

Wednesday  
3-8-06

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Seniority 3-27-81

1968 vivid memories of being At V School my Dad worked At Fisher Body And I'd Look over there and think about my Dad I was a Cub Scout And I wanted to go in there, Dad said I couldn't. We finally had a field trip and knew I wanted to work At Fisher Body I hired in in 1981, I loved it.

Single, 1 Daughter Went to JW Sexton High School

We would see a lot of cars go in and out of there. They used to park cars in the back and we would look at them. In the North lot off Stanley Street where the employees parked they were oldemobiles. We would play there. I had a GoKart and the Security Guards would chase us. We would laugh. They knew my dad, I didn't know that and I got into trouble.

The Flowers

When we played ball in the field if your ball went into the flower bed you were out we didn't want anything to happen to it. It was beautiful. We would see the employees working on it.

I lived on 1804 Senison Drive. It was walking distance

I used to throw candy bars up to the guys in the plant and they would throw down the change, ~~one~~ sometimes I couldn't find it. They would throw down some more.

you could hear the trucks and the trains in the wee hours. I used to walk with him (father) with papers that he ~~would~~ would take me in with him. He Always sent me home.

My first real job was stacking bottles for Art at Harry's. What did you think about the employees? I was envious, I wanted to go in there. It wasn't safe for a little boy. What was the image of the employees? Grime and pride.

I used to play on the trains, it was another way to try to get in there. Where did you get on the train? In the park, they used coal to heat the place and we almost got away with it. When caught they would escort us out.

90% of the time that factory was in my view when I was growing up. I broke the plant manager's window when playing baseball. I wasn't the first one to do it, they finally put a fence up.

~~My dad~~ my dad came home and said they were going to hire. Dick Budd called me and said you're not 18 yet but I graduated. They told me to keep my mouth shut for a couple of months. So I did! I was 17 when I hired in. My father was an assembly worker on the line then he became management.

I always tried to do a good job... I didn't want to make my dad look bad. I hired in Hard trim repair. My boss was Gary Bobier. My dad couldn't believe it. He asked me where I was so I tried to explain it to him. ~~It~~

my father would play for A League for 602

FP-11-0

Back then they would sing Solidarity  
At the beginning of the Union Meetings.

I remember when my father was on Strike things were tight, I remember the food stamps coming in I think it was 1970. I saw his check stub for strike pay, it wasn't much. He was home, it was nice having him home. I liked being home with us but he wanted to be working to. He wasn't around a lot, about 9-10 yrs old I was having problems with that. He wasn't able to go to a function of mine. I was the oldest and had to grow up. I realized he had to work.

We had a mud room and my dad would sell beer out of the mud room for art after hours. There would be card parties in ~~the~~ our basement. My dad had a lot of friends. He lost a lot of friends when he went on management I was about 12 years old. It was good for our family, we needed the money. He was able to wear a suit and tie to work, I was proud of him.

My mom worked at Eberhard's Grocery Store. My dad went on mgmt for more money. My dad was a good boss. Lots of guys told me that. He had faith in his workers. The neighborhood that I grew up in, all the houses were built by factory employees. A couple of neighbors would ask my dad about the dust in the air. My dad couldn't do anything about it. We lived by a factory we excepted it. We would fly our kites and I would try to get my kite on the smoke stacks so it would burn up. The plant security didn't like it, they knew what we were doing and they would make us real them in.

It was hot in the plant at night  
we would wear shoes + shorts no shirt  
~~we didn't have to wear a shirt~~  
we didn't have to wear a shirt

My father said that I would see  
and hear some stuff and I did.

One night this woman took her  
shirt off and there was a lot of  
yelling and the line went down  
that night

We couldn't go without shirts  
after that.

(4)

Night Shift started At About 5pm

I didn't have much of a social life my friends were in college and they were having some problems with alcohol. It was hard to go in there sometimes it was nice outside, we would listen to the radio. That was my out, if they let us go early and announced that the line time was 4 hours there would be cheers. I mean cheers. Radios weren't allowed when my father worked there. Made 10.05 an hour when I hired in. There was a horse shoe at the end of the line. I might work 3 hours over and it was good money. I bought a lot of nice things when I was younger. I did every 6th job I was a part of a team, I had a partner. Some nights we didn't work very hard other nights we worked really hard.

I saw a couple of fights in there. It was like a baseball game, umpire-mgr in your face kind of thing. It was a city within a city. I worked in repair for 12 years. When the holidays came around everyone came together. When someone had dire straights we gave! There was always a card with lots of money for them.