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EVOLUTION OF KSA

By
Kurt Salmon

(An address to the 30th Anniversary Staff Meeting of KSA, held in Atlanta, Georgia on November 5, 1965)

I suppose the earliest roots of KSA are to be found in the genetic happenstance which forged me into a rather independent sort of a young man, who always had to know the Whys of everything and, more often than not, wanted to do things differently. In textile school in Germany, they referred to me as "The American", and I was never quite sure whether this was meant as an accolade or an affront.

In any event, I did come to America shortly thereafter, and the idea of adopting consulting as a profession (rather than just as an impertinence) first suggested itself to me when I was "drafted" by my employer to assist the staff engineer of a consulting firm they had engaged. My qualifications for this at the time were most eminent: I was the only guy on the payroll who could use a slide rule!

There were three principal things that attracted me to consulting as a profession, as a result of this initial exposure: First, the chance to roam about the plant, look for ways to improve things, being able to do this and to observe the results of my work without having to worry about shipping order #117, or the myriads of other repetitive routines which were the concern of the line organization. Second, the (to me) fabulous salary the consultant was earning and third, the equally respectable fee his firm was collecting--\$7.00/hour.

Since I was working in the hosiery industry at the time and the virtue of the old proverb: "Shoemaker, stick to your

MY MOST INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT

By
Lutz Kohnagel

I knew it had to happen one day....I dreaded it all along and in recent years, as the time drew closer, I occasionally dreamed about it....but now it lies on my desk: Mary Baach's invitation (on short notice, of course, to make it painless) for "My Most Interesting Assignment." But even under this final "must", I still cannot come to any conclusion as to which was the most interesting. I am sorry.

Perhaps I can explain it this way: Each assignment is interesting in itself and for entirely different reasons (there were no routine jobs). Each job had its different interesting highlights. But most interesting to me is always to compare the individual companies or factories with each other. This is startling! Take two factories of the same size and production conditions, in the same area, manufacturing the same garment at the same quality level: What is considered in "A" an absolute impossibility to get through because of "quality reasons" has been done in "B" for years without even thinking of it. Going further, how each defines good or acceptable quality and how "A" compares his product with "B" and vice versa is rather amusing. The same applies to production standards, productivity levels, the workability of attachments, etc., etc. A tiny detail nobody would give much thought to in one place develops into problem No. 1 in another.

To me all those different jobs I had to do from Canada to the South American Andes and the Austrian Alps put together became my most interesting assignment (with KSA) within my professional career.

I would like to tell of a few interest-

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last had been drilled into me in Europe, nothing seemed more natural than to try to pursue my ambitions by becoming a consultant in the hosiery industry. Repeated forays to hosiery mills within a weekend commuting radius proved conclusively, however, that it was necessary for others to see the logic in this as well. Though the direct labor costs of the plant in which I was working were 28% below those of published averages--a fact for which I took most of the credit as modestly as I could--I could not sell myself at any fee to a single hosiery manufacturer.

Well, the opportunity to become a consultant at last presented itself when the Washington Manufacturing Company of Nashville, Tennessee, a firm which had ten plants at that time, tired of another consultant they had and offered me a trial in one plant. It was apparel rather than hosiery--but it was consulting. It also meant 50% more than I was making--so, I made the switch and KSA was founded. The time was January 1935.

In the apparel industry, as well as in much of all industry, the cream was very much on top of the milk--efficiency-wise--in those days and the scooping off, to the tune of a 15-20% improvement, required only 6-12 weeks per plant. I worked through all ten of WMC's plants in a year or so and considered myself quite an apparel expert, because the exposure had encompassed workpants, workshirts, sportshirts, dress shirts, playsuits, coveralls, overalls, dungarees, and shop coats.

Still believing in the advantage of industry specialization, I pursued other leads in the apparel industry and, this time, was more successful than I had been while connected with the hosiery industry. It was not until 1937, when circumstances arose which made me realize how little of an industry expert I really was.

A Pennsylvania manufacturer had engaged me to design a plant for him to be built

by the City of Waverly, Tennessee, and then to start it for him. The products were to be workshirts and worktrousers. I was to have plenty of managerial help.

This turned out to be a cutter, a 65-year old manager, who spent half his time in the boiler room and the other half running to the post office--hiding out, and a very nice forelady who had been a shoulder-joiner at a nearby shirt factory. She turned out to be a very competent shoulder-joiner (a not very critical operation); not only did she know nothing about pants, she could not yoke, sleeve, fell, set collars, pockets or hem shirts.

Well, I had to teach myself these jobs from 8-11 in the evenings, hire trainee operators from 7-8 in the morning, convey my self-taught skills to them from 8-5 and supervise the inevitable ripping-out parties from 5-7. Under the circumstances, the quality of our products left something to be desired, as Roy Engman can surely confirm as he visited us there at the time.

It was on that job that I resolved: "If ever I get anyone to work with me, he shall not have to sweat blood like this and learn these things the hard way--he'll have a chance to be trained beforehand." (This, of course, is why your jobs are such a "snap" today!)

My main difficulty as a one-man consultant was trying to line up and survey the next job while I was enmeshed in the current one and thus avoiding idle time. At times, this proved impossible. Due to the "high caliber" of the work performed, however, I did, after a while, receive a sufficient number of requests for return-engagements to build up a backlog. This brought on the further worry: How to make your clients wait.

It seemed time to look about for help. I tried the obvious thing first: One man. This resulted in his client wanting 1/2 of my time and being willing to give my client 1/2 of the other fellow's time with the unanswerable argument that "his

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money was just as good as that of the other client"--obviously an impossible situation. So, the inevitable question presented itself: How many men do I need so that I can refuse to do staff jobs myself and just sell, survey, and supervise? The slide-rule said 3.3; I felt a safety factor advisable and decided I'd gamble on 5--looked about and found four more.

My client--the Cowden Manufacturing Company of Kansas City, Missouri--permitted me to bring them in there for training and to take time off for visiting other prospects and clients. The time was 1938. By the time that 10-month job ended (the longest single assignment I had ever had), we had one man working in Baltimore, three in Missouri, and one in New Castle, Pennsylvania. Roy Engman was the sixth man and a replacement for number five, who had gotten the brilliant idea of trying to take over the job for "his account" while I was away for the Christmas holidays. That visit Roy had paid me in Waverly, Tennessee, two years before sure proved a God-send and he was one man who required no training!

I settled in Washington and hit the airways. We grew fairly rapidly from five to about 12 men in 1941, by which time we had appointed our first two supervisors.

Our growth was, of course, retarded by the War. By 1945, we were up to 17 men and a volume of \$259,564. We had added the Systems and Personnel Divisions by that time--and continued to specialize in apparel manufacturing.

In the afterglow of successful sewing or cutting room assignments, our clients gradually turned to us for advice in an ever-growing number of problem areas. This not only was at the bottom of our decision to start the Systems and Personnel Divisions but forced a number of us to become true management consultants to our clients.

Our growth has proceeded apace--espe-

cially under the dynamic leadership of Karl Striegel, who assumed the presidency in 1961, but was really running things for at least five years before, and it shows no signs of abating (\$733,000 by 1955 with 41 employees; \$3,322,000 by 1965 with 132 employees, including our foreign branches).

We have continued to add special functions in order to serve our clients with greater competence in these areas: Physical Distribution, Material Utilization, Operations Research and among these, as are Statistical Quality Control, Labor Surveys, Plant Location Studies, Management Audits, AAMT.

Having diversified ourselves functionally and practicing on a broader plane, we asked ourselves after a few years of this: Might we be getting too successful as a business, selling the same techniques over and over, while failing to innovate?

The upshot of this was the acquisition of a research director in Bob Heiland, whose assigned function was to "keep us profound." SQC and FORSCOR are two of the specific contributions attributable to that move. More recently--guided by the same thinking--we added Lynwood Johnson so that we could offer Operations Research techniques, where called for.

To reinforce our ability to maintain a certain selectivity among our clients, we started a Textile Division in 1957. To hold fast to the principle which had served us so well--that of using men who knew an industry and were truly experts in its problems as consultants to that industry--we gathered to ourselves a staff of textile industry specialists.

This principle has served both our clients and us so well that we are dedicated to its continuation as, in the future, we may add other industries. We know the specialist can do a better job. We want to do the best job possible for our clients. Thus, we also feel the choice of specialist consultants is a dictate of

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conscience.

This leads to the logical question: What other principles have guided our practice: First, vis-a-vis our clients:

These principles are rather homespun and simple:

- To be honest with our clients
- To treat them the way we would want to be treated--the golden rule, if you will
- To promise no more than we are certain we can accomplish
- To do our best to try to accomplish more than we promised
- To place our clients' interests above considerations of our own financial gain

It is perhaps an indictment of the existing general business practices that these simple principles should have served us so well. Apparently, however, they are somewhat in contrast with what many firms practice, or so we have often been told. Well, quite aside from oral and ethical considerations, we think it is intelligent selfishness to adhere to this simple set of rules and we are as firmly committed to them today as we ever were.

Vis-a-vis our associates:

We have always tried to share liberally the fruits of our joint efforts and felt that the firm had a responsibility not to keep unconscionable shares of the total profits to itself. One of the specifics of this policy--and one we are particularly proud of--is our Deferred Profit Sharing Plan, which we adopted nine years ago and which, by the latest reckoning, was worth \$706,274 or \$758,470, if we include employees' voluntary contributions.

A second principle we have assiduously practiced is to promote strictly on merit, not by seniority. If we, as a com-

pany, have any arrogance in our makeup, it is that we feel rather confident of our ability to recognize accomplishment and growth in individuals. So, if you trust us to be capable of objectivity in sizing up our own abilities, I can say to you, just do your job and trust us to know how to keep the score!

As you will learn from our discussion of the reasons underlying the recently completed survey of KSA, we approach the long-range problems of KSA with humility and objectivity and not with any arrogance spawned by our success to date.

As those of us who are at the helm of KSA today move over and make room for those of you who are moving up, I can bequeath to you no finer legacy than to recommend to you that you hold fast to the simple but important principles upon which KSA was founded and which have characterized its operations in these first 30 years. I have cited some of the specifics before. Let me paraphrase them once again, but in a different way here now:

Make sure you are truly knowledgeable in your field;

Apply your knowledge with tact and humility;

Be honest in all of your dealings with clients and associates.

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ing happenings along the professional road. I had an interesting assignment in Colombia, S. A., from a sociological point of view. I had my most satisfying job on my first stay in Puerto Rico, as far as immediate results were concerned. The most frustrating assignment was the one in Kentucky, because of Management's attitude. The most pleasant assignment because of the outstanding friendliness of the people in the community was the Alabama job(Opp,if somebody gets there). The most thoroughly conducted assignment

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we did in Marshall, Texas and the most difficult assignments we have on our hands here in Europe.

Because I believe the Cali, Colombia assignment for Ocampos y Guttierrez which took place in 1960 will be of most interest to the readers, I should like to tell you about it.

In Colombia--and I believe in all South American countries--the people still had to work 48 hours per week. They also had a tendency to work overtime, if possible, to make some extra money. When I arrived they had plenty of operators "working" 13 hours, day after day. On the other hand, operators were considered not strong enough to work continuously with only a short break for lunch, as we do in the States. There is something to this because of the climate and malnutrition; also, people could not afford to eat in a nearby restaurant and most of them had large families at home for whom they had to cook. For those reasons, most companies still stick to the traditional two-hour lunch period to give the people a chance to go home and eat (their main meal) and, if possible, to take a short nap. I found there is also something to the nap. But all this amounted to a rather long working day.

I would estimate their 48-hour production to equal, roughly, a 30-35 hour production in the U.S. Did they actually work 48 hours? On the first day I came in at 7:00 to start my work on the floor. I was not actually surprised, in view of the years I had previously spent "South of the Border", but nevertheless I thought my watch was out of order: Two lonely souls were yawning between the machines. At 7:13, the first machine started sewing. The superintendent arrived at 7:16, but first had to read the newspaper. We were able to change this situation quickly and even the general manager started to come in before 7:00, jumping right into balancing problems which was a very valuable contribution to this drive. Only on rainy days did we continue to have difficulties. The official coffee-break was set from 9:00

to 9:10 but the kitchen department (five people) started distributing hot rolls on the floor from 8:00 on. Since most people had no breakfast at home, the units soon resembled regular picnic parties (this might be a little exaggerated, but at least everybody was chewing). Then 10 minutes to 9:00, the girls started to rush to the restrooms to clean their cups for the coffee.

Five to ten minutes before leaving for lunch, and at night, the buzzer sounded shortly to indicate that everybody might get ready. In earlier days, people had stopped working at their own convenience for their makeup, so the company tried to organize and, for that matter, legalize this situation with a second buzzer. Result: Everyone was brushing up before the new pre-buzzing.

All men operating pressing equipment, from machines down to little handirons, stopped work 30 minutes before lunch and 30 minutes before leaving at night in order to "cool off." The factory floor was swept continually by two women and each operator's work was interrupted at least twice a day for that reason. And so on....

Most people were of rather poor health, although some were simulating it. The companies had to pay all lost time when an operator visited a doctor. Companies also had to pay for the first three days when a doctor certified inability. Since those first three days did not hurt the government, doctors frequently prescribed from one to three days rest when there was actually no need for it. All this encouraged absenteeism. Furthermore, because of the very low standard of living, the average worker had to cope with many more problems in his family and surroundings than it is thinkable in the U.S. People had to attend sick relatives, were on the move because they did not pay their rent, had to go to court to testify for or against somebody, etc., etc.

The legal minimum for a day's work was Colombia Dollar 5.80, which is .83 in

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U.S. dollars. But because almost everybody was unionized, the earnings under those union contracts were around Col. \$7.00 or U.S. \$1.00 per day that the company had to pay as minimum. This was really not too much, considering that a new Volkswagen sold for around U.S. \$4,000 over there and the incentive for more intensive work was not very great. Many people worked accordingly and with no effort whatsoever. To keep the people from starving, there were many additional payments and subsidies ordered by law:

1. A worker working the full week or having a legitimate excuse for having been absent received a full day's pay for Sunday, also for all holidays of which Colombia had 27 officially authorized in a year.
2. Vacation was the same as in the U.S.
3. All operators living farther than six blocks from the factory received the fare for the four daily bus rides.
4. Because the bus was the only possible transportation means for the working class and since the bus lines were operating at a loss, the industry had to support the bus lines with considerable subsidies.
5. A worker having been employed by a company for ten months was entitled to work clothing which included shoes.
6. Companies served coffee free and paid for a hot meal for overtime workers.
7. Fringe benefits amounted to around 40% of the seven day per week salary. A thirteenth month was paid at the end of each year and on retirement of an employee another month's payment was made for each year the employee was with the company.
8. If an employee stayed with a company for 20 years or more, he was entitled to a pension paid by the company.

A real handicap was the fact that once an operator had completed three to six

months probation period and a contract had been signed, it was almost impossible for a company to discharge her. If it came to arbitration, the court always ruled in favor of the employee.

When I arrived, the majority of the operators, approximately 250, worked and were paid on a time base with 7.2 Col. Pesos per day. But there were around 15 operators who had special contracts with the company and worked on piece rates earning from twice to three times as much as their less privileged fellow workers. We had several operations where one girl was working on piece rate and the other doing the same job, but with no contract, just working on time and earning half as much. This old incentive system affected only 30 out of 250 operations, but we had to eliminate this unsound situation before I could start a successful engineering installation. This proved to be extremely difficult and it took us about 14 days of continuous bargaining and arguing with those people. Trying to eliminate operator after operator, we promoted two to foreladies, one was given a nice job in the office as secretary, some became utility operators with a guaranteed average based on their past earnings. I was able to have one girl discharged because I could prove that she had claimed and received payments during at least a whole year for twice the amount of work which actually had gone through the line.

I found that for years one operator was receiving the same rate for her operation done on a machine although the rate originally had been set for this job done by hand. Another piece rate operator was employing a time worker as her assistant. It was operation "Attach Waist Band and Clip." The rate had been set for sewing and clipping but the bander had not touched a pair of scissors for years and accordingly was collecting a relatively good salary.

Selling the rates was rather different too. During the sales session everything went fine until the standard actually was being introduced. Then a wild

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bargaining started and people behaved as if they were going to buy a few eggs on the open market. They were not interested in the scientific approach an engineer was using in elaboration of their rates, they were only satisfied if they could have bargained for something and could get an apparent advantage out of a "deal." Several times I was pretty close to tightening every rate before selling so I could knock a little off the rate in order to make operators happy.

Of course, I had many personal experiences also which were quite different from normal U.S. practice. I have already mentioned, for instance, the full scale cafeteria service of this relatively small company and these girls in command of kitchen facilities which allowed them to prepare everything from traditional "tinto" (mocca style coffee) for executive and office personnel five times a day to complete meals for the whole crew! I managed to tell them without hurting their feelings that I could not stand the "tinto" which they serve "on the spot", that is wherever you are working at the moment. Well, soon they found out that I was in favor of milk. From then on I had to take a large glass of milk together with a few sandwiches (Spanish version of our sandwich) twice a day and right on the floor because the operators were anxious to see that their "Meester" was not losing weight while in Colombia.

Being in Central Europe, of which also a "most interesting" story could be told, I must say, I live in an entirely different world. If better or worse, I am not to decide, that is a matter of individual taste.

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NEW EMPLOYEES

Increased recruiting efforts continue to spell success, as you will see from the sizeable list of new employees.

J. A. Warren became a KSA engineer on July 7. He is a graduate of Davis

& Elkins College and was separated from the Navy as a Lt. S.G. shortly before joining our forces. With no previous experience in our industry, John went through the usual indoctrination and is now in Detroit on the Detroit Overall assignment.

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Glenn A. vonRosenberg reported to Washington on July 19 for his brief indoctrination. Glenn, a Texan, is experienced in our industry and after several weeks of AAMT training he headed back to his home state to do AAMT work in Del Rio.

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KSA-Washington has a new girl in book-keeping--and a very capable one,we might add. Connie Krause reported on August 23 to replace Rosemary Kutchman, who was leaving the city. Connie not only was starting a new job, but was also new in the city, having recently moved here from Erie, Pennsylvania. We hope you like not only us but our fair city as well and that you will be around for a long time.

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September 7 brought our Engineering Division R. D. Hagen. Bob is a B.S.I.E. from LaSalle College. He also hails from Pennsylvania (Pottsville). Following the usual indoctrination in Washington and McRae, he can now be found on the Chaffee assignment in Rector, Arkansas.

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J. T. Lowrimore reported for work on September 27. He is an experienced Textile man and as such has not yet "done time" in Washington. He is a North Carolinian and an I. E. grad from N. C. State. On his first day with us, instead of reporting for duty in an office or a factory, Jack went to the floor of a convention hall in Atlantic City. Since then, however, we understand his training has followed more normal procedures.

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The week beginning October 4 was a busy one with three new men reporting to Washington.

W. T. (Bill) Bodenhamer was the first to arrive. We are grateful to Robin Hitchcock for his referral; they had met when Bill piloted Robin's plane for him. Although a pilot, this was not Bill's occupation; he was a director and administrator of a vocational Technical School in Georgia. Robin thought he would be a valuable addition to our AAMT Division. KSA agreed and Bill is now busily learning the how's and why's of our work in that division by spending time on various AAMT installations.

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Also on the 4th came D. H. Flatt. Don hails from Brooklyn and is an I.E. grad from Ohio State. After Washington indoctrination he headed McRae-ward and is presently on the Gunnin Sportswear assignment in Dawson, Georgia. We hear Don is quite a basketball player. He also plays golf and his skill probably carries over. Beware, fellows!

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October 5 was W. E. Hiatt's first day with KSA, however, he really seemed like an old-timer. Bill was hired when he graduated from Purdue, but Uncle Sam was beckoning, so his actual starting date was postponed by some three years. Bill is a Washingtonian and always kept in touch with us by letter or stopping by when he was at home on leave. He is now in the Atlanta area but hear he is scheduled for the proverbial "North-in-Winter" assignment, this time it is Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where he will have the companionship of several KSA-ites.

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The Textile Division scored again on October 18 when A. E. (Al) Batts came with KSA. He is a Tennessean with a B.S.I.M. from Tennessee Polytechnic Institute. Al has spent quite some time in

Textiles and only spent a week in Washington reading of KSA's approach in his chosen field. He is down at Swift Manufacturing Company working under the guidance of John Justice.

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Another Textile man! S. P. Morrah reported on October 25, bringing with him several years of textile experience--hosiery. Sam is a native of Greensboro, where he presently resides and a graduate of Clemson. He is being trained for AAMT-Textiles.

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October 25 was also P. M. Doano's first day with KSA/USA. Peter is associated with KS-PEA and is now in the States for a three-year training period. He received his B.S.M.E. from Royal Technical College in England. Peter was accompanied to the States by his wife, Margaret. He is still in the Atlanta area in the early phases of his training.

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J. D. (Dave) Warden joined our Engineering Division on November 8, although he attended the Atlanta meeting the previous week. After receiving his B.S. from Southwest Missouri State, Dave went into the Army for three years and only recently completed that obligation. He has been fairly close to this "rag business" most of his life as his father is in it and thus Dave learned of KSA. He is also in the Atlanta area at this time.

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J. J. Downie, another experienced man in our industry, arrived for the shortened version of indoctrination in Washington on November 15. Though a native of New Jersey, he is a graduate of Clemson and most of his employment has been in the South. He is presently living in Easley, South Carolina and is receiving training in AAMT.

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Two recent additions to the staff of KSA-France were our next arrivals on November 29. They are Michel Cardon and Robert Chaumontet. They are still in Washington wading through the stacks of reading material. They are here for a three-year training period. Both Mike and Bob speak and understand English very well and possess a keen sense of humor.

Mike is a graduate of Institute d'Etudes Politiques. He was accompanied to the States by his wife, Evelyne.

Bob is a graduate of Hautes Etudes Commerciales. He is engaged to be married in 4-5 months.

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W. T. (Bill) Smith joined KSA on December 6, although he was given a "look-see" when he attended the Atlanta meeting. Bill is a real Floridian, having been born, educated and had all of his employment there. He is a graduate of the University of Florida. Bill's family is living in Winston-Salem, North Carolina while he receives his indoctrination and training.

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Last, but not least, is Mrs. Dora Yates, who became the #2 Girl in the Greensboro office on December 6. We know that her services are badly needed, as Virginia Jackson has been more than swamped with the many duties brought in by the increasing staff in the Greensboro area.

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We are pleased to welcome one and all to the KSA family and trust your association with us will be rewarding and continuous.

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TRANSCONTINENTAL CHANGES

Since our last issue we have welcomed home Clara and Roy Engman from where Roy

had been lending his much needed talents to KS-PEA since last December. We know they are happy to be home for many reasons, but we can think of two in particular. In early November their daughter-in-law presented them with their first grandchild and later this month their daughter will be getting married. Our congratulations to the Engmans.

On December 10, the Joel Sockwells also returned from a six-month tour of duty with KS-PEA. Joel had been doing a staff job for them in South Wales. We will, no doubt, be hearing of some of their interesting experiences.

We are happy to have both the Engmans and Sockwells home again.

Greig Barr, from KS-PEA, who has been Stateside for almost three years returned to England on December 9. Greig, we know you are happy to be home again, particularly for the holiday season. We also know how glad KS-PEA is to have your experience available to them. We wish you much success and happiness.

James Malcolm is scheduled to return to England on December 19. We regret to say that James' wife returned unexpectedly a couple of months ago because of the loss of her Mother. We wish to extend our deepest sympathy and to say it was our pleasure having you with us and to wish you good fortune in your years ahead with KS-PEA.

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ATLANTA STAFF MEETING

Girls, whatever your boys told you about that staff meeting in Atlanta was true. It was a good get-together, informative and--with the exception of a couple of unofficial crap and poker games--very wholesome. (The winner of one of those games was overhead confessing that he did it only because it was better for the boys to be exercising their skills in his room than to be frequenting Atlanta's bars. So, you see we have our share of "good Samaritans" in KSA!

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One of the highlights of our meeting were some skits put on by a number of our histrionically talented associates, purporting to depict the life of a KSA consultant, how he is hired, trained, moved about, etc. Ask your husband to tell you about these, if he hasn't already--they were really funny.

Honestly, girls, we were sorry you weren't along, but we just couldn't afford you, if we were going to have any profits left at the end of the year out of which to pay bonuses. We were tempted to disregard this but then we had second thoughts: If we got too reckless with that bonus money, your husbands might no longer be able to afford you and wouldn't we have a sad bunch of consultants on our hands then?

So, we hope you'll forgive us--we thought of all of you and you've trained your boys well; they behaved themselves beautifully.

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WEDDINGS

Even though Cecil Truluck was married in June, we did not learn of it in time for our last issue.

Cecil and Aline Stevenson were married in Atlanta on June 25. Upon their return from their honeymoon, Cecil worked in the Atlanta area for the summer before returning for his final year at Chicago University.

Shirley and Frank Armistead were married in Daytona Beach, Florida on August 16. Following a Canadian honeymoon they reported to McRae for three weeks and then took up residence, their first home, in Anniston, Alabama.

Best wishes and much happiness are our hopes for the Trulucks and Armisteads.

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RECUPERATIONS

We have been real lucky so far this year

--Buddy Ruppenthal is the only one of the staff who has been hospitalized. He had an emergency appendectomy on November 9, and we are happy to report that he made excellent progress and is now back on the job.

You will be pleased to hear that Angela Reed is responding well to the treatments she is receiving and we are all hoping she will soon be enjoying good health again.

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DIAPER LINE

On July 30 Shirley and Bob Solomon got their long-awaited second child. Sandra Elizabeth was born June 11 and weighed 7 lbs. 4 oz., but when they got her she weighed 10 lbs. 2 oz. and her Dad says she eats like a piggy and yells like a wild Indian.

Susan and Dean Vought's daughter, Melinda Jane, was born September 14. She is Child #3 for the Voughts. With all the girls around his home, Dean is probably treated like a king!

The Alan Bells became parents for the second time when their son was born on November 5. Alan left the Atlanta meeting early to be with his wife at the time of his son's birth.

Kay and Jimmy Giddings became proud parents for the second time also, when James I. Giddings, Jr., was born on December 3. We hear their little daughter is very happy with her baby brother.

Our congratulations to the parents of the new arrivals and best wishes with your little ones.

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MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

By
Jarnetta Wood

(Note from the Editor: When we learned Jarnetta was taking an extended cruise with her mother, we wrote and asked her

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to give us the following travelog of her experiences.)

Until last summer, the word "cruise" had always brought to my mind a picture of wealthy, glamorous people lounging about the deck of a luxurious yacht, sipping cocktails and soaking up sun. Now, if I hear the word, I am apt to raise an eyebrow and advise anyone contemplating such a thing to take a survival course beforehand. Not that I really had too many illusions before my mother and I left for our cruise in the Greek Islands. There are cruises of various types, and our brochures had indicated that life aboard the *Lysistrata* might be somewhat simple compared to what Maria Callas could expect on Onassis' yacht. Still, it came as a shock to find that our brochures had exaggerated a great deal, and life aboard the *Lysistrata* should have been described as "rugged", rather than "simple." But, to begin at the beginning:

Sunday, July 11, my mother and I flew to Athens and spent a few days sightseeing there before leaving on our cruise on the 14th. I was at first very disappointed in Athens. It was hot, dirty, and crowded, with thousands of lines and cables cluttering the sky and narrow, broken sidewalks filled with people. But when we went up to the Acropolis on our second night, I changed my mind. The moon was full, and there were no artificial lights on; only a few people were wandering about the ruins on top of the hill, and right beneath us a symphony orchestra was playing in the remains of an ancient amphitheater. Athens was spread out below us in every direction, with millions of lights twinkling in the distance, and the huge marble columns of the ruins of the Acropolis shone in the moonlight. It was an unforgetably beautiful sight.

Wednesday morning we took a taxi to the harbor, and our cruise began. Our ship, the *Lysistrata*, was owned by a Canadian professor and his wife, who conduct a number of cruises through the Greek Islands every summer. Dr. Aristotle

(I've changed his name, obviously) with his white hair and weatherbeaten face, had a vast knowledge of Greek history and none whatever of the psychology of human relations. He was a pedant and a poor lecturer--a most unfortunate combination--and he treated the "guests" as if we were delinquent students, which of course antagonized all of us. He was also a borderline alcoholic. His wife was a calm, tactful woman, and we liked her. We soon realized what a job she had, trying to get her husband to eat at mealtimes and watching him constantly to make sure he didn't fall overboard. Besides the Aristotles, there were ten "guests" and a crew of five. The crew, all Greeks, consisted of the captain, his wife, who did the cooking, their pleasant teenage daughter, a slovenly, insolent steward, and a delightful old man who did odd jobs around the ship.

We were an odd assortment of "guests", and that first morning I think we all sat around warily eyeing each other. It turned out to be a wonderful group, however, and it was certainly thanks to them that I enjoyed the cruise so much. Ben and Mamie and their friend, Judy, could see the funny side of anything and kept us laughing all the time. The three of them were from the New York area, and Ben was a Latin teacher, as is Mamma. There was Dottie, an attractive woman from Ontario, and with her was her 14 year old son, Charles, who was very polite and quite handsome. Mark and Tim were the two Oxford "scholarship" students. Mark was an extremely quiet person, thus we never got to know him very well, but Tim was more extroverted and had a delightful sense of humor; he also spoke Greek much better than did the good professor. Alice, also from the New York area, was not with us that first morning because she literally missed the boat, but she suddenly showed up in Corinth the next day and joined us there. She had gotten the date of departure mixed up, and after we knew her better, we decided that it was probably par for the course for her. And lastly, there was Mamma, the most diplomatic and uncomplaining person in the group--and her opposite--me!

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The Lysistrata was a reliable ship (that is to say, she never actually sank), but it was apparent that comfort, to some extent, had been sacrificed in her construction for the sake of economy. She had seven tiny cabins, each of which contained built-in double-decker bunks, one sink into which cold water "flowed" a drop at a time, one small closet, and one built-in chest affair which was supposed to contain life preservers, although Dottie found hers full of rocks. (Presumably to balance the ship). I had the top bunk in our cabin, and it was a feat of great skill to get in and out of it. Once in, it was impossible to turn over, and I found it more comfortable to sleep on my stomach; my nose hit the ceiling if I lay on my back. Mamma and I never really got a good look at our cabin because the lights on our side were usually dead, which was probably just as well, although it did make reading rather difficult.

The two toilet-shower combinations defy description. The toilets which involved several valves and hand pumps, were usually stopped up, a fact which infuriated the professor and for which we received many irate lectures. Heaven knows, it was not to our advantage to sabotage the toilets; WE were the ones who had to use them, not the professor and his wife, who had their own. Only one of the showers worked at all, and its one thin stream of cold water shot out through the porthole. All of us eventually gave up any attempts at cleanliness.

The first day we sailed until lunch time and stopped at Megara where we spent the night. Up to that point, none of us fully realized what we'd gotten into, but we were becoming a little uneasy, and I think it was when we sat down to that first meal aboard the Lysistrata that serious doubts took hold of all of us. We were served a greyish, rubbery substance (octopus) on warped plastic plates and, except for some sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, that was the meal en toto. And it was typical of all the meals to follow.

After a couple of days, we had establish-

ed a routine of sorts. We had breakfast at 6:00 or 6:30 every morning and then did our traveling for the day. We usually sailed for two or three hours, arriving at the next port about mid-morning. I would go out to sunbathe and read, while all the others went in to explore the new village. I really admired their enthusiasm and energy, walking around in the terrific heat, until I realized they were looking for food! After lunch, I went back to the sun, and everyone else took a nap or read. We were not permitted to talk on the ship from 1:30 until 4:00 in the afternoon--so the crew could get sleep--but since the crew woke us up at 5:00 every morning, banging and shouting around the ship, we were all tired anyway. Later in the afternoon, before supper, Dr. Aristotle would give deck-talks--incoherent ramblings on the subject of Greek history, interspersed with many poems and quotations IN Greek. Immediately after supper, all the "guests" left the ship and went into town. We took long walks or sat in out-door cafes playing bridge or talking. No one had any desire to go back to the ship until he was ready for bed, since the lights on deck were all turned out right after supper, and we weren't allowed to talk on board after 10:00 p.m. either.

The second day took us to Corinth, where some of the others took a taxi to Mycena to see Agammemnon's tomb and palace. I passed that trip up and stayed on the ship and swam instead. That night we sat at an out-door cafe and watched the people (who were eyeing us with equal curiosity) and played bridge. The third day we went to Itea, and from there several of us made a nerve-racking trip by taxi to Delphi. It was a beautiful trip up through the mountains, but my enthusiasm was somewhat dimmed by the frightening thousand foot drop-offs at every turn. Saturday we spent in Paupaktos, which was a lively, interesting town. After supper we climbed up a small mountain behind the village to a fascinating old fort on the top. From there we had a beautiful view of the town, the harbor, and the lovely, blue Mediterranean. We got back to the village in time to see a party of people doing the typi-

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cal Greek dances and singing in one of the restaurants.

On Sunday we sailed to Messalonqui, armed with cans of insect repellent. Dr. Aristotle had warned us the day before to buy some, adding incidentally that Lord Byron had died there of malaria. That night we went to an outdoor, rooftop movie to see Ulysses (starring Kirk Douglas) but the movie broke down six times during the first 30 minutes, and we finally left and went to the village square, which by that time, was filled with strolling Greeks. They were all dressed up in their best clothes, and we noticed that the girls were always in groups or couples, but never alone. We had also noticed that the captain's daughter never left the ship unless accompanied by either her mother or father.

We got to Cephalonia on the sixth day and found an almost completely new town because the old one had been destroyed by an earthquake a few years before. The pebbly beaches were beautiful, and all of us enjoyed the swimming there. After supper, some of us took a long hike up into the hills behind the town. The next day we went to Ithaca, where the others went to see Ulysses' palace while I went into town to buy a bath. Charles and I went exploring that night, then joined the others at a cafe. Those nightly sessions at the cafes were delightful. We often sat down hungry and full of complaints about the professor, the food, and the rustic conditions on the Lysistrata, and we usually wound up much less hungry and laughing ourselves sick.

On Wednesday, July 21, we went to Nidri, a lovely little town, surrounded by other islands, one of which belonged to Onassis. He and Maria Callas were on his yacht which was anchored near his island in full view of the Lysistrata. We didn't see Callas, but Onassis himself came over to Nidri that afternoon in a motorboat, and I nearly fell overboard trying to get a look at him. He also had a water plane which was constantly taking off and landing, and every time it flew over the village, the little Greek

children would scream, "There goes King Onassis!" Tim, Mark, Charles and I took a long walk that night through acres of olive groves and we returned to find the others at a waterfront cafe, devouring a large piece of lamb. We hated to leave Nidri, but we had to go on to Levkas the next day. At Levkas we found the most beautiful beaches of the whole trip about a mile from the harbor, and we spent the afternoon there swimming. We met some Greek sailors at the beach who spoke a little English and a little French, and we were able to find out from them a little about the riots which we had heard were taking place in Athens. (We were almost completely cut off from the rest of the world since there were no English newspapers in the small towns we visited.)

That night in Levkas we were royally entertained by some Greek children. Ben and Mamie had struck up a conversation at a cafe with a boy about 13 years old who spoke a little English. He, it seemed, played the accordian, and he invited us to his house to hear him perform. When we arrived, his parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles suddenly descended on us and ushered us out to a little patio enclosed by a rock wall where they miraculously provided chairs for all of us. Then the boy began to play his accordian, and he played very well, indeed. After he had played a number of pieces, ranging from typical Greek songs to classical selections, his eight year old brother entertained us by playing the violin, and he also was very talented. Meanwhile, the old grandfather was passing candy around, and when the show was over, most of the family escorted us back to the boat. Their hospitality to us was typical of the warmth and friendliness we met everywhere in Greece.

After Nidri and Levkas, it was a letdown to get to Prevega, which was an unattractive town with terrible beaches. To our dismay, the battery which ran the ship broke down there and had to be recharged, so we were stuck there almost two days. Finally, we got to Parga, which I thought was the most beautiful place we

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visited. The water was crystal clear and very blue, and the town was literally built into the hillside. We had to anchor out in the middle of the harbor, and after supper, the steward most reluctantly took us all to shore in a motorboat. He was to pick us up at 9:00, so we all set off to explore the town. At 9:00 we went back to the dock and proceeded to wait for him until 10:00, and by then we were all furious. The Lysistrata had been plunged into darkness after supper, as usual, and was practically invisible, and it was obvious by that time that no one planned to come for us.

Finally, we persuaded a fisherman to take us out to the ship and we were nearly on the verge of mutiny by the time we got there. Everyone was asleep, including the steward, so we decided to make as much noise as possible. Alice and Charles went swimming off the boat, while the rest of us turned on lights and banged around. Meanwhile, Tim arrived with some people he knew who lived on the island and brought them all on board. Someone produced a bottle of wine, and we commenced to make merry for a short but happy time, while the steward, who was awake at this point, stalked around angrily.

The next day we went to Paxos where there was nothing to do but swim, and from there we went to Benitos. That afternoon we took a bus into Corfu, where Mamma and I made plane reservations back to Athens, and we got back to Benitos just in time for the farewell dinner on the ship. After the dinner, several rather insincere toasts were made, and then the captain, his wife, and daughter sang some lovely Greek songs and the party broke up.

Tuesday, July 27, we landed at Corfu, and our cruise was over. We packed up our few dirty possessions, said a far from tearful goodbye to the professor, and headed for the Corfu Palace, a luxury hotel where Ben, Mamie, and Judy had reservations. We ate until we were nearly sick at lunch, and then I swam in

the hotel pool until Mamma and I had to leave for the airport.

In retrospect over that last lunch, we all agreed that we had thoroughly enjoyed the cruise; we had perfect weather, plenty of sun, and a lot of laughs. We had even mellowed toward the dear old professor, and we decided that the "hardships" aboard the Lysistrata had only made the trip more interesting, which was probably true. At least, that's what we decided--in retrospect.

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POWER FAILURE AT KSA

By
Joe Scheines

The electric power failure that plunged New York City into the dark on November 9 was taken in stride by the alert, perpetually lit New York staff of KSA.

No one suspected anything of this magnitude when Dean Vought left the office at 3:30, insulated pliers in hand. Nor did we think much of the stream of unprintable comments that ensued from the Public Relations office ("%\$&*()+ lights are flickering again! Can't we do something about this?")

However, when the New York skyline started to flicker out as well, we knew something was up--or out! It was quite a sight.

A transistor radio gave us the news that the situation was indeed serious, so we put Plan E into operation immediately. A search party was formed to hunt up the decorative candles we keep in the conference room for just such an occasion. These were located, lit, and parceled out so that letters could be finished and mailed. Then an escape party was formed, with a candle at its head and another at its tail, and a group of ten hardy souls commenced to make their way down 18 flights of darkened stairway.

We didn't manage to lose anyone on the

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descent, although we picked up a few stragglers on the way. Upon reaching the lobby, we started to exchange experiences and opinions with the elevator starters and post office personnel. However, we soon discovered that they knew even less than we, so we regrouped and threaded our way onto 34th Street in search of transportation to Phil Lutz's car, which was parked on the West Side. While waiting for a bus with some 800 other people, Schéines and Ward detached themselves from the party to search for flashlights and provisions. They were never heard from again!

Upon reaching Phil's car a half hour later, a round trip tour of Manhattan commenced as he attempted to distribute KSA people to their homes. This exciting drive came to a halt somewhere south of 30th Street on the East Side after seeing Pat and Erma home. So another group of eastward bound adventurers was dropped off to make their way as best they could while the intrepid little car turned westward.

Two and a half hours later (10:00 p.m.) Phil finally got to his own house, tired but content in the knowledge that he had done his bit.

Reports of high and low adventures straggled into headquarters throughout the next day. For instance: Jack Sanders and Stig Kry, returning from JFK Airport quickly grasped the full import of the situation when they were denied entrance to the Mid-Town Tunnel. A perilous U-turn was executed, and they zoomed back to the airport well ahead of a throng of similarly minded travelers. Thus, they were able to secure two single rooms for the night. Keen planning!

No KSA people were caught in stalled elevators, luckily, but we did hear the desperate ringing of an alarm bell from the elevator shaft adjoining the office.

Jersey residents had a relatively easy time of it, since they subscribe to a four-sided utility company. These people

became insufferable with their boasts of "what blackout?" the next day.

Interesting sidelight: The papers were full of stories about personal inconveniences and adventures but there were few reports about the interruption of mail service. The blackout Tuesday night prevented mail delivery on Wednesday. Thursday was a holiday (Veteran's Day), so Friday's mail, when it finally arrived, was sizeable. These and other interruptions effectively cut production to a three-day week for New York.

All in all, KSA-NY escaped lightly--and that's no pun!

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