

"I've been betting on people all my life," Bob says. "And the better I treat them, the more good things happen to me. I honestly don't plan it that way. That's just the way it works out."

"Let me give you an example. Back about, oh, five or six years ago, one of the production men came to work drunk. Pretty soon there was a commotion in the plant. It seems this fellow had taken a five-gallon can of lacquer and was splashing it all over the place. Well, the other workmen took the lacquer away from him, and the plant superintendent escorted him out."

"I walked outside and found him sitting against the building in a kind of stupor. I helped him up, put him in my car, and took him to his home. His wife was frantic. I tried to reassure her that everything would be all right. 'Oh, but you don't understand,' she said. 'Mr. W. [me] doesn't stand for anyone being drunk on the job. Jim's lost his job, and now what will we do?' I told her Jim wouldn't be dismissed. She asked how I knew. The reason, I explained, is because I'm Mr. W."

"She almost fainted. I told her I'd do all I could to help Jim at the plant and I hoped she'd do all she could at home; and just have him on the job in the morning."

"When I got back to the plant, I went down to Jim's department and spoke to Jim's co-workers. I told them, 'You've seen something unpleasant here today, but I want you to forget it. Jim will be back tomorrow. Be kind to him. He's been a good worker for a long time, and we owe it to him to give him another chance.'"

"Jim got back on the ball, and his drinking was never again a problem. I soon forgot about the incident. But Jim didn't. Two years ago the headquarters of the local union sent some men here to negotiate the contract for the local. They had some staggering, simply unrealistic demands. Jim—quiet, meek Jim—