4/28/2025
Edited 5/4/2025

Chapter 12b CDC – Richland, Washington 1971 - 1973

It was a hot trip going up in June 1971. Mitsu, our Siamese cat was meowing so loud that we finally put her in her cage in the trailer. When we stopped that night she couldn't make a sound. The next day was even hotter through Portland and up the Columbia River Gorge. The Dodge overheated, and we had to stop a couple of times to let it cool off.

We got to Richland in the evening and pulled into a county campground along the Columbia Rive. The temperature owas ver 100 degrees. We noticed the people in the campground were a different looking bunch. The next morning they were all gone, but the trailers and tents were there. They all returned that evening. It dawned us that they were gypsies picking fruit during the day. We moved to a nicer trailer park.

Our Life in Richland, Washington

We found a newly completed house at 2159 Crestview Avenue in east Richland. It was built by a builder with a great reputation. It was a split entry with four bedrooms with a total of 2,100 sq ft on two floors.

The street ran east and west on a long wide sand dune formed by blowing sand. The elevation provided a nice view out the front looking over the Columbia River area and the back looked over the tops of the houses behind. After some more looking we made an offer of $31,500 and put money down on June 20. It was contingent upon our house selling in Livermore and it was accepted. We then received an offer on June 21 for $28,850 on our Livermore house and accepted. We had to close in Livermore then we could close in Richland. We had an agreement to rent the Richland house for $4 per day until closing which happened about a month later.

The 4th of July weekend was coming up. We decided to take the trailer and meet the folks at the Bumblebee Campground on the Coeur d'Alene National Forest near Kellogg.

We got there and parked. The ignition switch on the Dodge started smoking. We had arrived a day early, so I planned to get the car checked out the next day while garages were open. I went to Coeur d'Alene and they recommended the Dodge

dealer in Spokane, so I headed to Spokane. They worked on electrical problems all day and I went back to Bumblebee.

Other than the car problem it was a nice camping trip with the folks. We left the trailer in Kellogg as we planned to start using the two weeks we were authorized in a motel. We stayed at the Hanford House which was a newly built hotel and convention center on the Columbia River in Richland.

We made a quick trip to Livermore to get the moving process going and say goodbye. The movers packed and loaded everything into a big moving van and away we went. Arriving back in Richland we checked in at the Hanford House again. That evening we had a ring side seat on the balcony of our room for the awards to the powerboat racers. They had just completed a week of racing on the Columbia river. It was also being broadcast on the ABC Wild World of Sports.

The next day the moving truck arrived and unloaded our stuff. Our new phone number was 509-946-9165. Our next door neighbor's last name was Asay, and they were from Utah. Her first name was LaRue! It was comical when the two LaRue's introduced themselves to each other. Turns out that he was a cousin of Gene Asay that I served with in Scotland. Gene Asay was one of two airmen that drowned on a lake in Scotland when their boat overturned while on a fishing trip. Small world again.

Now the landscaping work began. For a decent lawn you had to add mulch to the sand. I ordered a full load of bark mulch, which was 23 cubic yards. The delivery arrived when we were shopping. We returned to find a pile of mulch covering our whole driveway about five feet high.

I bought a new wheelbarrow and started distributing the mulch about four inches high over the planned lawn area, and then rototilled it in. Next was a sprinkler system front and rear. It was a lot of PVC pipe to bury, but digging in the sand was fast and easy.

I had to dig about six feet down to connect to the water main. It took about an hour in the sand. It was a huge hole since the sand kept caving in. LaRue ran to the store when I started digging and when she got back all she could see was my head sticking up.

The plan was to plant the lawn in the spring.. In the meantime build a cedar fence around the back yard, a 1-foot concrete mowing strip all of the way around, pour a

large patio, and widen the driveway with a trailer pad beside the garage. The backyard was several times larger than the Livermore house and there was a lot of work to do.

I completed the sprinkler system in late summer then built the backyard fence. The fence was 6 ft high cedar, 80 ft on the left side, 80 ft across the back, and 55 feet on the right side. I also built a gate for access from the trailer pad, and a gate in the back. The back gate was so I could go through and dump grass clippings along the back of the fence to stabilize the hill and the sand.

Then it was time for concrete work. The patio would be 60 feet long along the back of the house. It was 20 feet wide on the right end, and curved free form to 10 feet for the left end.

The driveway expansion and trailer parking pad would be 60 feet long and 10 feet wide. That was a lot of concrete to pour and finish without help. We decided to buy a cement mixer and do it ourselves in small sections that we could pour and finish in one day. I used 1x4 redwood dividers in 5x5 sections. LaRue and I could finish one or two alternating sections per day on a weekend. I put down a good base of sand and gravel before pouring concrete.

With that all done I decided on a curved free form front sidewalk that was 3 feet wide by 32 feet long in exposed aggregate. It seemed like all we did the first few months was build fence, mix, pour, and finish concrete. The two of us did it all. My notes show that it took 34 tons of sand and gravel and 120 sacks of cement in several deliveries. We got the lawn, shrubs, and trees planted in the spring and our place looked great. We were the show place in the neighborhood.

Christmas 1971 we decided to go to Kellogg and spend Christmas with my folks and Bev. It was cold and snowy up that way, so I got snow tires and tire chains to be prepared. We had a good Christmas and met Bev's boyfriend, Tom Franson, who was working for a finance company in Kellogg.

We had acquired a new dog named Penny. She was small and white with a few black markings. Penny was outdoors and ran into the street and was run over and killed. So, there was trauma also.

We headed back to Richland after a few days and left late in the afternoon. We went through Spokane on the freeway west and had just passed by the small town of Sprague where Tom grew up. It was well below zero.

Something blew with a big noise in the engine, and we were stranded on the side of the freeway. Nobody would stop. Even the highway patrol kept on going. I saw a farmhouse about a half mile away on the other side of the freeway and decided to go and see if I could call for help. I could hear a big dog barking inside and I could hear someone, but they wouldn't answer the door. I knew they were in there and kept knocking. Finally, a guy peeked out and eventually said I could use the phone. He recommended a tow truck operator in Sprague.

I could see a female peeking through a crack in the door across the room. I figured she had a gun on me. I couldn't get out of there fast enough. I got back to the car and everyone was freezing.

The tow truck arrived and told us the nearest service was in Ritzville about 30 miles further west, and we were hooked up. There was not enough room in the tow truck for all of us, so LaRue and I rode in the car dangling off the hook. He dropped the car at the Dodge dealer and us at a mom and pop motel. They were nice people and loaned me their car to get our stuff out of the car.

The next day we found it was going to be major engine work. Luckily the car was barely within warranty. It would be a couple weeks getting parts and the engine rebuilt.

The Ford dealer had a rental car which was a two door Mercury Cougar that I rented. Somehow, we got all of us and our stuff into it and went on home.

On our way home we decided we needed a second car as LaRue had taken up selling Avon. On December 30, 1971 we found a new four door four cylinder Mazda with standard shift and light metallic green. It was $2,250 with a dealer installed radio. The dealer was Bob and Floyd's Mazda and Used Cars in Kennewick. The next day I took the rental car back to Ritzville and went by Greyhound bus to get back to the Tri Cities. I had to kill time in Ritzville and ate lunch at the Golden Pheasant Cafe. Then a pool hall watching the local wheat farmers play pool and snooker. Those old boys were good.

The Dodge continued to have problems. You never knew when the turn signals and stop lights were going to work. It was time to cut our loss. That spring I traded for a new 1972 Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royale 4dr hardtop sedan loaded with everything and with a 454 engine. The Olds was $5,104 and we were given $2,404 for the Dodge. I ran into the salesman a month later and he said the Dodge sure

had a lot of electrical problems! I acted dumb.

We took a shakedown camping trip with the new car and trailer to Fishhook Campground where the Snake River meets the Columbia River, and all worked well.

A week later we left for vacation pulling the trailer to Lolo Montana to Salmon then up to Glacier National Park. From there it was Calgary, Banff, the Canadian National Parks, and back home. No car problems for a change.

Vacation 1973 we towed the trailer to the Oregon coast then up through the Olympic National Park and back home. Leaving Richland we had a severe head wind going down the Columbia River and averaged 4 miles per gallon. We could just make it between gas stations. At least we had no more car problems. Without strong head winds the mileage was acceptable for the rest of the trip.

It was nice being within a four hour drive to Kellogg, Idaho and the folks. There had been employment changes for Dad over the last few years. When they came back from Guatemala Jack Bradley made Dad the underground mine manager of the Bunker Hill Mine in Kellogg

Jack Bradley and his wife were killed in a car wreck on the San Francisco/Oakland Bay Bridge. It was a big shock and loss for Mom and Dad. After a while the new management of the Bunker Hill Company sent Dad to Superior, Montana to get the Nancy Lee Mine operating again. The folks were in Montana for a couple of years. When they were ready to come back to Kellogg Dad decided to leave Bunker Hill, and took the job of underground mine manager of the Sunshine Mine.

The spring of 1972 we went to Kellogg for a visit. My brother Garry was there, and Dad asked if we would like to tour the Sunshine Mine. We said yes and the next morning we packed a lunch and went to the mine and got hard hats and miner's lamps.

Dad was busy, so he had a shift boss escort us on the tour. We walked in a ground level mine tunnel to the Jewel Shaft where a huge hoist drops a cage on a cable down into the mine. The Jewell shaft is the only access to the many levels of the mine below. We got in the cage and dropped straight down the Jewell Shaft to the bottom 6,000 ft level. We toured around then went up to the 3700 ft level. We walked nearly a mile and toured the big rooms for machine shops, etc.

At noon we stopped at a widened area called the Blue Room. We were eating lunch and talking to the shift boss and four or five miners. All of a sudden one of the miners jumped up in alarm when he caught the smell of smoke. The shift boss answered the phone on the first ring. He was told there was a fire in the mine ,and we were to head back to the Jewell Shaft.

The miners broke out breathing back packs that were stored for emergencies. We piled into ore cars that were hitched to an electric powered locomotive. We didn't put on the breathing apparatus as we might need them later. When we got to the Jewell Shaft the smoke was coming from a level below, and not from above where it could block our only exit. The cage came down and stopped at our level and Dad came flying out. He said, "get these guys to the surface", and up Garry and I went. He stayed to assess the situation and direct operations. We got to the top and walked back through the tunnel to daylight. Fire trucks and ambulances were arriving with sirens and lights going. We were worried how bad it was going to be. TV crews were arriving, and we went home and watched it all.

It turned out the fire started on the level below the one we were on and was confined to old timbers. They were ignited when dynamite was set off to blast rock. The fire was put out without any serious consequences. It turned out a lot more tragically the next time.

Shortly after that Dad was in one of those big rooms in the mine and a fist sized rock fell and hit him in the back of his head splitting his helmet apart. He was out for a while and had a big cut on the back of his head. He was checked out at the hospital, stitched up, and he thought he was ok. Later his balance was off, and his speech was slurred ,so he was put on medical leave.

I was on my way to the airport on May 2, 1972 to catch a flight and I heard on the radio that a mine disaster was taking place in the Sunshine Mine. I knew that Dad was home on medical leave or he would have been in the middle of it.

The official report later states that two electricians in the electric shop on the 3700 ft level smelled smoke and yelled a warning. A mine foreman and a miner in the Blue Room heard the warning and headed for the Jewell Shaft encountereing heavy smoke. This was the exact scenario that Garry and I experienced only much worse. The men started closing access doors to other areas of the mine. This caused ventilation problems and they were now stranded.

It was a major disaster over many days that killed 91 miners. Even the hoist

operator of the Jewell Shaft died because of the smoke. Dad knew the mine better than anyone, so he was brought in from medical leave to help direct the rescue. Eventually 80 miners were rescued, and the mine was closed for several months. The disaster was caused by some old dry timber that was somehow ignited.

Dad was not able to work after his accident. The folks bought the Motel Deluxe in Salmon and operated it for about six years. Dad continued to have balance and slurred speech the rest of his life. He had a problem later with a heart valve that doctors attributed to the blow on the back of the head. The valve was replaced with a pig valve. He passed away suddenly August 27, 1993 at age 79 when the valve quit working.

My Work in Richland

CDC installed a user terminal in a building in Area 300 where the Fast Flux Test Reactor (FFTF) was being built. This was about five miles due east of Richland and our house.

There was no CDC office in Richland, so I was to work out of the house. The Renton office shipped me a desk and chair and installed a second phone line for business use in our house. I sat up my office downstairs in the family room. I found it difficult to work with all the distraction, and I was constantly running out to Area 300 to solve problems and interface with the Westinghouse engineers. Westinghouse soon provided me a desk next to the user terminal and I began using it as my office. This arrangement worked very well. I became a trusted partner with key engineers on the project.

My immediate job was to work with the Westinghouse engineers to promote and assist them in using the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto via the user terminal over a broadband line. I worked with the data center salesman, Dick Bennett, based in the Renton office. Dick was young, dynamic, personable, and one of the best CDC data center salesmen selling computer time.

My secondary job was as a pre-sales analyst promoting the CDC computer for when the Request for Proposal (RFP) would be released. The new computer would then replace the Univac 1108 owned by the contractor, Computer Sciences Corporation (CSC), and leased to the AEC. In that capacity I worked with the CDC salesman, Bill, who was based in the Renton office. His job was to sell a new computer. He was an older guy, set in his ways ,and not open to new ideas. His mode of operation was to call strictly on upper management and ignore the

engineering users. This is the strategy IBM utilized in the business world and it worked very well for them in that environment. Selling in the scientific and engineering world you also need to work the users. They ultimately are the driving force and make the recommendations.

Whichever salesman was in town to make sales calls I would change hats and go along to provide technical support. The two salesmen were at odds with each other. Dick was making big commissions selling computer time and wanted to keep it going. Bill's job was to sell a computer so that the work would be done in Richland. I was caught in the middle trying to promote both. Dick's success was with both management and the engineering users. Dick and I got along well and saw eye to eye. Bill was a different animal and was resentful of Dick and the success he was having at Westinghouse and the consulting company, Jersey Nuclear. Consequently, he didn't keep me informed on what he was doing or his strategy.

On November 24, 1971 my manager in Renton was on a business trip to visit the analysts in the Portland, Oregon office. He caught a return flight to Seattle on Northwest Airlines in the late afternoon. This was the flight that was hijacked by a Don Cooper who later became known as D.B. Cooper. I got a first-hand account of it all. The odd thing about it is that a coworker of mine in Las Vegas was now working in the Portland CDC office. His name is Don CoopeHr. e went through a lot of hassle whenever he flew after that incident.

As time went by it was getting closer and closer to when the RFP would be released for the new computer. One day a Westinghouse engineering manager that I knew came to me with some advice. He said that if Bill keeps working the account the way he is CDC would not win.

Bill was discussing his pricing and configuration strategy with the top administration people that included CSC management who wanted CDC out of the picture. The decision for the new computer would be based on cost versus performance. If the competition had inside information they could bid accordingly. CSC wanted a Univac solution like the one they were providing, so the CDC strategy would probably be passed on to Univac. Therefore, it was a losing situation for CDC. I passed this on to my manager in Renton in my weekly report. In about two days the branch sales manager in Renton arrived in Richland to meet with me. About two days later I was summoned to Renton to a meeting chaired by Boyd Jones, the regional sales manager, in San Jose.

I knew this was a showdown that I would not enjoy. Boyd Jones was a stern-faced retired Air Force officer, and a friend of Bill's. Boyd had placed Bill in his current job. If I remember correctly they were brother-in-laws. I didn't know Boyd Jones and he didn't know me, but I knew he was originally from Utah.

I flew over the morning of the meeting and arrived shortly after the meeting had convened. I walked in and from the way Boyd Jones looked Iitwas going to be a bad day. Bill was at the podium presenting his sales strategy, and how it was a winning one. He always had a smirk on his face and it was still there. I surmised he was winning the battle. I was called to the podium and presented what I was told by a person that could be trusted. I worked with these people every day. Then I concluded we needed to change the sales strategy or lose the order. Boyd asked who could make us successful on the upcoming procurement. My advice was there should be one salesman in Richland, and it should be Dick Bennett. I was told I could leave the room.

I could hear loud voices in the conference room. I sweated it out until the meeting ended. I was then told Dick Bennett would be the only salesman in Richland ,and I would be his analyst. For a while I thought I would be going down the road. The message was ,"You better win this one". *(A year later we did)*

My Role in the Computer Procurement

The RFP for a new computer to replace the existing Univac 1108 was released in early 1973. The specs were for a computer in the performance range of the CDC 6600, the new Univac computer (1110), and the new IBM 360 model 165 ,and in the price range of $5-6 million. It included a benchmark test consisting of many programs that run on the local Univac 1108. It required a demonstration and timed run of the benchmark attended by the Richland selection committee, a proposal answering technical questions, the exact configuration of the proposed computer, and the cost. Vendors had 60 days to demonstrate the benchmark and present the proposal. Upon delivery in Richland the winning computer was required to run the benchmark again in equal to or lesser time before it would be accepted. This was to prevent cheating with additional hardware on the demonstration benchmark.

The day the RFP was released I picked up the magnetic tape containing the programs and data to be benchmarked and flew to Minneapolis to get started. The benchmark lab was across town in the Arden Hills facility where there was a computer and configuration similar to the one we would be proposing.

The CDC 6600 had been out for a while and the Univac 1110 and the IBM 360 model 165 were new on the market. CDC put new paint and skins on the 6600 and named it the Cyber 74. It was the same old dolly in a new dress. It had the same performance as the 6600, so the competition knew what we could do. They were promising much better. We did not know what they could do. We were at a disadvantage from the start.

My first look at the fifteen or so programs that were on the benchmark tape told me that we had been had. The programs were all big and tough to convert as they contained all kinds of Univac extensions. This was to make programs run fast on the Univac 1108 as well as the new and compatible Univac 1110. It looked impossible. However, I had a few months working with Westinghouse engineers who were converting Univac 1108 programs, so I knew what to look for. The extensions handled data and scratch files that had to be written to or read from external drum storage devices that were very fast and a unique Univac specialty. The first step was to go through the programs and remove all the specialized stuff and replace with standard Fortran. This was a monumental task as the programs filled eight trays, each four feet long with keypunched cards. When I got the programs converted and running correctly I would have to deal with the problem that Univac drum storage was faster than our disk storage. That would come later.

The benchmark lab scheduled two-hour blocks of time on the configuration you required. The blocks of time were often four hours apart around the clock and weekends, tt was difficult to get much sleep. One or two local CDC analysts were provided to assist me. I soon found these guys to be inexperienced and worthless. They were wasting my time as I was training them. One night I told them I didn't want them around. The manager of the lab was ineffective and not willing to bring in experienced people. I informed my management and requested two experienced guys from our Renton office, and they came out later. Then a trouble shooter, Bob Korsch, from headquarters across town showed up. He hung around for a few nights observing. He was known as a "corporate gunner" that reported to the top and a guy you did not mess with. I didn't know if it was me he was observing or the lab manager, or both. A short time later the lab manager was removed, and Bob Korsch took over as temporary manager. He was effective and remained the manager for many years.

I had about six weeks to get the programs converted and running smoothly before the customer came back for the demonstration and timing run. It was 7 days a week 24 hours a day with about 4-6 hours of sleep squeezed in when you could get it. It took about four weeks to get the programs running with the correct results.

Then I had a couple of weeks to fine tune things. Reading and writing to disk storage was a bottle neck resulting in wait time which was not good. Total throughput time is what counted, and we couldn't afford time wasted for input/output to disk storage. CDC had just announced a new product called Extended Core Storage (ECS) that works just like finger drives on personal computers today. You plug it in and you can access files with zero wait time. It was about the size of a car and took a lot of space in a computer room. It was also expensive . The cost had to be factored in and a decision made if it was cost effective. After many timing runs it proved it's worth and became a part of the proposed configuration.

While the other two analysts and I were working in Arden Hills we stayed at the Paul Bunyon hotel and convention center nearby. The Univac plant was a couple of miles away. One morning three guys were eating breakfast next to us and were grousing about what a difficult time they were having with the Richland benchmark. We managed to sit by them a couple more times to listen. We were all ears and learned a lesson to watch ourselves in public. We picked up a lot of valuable information that we used against them.

We managed to squeeze in a decent meal once in a while and a favorite place was Lindy's Steakhouse that was an old farm house in the country. There were three choices listed on a menu stand at the table The choices were ground sirloin, sirloin, and top sirloin. Your choice was accompanied by a green salad with their house dressing, a platter of their special hash browns, and a basket of garlic bread. We always went for the top sirloin. The steak came out on a sizzling platter, looked like a roast, and always cooked perfectly. Rare was a cool blue center and absolutely melted in your mouth. When you were through they brought a small piece of candied watermelon rind. That was it. One night, John Denver and his wife came in and were seated behind us.

(LaRue and I visited Lindy's a few years back and the place was the same and the steaks just as good. The young red headed waitress that waited on us was a spitting image of a red headed waitress in the old days. It turns out that she was the daughter. One of the sons opened a Lindy's Steakhouse in Seeley Lake, Montana and we have been there twice,.Tthe steaks were the same.)

An evaluation team of about a dozen people made up of AEC, Westinghouse, and CSC management and technicians arrived for our big show. They had just been to IBM, and I was anxious for any hint of how it went.

A day of demonstrations and benchmark run of an hour and fifteen minutes went well. The CSC reps picked on everything. They even requested a second run of the benchmark on short notice to see if the results could be duplicated. They went so far as to look behind cabinets to see if extra equipment was hooked up, as if they would know. The Westinghouse and AEC reps seemed to be pleased with our performance. Their comments sounded like we did much better than IBM.

We had to wait several weeks for the evaluation team to make their decision and it was a long anxious wait. Finally, we were announced the winner and awarded a $5.5 million contract. This was a huge win for CDC, our Seattle District office in Renton. and the Western Region office in San Jose.

August 1973

I was told I would head the installation team and the acceptance testing. This required a rerun of the benchmark in equal to or less time than in Minnesota ,and then a period of thirty days of better than 98% availability for the users. The system arrived and was installed in the Federal Building in downtown Richland. I was provided office space among the CSC people.

After the new computer was installed I ran a test run of the benchmark and ran into problems. About an hour into the run jobs began aborting. I turned the system over to the customer engineers to run diagnostics and no problems were found. I reloaded the benchmark and in about an hour jobs began aborting again. My analysis pointed to a problem with the ECS memory that we were using heavily as a scratch input output device. I configured it out of the system and reloaded the benchmark and it ran perfectly. The only problem was we were fifteen minutes or so over our target time of one hour and fifteen minutes.

At least I could tell the customer engineers that ECS was causing the problem. Their diagnostics did not show any problems, so I would try again. In about an hour I got the same failure. We went back and forth with the same results for about three days. I concluded that something in ECS was causing a hardware error after being hit hard for a long time.

Sunday came, and it was the last day that we could qualify. We were down to the mandatory live demonstration in front of the customer. I decided to make the run using ECS for the first forty minutes. The remaining jobs would not use it. We made it through to completion but were several minutes over the target time. The CSC reps were gloating as they could see us getting disqualified. However, we

were allowed three tries according to the rules. For the second run I upped the ECS usage close to sixty minutes. We ran to completion and were still several minutes over the target. Everyone took a short break and during that time I decided I would configure ECS for the entire third and last run. I knew that the customer engineers had noticed that a certain wire was very close to a memory module. It was possible that heat, caused by prolonged use, could be causing the problem. They rerouted the wire. It was a huge longshot. My helper, Lou, said It's not going wrrk

We reloaded the benchmark and held our breath when we got to sixty minutes and beyond. We made it through with a couple of minutes to spare. We had qualified and now could move on to thirty days of acceptance tests. The dalesman, Dick Bennett,man was on cloud nine. He took me, LaRue, Leo, and the customer engineers out for a great dinner and celebration.

We started the thirty-day acceptance period the next day on Monday. The first week went well and then the system started crashing about four times per day. At that rate we would fail. My investigation led to numerous operating system modifications that were made by CSC. They said it was to make the CDC system look more like the Univac system for the convenience of the users. My protests fell on deaf ears, so I bounced it up to my management.

My management requested a meeting with Richland high level management. The meeting was chaired by AEC Richland in a big conference room in the Federal building. I was in my office. The sales manager of the Seattle District rushed in and said the meeting was not going well. Could I drop everything and come to the meeting.

I walked in and could see the smirks on the CSC manager's faces. The AEC manager asked me to present my analysis of the problem. I placed it squarely on CSC and their modifications. The smirks quickly changed to hostile looks. The AEC manager then asked me how the problem could be fixed. I replied the solution was to remove the CSC modifications. Then grant thirty days of acceptance testing with the operating system that we delivered. CSC protested strongly but were told, "If Harry says we do it this way, then that is what we will do." If looks could kill I would not be here today.

The acceptance period went well. CDC received a check for $5.5 million dollars. CSC had to remove their Univac 1108 that had been earning them $8 million a year for several years.

I later received a large wood and bronze plaque with the following

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CONTROL DATA CORPORATION

Presented to

HARRY E HATHHORN
SEATTLE DISTRICT 1973

FOR CONTINUED OUTSTANDING
CONTRIBUTIONS AS AN
ANALYST
CONTROL DATA CORPORATION

William C Norris
President

I was invited to the first ever Professional Services Division symposium for top performing analysts in the company. Five were being honored over a two-year period, and I was one of them. The symposium was a week in Rancho Bernardo, California just north of San Diego. A highlight was a motivational speech by retired Navy Captain Bucher who was the commander of the spy ship USS Pueblo that was attacked, he crew held hostage, and tortured by the North Korean's. It was especially interesting to me as they were doing the same thing I had been doing in the Air Force.

Before I went to the symposium LaRue and I were invited to a special dinner at a gourmet restaurant in Bellevue, Washington. It was special recognition by high level management. The place was noted for their escargot and that was a first for us. We were treated royally that evening.

In late August Chris Christopherson who worked out of the Renton office, and the salesman responsible for Idaho, approached me. He had a prospect which was EG&G, Idaho. The AEC had an IBM 360 Model 75 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They

were a prospect for a CDC 7600 class computer in a couple of years. He also was working with a consulting company, Energy Incorporated (EI), that was interested in using the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto.

This was a scenario like I had worked in Richland, and he would like to have me in Idaho Falls. EG&G, Idaho was the prime contractor at the INEL and would be responsible for the computer procurement. They were the same company I worked for in Las Vegas. That would be a plus, as well as being from Idaho. My role in Richland was essentially complete. I did not want to hang around fighting with CSC as a support analyst. I said I would be interested if he could work it out.

In late September Chris got back to me. I was to go to Idaho Falls with him to meet people and assess the situation. It looked like a huge challenge in Idaho Falls. CDC lost to IBM a few years earlier, even though CDC was the preferred vendor, and had the best computer. The procurement was tailored for CDC, but the analyst messed up the benchmark. IBM won and now EG&G management and the users had a grudge against CDC. I thought it was something I could turn around. I loved the pre-sales environment. I was ready for a new challenge.

A few days later LaRue and I were told to fly to Idaho Falls and look for housing. Before we left we listed the house for $39,500. The realtor was skeptical as that model had never sold that high. We farmed the kids out with the neighbors, flew to Idaho Falls, and stayed at the Westbank Hotel. LaRue looked at houses while I met with EG&G and EI people.

End chapter 12b