was on scdedule, the quality was good and we were running about 95% realization on production.

About this time in 1954 the Supreme Court came down with the decision on segregation that upset a helluva lot of people in the south and other parts of the country. Actually, all it did was to re-emphasize the guarantee of the Constitution concerning American citizens. It had to have been Mr. Hal who sent the assistant foreman down to the floor with the request that we not put on a demonstration of glee. Hell, about half the guys did not know about any attempt to get a decision from the Supreme Court on anything. But the bosses were under the impression that there would be an outbreak of demonstrations as a result of that news. The only reaction from the guys was " It's about damn time ". The assistant foreman looked and sounded like a fool. The fellow was actually embarrassed.

That section of plant protection, a few people I could identify that we called the Gestapo, were srill keeping an eye on us suspected communist sabateurs. If we walked out of our work area, other than the tool or blueprint cribs, we were often stopped and questioned as to our reasons . They knew exactly who I was so I was never questioned, just watched. One day one of my crewmembers found a micrometer in the walkway from the took crib. He gave it to me. I told him to return it to the tool crib on his next trip. He put it in his pocket. Unfortunately, at the end of the shift he still had the blame thing in his pocket and too it home. That night a SOB that will be known as Sam (Catchem) from now on in this narrative, went to this man's home and pushed his way into the house when his knock was answered. This alone , indicated to me that the micrometer was planted and watched. Sam had two of his cronies from the Atlanta Police Department with him. No warrant or any other form of authorization for seach with them, they went into this person's bedroom and found the instrument on his chest of drawers by his bed with his badge and other items. Upon coming to work the next morning he was fired on the spot, no chance to say anything in his defense. By the time I heard about it, it was too late and all over. That was the way the bullshit worked at the time. I promised myself from that day on , directly and indirectly, I would fight old Sam at every chance I got. As we go along I hope to show it was not a shallow promise.

Before relating the above episodes I stated that I ate baby food and other unseasoned crud. By Memorial Day in May I had enough of the stuff so I bought and drink a whole pint of 100 proof Old Crow whiskey by myself. That made me very drunk and my brain must have taken over, for my stomach never hurt after that day.

There was a young white fellow who was the supervisor in the center section of the 43 side panels. Like I said, Mr. Hal gave everybody hell all the time. No white supervisors ever hit him in the chest with their badges. When I met this particular guy (six months or so) earlier he weighed about 180 pounds. Now he was about 155 pounds and developing ulcers and had home problems because of the stresses imposed upon him at work. He told me he was going to ask for a downgrade to flightline mechanic (his pre-supervisor position) and return to hourly status. That pay was equal to what he was making anyway as a supervisor. No new supervisors were paid worth a hoot except for the promise of what you might make. He followed through and that request was granted. The reflection was that he was not qualified nor did he possess supervisory ability. After he left Mr. Hal saw reason to move me to a new cost center, the one just vacated. Yeah, in June I went to a new crew and the side panels of the B-47 (mentioned above). I now was supervisor over thirty-five men.

Negroes comprised about 600 of the total 7000+ workers at the plant. More than likely, it was Mr. Hal who suggested that we should have more expert training and the experts should come from California. Whether Gelac was shorthanded on experts I don't know, damn our records up to this point. They brought in about 25 good people from Calac to be sure we were properly trained. To get a sufficient number to come took a little effort to convince them that they were not coming to a backward southern-ass state (this was their way of putting it). We almost but not quite recognized them as the kooks, nuts and flakes they were rumored to be. Their first impression of us was that we worked too hard. They had quite a bit of knowledge and experience but they did not believe in working. They showed us all the ways to fake out a job and appear to be working hard. They advised us to do good quality work but never on time. The idea was if you performed on schedule you would never get overtime. To make money one had to have overtime. This was a big pot of bullshit and I am proud to say that none of the Georgia boys accepted that crap. We still liked an all around good job be done for the pay we received. I don't intend to give the impression that these characters did not know how to build an airplane, its just that they did not give a damn about meeting schedules. I think upper management finally recognized this and sent those fellows back to Calac with praises and appreciation. I might add that they were all Mexican so therefore they stayed in the white only motels at the time. This did not set too well after a while because the local gals were quite fascinated by this guys, after all some of them looked like Tyrone Power. This was another good example of wasting money as a result of stupidity.

As the supervisor of the side panels I had 35 people under my control. One of the original ten of us, Lou Morris, was leadman in this group. With the supervisor (who had taken the downgrade) and Lou, this was a pretty tight crew. They had the attitude that they could learn all possible from the fabulous bunch from Calac. Those guys helped to train all in methods and tool use that was advantageous to a lot of our workers. The whole effort was not a lost, they just did not believe in working at the tempo that we were accustomed to doing. We had two fellows working as a shooting and bucking team. H. Longshore on the shotgun (a 10 in. long rivet gun for 1/4 inch rivets) and Joe Dill on the bucking bar. Those two dudes could fire and buck rivets at about 44-45 per minute rate. That big rivet gun sounded like a 45 caliber machinegun humping. People from all around would come to see what and who was making that noise. These included wheels and the Air Force customer. There were thousands of rivets

on that assembly and the quality rate was about 97% consistently. The new job was going nicely and no major problems were active at the time.

I had come to the conclusion that I would have to continue training to grow and perform my responsibilities. I never missed any advanced courses given by the company even if it meant staying over at night. In April, 1954 I completed Supervisory Development for a total of 80 hours. The graded S or U in all management courses.

Just about July there was the supervisor in the cost center next to mine who had been catching hell from Mr. Hal like everyone else. There were people who just couldn't take all of that crap. This guy waited until lunchtime one day, walked into Mr. Hal's office and left a note on his desk. I went into the office for some reason and saw the secretaries giggling and got a glimpse of that note. This guy had told Mr. Hal to go to hell on a spaceshuttle (which had not been invented at the time) and quit. I made sure that I was not in the office when Mr. Hal returned from lunch. With no one to fill that slot Mr. Hal gave me that cost center also. While he was in a giving mood he also gave me the Coin Dimpling operation, which included the lower panel for the 42 section which was the center fuselage for the B-47. Good gracious, here I was the supervisor over 87 people and still had not completed one year as a supervisor !. I wasn't suppose to know that some departments did not have 87 people overall. I had responsibility of the payroll of 87 people, over 3 1/2 million dollars worth of tooling and all the problems that went with it. 87 people equals 87 different problems each day. Hell, I was somebody, more people than any one supervisor at that time in the plant. My equitable salary was \$112.00 per week. Did I get a raise ? Did you ? I had four leadmen and buddy I utilized them. I delegated authority and responsibility like mad and ended up with a real smooth operation. It got so well organized that at times during the day I just didn't have anything to do. This went on for over a year or longer but I did not get a damn thing out of it, EXCEPT EXPERIENCE.

The big problem with the drag chute door was that it was not interchangeable between aircraft. All doors, including access doors, had to be interchangeable on to other aircraft. Mr. Hal figured that anything that did not work was the fault of the production crew. The door did not even fit the aircraft serial number it was made for. Tooling had reworked that jig a number of times and still could not get it right. After smoking and vaporizing for a while I figured that if we used a nickle, dime or quarter on the location stops in certain places that we could produce a door that met specifications. After being for two or three weeks I decided to use my method unknowingly to tooling. We were skipping along fine and caught up to schedule when some big wheel from tooling, superintendent level, came around and found out what we were doing so he raised hell and shut down the assembly. As weeks rolled around and the assembly got further and further behind schedule old " Blood & Guts " (now the production manager) came down to check out the problem. He and I always did get along even though some heavy aircraft language was required to fully understand each other. His heelraising did not fluster me and he developed a level of confidence in me because we could understand each other. I showed him exactly what we were doing. I took one of the doors we had completed and walked down the line installing the door on any ship serial he suggested. The door fit perfectly. BG, with his usual emphasis, told us to go on and use the change but don't get caught again. We continued to make acceptable quality assemblies with inspection buying our

method upon us showing interchangeability each assembly completely. The tooling superintendent did not come back and the tooling was corrected in about a month later. We were onm schedule. The leadman was Tom Weaver and he had knowledge of that operation better than anyone including the service organizations. Mr. Hal said that he knew we would solve the problem. Commendation anybody ?. Don't make jokes.

In the drag chute area we also built the air intake vent at the junction of the rudder stud and the vertical stablizer joining point. The main component was was a large casting tyhat would be covered by an aluminum skin. The casting was not a machined finished part. The skin was preformed to fit like a sleeve over the casting with fasteners only on the bottom edge. One of the pimples on the casting created an image of a bump on the surface of the skin. This was noticeable only if you looked at a certain angle and reflected the light against the seemingly discrepandy. One of the Air Force inspectors (civilian) present did not like the visual appearance and said that the skin would have to be removed and replaced. This would result in poorer quality than was presently indicated. I called our Lockheed inspection supervisor (quality control) and asked his opinion. He agreed that the removal was not necessary. The Air Force inspector demanded that the skin be removed and replaced. John (Big John) White , our inspection supervisor, was not buying that bull so he called for the Air Force Quality Control manager from upstairs and requested that he come down and make an inspection and decision himself. Meanwhile, the AF inspector had gonwe back to his office. When Mr Rogers (AFQC manager) arruved and made his inspection he requested that we gtet the AF inspector from his office. Conversation :

Rogers: “ Do you consider this to be a discrepancy of such magnitude that it necessitates the removal of the skin?”.

AF inspector: “ In my opinion this is a bad case of workmanship and quality and the skin must be removed “.

Rogers: “ Well, in my opinion, this is an unacceptable decision and the skin will not be removed . The indicated discrepancy is of a visual nature and can only be ascertained by looking from a single angle. If all you have to do in making quality decisions is of this nature then it may be necessary to replace you with someone with the ability to be objective, rational and expedite rather than hinder production of this program”.

The AF inspector was only trying to show his prejudice (without being seen). No one bought it. The man remained at the plant for over twenty years and never spoke to me again. This caused me many sleepless nights like alligators still fly. I wondered why the AFQC manager was so hard on the AF inspector but we found he had this attitude on a number of occasions and Mr. Rogers was fed up with him in general. Big John became a friend of mine and that respectful relationship lasted for over 26 years until the time he retired. You will read much more of him in late chapters.

With my 87 people and four leadmen I had it made. I delegated authority to the leadmen and the people fulfilled their obligations. I had found out from previous experience and

management training that only three things were necessary to have a good operation, communication, organization and production. If honesty, principles and integrity were not the guidelines you did not have anything to operate from. I had developed but not recognized these qualities in my business life before Lockheed but I began to realize them more thoroughly as my responsibilities grew larger. I will close out this chapter with a few incidences that happened during this time.

On the side panels we ran into a quality problem. It seems no matter how careful we were and how hard we tried, we were getting cattails (or rattails) from our drilling operations. The engineers and inspectors could not understand or determine the causes and everything came down to bad workmanship (according to Mr. Hal). Mr. Hal could not tolerate any situations that he could not understand. There was just so much Mr. Hal could understand anyway, Therefore he up and issued 13 boomsheets (performance notices) for bad workmanship to my men. The next issue would be three days in the street. There happened to be a union shop steward working for me by the name of J. B. Mabry, who had an undergraduate degree and continued his education through further classes and self education. He had a command of written English that was commendable. Well, J.B. was ready to file a grievance to fight the boomsheets. This was one time that I thought that management (Hr. Hal especially) had made a drastic mistake. Hell, you could not tell Mr. Hal a damn thing about him making an error.

I found ^{T - DEPARTMENT} ~~that~~ tooling was resharpening drills and we were using them in a cost savings effort. I personally tried to drill holes with those drills and found that I got the same quality results. I went down to the tool repair area and discovered that whoever had resharpened those drills had done so at an angle that was several degrees off the specified angle required. Thus, When an attempt was made to use those drills they jumped out of the pilot hole and created the cattail effect on the skin. The supervisor immediately corrected the problem and the discrepancies ended. Funny all those drills showed up in my work area. Since Mr. Hal would not lift the boomsheets even after we proved my crew not guilty of bad workmanship I take great pleasure in stating that I as a supervisor (member of management) got together with J.B. (union steward) and came up with one of the best grievances ever written against a company. Mr. Hal had to eat everyone of those performance notices and we went back to quality workmanship. No engineer, methods or otherwise , or inspector solved that problem. It seems that JB and myself had to honor the company-union contract according to the preamble to that contract. If it was ever found that I had helped to write that grievance it was never mentioned. However, upper management would have understood anyway. My interactions with the union seemed to be better after that incident. I was never bluffed with grievances against me as often as the other guys were and I never lost one grievance.

During this time I became a recruiter for the Red Cross blood program. I had given a pint every six weeks up to the time I had my ulcers and as soon as I was able I continued to donate. Our department gave one tremendous amount of blood during the years 1952-1956. Since we were over 500 employees by the third year we averaged about 100 pints each time the blood bank visited. I will always remember the blood I received during my ulcer attack and will support that program as long as I am able.

One day the assistant department manager (Richie) came down and told us that Mr. Hal's wife was in the hospital. To show our love and respect for him it was requested that all the supervisors contribute \$1.00, all leadman would donate \$.50 and all employees of the department would give \$.25 each so as her hospital room would be filled and covered with flowers. There were about 25 supervisors, 30 leadman and 525 employees in the department. No hospital room would hold all of those flowers. Having to put up with him I figured she should have an engraved plaque. The supervisors donated their \$1.00, the leadman told the assistant foreman to go to hell and the employees threatened to file a grievance. Anyway, Mrs. Hal got several bunches of beautiful flowers in her hospital room. If you get the impression that we despised our department manager you are wrong. We just understood him.

One day a fairly young guy came into the drag chute area and asked if we had been missing rivet gun sets. Hell, every assembler was issued the necessary tools with his tool box when coming to work for the Bomber Plant. It seems he was from plant protection and making a routine check on some missing items. Who the hell would want a rivet headset except an aircrafter with his own assembly plant and rivet guns. We did not have any missing items to report so he and I got into a conversation on general status etc. Shortly after this meeting we came in one morning and our latest assembly ready for final inspection was missing. After notifying Mr. Hal that we had this unit missing we called up plant protection. This same young fellow came up and we gave him all the details and identification of the part. How in hell could this \$4000.00 or more unit disappear within a plant with all the security we possessed. It happened during the night when no shift (or Negroes, therefore no plant protection watching the Negroes) was on duty in that particular part of the plant. I don't remember if this was on a weekend or not, anyway the damn part was gone. Those great Sherlocks got busy finding the drag chute door. They were not looking for rivet headsets this time. After four months the part (door) which the stolen door had replaced showed up in a trash can out on the flight line. It seems someone had run a tug or forklift into the door on an aircraft out there and severely damaged it. What the hell, no point in making a big issue out of it. Go into the manufacturing area, steal a completed door and re-serialize it to go on this plane and trash the original by hiding it where it would not be found for a long time. Even with the help of the gestapo unit no one in plant protection found that unit.

The young agent told me later that no one was qualified in plant protection to lift, identify, classify or prepare fingerprints for the send off to the FBI. He said that 80% of them had come from jobs as deputy sheriffs out of the most northern counties of the state. This was before it was necessary that they have training that is required to hold that position now. Quite a few of these fellows were upgraded as the need came about for more and better trained people since they had seniority. The young agent told me he had finished law school and was holding this job until he could get set up in law practice. We talked about my eighteen months of criminal and investigative training, including fingerprints, and some civil law and court ethics. Although, this was supposed to be in my records (I found out later it had been eliminated) I was never questioned or considered for a position with plant protection. Anyway, my buddy quit and went in to the practice of law and finally was elected to a judgeship later. He said he was never given consideration for his training in law either.

Things went along pretty good. Dimpling is the process where the understructure is countersunk to receive flush rivets. The skins have fullsize holes drilled and then go to a piece of equipment known as the coin dimpling machine. This machine has a head (different diameters) that is heated to a temperature according to the hardness of material you are working with and punched to dimple a countersunk hole into the skin the same size as the rivet to be installed. This retains the thickness of the skin plus seating the flush rivet. You do not lose any strength by lost material from the skin. This is a highly skilled job requiring knowledge of all the different heat controls for the different alloys of aluminum and gives a perfect fit to the rivets on the outside of the airflow of the plane. This will increase the speed of an aircraft up to possible 15 miles per hour faster, Robert Gist (from the original ten) was my leadman in this area.

If I tried to cover most of the things happening during this period I probably would never get on with this narrative. But I must tell you the following. This happens in most jobs that I found out about in my dealing all around the country and experienced, with suppliers et al. Some of the supervisors were professionals when it came to brown nosing (the method of kissing ass without making contact). This was accomplished by supplying the clay pigeons when the boss was taken on trap shoots. The boss did all the shooting. There were the fishing trips and the boss did not pay anything. The guys would tell me what great times they had with the boss on weekends. I never participated because I was never invited. I would not have gone because he had never invited me to dinner either. There were about three more Negro supervisors by then and they did not get invitations either. We felt terrible for being left out of all of this activity. You can believe that too.

The time is 1956 and the B-47 is phasing out. I think we had built 272 B-47s and the last few were near the end of the line to be delivered to our customer, the Air Force. There were now approximately four or five Negro supervisors. A nice gain out of the several hundred now in the total plant over the four years. Mr. Hal told me he had tried everywhere to find me a position in the new area. This was the same bull that he gave most of the other supervisors (White and Negro). If I had depended on him to find me a job I would probaly ended up digging ditches. I found my own position based on my record and actyally needed help from no one, especially Mr. Hal. One of the main brown nosers was left in the cold and swore out loud the he would never kiss another ass as long as he worked with Lockheed. Big deal !!. By the way, he did not have a high school diploma.

Now we will move on over to the most exceptional cargo aircraft ever produced since the C-47 by any other aircraft commpany ----- the C-130 Hercules.

The copies following this chapter are reviews during the years up to 1956. It seems that my greatest problem is getting experience.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION



CERTIFICATE OF TRAINING COMPLETION

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT H. L. HUDSON , EMPLOYEE
NUMBER 543867 OF DEPARTMENT 21-13 , HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED
COURSE SUPERVISORY DEVELOPMENT (102)
CONDUCTED BY THE TRAINING DEPARTMENT FOR A TOTAL OF 80 HOURS
ON APRIL 9, 1954. GRADE S



TRAINING MANAGER

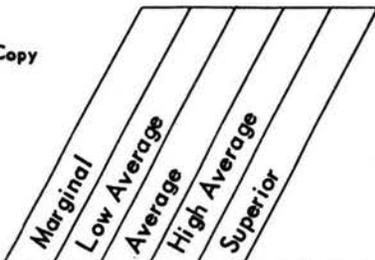
LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
 GEORGIA DIVISION
SUPERVISORY EVALUATION FORM

Date: 9-21-55

Employee's Name: H. L. Hudson Number: 543867

Period Worked: From 6-1-55 To 9-20-55

DISTRIBUTION
 WHITE - Management Selection Copy
 CANARY - Department Copy
 PINK - Employee Copy



In the space provided below, enter:

1. Corrective action you recommend and/or corrective action you have taken.
2. Explanatory remarks if rating is influenced by circumstances beyond the control of the man being rated.

	Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior	
1. Ability to Meet Schedules				X		Has been consistently on schedule except for lag due to 230: change. Excellent recovery has been made.
2. Attitude					X	Has volunteered to take on additional work and to cut personnel
3. Planning Ability				X		
4. Follow Up				X		
5. Cost				X		
6. Leadership			X			
7. Quality			X			The amount of oversize dimpled holes and skin gaps could be improved.
8. Labor Relations				X		
9. Initiative				X		
10. Attendance (of employees)				X		
11. Job Knowledge				X		A better knowledge of job will be obtained with experience.
12. Assumption of Responsibility				X		
13. Potential				X		

Employee's Signature H. L. Hudson

Rater's Signature Thomas W. Richardson

Classification Structures and or Instal 1 Supv

Classification Foreman, Day 081-0 Assistant-Foreman 081-1

**LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
GEORGIA DIVISION
SUPERVISORY EVALUATION FORM**

Date: 1-13-56

Employee's Name: H. L. Hudson Number: 543867

Period Worked: From 9-1-55 To 1-1-56

DISTRIBUTION
WHITE - Management Selection Copy
CANARY - Department Copy
PINK - Employee Copy

Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior
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In the space provided below, enter:

1. Corrective action you recommend and/or corrective action you have taken.
2. Explanatory remarks if rating is influenced by circumstances beyond the control of the man being rated.

	Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior	
1. Ability to Meet Schedules				X		
2. Attitude				X		
3. Planning Ability				X		
4. Follow Up			X			
5. Cost			X			Analyze each man's daily assignment so that your realization will improve.
6. Leadership			X			
7. Quality			X			
8. Labor Relations			X			
9. Initiative				X		
10. Attendance (of employees)			X			
11. Job Knowledge			X			
12. Assumption of Responsibility			X			
13. Potential			X			

Employee's Signature H. L. Hudson
Classification Structures and or Install Supv

Rater's Signature [Signature] Dept. 21-13
Classification Foreman/Day

**LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
GEORGIA DIVISION
SUPERVISORY EVALUATION FORM**

DISTRIBUTION:

- W E - Management Selection Copy
- CANARY - Department Copy
- PINK - Employee Copy

Date: 4-19-56

Employee's Name: H. L. Hudson Number: 543867

Review Period: From

MONTH	YEAR
1	56

 To

MONTH	YEAR
5	56

Read Rating Instructions before completing this form. Refer to Rating Guide for definition of factors so that standardization of interpretation can be maintained.

Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior
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In the space provided opposite each factor, enter:

1. Corrective action you recommend and/or corrective action you have taken.
2. Explanatory remarks if rating is influenced by circumstance beyond the control of the man being rated.

1. Ability to Meet Schedules			✓		You met all week ending schedules but were behind schedule (15) different times on daily schedules during this period.
2. Attitude				✓	
3. Planning Ability			✓		
4. Follow Up					Closer follow up would have prevented some of the drill marks on skins and would have improved housekeeping.
Cost			✓		Improvement of standard hours in Cost Center 38 would help this rating.
6. Leadership			✓		Should concentrate on better performance of personnel at quitting time.
7. Quality			✓		Reduction in Rejection Rate would improve this factor.
8. Labor Relations			✓		
9. Initiative					
10. Attendance (of employees)				✓	The rate of tardiness and rate of absences must improve to better this mark. Absent rate 1.71 and tardy rate .9
11. Job Knowledge			✓		
12. Assumption of Responsibility			✓		
13. Potential			✓		

Employee's Signature [Signature]
 Classification Structure and or Install Supv.

Rater's Name H. S. Mints Dept. 21-1
 Classification Foreman/Day
 Signature of Rater [Signature]

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
 GEORGIA DIVISION
SUPERVISORY EVALUATION FORM

DISTRIBUTION:

- W. I. E - Management Selection Copy
- CANARY - Department Copy
- PINK - Employee Copy
- GREEN - Work Copy

Date: 8-9-56

Employee's Name: H. L. Hudson Number: 543867

Review Period: From

MONTH	YEAR
5	56

 To

MONTH	YEAR
8	56

Read Rating Instructions before completing this form. Refer to Rating Guide for definition of factors so that standardization of interpretation can be maintained.

Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior
----------	-------------	---------	--------------	----------

In the space provided opposite each factor, enter:

1. Corrective action you recommend and/or corrective action you have taken.
2. Explanatory remarks if rating is influenced by circumstances beyond the control of the man being rated.

1. Ability to Meet Schedules			✓		You have continuously been on or ahead of schedule during this period.
2. Attitude			✓		
3. Planning Ability			✓		
4. Follow Up			✓		
Cost			✓		The improvement in housekeeping and realization was apparent this period.
6. Leadership			✓		
7. Quality			✓		
8. Labor Relations			✓		
9. Initiative			✓		
10. Attendance (of employees)			✓		The attendance of your employees has improved during this review period.
11. Job Knowledge			✓		
12. Assumption of Responsibility			✓		
13. Potential			✓		

Employee's Signature H. L. Hudson
 Classification Structures and or Install Supv.

Rater's Name E. C. RETZLER Dept. 21-13

Classification FOREMAN

Signature of Rater E. C. Retzler

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
 GEORGIA DIVISION
SUPERVISORY EVALUATION FORM

DISTRIBUTION:

- WHITE - Management Selection Copy
- CANARY - Department Copy
- PINK - Employee Copy
- GREEN - Work Copy

Date: December 18, 1956

Employee's Name: H. L. Hudson Number: 513 867

Review Period: From

MONTH	YEAR
10	56

 To

MONTH	YEAR
1	57

Read Rating Instructions before completing this form. Refer to Rating Guide for definition of factors so that standardization of interpretation can be maintained.

	Marginal	Low Average	Average	High Average	Superior
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In the space provided opposite each factor, enter:

1. Corrective action you recommend and/or corrective action you have taken.
2. Explanatory remarks if rating is influenced by circumstance beyond the control of the man being rated.

1. Ability to Meet Schedules			/		
2. Attitude				/	
3. Planning Ability			/		
4. Follow Up			/		
5. Cost			/		
6. Leadership			/		
7. Quality			/		
8. Labor Relations			/		
9. Initiative				/	
10. Attendance (of employees)			/		
11. Job Knowledge			/		
12. Assumption of Responsibility			/		
13. Potential			/		

Employee's Signature H. L. Hudson
 Classification SUPERVISOR

Rater's Name J. W. Harrison Dept. 13-09
 Classification Foreman 0840
 Signature of Rater J. W. Harrison

CHAPTER 3.1

Before we move to chapter 4 and the beginning of the work on the C-130 I must tell about my major encounter with agent Sam (Catchem). It seems that the two girls in the office (secretary and steno) had been going to one of the real popular night clubs in Atlanta where the most well know black musicians and entertainers were playing at the time. All the music lovers felt no commpunction about associating with Negroes when it came to good music. The men did not want the white women to go unless properly escorted by white men. Who gave a damn because the reason for their being there was to enjoy good music and entertainment.

In the 1950s everything was black or white and not gray in between. These two gals had decided that since their men did not seem to indicate a preference for jazz (which was still considered "nigger music " at that time by many whites) then they would slip down to Atlanta and take in the shows. Natrurally, they ran into some of the workers from the olant enjoying the same entertainment. One fellow, after commenting on their presence and asking their opinion of the show suggested that they had better have escorts on their next visit because single white women would be looked upon from the community (and Lockheed) as being out of place and loose women. One of the women was married and she became upset and told her husband that a " nigger " had approached her for a date on her next visit or something of that nature. I imagine, after beating hell out of her for going there in the first place, it behooved him to inform plant protection that his wife had been propositioned. (As if the gestapo would go down and close the club). I got wind of the situation and took it upon myself and advised the girls to just stay away from the club. This was relayed to her husband or the gestapo and I was called down for an interview with the great Sam. I will try to give the conference as verbatim as possible:

Sam: " I understand that you have been advising some white ladies about their visits to some of the Negro night clubs in Atlanta ?".

Me : " So ?".

Sam: "Where do you take it upon yourself to advise anybody about their private lives ?".

Me ; "I thought that I would tell them to stay away when they did not have escorts because the " company " would look unapprovingly upon their presence under those circumstances ".

Sam : "Did you know that we were investigating the situation and who gave you the authority to advise them ?".

Me : " In the first place, who gave you the authority to investigate the private lives of any employee and under what circumstances was that investigation instigated ?".

Sam : “ That is none of your Goddamn business and you have no authority to interfere in our methods “. (Note that Sam had used the first word of what I consider real profanity. He had a secretary taking notes of this conversation. Taking the cue from him I took for granted that I could use the same language to be emmphatic when necessary).

Me : “ Since this ain’t Russia, where do you get the authority to investigate the private lives of our employees ?”.

Sam : “ You could lose your job if you are not careful “.

Me : “ Would you repeat that ?”.

Sam : ‘ Repeat what, you heard me the first time “.

Me : “ I damn sure did , but I want to make sure that the steno did also and recorded it correctly “.

Sam : “ why ? “.

Me : “You have just made a personal threat against me and I want to make damn sure that it is recorded “.

Sam : “ Well, forget that for the time being, who told you about the ladies being at these clubs ? “.

Me: “ Forget hell, if you make a threat against me I want to be sure it is recorded “.

Sam : “ O.K., now who told you these ladies were at the club ?”.

Me : “ The grapevine “.

Sam : “ What do you mean , the grapevine ?”.

Me : “ As I said, the grapevine and I can’t point out any one person as the source and you know damn well that I can’t with impunity “. (I think the word impunity flipped him but be damned if he was going to admit it. I was sure he knew who had mentioned it to me and he was sure I knew but if he had any interrogation experience he also knew that I was not going to tell him a damn thing).

Sam ; “ Well, we are going to get to the bottom of this and when we do some heads will roll ”.

Me : “ I think that you are going to leave this as it is because this the USA and people don’t stand for this crap. One thing is for sure if anything results from this that will hurt anybody, I will testify in a court of law “.

Sam : “ I want you to sign this statement and stay the hell out of this department’s business”.

Me : “ sign what ?”.

Sam : “This statement that you have made “.

Me : “ I haven’t made any statement , all I have done is had a conversation with you “.

I read over what the secretary had recorded and found it to be factual and to the last statement correct to my conversation. Therefore I signed the piece of paper and noted that any changes made subsequently would void my signature. Overall, the other units of plant protection did an exceptional job.

Nothing more was ever heard of this great escapade. Seriously, wasn’t that stupid.

CHAPTER 4

I moved down to the C-130 area. I thought that I had seen a big airplane during the manufacturing of the B-47. This C-130 had a belly that was twice the size of the B-47. The side panels were made on two levels (About 12 feet high). This was called the upper deck of the assembly. You needed a crew on the lower level and one on the upper level, also included in this area was the top panel. The day shift was already in place so I went to the night shift as supervisor. The day shift supervisor was a guy named Jack Rochester. Since we always assigned nick names to people we called him " Roc ". I told Roc that I would back him on the night shift. The day shift supervisor was supposed to be the senior supervisor. We got a good understanding on what we were going to do and took off.

Roc was a regular fellow as he had had to hustle practically all of his life in growing up to make ends meet. Bootlegging (moonshine that is) was an acceptable method of earning a livelihood in those times as long as the law did not catch you. Roc admitted that he had had experience. Quite a few of the mountain boys and some of the city boys also had experience in that type of endeavor and it resulted in a high degree of independence and a sense of capability. In other words, they had confidence in themselves. As said , both whites and Negroes had experience in similar endeavors and it turned out that great teams were in the making. There were still all white and all Negroes in the separate cost centers. No Negro supervisors in the white centers but many white supervisors in the Negro centers.

Mr. BG was now the production manager which meant he was over about three superintendents under his management. BG was off the hog's hipbone and halfway up his backbone as far as the level of management was concerned. All the department managers and supervisors were always apprehensive when he was ever in the area because he cussed out and raised hell with them all if he thought anything was out of place. He would check all the status data on the areas he was going to visit so he would be informed on how much hell he was going to raise. Some of the other supervisors would wonder how that man knew so many details about their particular areas. BG had started with Lockheed in 1939 as an assembler. He made manager during WWII and he told me to hold a job he was reduced back to hourly assembler after the war. When the cold war broke out and then the Korean conflict he was reinstated in management. When the Georgia division was opened he was offered superintendent of assembly if he would transfer to the new plant. I don't know if he had a high school diploma in the beginning but he did not let any opportunities for further training and education slip by.

BG was aggressive and expected the people under him to be the same. He thought more of the people who demonstrated their knowledge and ability and who stood up to him (naturally man to man in private) whenever he was bulldozing and you knew better. As long as you did not forget and beef back in the presence of others you got away with it. So you can see the man was not stupid even though most times overbearing in his contacts with his subordinates. Luckily for me I read his characteristics almost perfect from that first beginning.

Whenever he would come into my area I would greet him with a smile. I kept good records of our position on quality, schedule and realization daily. Hell, I knew where we stood. He would say something like:

BG : “ What the hell are you grinning about ?”.

Me : “ I feel good, Mr. BG “.

Damn if BG began to call me “ Lad “ and that was the way he addressed me the rest of our time at Gelac. He was about ten years older than I was. I think that his harshness and mean acting attitude came from the fact his back must have hurt continually, he often limped. Well, BG and I established a good working relation. I began to respect him as time went by and even though he probably cut my throat a few times there developed a good working combination, me on the hog’s toenail and him up on the hog’s backbone. We understood each other and were working toward a common goal. By the way BG could move his share of the aircrafter’s beverage in his off hours also.

After a while I noticed that the day shift were making a number of mistakes and looking for us to clean up by rework at night. I told Roc that this crap had to stop for we at night could not make any realization or manhours because we were doing mostly the cleanup from the day shift. I began to keep records of the amount of cleanup we had to do and proved that we could not accomplish any work for this reason. I flat told Roc to clean up his act. I am proud of the fact that I have never been diplomatic. State the situation for what it is and go on. Don’t beat around the bush about anything , come straight to the point and say so. This atmosphere created a situation where the night crew came in looking for the day shift mistakes. After much cussing between the crews and a couple pushing and shoving incidents we knew some real fighting may start. This situation was occurring in other areas of the plant also. The attitude of wanting to do a good job on schedule and cost was great but the competitive spirit was heading in the wrong direction. Eventually, someone was going to get fired for fighting. BG appreciated the production being accomplished but was highly concerned about the hellraising going on during the change of shifts. Some of the other supervisors and myself suggested to BG that if the swing shift was held back from the work area until the day shift had ended then the two crews could not mingle in the work area. Believe it or not but the day shift ended at 3:30 PM and the night shift could not enter and go to work until 3:45 PM . This arrangement ended the problem. The shift changes were made and the squabbles were eliminated.

Previously, we had used a number of gimmicks to provide incentive for production. There had been the white elephant and the eightball. The white elephant when the cost center had been the highest producer (quality, schedule and realization) and the eightball to the lowest cost center over the past month. Gimmicks are only good for a short period of time. We needed something new to keep the competitive attitude going so as to keep down squabbles. Since standard hours were assigned to jobs according to the level of difficulty involved it was possible to chart the results of tempo in production. I came up with a chart showing the

number of standard hours produced by the day shift in comparison to those produced by the swing shift. This was a humdinger, no person on the night shift would let their counterpart on the day shift outperform them in hours produced and quality achieved. If an error was made and there was not enough time to correct it then the following shift had to clean it up (rework etc.). Since the crews never met between shifts anymore it was necessary that the supervisors settle it. With the results we were getting the supervisors were as happy as blind dogs in a meathouse. BG felt so good that he started other areas using our methods. This was one of the good periods for a few months.

Everyone was real quality conscious during these times , the work was going well and our area was ahead of schedule. The union and management were getting along fine and no major problems in our area were in effect. Normally, some " willie " had a problem and maybe a grievance was in process but no major problems that could not be solved satisfactorily were occurring. Lets look at some of the serious accidents we had during this span.

I had a fellow in my crew drilling holes in a couple of small angles. He had them clamped in a vice attached to a work bench. He was standing pretty close to the work and using a #40 twelve inch drill bit. If he had taken the time to use a six inch drill it would have been the correct drill for the job. The drill slipped and drilled a hole straight through the head of his " pistol ". Now every man knows that his " pistol " is loaded with thousands of small blood vessels and nerve ends. When damaged (especially having a hole drilled through it) it explodes with a scattering of blood and much pain. The fellow grabbed a shop cloth and covered his damaged part, took off for the medical department smoking like a B-47 (which he had helped build). No nurse could help him for he had to see a doctor (male that is) without fail, immediately. Although bloody as hell he would not let a nurse touch him. Given a tetnus shot and two bandaids with a sedative he was allowed to remain there until the end of the shift. Painful, funny as hell, bloody as all getout but fortunately not fatal. He learned a lesson on safety the hard (what !!) way.

When large skins were installed to the frames in the big jigs it was necessary to use shock or bungee cord to maintain tension and mate location as you drilled the pilot holes from the frames through the skins and install clecos until time to rivet or bolt them together. One night a deligent airrafter was stretching the shock cord around the assembly when for some reason the cord broke. The backlash caught him squarely in the mouth. Within thirty seconds or less his face was better looking than that of Mr. Willie B., Atlanta zoo's most valuable gorilla. (come to think of it , Willie B. wasn't even born by then). Although very painful for him it was one helluva sight for the rest of us. He spent the balance of the shift down with the medics with ice packs against his face. These were two that were not too serious and no lost work days were recorded.

Unfortunately, all accidents did not turn out with a happy ending. I had a Pentacostal preacher in my crew. The company always gave leeway to our employees in their religious beliefs. This fellow had prayer meetings on Wednesday nights and requested shorttime on that day to hold his church services. With his absence this was not conducive to producing quality aircraft at a low cost and on schedule. Shortly before this became a problem he was involved

in a bad automobile accident and his neck was broken. After a number of weeks he returned to work and was admitted to work with the restriction of wearing his neck brace while in the production area. He still had his problem with his Wednesday night church service. I found him a much safer position plus work schedule on the graveyard shift out on the flight line where they were doing modification on some B-47s. For some reason, maybe the heat, he removed his neck brace. His job was aligning wire harnesses for re-installation in the fuselage of the B-47. He backed into the landing gear door on the plane and the jar snapped his spinal cord. He was dead by the time he hit the ground. This was a bad time for all of us. Even though he was supposed to have had that brace on in the production area the company gave him equal to his accidental insurance coverage. This everyone was appreciative of, especially his family, for he had five young kids. The company always at one time or another proved appreciation of it's employees whether they were liable or not.

The emphasis is still on the use of all safety precautions when working around aircraft. Them damn things will kill you.

I was always satisfied with the emphasis I put on quality. The first priority on any job during production was that quality was built into it from the start for you could never add it to the finish. There were times when decisions had to be made concerning quality to expedite the movement of an assembly from one position to another. Usually, this would be near the end of the shift, allowing the next shift to continue on schedule. I had a pretty good inspector and normally we worked together real well. He realized that I would not do anything to jeopardize the safety or quality of the aircraft. He was one of the first Negroes to make inspector and I knew that he was working under the gun. He also knew that I was purchasing a ticket myself. His name was Sampson and he knew his job responsibility.

This particular night we were running a little late in moving a major assembly from the jig and putting it into the next position. I checked it thoroughly and came to the conclusion that it could be moved. One thing must be remembered that I always had to check out all possibilities before I made a decision. Sampson had his tailplate on his shoulder that night and came to the conclusion that the assembly would not be moved. No inspection supervision was available that night so I had to make a decision. The service organizations followed my request and not others. I called the overhead crane to make the move. The crane operator hooked onto the assembly and proceeded to raise the assembly over the overhead platform to go to the next position. Sampson held onto the panel and was raised about six feet from the floor. The operator stopped and Sampson decided that he did not want a twenty foot ride through the air. He refused to stamp off the move. The crane operator stopped the lift and Sampson decided that he did not want a twenty foot ride through the air so he dropped off. The assembly was moved to the next position.

The next day I got my old friend, big John, now a department manager, and he approved my decision. Plop went another inspector, not intentionally. Everyone knew that I would not mar my integrity by making a stupid move. I told Sampson in front of his top boss that I respected his decision but my experience exceeded his under the circumstances. Emphasis is always to get along with the people you work with and gain their respect while acquiring respect for their

ability and integrity at the same time. Everything works so much better that way. All in all people are pretty wonderful animals.

I remained on the night shift about one year. That plant was one of the darkest places in the world when the lights were all out except the ones directly over the bay in which you were working. The same old melody of the cats and rats fighting over food scraps at night continued until the night shift increased. Mainly, there were less than two hundred people working in the main plant at night and most of the lights were out. One Sunday morning (about three o'clock) we were working overtime to seal a unit for moving down the line Monday morning and the only lights on again were the ones directly overhead. I almost hit a guard with a bucking bar as he made his clock rounds because I could not see him and I be damned if some ghost was going to walk up on me in the dark. Luckily, he did not pull his gun. Would the bullet or the bucking bar be the fastest ?. That question was never answered.

We had a boss at night who was one of the best garbage can inspectors I have ever encountered. He was known as the night manufacturing manager. It seems that he had owned and operated a small plane repair shop at the Atlanta airport. I think he must have been hired during the reign of the great Jimmy. Probably because of political contributions he was given the position because of his expertise in servicing small plane requirements. He was in charge of the plant at night (graveyard shift) and had the whole plant to manage (cats and rats included). He always made his first tour about midnight and his chore was to lift every garbage can lid to determine if they had been emptied. It was impressive to see this distinguished well-dressed fellow walking about looking very stern at the employees and opening garbage can lids. You have never seen such a frustrated man, during the holidays, when we would find every empty whiskey bottle in the plant and put them in a can a long ways from our area and listen for him to lift that lid. He would explode and raise a thousand dollars worth of hell while we looked real concerned and shocked that such a thing was happening in our plant. He always exhibited an air of accomplishment after such an occasion.

Time was moving on and in this business you move with it. I was instructed to come in on the day shift and take over another cost center. You always hate to leave a good crew that you have worked with and have such good rapport but usually you come together again somewhere down the road.

I went on the day shift into the section known as the cargo ramp assembly. There were about twenty-six people working in this area. Among a number of the people I already knew was my old buddy JB, who had written the grievance against Mr. Hal and whipped his butt with common sense. Our paths would cross many times during our careers at Gelac. I had developed my method of maintaining accountability records on each employee's performance real good. I took every opportunity to take classes that were offered by the training department to increase my knowledge of the manufacturing process and the management of people. Some of these were mandatory and the others were offered on your own time. I took classes in time study, the foundations of human behavior as related to the industrial complex, tooling, methods and improving work attitudes. I learned quite a bit about the different chemical and physical reactions one might experience from the working with metal and other

components in the manufacture of aircraft. My main point was that I intended to learn everything possible about my job. If I did not know what I was talking about then I should keep my mouth shut. I knew I had to be a qualified supervisor.

We ran into a problem which was different from the cattails on the skins of the side panels of the B-47. There were pitholes in the floor plates of the cargo ramp showing up during the drilling and countersinking for the installation of the floor plates to the assembly. This turned out to be another time when the engineers and the methods people were called out so we might have smoke and vapors rising which resulted from fact that somebody was doing some deep thinking. It turned out that we were using magnesium drill plates on the aluminum floor plates and the roof was leaking whenever it rained. This combination created a helluva condition. We only got the pitholes when it rained. One of my crew (I'm sure it was Lee Monroe) who had a BS in chemistry, asked if the water was acting as a catalyst between the magnesium and the aluminum creating what is known as an electrogalvanic reaction. Well, I'll be damn if it wasn't doing just that. The pits were the result of this chemical reacion. A few years later Monroe ended up in Methods Engineering, no joke.

Monroe might have made it into Methods sooner but he had to accumulate the necessary qualifying experience. They rigged a big canvas cover when it rained for a while to catch the rainwater leaking through the roof. We had to watch that cover to be sure it had been emptied before the whole thing came down on us and the assembly. Later it cost \$6,000,000.00 to repair the complete roof by replacing it. This was a good investment , unfortunately, one life was lost when a contract roofing co. worker fell from the ceiling to the floor.

One of the men in the ramp crew I recognized as a fellow student at college with me. I had the impression that Ted Ramsey was a pretty smart fellow at school. He had a Masters Degree in Psychology and was short six hours and his dissertation for his Doctorate in clinical psychology. Do you know that those stupid bastards at Lockheed had that man drilling holes and shooting rivets because they were too prejudiced to recognize the fact at that time he would have made one of the best human factor scientist at the plant. The only top scientist we had were so wrapped up in their own importance that they would not have recognized talent if they were drowning in it. Ramsey was not a veteran so because of short funds he had to leave and work to try and get enough money to finish his requirements. I got him a six month leave of absence to continue his education at the University of Chicago. Even then he did not complete the requirements. He came back to dear old Lockheed. At a later time Lockheed would regret that he was not given the opportunity he deserved. A lot of talent was lost to both Negroes and poor whites because they were kepping Negroes in their place by sitting on them. They had a good time until they realized that they were in the ditch also. A lot of things in general sould have been accomplished for the people and the plant if middle management wasn't so continually telling upper management that everything was going fine. Well, if you stand before or behind the fan long enough something is going to splatter you.

The cargo ramp cost center was doing fine. Having kept records on the entire crew I took the top thirteen and awarded them commendations for performance. That stuff that usually hits

fans splattered, About fourteen filed grievances against me. Their main cause was that they had been performing equally as well. Where a pat on the back is due it is about just a few times less that a kick in the ass is required. The were informed that their performance had been average but that it did not deserve a commendation. So down comes the Union Steward. The men did not know that I had known the union steward for over fifteen years before we came to Lockheed. This would have no effect on the outcome of the problem except that we conversed with the most emphatic language of the aircraft industry. There was no room for doubt of the meaning of our discussion. He told the whole to crew to go to work as he would handle the situation. Very few people who had the pleasure of meeting "Tup" Holmes could never forget him. He was voracious as hell and twice as blunt. I told him to cut the bluff and took him over to my records.

Tup studied the record of each man . He just said OK and told me to call everybody together. I never heard another union of company man explain the situation in more precise tems. He told the whole crew what a union and company contract meant as to the agreement to produce together a quality product at the lowest cost and deliver on schedule. He said that the contract had been signed by both sides agreeing to the payscales and other benefits and then signed as binding. He had looked over the performance of each employee and he knew that they knew what was recorded as they had furnished the information to the supervisor. He stated that the records indicated that the tempo of each individual had been noted and the difficulty of the jobs were described. He also stated what standard hours had been reduced (acceptable to the worker) when experience and workmanship dictated that the time requirements should be reduced. He requested if anyone had any comments. None.

He told them in no uncertain terms, when they got off of their asses and performed to the letter of the contract, upholding the union's agreement then he would bust his ass and see that they got all they deserved under the contract. With those words he took the grievances and tore them in half and threw them into the trash barrel, then he walked away. The men and I both knew that Tup would go all the way to arbitration with a case if there were grounds. Over a period of six months every man in the cost center had won a commendation on an individual basis for above average workmanship. There was no animosity held among anyone.

Everyone in the cost center were concerned and always looking for ways to reduce the cost of production. We laid 2400 rivet holes and 1200 nutplate holes for the installation of the nutplates and then the floor boards. Trying to figure a way to cut the time involved one of the crew suggested we use nutplate gangchannels for this installation. We determined if this could be done the we could save about 20 manhours and approximately \$800.00 to \$1000.00 in cost reduction. We suggested this to our assigned engineer and he thought it would be a good idea. He took it to his manager and you would have thought that his boss thought we were trying to tell engineering how to design the damn airplane. The engineer's boss decision was based without doubt, strickly on the theory that no "nigger" was going to tell him what was best for the job. This ws the attitude , not with the people working alongside with us , of some upper levels of management . Seems hard to believe but that was the way it was.

I decided to fight that rejection because I did not give a damn about anyone's attitude when it came to the type of job I performed, as long as I was right. I went down to the field service group and asked for all the correspondence from our customers, military and commercial, concerning the installation of nutplates and quality fasteners in the floor areas of their aircraft purchased from Lockheed. I explained to these good people what I needed that information for and what I intended to do with it . After a few weeks these guys were kind enough to furnish us with the records going all the way back to the P-38 and the Lockheed-Hudson (boy howdy !) bomber of WWII British fame. The info indicated that our customers left it up to Lockheed to determine which was the best fastener for their requirements. I called the office of the Chief Industrial Engineer and requested a conference. I explained to him what we had in mind and would bring all the facts to back our request. He told me to to come on up and bring the information.

It took a small hand truck to deliver the info but we went through all that was necessary for his decision. It is always refreshing to see that the respect paid to all ideas by people who know that they know what they know but realize that they don't know it all is still available out there in the world of reality. It takes a pure damn fool not to recognize a question or suggestion as being relevant to something of significance. Without telling it, the method of floor installation was changed. Those crew members working that job and concerned with that suggestion all got cost reduction certificates. I really suffered moments of grief for those two engineers never spoke to me again (like water freezing in hell). We would overcome any obstacles that arose in the path of the production of the C-130 as it progresses on toward becoming the historic aircraft that it was destined to be.

There are three training certificates, two reviews, five year award and the first gallon of blood to the Red Cross in 1957 on the following pages.

CHAPTER 5

Believe it or not, this was bound to happen one day. BG called me into his office (a real sharp layout) and told me that he had an experiment he wanted to make. He did not think that a Negro could supervise a mixed crew in the south without friction. BG's theories when dealing with aircraft was great but not worth a damn when it came to people. I got the impression that he thought he was a top bird when it came to labor relations. I told him that this would cause no problem. I did not realize that he had an ulterior motive in mind. Then I have to give him credit if he was actually trying to prove something. At first I thought he was putting up a situation to prove that although we had passed all the other " couldn't dos " it was now time to prove that a southern white man would not work for a Negro. In the south at that time not too many whites and Negroes had dinner together but damn if there wasn't a lot of Negroes cooking dinner for whites. But if you wanted a decent cussout make a disparaging remark to a southern white about his ability to work with Negroes and he will tell you : "We been working with them boys for years and nobody is gonna tell us to work or not ". I told BG to lets go and put the experiment into motion. The rough looks and derogatory remarks that came from the whites who surrounded our work area were ignored and they got tied of being ignored and stopped. I would not have doubt that a few might have been offered out after work to settle any complaints of where and who they worked with or who the supervisor was .

I remember that I requested from BG that I preferred to have the older guys (in age) and the ones who were dissatisfied with their present area along with any that might seem to be misfits. My theory was that if a person was dissatisfied and not happy at work that a different atmosphere and surroundings might change his attitude. I knew that every man needed and wanted to support his wife and family in the best manner as he could. If he had a job where he felt needed and had full responsibility for his place and also had respect he would be happy not only in his work but at home also. In other words I wanted mature people in my crew. A few whites told me " I ain't never worked for a colored fellow before ". My answer was standard- " me neither, both of us work for Lockheed ". I had 17 whites and 15 Negroes in my crew. That bunch developed into one of the best teams at Lockheed. If you think I'm making a habit of saying my crews were great, dammit, the fact is we had some of the best quality, cost reductions,scheduled deliveries and performance rates around and I kept records to prove it. When you are right or good then toot your own trumpet because I can say positively no one else will.

When I had 87 people in my crew during the B-47 days I mentioned the fact that I had 87 different human problems every day. One can't help but develop a sense of human relations in such a situation. It is the best on hand training a manager can get. I was fortunate to have had a long history of dealing with people. I was president of the Atlanta School Safety Patrol (Negro that is) for five years as a youngster, as a Petty Officer in the Navy I had 27 men in my crew and as a business owner I had 8 employees. I learned from the school of hard knocks how to keep people like a good mechanic keeps his tools. That is well cleaned (informed) in their place (a specific job with responsibility) and ready when needed (performance with authority when required). I never met a man who did not respect those conditions. Therefore

I am going to devote some time to the people who worked with me during this time. I intend to leave race identification more and more as we go along.

I can't remember his first name but Mr. Brown was a fellow from a small town right outside the city limits of Atlanta, GA. He was a veteran of WWII and was satisfied to be home with no major injuries. Since he owned about ten acres and was free and over 21 there was no reason for him to have any worries about making a living and having a happy life. The only thing that bothered him was the fact that they had dropped an atomic bomb and killed a lot of people. He could not reconcile to the fact that it was considered to be right at the time. Therefore he decided that he would not own a radio, television, take a newspaper or have anything in the house that would influence his children. He taught them tolerance toward other people and to maintain their ways as christian people. He raised everything on his land except sugar and flour. He did not drink coffee. Every summer he took his old school bus, loaded his family and went to the Florida coast for vacation on the beaches. Two times I had to give him an extension to his vacation while he got the dingdong bus fixed as to make it back to work and his kids to school. He was not intrerested in discussing current events, desegregation or anything about what was going on in the world. He said that as long as he knew nothing about what was happening then nothing would bother him. That was a helluva attitude but the guy was happy and I respected his right to that opinion. He always had a nice wad of money in his pocket, this was good security.

While he was a member of the crew, it was decided rather then desegregate the cafeterias it would be better to close the whole bunch and everybody could go to the roach coaches in their respective work areas. As it was part of the job to maintain clean work areas then they could also serve as eating areas. Since the bosses still had a dining room in the main office building there was no harm of the workers eating on their work benches. A few metal shavings and other crud did not make it necessarily unsanitary. This was not the decision of the workers but the ruling of the powers that be who seem to know it all. Some of the whites decided that they would rather eat that way than mix at the lunch table. I brownbagged just about the whole time at Lockheed. My generous pay did not allow me to feed my kids and eat store bought lunches. This did not bother me at all.

Brown got mad one day after listening to all of their crud, jumped up in the middle of a work bench, threw \$300.00 on the dirty table , told everybody that the first SOB who picked it up he would beat hell out of them because it was not necessary that he eat off of a dusty table or workbench. I quited him down by asking him to eat with me at my highboy (desk). This did not solve a damn thing but I liked Brown and had a lot of respect for him as a man. He expressed himself in this manner. The last time I saw him in later years, he still had no radio, television and did not take a newspaper. He continued to raise his own food. His children were finishing school and doing well in their endeavors but still maintained a lot of respect for their " Pa" and his ways. Brown was also a damn good aircafter.

We found out that we had a dopehead in our group. This character was one who kept to himself and never participated in any activities with the crew. When there was a death or illness within the crew (or their families) he never donated for flowers or anything else. He

was absent about every Monday. I had to say something every week about his attendance. He came to work with a suit or other nice outfit on and would wear a leather apron. He built the forward end of the wheel fairing assembly by himself. The only time he required help was when he could not reach around the assembly to shoot and buck rivets at the same time. His quality was tops and he produced 100% realization consistently. He never got dirty on the job nor had a dirty work area. I cut the standard hours on his job to the bone (asking his concurrence at the same time) and he still produced five days work in the four days that he was present. How do you criticize someone like that except for his attendance. We did find out that he went to Detroit, Mich. every fourth Saturday and picked up a cigar box full of pot. I was told that he always returned by Sunday night. He would go into his room and go out of this world until Tuesday morning. He would report to the job Tuesday and was never absent or late any other days.

One Friday the straw broke the camel's back and I told him if he did not come to work Monday that, since I had already given him verbal warnings, that I was going to give him three days in the street for absenteeism. He used up his vocabulary of profane words and added a few, including an invitation out to the parking lot. I guess I had grown a little more mature of mellowed out for nothing would have pleased me more than to accommodate him in the old days. I was glad that I did not see him on the weekend for I was not quite as mature on weekends. Anyway, I told him to meet me at the foreman's office with his toolbox Monday morning and we would get the situation squared away. The foreman knew about his attendance record because he had been on my back to do something about it. I gave him to the foreman and the foreman gave him to Roc and after about three weeks Roc fired him. I guess that one could say that I indirectly fired the man but I never had to fire anyone directly. Nor did I have another experience like that. I still believe that we lost a good man, as everybody has problems. The company developed methods to handle these type situations as we moved on down the road.

Another big bunch of bull I experienced was the day the foreman called me in and told me that we were getting a new man who was bumping back from the flight line. Bumping happened when layoffs were necessary and the senior workers bumped the less senior for the positions that they had formally held. This was covered by the labor contract. The foreman told me that this man had worked for him on the flight line and was a natural born bastard. He wanted me to keep a close check on the man and as soon as we had enough information gathered he would fire him. I did not mind help on developing my own opinions but I be damned if I was going to be issued one like in the military. I just said OK and the man came in the following Monday morning. Remember that I already had an intergrated cost center so I was not worried about any repercussions along that line.

The fellow reported to the office and I was introduced to him. He seemed a pretty sullen guy, I took him down to the work area. We will call him JC (actually his first initials). I showed him the assembly he would be making and the production record of the man that he was replacing. I told him I expected him to be able, after adjustments, to accomplish the same number of hours as the last worker. I found out he had a wife and two little girls and wanted to support them in an acceptable manner and a desire to do so. I told him about my little boys

and my hopes for them and the ice began to melt. I told him I never looked over a man's back and I was there not only as a supervisor but a tool for his benefit. Any problems he may incur was my responsibility to see that they were solved. He was expected to carry his share of the load and keep the cost center on schedule with 100% realization. He thought that was fair and expected that he would do his best to maintain that record. He went to work and I got the impression that he felt a little better.

After about three weeks the foreman came down and stated that we had had enough time to set this character up to fire him and wanted to know that the hell he was doing. I took him up on the high rail and asked him if he could pick out the man down on the floor. After looking he said "no" and assumed that he was in the restroom screwing off. It gave me great pleasure to give the foreman the answer I did. I asked the foreman did he recognize them elbows and asshole that I was pointing out to him. Naturally, he did not. I told him that that was the guy he was looking for and he was doing one helluva job and maintaining the record of that assembly from the start. From that time on I would make the decisions pertaining to the character of the people who worked in my crew. JC came to me one day and told me his stomach did not hurt anymore. He said that he had ulcers and they hurt all the time. (boy, could I understand that). He said that they had not hurt in over three weeks and he did not drink Maalox anymore. He also said that he had never worked for a colored fellow before but I was the best supervisor he had ever had. He said that I understood the working man and he had high respect for me. Well, I be damned. A few years later JC was elected to the position of Business Agent for the union and was re-elected again and again until he retired. It was always a pleasure to run into him occasionally and have a good talk. I don't remember if he was retired but 27 years later JC showed up at my retirement party to wish me a happy retirement.

There were incidences with other people other than the ones who worked under my supervision. There was this quiet fellow, and Air Force inspector (civilian), who wandered around checking on the work and asking questions here and there. We had the JATO door in the cost center. The JATO had a dual purpose which was the parachute jump door and it held the Jet Assist Take Off Bottles. There were four bottles on each door, actually these bottles were solid fuel jet engines. The doors were installed on both sides of the aircraft. These solid fuel types kicked off about 14,000 pounds of thrush each for assisted takeoff when the plane was fully loaded. It was one tough assembly. The biggest problem was that it was a compound contour design. From the front to the back it had to mate with at least four different contours of the fuselage with the airflow. There was always trouble fitting the parts to the jig stops during assembly. Based on the experience we had gained from similar doors on the B-47 we did a lot of improvising with methods that won't be explained here. All were acceptable.

One day the Air Force inspector, we will call KC, came down and wanted to see us pull a door from the jig. We were just about ready with just a little improvising to do before removing the door. We could not pull the door for him because it did not fit the jig. We told him it was not quite ready for removal. The assembly was laying on the jig but not clamped into position. He decided to wait until it was ready and put up for Lockheed inspection

approval. This created a problem because we could not pull it and prove out that it was a good assembly in that manner. I told the men to leave it alone and we would get to it later. KC demanded that we pull the assembly and put it up for inspection. At the time the understanding with the customer was that he could monitor the performance but not tell us how to build the product. As diplomatic as possible I told him to leave the area and I would call him when it was ready and he could inspect the final assembly as much as he wished. He refused so I pulled the workers from the assembly and put them on other jobs. When he realized that I would do no work on the door he asked me what did I intend for him to do. I told him to go back to his office and we would call him when the door was ready for removal. He finally agreed to this and left. I put a couple of men to watch for him and make sure he was not peeping. We finished our operation and sent for him.

He checked back to the jig for contour specifications and the assembly was perfect. He did not believe this was possible. I suspected that someone had informed him that we were having major problems with the door. I took two men and the door and requested that he follow us. We attached the door to four aircraft down the line and proved interchangeability by a perfect fit to prove the door met all specifications of the blueprint. He never found out how we assembled it and that remains one of the aircrafter's secrets. I had a few friends flying our birds and you can bet your life that I wasn't going to jeopardize their lives or any crew members for lack of quality or reliability. KC was a knowledgeable and congenial man (not like that first character). We had him for a few months as our AF inspectotr and had respect for each other. KC showed up 27 years later to wish me a happy retirement. He had retired but still lived in the area.

We had a new company inspector assigned to the group. This character casrried a large amount of money all the time. That is like \$150.00 to \$200.00 which was a large wad at that time. According to him he had been rich all of his life. His folks had money and he only worked because he wanted to keep himself busy. This is the BS he told us. He said that when the company decided to open a credit union they called him down and asked him to make an initial deposit of \$10,000.00 to help get the credit union off to a good start.; If any of the men ever needed a substantial loan from the credit union let him know and he would see that there would be no delay in getting a loan without all the necessities required. It was nice to know that we had people working with us having such power and meeting another lying braggard who believed his own lies.

There was another fellow who claimed that he had finished law school and therefore he was (are) a lawyer. If the "boys " would each give him \$5.00 a month he would be available to get them out of jail every weekend that they were locked up for fighting or getting drunk. This fool actually believed that all Negroes did was get drunk and get locked up every weekend so he would make a personal sacrifice and help them with their problems. The dumbass seemed to know that as a fact. Can you imagine trying to keep a straight face listening to some sincere character telling you something like that. I thanked him for his concern and interest while wishing him a merry trip with his one way ticket to hell. Some of the guys went to him with a straight face and told him that they intended to get drunk and raise hell this weekend and if he would loan them \$5.00, just in case they got locked up, they would gladly pay him back the

following payday. He said that he could not do this as it was not good legal practice. He didn't get any clients nor did he establish a law practice. This was probably because he did not have a license to practice nor know the difference between an oath, being sworn in and perjury. About the only time he had seen the inside of a courtroom was when he was caught running moonshine.

I had an older gent in the crew who was the best tool controler, parts preparation specialist, cleaner upper and all around handyman for maintaining the order of the work place. He could hold his own in the assembly operation but we needed someone with the knowledge to be sure everything was in order for the rest of the crew. He maintained the small miscellaneous parts (rivets, bolts, screws and other required fasteners for the assembly). This was what we called MSP. He also maintained the tool cabinet and kept the area cleaned of shavings and other crud from accumulating around the work area (known as housekeeping). With our schedule and work tempo his presence was needed and appreciated. I took a week off for vacation. Instead of making my leadman acting supervisor the foreman sent another supervisor , we will call Bill, over to run my cost center while I was out. In his stupid attempt to show my people how a real cost center should be run, not only did he disrupt the operation but he took upon himself to fire POP JONES (our cost center organizer) the Friday before I returned to work. That old man called me at home crying and all upset over the lost of his job. He could not give a reason for this action except he was told that he was inefficient in his duties. I blew my stack and then regained my cool. I told him to be at the headhouse Monday morning and remain outside until he was sent for. Actually, it took the whole weekend for me to settle down and plan my Monday morning actions.

I knew that the time constrictions from Friday no formal paperwork had been generated to process POP's termination. I walked into the foreman's office Monday morning looking as I was, mad as hell. He asked what was the problem. I told to call Bill's ass into the office and we would find out. He knew some hell was going to be raised. Bill came in and I started right off:

Me : " What the hell do you mean by firing one of my men while I was on vacation?"

Bill : " That man was incompetent and I did you a favor by getting rid of him ".

Me: " You don't know a goddamn thing about the people who work in my crew and if there was a problem you should have waited and informed me on my return".

Bill: " I recognized a sorry worker and I took action and I don't appreciate your tone of voice nor your language ".

Me: " You can go to hell because I'm about two seconds off your tall ass ! ".

Foreman: " Now hold it just a second, we are not going to be making any personal threats over this situation ".

Me to the foreman: “ You call whomever is necessary and tell them that I will be at the headhouse in about ten minutes to pick up POP and bring him back to work and Bill you keep out of my operation from here on out “.

With all the standard hours we were putting back into the department to keep the realization up I think the foreman decided that Bill had screwed up.

I went to the headhouse and got POP and everyone in the group was happy and satisfied and stated that they knew they had a supervisor who would stand behind them. I let the foreman know that from now on when I graded a man on his review that it was my opinion and I would not downgrade anyone to fit into a pattern. I had and maintained the records on all of my people and a would not be the first time if I had to buck management to prove a point.

I had another member of my crew who was up in age, about 62 or 63 years old who lived in Cedartown, GA. My crew averaged about 45-50 years in age. We had younger members but the majority were mature people with a sense of responsibility. I was about 34 at the time. I'll say again that I had a damn good crew. They were very low on absenteeism and high on quality, schedule and reliability. We had one rough snow storm and this fellow, Mr. Knight (I can't remember his first name) was involved in a bad car wreck on his way to work. He rode in a car pool. In those days there ws no 911. He got a ride with some other guys and they brought him to work. His head had about a bad four inch cut above the left ear. He went to medics first and they told him he should have gone to the hospital. He explained that the ride he caught would only bring him to work because of the bad weather. They did not give him first aid or anything but sent him up to his work area to try and find a ride to the hospital. I would not have believed this if I had not walked in on him setting in the cost center bleeding like a stuck hog. The man was covered with blood from his wound, down the side of his face, over the neck and onto his clothes. I sent him with an escort back to medics and I be damned if they did not send him back up into the area with the same message. I called medics and told them who I was and that I was sending him back down for first aid until we found a way to get him to the hospital. He sat there until noon and they put some gauze around his head. We found someone to get him to the hospital and he finally got treatment. By that time he was pretty well screwed up. I never could understand why he was not given emergency treatment at medics. We had ambulances available and he should have been taken to the hospital since it was necessary.

After a few days at Kennestone hospital in Marietta he was transferred to the hospital in Cedartown. He had pictures taken of himself in the hospital and then sued the hell out of Lockheed. Since I was his supervisor and had seen his condition here again I was seemingly in opposition to Lockheed management, as I received a subpoena to appear as a witness in the court. Fortunately, his pictures and other records seemed sufficient and they did not call me to testify. If they had called me I could only tell them truth as I saw it. Anyway, the settlement was substantial and he retired a few years later. He was off the job for several months.

One day this distinguished looking gentleman walked into our area. I had seen him before but was not sure of his position. He introduced himself as Bill Rienke, vice president of the Lockheed- Ga. division. He had been observing for a few minutes and he asked me how things

were going. I told him quality was good , realization was close to 100% and we were one ship ahead of schedule.

He: “ It seems to me that things are going pretty slow, are your people really working at top performance ?”.

Me: “ Yes sir, these guys are working at a tempo that is comfortable for them to maintain quality work and schedule, they know what they are doing”.

He: “ Well, they don’t indicate that any sweat is flowing due to their efforts “.

Me: “ Bill, (big shots at Lockheed liked to be called by their first names) I have daily records to prove that what I say about production is a fact “.

He: “ Where ?”.

I took him over to the highboy and pulled my books. I rolled back six months and proceeded to show him the record of each employee. H picked out two or three individuals and asked to see their records. Easily done. He stated that we must be mighty fat on standard hours per job. I showed him six months of records indicating how many hours had been cut out of each assembly. These hours had been given back to the department to facilitate those areas that needed some more standards. He looked around again and told me to leave the information out and he would be back shortly. I had no idea what he had in mind.

He returned in about thirty minutes with of all people the Chief Industrial Engineer, Mr. Wilton, himself. Mr. Wilton remembered me from the cargo ramp and gangchannels. Mr. Rienke told me to give him my records and I could go on back to work. They stayed at my highboy for thirty minutes or so going over all the records of the previous six months. Finally, they thanked me and left. I never heard a damn thing, except I was doing a good job, for about a year. I’ll get to that later.

The year 1959 rolled around and we were building top quality aircraft on schedule and at a reasonable cost. We had family days, Easter egg hunts and Christmas parties. Everything was separate but the activities were the same and we had the same prizes for participation in the events. We paid double for everything, separate but equal. Eventually, someone thought of the cost factors I guess and before too long these activities were combined. 1959 was also the year for the contract to be negotiated. Up to this point the relationship between the union and the company had been pretty good. This was the time to let the union and the company know that we had labor and management. Regardless of any effort to reach an agreement, it was necessary to strike and prove there was a union and company. We had a new contract for modification of the B-47 Bomber and therefore it was the best time to strike for everybody. One does not strike when there is no work available . Well, back there then anyway. The majority of employees at Gelac had never been involved in a strike . We would learn the hard way.

The certificates after this chapter indicate my progress in training and other areas during the past years. Notice the evaluation reviews look pretty good but the marks in attitude were high. Potential seemed to be good but it sure did not result in what I considered to be equivalent salary increases. I have no major complaints on those reviews. I have never met an expert nor one that could be considered superior. High average (average being mediocre) is about the highest grade I could give anyone , including myself. The reviews of an employee is strictly the opinion of the grader and I respect his opinions if they are provable. I do not accept those grades on certain subjects as satisfactory because in my opinion they should have been higher. I could make an argument from the standpoint of the grader as to his personality or character but who the hell cares now.

CHAPTER 6

The union and the company had started negotiations a few months before the present contract expired. This was the checkout and consideration time to be given to the changes to be requested by each side. The union is the “ seller” and the company is the “ buyer “. The seller wants the highest value for it’s labor. The buyer wants the lowest price possible with all the requirements of the product being guaranteed. One would think, with all the BS going on , that they would be able to meet or come to a conclusion, especially before the period of the present contract expired. With all of the benefits to be discussed one would think that these would be the first things to try and conclude before getting to the nitty-gritty, the wage increases. Instead the two would wiggle and waggle right up to the expiration date of the contract. The union did not have a strike fund and did not believe the company would allow a strike. The union was under the impression that the sister union at Calac (California) who did have a strike fund, would back them financially if they went on strike. They found that expecting that help was like blowing bubbles into a hurricane. The company gave the impression that the strike would last a week and be settled and that time would not affect the delivery of those 400 B-47s we had just won on contract for modification. The people giving these impressions, I would not say, were attempting to sabotage the negotiations but their actions sure appeared stupid.

When one sees the union and company officials come together to negotiate a new contract the impression is that you have people of high principles, morals and integrity. Those people think that of themselves and most of them do have those characteristics, but you find that bunch of hardheads from both sides attempting to gain every benefit acceptable to their demands. Seemingly, without regard for the people (both labor and salaried) that are actually the company (have you ever seen a company without people), they butt heads until a strike is called. The union people are out on the street, the salaried people are trying to come through the picket lines suffering all the derogatory catcalls and personal insults as expressed by the striking members. Both had no control of their situation as the almighty negotiators had created the conditions. A lot of respect was lost to individuals across those lines. Long standing friendships were broken. A state of distrust was created. It took several years to regain the atmosphere and fellowship that had existed before the strike. Lets get into the strike and some of the happenings.

The union lines all of the entrances to the plant and blocked them. Salaried workers had to stop and have their vehicles checked to be sure no scabs (the name for nonstrikers) were slipping into the plant. The orders to the salaried workers were that no hourly workers would be brought into the plant. This slowed up the ability for the salaried workers to be on time. This was recognized by management so none were docked for being tardy. The local cops (both city and county) including the state patrol were supposedly preserving peace. All three of these organizations sided with their constituents (the strikers being in the majority) and the company people did not stand a chance. The strikers cut and punctured tires, scratched car bodies with nails, insulted human beings (formally co-workers) intimidated company worker’s families and the local businesses cut off credit at the local grocery stores, service stations and other local facilities to the extent that a company worker was unsafe (or felt that way) in any

situation. The characters with the busted heads, scars and missing teeth from the northern unions were in control of the activities. This went on for the first week. The poor dupes out there doing all of the damage were under the impression that this was the way a strike was carried out.

The local union had given each registered striker on the line a big check of \$10.00 for the first week of the strike, this was from the underfunded strike fund. All the wives of the striking members were real happy over this big amount of money received for surely this took care of all the current bills. Lo and behold, the second week of the strike it was discovered that no more money was in the strike fund. The California sister union stated that they had no money to send. Well, Mama had put her foot down on the Thursday payroll change and won so she decided to tell Papa that he couldn't saddle his horse no more until he brought a decent paycheck home, strike or no strike. All Papas like to saddle their horses several times a week (the younger ones anyway) and this was certainly a blow to their recreational activities. Children like to see their mamas happy and mamas are not happy when little children's tummies are empty.

We head that Uncle Dan had informed the city fathers that he did not appreciate the actions of the local constabulary and the county cops in their treatment of the salaried workers. If they continued their discriminatory actions he would possibly close down the whole operation and to hell with the local economy. He called upon the Governor to advise the state patrol of their duties as covered by law. This action turned out to be not exactly necessary. The Wednesday of the second week the biggest Negro (in size mentioned in an earlier chapter) at the plant at that time pulled up to the picket line and was blocked. He had three people in the car with him. Each had a baseball bat or one of those Buford Pursey Peace Sticks (a three inch diameter four foot oak pole with the bark shaved off). He informed the picket line that his wife had told him either bring a check, food or some form of paying bills or don't come back home, therefore he was going to work. Upon being informed that he was not going to break the picket line he quietly replied that he would kill the first bastard that stood in his way. This was occurring fifty feet inside company property. One of the city's finest was standing in the crowd and informed him that he would not carry out such an act. This officer was invited to be the first to die. The officer deemed this unnecessary and stepped back mainly because he did not have room to pull his gun and fire before his brain would have been splattered over the landscape. The worker got back into his car and sped through the line as the strikers stood and looked astonished. While they were immobile, about five more cars pulled through and that was the beginning of the end of the strike. By the following Friday about 80% or better were back to work. I knew the people involved and I saw a lot of the action. I give less than a damn about what the official releases may say.

The union lost everything and the company lost over fifty percent of the B-47 modification contract. No one gained a damn thing. At the next election the union had a slate of new officers and these people proved to be more considerate of the desires and needs of the employees. The attitude of the company officials changed accordingly.

There is a lot to be said about the strike. I think that a lot was learned concerning labor and management. One can not run over the other. There must be cooperation and respect engendered by each for the other. Only upon realization that working together can any mutual goal be achieved. If that sounds like malarky then so be it, but it's a fact. At this time in our history neither the company (Gelac) nor the union (local) had any major experience in the art of striking. Both had been overly influenced by so-called experienced people from other areas of the country. Both learned and it would be a long time before another strike would occur at good old Lockheed Georgia. It was at least three years before the level of confidence between management and labor was regained to the extent that existed prior to the strike. We went back to our areas and resumed building good aircraft. Maybe to emphasize a point some of the other incidents that happened during the strike will be related.

Gelac had received a contract to modify the wings and other areas of the B-47 bomber. This work would cover the production run of the plane. Our contract was for 400 aircraft. The strike occurred just as we were getting into full swing. From the top down to the supervisors, in the manufacturing branch, hit the modification line to keep those planes rolling. It was found that about 40% of management couldn't build a chicken coop. This is not to say that they could not manage, it's just that they had no manual dexterity ability. In other words they could not work with their hands. They held up their end because they made some of the best knowledgeable gofers ever needed.

The first job I had was the installation of the wing dragangles. The B-47 was a longrange bomber that could carry conventional bombs and had Atom bomb capabilities. The grapevine said that some genius decided that it could be used as a skip type or possibly a flip type bomber. It was not possible to be used as a skip type as that required low level flight and skipping the bomb into the target like the British used the mosquito bombers. Flip bombing was to pull straight up over the target and release the bomb from that position and it would flip over and fall directly on the target. Don't ask for I told you this info came off the grapevine. This had to have been considered and attempted because the wing joints were cracking at the point of attachment to the fuselage. It probably was found that this condition happened because of the stress created by the weight of the engines and the fuel load in the wings.

To gain access to this area you proceeded through an access door on the lower side of the wing. Each compartment of the wing was a fuel tank. The entrance was three tanks from the fuselage and the wing attachment joint. Thus, you had to remove three more access doors to get into that area. Once inside and against the belly, if you squatted and bent over you could at least be on your feet. This was summertime and the temperature inside that wing was about 150 degrees. There was a big fan blowing refrigerated air into the wing. If you raised up and touched the skin of the topside of the wing, your skin remained on the wing and you had a nice third degree burn. With the fan it was cool enough to stay inside for up to an hour at a time. It was very close tedious work. Drilling close tolerance holes (.005 inch) through the steel drag angle and the adjacent main framing of the of the fuselage was difficult and slow going.

After I got out of the Navy I began to notice that I would get uncomfortable whenever I was in a crowd, elevator or at games etc. I thought that this was a slight case of claustrophobia and it seemed minor. I found out better in a rather dramatic way. About the third day in that hell hole all of a sudden I could not breathe. I felt that I was suffocating and going blind. The cool air was blowing in my face and common sense was telling me that everything was OK. That's crap !, my mind told me that I was dying. Those access doors were about 15 by 24 inches exit space. I went through the three doors and fell head first onto the platform which was six feet from the bottom of the wing. Fortunately, I did not break my neck or damage the platform. I was forever impressed wity the fact that it was not to my advantage to fall on my head under those circumstances again and made the promise to myself never to lift over 25 pounds or get in a close place again. Since Medics had to disinfect and bandage the places where I had lost skin (upper arms, elbows, hips and knees) coming out of that wing it was confirmed that I could not work under those conditions again.

I went to the area on top of the fuselage where the wing joined the body. This was where the dragangle was installed. There was an area about 6-7 inches wide and approximately 3-4 feet long. No one had come up with a workable method of installing the one inch diameter bolts in twenty or more locations and maintaining that .005 tolerance. The depth through this opening to the angle was two and one half feet. This was too deep for the arm and hand to reach and have control of the drills and reamers. Most of the holes were oversize and wobbly as a result of the method being used and a call had to be made to Boeing Aircraft for an engineering fix everytime we broke wind into the wind. This took many hours of waiting for them to give us a disposition or repair method. Even with the experts (management and engineering , both companies) doing the negotiation we had to sit around for hours awaiting the answers to proceed with the rework. I sat around looking down that hole one day and got an idea. We sat around often doing nothing but wait. I went down to the manager of the tooling and tool repair unit and told him what I had in mind. We took a 3/4 inch steel rod and machines one end to fit a 5/16 drill chuck. We put a universal joint on the other end and attached another two foot steel rod to it. On the other end of the second rod we welded a 5/16 drill motor chuck. The drag angles had 3/16 inch pilot holes already located. Taking a 1/4 in. drill with a 3/16 pilot to start the operation we inserted this drill into our drilling rig which now consisted of the 1/4 in. drill, the chuck on the four foot long extension with the universal at the two foot location, inserted the extension into the last of the three 5/16 chucks we had put in random on the drill motor. You will have to ask an engineer how this contraption slowed the revolutions down to about 35-40 a minute but that was the speed we had.

We drilled the 3/16 hole to 1/4 in., put a 1/4 pilot on a 3/4 drill and stepped that hole to 3/4 inch. We then put a 3/4 in. pilot on a 7/8 in. drill and stepped that hole to 7/8 in diameter, We put a 7/8 in. pilot on a 1.00 inch reamer and very carefully reamed that hole to the final size of one inch and it was within the tolerance specified. All of this was accomplished by standing (in the sun, 100+ degrees) bent over on top of the wing joint with the six inch opening. As one can see this was time consuming but we got quality holes for the bolts and did not have to verify with the Boeing engineers. Unfortunately, the superintendent (acting as foreman) instructed me to take the tool and show the guy on the next ship the method. After going through the procedure that bastard screwed up sixteen holes and told the super that I did it. I

was in the process of wrapping the tool around that fellow's head when the super had me to instruct another fellow. This fellow listened and learned and the modification of the B-47 continued. Later on methods came up with a way that simplified the operation. If you ever wonder what those two story outhouses opposite the "A" frame building near the South Cobb fence are , those are the modification covers for the B-47 nose work. After the strike we went back to our old areas in the plant.

BG had to go to New Orleans for a big quality conference with some four star generals because of bad workmanship on a few planes that had been delivered prior to the assembly of that great drilling tool. They replaced the brass bushing he had, from previous engagements, supporting his sphinctor muscle and from the reaming out that he took it was necessary to replace it with a brand new one much larger. Naturally, upon his return , a lot of managers (both manufacturing and quality control) received their larger brass bushings. Ask any aircrafter where those bushings were rammed.

CHAPTER 7

Early in 1960 we had a new bird in research and development. At least that was Lockheed's followon plane to the C-130. It would be known as the C-141. Where the C-30 was a turbojet, jet and propeller driven type, the C-141 was the transition plane to pure jet and it would be designated as a fan jet. We were already in production of a little fast two engine passenger type called the jetstar (civilian) and the C-140 (military). That aircraft was another brainchild of Kelly Johnson and the R & D section of Calac better known as the Skunk Works. Some of the people in my old crews were working on the jetstar (Buster Jones was leadman on this program) and we were in negotiation for the contract for the C-141. Gelac was in good shape as far as work was concerned and everyone seemed to be back in the groove. We had lost a big chunk of the B-47 modification program but we were recovering in other areas and the B-47 was just about completed.

The United States had a number of sections within the country that were designated as poverty areas because of lack of work and the overall economic conditions. The government decided that Lockheed-Ga. should establish some of those areas as feeder plants so as to improve the economic status. The southeastern states being some of the poorest it was our prerogative to put feeder plants in Clarksburg, West Va., Charleston, SC, and Meridan, Miss. These would be production shops. We had other areas specializing in engineering and development. A number of the smaller assemblies were initially transferred to these outside plants as they started their production buildup. Assemblies for other Lockheed aircraft were eventually placed with them including some major sections from the L-1011 commercial aircraft (Calac). Although quite a few of those assemblies were from the Negro cost centers no Negroes were requested to go to Clarksburg or Charleston for the six months or so to help kick off production. Remember this is still the south (or east, or west, or north). Believe it or not, One Negro, a fellow named Wilder, was sent to Meridian. He liked it there and they liked him so he moved there and spent a number of years. I visited Meridian and found it to be a real aircrafters paradise. When you start a crew from scratch and train them properly you end up with a damn good team. Those feeder plants did a good job.

During the early part of 1961 things were running well and we were doing a good job. All of us were expecting a decent raise so I decided to get an appointment with BG. The main reason was to feel him out on that possibility. He told me to come on up to his office. I told him myself and three other supervisors had busted our butts as proven by the performance records and we wanted a decent raise. We had been getting about five to six dollars a week raise (every six or seven months) for a long period of time. He thought that was a reasonable request and would give it positive consideration. I decided to drop the bomb. I told him that I figured that there was a need for an assistant department manager and I had been working and taking training on my own time and company time along those lines to qualify for the position. That sapsucker dropped an atom bomb on me. He told me in no uncertain terms that as long as he was production manager that no Negro (pronounced Nigra) would ever be a foreman in his production crews. Being stupid and not giving a damn, I demanded why !!. He said he could not see a Negro being boss over 600 people including at least 400 white people. There

was no point in me giving in to the urgent desire to kick his butt as I needed the job. I reminded him that he was the person that requested me to take the first intergrated crew in 1959. After that had been successful he must have been also one that lost his bet that it could not be done. As previously indicated, BG was hell.

Our department manager told us that he had put us in for a \$8.00 a week raise hoping to get at least \$7.00. Believe it or not but I got a \$11.00 raise, the other three got \$9.00 and the rest of the supervisors got \$8.00. Every once in a while BG was generous. The foreman knew I had talked to BG but he did not know what the conversation was about. Damn if I was going to tell him. I heard that there was an opening for an assistant foremen. No more was heard of that .We got the little raise and that took care of that. The relationship between BG and myself kind of cooled after that and actually was never regained. (all alligators stopped flying). I never developed confidence in any one else exhibiting his characteristics as if I would ever meet someone like him again. Meanwhile, who else gave a damn-- lets build airplanes !.

The Lockheed National Management Association club chapter had finally invited the Negro supervisors to join. This was eight years since they told me I would not be expected to apply for membership. I hope you can understand how I suffered during those years that I could not join and become a member of the team. I suffered as much as a house cat being denied application to the local gaggle of polecat's association. I don't think I ever considered myself the weak link in the anchor chain. I accepted the invitation and fell in with the crowd. The NMA was a fine organization, screw some of the local chapters.

During the late part of 1961 the NMA had a meeting at one of the private clubs in Atlanta. All of the big wheels from corporate headquarters were present. Dan Haughton was now the president of the Lockheed Corporation. I had not seen " uncle " Dan for quite a while but he walked up to the bar with Carl Kotchian, who was V/P and general manager of Gelac at the time, and another distinguished character whom he introduced as Burt Monosmith, The corporation V/P of manufacturing. E. (Slowfreight) Smith who was with me were introduced by Dan to Burt. All three of the wheels were very congenial and offered us what we were drinking. (beer). We were carrying on a conversation when Mr. Hal (being president of the local NMA) walked up and informed the bosses that he had taught us boys everything we knew about our jobs. This impressed the hell out of the bosses and they turned back to us to continue the conversation. Mr. Monosmith asked me to have dinner at his table and I became the one known as the character that ate in high grass that night. We talked about fishing (he owned a boat) and then got around to the job at Lockheed and how I was doing and if I had any further ambition with the company. After telling him about my eight years as a supervisor and how I had pursued futher training I bluntly stated that I thought I had reached a ceiling and in the foreseeable future saw no opportunity for advancement. We had about two hours to talk and I just answered his questions. He told me if I ever came to California we might get a chance to go fishing. I thanked him for the invitation and the meeting was over. It shocked me to find out a few years later that Mr. Monosmith was killed in an automobile accident in Arizona.

The second week in August the foreman told me I was requested to go over into an adjacent building for an interview with the Materiel department. What the heck was this for and what did they do in materiel ?. The foremen told me to go and find out for myself. No one could give me a reason for this interview so I went over. I met a gent by the name of Owen Malcolm who was on the staff of the director of materiel. He informed me that there was an opening for the position of buyer. He said that it was similar to what I had done when purchasing materiel for my service station business but more complicated. He said that I had been recommended for the job. We talked for about an hour and I told him I would think about it. Interview over. Negroes were spreading out into several of the other divisions by this time.

The next day Bill Rienke came down to the area and after greetings asked me what did I think of the interview for purchasing (huh ?). I told him that I had not decided yet. He told me that he had come up through purchasing and that was the way if I wanted to really learn the ropes of the aircraft business. He talked about all the different people and companies I would be dealing with and the variety of items I would eventually procure. (I would learn how to become a procurer). I would have to deal with every organization within the company in satisfying the needs of the whole Georgia division. What he did not mention was the fact that he was a vice president and my chances of ever reaching that position were about as possible as two grains of sand raising the ocean levels one foot. I had apprehensions about the job for a reason that I would discover later on. I talked to several other people and most thought that it was an opportunity not to be passed up. I finally decided to take the job and so notified those concerned. I told the foreman that I was leaving and he wished me good luck. The balance of the time before leaving I spent in closing my association with the manufacturing branch and the people I had worked with for nine years. I saw BG walking down the street past the work area and I told him I was leaving. His words verbatim I will never forget were " I don't give a goddamn where you go !". One thing was a fact, I didn't have to work for that bastard no more. He walked off before I could respond.

It seems to me the checking of my records of the work crew lead to a discussion with someone further up the line and possibly finally got to Dan himself. Maybe Dan's introducing Burt to me started the ball rolling. It was not too long after these incidents that I was offered the new job. I was told that this would be a lateral job movement. How can one call a move from management to a salaried position a lateral move was a little much for me to comprehend having been in management for eight years. Is every one supposed to be dumb and stupid. What was the actual fact was that I would retain my pay level and assume one helluva lot of responsibility with no authority. Whenever you assume anything (literally) you make an ASS out of U and ME. Don't get into the habit of assuming anything. Always check it out.

As I prepare to leave manufacturing I remember two fellows who were exceptional under the circumstances at the time. George Mitchell was working the Drivmatic machines drilling holes for nutplate installation. This was a precision tool that located and drilled them precisely. You then took a nutplate jig and inserted the pilot into the hole to drill the nutplate rivet holes to attach the nutplate with rivets to the understructure. Since this fitted to another part of the assembly in a flush manner the nutplate attaching rivet holes had to be countersuck. It was a t

this point that you riveted the nutplates to the part. After doing some smoking and vaporizing on his own (that is deep thinking), Mitch came up with an idea that he could design a system that would combine and perform all of these operations into one. After consulting with some tooling people they came up with a gizmo and fitted it to the Drivmatic and the thing worked. The smoking and vaporization really started then. It seems as the talk commenced with the tool manufacturer and a Patent was obtained. Mitch seemed to move further and further into the shadows. Not too long afterwards the gizmo was added to the machine and much time was saved and quality installations were attained. Mitch was told that the tooling people and the manufacturer were already working on that theory (they just had not discovered it at that point). I don't know if Mitch ever got a commendation or his 5% royalty from the patent or not, if so he had never mentioned it to me. One thing I can proudly say is when he retired with forty-two years of service to Lockheed he had been acting Director of Labor Relations for about one year and his retirement position was manager of the Labor Relations department. It took a long time but that is still a helluva achievement to go from structural assembler to Branch level management. As he learns to slow down Mitch is enjoying his retirement. His experiences would be a book.

The other fellow I remember well was J.B. Mabry. Remember he was the shop steward that formulated , after much research, the grievance against Mr. Hal on the side panels of the B-47. Well, he eventually moved into the quality control department and proceeded to work himself up the ladder. He filled in as acting Quality Control Division manager on a few occasions and retired as manager of the Tool Inspection and Offsight Plants department. JB traveled around the states and into overseas countries where we had offsite locations. He had one nice (full of crap at times) career and his experiences would make an interesting book. He retired with almost forty years of service and is enjoying his retirement also.

I know many more individuals that are a story within themselves and maybe I can write of others later.

Following this first section of the book are some of the numerous training certificates , some other types of recognition and my evaluation reviews during this span from 1952 up til 9-1-61 where my whole life gets another crappy change. I won't comment on those grades except my attitude, potential and job knowledge sure did vary according to whom was grading me. One thing that never appeared on my reviews (except one time later) was the potential of upgrade.

CHAPTER 8

On September 5, 1961 or so I reported to the T-400 building which was west of the main headhouse (entrance of the workers to the plant). It is exactly nine years since I hired into the bomber plant. I bought a ticket but my journey on that ticket expired before I reached what I thought would be my destination. It never occurred to me that I would have to buy another damn ticket and go over practically the same track. It seemed that no one in the new job knew where I was coming from or what my previous jobs had been. The only other Negroes in that two story old barracks type building were one janitor and one maid. No one had heard of a Negro buyer in any other division of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. Breaking up red Georgia clay for planting the first crop ain't no easy job.

I was taken to the office of Jack Stewart (Jack S. from here on out). Jack was the purchasing agent (supervisor) for the group known as mainly raw material buyers. He explained that these items consisted of sheet metal, forgings, castings, extrusions and other materials necessary for the construction of the plane including 1001 different fasteners of all metals and alloys. Ninety percent of this material would be machined or milled to the required specifications except the fasteners. This work was performed in the shop resulting in one helluva number of finished parts. Jack S. seemed to have been the only one at the time to have (partially) read my employment record. He emphasized the fact with my enormous weekly salary of \$156.00 that I would be the highest paid buyer in the group. I told him that if he had looked closely at my employment record that he would find that I had been a member of management for eight years with as many as 87 employees under my supervision at one time. I asked him how many employees did he have in his group. He said fifteen as if this was a large number. I stifled a " Ha ". Actually, he did not count the hourly employees of which there was about ten hourly people.

The hourly people were all women and were known as schedulers, handling all of the paperwork requirements for the buyers to release purchase orders. Jack S. told me that the highest paid buyer in the group made about one hundred twenty dollars per week. I got the impression that he was saying it would be a rain storm in the Sahara desert before I got a raise, as the others had to catch up. I was not getting a good impression of Jack S. (that first impression proved to be right).

I believe that Jack S. was from Pennsylvania. He tore his britches (nice word) with me when he told me I would be expected to inform him of any irregularities I may see the other buyers doing in their work. I did not know but I wondered who in hell did he think he was talking with to make a request like that. I told him that my interest would be in learning my job and working as a team member. If I was to know what I'm getting paid for then I would not have time to be looking over my co-worker's shoulder (I wouldn't know what the hell he was doing anyway) therefore, you have the wrong man to be overseer for the group. I told him politely that I would do the best job I could to help the department and him look good. In other words, if my efforts make you look good then I expect the equivalent in compensation. He thought that over and said that I was one of the most frankest people that he had met. He said that he could appreciate my candor. There was no doubt as to my personality and

character and I think I read him pretty well also. I let Jack S. know that I did not get a lateral transfer and not to mention it to the extent that I had received some sort of promotion. After all Bill (the V/P) had said that this was the way to learn the whole picture of the manufacturing field of building aircraft. I think I believed him and as the years rolled by I found it to be true. Even in my own opinion it didn't get me anywhere as far as upgrades.

Jack S. took me into the office area and introduced me to Paul Hale. Paul was the forging buyer and his desk covered the forging requirements for all of the planes we had in production. He purchased the heavy press forgings which were used in the wing and wheelwell areas of the aircraft. There were hundreds of smaller forgings used throughout the plane. I was no stranger to forgings. Paul was becoming heavily overloaded with the C-141 going into production and needed help. Jack S. told Paul to introduce me to the others in the group. From the curious stares I received I felt for the second time at Gelac that I was better looking than Willie B. Everybody was pleasant but I only got about two welcome to the group expressions. After the first train ride this was to be expected so I considered it normal and started unpacking. If I had been a rabbit and was being thrown into a briar patch, like the rabbit, nothing could have been better.

Paul gave me the small forgings (\$5.00 to several hundred in value) and he kept the large ones (\$500.00 to several thousands). The two of us bought every forging that went into the C-141, C-130 and the jetstar aircraft plus what may be needed for R&D. If you are familiar with forgings and the variety that we purchased you may think that it would take more than the two of us to maintain schedule. Fortunately, they had put the cake and the ice cream together to accomplish this task. Paul respected my overall knowledge of the aircraft and I respected his unequalled knowledge of forgings and their manufacturing process. I shared mine and he taught me his. Ours was the best team in the department or so we thought from our performance.

THREE WEEKS AFTER I WAS TRANSFERED TO PURCHASING ““ ROC ““ MADE ASSISTANT FOREMAN !!! If I made any comment at this time the next fifteen pages would be red and it wouldn't be from a red grease pencil.

Paul helped me to get textbooks, manuals and production method information from those vendors or suppliers that I would be dealing with. The suppliers were more than generous in helping me once they knew my manufacturing background and the above average knowledge of their products. I let it be known from the beginning that the only influence they could offer me was top quality, delivery as required and committed, then all pricing could be negotiated acceptable to the two of us. The fact that I still brought my lunch and with our workload there was very little time to go to lunch with the salesmen (even though permitted on certain occasions). I determined right off that I would develop a rapport of confidence and trust with my sources. By having all written information available on the forging manufacturing processes I became familiar with each source and their capabilities. Paul was a very good teacher. I found out through our association that my old buddy from the machine shop (the supervisor during the water fountain days), Gus Hale, was Paul's father. Paul's personality and character indicated that he was a chip off the old block, thus began a friendship that was

to last twenty-seven years. As we worked together with the same group or within the same department during that time I can say that Paul got to know me , as I did him, as well if not better than any other person at Gelac. He never used the standard aircraft language and by association I began to upgrade my method of emphasis as time went on. (Example: Paul would say “ horse feathers !” and I would say “ horseshit ! “).

The ladies began to get a little more friendly. They were our schedulers (purchase order processors). Their gazes turned to good morning, then hello and finally “ Hi “. Things were smoothing out. I had no problem with the men. I remained myself and they remained themselves. After a while everything worked out as far as attitudes and friendly association. It was about three months later that my scheduler told me that her father was a drunkard who beat her mother, her husband was not much of a provider and her son was one of those new juvenile delinquents. I realized that my presence was finally acceptable. They accepted my apologies, when under certain circumstances my aircraft language burst through, and I learned to control those normal outbursts. They all began to help me through my ignorance of the purchase order procedures and we soon had a good group going 100%.

I had no problems conversing with salesmen and vendor’s representatives. Most of my life had been spent dealing with people (especially politicians). Most of the initial conferences were held with Paul, the salesmen and myself until I determined who was who and felt that I knew them pretty well. The forgings purchased from my desk represented about 85 % of all the forgings procured for the total programs at Gelac. I had quite a number of suppliers, whereas, Paul was practically limited to two major suppliers who were Alcoa and Wyman-Gordon because they had the only available big heavy press equipment at the time. Each had a fifty ton press. To show it’s size a picture was made showing a WWII P-40 fighter plane sitting in it’s daylight space (The forming space between the upper and lower dies). You can imagine what I mean by big presses. There were a number of companies with large equipment but these were the only two with this capability in the U.S. at the time. I think England was the only country to make a total of three in the world. Paul had his hands full because we were using quite a few of those big forgings. As stated earlier all the information available on the manufacture of forgings I was able to accumulate over the next few months eliminated the need to seach out specific training courses.

Figuratively speaking, I had always carried about a half pound of salt in my hip pocket to season out any overdevelopment of confidence and trust I might feel toward some of the people I had worked for and with in the manufacturing branch. I decided to add another half pound for good measure in the new job. At least, I would try not to be any more stupid than the cat who learned not to sit on the hot stove twice. In other words I did not intend to put complete trust in no one. Actions would have to speak louder than words from now on . I met many fine people over the years but complete trust never developed and I found that actually I only had full confidence and trust in about ten percent of all the people I’ve worked with over the many years.

We won the C-141 contract and things really began to hum. We had the C-130, the Jetstar and the C-141 going full blast and everyone was busy and we were hiring again. Jack S. was

promoted to General Purchasing Agent (dept. manager) and I guess everybody got a raise except me (as I did not have enough experience). There was an employee morale builder from the president's staff running around with a lot of whoop-de-do about writing out your experiences that reflected on the overall welfare of your fellow employees and the company. These items were to be sent to him and the most interesting would be published in the company paper. It just happens that I had an experience about this time that I was pretty sure fell into the category he requested. The C-141 was ready for taxi test and everyone was very excited for this was to be our first delivery and the baby was on schedule. All effort is put into getting the first delivery on a new contract out on time Which means the second delivery may not be as close to schedule. The following occurred:

The first C-141 was ready for taxi test for the next position would be flight test. This was early one Monday morning. Believe it or not but the nose landing gear collapsed. There was very little damage done to any other areas. It was a stress problem therefore none of the other struts back up the line could be used as a replacement. There would have to be a new design immediately requiring a new alloy per engineering. My department was notified to start checking all sources for that particular alloy and have information available ASAP. That strut forging happened to be one that I purchased. The machining was done inplant on our equipment. With the help of Paul and Gilly (the castings buyer) we started calling all known sources having the capability of producing the special high strength alloy in the size that we needed. That was every company indicating the possibility of having raw stock. Nothing was found at the big or small ones, best possible deliveries were four to eight weeks. All morning the engineers were preparing new prints and specifications, we were busy on the phones. We found nothing that would meet our critical need. The deep atmosphere of smoke and vapors this time meant that everybody was hustling.

As I was taking a break and eating a sandwich I noticed a business card on my desk that I had not filed. It was the card of the president of Shultz Steel Co. out on the west coast. This was a small company specializing in rough forgings of practically all alloys. Noontime in Georgia was just right for California. I snatched that phone up and dialed the number asking for the president. Since he had been in our plant the preceeding Wednesday he was surprised to hear from us so soon. I gave him the rough dimensions and thickness of the alloy we needed and asked if it was possible that he had any stock. After checking his stock he came back and floored me with " Yes, we have an order running now for a customer but since he does not need the complete order right away I am sure that we can spare a part of it with you ". Boy howdy !! He said that our dimensions were smaller than what he had but saw no problem in cutting down to our specs. I told him to stay by his phone because I would have several engineers in conference with him in a few minutes. I called our engineers and got them hooked up and stayed on myself. I intended to know what was going on.

As he and our people talked I was busy figuring out how to get the written information to Mr. Shultz the quickest way. After all the verbal information was given he promised to hold his people on hand to start immediate production. I committed all the overtime he might require and would have a formal purchase order to him right away. Meanwhile I gave the purchase order to him verbally and the go ahead to proceed. Engineering jumped on the new

prints and I made arrangements for the prints to go by special air shipment. The prints were in San Francisco by 8:00 PM and in his plant at 10:00 PM. He called back on Tuesday about 3:00 PM our time and stated that he was having a few problems. I got engineering on the line and it seemed that those prints had errors (prints for a rough forging ?). I got engineering on the line and it seemed that those prints had errors. I told Mr. Shultz to stand by for a few hours until I could advise him if he needed to work that night. I rode engineering without a saddle for the rest of that day. Finally, I advised Mr. Shultz that I would have to get back with him first thing Wednesday morning. At 2:00 PM our time Wednesday evening engineering told me the prints were ready. You have to have some understanding that information like this cannot be put together like a snap of the finger. This time there could be no errors.

I called our transportation man (who happened to be a good friend of Delta Airlines founder from the old days) and told him the situation. He found that Delta had a flight to San Francisco leaving at 5:30 PM (Its still Wednesday) . I told the transportation gent to get a car immediately with a good driver (with instructions to be at that plane.), meet me at the gate as he left the plant and I would give him the prints. Delta advised that they would have a jeep at the entrance to the runway to expedite the package to the plane just in case it was on the runway. The would not be able to delay it's takeoff. I didn't know that car driver but he hit the gate rolling and I dropped the package in the front seat and told him to outrun everybody and Gelac would get him out of jail. He laughed and did an almost wheel stand. It was eighteen miles to Atlanta and seven or eight more miles to the airport. If you have never driven through traffic around Atlanta during that time of day even then don't do it now. The driver had about forty-five minutes to make it. We did not have I-75 at the time and he had to go almost through the heart of town. He got to the airport and the jeep was standing at the gate with his lights flashing. He signaled our man to jump into the back of the jeep and took off for the runway. The plane ws sitting at the end of the runway awaiting clearnace for takeoff. The jeep skidded up to the forward passenger door, the co-pilot leaned out , He pitched the package to the co-pilot and got the hell out of there as the pilot gave that baby (a Boeing 707) the gun . I remained at the plant until the driver returned and told me the prints were on the plane. I called Mr. Shultz and gave him the pertinent information. He sent a man to the airport and the co-pilot placed the package in his hands as instructed. By 10:00 PM the people at Shultz Steel were going full blast around the clock to produce those parts.

The cost of that shipment was one first class seat ticket to San Francisco, California and it was worth every cent . The story does not end here as we forgot one thing. There is a law almost as strong as the law of gravity. It is known as Murphy's Law. In essence it says : "If it can happen, it will". Murphy's Law happened.

The materiel was cut to specs and we were going to get four of the rough parts. The forging company worked around the clock and were able to ship those parts by late Friday evening. The parts weighed two hundred seventy pounds each and that did not include packaging. The plane bringing the parts had one stop in Dallas, Texas. At Dallas it was necessary to offload as much weight as possible because of a hurricane coming up through Mississippi required that the plane fly out into the Gulf of Mexico to avoid this weather. That

meant that it would need extra fuel. They offloaded three of our units and we received the one left Friday night. Our machining department was standing by prepared to work twenty-four hours a day to complete the part and be ready for installation. I went back to the plant Saturday morning to check the progress (on my own time) and damned if they hadn't screwed it up. I called the transportation man at his home and told him we had to have those other parts immediately even if it meant chartering a plane to get them out of Texas. He hopped on the phone with Delta and they promised that the units would be on the next plane out of Dallas. The parts arrived at the plant about 6:00 Pm Saturday evening. I had been at the plant all day making arrangements necessary for expediting those units into the plant. I left and went home starved. The machine shop worked like hell all night, all day Sunday and late Sunday night they sent that baby to the flight line. The flight line worked like hell also and 9:00 AM Monday our bird was ready for taxi test. #1 C-141 airplane passed it's taxi test and went on to flight test and was finally delivered to the Air Force on schedule.

With all the effort put forth by the supplier, the engineers, quality control, transportation (especially that driver), Delta, the Lockheed machine shop group, the flight line mechanics and last but not least, the purchasing department and all in six days sure wasn't damn routine. It just proves what can be done to override Murphy's Law by top notched teamwork. I thought that this would be a good example of what can be done for the good of the employees and company according to the morale booster's request. After I had written it up and sent to him he replied that it was not considered to be personal enough. Th hell with morale boosters, from now on I would do all possible to continue doing my job in the best manner for the company and me. Jack S. said we did a good job (verbally but not in writing) Period.

The raw materiel group moved to another wing of the T-400 building which had been recently redecorated. The were new blinds and the brightest yellow imaginable on the walls. This was the theory of some nice person to cheer up the work area and thus increase production. After about three weeks or so a high number of the group began to develop headaches, nausea and other funny types of discomfort. The women were really at each other's throats. The men were edgy and short tempered, I would get a headache everyday. I thought the whole situation was psychological. When the scrapping got to the point that quality of workmanship was beginning to fall apart an industrial psychologist was brought in to investigate the problem. The psychologist talked with the people and just sat around and watched for a week. A week later here came the painters and paper hangers and the whole decor is changed. The lower walls are papered with a brown clothtype covering and the upper walls and the ceiling is painted beige. Within two days the attitudes and the whole atmosphere is changed back to the smoothly working, congenial condition that previously existed. I recalled that my class in "The Foundations of Human Behavior" had taught the effect that lighting, colors and temperature had on the workers. Lockheed had hit the nail on the head and we continued merrily on our way. (Yellow ?).

A salesman came down from New Jersey. His company manufactured forgings. We went through tha routine of his sales talk and presentation of brochures and discussion of quality control including housekeeping (the cleanliness and order of the plant). He did all right until he got down to housekeeping. He stated that the plant was located in a "nigger" neighborhood

and therefore housekeeping could not be as well under the conditions. This is the fallacy of quite a few people from other areas of the United States coming into the south and expecting better acceptance by being derogatory, in other words prejudiced. I told him to hold it as we did not use that terminology in this office. If that excuse was the best he could use for the housekeeping and cleanliness of his plant what the hell would his excuse be in case his quality was not what he proclaimed it to be. As far as I was concerned his interview was over. He had been calling on Paul so he went over to see him. Paul probably told him that he had been talking to a Dutch, Cajun, Negro, Creek, Georgia Cracker, unborn and reborn gentleman of the south which qualifies as a full blown redblooded American. We never heard from that gentleman again. There were a number of salesmen who came in with a high pressure sales technique and also assumed that a new buyer was dumb as hell. I may have bought a few sticks in my time but damn if I ever bought a full load of poles. Out of all the buyers I worked with over the years there were only a few who would refuse to come to the aid of a younger or new buyer. I recognized that buyers were under a lot of pressure most of the time. One could find getting into the habit of doing exactly what he was told by some of the bosses not being the best way as experience developed. It was almost impossible for a boss to know all the details of each operation. The point was to learn how to inform him without insinuating him as being stupid. This was necessary more than seldom.

Some reviews and certificates follow this chapter.

CHAPTER 9

There was a special committee formed by the President to go out and check our defense plants to confirm that they were adhering to defense contract specifications that no discrimination was being practiced in the hiring and upgrading of American minorities working in the plants with those contracts. This committee made at least one trip to Lockheed each year. They called in certain Negroes (and some managers) and got affidavits indicating that progress was being made and only time would determine how soon before all of these progressive moves could be made. I was never called to testify before this committee. Since progress was so slow it must have been that Negroes just did not gain experience and knowledge at what was considered a normal rate. Next year would always show improvement. There was a slow improvement made every year. This was mainly because the requirement for ability was becoming necessary.

It seems the time for my interview had arrived. The department manager, Jack S. told me to go to the office and talk to the gentlemen from Washington. I had no desire to talk to these people. From all I heard they were given the same BS each year and they went back and probably told the powers that be what they wanted to hear also (everything is going fine, minorities are progressing and advancing as fast as experience and ability will allow). I could never see any improvement that could be traced as a result of any of their visits. Sure, there was a move now and then but any promotion received was just enough to satisfy this group and the promotions by qualification and ability lagged far behind what should have been accomplished.

There were four gentlemen present, three whites and one Negro. Their questions started with the routine how do you like your job ?. Fine. Do you feel that you are getting the sufficient training required for advancement ?. Have you read my employee record ? It seems that you have been promoted to buyer not too long ago. If you knew my record you would find that I have been demoted from manager to buyer, a salaried position, not as a disciplinary measure but to make way for an individual whom I respect but qualificationwise was second in line. Don't you earn an acceptable salary ? In comparison to some of the buyers, yes, but as a manager my salary was higher and at least they did not lower it. Nor do buyers get what, with their responsibility, can be considered a decent pay raise when due. Do you ever get to travel in your job ?. No, I am still gaining experience, although it's been almost three years I have still not acquired the proper experience, whatever the hell that is.

This fact of not traveling does not bother me because my suppliers have given me manuals and books of terminology, procedures and methods in their manufacturing processes that bypass the impressions made by a visit. I don't seem to have had a situation that was of the extent that a visit was necessary to solve it. There will come a time when this will be necessary and I will probably have the "experience " to fulfill the mission. Are you satisfied with the job you have ? I can say yes to that question. My satisfaction is gained from what I do in an effort to be better than average. The knowledge gained through this particular job, that is purchasing, is hard to come by in practically every other branch of the aircraft manufacturing business. I know that eventually I will move into other areas of procurement. Other than

salaries and benefits the purchasing division is responsible for 95% of all expenditures made for the manufacturing of aircraft. I 'm glad I work in the purchasing branch.

Gentlemen, I think that I have indicated that I do not have much confidence in your committee and you have not given me reasons to believe that you have checked available records to prove that any changes from last year have been made. I have a lot of work to do and would like to get back to it. I thanked them , got up and left. Actually, the above is the nicest way I could write about that meeting. Things got hot at times because I thought from the beginning that they were full of crap and " politiking " most of the time. I don't know what they told management and gave less than a damn. I heard nothing from anyone about the meeting nor any results of the meeting. Surely, they interviewed more people than myself. I don't think I gave them the answers they were looking for. Situations like these were probably the reason that I felt I was blacklisted at times. Anyway, I always slept well at night for I never ate cheese.

The forgings and the castings and the other materiel the raw materials group was buying was on schedule and of good quality. Everything was running good and I think even Jack S. was happy. The raise time came and passed and nobody made too much of a gripe because I later learned that the Director and Assistant Director had brain washed them to the degree that they were showing their cost conscience^{n's} and company loyalty to the extent that they did not want raises. Sounds stupid, you had better believe it. After the bosses got their average of about 10% each buyer was given something like 3-5%. The buyer's pay was \$90.00 to \$120.00 per week. (they were responsible for millions in procurement.). Since I had came over making \$156.00 per week I was making as much or more than the average supervisor. I had not received a raise but surprisingly enough at this time I got a big \$4.00 a week increase. I thought what the hell nobody was getting anything either, that is until I got my check for the week and found out that my federal and state taxes had taken over \$2.65 of that \$4.00 for withholding tax. My take home pay amouted to \$1.35 a week increase. Some damn raise. When I received my IRS form shortly afterwards and found that that big raise had moved me into the next tax category, I blew my top. That cost me over \$280.00 additional tax.

I walked into Jack S's office and closed the door. I told him in the most emphatic aircraft language that if the company could only afford that type of raise after the thousands I had saved through competitive and negotiated procurement then kindly don't give me anything like that and call it an increase in pay. Just ram it up somebody's butt. All Jack S. could say was the fact that we had a low budget. To be able to cuss your boss out is to always do it in private, never, never inthe presence of others. Never embarrass him. Statre that the conversation is man to man then cut loose with everrything except bodily injury. Nine times out of ten the boss will realize that he needs a little friendly advice and appreciates it if you are right. If not then that's number ten so be ready to look for another job if necessary. By the way , the materiel division always had the lowest budget for many years, according to the bosses.

Some do some don't. The average buyer has a burden. That burden is the inability to reject influence or gratuities of any nature. This burden is heaviest when the buyer is employed by the federal, state, county or city governments. You can pick up a newspaper on any day and see where some character has gotten a big lump for awarding a government contract to some supplier other than the low bid (without a documented reason like quality and delivery without a low bid). If your parents, teachers and preachers did not install the respect of principles, honesty and integrity and you did not absorb them then you ain't gonna damn find it as a buyer. The temptations are too great and a weak person will fall into the pit of what is called white-collar crime. Two buyers did just that. They were caught and immediately fired the same day. Most times one may get jail time according to the amount of the kickback.

By the time I found out about it Jack S. called me into his office. These two people were also in Jack S's department. Jack S's voice was dripping with grandma's goose grease as he told me " We have a problem upstairs, So & So and So & So have been fired for cause. Your desk is in top condition and can be handled with a minimum amount of followup and we need you upstairs for the time it takes to get new people into those jobs ". That salt that I had increased to two pounds in my hip pocket said " hold it !". I am either being put into a position to prove what I can do or get my butt fired. Challenge me and I will take you on (sometimes stupidly). I told him OK and he took me up to the supervisor. The supervisor, Johnny, took me to a desk that looked like a garbage dump with paper crumpled in all directions (remember the condition of that desk for later). Jack S. and Johnny told me to see if I could clean that desk up and left. Not one damn time did they say of what items the desk consisted of for procurement.

Not only was the top of the desk covered but every drawer was stuffed full (no order to anything, just stuffed). It took me almost three days to get that stuff separated. Since I said I'm trying to drop off so much of aircraft language I will just say I found from (expletive) to (expletive) on that desk. I would be buying from A to Z Aspirin for the hospital right on down to zippers for tarpaulins (including the tarpaulins). It would take two full pages to list all of the items and that is no BS. I bought materiel for the flight line, the hospital, the qual and quantitative laboratories, the scientific reseach department, the janitorial supplies, the repair of the tug engines (including automotive requirements), rags, uniforms, safety equipment, and would you believe chickens, turkeys, pecans, walnuts, peanuts, small rocks by the size, lumber of certain types, microscopes, lab wall tile, narcotics (no joke !) weight measurement scales and just about everything that did not go on the aircraft. Now imagine anything else and I bought that too. When I finally got things straightened out I had almost 1000 unbid or unplaced requests on the desk.

I did not realize what was going on so I hit that stack of work like a tornado and took off. Fortunately, these items fell into a category that had a number of suppliers each. Most of them were local. I did not have to mail out the quotations and await replies. I would collate the items and call the vendors. Being right handed I held the phone to my left ear. Today I am completely deaf in that ear. (the ear had begun to lose it's function from the nine years in the shop). I was still receiving about 300-350 new order requests each week. I told Johnny that the desk was overloaded and it would take more than myself to catch up. He told me to give it

a good try and see if I couldn't clear it and catch up. I decided to try. I worked ten hours a day and eight hours on each Saturday for six weeks. That was at forty hours a week pay. That phone stuck in my left ear for an average of nine hours a day. Suddenly, I pulled my headbone from the ceiling and stomped into Johnny's office and told him to screw this crap for they had not replaced the second buyer at all but dumped the two desk on me. No other buyer had a weekly desk load of 1200 to 1500 open purchase orders on their desk. I told him and Jack S. that I was not donating any more time attempting to handle a desk load like that and they could ram it. I had spent 108 hours overtime with no pay and it just ended. They took about one third of the desk and assigned it to another new buyer. I was asked (with a straight face) to give him as much help as possible. No comment at all for the work that I had done. The desk was on schedule but it took ten hours a day to maintain that position. I got even (in a way).

We had a assistant division manager named Jack M. How in hell he got the position don't ask me. I had about 1115 open purchase orders and 11 of them was behind schedule. There were no shortages in the plant, our stock situation was good. Jack M. called me and told me (in an unnice manner) that my behind schedule position was terrible. It did not reflect that my desk was under control. One damn percent behind schedule and the desk is out of control. I wonder how some dumbasses assume that there are many other people as stupid as they are. Like I have to believe that my desk is out of control because he said so.(Mama,somebody is picking on me!) I went down to clerical and pulled ten of those orders and changed the delivery to show that they were due in thirty days. Now I only had one PO behind schedule. The very next day I received an ANVO (accept no verbal orders) from Jack M. stating that he knew that I could get my desk in order and he congratulated me on my effort. (I got to say it " Horseshit !!"). Can any buyer having worked at Lockheed say that in their history did they know of themselves or any other buyer having one order out of 1100 being behind schedule. The situation would get real juvenile sometimes when someone without the knowledge of your particular job would tell you how to perform it.

One of the items I bought were moon shots made by our rockets and sent back to earth. These were purchased from Stanford University and were highly classified. All one had to do was buy the latest copy of Life magazine and see the whole outlay almost for the cost of the magazine. The photos had to be wrapped four times and sealed with my name and department number being on the fourth wrapper. I would remove this and the secretary would remove the third wrapper and send the double wrapped package to the scientific research lab. Once the lab got some pictures where the package had been opened and resealed. Damn if they didn't insinuate that I had opened the package for the purpose of sabotage. What the hell, with all of the work I had before me, would be a reason to look at some moon shots. After all I was the buyer procuring that information. This time the great security force decided that they had better investigate before outright accusing me of such an act. It seems the secretary was real curious to see what all the big deal was over the moon. She opened the package and viewed the surface of the moon with something looking like plus signs (these must have been the highly classified reason) on it, resealed it and sent it on to the lab. Well, surely a secretary could not be a spy and the socalled ghost hunt was canceled. The pictures came as ordered but no more were tampered with.

because of the nondiscriminatory clauses in the defense contracts the local suppliers and vendors were beginning to hire Negroes as salesmen and sending them to call on Lockheed. We were being pressed to develop small and minority businesses as the economy was indicating the need to help stabilize these sources. The word seemed to have been passed around that if a salesman (minority) had not made an appointment then you could be too busy to see him. I have seen these guys sit in the lobby for several hours waiting to see some buyer they did not know who did not have the courtesy to go down and talk. Some of the salesmen I knew from my business and school days. They would ask me why was this. I just thought that they were smart enough to guess why. I could not tell them at that time that it was pure old prejudice and not a damn thing else. Finally, a couple of salesmen came in representing small minority businesses handling chemicals and industrial cleaning supplies. The one with the industrial cleaning supplies had serviced me in my business before I hired on at Lockheed. Actually both of them owned their own business. I gave them the necessary forms to be filled out and sent in requesting financial and quality inspection approval to participate in the defense requirements as a supplier. After about three weeks the reports came back that both had been approved by the financial department and the quality control divisions and met both acceptance procedures. I told them to send me a complete listing and specifications on their line of products. Since I purchased everything including toilet tissue I felt pretty sure that there would be some items that I could request quotations for their competitive bidding against the sources I already had. They were approved as sources for these product lines and I began to call them for bid request and they knew the market pretty well so one began to receive a few purchase orders. This one was the first minority (other than a few white women) firm to fulfill orders at Lockheed-Ga Co. I need not emphasize the critical inspection that this one received upon the delivery of his products. (this was normal). None of these items went on the aircraft. I felt pretty good because the products were meeting all qualification requirements. This was the chemical Co.

→ ANAWAK

The minority supplier with the small distributing company had a well established small business serving schools, hospitals and other facilities of that type for a number of years. He was an ex-Air Force pilot and a reservist (at Dobbins Air Force base) and had a good reputation. I don't remember him doing \$1.00 worth of business with Lockheed as I left the desk shortly after. Most of his type product was bought on six months supply contracts anyway. He later informed me that he never received one quote request from the buyer that had replaced me. This was an indication of the blatant prejudice practiced by the materiel department at the time. This attitude continued even though the word had come down from topside to develop small and minority businesses. Not one manager questioned why this minority company was not bid. I know that this fellow would not mind me mentioning his name because he had the principles of the good businessman. He had been a P-40, P-51 and P-47 pilot during the latter part of WWII. He was in the Air Force reserve at Dobbins AB and remained for several years. His name was George Prather and his company was Standard Chemical Supply. His products were up to high standards and he and the company had integrity. I regret that I didn't remain on the buying desk for those supplies for a short time by the following short history of the second supplier. He was eliminated by the same old

prejudiced bullshit that existed prior to my having him qualified. The followon buyers just refused (or were instructed not to) to bid him. Lockheed lost a good minority small business as a result.

The other one (I will not call his name), had developed his own chemical company, had about ten employees. He was doing business with other government facilities like Leavenworth and Redstone. He had been in business also for a number of years and developed some expertise in dealing with government contracts. He also had experience in learning the ropes of supply and demand made by certain government buyers. (kickbacks, ?) In other words he had become knowledgeable and slick. My dealings where this character was concerned were some of the most morale depressing I had experienced up to this time. Not only with him but the way my peers reacted and treated me. I had known him only vaguely before because he was a sometime customer when I was in the business prior to coming to Lockheed. The condition he found himself in was a result that his products were scrutinized much more upon receipt than that of the other established sources. This is understandable on deliveries from new sources. The cost of the type of stuff we bought only varied in pennies per unit, therefore competition was tight. After six months he had delivered about \$10,000.00 worth of materiel and everything had met specifications. Without a doubt I knew that there were instructions to someone to inspect every delivery from this source because he was not only the first Negro owned and operated small business to be a supplier but that I was the first Negro buyer the company had. It only then stood to reason that he and I must be in collusion.

When I shifted over to purchasing I had maintained contact with the many people I had previously worked with on the manufacturing floor. I told them whenever they had a shortage problem on any item that I purchased call me and I would busdt my tailplate to see if I could help in expediting the shortage.

One of those people happened to be a fellow in the Q&Q lab where as lot of these chemicals were being used. On many occasions I had expedited materiel for him. He was a technician and did the testing on the purity of the chemicals used. I also think that some of the old suppliers may have indicated that the new source was watering down the quality of the products. There was tolerance in the 100% purity of certain chemicals and sometimes the vendor could go to the minimums and still meet requittrments. It seems that the source that I had developed was taking advantage of this tolerance as were the others. Since he was being inspected precisely on every delivery it was found that he was pushing the limit. Did my friend (?) aqdvise me that he was finding descrepancies in the deliveries ? Did he write up any rejection slips on the quality ? Hell no, he went to Plant Security with the assumption that I must be in collusion with the seller and getting some kind of kickback. Now I had failed to see what that pound of salt in my hip pocket was there for. I had fallen into the mud of team workmanship and was getting screwed again. If that particular gentleman had passed over I hope his wings have holes in them.

I was asked to go down to Plant Protection for an interview. I wondered what possibly this could be. I had experience with plant protection on previous occaasions and I never liked the results. I considered most of these characters (being nice) were a bunch of stupid bastards

and I had no respect for them. Upon my arrival I was ushered into a small room and introduced to an investigator G. If I make any errors in the following (best of my memory) I am sure that the recording is still on file in their great files of critical issues.

IG : “ I understand that you have made some purchases from a certain company known as X Co.?”

Me : “ Yes I know of that company and they are an established Lockheed source”.

IG : “ Do you know that they have not been approved financially as a source ?”. His first error. No POs can be processed without the approvals completed. I had been doing business with this company for over six months.

Me : “ All sources are approved before an order can be formally placed “.

IG : “ Were these orders I have in hand formally placed ? “.

Me : I did not bother to even look at them. “ They had to be approved otherwise they would not have been placed and of record “.

IG : “ What ^{do} you purchase from this company ? “.

Me : “ Mainly chemicals “.

IG : “ On a competitive basis ? “.

Me : If he had looked on the back of the purchase request he would have seen the documentation indicating the number of sources bid plus their individual quotes. I'm beginning to get a little pissed off. “ Most of the requirements of that nature have several sources, therefore normally two or more sources are always quoted”.

IG ; “Was this source competitive on the orders awarded to him ?”.

Me : “ Normally, the orders are placed with the most competitive source but not necessarily so, at times delivery and quality is of the most prime considerations “.

IG : “ I understand that you knew this particular person, who owns the business, in previous years ? “.

Me : “ Not exactly, I knew his mother-in-law “. You should have seen his eyes light up on that bit of indormation.

IG : “ In what capacity ? “.

Me : “ Previous to my employment at Lockheed I operated a service station in partnership with my father (as if he did not know). Her employer was a credit customer of ours and I always presented the weekly bill to her, as manager of his hotel, for payment “.

IG : “ Did you know her personally ? “.

Me : “ Only when I saw her to collect the bill and being damn sure to be courteous”.

IG : “ Was she attractive ? “.

Me : “ U wiykd say so “ . Now the crap is hitting the fan that I am writing about.

IG : “ Did you ever date her ? “.

ME : “ Hell no ! “.

IG : “Did you ever consider asking her for a date ? “ . I now know exactly what direction he is headed into.

Me : “ The woman was old enough to be my mother-in-law “.

IG : “ Well, to get back to your dealings with her son-in-law, why did you pay different prices for the same product on different occasions ? “.

Me : “ What the hell are you talking about ? “ .

IG : “ I have three different purchase orders that give three different prices for the same product “.

Me : “ Can you give me the number of any one of those purchase orders ? “.

IG : “ Sure, the first is PO #14456 “ . With a know it all smile.

Me : (Blesds my memory, the only number I could not remember at Lockheed was my own social security number) “ That order is for a commercial grade of Pyrethrum (he couldn't pronounce it) mixed with sawdust (deluted), the lowest grade, and used in some cases as an insecticide “.

IG : “ I have two others “.

Me : “ Yes, I know, the other order is PO#320223 for a technical grade of a higher strength and usage and sells for \$11.00 per pound. The other grade you have on PO#232465 is the U.S.Pure grade and iis the most expensive at \$22.30 per pound. The tecnical grade sells for \$.77 per pound “ . I had evey PO correct he held in his hand.

IG : “ Well, why did you pay this big difference in price for the same product ? “

Me : “ Goddamn ! , you don't know what the hell you are talking about ? “.

IG ; “ We don't need none of your sarcastic crap ! “.

Me : “ The hell with you, you don't know what you are asking about ! “.

IG : “ What about your relationships with this man's mother-in-law ?”.

Me : “ Have you taken the time to read my personal folder ?”.

IG : “ No ! . What has that got to do with this ?”.

Me: “ Then you would have found out that I have had training in criminal investigation and interrogation and I have had a belly full of this ten cent detective book bullshit and I don't intend to answer another question of yours and you can go stright to hell !” . The atmosphere temperature was way beyond hot.

By this time the door burst open and the great mighty director of plant protection department rushed in and immediately inquired if his assistance was needed. This immediately alerted me to the fact that our conversation had been recorded. Naturally, IG told him that his assistance was not needed. If he had I would have , in a polite manner, told him to KMA on the way out. (I can understand a little better now days why employees are blowing their manager's brains out).

I did not like the connotation of this conferance. I decided that somehow I was in the process of being shafted again. Similar to the string I had reaching up to BG's office in the manufacturing branch I also had one that reached all the way to the area of the top of the Air Force. I won't go into specifics but if it had been necessary tro use that access I would have without reservations. I called long distance from home that night and discussed the whole barrel of worms and the diversions being made from the contracts and their specifications. After about one hour I was told certain procedures t take if I decided to sue and be sure to go to federal court. I was instructed on the quality of evidence to gather and the type of lawyer to obtain. Once theser procedures were met then send this information to him. If and when the case came up in federal court he would see that two Air Force people would be sent as observers to monitor the proceedings. If the results indicated Air Force followup then such action would be taken. I did not want to get into any embroilment with Lockheed because then I would have to reveal all the dope on all the bastards I knew. I know one thing the rule of self preservation would prevail as far as I was concerned. A few days later the “Bigfooted” assistant director of material marched me over to mahogany row to the office of the director of material.

I was given a lecture equivalent to the dressing down of a fifth grade student on all of the errors I had made in dealing with this particular vendor. No mention was made to the effect

that the Director of Finance and the Chief of Quality Control had approved this vendor previous to any purchase orders being placed. I guess some wheels think that they can tell an employee anything and it is acceptable because of their position. I just looked from one to the other as they tried to make sense out of nothing. Finally, they gave me a performance notice indicating all of that garbage with a promise it would be lifted within a year if my workmanship improved and warranted the removal from my record. The wording and errors on that boomsheet were enough to win any labor case but I was not a union member. I was a salaried member of management (they normally get screwed or fired). I signed it with the notation that it was an acknowledgement of receipt but not agreement. Bless his heart, "Bigfoot" never kept his word about lifting the performance notice within a year or any other time. He died a few years later The Director of Material at the time will show up later. Think about what you have just read and see if you can see where the level of intelligence can be located.

I decided to drop any idea of a suit against certain individuals in the company because there were too many in higher levels that I did have a lot of respect for . On top of that I liked my company and it's past history of accomplishments in the aero industry. Then after all, I was putting my two cents worth into that history whether it was recognized or not. I went back to the " buy it all " desk and grabbed the ratrace by the tail. Before I could sit down here came Jack S. with information that I would report somewhere else the next morning.

The next Monday Jack S. told me to report over to the T-401 building and check in with Tom, the department manager, for a new assignment. Tom was the manager of the Government Furnished Parts (GFP) department. These are parts that are used on many different aircraft in the Military inventory of the different services. They fall under this control because the government can buy in higher volumes and lower cost. All of these parts come from government stock and are returned for repair to government specified sources. As Gelac is a big producer of military aircraft our volume in the use of this equipment necessitated the need of a separate group to handle this procurement.

I was assigned to a congenial old character as a Materiel Handling Specialist. I had never heard of that classification nor had anyone else. It seems that I was not a buyer any longer. What I was to find later was that I could not handle any more finances as dealing with procurement , negotiations or anything.

After learning my contacts at the different locations and the repair shops I placed all of the purchase orders, processed them through the system and did all of the followup on deliveries. My new partner signed the purchase orders since I was not to deal with or be responsible for any finances at all. I never did find out what his classification was. I went to all of the shortage meetings, advised the status of all open purchase orders, which was held once a week or when necessary. I wrote up all documentation for the orders. I had the ability in playing checkers to keep the red disk in the red squares and the black disk in the black squares. This qualified me as a Materiel Handling Specialist. I got the same earbone aches, dialing finger and writing cramps as I did as a buyer. Since all my buddy had to do was to sign his name (which he was used to doing) he never developed writer's cramp.

After a few months our supervisor called me into the office to discuss my attendance record. He noted that I had been absent 12 days during the past year (I didn't even work for him and before I was transferred). He said that this did not reflect any great effort to attain a good attendance record. I asked him if that was my file in his hand. He said it was. I asked him did he notice that 11 of those days were in sequence. He had not. I informed him that those 11 days I was in the hospital. I reminded him that salaried employees got six sick days a year. If they were not taken then you were not paid for them but fortunately the company let them build for a time when you might need them. I had well over a hundred days in the kitty when I was in the hospital. Other than those days why did I need a lecture on attendance. In my years at Lockheed I had a damn good attendance record and knew it. That conference ended as full of it as it started. Later I had some dollar value orders that required the department manager's signature. He looked at them and asked me if they were correct and was I sure that they were ready for his signature. I told him yes. He told me he watched his people work and made an effort to know them. He developed his confidence and trust of his employees through that method. Don't ever bring anything to him for approval until I felt it was ready. I said it was ready again. He signed off every one without checking and handed them back to me. He said I was doing a good job. (well I be doggoned !). From then on everything I took to him I assured him that it was ready. He signed it and then my buddy signed it. I did everything a senior buyer was supposed to do except I couldn't sign a damn thing. That old deal about the rabbit being in the briar patch, my briars didn't have any patch.

I guess the biggest trouble I almost got into was at a division level shortage meeting. The big wheels and their assistants would be sitting at the table along with my boss as they went down the list of items that were short on the aircraft and causing work stoppages. There was one of those assistants known for his lack of knowledge, specifically the details, as the people working under him recognized. His questions were usually gruff and arrogant in a seemingly attempt to embarrass the person he is asking. I had just given the status on a shortage item when he turned to me and stated : " Do you know that for a fact or are you just outright lying to try and impress these people ?". Whoops !. I raised half way from my chair and grabbed the back of the chair and damn If I wasn't going to knock hell out of him (I even scared myself). The soon to be Director of Material yelled " Hold it !!". He turned and suggested in a very stern voice to this character that it would be to his advantage to apologize to me for his insult. He stated that he had known me from manufacturing days and always respected me for my honesty and straightforwardness. His experience with me was that if I said it was so , then that was good enough for him. Having stepped into a hole that was not his Mr. Big (ripened like a tomatoe) and apologized. The funny part was that gent had never attended a shortage meeting to my knowledge and the impression he had hoped to make fizzled. There are some people in this narrative that I just won't call their names. They are like the pebble you stumped your toe on and never looked back. My time in GFP group is growing short so I may as well finish it up in this chapter.

I had a problem with one of our suppliers who happened to be just about (at that time) the largest producer of electronic equipment in the world. His product was one of the most important items for directional guidance and other functions used on the C-130. I we ever

received one of these units and it was nonfunctional, thus being rejected, we had to send them a return check for \$1,100.00 plus shipping and handling. I did not make myself a Materiel Handling Specialist (which was never found as a job classification listed) so I considered that this was a part of my job. As previously stated in GFP the government placed all orders for this equipment and we just accepted deliveries when we requested Why should we have to pay a vendor for a return fee for his equipment when it did not function as required ?. I went over to see my old buddy Big John, manager of the Receiving Inspection Department (John had moved up since the skin squarks earlier) and asked him if he could give me any reason that we should be paying this cost for no good junk. John jumped a few feet up and said "Who the hell authorized a payment like that ?". I did not know. We agreed that no more payments would be paid.

I told him to remember that this was GFP equipment and maybe prior agreements had been made. He told me to check it out and bring him something in writing approving such an agreement. I found that no one knew why we made payments and passed this on to John. I told John that we had another shipment of three units due in the following week. This company's contract was with the DOD so they only shipped once a month the number of units required by the original schedule at the time of the contract initiation. Damn the increase in deliveries or spare parts required by Lockheed. No increase in schedule could be included until a new contract was negotiated which meant new pricing. Our government purchasing agencies always make real tight types of contracts to screw themselves later. We were making almost eight deliveries a month to the Air Force and they were supplying us with four units per month per the original contract from the DOD. How did this affect our customer deliveries (guess). John told me that he would advise me upon receipt and we would get a conference call with the vendor and his engineering, quality and finance people and get the situation cleared up.

I called and told John the shipment had been made and to call me upon its arrival. We got our conference call going and John talked to the head of quality control at the vendor's facility. He stated that we were getting deliveries and a high percentage of their shipments were nonfunctional. He said that we were behind schedule because of the last rejections and we wanted them to send management level people from the engineering, quality control and finance groups as soon as possible. We would hold their latest shipments as received and open upon their arrival. Those people requested were here by 10:00 AM the next morning.

After a congenial meeting upon their entrance to the receiving section , John introduced his functional test inspectors and with the vendors supplied functional test manual we proceeded to open the boxes. The first unit went through the procedure and tested out perfect. Everyone smiled, especially us because we needed a good unit to close a shortage. The second unit did not function. The vendor's representatives went through the procedure twice, the unit did not function. John turned near the color of a half ripe tomatoe. Our people ran the test on the third unit . It did not function. They tested it and it did not function. John looked as if he was going to burst a blood vessel. These are almost exactly the words John used :

" Gentlemen, we have received three units and only one is functional. For the cost of these items that is a helluva quality record. For some reason this has been occurring too frequently

for not having corrections made at your facility. The buyer (hell, I ain't no buyer , I is a Materiel Handling Specialist) informs me that there is a return charge whrn your product is not acceptable qualitywise. Since you are furnishing this equipment under a direct government contract I see not reason how Lockheed can be held for the return cost of a nonfunctional Unit We are repackaging this materiel and shipping it back to you this date. There will be no return charges paid for nonfunctional equipment from this time on and if the crating indicates any damage upon receipt it will be returned also. If this happens again it will be necessary to take it to a higher level (DOD).

In essence the above is acceptable in any report. John is a full blown aircafter and if you think that is exaxctly how he said it give another thought. When he finished John returned to his natural old hospitable self and said “ Gentleman, lets go have some lunch on me “ That included me. We did not get nonfunctional units again. If there is a malfunction one of our people could fix it. I like to think that John and myself had similar personalities. Both of us had our own struggles with certain members of our upper management but we made sure that we knew what we were talking about. I know that he was an asset to Lockheed. So was I.

The GFP group moved out of the main plant area up on Butler street in Marietta city and were almost a separate unit. Our main job was to get that GFP into the plant on schedule, which we did, and things ran along smoothly. One day Tom gtot a call and told me I would be loaned to my old buying group for a period of time because of some problems they were having. Hell, from all previous experience, I thought that I was the only problem they had had. Lets move on down and see what in heaven is wrong with the old group.

CHAPTER 10

I returned to the building T-400. Jack S. greeted me warmly and stated that they needed me to help out on the bringback operation for the C-5A. Johnny (my last supervisor in purchasing) had been transferred to Calac temporarily to facilitate shipment of component parts and raw materials that had been purchased at Calac for the initial startup of the C-5A program there as we prepared for production at Gelac. I wonder who in hell considered me qualified for that responsibility. I knew I was wrong but I considered anyone who would kick my butt and pat me on the shoulder at the same time had to be short on marbles.

Johnny worked with Morgy (a Calac department manager) in the shipment of these components to Gelac. They wanted me to coordinate the program of receipt and acceptance of the material and total up the cost (Hell, I thought that I was never to handle finance again). As the material began to arrive I found in some items a surplus of quantity that seemed unnecessary. The cost of this materiel was expensive. Of all the high cost I found one that was ridiculous. Some buyer had made a mill run buy of 4000 pounds of .034 thickness aluminum sheets. This is an odd thickness and had to be special run. The sheet was for the manufacture of one single part per aircraft, a one inch square to be used on the wing somewhere. This made me wonder about Calac's purchasing ability but it probably reflected DOD's demand that you will buy what is needed damn the cost. A lot of analyzing took place but this was the most stupid item found. We received over 5,689 plus shipsets of materiel, uncut. A piece of phenolic would have served the purpose -- a stop indicator. Actually, that materiel was kept at Calac and paid for.

Otherwise, things went well and after several weeks the bringback program was completed on schedule and within the estimated cost of the program. The department manager, Morgy, sent a letter of commendation to Jack S. for my efforts and knowledge in making the program a success. Morgy sent me a copy. I haven't been able to find it but if you think that Jack S. mentioned it or put it in my personel file then you still believe that alligators fly. Jack S. was hell.

Now that the bringback program was over I just knew that I would be going back to the only classification known at Lockheed as Materiel Handling Specialist, which included processing all the purchase orders on the desk for my co-worker's signature for he had never been a buyer in GFP. I also noted that sometime during my stay in GFP I had been promoted (?) to a Materiel Scheduling Analyst, never heard of that one either, (no increase in pay) good things I was accomplishing necessitated the creation of two completely new job classifications which were eliminated upon my leaving GFP. But no, there was another problem that my help was required to update.

There were a lot of new buyers in the raw materiel group by this time as the C-5A was really rolling in production. One young fellow was smoking and vaporizing like mad, only his was from frustration and not knowing what to do. I never found out how long he had been on the

desk but it was one of the toughest in the group. He had the extrusion desk. There are hundreds of extrusion designs and a helluva bunch of them were used on our aircraft. He had energetically attacked the job, placing purchase orders verbally and processing nothing. He had over 600 unwritten POs on his desk requiring completion, including documentation and processing into the system so as to be mailed to the vendors. He was a prime candidate for a case of ulcers. I stayed and spent six weeks writing up the young fellow's orders and putting price analysis including the documentation required. Documentation is the most crap I found in placing orders and satisfying the DOD (or so I was told). It hardly matters what you say as long as it is two or three paragraphs long since no one reads it if it looks long enough. There are items that require decent documentation because of the level of difficulty and complication for the purchased component. A purchase order request states all information required for the buyer or anyone else knowing what they are looking at. If your handwriting is pretty bad you could say all cows are brown but some have white spots. If the gobaly-glot is a paragraph or two the reviewer will glance at it and say documentation is sufficient. Anyway, I finally got the fellow pretty well caught up to date. He nonchalantly informed me that now I could do his followup and deliveries on the same orders. I politely informed him in my most emphatic aircraft language that I was not his goddamn helper. Being much younger than me he was real shook up by my statement. He had been lead to believe that I was now a buyer's helper (never had that ever been a job classification either) and was strictky assigned to take his orders. I had no right to take my anger out on him but I was mad as hell and stomped in the supervisor's office. We call him TOM II, not too long transfered from Calac, and this is almost verbatim:

Me : " Tom, what the hell do you mean telling that buyer that I have been assigned to him as a helper ?"

TOM II : " Hell, Hap, Jack S. told me that that was your classification and you were here to assist anyone requiring your help "

Me : " Tom, in all of your time at Calac and now at Gelac have you ever had knowledge of such a classification ?"

TOM II : " No I haven't but I don't know what classifications you have at Gelac "

Me : " Have you ever accepted a man into your crew without doing a background check on his qualifications ? "

TOM II : " Well not as yet but Jack S. says that you have been transfered to our group and that is your classification "

Me:"Tom, I don't know a damn thing about a transfer. I was told that I had a request to help on the C-5A bringback program and then I go back to my job in GFP "

TOM II : " Here are your transfer papers and you now work for me "

Me : “ I don’t know anything about that but I’m going to walk out of this office and you go pull my personel folder and when you have finished reading it call me back. Jack S. is still the prime SOB I recognized when I first came into this department ! “.

Four hours later Tom called me into his office and apologized for not having read my background. He said no one had given him any information about me except I was a buyer’s helper and he would utilize me as such (that was Jack S.’s crap). The period of time I worked with Tom had been very relaxed and congenial. In other words I liked the guy. Tom was about five feet five inches with real light gray eyes. He told me that he would like to appoint me as the trouble shooter for the whole group. Where there was a problem I would go in and help that particular buyer solve his problem and get on schedule. Just about every one of Tom’s buyers had less than one year seniority. He had problems. I’m glad to say that I was able to help him. By the way, my job classification had never been changed at no time. I was still a buyer. Although I did not know this at the time now I can understand why I was able to perform the buyer’s duties without question. With that information my respect for some of upper management had no bounds. I continued to work for Tom for about one year. Tom Carver turned out to be a fine gentleman, straightforward with a very high level of integrity.

We were now in manufacturing the C-130, The C-141, the C-140 (Jetstar) and the C-5A. We had a whole lot of new buyers including some Negroes. The departments had just about doubled in the number of people they had when I first went over. I had been in purchasing a little over five years. One of the young fellows I had helped train a little over two years was now a senior buyer (two levels above me and the same position as Paul). He still bought the same items he was buying when he began. No point in stating who his Pa was. I was still a buyer as Jack S. determined I was still in the process of learning and gaining experience. One or two of the older buyers had made purchasing agent but most remained in their jobs because no one had proven ability to learn those jobs in this length of time. Paul and Gilly were held in their positions as senior buyers because of their expertise in the procurement of forgings and castings. I had worked all over the damn place but believe it or not I was the one gaining all the experience but just did not have enough to be considered for an upgrade. Everything was good, attitude, workmanship, ambition but the lack of experience disqualified my future in potential or advancement. I guess that I was too honest and frank in my expressions. I was never accused of crawling past the brown nosing to the hand kissing as a few others to gain promotions without knowing too much about anything. Ater all I was still available to assist where needed.

We had a couple of new purchasing agents brought in and the job requirements were more evenly spread. I was placed with one of these guys and since he knows that he was well liked by every one in his crew we will call him by the name given him by the group, RENRUT, believe it or not. Renrut was a good manager, he had the capability to make one feel he was a member of the team even though he was the boss. The two old men in the group was a fellow named Ross and myself. The others were known as Renrut’s Turks. They were young and wild but eager to learn. We had a good time togather. I was assigned to the miscellaneous small parts (MSP) procurement desk. These were the items that would give me recognition after about fifteen years as an expert (?) on fasteners.

MSP consist of all the fasteners that tie the aircraft together. We are talking about thousands of rivets (including blind and exploding types), screws, pins, nuts, washers, blind bolts, tapered pins and bolts and Dzus fasteners. If you attempted to name them all it would take more than a page even when eliminating the different sizes and lengths. The sizes were 1/32 in. to 3 & 4 in. in diameter range. The grips lengths were from 1/8 in. to four feet. The prices ranged from .012 cents each to \$525.00 (specials) each. All prices were based on the type of materiel used in the blueprint callouts. I was on this assignment for fifteen years and other than those fastener engineers (stress and structural) I was one of the most knowledgeable of aircraft fasteners of practically anyone else in the plant. At times I could push some of those engineers to the wall. ~~_____~~

I mentioned earlier that one of the most personable young guys (who gave the name, Renrut to the supervisor) was also one of Jack S.'s favorites. When we went to group meetings he would ask Jack S. during his talks, " Why. When, Would you mind explaining that a little further ? ", " What was your point again ? " and ad infinitum. In the opinion of most of the group, especially the older buyers, Jack S. didn't know what he was talking about himself most of the time. Jack M. (the assistant to the division manager) held monthly meetings also and he got the same attention from this young fellow. Neither of the Jacks could not tell him in front of the group to shut his damn mouth and listen. After all the man was asking for further information. He was new to the group trying to find out all he could at a reasonable pace. The two Jacks, both liked him, finally praised him for his enthusiasum and attentiveness and told him he could save his questions for later conferences and he would not have to attend the group meetings until requested. I recognized that this is what the fellow, Tiger, wanted all the while. He just didn't want to blast out with the question " I'm busy boss, may I leave ? ".

Tiger was a likable fellow and every one thought he would eventually fall into the groove. Well, we finally decided that when they were putting brilliantine in the coffee he always drank tea. He worried the living hell out of Jack S. with his yearn for knowledge. I got a pleasant reaction from that activity. The work load was building to a peak and everyone was busy trying to keep up with the volume of purchase requests hitting the desk. Some of the buyers had to go on trips to the vendors hoping to expedite deliveries. Naturally, I was burning up the phone lines to get my deliveries. Jack S. determined that I did not have the necessary experience to travel yet. Renrut kinew damn well I was capable to go. I had only been at the plant for thirteen years. It was decided that Tiger (with one year seniority) would be the likely one to cover the problem with the west coast suppliers for several of the buyers (me included) . We got all of our problems layed out and organized for Tiger and he was sent to California for the period of one month and all of our troubles would be solved. Tiger packed up his bags for the trip, kissed his wife and told her he would call her frequently. We sent him off with our best wishes and requested that he call us each day with the good delivery news.

It never occurred to anyone to ask Tiger if he had been to California before. It didn't matter. Tiger could handle it. When on a trip you get your rental car which includes a map of the area. The car rental people will tell you how to get to your hotel. You plan your visits the night before and take off per schedule the next morning. You had better know how to drive period. Regardless of what chamber of commerce brochures say, about 80% of people all over the

country cannot drive, especially, as well as you (think you) can. You will probably get lost a few times before you get adjusted. You have to plan when and where you will eat. How and where you will get your clothes cleaned when on a trip of this extent. Believe it or not, but your per diem at this time was \$15.00 a day for food. One could draw enough money to last a week including that needed for gas and oil, clothes cleaning and other incidentals. You could request money whenever you needed it but you had to remember to stay within a reasonable budget. Tiger called us and said he was there and would hit the road early the next morning. We said : “ Go, Tiger go !!”.

We called all of our sources and told them Tiger would be visiting and to give him the latest info on deliveries and other status needed. For the first few days he was covering the vendors in a manner which we hoped for with his limited experience. He failed to remember the time differences a few times and we got calls sometimes as late as 6:00 PM. No one would be the plant. He started to call in his information before he went to work each morning and that was better. At least we had what info he had by noon every day. Tiger had taken a blank PO registry with him. I don't know whether he had PO numbers assigned or not. He was real busy in getting around and it seemed that he was getting good and familiar with the locations. After about two weeks we started getting deliveries of parts with PO numbers assigned but no information as to cost nor anything of record, verbal or otherwise. We kind of lost touch with Tiger for a day or so at a time. The suppliers said he had been seen in the area but not lately. We became a little concerned for his whereabouts and actions. He did call Jack S. occasionally about the great job he was doing. Jack S. told us that from all indications that Tiger was doing a good job. (All indications seemed to be coming from Ole Tige himself).

Before his month was up it was necessary to bring Tiger back home. Tiger assumed that he was such a wheel that all he had to do was send in an expense account weekly. The suppliers were under the assumption that Gelac had sent this smart personable young man out there because he was one of the best we had. (That is very high on general knowledge).

The suppliers treated him like a prince. If they could not ship the required part immediately they would advise him on an acceptable substitute. Maybe the substitute could be used but it would need engineering approval. Tiger did not know anything about that so he would say “ Good, ship 500 each against this PO number by air “. This was the action taken on a number of shortage parts. That Tiger could make a decision within seconds. We started to get all of this stuff on dock with no paperwork or cost value. Tiger did not take time to advise anyone of these purchase orders nor write them up himself. All of that would be taken care of when he returned. The vendors would take Tiger to lunch and dinner. Some of this was acceptable. Tiger felt so expansive that he in turn would take the vendors to lunch and dinner. This damn sure was not acceptable. Finally, someone must have taken a look at Tiger's expense account. If he did not feel like driving he would take a cab. (Imagine a cab in California ?). He was sending his clothing to the one hour cleaners when necessary. Ole Tige was spending himself into one helluva vacation. I'm glad I was not with him so I don't know all the minute details but Tiger's expense account was already over \$4000.00. We had volumes of stuff that we may never use and no open purchase orders had been placed formally and the stuff was here on

dock. I guess the two Jacks had a fecal hemorrhage each and promptly ordered Tiger home. Tiger returned mad, as he thought that he had done what was expected of him. Us old buyers knew he had done what was expected and then some. After a few weeks of fussing and negotiating Tiger had to pay back about \$400.00. This he did not think fair. Tiger left to pursue other advantages shortly after and that was the end of the big spenders visiting supplier's facilities. It took po' ole Renrut almost a year to close up and finalize that bunch of crud. He was the boss so it was his responsibility to straighten out the fiasco, he did not put that job on any of the buyers, especially me. The funny part was that the decision to send Tiger was forced on him by upper management, he never would have sent such an inexperienced person with that responsibility.

Several things happened during this time period that I might as well mention to try and keep things in sequence.

The NMA club meetings were held off plantsite. This way whoever wanted to could get as stoned as they pleased without endangering their job unless they did not make it to work the next day. We had a speaker who was supposed to be a memory expert. Since I had taken his class about six months previous to the meeting I thought that I would make him look good. He told me then that all he had to do to remember my name was to think of an old obsolete automobile and he could recall my name at any time in the future. Hell, it was not my fault that I believed him, I honestly thought that he could. I stood up and asked him my name. He kept pausing so I told him "an old obsolete automobile". He couldn't call my name. I sat down.

After his speech I went to the bar and got a bottle of beer. Damn if old BG didn't walk up to me and said as loud as he pleased : " You SOB, what the hell do you mean insulting our speaker tonight ? ". Boy, that shook me for about two seconds and I shot back " Don't you ever call me that again. It is not my fault that the dumb bastard couldn't do what he had taught us that he could". I tried to tell BG that I had no intention to embarrass the man (his course had been well taught and the training was a success according to the individual's capacity) but to make him be more impressive. BG kept raising hell and cursing me in front of every one so I got enough. I had one beer bottle in my hand, I picked up another in my other hand and told him unless he stopped insulting me I would put those bottles up alongside his head. One of his assistants stepped up and told me I could not talk to Mr. BG like that. I told him to get back into line for he would be next. BG was already loaded so he turned real red, wheeled around and stomped out with his retinue following. I knew my butt was ripped open then. I couldn't get to sleep that night worrying about being fired the next day. Suddenly, I realized that we were not at work and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about what happened away from work. We were both free to break heads if necessary. To hell with it, I went to sleep and even the next morning gave it little thought. Nothing hapened as no one wanted to be the one stating that BG got his ass cussed out and why. BG and I never spoke again to each other for over four years. I can say that caused me to be very sad for that length of time (alligators must still fly).

There was a group upstairs who were supposed to be analyst reviewing some of our purchase orders. I often wondered why someone figured we needed to be analyzed. Usually one man

and one woman took special interest in analyzing my orders. She didn't know too much and he was a perfectionist (like taking all the pain in doing things and giving it to you in the neck). I put up with this for awhile and began to be bothered by it. My desk was close to the next desk and when we had visitors we had to pull chairs in close to the desk. This made it pretty tight if more than one person was visiting. The buyer next to me had the president and vice president of one of his suppliers at his desk this day. Our desks were about three desks from Renrut's office. This character (the man) came down from upstairs and threw a PO on my desk and said real loudly " If you call this quality then you need some more training ! ". All of this was done and said for the benefit of the visitors. Adrenalin shot from my ears and I came up with my chair to about level with the two visitors. I caught myself and stopped. I told that character to get the hell out of my sight and don't come down again. He had turned and broke to run and stumbled over another buyer's desk and almost fell. He got the hell out of there. I apologized to the two visitors and the buyer and told them that was a prime example of some of the bastards we had to work with. Renrut came to his office desk and looked around. He went back and sat down at his desk. After the visitors left Mr. Upstairs came down and looked into Renrut's office and said " Did you hear what he just called me ? ". Renrut looked at him and said " So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o ". He did not know that Renrut heard what he had said in front of our guests. That ended that relationship of analytical review for Renrut did not see the need to have his people's work reviewed by any outsiders anyway.

Naturally, this got back to Jack S. and I don't know what Renrut told him but Renrut's stock value and respect went off the scale among his crew (two old buzzards and the young Turks).

I had a bad experience during this span of time. On August 19, 1967 I was in a boating accident and was severely burned. From the waist down both legs, from the shoulder down both arms and the left side of my face and neck with first, second and third degree burns. One of the fellows in the boat (another Lockheed employee) was killed. He was the one who had poured about one gallon of gasoline over my head. The other fellow (he owned the boat) was burnt everywhere but his beltline area. The boat (a beautiful twenty-three foot cabin cruiser) had run out of gas and we were refueling. The boat had a big (for then) eighty horsepower outboard motor. The boat was a 1966 Olympia and practically new. We had left the pouring neck for those GI cans we had and were using a plastic milk jug cut out for a funnel. We were 150 feet from the lakeshore and the water had one foot chops. When the motor ran out of gas it stopped, the switch was still on (automatic starter). I was holding the milk jug and the fellow killed was pouring the gas. We had the tank about seven feet from the motorwell. Any gas fumes follow the contour of the boat to the lowest point which was the motorwell. The guy that owned the boat noticed that the switch was still on. Without saying anything to anyone he reached over and, inadvertently, turned the switch to start instead of to off (this I learned from him later). All I know is that all of a sudden there is a flash explosion and I'm being splattered with gasoline.

I had on a cowboy type hat, a pair of wraparound sunglasses, two T-shirts (inside closed neck, outside was open neck type) probably saved my chest area because of the vacuum created, a pair of jeans, a pair of ankle length boots and my underwear shorts. I seemed to know exactly that I was on fire. I squeezed my eyes and mouth as tight as I could as I felt the

liquid gas pouring over me. I was kneeling right next to the side of the boat which was waist high. I raised up to jump out and my feet went out from under me and I went to my knees. If you have experienced a drop of fat popping out from a frying pan when cooking chicken and know what pain that little drop will create then consider the pain coming from your whole body covered with burning gasoline. Time stopped and I had an experience (I have crossed the burning sands). It was spiritual and I won't attempt to explain it.

I could see nothing but fire that looked like the inside of an atomic explosion to my right. To my left was a scene that can be described but I will not. There was a conversation carried on that changed quite a bit of my outlook on life and people. I asked to return and was told that I would suffer as I had never experienced before, go !. Boom ! !. I was back on fire. I felt for the side of the boat and pulled with my last strength until I fell over into the water. The first thing that came to my mind was the old Navy instructions, go deep and long. I went so deep that it was purple and I felt no need to breathe but my arms felt as if they had rubber bands on them. Finally, I knew I had to come up and I saw the brighter water and swam for it. I broke the surface about forty feet from the burning boat. I could see but it was blurry.

The flames from the boat were leaping into the air over fifty feet. The wind was rushing across the water toward the boat like a hurricane. I felt peaceful but concerned for the others. I felt stunned but no pain. I swam around the back of the boat and on the right side I saw the owner holding a rope that had fell out of the fire but still attached to the bow. He was holding the hand of the wife of the other fellow. Her head was under water and she was patting the water like a child. I started for them and I went under. I remembered that I still had on my boots and I pulled one off and something hit me in the head like a boxing glove and said plain as day " You are drowning ! ". I kicked back to the surface but I realized that I had had it, no more strength. It had to be silently but I remember saying that I was sorry but there was nothing I could do to help. As I learned in the Navy that in salt water you lay back flat with your arms outspread and the front of your face would stay high enough out of the water for you to survive. This I did and I floated until some guys in another boat picked me up. That burning boat of ours made a helluva fire and other boats were coming from every direction. It looked like all the skin on my palms came off as they tried to pull me into the boat.

I was carried to a boat landing. Fortunately, there was a doctor there. No one could touch me as skin was off in all areas and there was no place to get a grip. The doctor asked me if I could get up. I could not move. He told me that he was going to grip my hair (saved by my hat) and my belt and snatch me up . I would have to lean against him and swing myself as he walked to get me inside the dock club. We made it and he had me packed in towels dipped into the drink box as I was already contaminated. Finally, an ambulance arrived (naturally, from a funeral home). The next thing I remembered was being carried into the hospital in Marietta. Everything was dark even though it was about six PM on a summer day. I saw my friend, the boat owner, laying on another gurney and he looked like a well done lobster. I told him what he looked like and he told me to look at myself. Shock sometimes takes away all pain.

Since the hospital was a long ways from home I asked to be sent to Grady hospital in Atlanta, rated as one of the best burn centers in the southeast. The doctors told me I would not make it. I told him that was one of my least worries. I requested him and the ambulance driver agreed to take me to Grady. I arrived at 9:30 PM and had two doctors, two nurses, and two orderlies working on me until 3:45 AM the next morning. I was taken to the private hospital section of Grady known as Hughes Spaulding Pavillian. The narcotic pain killers went to work and within 36 hours I was a full blown addict. They built a tent over me for nothing could touch my body. The accident happened on a Saturday and the following Wednesday at 7:00 AM they started the cleanup surgery required to get all of the burnt skin removed. I woke up the following Saturday at 7:30 PM still under the tent that covered me. My burn specialist told me that they had to keep me on the edge of death for that time because the pain would have killed me even if I regained semi-consciousness. I was getting morphine or demerol every hour. I could see the pain like heat waves. If I saw the heat waves get above the level of the bed I needed a shot.

I had dropped from 170 pounds down to 148 pounds in 10 days. I had the one major operation , a plastic surgery job, many pain shots, plenty of grease (or lard), much gauze bandages (no pajamas or gowns), twenty-one gallons of saline solutions and much good food (specially prepared). I give my thanks to God for I still believed that I talked to Him, then to the doctors, nurses, orderlies and the nurses (bless their little scared hearts) for the way they took care of me. My only regret was that after a while I was not able to contact the doctor on the dock at the lake and properly show my appreciation for his help. One thing they could not understand was the fact that I never cried out in pain. I never cried out in pain because I knew that I would suffer and I expected it. In 12 weeks I returned to work at 186 pounds and just a little blotchie. The fellow who owned the boat lost all of his life functions twice on the operating table that Saturday night . He came back on his own without any resuscitation each time as the doctors were leaving the operating room. They made bets that he would not last through Monday. He was 54 years old and burnt over 80% of his body. His mother (84 years old) came in on Monday evening and talked the fire out of him. He regained all normal functions in less than an hour. He was discharged on the thirty-second day after the accident. The doctors don't believe it themselves even though they witnessed the whole thing (except the procedure)). They had prepared to have him in the hospital for six to nine months if he survived. He was back to work four weeks before I began what could be called healing. The body of the fellow that was killed was recovered from 142 feet on the bottom of the lake. His wife had jumped overboard from the bow of the boat, he dived down , found her and brought her back to the surface, gave her hand to the owner holding the rope and said " take care of her , I'm not going to make it " and sank out of sight. She was not injured. I wonder what all these good people have to say when they profess a belief yet act otherwise.

When I suffered the accident my desk was in good order. When I returned I picked up and caught it up and rolled on. Renrut and the crew had watched over it real well and it was still in good shape. I don't know as yet but my life was spared for some reason. I was 42 years old when it happened and the only thing I've noticed is that my attitude began to change slowly to be a better person. Most of my aircrafter's habits remained at a lower level. I found that I had a belief in GOD that transcended all religious denominations. I know that there is only ONE. I

know that I will hear HIS voice again.

I had to relate that experience because it is important to the story of my life during the thirty-six years that I am writing about.

Some documents follow this chapter.

CHAPTER 11

All of our products were moving along and we were hiring left and right. About one third through the C-5A program we would peak at about 33,000 employees working out of the Gelac division. 5,000 of those employees were engineers. The purchasing crew (actual buyers) ranged between 200 to 300 people.

My desk reached the stage where it was covering every fastener used on every aircraft being manufactured at the time. I'm talking about volume buying. Because of their different functions all aircraft did not use the same type of fastener across the board . I purchased the items that went on the aircraft, not anything that was used in the plant for other functions.

Not only was I getting all the information I could on fasteners already in production but early releases on what was on the planning boards at the suppliers. In the interest of standardizing fastener output to required needs and still have interchangeable parts for aircraft in general, especially military types, the government and the manufacturers got together and formed a group known as the Handbook Five Committee that would set standards for all the fasteners. These norms would control the yield, stress and shear capabilities of the fastener design regardless of design and materiel metalogy. Thus the field of competition was left intact. Gelac as well as the other aircraft manufacturers with the DOD and the civilian government had representatives on this committee. Our representative was a stress and structures engineer specializing in fasteners by the name of Eddie Bateh. Eddie remained on the committee for many years and for several times held the one year position of chairman. He knew as much or more than any other engineer at Gelac when it came to fasteners and the manufacturing suppliers of fasteners. Naturally, my first perogative was to know Eddie and for him to know me. We developed a working relationship that lasted for over twenty years and I can say with pride , we were hell. I think that he enjoyed the chance of having someone to work with, through procuement, to show an equal interest in fasteners as I was to work with him. Between the two of us we saved Lockheed a helluva lot of money in cost reductions.

There was a fastener known as the taperlok pin that had been on the market before I began to learn about fasteners (other than the general knowledge of using them as an assembler). A company by the name of Briles Manufacturing Co. held the patent on the pins and the drills , including the tools for the installation of this fastener. Two brothers, Frank and Paul Briles along with their engineer Larry Salter had concieved and produced this fastener. The taperlok was accepted as almost phenomenal in it's range of uses over the entire aircraft. It had a capability of exceeding the yield, stress and shear functions required. At this time it was a sole source item. There was no competition because it had never been licensed to be produced by any other manufacturer. It was being used by many aircraft manufacturers therefore stock was seldom readily available. I know that other customers were requesting that they establish a licensee or two to give better leadtimes on deliveries. Our usage was high and we often had shortages, so I added my suggestion that they license other sources.

Because I got to know the brothers very well I can afford to say that those two rascals had a falling out and separated. The result was that Frank would hold the patent and Paul would be

the only licensee for a specified length of time. It was now time to get Paul approved, having organized and opened PBFasteners Inc., qualified, producing and selling taperlocks. I got a lot of negative reactions from some of the engineers (and a few materiel people) about approving PBF as a source. The brothers had helluva personalities and were well liked in the industry. I needed parts. The only way to guarantee supply was to have two sources immediately supplying the units to meet schedule. I went to the manager of that engineering group for the engineering division handling fasteners and explained the situation. I told him (and it was true) that we had some personality conflicts between these brothers and some members of engineering and procurement. I named names for him. I told him I did not give a damn about personalities and I needed parts and his help in getting same. By the way, I had known this manager since the good old manufacturing days. He asked me since the need seemed to be so critical how soon could I have the vendor here to qualify. This was a Friday so I told him I could have the people at 8:00 AM the following Monday morning. He said that was good and he would have the necessary engineering, quality control and production people available in his office. I called Paul and told him to bring all the materiel required plus his sales manager, engineer and quality control manager with him and be in my office by 7:00 AM Monday morning. Hopefully, we would have him qualified before the day was over.

Paul was in my office that Monday and we went over to Hal Gilpin's office and met with two engineers (one I had named who had opposed the source), one quality control supervisor and a production manager. The PBF people made their presentation. Hal asked a few questions. There were a few questions from the others on routine things. Hal asked if there were any specifics that would not allow PBF to be approved other than the need of onsite QC and engineering approval. There were no objections. Since QC had a man on the west coast and Eddie was at a Handhook Five Committee meeting in the area, these two could make those checkouts and report and the approval given to me who in turn would inform PBF who in turn could begin to make deliveries where upon receipt would also be given first article inspection. PBF was approved. All of the above is known as proper expediting without the bull. Whatever personality problems existed disappeared and after the customary rumblings nothing more was heard from that direction. We began to receive quantities of taperlocks and shortage problems on that item were solved. All of the other customers for military usage were happy also. Other situations similar to this one will show up now and then in this narrative but I eventually reached that point where at least people would listen to my suggestions before giving me the brushoff. I worked for Gelac not just people.

I don't remember getting a promotion to semi-senior buyer. I had to have gotten one for I had the classification sometime between 1968 and 1969. I guess this was at a very busy time. Renrut had to have given it because I was working for him at the time. Belatedly, thanks buddy, for I know Jack S. didn't do a damn thing. It would not be too long before Renrut would be leaving for an assignment with the Corp. (in California) I probably got on Renrut's nerves at times but I think he understood that I was working for the benefit of good old Gelac and us too. I saw no need to travel for my rapport with my sources was good and we had confidence in each other. I never cried wolf. I looked forward to it for within the next six or seven years I would have enough experience to start visiting vendor plants.

About this time, maybe a little earlier, the corporation (Calac) had set up an organization called the Central Procurement Agency. (CPA) They had a fellow by the name of Dale Harris as the manager. Dale procured most of the common items thru this agency for the divisions of the corporation. All of the buyers in the divisions placed their orders directly with the suppliers holding CPA contracts. The result was a great savings based on the total quantities required to fill the CPA contracts. I noticed after a while that Gelac was using more fasteners (especially of a certain type) than the other three divisions put together. I brought this to Renrut's attention and got with Eddie and the three of us came to the conclusion that if we negotiated with Dale to do a little negotiation with certain vendors, especially the taperlok people, we should get lower prices on volumes beyond that of the CPA contracts. Dale considered our idea to be a good one. He wanted to make sure any cost reduction gained would be reflected in the overall CPA contract. Hell, that was right down our alley. Check all of the price reduction cost sheets that are scattered throughout these pages to see just how fast we were making cost savings.

We had competitive sources for the torque-off collars that went with taperlok pins. Naturally, we went after cost reductions on those sapsuckers also. Since a copy of a letter sent to the assistant director of Materiel (the one we called Bigfoot) by Jack S. belongs to me I have the freedom to reproduce it here at the end of this chapter. Since we had a firm contract for the total quantity of C-5As, even though they would be released in increments, I decided to go out and bid the next increment totally. This would eliminate bi-monthly purchase orders. After much negotiating one of the sources one came in with a very attractive bid. With approvals from Renrut and Jack S. we placed the order on a competitive bid and the savings for that series of deliveries was \$987,000.00 (you are damn right, that is pretty close to \$1,000,000.00) Note the last paragraph of the letter. It seems that Jack S. finally realized that the buyer was making some concerted effort. Since the only time my name is mentioned is the copy to : listing that must have been me. I don't even remember if I got a cost reduction certificate for that one. One thing I did get, a good performance review and that was from Renrut. One of his greatest marks was my job knowledge. Renrut knew that was right. Now was the time for Bigfoot to remove that so-called performance report (boom sheet) from my record. In his mind it probably was so insignificant that he had forgotten his promise. I imagine most of my supervisory performance graders recognized that my patience was such that possibly I would not make a good purchasing agent (BS) That could be the reason that my potential grades got above satisfactory only a few times over all the years. My performance for nine years on the production floor cancels that impression. That salt is still in my hip pocket. By the end of this narrative you will be able to calculate that not only did I save Lockheed my total salary, but also my benefits and retirement costs.

I understood that Renrut had a degree in Airport Management and he had confidence in himself. You won't find a man with the characteristics of principles, honesty and integrity failing to meet any challenge that arises without confidence. Renrut was a human being therefore he had some faults but his balance was in the upper level. He could be considered a good manager in the tightest situations. I remember having to tell my boss in the manufacturing area that my review of my employees was my opinion and nothing could change it. Note the performance report by Renrut at the end of this chapter. Renrut is making not an

attempt to influence me, that is his opinion of my performance. I appreciate his honesty on his evaluation.

We had been buying patented fasteners from a single source as per standards engineering. The different sizes and quantities were procured on an individual basis. Having acquired more explicit usage requirements through contacts with the using manufacturing departments I decided to go for a blanket procurement linking all sizes to one cost coverage. There were a total of 58 different items (sizes, lengths, etc.) all under the same basic part number. They were all bid as a blanket request for one year with appropriate stock levels to be maintained and delivery on request. I had to furnish the approximate usage of each item per aircraft times the total of aircraft on our contract for a year, adding a small percentage as excess for normal shop loss. I reviewed the average cost over the past year (schedule rate the same) for each item. I took the highest priced items and the lowest priced items and got the average price covering the entire lot. This meant that the highest cost items would be less and the lowest priced items would be higher. There would be individual purchases placed for each item but the price of all would be the same for each. There was much time spent in developing this information This reseach included having our auditor check out the manufacturing cost of the source producing these parts. The supplier and myself could not come to any agreement over the phone so I invited the inside sales manager, the quality control manager, the production manager and the company comptroller down to negotiate the deal. I found out something that I won't divulge at this time because nothing was dishonest or unethical about it. It is known as CYOA (cover your own ass). This is an acceptable American business practice that is still used. The government and politicians are the granddaddies of this practice. It makes common sense.

Renrut was out of town on a trip. I had the guy (Ross) sitting in for him with me. The gentlemen from the supplier came in at about 10:00 AM. I guess they were looking for a long negotiation session and so was the fellow sitting in for Renrut. In my opinion most negotiating sessions are like diplomatic meetings. A bunch of beating around the bush trying to reach a conclusion. Go to a negotiation prepared !. We went into Renrut's office and sat down. I looked at the inside sales manager and said that we both knew something. He nodded and I asked him for hiis bid total. He stated over \$560,000.00. I looked everyone in the eye and said I would give \$ 442,000.00 with no ups or downs to consider. His people looked at him and Renrut's sit-in looked a t me. As previously stated I had had our auditor look over the amount and come to the conclusion that my offer would cover their production plus 15% profit. (Any company that could not make a 15% profit, in my opinion, shouldn't be in business). The sales manager asked if he may use my phone. I told him to take all the time he deemed necessary on my nickle. We left them in the office.

After a short while he called us in and simply stated, where is the contract. That contract was signed and the savings to Lockheed was almost \$120,000.00. We went to lunch and they left and were able to check out of their plant by 5:00 PM the same day. There was no feeling of having lost anything between the two companies. That company was one of the best suppliers during my time at Gelac and are still one of the biggest producers of aircraft parts (among many other items) in the nation. There was a sense of rapport and support with that company

and it's people for many years to follow. A very congenial and respectful relationship remained for the balance of my time at Gelac. A copy of that transaction is at the end of this chapter. The savings are based on the difference of what that quantity of parts would have cost if bought on an individual purchase order pricing, notwithstanding the fact that the supplier's bid was also overall lower than if bought individually.

There was another time when I was involved in a negotiation with one of our best suppliers. This concerned a part that was patented, in other words sole source. Renrut was still with us and I had considered all angles I could think of to get a better price on an item that we could only obtain from one source. This particular part request came from Warner Robbins Air Force base in Georgia. It concerned the modification of the C-141 aircraft. If you have a number of access doors in the wing of an aircraft there is the tendency for cracks to show up in the bolt holes around that area. The stresses may originate out in the skin of the wing or some structure in the area and become cracks at the first edge it encounters, like holes. This was a critical condition and a fix was required immediately. Our source had designed and developed a sleeve (tapered) that was inserted into the hole creating a tension there that would turn a stress condition back into the stressed area. This had been proven to eliminate the problem of the hole failing (by cracking open). Our internal military group (handling military requirements) had called me and indicated the seriousness of the situation and requested that I procure these new items ASAP. The military group have no business calling a buyer for anything. They have a procedure to go through. Renrut suggested that we give them all the help that we were able to provide. I called the supplier and requested that because of the urgency of the requirement that they send some of their people down to negotiate the earliest possible delivery and cost.

We went to another psrt of the plant so as not to be disturbed for we figured this time we were going to have a drawn out negotiation period. The good military people had advised that the Colonel at Warner Robbins had said he was not going to pay over \$187,500.00 for the whole requirement (There were a number of C-141s that had developed this discrepancy). I had my fill of know-it-all superior officers in the Navy, they have a tendency to think that their orders are the law outside of military bases also. I always hoped and tried to negotiate for the advantage of Lockheed and our customer yet keep my suppliers in business. I kept note of the military cost limit and proceeded in my tried and true method.

Renrut, myself and our auditor met with the district sales manager, the plant manager and the comptroller of the supplier. I had already supplied all info available to our auditor and he was ready. Renrut was there as an observer. Their opening bid was \$225,000.00 for the total. I would not accept so we began to negotiate. I finally got them down to around \$200,000.00. I called the military saqles people and told them what the situation was. I was told again that the Colonel was not going to approve over his original payment and that was final. We negotiated some more. We got them down to \$195,700.00. We went outside to discuss this last bid. The auditor told me his figures indicated that the supplier was down to about 15% profit at the most. The auditor and I accepted this quotation. I checked with Renrut and he said that I was the negotiator and I would be the one to make the decision. (Go Renrut !!). I said we buy. We went back in, signed off and closed the contract.

I told our supplier that we appreciated their effort and we felt we had agreed on a price that was acceptable to both of us. They agreed and left with a firm purchase order to proceed with production and to give us the earliest delivery date. Their commitment was four weeks if no major problems developed. This was their first major order for that part even though it was already proven and acceptable by the Hand Book Five Committee. I never mentioned the Colonel's conversation with our military group. I called the military salesperson and told him that we had an order in production for \$195,700.00 with delivery in about four weeks (Normally a six delivery period). He said that he could not tell the Colonel that. I told him the order was placed and closed and the Colonel could go to hell (in a diplomatic manner). We were his supplier and we meant to see that our product was well supported to fulfill his needs. How we did that was our business as long as it was at the best pricing available. I took for granted that he would be able to do that in his best diplomatic jargon. At least materiel never heard anything further from the Colonel (nope, I ain't gonna tell you his name).

Renrut accepted a promotion to fill Dale's position as manager of the Central Procurement Agency at corporate headquarters. I could think of no one who was most qualified and I sure did hate to see him go.

One more thing happened concerning " Mr. Upstairs " that I will mention because it reflects my concern to see that our suppliers were treated with the utmost respect. It is about a purchase order (placed prior to my taking the desk) that was found discrepant in being fully completed and returned to the vendor. The copy follows this chapter. The action that I took is spelled out right up to getting top management level approval. If any action was taken on the character causing this mess tell me about it.

A lot of things happened in the year 1970. The certificates gained and the other records will be at the end of this chapter.

CHAPTER 12

This is the year of the great cost reduction effort (1971). I qualified for thirty-five cost reduction certificates. Some of those were Buck Hunter Awards. A BHA is where you get a dollar bill in a standard picture frame. One enjoyment I got out of a BHA was when I had accumulated \$14.00 worth I bought me a case of beer that weekend and cut the grass (front and rear) and washed both cars (the old one and the not so old one) before the beer ran out. Can you imagine how well the grass would have been cut and how clean the cars would have been had I received more BHAs, especially since I had never been able to buy a new car up to this point. I also went back and qualified as a cardiopulmonary resuscitation technique instructor during this year. I taught fellow workers, the ushers at the Fulton County-Atlanta baseball stadium and several other smaller groups. Somewhere down the line I will tell of my own experiences in lifesaving I was able to accomplish.

There was another review with the AFCMD team and a copy (very bad quality) of the results is found at the end of this chapter (just info only on some types of reviews required by the AF).

There was a group from the NAACP (one of my favorite organizations) to come through the area observing how many Negroes were doing this type of work. They were escorted by J. H. "Pat" Patterson (of the Community Relations Department, a part of Personnel Division.). There were only about seven (out of approximately 200) other Negroes in the division other than myself. They indicated , according to Pat, that I was too light to be considered Negro and would not be counted. Damn if I didn't think I had left that BS when I stopped riding the public transit system in Atlanta years ago. You know, like, being too light to sit in the back and too olive to sit in the front. I quit when the system switched to buses and I could not sit in the operator's chair in the back of the streetcar. I had developed the attitude that to hell with it (catching hell from both sides) and scrapped up my own transportation. The people who knew me accepted me, regardless of race, as just another guy. I acted accordingly, just like any other guy. But I be damned if anyone was better than myself. Those that had education and achievements and the ones who did not were equally respected by me for what they did know. I gained from all of them. My opinions were developed from people. The ones with theory and the ones who could not spell theory but were able to perform practically any type job with proper training. Every person in the world can do something in the field of accomplishment. This was my philosophy and therefore I became almost a loner. I developed the two personalities (being Gemini), Hap at work and Dad at home. It was hell at times to keep the two separate but I managed.

The purchasing that took Renrut's place was a fellow named Norm Bowker. Norm was one of the guys who had climbed the ladder up the gauntlet of steps and not lost his pleasant personality and ability to work with while managing people. Norm , a CPR instructor also, and I worked for a long time with the Red Cross in that effort and recruiting blood donors. (How about over ten years). We know we recruited over a thousand continually donating members of the blood banks, some donating over fifteen gallons individually over that time period. I personally donated about 96 pints (over 17 years) to the Red Cross and hospitals for

individual friends. As a man, he was one of the finest people I have worked for or been associated with. He was a good manager and nothing out of the ordinary happened other than previous routine occurrences written about during his tenure. We had a good group and everything ran in a highly professional manner. Norm retired before I did and I know He is enjoying his retirement. He moved north and his one visit confirmed that he is still highly interested in and doing community work.

We had peaked with about 33,000 employees scattered throughout the southeast in feeder plants and special engineering divisions. In my opinion we wasted a lot of money on engineers but that is the way things are when the DOD says go, go !. Everybody was busy making overtime and some were really screwing up. The Viet Nam and the cold war was slowing down but we had to be prepared. This I could agree with except that we did not have to plunder the taxpayers to satisfy the whims of some big generals sitting on their fannies in the pentagon coming up with their own request for changes after the program started. We had enough improvements being made in the systems without their (mostly frivolous) help. I picked up a few more certificates and the best review I have ever received in my opinion.

The problem with the cracks around the holes in the wing through which the access doors are installed on the C-130 and the C-141 wings at Warner-Robbins Air Force Base were critical. The Colonel needed his repair parts and we all agreed that it was one helluva problem. It must be remembered that the fix required a new steel alloy (bolt to fit the sleeve, mentioned above) but the new design had been completed and approved. This took the coordination of the plant engineering, the vendor's entire crew and the patience of the Colonel. (Colonels don't have patience). In my opinion he assumed that this should be an item off the shelf in some vendor's plant. He raised pure hell every day and kept his people worrying me and the source constantly. He could not understand why he did not receive his parts. The customer is supposed to get all of their information from the military or commercial sales group and not the company buyers. That is except some Generals, Colonels and Lieutenants who take it upon themselves to call the buyer thinking to impress their importance. Crap !!! We buyers catch enough hell from our own management to expedite deliveries. We buyers always fully recognize our need to satisfy our customers more so than sales organizations. Agitation does not improve the problem.

Holy Holy !!. The great day has arrived !!. It was deemed that the time had come for me to travel to the supplier's plant. It was over eleven years that I had been in procurement but now I was experienced and qualified to visit the vendor's facility. Do you people who have received graduate degrees remember how you felt after all the years of sturdy ? I can now join your ranks for I have finally achieved the same level (you would think). Other than the engineers no one else at the plant knew more than I did about tapered sleeves and the bolts (including all of the other MSP). The second week in January One of the assistant Directors of Materiel came down to my desk and asked the status on one of the items. The bolts had to be of the same alloy as the sleeves. I told him we were looking at four weeks before we could expect delivery. His visit to my desk was one week after the order was placed. I did not get the impression that he heard me, this was on a thursday afternoon about 4:00 pm:

Him: " Hap, I want you to go to Detroit and pick up those parts and bring them back with you. I am calling R.R. (his name for the company travel agent) and will tell him to get you on that flight from Atlanta at 6:20 PM tonight, have a car at the airport waiting for you and you be in the vendor's plant early Friday morning to get those parts and return on the earliest flight back to Atlanta ". (sounded just like the Colonel).

Me : " Yes sir, I will do my best " .

I knew damn well that I would not be able to leave the plant at 5:00 PM (the earliest RR could make arrangements and get my tickets and reservations to me), drive home (18 miles) pack some type of bag and be at the airport (8 miles beyond my home) and catch no screwing airplane at 6:20 PM. I told RR to make the ticket for the 6:20 AM shuttle trip to Detroit and I would come by and pick up the tickets. I arrived in Detroit around 8:30 AM Friday morning.

I got a new Torina Ford and the city map and proceeded 35 miles into northeast Detroit. Upon arriving at the plant I notified Holiday Inns (further up I-94) that I would not check in until after 5:00 PM confirming my reservation. My contact, inside sales manager JOE -, picked me up in the lobby and we proceeded to the sales department. There I met my normal contact, Otto. Although I had never met Otto in person he was everything to fill my expectations after talking over the phone with him for at least nine years. We were old friends. Joe sat with us and we went over the whole situation of status with this particular unit. The raw materiel was still in production at the steel plant in Reading, Pa. Our customer, the AF, could not understand that this was a complete new formula for a special steel requirement.

At noon Joe suggested that we go to lunch. I had been in discussion with engineering, sales, production and quality control people so I thought that we would go down to the company cafeteria and have lunch. No siree, up shows the plant manager and the others (except Otto, he was hourly) and we proceeded to one fabulous reataurant and had a lunch which just have cost at least \$22.50 (big money in those days) each. Boy, I was eating up on the hog's hipbone. The thought occurred to me that they were attempting to influence me vanished for I had known then too long. The general sales manager was there also, his name was LOU and we kicked off a relationship that would last for years. After lunch we returned to the plant to follow up on information that had been promised by the steel company in Reading, Pa. I was also given a tour of the manufacturing area. I met individual workers plus the union shop stewards. I saw open orders of Lockheed in process of production. I walked and they explained the complete types and methods of production on their product lines. No one could ask for a better education of the manufacturing process. I decided right then that this would be my request to tour the manufacturing area of each plant that I may visit from now on.

It was about 40 degrees in Atlanta when I left and I found 14 degrees in Detroit. The wind was not blowing hard and those fellows seemed chilled. They could not understand how I could go about with my collar open, being from the south. I had spent millions of dollars with this company and by their hospitality they showed that it was appreciated I left and checked into the motel. My room was on the street level and the snow was packed against the wall and

it was damp and cold. They claimed that they had no other rooms. I let them know in certain terms that I would not be back on any return visit unless the location of the room was improved. I did not know at the time that I would be back more times than I thought.

I went back to the plant on Saturday morning and we checked the steel plant in Reading, Pa. and they were working overtime as promised. Actually, they worked 24 hours around the clock until that materiel was finished (which was not a 24 hour run). My supplier was also working overtime on our and other customers's requirements. I called my big boss and gave him the latest status and told him I would call again on Monday. I then went over to my sister-in-law's house for the weekend.

I returned to the plant on Monday morning and checked on the steel mill. They were holding to their committed schedule with hopes of cutting it down to ship earlier. This is the first week after the original purchase order was placed. The leadtime then was four weeks. My reason for being at the vendor's plant was to expedite that delivery and improve it as much as possible. I spent the rest of the day checking out the status of my other open orders and a final call was made to Reading for status. Steps in the manufacturing of this special steel was proceeding on time. The time required for each procedure was the holdback. You cannot rush through a manufacturing process. This was a completely new formula. I returned to the motel and called my boss. I gave him all of the details and asked him why in hell was it necessary for me to remain in Detroit with my desk and work going to pot while it would be at the most three more weeks before we could get a delivery. He told me if I felt that at this time there was nothing further I could do then catch the next thing flying. I did , first thing Tuesday morning.

I arrived at Lockheed just after noon. I reported to my supervisor and department manager (the one who had told me to come home). In about an hour I was told to go and report to the third level manager (assist. Dir. Materiel). His name was Harry also, but he was a heavysset fellow that wore a size 6 1/2 shoe. We respectfully called him "Punjab " (naturally, never to his face). He thought that Georgia Tech was God's gift to the unanointed engineer. He was not an alumnus of the school but he was their biggest football booster. I sat down and gave him, in detail, every move and reaction I had received in Detroit. All of this included all the up to date information available within the last 14 hours. I told him the best delivery date was still within the next three weeks. His first question was: " Will it ship this week ? " After I recovered from being knocked over by that feather I answered: " No sir, but I will be following it every two or three hours to gather the latest status ". He said: " Good, stick with it and advise me of any significant changes ". I said: " Yes sir ".

Not only did I have my regular problems going on the desk but the buyer at Warner-Robbins was calling every two or three hours wanting to know the status on those parts from Detroit. Believe it or not but the value of the open purchase orders on my desk for MSP was \$14,000,000.00 (that is fourteen million dollars !!). We are talking about nuts and bolts. On Thursday about 4:00 PM who would walk up but "Punjab " wanting to know if Detroit had shipped. I told him " No ".

He said: "Hap, call RR and have him cut the paperwork for you to leave tonight on the 6:20 flight for Detroit so as to get the parts out over the weekend".

If you think that I was going to tell him where to go then you are crazy also. We made the arrangements and I left that Friday morning on the PanAm shuttle flight from Atlanta to Detroit at 6:20 AM. (Delta used the shuttle plane).

The only difference this time was that snow was as deep as the hipbone of a gravedigger in Detroit. As this big Boeing 747 came in for it's landing the wheels were down, the engines were cut and the glide path was perfect. I was riding the second seat from the nose, forward under the pilot. All of a sudden something kicked me in the butt then slammed me against the back of the seat and I patted the tail of a DC-8 by less than fifty feet below us. I had no physical or organic reaction (like crapping all over myself) because it was over before it happened. As we circled around for another landing the pilot announced that we would be slightly delayed because of traffic on the runway. After we were on the ground and deplaning I stopped at the exit door and looked at the pilot. He looked at me. I said: " I help to build these type big sapsuckers and that was some helluva flying ". He said: " Did you see that ? " I told him where I was sitting and he said " Thank you ". I told him "No, we thank you ". I hoped I would never have to come to Detroit again soon, especially in the winter time. Little did I know.

The same routine was repeated at the vendor's plant but this time I went to lunch with Otto. We went to a little restaurant-bar in a Polish-American neighborhood. The atmosphere was as if we were in Poland. The tables were covered with red and white checked table cloths and the waitress was about 180 pounds and wore an apron just like the table cloths. The menu was mainly soups for lunch. There were all types of old farming equipment and machinery hanging on the walls and from the ceiling. There were several hacksaw type items that had chains of different sizes stretched on them (not blades), curiosity got the best of me and I asked Otto what were those things. He said matter of fact like that those were " Polack " chain saws. Everyone burst into laughter including me. Even if I had figured it out damn If I was going to call them that. The customers were playing checkers and other games. The atmosphere was just like a family gathering. I enjoyed that lunch better than I did with the wheels. By the way, the soup and a big mug of beer was \$1.35 each. Otto paid the \$2.70 and I left a generous tip of \$2.00. The waitress was highly pleased.

We returned to the plant and Otto got a call from guess who ?. It was the great Colonel from Warner-Robbins.

Otto : " Good afternoon sir, what can I do for you ? ".

I could hear some shouting and hoorah over the phone but I could not make it out. Otto turned a little red and began to take short breaths. I wondered why a Colonel would be calling the hourly salesperson instead of some manager.

Otto: " Look sir, I don't have to take those insults from you or anybody else. The buyer from Lockheed is sitting at my desk now expediting his orders to fill your requirements ". There was a short pause. " Sir, I'm sorry but you don't have any open orders for this materiel received here on file. (pause) Hold on sir !, I am not one of your damn airmen and I don't have to listen to this bullshit. I resent you speaking to me in that manner. You get your buyers off of their asses and place some orders for we are going full speed on Lockheed's orders which we know are for you. If you can't correct your own situation then call my boss !". With that Otto slammed the phone down on the receiver. I have never failed to see a good man assert himself and it did make me feel good. Especially with some high ranking dumb ass. Otto turned and said that I would probably have a new contact within a few hours for he knew he was going to get fired. I bet him a Colonel would not let his (Otto's) manager know that he was as dumb as he presented himself to you. He did not and Otto received no more calls from the Colonel.

The balance of my visit went as before and the delivery schedule was still in two more weeks with hope of improving. Hello, Sister-in-law, I'm here again. Hello boss, can I come home ?

My report to my bosses was as expected. " Punjab " came by and asked were they shipping this coming Friday. " Punjab " just did not seem to understand. I told him that they were making every effort and it might just be possible. That Thursday morning He asked me if they had shipped. I told him no. He blew his stack. " Dammit, you told me they would be here by tomorrow, what in hell are you saying now . Did you lie hoping they would make it ?" I apologized (Oh boy !) to him and told him that I had made a mistake by not giving him the facts in an understandable manner. It was my fault that he had the wrong impression. I told him it would be the next weekend before they would be able to ship (which was the original expedited delivery date) "Punjab" told me to call RR and get my ticket, etc,etc, and head for "Deetroit". RR asked me if "Punjab" didn't know at least one day ahead when he was sending me to Detroit. I did not answer. Hello Otto, I'm back again. Hello, Sistr-in-law , I'm back again. The raw materiel has arrived at the suplier's plant . Otto and all are expediting like hell in production to speed up their process as much as possible. Boss, can I come home ?.

Meanwhile back at the ranch the buyer from Warner-Robbins is calling me every hour asking for status. I know from military experience that he can't tell an officer anything if when the officer doesn't know from Adam's housecat about what the hell is going on. I knew that that buyer was growing little ulcers on top of his big ulcers. I be damned if they were going to give me ulcers again. I told the poor fellow that I would call him very time I had new information at least three times a day and if he called me one more time I was going to hang up on him and he could call my bosses from then on. I could feel the hurt in his voice. He did not call me anymore. Hell, I had "Punjab " to deal with.

This is no joke. The following Thursday morning (at least it was not Thursday evening) "Punjab " asked me if the parts had shipped. Since I was talking to Otto two times a day it was a sure thing that the parts would be ready to ship no later than that Monday morning (the fourth week as promised). I told "Punjab " that the parts would ship by air express Monday morning and I would advise him with the air shipment bill number at the same time. "Punjab "

said: “ Good, now call RR etc, etc, etc. and be there in the morning to guarantee that those parts are shipped”. The goddamn parts ain’t supposed to ship until Monday morning and he wants me there Friday and the weekend to make sure. Hello Detroit, Hello Otto, Hello Sister-in-law I’m back but I won’t bother you this time. Are they shipping Monday morning, Otto ?. I believe you. Hello boss, can I come home ?. The parts were received Monday evening, went through inspection, were accepted as correct to specs and immediately sent to Warner Robbins. The Colonel was happy, the AF buyer was happy, Lockheed was happy, the Vendor was happy, my bosses were happy , “Punjab” was happy and I was having fits of joy. After all, I had accomplished qualification and experience in four weeks, something I could not do in eleven years. (Now you can understand why you need practical experience along with theory).

The wheels that be now knew that I was capable of visiting a suppliers plant. I wrote a letter to the president of this source expressing our gratitude for their efforts in achieving this result. It is attached at the end of this chapter. Do not get the impression that “Punjab “ was some kind of a nut. He was a fine gentleman in all respects and generally liked by all of his people. The level of his position did not require that he know every detail of the operations under his management. The great Colonel probably was pushing hell our of him and he could not do what Otto did. It was just possible that we did not fully understand him or him us.

I got a new group supervisor (next up from purchasing agent) and having looked over my past reviews he point blank asked me just what in hell did I do other than buy MSP. From the money value and status of delivery, cost reduction and comments from other inplant organizations it was more than just buying MSP. He asked me to write out my job description as I performed it. At the end of this chapter there is a copy of the new performance sheet. This is a true description of what I do . All the grades are tops in my opinion. If anything should be outstanding it would have to be in cost reduction and it isn’t even mentioned. The only reason in optional factors there is no comment is the baldfaced fact that nobody considered me as having any potential for upgrade. This tells me that some bastard somewhere was holding me down. This is one thing for which I will never forgive Lockheed management.

CHAPTER 13

During this time we lost one of our people. J. H. Stewart (Jack S.) our department manager, got choked on a chunk of steak while out to dinner and did not survive. From what I came to understand everything but the Heimlich method was used in an attempt to save him. The location of the restaurant was across the street and about one block down from one of Atlanta's finest hospital. By the time he arrived at the hospital over fifteen minutes had passed. He was given the best medical attention available. CPR training tells you that after four minutes brain cell deterioration is in process. By seven minutes (if you survive) brain damage is such that you will probably be in a vegetation state. After nine minutes you are dead. Jack S. was put on life support systems for several months but he never regained consciousness. This was a blow to his department because it was accidental. If he had been ill for some length of time it would not have shocked us. As earlier indicated Jack S. was a helluva character. There were a number of people who disliked him (including me) but held no hate for him. He would cross our thoughts for some time to come.

Just before we moved to the B-95 building I was walking down the hall in the T-400 building and two people rushed past me going upstairs. I looked up the stairs and someone said something that sounded like heart attack. I was a CPR instructor at the time so I went up the steps and found several fellows around one of our coworkers on the floor. One man was giving mouth to mouth resuscitation and the other was doing heart compresses. The fellow giving mouth to mouth began to act as if he was going to throw up in the victim's face. When giving mouth to mouth resuscitation you have to concentrate on what you are doing and not the fact that the victim is spitting mucus in your face and mouth when the compressed air comes out. Most people are more competent at giving the heart compresses than the mouth to mouth breathing because if you pay attention to the mucus hitting you in the face and mouth you are going to throw up. It takes a certain kind of individual to perform that procedure.

I tapped the person giving mouth to mouth and told him to go and wash up. I began to give the mouth to mouth. Having been a pre-med student (once eating my lunch sitting next to a partially dissected cat) I had the ability to concentrate on what I was doing rather than the surrounding conditions. After about four minutes we were relieved by another pair. Someone gave me a big wet towel and I then realized how much snot (excuse the expression) I had all over my face. The medics had been called and were on the way. I then had time to examine the victim. His color had partially returned to his lips and his pupils were beginning to contract. I checked his left carotid artery but detected no pulse. I checked his right carotid artery and found a slight pulse. I found a slight pulse in his right arm, nothing in his left arm. Those pulses were coming from the compressions. I thought of an aneurysm, why I am not sure. The medics arrived and immediately put him into the ambulance to transport to the hospital. I notice that there was only one medic in the back so I went with them to give heart compressions (The equipment they have now had not been invented). Standing up and bending over I almost developed a hernia in that careening vehicle before we got to the hospital.

I gave compressions right on into the emergency room. The doctor stopped me and said: "What are you doing?" I told him: "Hell, I thought I was giving him heart compressions". he said; "What for, come and look". He pointed out the grayish skin color, the pupils completely dilated to cover the eyes and the coldness of the body. The doctor said: "Your effort is appreciated but now useless. We thank you for your efforts". He told a nurse to get me some cold towels and stand by while I deventilated. Gentleman Jim, the department manager for that group at the time, came in and sat with me. We talked of the efforts that had been made by all the people with CPR training and the let down, physically and mentally, that we all felt. The doctor advised us that he would call us as soon as he got the cause of death. We went back to the plant.

The whole department were in a state of shock. The guys that had given CPR were sitting around very depressed. The doctor called and told Gentleman Jim that the victim had died of a massive aneurysm of the aortic arch where the left carotid and other arteries branched off to the left side of the upper thoracic areas. My diagnosis had been correct but that was a guess with no professional background. About three of the clerks and a secretary were sent home. Four of the fellows asked to go home. My desk was in the corner of the our office area. I sat with my back to the office looking at the corner walls for about three hours and then felt like driving home and left also. After all of the effort expended we lost our victim. I have never experienced that depth of depression before or since then. I promised myself that I would participate in any new situations like that but never ever become emotionally involved to that extent again.

We had Air Force officers assigned to the materiel group who were monitoring (overseeing) our work (operation). Anything they noted in our procurement methods that was not up to their understanding one would have to go to their office and fully explain. We had a captain who had a parachute hanging over a set of wings emblem over his left pocket. I asked him what type of pilot did that emblem signify. He said that he was not a pilot but had jumped from an airplane. After that experience they must have decided to send him into a defense plant to monitor the manufacture of aircraft. He impressed me as one who would prefer to parachute into a lake instead of a plowed up field. Explaining a procurement function to him was like explaining to a six month old baby why it was not such a good thing to soil his diaper. He was not going to sign anything that he could not understand. Reminded me of Mr. Hal. After a few visits with him I told my department manager that I could not have another argument with this gentleman anymore and to see if we could get another person to check my work. We went to the assistant director and he reviewed my workmanship and overrode the captain's objections and approved the job. The assigned a hotshot young Major for my review officer.

The first time I went to his office I greeted an officer about twenty-eight years old that seemed to have a real friendly attitude. I gave him my purchase order that needed his signature and we went through it with me answering most of his questions. He noted that I had three bids from three sources and the unit prices and delivery schedules were identical. I explained which vendor was the patent holder and which were the licensees. With the quantities of that particular type fastener being used throughout the industry one source could not produce the

volume required. I had been instrumental (with other customers) to influence the supplier to license other sources so all of the manufacturers could maintain their schedules. The major then wanted to know why the particular source I had placed this order with was picked over the others. I explained that each source got every third order that I placed in sequence. He wanted to know if I flipped a coin to see which source got the order (I began to think that the major was pulling my leg) and he had a little smile on his face. I looked at the major and said:

Me: “ Major, what type of aircraft do you fly ?”.

Major: “ I fly the C-130 “.

Me: “ Well, I be doggone (nice language), when I was in manufacturing I personally touched at least 300 or better of those babies. How do you like it ?”.

Major: “ That is one of the finest aircraft I have flown. For the type of flying I do I wouldn't swap it for anything else flying “.

Me: “ Did you ever go to Viet Nam and fly in any of the action there ?”.

Major: “ I flew into Da Nang, among others, many a time with supplies and troops “.

Me : “ Did you ever take on any incoming fire from the areas around the field ? “.

Major : “ I damn sure did, a lot of times “.

Me: “ You know if you look by your left knee on the side panel in the cockpit there is a pouch holding an operations manual. Now, tell me, did you snatch that manual out and flip to see what you should do in a situation like that or did you move from experience, slap the juice to it and pull up and away from that action ?”.

Major: “ You are damn right , I got the hell out of there in a hurry ! “.

Me : “ Major, we understand each other. When confronted with a problem and you don't have all the time in the world to make a decision, you base your reaction on experience and reach a decision in a very short period of time. When I face something like that particular purchase order I make a decision based on experience and move accordingly. Like you I don't have time to screw around on repetitive items trying to make a decision either “.

We had a good laugh and he signed my paperwork. We talked of a few other things about experiences and I thanked him and left. The major handled all of my AF reviews of that type from then to the time I moved out of that area. Like I said, He was a hotshot C-130 pilot.

With the thousands of units of MSP items we were procuring it is understandable that at the end of each shift there would be quite a bit all mixed together. In the course of a year we

would accumulate barrels of the stuff. Since it was too costly for us to separate it and return it to stores we would sell it as salvage on the open market at five cents a pound. Some one thought of a small blind organization in a small city south of us that indicated that they had the capability of separating these items and returning them to us in a like new condition. I think that they rigged a magnet to separate the aluminum from the steel alloys. Then strictly by feel or touch they separated by length, diameter, thread size, headtypes and logo identification into trays and returned them with about 98% accuracy. We were glad to pay the relatively small charge as compared to what we originally paid and the extremely low salvage price we had been getting. Whenever we had a critical shortage for a particular part you can bet they had some of those parts on hand or in work and could send us enough to get out of trouble immediately. We were real proud of that connection. Instead of our helping them they were actually doing more for us and saving cost at the same time.

I mentioned the above because in this year I was offered a job with one of our largest suppliers. This vendor was a world wide organization . I made no firm reply until the opportunity came for me to visit this source on company business. The international sales manager was a fellow that I had dealt with when he was national sales manager. He was the one who offered me the job. I was given a tour of the plant and the surrounding community (management employee residences). I was introduced to the company CEO and most of the management down the line. The increase in salary would have been about \$5,000.00 the first year with all relative benefits, moving expenses and no obligation for rent or ownership until my house was sold. The house they showed me was equivalent to mine but \$15,000.00 more in cost. My lot was much larger. The job (with my manufacturing experience and a period of training) was a midlevel management position in the high speed transmission division. I told them I would give the offer top consideration.

That company was one helluva organization (otherwise they could not have been worldwide with the diversity they maintained). They had one area that was the most impressive I have ever seen. There was a handicapped section that had deaf, blind, and other major handicapped people working. The supervisor over that group could communicate using hand signals and touch when necessary. He was somebody within his own right (incidently he was a black guy) Those people produced more standard work hours per manhour than any other group in the whole plant. Their mistakes and errors were almost never. They were not distracted by noise or lighting effects and no other things that could interfere with their attention to their work. By testing how far they would actually go in realization they reached an output of 250% and never complained. The problem was slowing them down to 150% without making them feel that they were not doing an up to par job. The above percentages were when compared to the average healthy worker output. After considering the move to a colder climate, the transfer of the kids to another school and the adjustments required in the cost of living I decided I would rather build airplanes at the good old Lockheed-Ga. plant. I ain't quite sure I didn't make a mistake. That company was Standard Pressed Steel.

This was the year that Renrut transferred, Jack S. died and Jack P. (Plage) became the department manager. Norm was my supervisor for a short while. After the hectic four weekends in Detroit my requirement to visit the vendors became more frequent. The tyempo

with the C-5A and the other ships were moving along at a good rate. Experience had taught us that critical problems were the routine. We handled them as they arose. I remember that one of the new assistants to the director called Jack P. and myself into the office on some problem and was raising hell. He was one of those fine fellows (like I know all) when asking a question, never gave you a chance or time to give an answer. After awhile Jack P. said "Why the hell don't you shut and give the man time to give you an answer ?". Well, Mr. Assistant Director told me to leave the office. There was some very emphatic aircraft language being used as I left. I knew Jack P. had his backside in a bind. He was busted back to a purchasing agent at the first available opportunity. Mr. Assistant gave me the courtesy to answer before cutting me off after that encounter. Jack P. became my supervisor and he was one of the best gents I ever worked for (and with) .

I will move on to the next chapter at this time because of the number of illustrations at the end of this chapter. I think that each speaks for itself and need no discussion.

CHAPTER 14

The seventies are rolling in and a lot of things are happening. The government is fighting the cold war at its worst. We are letting the CIA and some in the State Department do a lot of our diplomatic work. We let political markers pay for our diplomatic corps. We have trained diplomatic representatives but most of the Ambassadors are appointed as a result of their actions (financial) during political campaigns and not on their ability. The State Department pays the Communist Party of Italy \$800,000.00 to throw a political election. The CIA is making crappy deals all over the world without civilian knowledge (like the President, etc. in my opinion). Kickbacks is the order of the day. Reciprocal Propositions come into being, that is " scratch my back and I will return the favor ". If you deal with a foreign country they may buy something if you kickback enough to pay all the boys and still show a profit for the country. I remember we sold about forty-seven million dollars worth of C-130s to a well known so-called ally with the promise we would purchase over twenty million dollars in reciprocal (not equivalent) products. We could not always use the crud. I guess the Government ate it as they usually do.

My interpretation of ethics and integrity went out the window during these years. Companies had levels of ethics and integrity that they most times maintained. Governments (including our own) included some of the biggest crooks that ever existed. Every one was guilty of being greedy and going for that which was most to the advantage of the chosen few. The heads of certain governments (regardless of philosophy) were out for the most profit to their personal bank accounts. It seems that everything was a deal regardless of whether it be a government or civilian operation. If you wonder why I should be concerned with a situation like this, well mainly because nobody seemed to give a damn about conditions like this and I was tired about all the propaganda of how great and ethical the world governments were. In my opinion, ethics and integrity were at their lowest levels during the 1972-77 years. After the Richard Nixon fiasco I blame Jimmy Carter, he should of been a crook like 80% of the rest of politicians. Since he seemed to be honest many politicians did not work with him. Along came the great one and the integrity of the situations was slow in improving.

Lockheed Corp. was caught up in some deal about paying a gratuity to a big Japanese politician for procurement of some L-1011 aircraft for their commercial airlines. At the time Lockheed was doing about 75-80 % military aircraft and defense work for the USA. Naturally, we had nothing to do with State Department deals with other governments for their military needs which the State Department handled and we fulfilled. All kinds of cruddy deals were being pulled by the government authorities to fulfill these requirements. When politicians cannot get certain contracts for their states they have the right to investigate the contracts that other states get for their areas. They forget that there is a big difference in dealing within the United States and overseas. There are different laws and ethics. Whatever the ethics of the country you deal with rules the negotiations. Even though we think that Democracy is a good form of government other people around the world do not see it the same way (maybe its the way we practice it . " Them that's got, gets " and " Do as I say, not as I do).

The politicians jumped all over Lockheed for wheeling and dealing to get a contract for the L-1011, a commercial aircraft. Damn that the CIA and the State Department had set the precedent by their actions in dealing with other countries and their businesses. Lockheed lost a helluva lot of prestige and respectability because (in my opinion) they refused to tell the government where to get off (like go to hell) . There was a shakeup in upper management and some reorganization of the corporation. There was a fellow acceptable to the government (of all people, politicians) who had the confidence in the world in Lockheed and he took the helm of the Corp. and brought it back. After all we were some of the best aircraft designers and builders in the world. I remember top management thought we needed 250 million dollars to come out of that situation . The goddamn Congress was so political that they forgot whom they represented (us tax paying workers, in other words, our jobs and our money) and almost failed to pass a vote authorizing a support (co-sign) for the money from the banks guaranteed by the government, not supplied by the government. We worked out of that situation in about three years and used 205 million dollars of that money but we paid back 231 million dollars in all. Sorry, but I got to go all aircrafter now !. Any bastard that can make 26 million dollars profit on a 250 million dollar loan when paid off in three years and four years early (original loan for seven years) is a moneymaking SOB. The loan guarantee was passed by ONE vote. That one consenting vote was caste by the congressman from Georgia. As that by-yo gent says: “ N’ don ‘t you forgot it !”.

I don’t have a reason to put the following into it’s own paragraph except in my opinion it is the greatest statement made as a rebuke to a big brother demand. Put in the acceptable political manner , Boeing Aircraft when a similar charge was attempted toward them, said “ We have about 20% defense business and the rest is commercial based on bids and the reputation of our aircraft. We do not furnish military aircraft, as such, to other governments. Therefore your regulations regarding such actions do not pertain to our operations “ Period !. If you break that down into aircraft language it says “ It is none of your damn business how we deal with our customers. We do business around the world as it occurs in each country and their methods. This is how we have established our worldwide reputation. We satisfy our customers by building aircraft to their specifications and needs. Our products meet our specifications for quality, reliability and safety. We do not delute it to cut cost. Do not attempt to indicate to us how we will do business throughout the world in the competitive manner in which we practice. In other words, get the hell off our backs !” . To this date there has been no further reports by the news media dealing with this subject and the Boeing Aircraft Co. I don’t care how some “willie” will try to put it in a diplomatic statement that was the way it was.

During this time I was called to go to another group because one of their people was on the floor apparently suffering a heart attack. He was our contact man to the Washington, D.C. office. The Director of Materiel was there and some others getting ready to give him CPR. I asked them to let me check him first. I found his pulse to be very high and his breathing was labored. His lips were discolored and his skin was very pale but his eyes were clear. I called his name, he answered and I asked him if he had any pain. He said that his stomach had hurt real bad earlier but not so much now. At that time he threw up a mouth full of pure fresh blood, looked real scared and started into shock. The medics had already been called and were

on the way. I knew right then that the man was not having a heart attack but was hemorrhaging severely. The blood had come as a belching vomit type and not a cough. I told the onlookers to find towels and wet them. I put one of these over his mouth so he could not see the blood that he was throwing up because this was upsetting him. I asked him if he had ulcers and he mumbled yes. I was glad that my conclusion saved him a possible broken rib or two and the unneeded additional pressure in the cardiac area. He was in the hospital for six months initially, they said they could not find his stomach. He had one big ulcer where his stomach should have been. After cutting out what was there and allowing the pyloric area to expand for a stomach he finally came back to work but was on a special diet for a number of years.

My donations to the Red Cross Blood Bank had reached eight gallons. Not only was I pumping blood but my reviews were getting better. I was taking advantage of all training classes available and my old buddy from the manufacturing days as inplant transportation manager was now the Director of Materiel. Here I was at two levels below supervisor and salaried and he was now upper branch level reporting to the the Vice President and I was reporting indirectly to him through five levels of management. Twelve years had passed. One thing I can say for him is he never forgot that relationship of teamwork and his door was always open without the necessity of getting approval to go in as you will see throughout the rest of this narrative. His name was Wally F. Kalmbach. Wally was somebody plus he was the brother of that Assistant U.S. District Attorney who told George Wallace to get his rearend out of the door or else he would put him under Ft. Knox. Wally was a guy who wanted to know your opinion of what was happening and he would take the time to let you tell him. He might come in with something that had happened in his experience that was similar to some experience of yours and you could really get down to specifics on the problem.

You could always follow a decision of Wally's because you knew it was based on something other than the spur of the moment. He was the guy looking important while walking down the hall and an hourly person or anybody passed and he would stop them and say: " Aren't you So and So ?" " Yeah, I thought I remembered you. You did such and such last Friday and that enabled us to move a shortage down the production line. I'm glad I ran into to you and I can tell you that we appreciate your help, keep it up, that was a good job, thanks ". Did you ever think how much a worker appreciates a big boss recognizing him and saying " Thank you ", especially if there are other workers present. The big boss's stock raises about twenty points.

Over the past few years I had been requested to go to engineering for different reasons concerning fasteners and their usage in certain areas. This was not because of any exceptional knowledge fo engineering but my overall knowledge of fasteners and their availability. One of our major competitors had a contract to manufacture the B-1 Bomber. This baby was so complicated that it was necessary that the DOD place certain elements of the design (and some production) to be accomplished by several other major aircraft manufacturers. This would eventually become a normal practice as technology advanced. Our advanced engineering group requested my presence among their elite group in the design and production of the B-1 wing slat configuration. The prints were supposed to be complete and all we had to do was intergrate the components into the overall wing structure. I went over

and the program director, W. A. "Andy" Pitman, (I'm in tall grass again, working with the director) gave me all of the prints containing the configuration and different types of fasteners (that included size and lengths, etc.). I never saw such a screwed up bunch of crap in all of my years in the aircraft industry. No joke !. The grip lengths were too long as called out, the diameters in certain areas did not meet the callouts and the whole layout was the sorriest piece of work that I had ever seen. I told Andy that I had never seen such a shotty work and I would have to do a major critique on the whole operation with all the associate blueprints required. Andy seemed quite perturbed until I showed him the complete setup. Engineers do not like to see where members of their profession have made a real screwup. He asked me if I could straighten it out and I responded in the positive as the dimensions were all given as to the thickness of materiel and the degree of thickness as we got to the trailing edge of the slat. If I had not been able to correct the errors then Andy would have to assign another engineer to the job. A professional is required in any endeavor where a problem exists outside of the normal range of the general expert (is there such a person ?). I went to work and spent three weeks going over prints, MSP callouts and requirements. Finally, I came up with all the glue necessary to hold together all the components of the slat program. At the end of this chapter is a copy of the letter that Andy sent over expressing his appreciation but I be damn if a copy is in my employee file.

I had the pleasure of getting a pat on the back (that is above the beltline) for my work on the B-1 slat a little later in the year. I was told one day that I had to report to the B-2 Building. The B-2 building is Mahogany Row. The president on down live in the B-2 building. It seems that the DOD, the Air Force, The Handbook Five Committee and all the other big wheels that be were meeting for a conference on the progress of the B-1 Bomber. The other Aircraft Manufacturers concerned had representatives there. What the in heaven did they want with me ?.

I went over to the B-2 building and the number of big shots was very impressive, including a few Generals. I did not know know anyone but our own people. Us buyers always wore suits and ties so I stood around trying to look as if I was someone important also and I was offered a martini, which after all I was in tall grass, so therefore I could imbibe. (It was before lunch) I walked around listening to all the wheels expressing their knowledge³ of nothing that I could understand until on e big fellow walked up to me and said : " Are you Hap Hudson ? ".

Me: " Yes sir, thats me " .

Him: ' My name is Bill Carey and I am the director of materiel of North American Rockwell" (They were the prime contractors of the B-1 Bomber). I may be wrong on the spelling of the last name but the first name is right.

Me: " Its my pleasure to meet you Mr. Carey ". He looked like old Harry Carey, the cowboy, but much younger.

Him: " Andy tells me that you are the fastener expert (WHAT !) who found all the errors on our initial prints for the B-1 slats. When I came over I told him that I wanted to meet

personally the person who found those errors. I just want to shake your hand and express our appreciation for your expertise and the thousands of dollars saved by your ability to detect the original errors in the design prints “.

Me: “ Thank you, Mr. Carey, I did what I thought was best for the quality of the aircraft “.

There were a number of people (Lockheed folks) listening to our conversation and wondering what this big wheel was discussing. Thanks, Lockheed for not issuing a commendation for I guess Mr. Carey said it all.

There were times when engineers made suggestions about changing certain fasteners because of weight or stress conditions. I was always open to any suggestion especially when the cost could be reduced. Do not get the idea that I knew the same information that engineers were priviledged to or had access to. My main purpose was to buy the best quality meeting our specs and delivered when we needed it. The price was of importance but quality and delivery came first. One day one of our fastener engineers came over to discuss the possibility of using a bolt in the cargo ramp hinge of the C-130. I had developed the habit of trying to keep up with the tail numbers of all of the C-130s I had worked on down through the years. If we had a report of a crash I wanted to know the tail number. I had never known of a cargo ramp falling off of an aircraft or any other failure. The new part was suggested by “Mac “ (Ed Mclauglin), was chrome plated and a beauty. The specs met all requirements. The only difference was the cost of about \$21.00 each and I had (cadplated) bolts that were on every C-130 from the beginning that only cost about \$9.50 each. One thing I can appreciate about good people is their ability to understand without feeling let down. A good suggestion is like a question, information is needed. Mac was one of those people with whom it is a genuine pleasure to work. We thoroughly investigated the request to replace the old bolt with the new and agreed that there was no advantage to be gained and the cost would go up. There was nothing to indicate that a buyer was attempting to tell an engineer his job. Our relationship was a close knit team effort to maintain quality, delivery and cost. This we did.

One day I was going from the B-27 building toward the B-2 building (the administration offices and the main entrance to the Plant). I noticed this group of very important looking people coming out of the B-2 building with a tall four star General with them. This General happened to be a Negro so I took another look and recognized him as an old buddy of mine from previous years. I first met him when he was a Lt. Colonel. We were not what you would call close friends but more of the “ Hale weather glad to see ya “ type. On a number of occasions we had met at a certain watering hole and spent several hours going over experiences common to the both of us. He knew many people that were acquaintances of mine also.

Since there were several people I moved over to the next walkway to pass. We each caught each other’s eye at about the same time and I nodded and he said: “ Hey Harry, what the hell you mean by walking past me and not saying hello ? “. I was taken aback a little because I didn’t think I was supposed to say anything with so many wheels in the group. I was so surprised to see him that I can’t tell you today who else was in the group. I returned his

greeting in the proper manner and moved on my way, actually I had not seen him in a number of years.

The General's name was Daniel "Chappie" James. He was the commanding general of the U.S. NORAD system. He was the number one person after the President that was authorized to push the Red Button if it was necessary. I understood that after the President then the commanding General of NORAD, not the chief of the joint chiefs of staff, was in line of command in such a situation. (bet you didn't know that). Chappie did not go through Tuskegee with the 99th pursuit squadron of the first group Negro fighter pilots. He was in the second group. He joined the original group at a later date during the WWII, the Korean war and the Viet Nam war. He was recognized as an ace. He held a number of high command positions and finally was up to the General reporting to the President and the chief of the joint chiefs of staff. Again as above stated his position was that of being the officer (because of the position of command) designated as the second person in command to initiate an atomic attack or response if required. Hell, 99% of the American people did not know that !. So little media or governmental coverage was given to the ability of Negroes during those wars mainly because of prejudice and that very few knew or gave a damn what Negroes were doing other than being good grunts. He was standing first in line when that beautiful C-141 landed with the first Viet Nam prisoners of war were returned. A lot of viewers wondered who the hell that black General was. In later replays he was cut out of several versions that I saw . As time rolled on he had to be recognized for whom he was and he received much recognition after that.

General James made many trips to manufacturing plants in line with his command and was at Lockheed at the time the C-5A was in full swing. His recognition of me probably raised my stock level with some levels of management about three points up from " horse shit ". At least they seemed impressed that I would know someone at such a high level in the organization of our prime customer. Chappie was one of the most " I don't give a damn, full speed ahead " pilots I have ever known. He once told me that his philosophy was do your best at all times, don't ever worry about what danger your may face in performing your job and when your number is up there is nothing you can do to avoid that date. General James went to the Air Force Academy (as commander) for a while and in his middle fifties suffered a heart attack. He probably realized that his date was approaching and he retired. About three months or so later he died of another heart attack. He told me that of all the hot planes that he had flown the one he liked best was the F-94. Guess who built that plane.

The following guys I have met at one time or another at work and other places that highly impressed me with the same or similar attitude: Joe Foss, " Pappy" Boyington, " Bang'em up" " Bong, Freddie Hutchinson, Don Thompson, Commander Downing (who sank the Yamamoto Battleship when I was in the Navy) Chuck Dryden, B. O. Davis, George Gay, Charles Allen, Commander Carlson and Jack Duffey (both from England) and many others that I can't recall at the moment. These guys were some of the best and greatest pilots that lived during the last three conflicts. We had some helluva test pilots flying our planes and there was mutual confidence between us for our overall ability to produce and fly those products.

There are many certificates, one recommendation, evaluation and review performance sheets, and other documents of what I consider interesting items that substantiate and back up the things I'm writing about. I hope that most of this information will be included with this narrative when it is printed.

CHAPTER 15

The year of 1977 is moving along. The biggest screwup of all of my time with Gelac comes to pass. This is the year of the longest strike ever experienced by the division. The following is strictly my experience and opinions of that time. Our production had slowed down and we were awaiting followon contracts and bidding on everything within our capability. The current agreement between the company and the union expired. Instead of going into negotiating a new contract before the current expired (in my opinion) the " Willies " that be (both union and company) waited until the last minute to begin their talks. The union stated that " we want this and the other ", the company answered " we ain't got no money to do anything ". The contract expired in August and in the first week of October nothing had been agreed to so a strike was called. One would think that the strike of 1959 had taught all of us a lesson. Everyone had been fairly properous during the eighteen years we had worked with good labor and management relations. The last quarter of 1977 indicated that if we did not get new contracts ASAP it would be necessary to have a layoff. The normal routine in the aircraft industry of ups and downs as we were told by Railroad Brown in the beginning. There was one helluva lot of hourly and salaried employees who had used the properous period to buy new homes, automobiles and other high levels of indebtedness. Without thought for the future they all reacted like the " Chess Cat " as he sat his dumb ass on the hot griddle for the second time.

Gelac was on schedule and had a few " Hanger Queens " setting on the line unsold. A strike would not hurt the company. If the strike lasted over thirty days all employee benefits would automatically cancel. Those salaried employees who wanted to cross the strike line would be welcome to work in any capacity. Some hourly employees would also cross the line (known as scabs). The financial situation of some employees forced them to come to work returning threat for threat. Even a few stated that they would kill if necessary to maintain their right to work (Georgia had a right to work law at the time). This turned out to be a very nasty strike that would last over 70 days. Things that I will relate here deal strictly with my own personal experiences.

The first few days of the strike were rather hectic as the strikers blocked the plant entrances and verbally raised hell. The names that the salaried people were called by their, a few days ago, coworkers and friends were insulting and derogatory. If you saw these people later on they would explain that that was the way the strike organizers had told them to react. I had to go down and tell one of my neighbors that the next time he called me a scabbing SOB on that line he and I would settle it when we got home. He said that he had to show unity with the strikers. I told him he could show all the unity he wanted but if he looked me in the eyes and called me names like that again he had better bring some of his fellow strikers home with him. Those of us going to work had to always wait as the strikers marched across the access streets to the plant . Some of them would just drag along to agitate you. We were told to be cool and exhibit restraint, don't talk back at all, regardless. After the first wek things became routine as far as the inconvenience upon entering and leaving the plant. The local city and county police were doing their job as required. The State Patrol was maintaining the order on the incoming streets and expressways. Not like they had done during the 1959 strike.

After the first week the plant had to function simply to receive materiel supporting our spares program. A minimum amount of manufacturing work had to be accomplished. All salaried employees with any experience in the other processes were sent to work in those areas. Three of the big manufacturing wheels requested my presense in their areas. (Ha !). This included old BG himself. I hurriedly called my friend, manager of receiving inspection / quality control department and told him to tell every one that may call that I had volunteered to work for him during the period of the strike. He told me to hurry on over. No amount of persuasion could change my mind. After all, these were the same guys who had railroaded my backside out of manufacturing to make room for someone else to be upgraded. After a day or so familiarizing myself and getting updated on the new quality control equipment I hit the incoming line.

The first day I received and accepted thirty four different items after thorough inspection. Those items that needed more technological examination by electronic methods were covered by the supervisors and managers in the QC division. After the first week I was averaging about thirty items a day. The average for the hourly workers prior to the strike had been about seventeen a day. The other guys like me were doing about the same as my average and the department manager asked his supervisors what the hell were their people doing before the strike. There was one thing for sure and that was we had to do the work of the total strikers or be backed up to the flightline with uninspected materiel. We did what was necessary and the line continued to move.

The strike created some catastrophic individual situations. One of the guys in the product control section receiving parts after inspection and processing them to the stores and manufacturing areas (he was hourly) had suffered for some months with a back problem that was very painful. Naturally, he was in no financial condition to have to go out on a prolonged strike. I might mention that to the best of my knowledge he was a charter union member. After the third week as far as I know the union had no strike fund and nobody was getting any funds except possibly the union officials. This fellow called in and asked his supervisor if he could ride in with him in the trunk of his car if necessary. Naturally, this was a no-no. He was told that this would be against all agreements between labor and management during a strike and so no one could help him. As his supervisor told me later that he cried and told him that his insurance was expiring in a week and he would not be able to get medical treatment and he could not stand the pain much longer. There was nothing his management could do for him under the circumstances. The thirty day grace period expired and all the hourly people covered by the contract lost their life and medical coverage (think about that for awhile). The following week this fellow was waiting for his wife to take him to the doctor or hospital and he went into another room of his house. She heard a loud pop and rushed into the room and found he had shot himself in the temple with a .22 cal. pistol. Thus ended the life of a valuable Lockheed employee. Fortunately, the company reached into their own funds and gave his wife the total of his expired insurance. (This was commendable but which do you think she would have prefered). There was a rumor that there was another suicide but I can't confirm it. Everybody was shocked and upset, especially those people who knew him well. The strike continued on.

The materiel group got their offices remodeled. That is all the men (those who could only buy) cleaned the walls and woodwork and painted the whole area. You wouldn't think that we had so many professional painters among those buyers. The place certainly looked good. Those of us in receiving inspection rolled on and really picked up experience in the quality control field. The good people in manufacturing again requested my participation but the QC manager explained that I was needed more in the quality control area. Some trucks had trouble crossing the picket lines to deliver., but for those critical items that had to come through, the DOD took care of those deliveries. (Showing such a delicate intent that the impression was given that one did not screw with those anointed deliveries). Those military planes in certain parts of the world had to be maintained because of hot spots throughout the world at the time. We fulfilled all of those requirements and made on time deliveries on most of our commitments to our customers. The strike continued and the financial plight of the strikers went to hell. I felt real bad for some of my friends who got caught up in that stupidity. No negotiations were in process and the strike just lingered and lingered.

We continued to come through the picket lines everyday. We were harassed daily and insulted but we became used to that. It was hell to look at our coworkers on the line, recognizing the financial situation they were getting into, and not being able to speak or give some form of encouragement. If we even looked at some too long while waiting to pass through the line they were ostracized by their fellow workers as wanting to be scabs. Management had instructed us not to speak under any circumstances to the strikers on the line. It was necessary to show our badges upon request to the leaders (normally business agents for the union) when coming to work. They even wanted to search our vehicles for scabs. Damn if that was going to be. We could get fired by the company for slipping any hourly workers into the plant. One morning one of the business stopped me (we both knew each other). I had two salaried people riding with me (they were afraid to drive in themselves because some damage was being done to the automobiles by scratching with nails and slashing tires) and this guy requested that we show him our badges. The two people with me exhibited theirs and this is exactly what I told the agent., I called him by name. I said: " You know damn well who I am ". He requested again and I flashed my badge real quick. I leaned out the window of my pickup and asked him to step closer. I said : " You know I have the right to enter this plant. This crap about identifying myself every morning is a bunch of shit. If my pickup is ever scratched, my tires slashed or my windows cracked your natural ass belongs to me if it takes six months. I hope you fully understand what I am saying ". I was looking him straight in the eye with no smile and I meant every word of it. Later when I thought of it that was maybe stupid but my promise I would have kept. He looked a little stunned and backed away and I drove through. Whenever he was on the line after that I had no problems. My two riders got real upset but I told them they could drive themselves after that day because I had my gut filled with that stupidity long enough. It may have taked a year but I meant every word that I said. They continued to ride with me for I had no more trouble coming into the plant.

One advantage I had was that I knew one helluva lot of hourly people after working in the manufacturing division for those nine years. I had been a charter member of the union and most of them knew that. It is not a easy thing to go through a situation like that of being on oposite sides of the fence and having to accept the hardships you knew your friends were

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going through. I can't begin to go through the problems these people were experiencing because their elected officials (both union and company) did not have the ability to solve the problems without the method of striking. I would bet half of them didn't even know what a strike entailed when they voted for it. In all of my experience I have never known any side to win a strike up to that time. It takes about three years to regain what is lost by the average worker following a strike. What the hell, it takes an intelligent cat to realize you don't sit on the same hot stove the second time around. Put your negotiators in a room and lock them up for a few days (or weeks) without pay and the whole lot of problems could be solved in a short period of time.

After three months no progress had been made on a settlement. I began to smell a rat. To this day I will not identify that rat except to say I felt that there was some sort of conspiracy in the works. My respect for certain business ethics (labor and management) went to hell. The grunts always lost. There was no Christmas parties for the kids, no checks for the families and nothing but hardship all around. The two parties of negotiators were drawing their paychecks and so were we company (us that were working) people. One can come up with all the reasons why such conditions are allowed to occur and don't give a damn for one reason going home and attempting to explain to the kids why Santa Claus ain't coming this year.

Right at Christmas it was announced that some progress had been made and there was the possibility that the strike could be settled by the first of the year. An agreement was reached and all employees were notified to return to work January 2, 1978. Glory be to miracles !! With very few improvements made everybody returned to work and did not gain a goddamn thing of significance. Most of the workers were in debt up to their nostrils. It took almost four years to get over the setbacks accumulated during the 77 days of the strike. The animosities developed were much longer in being resolved. The trust of the people (both hourly and salaried) was the hardest thing to regain. Since in my opinion, the only people hurt by the strike are the workers therefore strikes ain't worth a damn. In all my years in aircraft there has never a problem that could not be eventually solved, that is except negotiations between management and labor.

We all reported to work January 2, 1978 and after looking at each other leerily we proceeded to work together again. It took a long time before the spirit of teamwork was fully back into place. All the propaganda spread during those 77 days was a long time being disassimulated. Trying to solve my conflict between my being Gemini, my hardnosed character at Gelac and my friendly and congenial self at home, I came to the conclusion that honesty, principles and integrity had gone to hell . Life stops for no individual. We continued to work and after some years the past passed and the future began to take over. The family of Lockheed workers bypassed the problems of dissensions and continued to produce the quality aircraft that they were famous for over the years.

CHAPTER 16

After the strike things came back gradually to normal. The DOD was probably the agency that came up with the idea of Zero Defects. This was a system to practice in eliminating errors and screwups in all phases of workmanship. It was initiated to cover all improvement possible from the government through the smallest manufacturer. All workers (from grounds maintenance to top management) were instructed to check methods to improve quality, delivery and cost. The findings (ideas and suggestions) were to be passed up in writing to your immediate supervision and on up to the Zero Defects committee for consideration and implementation. After the initial holdbacks, because previously one was told that it would not work or some supervisors had taken the idea for their own and passed it up , thus the hourly or first line supervisor did not get credit for many of their suggestions. The earlier attitude had been " to hell with it".

As confidence developed that their ideas and suggestions were getting attention the volume of Zero Defects suggestions took off. The best place to find out if improvements can be made is from the worker on the job. More than likely they have found ways to cut time, improve quality and save cost in their particular operation. Now they would be given Buck Hunter awards and Cost Reduction certificates. The Zero Defects program was proving to be a very good cost effective operation. In the Materiel Division it was the responsibility of the buyers to see that their suppliers got the necessary literature as they were required to participate in the program. I thought that the sooner that Lockheed could award a ZD certificate to a business (especially a small business) some additional impetus would be effective.

Some years back I had been helpful in increasing involvement by a small company in supplying small quantities when shortages existed and the prime suppliers could not deliver. As time moved on I found that this source could find practically any part I may need immediately including the traceability and certification of those items back to the manufacturer, including batch numbers and production dates. The owner had established a network throughout the United States to similar small shops having the same capabilities as he possessed. They all specialized in aircraft fasteners and other small items used commercially and by the military. They were all able to supply records on these items that were traceable to the manufacturer, thus meeting the specific standards as required.

I went down to visit this source located a little south of the plant in the Atlanta area. If I had not gotten the surprise of my life to find the most perfect small business then this source would be mentioned as another well operated small business. The company was located in a relatively small business complex. Upon entering you went into a small reception area. The office was behind plate glass dividers. Although there was up to date communications equipment available they were in the process of installing and programming a completely new computer system. All of this was the the latest state of the art (it took four weeks to complete the installation and programming). The owner showed me his library (what was a library for in this room by itself ?), He had the original volumes and the latest edition of leather bound encyclopedias on all the aircraft, automotive, and whatever fasteners ever used in the U.S. and other countries covering the period from the Wright Brothers up to 1975. There was a total of

about 35 volumes (not books). I had never seen such a collection on this subject nor have I seen anything like it since. This was one expensive set of books. I asked him why he would need such a volume of information. He informed me that he received request for materiel from all over for different types of aircraft fasteners. He did not stock this materiel but he knew where to find it if it was still in existance. Thus he established his wide network of sources. For easy access this was quite a bit of the information going into his new computer system which would be constantly updated.

We went into his receiving , stocking and shipping section. The area was about 150/200 feet in length and width. Everything was as clean as a whistle. No dust, no wrapping refuse, no parts on the floor and no misidentified materiel anywhere. There were certification papers with each unit holding parts with a received and quantity shipped record with each storage container. There was no rust, grease or contaminated parts to be found. I could see thousands of fasteners of all sizes. According to size and usage he had from 50 to maybe 1000 units in each container. He had proven to me that he could furnish practically any critical shortage requirement we may need in a very short time, immediately if in stock and (believe it nor not) on the average of 24 hours if not in stock. JETAIR was a hot flier of most of my materiel. He introduced me to his crew which consisted of himself, about three members of his family and six others. I have never seen another team as tightly organized. His inspection was equipped with the latest instruments and he had sources to send out to for the types of inspection that he did not have the capability to perform. That was a happy place.

I went back to the plant and concentrated on their record over the past several years. I could not recall one time time of having to return anything because of discrepancies. I thought of all the times I had been helped out of tight spots by this small company. I made the decision that this would be the first company that I would award a Zero Defects Recognition Certificate. I processed the request up through the channels and got approval that this was surely the type of source we would appreciate making an award. Thus Mr. Henry Price, Owner, President and CEO of DUTCH VALLEY SUPPLY CO. becme the first outside source to be awarded a Zero Defects certificate by Lockheed-Georgia Co., division of the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. Mr. Price appreciated that as much as I did. There is one more interesting incident that occurred that I will write about a little later involving Dutch Vally. By the way, that award boosted the morale of all of his employees and they continued to try and outdo themselves in rendering a valuable service to Lockheed. There were other awards given but the above seems to me to have been especially remembered because it was the first.

To show that progress was being made by some Negroes within the company I must mention that my old buddy (shop steward-supervisor grievance writing partner) J. B. Mabry was promoted to manager of the C-130 Production Assembly and Paint Department during the year fo 1978. He had gone into Quality Control not to long after I went to procurement. There were quite a few Negroes in first line supervisory levels of management in a number of divisions such as production, inspection, parts control and several other areas. There was no purchasing agent in materiel nor would there be one for many years, There had been one fellow hired in materiel and upgraded to purchasing agent before I knew that he was with us. He could only make as much as his most senior buyer (\$120.00 a week) and he needed so

much more training to become qualified (the primary reason for existing) he began to look around. It seems he was promoted to show the DOD that all effort was being made to show that Negroes were moving up in the company. This fellow had the education and the experience to outrate his management so he took it as long as he could (several months) and quit. A few years later he was Director of Materiel for one of the major manufacturers in the country. His name was Ronald Paine if anyone is interested in checking. Meanwhile " Old Hap " was still trucking along.

There is one item attached to the end of this chapter. It is most significant as it shows the amount saved on an individual piece of MSP, a single callout for a nut. You remember earlier that I had been instrumental in saving \$987,000.00 on the procurement of some pins used on the C-5A program, then this is the next largest savings made. The total of \$327,609.60 adds with above to \$1,134,609.60. That is no small change savings for two pieces of MSP. Either my supervision (departmental and higher) did not mention it nor suggest it but that constant flow of cost reduction certificates could possibly be identified as being one for this action. One thing I know it wasn't no Buck Hunter with the dollar bill (let alone the .60 cents) in it. It was already considered a joke if anyone was under the impression that a commendation was in order. I came to the conclusion that to hell with any kind of recognition , I was going to save as much as possible for my own satisfaction. Later inserts would prove that I did. Other than deciding I would not want to go to California soon, the months kept rolling on. I will say that I was having a good time in earnest

CHAPTER 17

The year 1979 was upon us. Work was picking up and we had a hot modification program for the C-141 started with a very tight schedule as to deliveries. Other than those problems during the average mod jobs all of the engineering has been about completed pertaining to what modifications was to be done on the C-141. Fasteners were the highest volume of parts to be required. As noted in the last chapter quite a number of those items were already in the procurement cycle. We needed oversize pins and other types fasteners that were not commonly used nor stocked. We intended to hit a delivery of one ship per day after we got the initial startup and hopefully most of the problems out of the way. The first delivery was for around June 1, 1979.

I called all of my major suppliers to send their salespeople in for quotations and information on their best delivery schedules. We had been involved in helping for the patent holders to develop licensees and those sources were now producing. The big surprise that I found was practically all of the major aircraft manufacturers were backloaded with new aircraft orders, especially those in the commercial field. I had not noticed in reading the industrial magazines, where I kept up with the raw material backlogs and pricing changes, on what was happening. I guess I was pretty busy myself. All of the big boys (I don't have to name them) had orders on the most popular fasteners and backed up at that time for at least two years. I had heard rumbles of an intensified buildup but we were holding stock levels and ordering parts under the impression that the leadtimes were solid for sometime to come. We got caught sitting not on it but in it. All the other divisions could now use materiel as the scapegoat that was causing the behind schedule conditions. Damn the fact that we knew that the C-141 deal was in the works and regardless, Gelac was the only source capable of modifying that particular plane (lots of original tooling still available) At the time I don't think that Gelac recognized the speedup in the whole industry and the effect this would have on our suppliers (including myself).

I got the estimated usage for all the parts required for the program and requested a stock level check. We would have to change our philosophy of on hand levels (kept low because of inventory taxes) and get parts orders in to the production lines of the suppliers. I decided that I would increase quantities on purchase orders to the next quantity price break where it seemed cost effective and place orders for the earliest delivery without going into overtime having to be given to the supplier. I utilized every method I could without having to get prior approvals. We had CPA contracts on a number of the items so I re-negotiated volumes on those contracts (naturally with Renrut's CPA bunch) to get lower prices since we were exceeding the original usage figures. During all of this activity was the only time I felt that more documentation was required on each PO and made it a habit to keep individual records in my file for later reference when required. Sometimes I stayed over until 6 and 8 o'clock at night (no overtime, stupid) as this exhibited my enthusiasm to do my part in keeping shortages at a minimum. Some days I was away from home for 14-15 hours at a time. I don't think my family missed me as much as they did because I did not make any overtime pay.

I was hustling and producing. I went to my department manager and told him that the time was past due for a promotion and a raise. I reminded him that that young buyer that I had

helped and trained on the extrusion desk a few years ago was now a senior buyer and still purchasing extrusions. The department manager was up to date on my performance and many other critical situations. I told him that I was going to take two weeks of my backed up vacation time and when I returned I expected to be a senior buyer. If not then my plans were made to do something else. I don't think that any member of my management had ever suggested that I deserved a promotion. I wonder if these characters thought that I was blindly happy to trudge along without a decent raise or promotion for the past 18 years. Some of the younger fellows had moved on into management positions with less training and experience than I had, yet I carried a over full load all of the time. If you can't get the gist of what was going on damn if I'm going to enlighten anyone at all. (I often thought that is was the lack of a brown ring around my nose).

I returned and walked into the department manager's office. Eighteen years after leaving manufacturing as a manager and coming into materiel as a buyer then making semi-senior buyer in seven years, here is my department manager giving me a promotion to senior buyer with a halfassed decent raise (bless his heart). Upgrades are based on merit (whats merit ?). I was so overjoyed that I think I shed a tear or two, actually, I felt like kicking somebody's butt. Although late as hell I felt good that I had finally got an upgrade. The only classification below purchasing agent (supervision) was subcontract administrator. I would never make it. I continued to my own satisfaction of helping and training the younger buyers as they came into the department. I don't think that some members of management appreciated the effort because I tasught them to have confidence, be hardnosed and perform the job to their highest standards. Don't consider anything as right or complete until they were satisfied and the result would be above average each time.

I made a statement earlier that I had no desire of going to California at no time soon. The reason I felt that way was because one morning early in January of 1971 I heard that California had suffered one terrible earthquake. It was 7:00 AM in California when I learned this so I called one of my contacts who lived and worked in the city (Los Angeles) to find out what the damage may have been. Believe it or not but he was at work. Less than thirty minutes all contact with L.A. was lost. He told me that he was shaving at about 5:30 AM and a low rumble started and he felt his house shaking. He rushed out of the bathroom and told his wife to get to a doorframe and spreadeagle to brace herself. His six foot refrigerator came out of the kitchen through the den, through his plateglass sliding doors onto the patio. All of the furniture, plates, glassware and other loose items in the house had new arrangements and locations to occupy, in pieces. A lot of things were broken. He made a quick check of the house and surroundings and made sure that his wife was getting settled down for the quake seemed over.

He could not tell me why he had this strong urge to go to work but he left immediately and he told me of all the damage he observed. Somehow he was able to get through all of the damage and to his office. As soon as he walked in the phone was ringing and it was me calling. Just as he was telling me more information of the damage I heard a rumble like a roar and some other strange sounds and he came back on the line and said that that was another one. He was breathing like he had run a couple of miles. In other words, he was scared as

hell. He, his desk and the telephone had slid completely across the office. I told him to hang up and get out of the building as soon as possible. There was no point in trying to get California for several days. Fortunately, he nor his family were hurt but their loss in materiel things was great after all the "after rumbles ". That fellow was Frank Alfultis, one of my best contacts.

I made it my business to find out all I could about that San Andreas Fault. At that time no one could have sent me to California. I knew, eventually, I would have to go. Up til this time (1979) I had nightmares of coming in for a landing and just as we set down a crack about 25 feet wide opened on the runway and in we went. Imagine that happening and you are on a big L1011. No siree, I had no intentions of going to California. We had a woman in the group and she was a whiz. They sent her on the first trip to go and expedite our requirements. She got back safely (and thats about all) so I knew I had to take the next trip. This I would do in a few more weeks.

Our special little baby was the JETSTAR, known in the military as the C-140. This aircraft was designed, manufactured and accepted by the military (and later the commercial) customers a little more than nine months after the concept and delivery was requested. The greatest aeronautical engineer at that time was responsible for the whole developement. His name was Clarence " Kelly " Johnson. He was instrumental in the concept and design of about 90% of all aircraft developed by Lockheed Aircraft Corp. during his 45 years plus with the company. Upon retirement he remained as a consultant until his health restricted him. The manufacture of this little bird was delegated to the Gelac division.

Kelly and his crew were right up there with the socalled experts when it came to developing and building advanced aircraft systems. With the time to design, build and fly the Jetstar naturally there would be a lot of modification to prints and other specifications to be completed before scheduled production could be started. Our engineers fell in and corrected the rivet patterns running off the indicated locations into space and other minor problems which could have grown into major problems during production. Finally, we met the requirements set down by Kelly and his people and we produced a top quality aircraft. The C-140 came on line before the C141. We had developed much experience with the B-47 (Boeing A/C design) and the C-130 (which Kelly and his crew also designed).

That little plane set records that have only recently been surpassed. Jacqueline Cochran set the record from New York city to Frankfurt, Germany in about four hours. The flight from New York to Los Angeles in about three and one half hours. You had breakfast in New York and breakfast in LA if you wished. It cost a little more but if time was of essence then it filled the requirement. If time was your problem then it eliminated your problem. It was the way to travel for big companies including some rich users, remember the " Bunny " painted black used by Playboy clubs. It became Air Force #1/2 strictly for the use of the Vice President of the U.S. For the military it was the answer to being there when needed. There are numerous Jetstars flying today, servicing whatever requirements necessary.

During the end of the production of the Jetstar it was necessary to keep the cost of production to a minimum. We were on a firm fixed contract for the changes required for the constant updating of developing technology. There were always improvements made in the performance of certain components used in aircraft. Production ship number ten would be advanced above number one. This was to be expected as the advancing technology in safety and reliability became available. Every conscientious worker was always looking for ways to reduce cost and making suggestions to improve realization (efficiency in production) and reliability. A good team consist of people who respect the expertise of the others and work together to accomplish a high quality result in their endeavors. In my opinion, a young engineer who comes in realizing that he mastered the theory (by graduating from an engineering school) and is now ready to gain the experience, keeps his mouth shut and his ears open until he finds out what is going on, is going to be successful. Some of the just out of school guys think (they have finished certain schools) they are the greatest and have all the knowledge (after all they finished BS tech) so therefore they can come up with the most brilliant ideas. Their best orientation would be to go to the floor and stay with several hourly workers for a week. This would give them a firm base to start their careers. Some of those guys had the idea that " I am the engineer therefore you will do as I say ". They usually found out in a short while from the more senior engineers that that was not so. A good team never let one monkey stop the show.

I had one of my few encounters with such a young fellow near the end of the Jetstar program. He sent forth a requirement that we buy a new fastener that cost twice what we were paying for the present one. He emphasized the stress, shear and yield characteristics of the new part. Upon reseaching the requirements and what we had on hand I called him and told him that we could cover the higher requirement with what we already had in stock. He unpolitely told me that he was the " Goddamn " (he said it) engineer and what he had requested would be procured. Poor fellow, he had never dealt with me as the buyer. I won't say that I smelled hanky-panky but one damn thing was for certain, I did not intend to spend any unnecessary funds to satisfy no young engineer. I promptly sat down and wrote a memo to his division manager stating his request and the fact that I had no intention of spending excessive funds to satisfy anyone increasing the cost of the Jetstar program this late in the contract. I need not say how the memo was worded. After my boss (I requested his approval) had reduced my memo to a more diplomatic message to the upper management , the division manager called and agreed. Later , the young engineer called me and said that he had misunderstood me and my substitute was completely acceptable.

I don't want to give the impression that I went around objecting to changes with engineers or any other group but after fouteen years of buying fasteners, working close with stress, structural and advanced design engineers I knew I knew what I knew (and I damn sure knew that I did not know it all). If a manager gave me an order to do something and I knew it wouldn't work I would do it but, I would explain my reason for not agreeing that it was the best way. I also explained in doing this I was following orders and would not assume responsibility. After using common sense and discussing the problem we usually reached a compromise. If I was wrong then kick my butt. (that action was never offered reciprocal if he was wrong). I also admit that I got my butt kicked a few times, gaining experience all the

time. My main problem in situations like this was always from younger managers under the impression that they were very qualified, very seldom with experienced people. We completed the Jetstar on schedule and within cost but in my opinion very little profit.

The time came when it was necessary to go to California. It was not reasonable to send anyone out there who was not completely knowledgeable of our critical fastener problems on all of our programs, especially the C-141 modification. I had gone to California in 1974 on vacation to visit two of my brothers and never felt a tremor so I figured that things would remain calm. Actually, there was no fear on my part regardless of the earlier impression given.

One of the guys I had helped to train years ago was now an assistant manager in the requirements department. After my urging them, my management finally convinced that group that we had to change our method of procurement because of the glut of our competitor's placed orders with our suppliers was creating long leadtimes for our urgently needed requirements. Preston Upshaw and I joined together and had an inventory run on our full stock. We checked engineering requirements for oversize and other not normally stocked items. This included checking most of the modification blueprints (my expertise). We went through scheduling plans for eventually we would be committed to one a day delivery on the C-141 modified aircraft. We worked from 8:00 AM until sometimes 11:00 PM for a week compiling this information (I didn't get any overtime, him I don't know, probably not). I TWXed all of my sources in California and informed them that I would be in their plants beginning the following Monday. I gave them a synopsis of what our problems were in much detail over the phone and let them know the scope of my visit. I made firm appointments to be in their plants on certain days. I carried three inches of data and hoped we had covered everything. I was going out there with fifteen years of markers. Our long and fruitful business relationships, in my opinion, was coming down for the test.

At this time we did not have millions of dollars worth of open orders, we only had hundreds of thousands. After making sure that the plane I would take was an L-1011 , I boarded that big baby a 11:00 AM Sunday , October 21, 1979. As we set down in LA there was no big crack in the runway. My trip report speaks for itself and is at the end of this chapter.

The five days that I was there I practically toured southern California without seeing anything except freeways and the backs of automobiles and trucks. The times I was not at a vendors I was stalled in traffic. It should did seem strange that traffic had not been better with all of those freeways. The quake damage was mostly repaired, I didn't see any results of the quake. I felt no tremors or so I thought. One evening while writing up my daily report in my hotel-motel bottom room I was using the table lamp. I kept hearing a squeaking noise. I could feel nothing or any sensation of movement. Finally, I looked up and the ceiling light held by a chain was doing a perfect circle over my head. I looked out the window and everything seemed normal, people were going in and out of the parking lot showing no indication of anything being wrong. I did not sense anything to become alarmed about but I thought about those seven stories over my head. I went to the lobby and all of the hanging lights were doing a little dance. I asked the man on duty what the hell was going on . He looked around and said : " Oh, thats just a small tremor, we get two or three hundred a year". He had responded

in such a “matter of factly” manner that I decided I would go outside. Everybody was going about their business in a normal way. I began to wonder about that old description of “ Nuts, Fruits and Flakes “. Anyway, since it all seemed normal I ignored the tremors also. I wanted to appear as normal as the rest of the people.

There are several pages at the end of this chapter confirming some of the activities in this chapter. There is one more incident that happened in 1979 that covers one of the greatest tragedies that occurred to our C-130 aircraft. I will go to another chapter for that story.

CHAPTER 18

The incident mentioned in the last chapter occurred in the fall of 1979 but we were aware of the problem long before then. There had been indications that a problem was developing with the flight controls that could result into a major factor in controlling the aircraft. We had a Negro who was a retired Lt. Colonel from the Air Force in our military sales department. I have mentioned Don Thompson in an earlier chapter. When Don came to Lockheed he worked in the personnel division. After a few months he transferred to the military sales department. Don was a qualified pilot of a number of military aircraft including the C-130. Incoming reports had indicated that one of the control cables was showing a problem in correcting from a right turn. Among others Don was assigned to investigate the problem and come up with a suggestion hopefully leading to a solution. It was determined that one specifically and maybe more of the control cables would have to be replaced with a corrected and or improved design. Meanwhile Don was sent out with a few of our other pilots to all the Air National Guard bases to instruct the pilots on the corrective action to take if they experienced this problem in flight. Guess who bought control cables ---- ME !.

Don was highly qualified in flying jet fighters, twin engine and four engine transports. He had served over twenty-five years on active duty and participated in WWII, Korean war and the Viet Nam conflict. He had rows of ribbons and decorations to prove it. I got to know Don pretty well because of my acquaintance with other Air Force pilots and the Tuskegee group plus his daughter worked for Lockheed in our group and I helped to train her. Don was teaching the National Guard pilots how to use the engines to correct the right wing drop when this discrepancy occurred. Otherwise you had no control on pulling that plane out of a spinning dive. If you did not have decent altitude you had no chance anyway. He took the pilots up and simulated the condition and supposedly taught them the method of making the adjustments to correct and survive. Would you believe it, he told me this himself, that some of those units indicated that they didn't need no nigger to teach them how to fly. Just about all of the pilots in the Air National Guard were white. This unit in Kentucky was one of those units indicating that attitude. Guess who in hell went into the ground killing the whole crew plus a number of civilians in a cafe. That Kentucky group. All of a sudden the groups began to pay attention to Don.

That crash grounded every C-130 flying. I mean all over the world. At that time I think we had about forty countries flying our plane, military and otherwise. If you don't think all hell didn't break loose consider every customer wanting their replacement cables at the same time, which was immediately. I felt like the little rabbit dying from roadkill looking at fourteen buzzards wondering which would take the first bite. I had everybody from staff sergeants to second Lts. calling for replacement parts bypassing all channels. Some of them gave the impression that they were Colonels. They didn't know me (I ain't askeared of no Colonel). It was two weeks before Christmas and we only had two sources for those cables. The Shah of Iran had thirty C-130s in his fleet and he wanted his cables now. If you don't think that money counts regardless, then read on. One officer called from Ft. Lewis and told me if I could not furnish his requirement right away he knew where he could get them. He mentioned some source that I recognized as a scrap yard and told me he could get them for \$110.00 each.

I told him to help himself for he would never install that junk on a military aircraft. I only paid \$5.95 each plus expediting but none of the improved design were in stock, they had to be assembled. Meanwhile I told him to go through channels and not to waste my time again. The Shah said that he wanted his parts and would buy the manufacturer if necessary to guarantee delivery. I was told he put up the money and I bought the plant which would have been closed for the holidays. The manufacturer actually only charged for the overhead and overtime required for the employees volunteering to work over the holidays. We were able to get many parts with the first thirty going to the Shah. If you think that some member of upper management was doing all of that negotiation think again. Them cats went on holiday leave. Ole senior buyer Hap was motivating. " Good job, good job " Thank you. It took about a month but eventually all C-130s were back in flight.

After the cable fiasco was settled, things remained in their rush rush situation. That is the race to secure enough parts for the C-141 modification program to gain and stay on schedule. I had supplied our sources with all the necessary information and requirements to fill our needs for this critical program. After trying to get all of the NAS, MS and AN Standard parts available from all the qualified sources I remembered an engineer (ole Floyd Poss) whom I had known for some time who was now working for Boeing Aircraft. The markings on Boeing MSP and probably some other small parts carry the identification logo of BAC. I called my acquaintance at Boeing, knowing that Boeing was the main one having all the manufacturers production schedules tied up, and requested that he check their MSP stock and find out if they could sell us some of their high stock quantities on hand. If they would then I could get our engineering to approve BAC parts usage to fill our shortage needs. Air Force approval would be required also. Once he told me that they would agree to sell us the quantities of our immediate needs I expedited the necessary approvals and we purchased the Boeing parts. They were identical except for the head markings. The cooperation for competitive aircraft companies under certain conditions to help is beneficial to all concerned. It works both ways. Thus utilizing all methods and sources we were beginning to catch up and meet our delivery schedules. We called back all layoffs and then had to go to new hires to fill our worker openings. Things were on the upswing again.

Unfortunately for him, the Shah was kicked out of his country (Iran) and fled to Egypt. For political reasons among others the new regime did not care for the U. S. We didn't care for them either. This happened in March of 1980. To emphasize their making a point they retained about fifty-two of our embassy people including other Americans that they could grab. As long as they retained our hostages they held the hole card. There was nothing diplomacy or negotiation could accomplish to get those people released. A few weeks after this incident I was told that certain parts had to be procured to facilitate modification of a C-130 and would be needed within ten days. I was firmly instructed that this program was restricted and highly confidential. In other words, don't discuss with anyone under any circumstances unless I was advised to do so. Except for my immediate supervisor , zip my lip.

I was given the specifications for four big bolts. They would need to be about thirty inches long, three inches in diameter and yield, stress and shear requirements were out of range of anything that I had ever purchased before. To find bolts of those specifications I would have

to look everywhere except the west side of hell. I called every source whom I thought even had a possibility of producing such. No help, except long leadtimes like six to eight weeks to produce. I finally called a small business just on a hunch to see if they had anything near those requirements. (Dutch Valley could not find anything). I hit lucky, a small business had five bolts of the required specs but they were five feet long. They had done a special job for a customer two or three years previously and had these left in stock. They could rework them and ship in three weeks, Raw parts yes, finished parts delivered , no. I called Dutch Valley and asked if they knew anyone who could rework those bolts and get them to us in a few days. Mr. Price said yes but he would have to handle it. I got in touch with engineers (approved for this effort) and asked If I could get the prints right away for the bolts. I told them the whole story about what I had found. I was asked if I thought that Dutch Valley could do the work. Most of the fastener engineers knew Dutch Valley and their reputation for quality. They did not believe that the job required to bring those bolts to our specs could be accomplished in the short period of time. If they would give approval I would worry about delivery. They sent me the prints immediately and I called Mr. Price and told him to get ready. The west coast source was instructed to take the parts to the airport in a cab and ship Jetair directly to me for ASAP delivery.

All of this action had come to a close at about 2:00 PM on a Thursday. I got the bolts for a good price for I reminded my good supplier Mr. Paul Briles of PBFasteners that my taking them from his stock would save him paying inventory tax for another three years. I never did tell Paul what the requirement was for but he would have given them to me at a good price anyway. Hell, actually I didn't know what they were for myself. The urgency of my request was good enough for him. Friday morning the parts arrived and the Dutch Valley representative was standing at the front gate. I gave him the parts and the engineering paper and told him to motor. I needed those parts finished and delivered by Monday. I called Mr. Price and he informed me (he had talked earlier with engineering to confirm the print requirements) that the parts were at his source and they were going to work twenty-four hours around the clock to guarantee that delivery date.

Those bolts had to be annealed, cut to length, rethreaded, heat treated, replated and baked. It was hard to believe that it could be done in the time required. I was a little uneasy over the weekend. I never called for a progress report. When I arrived at work Monday DV's man was waiting at the gate with the finished parts. Away they went to engineering for one of the most scrutinizing inspections I had ever seen given to an item. By noon, those parts passed all inspection and specifications and were acceptable qualitywise. I never asked Mr. Price his source and he never divulged it to me or anyone else to my knowledge. Naturally, I did not tell him what the parts would be used for as at that time I did not know. The word was that we would be ready to deliver the finished production schedule or else (what I did not know). Anyway, we paid a pretty penny for the bolts and it was worth it. It never occurred to me what type of nuts were used. Those big bolts were probably screwed right into a heavy metal backup plate.

Later I found out what the effort was for. Quite some years ago I had seen a C-130, loaded with about one hours fuel supply turn on full power (not JATO bottles) with the brakes

locked. I knew that they were testing for quick takeoff capability. With the release of the brakes that big baby jumped two feet into the air, bounced and cleared the ground in exactly 408 feet from a standstill. Since I witnessed it, it was not hard for me to believe. Because the Iranians were holding hostages of our people and were not contemplating letting them go until they were ready the powers that be deemed it necessary that we go in and get them. The problem was how, when and what with. The C-130 had presented to the world its capability to perform seemingly unnatural functions for an aircraft. I guess that is why the C-130 was selected to be the "what with" as far as method was concerned. Much more power was needed to perform this mission. The plane had eight JATO bottles (four each parachute jump door with a thrust of 14,000 pound each for thirty seconds) so they decided to add two rocket engines to the fuselage over the wheel covers to give more power. That was what the big bolts were for to attach them to with internal beefup as necessary. From what I heard the hostages were still at the American Embassy on the main drag in Tehran. This was a pretty wide street. This would be the rescue location.

This special C-130 would take off from a friendly base and pass over Iraq (we were fairly friends) dropping to 200 feet altitude into Iran radar space. They would be escorted to this point by jet fighters which would lay back at the Iranian border until the C-130 had taken off on its return. The C-130 carried three six by six trucks and I think four jeeps (possible with a tight squeeze). The jeeps carried troops with fifty caliber machineguns. The plane would fly in under the radar scopes, land on the street and stop within a quarter of a mile from the Embassy. This would occur at 2:00 AM. The vehicles would rush to the Embassy, rescue the hostages, load them into the trucks and the jeeps would lead back to the plane firing like hell into the buildings to create panic. The time limit was very short. Upon arriving at the plane the hostages would be loaded onto the plane, the vehicles would be left on the ground and the juice shot to the motors and rockets. At this moment the jet fighters would be alerted and come in to protect the return of the C-130 with no regard for the fact that this would be considered an invasion. Sound feasible?, was possible with the element of surprise. Could it have been accomplished?, Yes, what happened?. Some (deleted) character warned the Iranians and they moved the hostages the day before the raid. (Years later I would come to a conclusion to who that bastard was, right or wrong). If you can't believe or don't want to believe that is what happened, I know that it did. This was the result of President Carter's first attempt to get the hostages out of Iran. The media didn't know about the attempt before hand (that's why it was not published) so why tell about it after it was never used. The second was more of a disaster because of military stupidity, since the services do retain a high number of such people.

The last sentence in the above paragraph is harsh. Since none of the news media was sued for misinformation the story as it was told must have had a great deal of truth to it. This was an election year and the candidate for the opposition party was going to run with freeing the hostages being the main part of its platform. The choice of another attempt to free the hostages was given to the military. (With all of its few major errors we have one of the best and finest military organizations in the history of the country). They gathered all of their top guns of the services to co-ordinate the effort. This was a top security job also. From all after appearances it seems that we were going in with force and take them in a commando-type raid.

After a great takeoff (check history) C-130s and helicopters headed for Iran. I can't figure out , at 20,00 feet or so, a pilot cannot see a sandstorm approaching. They flew slapdab into the center of that sandstorm and from reports at least 75% of the aircraft were forced to land, mainly because of the damage to the engines. On the ground in the sandstorm the planes and helicopters milled around running into each other and trying to get airborne, some catching fire. (This was on television). Many were damaged to the extent that they would never fly again. (newspaper and television reports). The mission was scrapped and those that were able returned to their starting point. What happened to the wounded, the ones that were killed and the ones just left behind because of the confusion ?. What was the highest rank lost on that mission ?. The British took their C-130s into Uganda and rescued their hostages, even to bringing home two bodies of their fatalities, at night. I don't think that they had a moon let alone a sandstorm. How could a candidate for president say " If elected the hostages would be freed immediately ". They were set free the day after the new president was sworn into office.

The hanky- panky started long before the election was over. This action would cost us dearly in years to come. (Watergate who ?, What about Iran-Contragate ?). Well that's politics and the only reason mentioned here is of the lost of some fine aircraft and military personnel because of (I say again) stupidity of a few. The above happenings did not interfere with our operations so we kept going at a fast pace. That C-141 modification was rolling along.

There were occasions that some of the shop foremen were attempting to influence vendor salesmen to supply them with items direct to the work areas. This was strictly a no-no and these guys knew it. (I is a department manager and therefore I can deal directly with the source and get the job done more quickly). Lockheed, in my opinion, has always moved people (most of them good politicians) up instead of lateral or demotion when they have reached their level of competence. The point is to move them away from the authority they have screwed up to one where authority is less. (usually as assistant to some wheel) When you move a fellow from one level of responsibility and authority to a higher level just to get rid of him out of a bad situation how the hell does that improve management. It damn sure does not help the morale of his subordinates. This has happened a number of times during my career and it still continues. I couldn't give my own top management any lip (except face to face in private), but thankfully, they backed us when we were right in a disagreement with upper to divisional levels in other organizations within the company. Some people were always trying to impress others with the authority of their positions. Production managers were not in authority to tell suppliers anything of their needs. Engineers first , procurement people next and the manufacturing people accepted those decisions. Stay away from the supplier's representatives. A number of department heads had to find out the hard way. We would not pay the bills and they had to go through all the procedures because we could not receive material when it was not covered by a purchase order number. Usually, the vendor's representatives were disciplined by their companies. Our production managers, after a nudge from top management , discontinued this practice.

Following this chapter is an example of the many ways to save cost and the way it totals in the final analysis. One decent review included.

CHAPTER 19

I thought that I would never say anything about what happened during this time. Now that the period that was considered strictly security is now over I feel that this is a significant part of this story.

In 1980 that was a lot of secrecy going on about an area being established for special emphasis similar to the " Skunk Works " in Calac. We were advised not to discuss it under any circumstances. There were certain people leaving our area that we did not discuss. Sometime about May I got a call from one of my former upper managers to meet him on the shipping dock. He told me just to get up there and be there. Not to discuss it with anyone. We met and he drove me around the base and into the city and about.

He requested my complete silence on what he had to say and that it should not be repeated. It is a rough type of thing to promise this silence but it is also surprising to know how well one can adjust to zipping your mouth when it is considered necessary. I was told that because of my expertise in fasteners and the past record of doing a respectable job he was requesting that I join his crew. Coming from him this was quite a compliment. I did not know that 17 weeks of FBI and other types of investigation were in store. I accepted with glee, anything to finally get into something new.

Top management in my division were notified that upon clearance I should be released without comment. Although my current work assignment continued I started the long process of getting an AO1 security clearance. They accepted the fact that I did not know the exact date that both of my grandparents had their first sex experience but considered that they were married when my parents were born. No problems were incurred to indicate that my parents were not married when I was born. After being under the Social Security system since 1937 I was considered a good boy who had never been arrested as a child, served in the Navy during WWII with an honorable discharge, completed college with a BS (that is Bachelor of Science degree, thank you), worked for Lockheed-Ga. company for 28 years, never pissed into the wind or farted against a breeze, other items in my ancestry and that I had probably paid more taxes than was due (which was of no interest to them). All of this was taken into consideration with the information available from the 13 digital numbers that I am known under and believe it or not but I was then considered a good American with doubtful ancestry. I got the AO1 security clearance (after 17 weeks). As the newborn baby said: " I didn't do nothing ".

It is now September and I went down to the area of the new job. I parked as instructed to have my entrance interview. Before I could complete the interview I had a (inplant) parking ticket for parking in a restricted area. You don't know what a relief it is to toss a ticket to your boss (or local police chief) and say " take care of this ". I was told to report to the area the following Monday morning with the proper identification. I walked into the arena of the covert and secret world on that day.

Unless you have worked under these conditions you would not know the requirements and I will only give you a hint. You learn to button your lip. It becomes a habit and there is no stress. You don't even dream of your job after you have left for the day. You become two characters, one for work and the other for home life. As far as my neighbors were concerned I worked for Lockheed. As far as Lockheed was concerned I had quit to become an independant aircraft fastener consultant. I had two badges. My mail did not come to the plant. I had a post office box. My phone number could never be traced to Lockheed. My office phone could be divulged to my family with the order never to give it out. My phone number at home was changed to private (no phonebook listing). It would be stupid and unnecessary for me to divulge any part of the work location. You were accepted by management for your ability and knowledge and the fact investigation had proven you capable of performing the job required. I had previously learned not to assume anything and I was not convinced that a lot of other people had the required capabilities, over 90% proved to be within the exceptional group and that was a helluva high percentage.

It is a helluva thing to have to deal with prejudice everywhere one goes but the thing to remember is that the average white person (that is 80% of them) believe that they are the chosen few with all the intelligence of the world inherited. Usually, a person with a good knowledge of history will be one of the most rational people. Its hell to be stupid and not realize it. History should give a great knowledge of the accomplishments of all the people of the world. We know it does not factually present that information. I found a small degree of prejudice exhibited in some of the groups I had to work with and this was normal.

I think I have explained that the most irrational people that I have worked with are engineers. Especially the young inexperienced ones and the old know-it-alls. These comprise about 15% of the total. The balance are those type engineers who would rather be developing, reseaching and designing than being managers. I found exceptional people in engineering management positions but they were not in the majority. I think I had better leave the engineers alone or it will seem that I don't like or respect them, nothing could be further from the truth. The one good thing I will never forget is that the majority respected me and my efforts to cut cost, consistantly improve quality and deliver our product on schedule.

The value and cost of this type program is usually high and the requirements necessary to developing the security cleared people is part of the high cost. The top management of all the suppliers and their designated people had to have the same level of clearance. These were the only people we could contact at the supplier's facility. All of them had set aside areas for this type of work. The suppliers were well versed and experienced in this type of work over many years. We had the same expert category in our R&D departments.

We really hustled at our jobs and the program was making schedule and quality but cost was something no one seemed to emphacize too much. I have two more incidents to relate dealing with certain engineers that I have described (indicated, in my opinion, as the stupid ones). The first was a young fellow who was "gungho" in his efforts. His attitude was snotty and one of the buyers had already cussed him out. He brought me a piece of paper with a rectangle drawn in the center of it. He dropped it on the deak and said buy 200 each right away and he

wanted a 3/16th hole drilled in the center. He walked back to his area. There were no dimensions as to length, thickness, the location of the hole and no alloy callout. I looked at it and wondered 200 each of what ?. I went to his desk in engineering and requested more information and what would be the use of the item. He said he knew what he wanted and he was the "Goddamn engineer" (heard that one before too) but if I was too stupid to purchase it then he would do my job and (with a big laugh to impress his buddies) I could do his. I told him that if I did not know my job any better than he indicated that he knew his I be damned if I wanted his job. I did not bother to consult him on any more engineering requirements. I wonder if he ever got his rectangles.

The other was with a high level character who was the top boss in his division of engineering. I knew his background but I don't feel that it is necessary to mention. He was highly thought of by his flunkies. The other people just did their jobs. He had the habit of intimidating and insulting his subordinates and others on many occasions due to his position. I inherited the opportunity of going to a top level shortage and schedule meeting with my boss where this character was officating. He always looked with contempt upon anyone other than engineers. He made the statement "that if the sorry procurement department got off their asses and got deliveries in on time we would not have the behind schedules that we face". My boss turned red in the face and did not say anything. The all of a sudden that voice that I usually recognize as my own after the fact burst forth " If you goddamn engineers would let us know what you want yesterday we probably could have it on dock today !". The silence that followed would not indicate what rat wet cotton. I was never invited to another top level shortage meeting (what a relief). But I would miss increasing my glossary of excuses.

I received a bunch of drawings indicating the plumbing (I bought that also) required on our bird. Enthused that I knew the exact source that could supply same (with all clearances) I eagerly jumped forward to make contact. After sending the prints and specifications and requesting earliest delivery the contract was placed. The first error I made was not checking the prints myself. Remember that I had taught blueprints at Lockheed years ago and also worked with R&D engineers on the B-1 Bomber wing slats and other engineering areas. It should be but seldom utilized for every person working on the aircraft check the quality of all the work done previous to commencing their own job portion. I had made a habit of doing this most of the time. The source broke a few production records and sent the beautiful top quality parts to us. The parts were highly acceptable for they were made perfect to the prints we had sent them. They would have made good plumbing installations in the governor's mansion or the Taj Mahal but were not worth a damn for our requirement. The parts were twice the size needed. We paid for the engineering error and the supplier's production.

A lot of thinking and vapors were evident but they came from hell raising. The prints were given a complete going over and the new prints were ready in a few days. I rushed those out to the supplier and they cut loose again and expedited production and delivered the parts in little over a week. This was the result of around the clock effort. The parts received were suitable for the city hall but not our bird. We again paid for the engineering effort plus that of the source. I went to another high level management meeting. My second boss was fed up so he made a clear cut request. He looked at me and said " Hap, what will it take for us to get the

right parts in here immediately ?". Damn if everybody didn't look at me. I told him that I needed engineering to correct the prints and they should immediately, give them to me with a design engineer (I requested by name) and we would take them to the supplier. This was on a Friday and we intended to leave on Sunday as to get an early start first thing Monday morning. This they committed to and we went to transportation for tickets, etc. Engineering made the flight request for their man and my department did likewise for me. They arranged for their man to leave Sunday morning at 11:00 AM at \$808.00 for the round trip. Since materiel has always been cost conscious my reservation was to leave on the redeye special Sunday night for \$404.00 roundtrip. What was he supposed to do ?. Wait for me in the airport. He admitted that he had never been to California before. Hell naw ! , we would fly together so both of us went on the 11:00 AM flight, naturally an L1011. When one forgets to wipe his backside it isn't too embarrassing to be informed that a certain smell is resulting. It is embarrassing to go to the engineering of a supplier and admit that your own engineering department is knee deep in it. The engineer that went with me changed any impressions that they may have formed. By the way there was no crack in the runway upon our arrival. Fortunately, the supplier recognized our dilemma and put all effort in giving us what we needed. We were able to bring the parts back with us and through a lot of effort we regained schedule.

I will mention one more thing about that experience. We heard this on the grapevine. Quite often that grapevine has some truth in it. It seems that on a test flight our bird was released two or three seconds after it's computerized schedule. It immediately made a 180 degree turn and headed to the rear and made another 180 degree turn at the point that it should have been released and headed for it's target. As the release plane followed , it covered over over fifty miles and hit the fifty foot outlined target area within an acceptable range. This is the way it was told to us. Man very seldom understands fully the level of the art he develops in the things he sometimes creates. The result of that developement is what you see and hear about in the skies today. As the song goes " that sounds just like a lie ". It was nice to think that we had accomplished something that could do that. If you expect me to tell you what it was you have very high expectations. In later years one of our most potent aerial weapons sure did look like a fullsize version of what we were working on.

I had another of my wild experiences on this job. I was sitting in my chair at my desk and all of a sudden the whole room started to spin. I had experienced this sensation a couple of times previously but not to this extent. I clamped my eyes tightly shut and held on to the chair. I felt nauseated but not too sick. I told the guy next to me to call medics. This he did and told them that I was having a heard attack. Funny how a lot of people think of a heart attack first. Since I had , at one time, bought most of the medical supplies for that unit they immediately recognized my name and made a real rush to get to me. No doctor was with the ambulance but a nurse and one of the top paramedics were in that vehicle. I knew both of them real well. Normal security was reduced and they took me and the chair to the ambulance. Upon reaching the medical department one of the doctors I also knew was ready and waiting. My eyes were clamped shut and I was still spinning. He recognized vertigo often caused by inner ear infection and gave me a mild sedative and told me to try and sleep. He came back in thirty minutes and asked me how I felt. I felt real good and normal. I remained there for about two

hours. He gave me some antibiotics and told me to go home if I wanted to do so . I went back to work. This was , in my opinion, the first indication of the trouble I would experience caused by the lost of hearing I was having in my left ear.

I made several trips with my supervisor to the west coast. We never sat in adjoining seats nor did we give any recognition of each other. I remember the time we went to LA together and upon deplaning one of those skinheaded deciples of something stepped in his face and shouted “ Do you believe in war ? “. He ignored him and kept on walking. The fellow stepped in front of me and shouted the same thing in my face. For some stupid reason, may have been his bad breath, I shouted “ Hell yes !” right into his face and almost bumped him. Since it seemed that I was the only one who had answered him it drew attention. The little incident was over in a matter of seconds but later my boss asked me why did I do that. I did not have a good reason for my action. If I had been by myself I probably would have knocked hell out of him. I don't think anyone would expect a .007 to do that so I never forgot my role after that.

Since I had freedom to travel whenever it was necessary (I made the decision to travel most of the time) I had never been on extended trips where one had to be careful with that great amount of change that you were given for per diem. My supervisor gave me all the dope on how to utilize that few change to it's fullest. When we went to the west coast we always got the best (not the most expensive) hotel accommodations. You had to figure out how to get what you needed to eat with the your limited funds. He knew of a diner near our hotel (a railroad car type) where we could get a good breakfast for about \$2.50 (believe it or not in California). This included two eggs, two strips of bacon, two small sausage patties, orange juice, coffee, toast, jelly and Grit (better known as grits in the south) with toast upon request (yeah man !). At the hotel this breakfast being half of what we got started at \$7.50 and up. For lunch we stopped at Arby's and got the beef sandwich and a milkshake for about \$2.50. We were staying at the corner of Wilshire Blvd. and Riverside Dr. in Santa Monica when I found out the best place in all California to eat dinner.

Ben (my boss) met me in the lobby and said we were going to dinner. This was our first day on the coast. We walked out to the street and he stopped. He asked me if I noticed anything interesting. I looked up and down the street, over the cliff at the beach and the ocean and then the park. I told him of the things that I noticed. He told me to keep looking. I did not know what he was talking about so I put my experience of observation into work. The only thing I had not mentioned was the number of senior citizens walking south on the street. He said “good, let's follow them”. We slowly walked along with the old folks for about a block and a half. I noticed they all turned into a garden-like place that turned out to be an open air restaurant. There were umbrella covered tables that had small heaters inside at the top of the umbrellas. We followed the line and went into a regular cafeteria. The choice of food was almost unlimited. I got two slabs of roast beef 4x5x1/4 inch thick. (every where else you got one piece). Ben had something that looked like a half of a baked turkey. Their portions were oversize, their salads were made at your request and this included the beverage. I said to myself, this is gonna cost a leg but I will eat on the hog's backbone for this one time. We got to the checkout cashier and my dinner rang up at \$6.50 and Ben's was \$6.00 (I had beer and he had tea). I found out how to learn the good places to eat, follow the old folks. That may

be why old folks like California and look healthier, especially if there are other food places like this one.

A lot of interesting things happened like the time I had to have my nose opened up as I was having difficulty breathing. The nose had been broken back in 1951 (an automobile wreck) and I had straightened it myself with a right hook by me. The septum had been a little out of place for a long time. During the operation there was a “ secret service man “ observing to make sure while under the anesthetic I did not give away any classified secrets. The only thing I noticed was that I lost a lot of blood and used a heap of oxygen. One Saturday I had all of my teeth pulled and replaced with plates during the same operation and was back to work the following Monday. Since I would be asleep and the dental surgeon would have my mouth full of hands it was not necessary to make sure I might divulge any secrets.

We were told not to walk fast between our buildings as this would draw attention . Who ?. They said that the Russians had a satellite directly over our location and were monitoring each and every move. That was a little hard to take. (I had seen some odd looking stuff going on in California opposite the Skunk Works at a so called camera shoppe across the street. They had a video type lens sticking from between the blinds on the second floor and taking pictures of the whole location, who went in and out. Our attitude seemed to be to ignore them by being careful going in and out and maybe they would think we did not know that they were there.) It had to be true about the satellite for we heard one morning that the night before there was a distress signal that a plane was down in the vicinity of the plant. It seems no one, The CAP or military had picked up that distress signal. A call came in to the local authorities from Washington, D.C. alerting them to the fact that a plane was down near the Bear Creek area (not too far from the plant). The government had received a call from the Russian Embassy indicating that they had evidence to believe that an aircraft was down in that vicinity. Investigation discovered a small aircraft at a small landing area near Bear Creek with a shortage or something happening that caused the mayday signal to go off. Since our alert systems had indicated nothing how did the Russians know. The satellite, boss, the satellite !!!

After three years it was required to move this program back to the west coast. A few of the people , including the director, went to the west coast. Those remaining were absorbed back into the regular work force. We were debriefed (which means that you were told to forget everything that you knew and never mention where or what you did, or somebody would beat hell out of you) and sent back, mostly, into our old work areas. Fortunately, by performing a decent job at the above duties my salary increase over the two and one half years totaled \$102.00 per week. At the rate I was doing , in the old work place, it would have taken almost five years to attain that size increase.

CHAPTER 20

With some regret I went back to my old group. The aircraft industry is one where you maintain your employment as a salaried person by your performance. You have no seniority, unless you came up through the hourly ranks. From my attitude of doing the best job that you can I have been able over the years to remain employed. A lot of people hold their jobs by their ability to become the best yes-man, better known without hesitation as brown nosers (ass kissers). An employer appreciates the person that will take a management decision and act upon it even after stating to management (face to face) that in his opinion, based upon experience, that it may not work. Never fear to make that opinion known to your boss. A real manager knows that he does not know all the minute details of an operation and the ones who realize this will appreciate knowledgeable employees stating so. This is done in an informational way and not as a reflection on the boss's intelligence. Then there are some people so ignorant or impressed with their position that they may not appreciate this approach so just let them know that you are doing what you have been told. They will blame you anyway if its wrong.

Upon arrival in the old group I was told to report to a person that I had helped to train as the first woman buyer in our group. None of the other buyers wanted to help her in any form or manner because of her attitude and they let it be known. Realizing the pressure she was undergoing I requested that I give her about one third of my desk volume (still about fourteen million bucks) and train her in the procurement of MSP. She was as sweet as molasses until she learned about 50% of what she needed to know then she got hateful as hell. She became the "Whiz buyer" although that was not the name by which she was called (not to her face). I was not the only one who helped her and she turned on the others in a like manner. The two and a half years or so while I was on special assignment she was promoted to Purchasing Agent or supervisor (How?, don't ask me). The bosses that be (or so they told me) said she had specifically asked that I be put in her group as she now had ALL of the MSP under her supervision and my experience would be an asset to her group. Of all the desks in the group she had one that should not have been there at all. This desk consisted of electrical wiring, electronic devices, certain black boxes and other similar types that did not fall into the category of MSP under no circumstances. She did not know from Eve's housecat about any of these items. This was the desk that she assigned to me.

She was an agitator and nitpicker over situations that she knew nothing about and had no mechanical ability nor understanding at all. Her greatest problem in my opinion, was an inferiority complex. She not only hurt me, she hurt so many young people who would have made valuable employees to Lockheed if it had not been for her. We lost some excellent potentials when several of those young people quit. (All of the young people had college degrees and one had an MBA degree). Since upper management seemed to be in a bind to retain her I eventually got away from her supervision in a rather dramatic circumstance which I will not describe and she will not be mentioned again unless it is absolutely necessary. At the end of this chapter is a handwritten request for help that I had to write for the first time since becoming a buyer. All other times I could ask for help verbally because the situation was not as critical as the position I found myself in working for her.

This is a time which I considered the most stressful of the many I experienced in my career at Gelac. It was downright stupid. The volume on the desk was gradually increased and became almost impossible to maintain. The handwritten note mentioned in the last paragraph spells out the problems I was trying to resolve. I got an appointment with the President of the division for an interview and we talked of some of my problems and the fact that I had been overlooked many times for advancement. The main issue discussed was the possibility of an advancement or promotion based on my seniority and record. I now had thirty-one years with the Lockheed-Ga. division company. No one between me and the president (called proper channels) to my knowledge had ever put my name to the management selection committee (except in 1953) for promotion. If it ever was then, as I later found out a high percentage of my records were missing in the package presented to the committee. I suspected two characters who were capable of doing such and I would almost swear that they did. Not a goddamned thing was heard from the interview with the president, not even an answer or acknowledgement that it ever took place. 'Nuff said.

I negotiated a large requirement of electrical wiring that we had been purchasing by lots to be manufactured at one time and held by the source until needed and then shipped. This gave us the advantage of paying the volume price and only paying (the volume price) for the quantity shipped at intervals. It saved the supplier production time and unnecessary paperwork to the both of us. The nitpicker tried to take it apart and I went to the department manager and got it approved. My cost reduction report was never filed. The savings totaled over \$25,000.00.

The media and the public always got a big kick out of the cost of certain items purchased for aircraft. These cost were elevated mainly because of the method used by the DOD in establishing the specifications for every item required. There were some manufacturers that just went and bought what the DOD specs called for without double checking. Here are some prime examples that just about everyone is familiar with from media reports:

(1) P/N 446 - Manual Impounding tool. Specifications as to wood, metal, width and length, weight and contact design. Cost: \$275.00 each. Known to all of us as a hammer. Available at the nearest hardware store for about \$7.95 each.

(2) P/N 44331 - Sanitation System Cover Unit. Specs as to wood or metal, width and length based on the average rearend measurements, hardware specs (hinges and screws), weight, finish (anti-corrosive paint) and limited "G" (gravity) rating. Cost : \$725.00 each. Known to all of us as a toilet seat cover. Available at the nearest hardware store at about \$12.00 to \$18.00 each. The anti-corrosive paint can be added but the gravity rating would have to be eliminated.

(3) P/N S@#L*U#P21 - Bev/Soup heating unit for the crew quarters on the C-5A. Specs include the metal, the electrical connections, the bulkhead fixtures, temperature controls, volume or capacity, weight and the ability to withstand " 12 Gs ". (This is a fact for I was asked to buy this unit, a human can't live at 12 Gs) Cost: \$700.00 each. You won't find this in no hardware store. This item stands alone as it's activated status (electrical, etc) requires certain controls and co-ordination with the overall systems. Our technological expertise should

enable us to produce it (low volume usage) at about \$225.00 each which is a helluva price to pay for a water heater or oversized coffee pot.

This one won't rate a number but we were required to change the electrical plugs on the C-5A because some four star general's English made electric shaver would not fit the available outlets on the plane.

There is a cost reduction report at the end of this chapter that indicates one of the many things a conscientious buyer can do to reduce cost on the end product. Cost savings can be found in some of many places. Don't confuse a Pitch Trim Handle with that on a hoe or ax. This is a very important part of the flight control system of an aircraft. I thought that the price we were paying was too much. With the help of the organizations within the company, that we serve, it is possible to get any information that is usually available somewhere. This report found at the end of this chapter reflects the results of this effort.

Earlier I had gone to the assistant director of materiel and asked him to pull my folder so we could review it with the intent of finding information that reflected that what I had in my records were comparable. We found that there was a sheet supposedly indicating that it was the produced copies of my training record. It stated that I had three training courses (this was 1983) during my time at Gelac. One of the courses it stated was " How to build an aeroplane ". Even an uninformed fool would know we were not talking about model aircraft. The other two were seemingly just as simple. This was the sheet that had been sent to the Management Selection Committee, not the whole folder. The big boss agreed that that was what happened with the information he had at hand. I had a good friend who built model aeroplanes for Gelac. It took him nine months of training and they used his models in the wind tunnels. (Hello, O.P.Burns).

Strangely, all of the certificates I had earned were in my folder, including many cost reduction awards. The procedure of sending a record to the MSC was to get a computer printout of one's record so that all pertinent information would be easily available to the reviewer. What some exceptional bastard had done was sent the printout as outlined in the previous paragraph. The most insulting part was that I had a certificate from Cobb County Vocational School indicating that I had completed sixty hours of instruction in reading blueprints dated 4-30-56. The only training I have had in blueprints is the interpretation of blueprints, not just to read them. This certificate was signed by the head of the Gelac training department. His last name is the same as mine. (Hopefully no kin). At the time I was supposed to be taking this training course at CCV I was actually teaching blueprints (Primary through Advanced design) in the training department at Gelac with a Cobb County Vocational Teacher's permit effective for one year dated 7-1-55 and expiring 7-1-56 (temporary certification, time limited). I taught for almost a year and a copy of those two items is at the end of this chapter. I made a copy of my original permit and gave to the boss and watched him insert it into my folder. The Assistant Director wanted to know what the hell was going on. I told him that I was finding out a lot of crap that I had no idea was being carried out. There had been a ceiling put on my progress within the company for many years. There was nothing the boss could do or attempt to do. I had been standing behind the fan for many years and never realized it. I decided that the wheel still rolled and from time to time all I had to do was wait and watch a whole bunch of

characters get their turn to be smashed in one form or the other. At least that is better than shooting up a bunch of characters as I felt like doing. I have lived long enough to see most of them take their turn under that wheel. As silly as it may sound, I went back and retrieved my hip pocket salt that I had left when I was working under the security and placed it back in its position.

A few weeks later the Assist. Dir. sent me a form he was considering using to make employee evaluations and asked me to fill it out and return it to him as soon as possible. A copy of my answer is attached to this chapter just as I wrote it.

I had a conference with the fellow sitting in for the assistant director (on vacation) and we discussed the issue man to man (lay it on the line, no holds barred) concerning the situation with my "Whiz-bang" supervisor. I was told to go and take two weeks vacation and when I return to take my desk, lock, stock and barrel to another buying group and report to the purchasing agent there. The new purchasing agent was a guy named Joe. Joe was a supervisor I had worked for sometime previously and we had turned out the group raising hell with each other and I was moved from his group. Over the years since we had gotten to know each other real well and learned to respect each other and it was no problem to work for Joe (we understood each other). We got along well for the months I worked for him.. Joe called together his group and introduced me giving my background and suggested if they ran into problems to consult me as I had experience in practically all procurement methods and materials. (After 32 years somebody was expressing that I probably had experience and was now qualified). He asked me when time was available to take some of the younger buyers over and walk them through the manufacturing plant to familiarize them with the areas in which their procurement items were being used including the more complete aircraft so they could see their parts on the actual aircraft. I developed confidence in Joe and worked my usual hard hours and did a good job. I liked for Joe to get a raise for then I would get one also.

During this time Joe moved up to another lateral position and my new boss (dept, mgr.) was a young fellow about 15 years my junior. I had known him for some years but he had never done anything overly impressive to my knowledge. But here he was. He did impress me with his first department meeting in which he said that he expected each member to do his/her job, to come to him with problems, do the things we were experienced in and get the job done. This indicated to me that he was letting everyone know that he did not know everything about all the operations. If you ever get a new boss who gives the impression that he knows it all, beware !. I later learned of some of his prejudices and his lack of rationalization that I could not accept according to his level of intelligence. Everyone has a problem with the atmosphere which they grew up under. I think over the years he grew with the experiences he was having and would have. He did express an appreciation for my ability to do a good job and my overall knowledge and this was appreciated.

My next supervisor (purchasing agent) was a young fellow about twenty-seven years old who was the biggest bullshitter I had ever run across. He had a big mouth (bigger than mine) twice the size of his brain. This guy could open his mouth at the most inopportune times recorded. Ninety percent of the time he didn't know what the hell he was talking about. In

other words, he was of that class of ignoramuses who knew everything while espousing nothing. I won't even guess how he got the position. His type has been described in earlier chapters. He agitated everyone with his fountain of knowledge and manner in which things were to be done. Those of us not completely bulldozed just kept quiet. I knew damn well that I would not be able to have some dumb ass telling me how to run my job so that made me the exception as usual. This boils down to the fact that we just did not get along with each other. He was the boss but it was hell trying to carry out his decisions. Actually, he gave the younger people hell but seemed to hold off on me so the explosion would come later.

My new office mate was a little lady of the Jewish faith who was right out of school (college) and on her first job. She was as cute as a little button. Being a little shy she was making every effort to prove capable of doing the job. You have to appreciate the joy of having a new employee to train knowing nothing of the procedures and methods required to be a good buyer. You can start with from scratch with the basics of character, principles, honesty and integrity that are the priorities of a good buyer. You can teach the basics of quality, reliability, delivery and cost. A person like this had not had the chance of having an attitude spoiled by the association with the slicks of the profession (it is a profession). I had her to listen to me when I would be discussing delivery or quality with a supplier who was behind schedule. I taught her the proper aircraft language when it was necessary to emphacize a condition. I taught her the manner to distinguish between truth and bullshit from a supplier representative when discussing problems. I taught her everything I knew about the product she was purchasing. (I don't have to brag and say it was very little that I did not know about just about everything Materiel bought). I took her into the shop and showed her the items she purchased and their location on the aircraft and the importance of her job to the overall product.

I told her that she was somebody and not to fear anyone once she learned her job requirements. I told her that I would rather hear her use profanity (The aircraft type) than ever to see her cry after a tough phone conversation. I advised when to cancel a purchase order for failure to deliver when committed and place with the next highest bidder who had stock and document same. She became a very efficient buyer and had confidence in herself. There were other young ladies brought into the larger department who did not have this type of training. I tried to help all of the young buyers coming into the department as there were certain basics that one needed that just weren't laying around. They all did well but not in the time that our little lady (FAY) did,

I went into the office one day and she was crying. I jumped her and was giving her hell about what I had said about crying. She told me that this stupid supervisor of ours had been riding her lately and had made some remarks which became known as sexual harrassment later on. I asked her what did she intend on doing about it. She said that she did not want to cause any trouble. I told her to tell me if any other incidences occurred and to tell me everything said. I went into my supervisor's office and made this short statement: " I want you to lay off of my office mate. I'm not going to say a goddamn thing more. You understand exactly what I'm talking about so it stops right now, understood ?". He looked at me sort of stunned and I walked out before he could answer. No more crap was given to my little partner after that. I

told her what I had done and if it ever occurred again I wanted to be the first to know. Things rolled along a little smoother. After all I was about 59 and she was about 23 and I had never had a daughter.

Review time rolled around and this super-dupper supervisor gave everyone their reviews. (performance review) except me. He told me he wanted to see me at the end of the shift. I went into his office after everyone had left and he handed me my review. It was the lowest graded review that I had received in over twenty years. Everything reflecting on my ability was marked " usually meets requirements ". I looked at that bunch of bullshit indicating that I needed further training, more experience and a change of attitude for my grades to be higher. This was from a character that had never read my folder and knew nothing of my history with Lockheed and was giving me grades according to his stupid interpretation of where I belonged. He had the audacity to try and give me reasons for his grading. What he was trying to say was that I did not brown-nose (kiss ass) to his satisfaction. Well , this was no lady supervisor and I had said that any man that showed this level of ignorance I would probably kick his ass until his nose bled. I took the review, balled it up and threw it on his desk and told him to ram it up his ass. I had worked at Lockheed-Ga. years before he was born and this snotnose was telling me how I was rated and I'm supposed to say "yas-sur" and believe that crap. I told him I would see him on Monday morning in the manager's office.

I went to the manager's office with about 1/2 inch of resume type information The manager had known me for some time but not too well. I told him that if I had to take that type of BS after all of these years then I would just check back out to manufacturing. He knew that was a lie for I would have thrown more crap into the fan than it had ever experienced. Within five minutes after he heard my complaint and read the information I had furnished him I had a new supervisor. Note the discrepancies between the review ratings and the comments on the copy of a new review The super supervisor was around a few more months but finally rammed his foot so deep in his own mouth that he got the opportunity to resign rather than be fired. No one missed him.

My new supervisor was a young kid that was born about four years after I started working for Lockheed. I now had seniority of over 33 years. I don't know where he came from for I can't remember seeing him around the division. I don't bite my tongue by saying that he was someone's prodigy (I knew later) and was able to move on up the ladder. I have no objection to a person that has that opportunity when they are capable and have ambition with common sense. Very few who get this opportunity have the other qualifications. This fellow seemed to possess those characteristics. He came into my office and stated that he had little knowledge of his responsibilities, the product lines and asked my help in familiarizing him with the problems. What the hell do you tell a person who admits his shortcomings. At least he admits his capabilities and asked for help. I recognized him as being smart as hell or completely honest. He proved to be honest and I eventually recognized him as being smart as hell also (I never recognized the brown-nosing syndrone) and he got my wholehearted support. My days of working with and for him were considered ones that were very pleasant. I know he recognizes his position always had my support.

CHAPTER 21

The department manager and my new supervisor came to my office and informed me that I would take the desk of managing the support of our Air National Guard, what Military (Navy and Coast Guard mainly) requirements and all Foreign Customers as to their warranties, maintenance and repair needs. This did not seem too great until I realized that the Air National Guard was from the east coast to the Mississippi river, the Military everywhere in the world and about fifty four foreign countries utilizing our aircraft. The aircraft was the C-130 and the C-140 including the Jetstars. This support included everything that was on these airplanes. The maintenance kits, repair kits, items like brakes, tires, small assembly spares, generators, cables, electrical harnesses and light bulbs, all flight instruments, assemblies pertaining to troop seats, those requirements for cargo handling, glass, control cables, pilot compartment accessories, toilet seats (yeah !!), tool kits, life rafts, survival kits, sanitation kits, life jackets, and every damn thing else including the most important , the engines.

There had been about three buyers doing this job in a rather unreliable manner so here I was again, because of previous experience, being given the opportunity to take on all of this load. How many times would I get such marvelous opportunities. This seemed to be getting close to number ten. Take advantage of all opportunities and you will get ahead. As Paul would so eloquently have said " Horse Feathers !! ". (By the way, Paul is now a Purchasing Agent after many years and he earned his long ago also). Actually, I am a glutton for punishment and I get a kick (self satisfaction) out of knocking out challenges.

After almost thirty-three years of ulcers, hemorrhoids, high blood pressure, stress problems a blocked artery in the heart, four or five operations and two bouts with cancer (fortunately both benign), having been bar-b-que'd plus a set of new teeth here I am with the opportunity to prove my ability. It is to my own advantage that I have ignored all of these ailments with proper medical treatment. I give the credit to my belief that the mind is the open door to God. Therefore mind over matter is my most religious belief. Put physical problems out of your mind, let the body take care of itself and believe in God. He will take care of all of your problems. Try it. The scars left in certain places always seem to amaze doctors. Doctors don't seem to realize that most of the medicines they prescribe have been here all the time. The best medicine is to go to the Source. Then you go to the doctor with the ability to describe your ailment.

Have you ever seen a C-130 engine flown into a mideast sand storm ? Have you ever known of a Jetstar flown beyond the time specified on the forward energizers (or whatever ?). What about all of the other flight safety items past their maintenance or replacement time?. Have you realized that the customer requires immediate replacement ? Oh, its alright that they failed to monitor the maintenance schedules. They need the damn part now to sustain flight operations. They are losing money and it's the manufacturers fault. Remember the guarantee ?. What the hell, the damn tires wore out regardless of the cargo weights carried and the braking required to stop. The altimeter indicates that I am flying ten feet under water and I damn well know by eyesight that I'm at 10,000 feet. Boy, howdy !! We were flying at 22,000 feet and lightning struck the left outboard engine and the only thing left is the engine support.

When are you going to replace the engine ? (That actually happened). We haul a lot of cattle in our aircraft and the urine has corroded the floorboards, when can we expect replacements ? Some of the oil equipment broke loose and damaged the side panels on our C-130, when can your field representative repair same ? Sounds crazy ? Remove what humor may have been inserted but leave the emphasis and those above give you some indication of the complaints we receive.

Now consider the fact that this desk is also responsible for ground handling equipment. These include the work stands, the gurneys, the tugs and all of their maintenance, the tug engines and everything else required for aircraft maintenance on the ground. Think of anything that is necessary to maintain the ground handling equipment in top shape (including new units when required) and you are running one helluva garage and stock shop. Every requirement for this equipment comes across this desk. Someone was trying to kill me and I was falling for it or there was one helluva lot of confidence placed in me and I was trying to confirm it. If there was a reward for this volume of work being accomplished by one person damn if I ever realized what it was.

The purpose of this desk (and it should have been at least two buyers) was to support all of the requisitions and keep those planes in operation for our customers. With the support of our repair sources and the original suppliers we were able to satisfy most of the needs on an expedited basis. Without the help of our different support organizations and the knowledgeable people involved none of this would have been possible. It is a great relief to talk to support people with experience and knowing what can be done in a given time limit. You won't find a bunch of idiots in these organizations telling bosses what they would like to hear. The bosses get the facts from their field people. The character that threatens and intimidates thinking that a miracle will occur is a fool. Communication is the greatest tool available and as long as communication is in effect customers recognize the effort being made to solve their problems. We had so many fine repair shops developed to handle our requirements that I won't attempt to name them. Any aircraft and repair company person reading this, and remembering me, I say your efforts and help will never be forgotten.

Although I had dealt with many fine companies over the years who had exhibited those qualities of principles, honesty and integrity that I looked for in my sources there was one that simply amazed me. The C-130 (all models) were powered by the T56 turbo prop engine manufactured by the Allison Division of General Motors Corp. Detroit, Michigan. In comparison with the big radial engines of the pre-jet types this was a very streamlined smaller type of the transition period (propeller turbo jet). Our goal and theirs was to produce an engine that developed one horsepower to one pound of weight. If I remember correctly the weight of the original engine was 1750 pounds. The horsepower was a little less. Quite a few years ago the weight of the engine was 1833 pounds and the horsepower (this is 1983) was 4050. For more detailed information on this superb engine I suggest that you read " The Long Arm of America " by Martin Caiden. This is something to be proud of by the manufacturer and the customer. Of all the aircraft we produce and sell , the customers have their own maintenance crews, trained by Lockheed and the manufacturers. The major overhauls are done by Lockheed or the unit manufacturer.

Allison had all the capability to overhaul and maintain their engines. When an engine shows up with a certain type of damage they request that the engine be sent back to the main plant for diagnosis and disposition. They have samples of soil from all parts of the world and classified as to damage that can be done by the different types of soil. They have accumulated evidence and information to almost tell where the aircraft has flown in the world without reaching a state of teardown and analysis of the complete engine and it's components. They have sales engineers (so has Lockheed) around the world servicing the aircraft that uses their engines. They once sent me a list of soil from around the world with the physical and chemical characteristics of each sample and the location from which it was obtained. When an engine was returned for analysis and repair I was sent pictures of the component parts and the damage done to each indicating what had caused the breakdown. The physical damage caused by foreign objects (especially soil) was the same as fingerprints. During this time a new engine cost about \$800,000.00 each. If the repair cost were beyond \$375,000.00 usually the damaged engine would be replaced with a new engine. Normally, the repair was much less than this amount but any components found worn to a certain degree and still under warranty were replaced with new parts. Once the customer's engine went for repair he always got back a practically new engine with full warranty on all parts. Engines were damaged by other things rather than soil and sand. FOG (foreign objects on the ground-runways) was a big problem also.

Remember when I noted that I had bought nuts of all sizes, pea and gravel rock, ducks, chickens, geese, turkeys and several items indicating practically any type of object that would hit the windshield and other parts of the aircraft. These were used also to test damage done to turbo and jet engines when ingested in flight or on the ground. (Don't stand behind the fan-Jet that is). You could get splattered with all of that crud. A firm cost could not be made until an engine had gone through all of the inspection procedures. As stated above, I would receive a brochure of pictures of the damaged parts showing extent of damage to each part to be replaced, parts being replaced under warranty and a cost breakdown for the complete repair of components replaced. You talk of documentation, I had it. We got a large number of engines from the Middle East and North Africa with sand damage to the engines. After initially bidding several companies having the capabilities to repair C-130 engines, considering estimated unit repair cost and availability of component engine parts, leadtimes and overall low bid I decided that Allison was the most competitive and better qualified being the manufacturer of the T56 Engine. The resulting quality, reliability, delivery and cost proved my choice to be the best. At Gelac we install quality components and deliver a quality product. If you have a problem you send us our aircraft engine which we sold to you and we will return the engine to the manufacturing source who sold it to us and you will receive your engine back in the original quality guaranteed in a timely manner. We also sold the spare engines to replace those out of service plus spare parts galore.

There are a number of small business shops who keep our customers supplied with reworked and reparable components. Their workers consist of veterans with experience from the military who maintained , in the field, the operation of aircraft under the most severe conditions. A very high percentage of these aircraft were always ready for the battle or the

performance of their missions. These men and women knew the value of reliability, We were fortunate to develop these sources for the services we needed. I am happy to say that none (if any) ever let us down . It is surprising to talk to the workers in these small facilities and experience the level of knowledge and the attitude that just passing is not good enough. The other part is that most of management of these sources are younger than the workers. Some shops have the father (usually the founder) as the general manager taking care of the full operation of the work force and quality/reliability and the sons and daughters handling sales, bookkeeping and customer relations. The work force consist of people averaging about twenty years or better of experience each. The level of rapport between the group (about fifteen people) is exceptional. No major decisions seem to be made concerning operations without the input of the workers. Even when there are only ten people involved the unit is a team. You do not receive poor quality from such companies. They have the same problems of getting components as every one else but usually are able to meet their commitments. When necessary some of these little repair shops have had their salesmen bring parts to the plant to make their schedules. This helps to guarantee that we make our schedules. A good buyer never forgets such service.

I intend to talk about the small suppliers more later. The time is here that it is necessary that I talk to military people. I can't switch them off to our military sales people. It is much better to talk to Tech-sergeants and Master-sergeants than it is to Second Lieutenants any day. Sergeants are more knowledgeable than officers any day (well most of them). Sergeants run the military stock facilities and know what is what. Officers have a tendency to tell you what they need, when they need it and request what you had better do to deliver it. Sergeants tell you what they need, the criticality of the need and request how soon can you deliver. There is a difference. You can tell an officer " yes sir " and get rid of him. He had scared the crap out of you.. You give the sergeant the full story and he awaits your return call with the good information. I deal with people in the know.

If a shortage is real critical (all military shortages are critical) I will call other bases around the country and almost always find the part in someone's stock, especially if it is interchangeable between aircraft. The bases call each other at times like these but my finding the part always helps. I will tell the sergeant to borrow the part and repay them upon receipt of their part from Gelac as soon as I get it. The big deal is traceability by serial numbers and paperwork etc. This saves a lot of anxiety and builds a good rapport with the Air National Guard people. This is similar with the other divisions of the military customers that fall under my responsibility.

Dealing with our foreign customers who have aircraft mostly for their commercial use rather than military needs is another story. Actually , they use them for whatever they want to use them for. I do not deal directly with these customers because I could never learn all of the different languages required to communicate. Those that do have English speaking representatives I will sometimes communicate with, otherwise all communication is accomplished through our service and sales representatives that are usually within these areas or within close contact on notice. Once I called one of our representatives in Hong Kong and

had him to ship a hot shortage to Tiawan. I never had to bother other people to find out my contacts all over the world, I looked them up before hand.

I never met a representative in the field who was not also an engineer. As before my main communication problems always occurred when I would (believe it or not) get direct calls from some general in a foreign country, speaking through an interpreter (both on the line) and raising hell and the poor interpreter scared to death. The interpreter could not get a word in edgewise and from the tone of the general's voice I knew damn well he was calling me everything but what I was. Once this happened with a call from a South American customer with the interpreter (a young woman) being in Miami and we were on a three-way connection. That character raised enough hell for the interpreter to start crying. Me being the diplomat that I was told the lady to tell the general that I did not know what the hell he was talking about and I could not understand her. I told her to tell him that he was double whatever he was calling me and to contact his local Gelac representative. I then said, respectfully, goodbye and hung up. The officer and gentleman must have cooled off and followed my instructions for I never heard from that particular person again. Whenever the communications were good and I was not threatened or intimidated by some obnoxious character operations flowed like water over glass. One thing is for sure, we met the request and requirements of our customers as expeditiously as possible. I never let one person upset my record of giving immediate service where it was needed. I am glad that it was seldom that I had to talk to the man in charge.

As previously indicated I bought the spares, repairs, preventive maintainance , and everything else the foreign customer required. I found one source within a few miles of the plant that repaired and overhauled diesel and gasoline engines and all component parts related to those engines. Most of the engines were used on ground handling equipment. I went down and looked at their shop and from what I saw in housekeeping and work areas I knew I had found a good source. This company had been selling their services to Lockheed for quite a while but I was not familiar with them until I got this present assignment. I went down to check out their plant because it was near to our plant. QC and engineering people always investigated sources before they were allowed to furnish us supplies or services. The appearance of a shop is always reflected in the quality of their products.

If the serial numbers on the repair work that they did for us had not been present I would have sworn that they were replacing our parts with completely new items. I had requested that a worker on the receiving dock notify me ASAP when some diesel engines arrived on dock so as I could expedite them immediately. He called me later and informed me that my new engines were on dock. I rushed over because I knew that I had not ordered new engines. Since we sent component parts (generators, carburators etc) attached to the engines I found that the complete unit had been overhauled and looked like new. Their appearance fooled the dock worker. Mark up an A+ for that source. A few years later when I retired, my contact, Howard Webb, gave me a flashlight (with all company logos) as a retirement gift. Hey, Howard (wherever you are), after six battery changes and one bulb that flashlight is still working just like new and it is twelve years old now. Thank you also MCP.

Other than the small businesses in the local area I never got the chance to visit many of the small businesses that supported us unless they were in the area of the larger suppliers whom I did visit when I had problems. One of my best was in Oldsmar, Florida and specialized in repair and maintenance of small aircraft components, Brian was the president and CEO and Jeff was the marketing director. Small companies could have big shots just like the larger ones. You could always identify the top management in a small shop, they were the ones who worked the hardest. Most small shops were family operated concerns. Brian's wife took care of all the paperwork and business and was as knowledgeable of the aircraft parts as the others. You could bet on the fact that you would find a quality operation when dealing with the usual tight team performing in an operation of this sort. I will mention a number of small businesses that I have dealt with because they were above average in their workmanship and delivery. The only influence that they attempted was the quality of their work and developing the customer's confidence in the level of their integrity. Jeff had been a young buyer at Gelac before going with this small company, Gulf Aerospace, Inc. He understood my problems and reacted accordingly when they were awarded orders after competitively bidding. I had excellent competition for this type rework with a number of small companies and the ones with top quality and delivery would get the volume of work for the priorities were quality, delivery then price. The prices were always close and competitive.

One of my other good small shops was on the east coast of Florida in Titusville. Both the top sales people at Gulf and this shop, Air Marine Sales, Inc. were good friends and competitors on a number of items but differed on most of them. One would loan the other component parts to fulfill a commitment and be paid back later. This often worked to Gelac's benefit. Robert was the Production Manager and he did as much selling as he did production. Air Marine was founded by Robert's father. Robert and Jeff were in their twenties and real gogetters. They were a little over 150 miles apart but they sometimes planned their field trips together and if you saw one the other would be there also. It was like dealing with two hotshot brothers. They would razz each other on who had the best reputation for quality, delivery and leadtime (turn around time for rework). I saw one of the two of them about every four or five weeks. Communication was good and the rapport was great.

One of my most memorable moments was experienced while talking about deliveries with Robert one morning. We knew that the challenger was flying that day and I had told him earlier that I would call about that time for information pertaining to rework problems. I knew that he could see the cape from his backdoor for he had told me of watching earlier shots. We were talking and he told me it was time for the shot. He went to his backdoor with the phone on an extension line and described the takeoff. I could hear that initial blastoff real good. He said it was beautiful and he wished I could see it. Perfect takeoff and trailing that big plume of white smoke. All of a sudden he gasped and said " What the !!!!!" and then he hollered into the phone " It exploded ! it exploded !". He sounded as if someone had shot at him and missed. He was real excited and started describing the scene to me. " It is breaking into two -- no ! three pieces and exploding and falling ". " Hap , the challenger is gone, just blown apart. I can't see how there could be any survivors ". " I got to go , I can't talk, will call you later ".

I told my nearest coworkers what had happened. Within five minutes every one in the building knew about it. Lockheed had a lot of components on that bird. It was a very sad moment for us because of the lost crew. Later it was on all the news with pictures of the catastrophe on television. This was a great blow to all of us in the aerospace industry. That incident rammed home to all of us the importance of quality and reliability. Just about every airfracter is interested in the causes of such disasters and since it happened we subconsciously hoped that it was human error and not product failure. It really raises the efforts for quality workmanship. The cause was determined to be a bad O-ring in the big takeoff tanks.

I had another small shop in Florida that repaired and reworked life rafts carried on the aircraft as part of the survival equipment on the Coast Guard and Navy C-130s. These units were also on the other C-130s that often made overseas trips. The complete assembly contained the survival kits such as water, fishing equipment, a knife and medical kits etc. Whenever damage occurred like slits, holes or other discrepancies the units were returned for repairs and the restocking of the survival kits. This small company was a family type operation also. Their quality was tops and I knew of no other than the manufacturer on the east coast capable of performing this work except this one shop. The manufacturer requested that we use a repair shop on parts damaged and not under warranty. Most small shops will give a discount when the invoice is paid within thirty days. Some of our finance people sometimes forget what a discount limit means and will pay sixty to ninety days after delivery (and take the discount). Small companies need their money. We had a shortage on an aircraft for the liferaft ready to leave and one was due from the repair shop. I called the repair shop and requested immediate delivery. I was advised that the part had been ready to ship but Lockheed was sixty days behind on the last two invoices and they were not going to ship anymore units until the invoices were paid. I was told that if I verbally guaranteed them that their invoices would be paid immediately they would go ahead and ship . I admonished them for not advising me that their invoices were not paid on time and told them I would do better than guarantee the payment.

I told them to send me a TWX this date telling me about the invoice problems and your wish to hold the unit until payment for the last two was received. I said prepare the raft for shipment. This was done. Upon receipt of the TWX I called the finance department and advised them of the shortage and I was in and the statement from the supplier. The supplier had requested that I guarantee verbally delivery of their checks and they would ship for immediate delivery. I told finance that I was not going to commit a guarantee to no one based on a fault that was not mine. If finance could not tell me that a check was going out special delivery that day then I would have to call the manager of finance and advise him of my problem. As far as I was concerned the aircraft was going to be on schedule. I was told by a finance supervisor that the check would get out on that day (without taking the discount). I called the repair shop and told them to ship that night and requested they let me know if they had another problem like this again. We received our raft for the scheduled ship. That source did not have further finance problems. Good relations were maintained.

There were many small business sources that had FAA and Military approvals to repair, and in some cases replace, components to different systems on the majority of aircraft. We still had to get Lockheed engineering and QC approvals before we could utilize these sources. The quality control and engineering divisions had their own inspection people to do this. I did the liason between the source and our people. Usually the top people from these companies came down for their initial visit and I gave them the regulations covering their capabilities. We had people from engineering and QC scattered in strategic areas around the country covering these inspections. If not , we sent people to do the evaluations. Many sources were developed that proved to be very advantageous to get quick turnarounds on our units.

CHAPTER 22

By this time the whole company was becoming computerized. I did not like computers until it dawned upon me that this was the way things were going regardless of my likes or dislikes. They put computers and printers in each cubbyhole (these little offices were divided by removable panels) for the two buyers to utilize in all phases of their work. A programmer was sent down to schedule our units into the main system or bank. Since I had developed my own systems of traceability to the status of my desk requirements it was hard for me to make an easy change.

We had a young fellow (below thirty years old) who had finished a course in computer technology and he was my office partner at the time. The bosses assigned him to teach the rest of us the basics of computerization. He did a good job , but I still did not seem to feel that what he was teaching would be of any value to me in my oddball responsibilities and the variety of problems that I encountered. I learned to put in my orders and follow through on updating the delivery status. This was mainly what the bosses wanted. I wanted more. I had some definite ideas about how my program should be set up and be beneficial to me and the reports that were required. My partner's name was Mike and he was a young gung-ho buyer. By being in the office with me we had a lot of opportunity to discuss the possibilities of the computer being a great help in what I wanted it to do for me.

Before I continue I must add this little information on the background of Mike. As a teenager in the midwest Mike had worked for a little old store owned by a fellow who rode around in an old pickup truck and sold everything from a toenail clipper to a zipper. At that time he had several little country stores scattered around the countryside. Mike said it was a family type business and he worked with them until he went to college. The owner, named Sam, told him going to college was great and when he finished his job would be waiting for him. Well, Mike went on and finished college and I think he told me his degree was in business administration. He had his degree and was a big college graduate so he did not see the point in going back to a little old small country store business. I think he told me that he did not even check to see what the status of the little old country store was at the time. Mike was very teedoff with himself at the time he was my office partner for he had missed the greatest opportunity of his life. When the stock market went to hell in 1987 Sam lost a BILLION dollars and said, " After all its just paper ". He was worth about eight or nine billion.

Mike did not have the experience to program the computer like I wanted it. I went over to the main bank and requested that a programmer be sent to give me some help. Kevin came over and we talked for a long time as I told him what I wanted available in my computer. Mike was in on the conversations and Kevin determined that Mike could put in the exact program I wanted after he had made the initial programming required. After Kevin finished and Mike took over I told him what I wanted and how I wanted it. Kevin had set up my own bank and gave me the key punches to gain access to it. No one could get into my bank except Mike, as he was the only one other than myself who knew the correct entrance keys. Mike programmed the things that I wanted and the results would be what I needed. I would have to go to the department computer to complete my program initiated on our little office computer.

I had Mike to set me up about thirty-five components to follow initially. I had the manufacturers, the part numbers, ship to dates (sent for repair on purchase orders), the return dates committed, items on schedule and behind, the original cost value, the repair cost, the percentage of repair cost against the original cost and the actual delivery date received. I had spaces provided for fifteen items of each part number and could always tell the average cost of repair against the original cost. I updated this record weekly. At any time I could pull up to date information for the boss on demand. At the bottom of the page there was the quantity of the particular part out for repair, average repair time, average original cost, average repair cost against average original cost, average turn around time, percentage on or behind schedule and the last column indicated the total value of the units out for repair. Imagine the amount of information in that system when all orders were entered. I would sit at that computer and make it smoke. Every one thought that I was a computer whiz. I still put up to date information available to anyone in the little computer in our office but nothing to compare to the (gem of) information in the department bank. Finally Mike fixed it so I could pull down charts (in color) indicating status. I did not know a damn thing about the computer but I sure could work my system. I posted my weekly computerized chart status on the wall next to the entrance to the boss's office. He got a big kick out of it as the wheels that he could always see it when they came to his office.

I had finally reached the stage where I appreciated the computer. The two main items to be considered as I moved along at Gelac had always been organization and communication. I had reached where it really paid off. Documentation had at last arrived to the level of importance that it could be visualized as realistic. No more paragraphs of bull, but something everybody could see. This in my opinion was expected so no commendation or other recognition was given (normal procedure as far as I was concerned). The performance notices reflected the effort. The job of handling and monitoring the thousands of rework, repair and maintenance requirements of our customers, overseas and otherwise, came down to a well organized and accountable system. The job developed a level of routine. It did not matter who required information it was at my fingertips. The volume of work did not decrease it just became more manageable. There were more foreign countries buying our C-130 because it was a workhorse that could not be denied. Before I retired I think the number of foreign customers had increased to over sixty countries utilizing our "Fat Albert".

There was a news story in the papers about three Lockheed employees held in Chad for ransom or some other reason because of a discrepancy in the records of two C-130s sold to Chad by Lockheed. The records of each aircraft sold to any customer by Lockheed includes the history (or availability) of that aircraft from the beginning of manufacture to the date of delivery to the customer. Actually, the record begins with the delivery of the aircraft to the customer. All manufacturing records are maintained at Lockheed. The information relating to test flights and subsequent flights is given to the customer (so I am told). A lot of people in our great country suffer under the impression that certain countries who are our customers are considered lacking in intelligence even though they are trained by us to operate and maintain those aircraft. More than likely some records had been misplaced by our representatives during the period of time between completion and delivery of the said aircraft. Without a complete record of the history of an aircraft the exact status is missing. Chad recognized this

discrepancy and requested the information. Lockheed's representatives could not come up with this information immediately. Therefore, not being the fools that we assumed them to be Chad held up acceptance (thus payment) and put Lockheed's repts up at a nice hotel as a guarantee that such information would be forthcoming. Although the media tried to give the impression that Lockheed's people were being held similar to the hostages in Lebanon, etc. they were treated with respect and held in very comfortable surroundings until their demands were met. The records of those aircraft were supplied in an expedited manner and the so-called hostages were released.

Unlike automobiles, an airplane be it new or used must have a record of it's history so as the customer can evaluate the reliability of the product. Nobody, yes nobody, should pay the price of an aircraft based on the seller's word. The FAA and other authorities guarantee this requirement. Yes, airplanes cost like hell but they are worth it when certified. We do not say that Lockheed did anything intentionally, but they were required to meet the standards. This they did. Whatever seemed out of line was exaggerated by the media, as usual. Lockheed , as other aircraft manufacturers, furnishes this information as part of the sale, whether new or used aircraft.

Spares (replacement parts etc.) are the big moneymaker in any manufacturing business. These units can be anything replaceable on the aircraft. If one bought all the parts of an automobile and had them assembled from scratch to the finished product it would cost about fifteen times the cost of the same automobile bought from the dealer's floor. I won't even attempt to estimate what an airplane would cost. It gets a little complicated when you service an aircraft sold to a customer who just happens to be the supplier of the part replaced with a new part. This type of customer is usually a very large corporation having purchased one or more of your aircraft for the benefit of their company business. There is normally a good rapport between the two because of the business connection. To get an idea of such a relationship read on :

We had a large source supplying us with the motor or energizer for the forward wing flaps on the Jetstar. This company owned, I believe, two aircraft. The unit cost, in the volume we were buying, about \$125.00 each. It became necessary to replace a unit as required (lifetime hours had expired) by flight hours accumulated. We got the replaceable unit at the same price we were paying for the production units. The cost of the itemized unit when the major overhaul work was completed on their aircraft was \$525.00. Some wide awake buyer (a buyer for repairs etc, like myself) noticed the difference in the original price and what we charged them for replacing their part on their aircraft questioned this high cost. This \$525.00 charge was for the cost of the part, not the overall cost for labor and all the other charges that go into such work. I could only give them the same marlarkey you get from your automobile garage. No more was said. The next time I purchased the units for production the cost had gone to about \$400.00 each. Being sole source on the item, also a good customer, we paid it. Our cost on future replacements remained \$525.00 and everyone seemed happy. After all this is routine in all American business endeavors. You know yourself that when the repair or replacement cost become too high on your car you buy another car. Fortunately, aircraft last longer. I think

that their customers, for that particular part, were still getting it at a good competitive price even though it was a sole source item.

President Eisenhower, a retired five star general, warned the American public to beware of the Military-Industrial complex. What he should have said was beware the Military-Industrial-Political complex. I cannot think of any other person more qualified to make such a statement. Since I was a cog (unknowingly) and not a wheel in the process I won't attempt to make any further statements to the effect of this so-called complex. I will say that a whole lot of wheels from the military and political theater got some helluva high level jobs within the industrial system of defense contractors after their retirement from their service or political positions. The length of those positions lasted about three years with salaries up to \$200,000.00 or better a year. If you guessed that that was your tax money, you are right.

I will never forget the meeting of the National Management Association when we had the commanding general of one of our major bases (SPO) speaking. I can't say this was an honor or a joke. The character gave us one of the worst dressingdowns I have ever experienced on our incapability to build aircraft and the local AFPRO was grinning like a chestnut and agreeing with everything that he said. His speech was so interesting that I only remembered one thing. When he said " I am the mother of all aircraft contracts and to get one you have to come through me ", I lost respect for one more major military officer. I felt like getting up and telling him that I was a tax payer and I did not give a good damn about his opinion. Luckily, that inner voice of mine did not speak out. When he finished that BS the whole bunch, except me, got up and clapped and cheered for such an informational and rewarding speech. The only thing I wished upon him was the claps. BG was there and he looked at me as if I was a fool. I never stood up nor went to meet the general after the meeting. I had seen enough of his (holier than thou) likes in the Navy. I had met too many fine officers and enlisted men in the Air Force to let one idiot concern me. I often wonder what happened to the captain and one crewman that manned that thirtyfour foot boat that was provided by someone for his use on Lake Erie when he retired or was transferred. I guess he and the shadow knows.

The copies at the end of this chapter indicate the inconsistencies of gradings and comments. It seems the grader did not know what he was talking about because he had never read my history, same old crap.

CHAPTER 23

I have now worked for Lockheed Georgia for thirty-four years. I am one of the first ten Negroes who have actually bought a ticket into the field of skilled labor (the opinion of the wheels who be at Gelac). We have proved that anyone given the opportunity of training and the possibility of advancement can build aircraft to meet the tough competition of the industry. The obstacles put in one's way by idiots can be overcome. Given the chance one can exceed in all levels of the manufacturing field. By the pursuit of training opportunities I have proven to others and myself that even though you may not get the authority, you are capable of assuming the responsibilities of any position. I have seen Negroes (now known as Blacks) reach the positions of department managers, division managers, and other positions of upper management. I have seen one old production friend of mine go all the way to acting (for a limited time) Labor Relations Manager (Branch level). These positions were reached through sturdy , hard work and ability. A Black always had to be twice as good as the next to attain these positions. I think that I have attempted to get away from the use of aircraft language but I must say that that is the goddamn truth. Since I knew most of these people I know that their success came about from enthusiasm, training and dedication to the success of Lockheed. I can say that I know of no one that practiced brown nosing (ass kissing) to any great extent. There were rumors but I don't have firm proof of such. There were some who followed my path of learning as much as possible by the training offered by Lockheed. Others had returned to college on parttime basis and completed and attained their degrees. One of the fellows who worked with me in the nose section in manufacturing went back and became a doctor (schooled in Pennsylvania, not Georgia). With my knowledge and personality I became the devil's advocate in many instances, A lot of people never forgot that and my lack of advancement is probably the cause resulting. One thing is known and that is my loyalty to Lockheed was never in question. I think one of my biggest faults was that I loved the damn place and the aircraft industry.

Time was rolling around and I began to think, what am I doing. My responsibilities are in order and I don't have any major problems. One thing is for sure and that is I ain't gonna get no promotion. I have seen too many younger people come in and get promotions and move on up the ladder. The experience they have attained, in my opinion, doesn't amount to a drop in the bucket. Those that have learned to respect the people under them as the only tools that they have and treated accordingly are the most successful. The ones that think they know it all don't make such good impressions. Usually, they don't last too long. Too much political practices seem to be the order of the times. I don't know if its age or seniority working but I feel that the time is getting close to make another major decision in my life.

1987 is here and it proves to be one of my most crucial years. I decide that the time has come to get my preventive medical examination. Usually this is only every eighteen months or so. This time it will have to be a major maintenance check. The doctors find lumps in my prostate gland. After smoking since I was fourteen my lungs are two years older than my body. I started with beer and have been drinking on occasion since I was about eighteen. (Ulcers did not come from drinking). I dranked when I pleased (or was able with money) and never had an alcoholic problem in my working years (ever heard of relaxation time ?). I

would have gone to a Urologist immediately but my brother-in-law died the next morning. This was June 27, 1987, a Friday. After being with my wife on the funeral arrangements until about 2:00 PM on that date I returned home and got a call from my eldest brother in California that I should try and get there right away as my younger brother was dying. Through connections with the airline in Atlanta I left at 5:30 PM that night and arrived in LA at 11:00 PM the same night, after a Chicago delay. My younger brother died at 8:00 AM that Saturday morning June 28, 1987, Twentyfour hours and thirty minutes after my brother-in-law. I went to my brother's funeral the following Monday and returned on Wednesday to attend my brother-in-law's funeral on Thursday. A helluva week.

I went to the Urologist that Monday and he asked me when did I want the operation. I told him yesterday. He said "good, how about tomorrow?". I said fine. He told me under the circumstances it would be what in layman terms is called a rotor roter job. I asked him did he intend to get what he was supposed to get with that operation and he replied yes. I would take a spinal (injection) anesthetic. The anesthesiologist missed my spinal cord four different times and after almost electrocuting me (that's what it felt like) another was brought in and made a good injection. Although groggy, I was awake during the complete operation. Instead of spending three days in the hospital I stayed for twelve days. If I had known at the time the trouble I would have in later years I would have sued the whole bunch (back and sciatic nerve problems). I was out from work for ten weeks. The fellow who took my desk upon retirement had been watching over it while I was out. The desk was in good shape when I returned.

I returned in October of 1987. It occurred to me that I had now worked for Lockheed for over thirty-five years. I'll be damned if I intended to stay until I dropped dead. Fool, there is no future at Lockheed anymore. Like the Gross brothers, Dan Haughton, Clarence "Kelly" Johnson (everyone at Lockheed was a link in the chain) and on down the line the time has come to quit !. You may feel that Lockheed owes you something but you don't owe Lockheed a damn thing more. I went into the office and told the boss that effective Dec. 14, 1987 I was going to take vacation six weeks of the seven I had coming and return on Jan. 31, 1988 for full retirement. He expressed surprise and stated that I had a lot of nerve to take retirement at sixty-two years of age. What he did not know was that I was in the gray financially and that seemed about as close as I would get to the black. The average length of life after retirement in 1987 for Lockheed retirees was eighteen months. Hell, I intended to live much longer because I had planned to retire at fifty-five but couldn't financially. I decided to wait no longer. I had many good working buddies to retire and get one to twelve retirement checks before croaking. I think this was mainly the shock of realizing that their working life was over and they had made no plans for their retirement. If you have not made plans for retirement it can be quite a shock. The sudden realization that you have reached the peak, you either fall off the mountain top or leisurely slide to the level plane of life. I hoped that I would be ready to take the slow slide. After almost twelve years I am hobbling along with my half deaf self and screwed up back including the sciatic nerves down both legs under the impression that if I pay the pain no attention I will not feel it. For quite a while I took about two or three nonprescription pain pills a day and ignored the pain. After two major back operations four years ago and two years of constant back and leg pain I finally stopped having the constant

pain and now just suffer from getting old with the normal aches and pains. I still believe that my open door to God (the mind) and my belief in mind over matter has worked and is still working.

I started to put all effort into closing the problems on the desk and getting everything in order for the person that would take over my responsibilities. I hoped I was giving him the knowledge to operate as I had and to utilize the system that I had set up in the computer. I called my local sources and informed them of my plans. They all congratulated me and expressed their pleasure of working with me over the years and wished me a happy retirement. I recieved many cards and quite a few personal phone calls. From the large companies and corporations I recieved cards and calls from the presidents on down to my daily contacts.

In an earlier chapter I mentioned that working around aircraft can be a dangerous occupation. For the large number of employees we had on and off we were fortunate not to have more accidents, especially fatal, than we had. Our safety engineering group was constantly working on improving safety rules and regulations. All suggestions as to improving safety conditions were given top priority. That is one phase that I can say rated above all others concerning worker environment. This is a good time to relate some of those accidents as factual as possible. Without going into too much technology about causes and my own personal observation of these happenings most are related from the grapevine of the information that flows constantly within a company. This is the history of some of our aircraft before and after we turned them over to the customers.

The first story is not about our aircraft. It is about the possibility that the group of us working that night would not be here now had the accident gone other than it did. This happened on a Saturday night, when I was a supervisor in manufacturing, and I had about six fellows working overtime trying to finish and seal the side panel for a C-130 to be able to move into the mating jig on Monday. As previously mentioned the plant had all lights off on the weekends. The lights were on only over the area in which we were working. The year was 1957 and the time was about 10:00PM. We heard a loud boom and then a tremendous explosion and the whole building shook. We ran to the east hanger door of the building and looked out. The area was covered with a thick fog but we did notice a red glow east of the Naval base on the other side of the runway. We determined that the location had to be near our B-24 and B-25 buildings. As stated the whole area was under minimal operation status. We could hear the sirens of the fire equipment going to the area but we could not see anything because of the fog.

Before we left early the following Sunday morning we heard that an aircraft had hit the ground between the two buildings in an almost straight down dive. There was a crater about thirty feet wide and at least ten feet deep at the point of impact. We also heard that a Air National Guard group were flying south and the fog was so bad in the area that they were instructed to land at the Atlanta airport. In soup like that I imagined that they were flying by sight of the leading plane's taillights. When I was in the Navy at a nightfighter training base that is the way the initial training started, follow the leader. It was determined that the last plane lost contact and the pilot began to suffer vertigo. He probably did a slow roll (which

pilots say will happen when you fail to believe your instruments and begin to fly by the seat of your pants) lost altitude , came down over the field and noticed the flashing light on the top of the B-25 building, assumed it was the taillight of the last plane in the flight, slammed the afterburner on to catch up and hit the ground at a very high rate of speed. The others did not miss their flight buddy until they landed. The plane missed the building we were in by about a mile. We were the only workers, other than security people, in our building and we had flashing red and white lights on the top.

Because of the supersonic aircraft on the drawing board and being manufactured it was necessary to widen, increase the length and make the foundation stronger (thicker) at our landing field. This field was used also by Dobbins Air Force base and the Naval Air Station. Because of the security afforded at the location the President's plane and other VIPs coming into Atlanta would also utilize this field. There was a lot of digging around and under the runway for the necessary improvements to be made. About three quarters the distance from the west end of the runway there was a ditch dug from the edge to the middle of the runway. Since the runway was 150 feet wide this left plenty of room for the takeoffs and landings. There were numerous danger signals and flashing lights around this ditch that seemed sufficient warning. The ditch was over six feet wide, about fifty feet long and eight feet deep. I understood that data was given each day to those affected by the location dealing with the progress and completion schedules.

We had all types of aircraft taking off and landing daily. B-47s were coming and going each day for this was during the time when we were modifying those planes. A B-47 came in one day and a cross wind must have hit for it swerved over the ditch, bounced into the air, did a barrelroll and came down upside down on the runway. It skidded to the east end of the runway and stopped in the catch ditch just before hitting the fence and going onto the highway US 41 through a few small businesses located at the end of the runway. There were injuries to the crew but we heard of no fatalities. It caught fire and that was one helluva fire. Fuel and all of that magnesium in the aircraft made a hot blaze. The plane was a complete loss. The military fire fighters fought that fire and did a top job under the circumstances. We later saw a video of that accident and it was impressive to see one firefighter go under the top of that inferno spraying sand all the while (sand is the only substance to extinguish magnesium fires). We understood that some of those guys got citations for their efforts. There are now more businesses located in that area than ever before. I wonder if that proves an aggressive businessman doesn't mind sticking his neck out.

One of the most embarrassing (some say emotional) incidences to happen was the initial rollout of the first C-130 to be delivered to the Air Force. You never saw so many wheels from the Air Force, DOD, government, local politicians and big corporate (suppliers) levels. Every one was as happy as a blind dog in a meathouse. There was a short flight to take a number of wheels for a ride and then the ceremony of turning the plane over to the customer would begin. " Fat Albert " took off and it was a thing of beauty. The flight lasted about thirty minutes and then there it was floating back like a butterfly. Everybody was lining up and cheering to see the perfect landing. The landing was perfect and the cheering was tremendous. Suddenly the right outboard engine burst into flames. The plane skidded to a stop crossways

on the runway and people exploded from the exits (luckily all on the left side of the plane) like someone had thrown a big rock into a bucket of water. Fortunately, our firefighting equipment was at the runway. Lockheed's fire trucks rushed up to within sixty feet or so to the plane and commenced to spraying foam over every damn thing except the wing and motor. The Dobbins Air Force base equipment arrived immediately and with all of the foam on the ground one truck skidded right up under the wing and engine. This truck had a foam nozzle on the top just behind the cab back of the driver. Nobody could get out of the cab so they just turned that nozzle up and cut loose. With the other units spraying, the plane and the truck were soon covered with foam.

Believe it or not but after everything was cleaned away the only major damage was to the engine and the lower wing panels. It seems that upon landing and the brakes were applied and the engine thrust was reversed, a fuel line snapped and sprayed fuel over the engine thus causing the fire. The flight crew had done a helluva job by their quick reaction to the situation. No injuries resulted (We never heard what the drycleaning bill was). We gave the Air Force a raincheck on the delivery. The firefighters of Lockheed were reorganized and a new piece of the latest foam fighting equipment was procured. "Fat Albert " #1 was delivered not to long afterwards. This was one of the very few delivery schedules that we ever missed. By the way the fuel tanks are in the wings.

There was a B-47 over by the B-3 building getting some modification work accomplished. All aircraft were purged (completely defueled and washed out to eliminate all fuel fumes) before any power is attached or power equipment (tools, etc) used. The pilot and Nav/co-pilot are seated under the canopy and there is a crawl space down to the bombardier position in the nose. There is an escape hatch (also the entrance) on the nose floor of the plane which makes up a major portion of the floor, formally known as the bombardier's escape hatch. Remember the fellow holding his finger to brace the part and I was drilling the holes? The aircraft is always well grounded. There was a worker in the pilots compartment ,one in the crawl space and one standing on the ground with his head up inside the plane. Suddenly there was an explosion in this area seemingly from the inside. The fellow in the top was blown clear of the plane upward and badly injured. The fellow standing on the ground was blown about thirty feet across the ramp and had burn injuries. The worker in the crawl space was killed. The fire fighting equipment was close by and immediately extinguished the aircraft. To the best of my knowledge this was the first employee lost to an accident on the flightline. I heard that one person had been killed when a crane dropped a load on the production floor before I started work at the plant. A depressed atmosphere remains for some time when something like this occurs.

We did not experience accidents of the above nature often, those related covered years from one to the other. Our safety regulations were constantly upgraded and each accident was analyzed and methods developed to prevent re-occurrences. Just like military pilots it takes a long time (money) to train a topnotch aircafter. You can't give them too much opportunity to kill themselves or get killed because of the negligence of others. There are many more accidents I could relate but I think except for the last one that follows that the above will illustrate the dangers when building or working around aircraft.

The most devastating accident including the loss of a life we had was completely unnecessary and stupid. No accidents are necessary, most of them can be avoided. Our first C-5A was delivered to the Materiel Airlift Command (MAC). This was a big rollout show. The largest cargo plane in the world was delivered to the commanding general of that command. Just to see that big baby take off was a miracle to behold. Who would believe that something that big would fly. No one knew or said so but that plane was jinxed from the start. The general was one of the Air Force's best and he had been well versed on the operation of the C-5A. The plane took off for Charleston, S.C. (MAC base) with the general at the controls. If you had observed you would have seen more pouter pigeons (big breasted or chest out) watching it move out than at any other time. We were real proud of that accomplishment. When the plane arrived at Charleston and landed the general probably noticed a wheel passing him on the runway as he braked. He was immediately notified that " General, you have lost a wheel ! ". His reply "Aw, what the hell, I've got twenty-seven more ". The C-5A has twenty-eight wheels. This was also the guy when asked if the C-5A was up to par answered (like General Motors and the Buick) " Ask the man who drives one ". I believe this general also flew a C-5A nonstop from the US to Israel during the war in 1967. It seemed a washer had been lost from the installation of that wheel. (Give the worker in that area ten " Aw shits "). Little things count. Remember the O-rings on the shuttle in later years.

The above gives a little info on our C-5A prior to what follows. About six months later old #1 C-5A (Galaxy) came back for her first major checkup and preventive maintenance inspection. Like most automobiles aircraft also have scheduled maintenance checkups and they are more extensive. As complicated as they may seem it is required on a flight time basis. All operations had been performed and #1 was on her last checkout flight before release back to the Air Force when the pilot called in that his MADAR (a miracle within itself) indicated a fuel leak and a hole in the left wing (I think). He landed and the plane was stationed in the checkout area. When he made his report the plane was within fifteen miles of landing. Investigation found a hole about the size of a 30-30 rifle slug in the second outboard fuel tank area of the wing. No other damage was found nor indicated. The amount of fuel lost and the damage was determined to be from the hole in the wing.

The tank was drained and the process of flushing and cleaning the tank was initiated. Going through an access door in the wing the tank was opened and the flushing operation began. The other tanks (unaffected) were not drained, nor flushed (small hole). The operation consisted of removing all fuel, washing with a detergent, reflushing several times and then drying. The drying operation consists of an electric blower fan (heated) turned on first and then the hose is inserted into the tank and blown until all fumes are out. Remove the hose, cut off the blower then check for fumes with instruments to determine presence of fumes. No "Willie" qualified to clean your furnace at home is qualified to perform this job. Two men are constantly on alert during this operation. One on the ground with the blower and the other handling the hose at the tank opening. The procedure can not vary. While they were in the process the break whistle blew. Before you take your break you must secure all operations of your equipment (period). The fellow on the ground cut off the blower. The fellow up at the tank left the hose inserted in the tank. Neither of the two remembered the hose is removed

before the fan is cut off. When the pressure of the hot air blowing through the hose was cut off it sucked the air from above into the fan. No problem. Both went about three hundred feet away and took a smoke. While they were gone the fumes in the tank were sucked down into the fan and lingered. Both workers had on the correct uniforms (non-friction clothing) and were following all safety precautions except they did not remove the hose and follow the strict procedures outlined under the circumstances. After the break they went back into their positions and the fellow at the fan turned on the motor. The fumes sucked down into the fan were ignited by the coils turning red hot and an explosion was created in the fan, traveling up the hose, into the fuel tank and igniting the whole plane. The plane exploded. Try and imagine the sight of a C-5A exploding into a big ball of fire. It happened.

The fellow at the wing tank was killed immediately, probably never knew what hit him. The one on the ground was blown across the ramp and spent over three months in the hospital with severe burns. The C-5A after the explosion burned almost completely. I am not sure that anything was salvageable. There is a lot of Monday morning quarterbacking that can be done to prevent this catastrophe but nothing would give me more pleasure than that of getting my hands on the son-of-a-bitch who shot that aircraft in the beginning. He (or she) was never found. There were many incidents involving our aircraft after delivery to our customers but they were the concerns of our customers. These incidents concerned us also but not to the extent that our on base problems did.

There are a number of items at the end of the next chapter as those following previous chapters. Especially the last of three commendations I received for the thirty-five years and five months of being with Lockheed. This one was given while I was out on sick leave. This condition had been held for so long and so often I considered it routine. Anyway, I appreciated it.

CHAPTER 24

It seems it will only take twenty-four chapters to cover almost thirty-six years of working with Lockheed Aircraft Corp. With all of the memories and backup data I have it would probably cover over 800 pages. The basic experiences have been given and about one half of the backup data used. I have worked with thousands of people, for, over, with, against, agreed, disagreed, been cussed out and cussed back but the thing I appreciate most was there was no physical contact in anger or otherwise. I have never been disciplined for insubordination or disrespect. By being honest and straightforward I always had a good understanding with my management. Quite a number of managers did not like the way I would discuss things but there was never indication that their decisions would not be followed.

Racism was prevalent (color, creed, ethnic or national origin, gender and quite a few Jews) right up to the end. The condition improved slowly with only those changes necessary to meet defense contractual demands. Individuals of all groups were able to make improvement of their status because of their enthusiasm, training, ability and efforts. The hiring practices changed for the better for individuals having these capabilities. A company demands a worker be able to perform at a level of earning his own pay and making a profit for the company. Ability and capability came to the forefront and race gradually slid out of consideration. The problem, in my opinion, is the manager without the qualifications to be able to determine the qualifications of the person attempting to qualify (complicated but true). Some of us may live long enough to recognize the fact that exist today, there are no races in America. Just a melting pot of people (multi-racial) making up those humans known as Americans. I recognized that long ago and have acted accordingly. One probably won't make many friends or influence too many people with that attitude. You will find that you have good individual friends but not a large diversified group of friends. The only people who can be considered better than one's self are the ones with a better knowledge in a specific field, an overall general knowledge ability and/or exhibit a natural perspicacity for leadership. Over the years and over the country I made many good acquaintances (and some real friends) through my straight forward and honest interactions concerning our business dealings. They respected my position and I did the same toward them. This resulted in satisfactory and profitable relationships for all of our companies.

If you are on a good friendly relationship with the president or CEO of a company you get excellent treatment down the line. I only met a few CEOs but my knowing the presidents, VPs, division heads, department managers, supervisors and union shop stewards and some of the workers at some of my major sources surely made quite a difference in the good results obtained. This was one of the advantages of being able to visit your source's plants. Learning the manufacturing processes and procedures of your sources is worth ten years experience on a buyer's desk. Whenever time was available I always requested a tour of their facilities. When they visited our plant I would be ready to give them a tour of the manufacturing area pointing out the installation areas of their products and stressing their importance to us. This initiated a sense of partnership that was not damaged when it was necessary to raise hell for some reason or the other. If I was visiting their facility and saw one of my orders in line and I needed it right away do you think that I was low enough to ask the shop steward and worker to slip

mine ahead of some of the others ?. Damn right I would and nine times out of ten it was done. Those source visits were some of my most pleasant experiences. Unfortunately, I only made trips when I had a problem. That was the way it was supposed to be., the company did not send out people on unnecessary excursions (most of the time).

By the fourteenth of December 1987 I had cleaned house or put everything in order for the next buyer. I was glad to be informed that Lindsey McDaniel would take over my desk. He was well qualified (I was qualified and had assisted in the training of Lindsey quite a few years back and knew that he was qualified). All the ladies in the materiel division (it seemed) and some of the gents cooked and made salads, cold cut spreads, ham, all types of bread, finger sandwiches, SOFT drinks and really made up a table of food as if the CEO was coming or leaving. My wife and oldest son and his wife were there, many cameras were flicking and messages of good will and best wishes were being expressed all over the main conference room. The group gave me a fine fishing rod and reel outfit including the tackle box which was well stuffed with all the ingredients required for many fishing trips. All of top management in the division were present, Each had very complimentary remarks to say to me. (they meant it). People from several other divisions were there that I had not seem in years. The suppliers representatives were there including the manufacturing Air Force inspector (whom I mentioned earlier having retired), some of the union representatives (mainly JC from from the good old days), engineering, manufacturing groups, quality control groups, the medical section and many others. There was enough food for everyone.

As mentioned earllier sometimes you have to blow your own horn. I had spent many years working with community groups,. civic organizations, charitable groups and politicians. (even was a scout master once).I informed some of my political friends of my retirement intentions and the date. On that date the Honorable State Senator Horace Tate, from my district, presented me with a Declaration from the Governor of the Great State of Georgia, His Excellency Joe Frank Harris, making me a Lieutenant Colonel, Aide de Camp, Governor's Staff, formed for the defense of the State. It went on to outline what a great citizen I had been and all the rights and responsibilities of the position. It stated that through the years my activities and efforts had helped to make our state a great place to live and this was recognition for that reputation. I had also paid my state taxes on time (thats a joke). I really apreciated that award. The Governor, the Senator and myself are now retired and on inactive duty (subject to recall).

My coworker and longtime friend, Jim Maddox (still city councilman), took care of the other two awards. The Honorable Andrew Young, Mayor of the Great City of Atlanta, Ga. issued a proclamation indicating that the tenth day of December 1987 would be known as H. L. Hudson day in tha City of Atlanta, Ga. His comments also stressed appreciation for my many citizenship achievements. (I paid my city taxes on time also). That plaque is on my wall and proudly exhibited. The Atlanta City Council gave me a plaque recognizing the efforts I had put forth to make the city a better place to live (for I did). That is on my wall also. Jim Maddox is now retired from Lockheed but still a member of the city council. Andrew Young has accomplished many distinguished achievements. I appreciate what both did by their good deed.

The only one of the original ten present at my retirement was Ike Jones. He was a buyer also. Ike died one week after my retirement and was buried on December 23, 1987.

I gave thanks to everyone who participated in my retirement party. But I especially thank you Fern Hoinowski, for you took many pictures, put them into a brochure and gave them to me later. (Fern, you did not get one of yourself). I wish it were possible to put everyone's name in this narrative but I won't try as I may miss too many. Anyway, we made a damn good team, didn't we y'all ?. The party was over and my wife and family went home. I shook a lot of hands and kissed a bunch of gals (all Ladies).

I slowly strolled through the department, caught the elevator and went down and looked into the bank. I walked out to my van and slowly got in, drove around the parking lot for the last time as an employee. I went up to the main parking lot and parked by the Glerc building. I got out and stood looking at that big plant for about ten minutes. All of the almost thirty-six years rolled through my mind. The good and the bad. The good overruled the bad. I had first seen that place when I was twenty-seven years old. Now I was sixty-two years old and looking at it in the sense of I no longer worked at the bomber plant. It sure didn't seem that it had been that long. The sun seemed to shine brighter and I realized that the days of getting up early, meeting schedules, writing documentation, negotiating , trying to be diplomatic, being congenial yet hardnosed when necessary, the personal responsibility I always felt when trying to satisfy our customers, getting along with all of those other grunts and the stress of keeping up with changing technology. It was over !, gone !, not required any more !!.

A feeling of peace came over me. It was wonderful. I got back into the van and pulled out of the lot onto to the road in front of the plant. I took one last look and wheeled on home. To this day I have never looked back with regret (except one mentioned in the next paragraph) nor missed not being at dear old Lockheed (The Bomber Plant) All in all I guess it was a wonderful time.

I went up on Jan. 31, 1988 and got my checks and signed all the papers required. The regret that I had was why in hell didn't I get the promotions that I had earned. I try not to feel that it was other than out and out pure rotten prejudice. I couldn't get that thought out of my mind. If I was too independent then I'm satisfied that I am still independent. My father told me that whatever I did or accomplished I was still myself, so be true to yourself. I can just about name every bastard who held me back, I supported them all. I feel no sorrow in stating that most of them are gone (period). Today I hold no animosity toward anyone. The retirement benefits I have received are considered good (could be a helluva lot better). The amount of money I saved Lockheed was over three million dollars. I believe that that amount has paid my salary, retirement and benefits. That's history and I'm retired.

The copies of documents at the end of this chapter speak for themselves.

EPILOGUE

When I retired from Lockheed and pulled away from the plant I did as I had all of my life. I closed the last page on that time in my life. When I finished college and could not get into Medical school I closed that page. When I could not expand the service station business I was in I closed that page. When I realized that there was nothing else for me at Lockheed I closed that page. I developed the ability to recognize and have a sense of closure when what I had for a goal had been accomplished or completed as far as I could towards attaining that goal. Sometimes goals were set too high. If you did not make it then accept the fact that you attempted and did the best that you could for it was never a failure. You just did not move as fast as you thought. The same thing happened when I was sued for divorce after forty-six years. What the hell, close the page.

I would like to say that I got in a lot of fishing but that would not be true. That boat rides rougher than a sleigh on a rockpile. The one thing I really enjoyed was getting this book together. If you think that was easy, try it. I know many stories concerning my boys and their friends who went to the Viet Nam war that I will more than likely write of their experiences in a fictional way based on facts. There are fishing and hunting stories full of interesting episodes. There are unlimited stories to be written about politics and local governments to keep one busy for months to come. There are numerous benefits and charities to participate in now that it is known that you are retired with time on your hands. There are hundreds of subscriptions to take out on magazines you don't need, many senior citizens requesting your participation in their activities. (I ain't that old yet) Once you have retired you have unlimited cash reserves to donate to everything. Major credit card manufacturers , big banks and home improvement associations all give you pre-approved credit up to the thousands of dollars. Now you can increase your insurance even to perpetuity maintenance of your gravesite. Refuse courteously and go on with your retirement life.

You never get an increase in your retirement benefits. Your social security benefits average about two percent increase per year. Your medicare goes up about four dollars or so every year. If you don't have a supplemental type insurance already you can't afford it now. Learn to cut your lifestyle to fit your income. Do not get into debt if you can possibly keep from doing so. DON'T GET SICK !!! (nor your wife). Since I did not use the common sense to convert my GI insurance to term after fifty years I pay \$368.00 a year for \$5,000.00. They do give a decent interest return (always just in time). I hope some good senator or congressman will consider fifty years as a reward for patriotism and put the insurance on paidup status.

The best thing is that you are retired. How long do you think you are going to live anyway ?. The nicest thing is you don't have to live by a tight schedule. Go when you please and come when you please (unless your wife has other ideas). I am enjoying my association with other retirees and the time I have unlimited to the best of my knowledge. I can accept any pains that go with being a senior citizen and enjoy what I have. May everybody attain the same status one day. With the way things are going these days that last sentence might be a joke !!