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Career Path - 1952 - Civil Service Commission; 1955 Internal Revenue Inspection Service; ~~1958~~ Secret Service 1967 - Space Task Group, Security Specialist

Topics - MSC Security; 1st location - Gulf Gate Shopping Center; initial problems; MSC temporary locations security nightmares; processing new hires/job applicants; importance of badges; theft of coffee money; problems w/ low bid Security guards - approx 100 bldgs at Ellington AFB; Key system; John Glenn Japan trip; ^{protocol office} visiting dignitaries to MSC; ^{put under} public Affairs; ^{examples of} visitors; Sunday Open House; ^(visit to prog) Employees Activities Assn Souvenir Sales; special small group tours; President's visit; President attends astronaut funerals; funeral logistics & procedures; getting air conditioned cars; description of Pub Aff Office; escort employees; catching guards faking assignments; Astronaut fan mail; examples of Astronaut tour logistics; ^{files on} mental cases.

MSC HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH FRANCIS J. HICKEY, JR.

May 26, 1967

My name is Francis J. Hickey, Jr., I am Chief of the Protocol Branch of the Public Affairs Office at the Manned Spacecraft Center and I have been employed by NASA Manned Spacecraft Center since August of 1961. I started with the Civil Service Commission as an investigator in 1952, stayed with the Commission about 3 years, then moved to the Internal Revenue Inspection Service. After one year with Internal Revenue Inspection, I felt that this was not my cup of tea, so, I left [redacted] and went with the Secret Service, ~~an arm~~ of the Treasury Department. I stayed with the Secret Service approximately seven and a half years conducting criminal investigations, did a little international investigation ^{such as} for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Interpol, and interviewed a good many mental cases at the White House gates and at other places. The latter were people ^{en} threatening the President's life or seeking his help and assistance in all sorts of things from protecting them from messages they were receiving from outer space to helping them patent ~~ideas~~ or sell their ideas to the government to stop war and all sorts of things like that. I took my share of the protective assignments with the White House, ^{the} "diaper" detail, that sort of thing, and found the Secret Service a relatively pleasant type of assignment. It had a good many problems, however, in terms of ~~personal safety~~, inadequate equipment, and shortages of manpower. To a young employee these were rather disturbing and after seven and a half years in Secret Service, I began to wonder if

I hadn't made a mistake in going into an old line government agency where there was ~~little~~ ^{Limited} opportunity for advancement. So I came to the Space Task Group at Langley Air Force Base, Hampton, Virginia, in August 1961, as a security specialist under Don Blume, who was then the Chief of Security.

I had known Don back in 1952. We started with the Civil Service Commission at approximately the same time and probably left the Commission not to far apart and went our separate ways. He went with Navy ^{Dept.} and eventually found his way into NASA. On occasions our paths would cross in various parts of the country and we kept in touch with each other through Christmas cards. I got into NASA primarily, I think, because of my immediate prior experience with Secret Service. It was broad, in-depth security experience, I think, especially the protective aspects of it, and it was obvious that physical security was going to be a terrific challenge to MSC.

MSC Security started out as a one-man office with Don Blume. Lloyd Yorker was added from Denver, Colorado, and then I was recruited. As we looked down this very short road towards relocation of the Center it was obvious more manpower was going to be needed. Eventually, we were authorized to add Ed Barker from the Langley Research Center. He had been in, I believe, their procurement organization at Langley and had previously been associated with Security for the Army ^{at Fort Eustis, Va.}

As soon as the announcement was made that Houston was the new Site and that the Space Task Group was to be renamed the Manned Spacecraft Center, MSC management began to overtly plan the move. One of the first decisions involved who was going to transfer to the new site first. Dr. Gilruth

decreed that the move would be geared to ^{the} work on the technical side of the house. On the face of it, this sounded like it could pose some problems for the Administrative elements, but it proved to be a wise decision, and wasn't the sweeping mandate that it seemed to be initially because the very first person designated to come to Houston was an Administrative type, Marty Byrnes. There was no break in continuity in the mission of any element of MSC and the technical people were permitted to work almost until the time they got up from their desk at Langley/ to board the plane for Houston. When they got there, their office was ready and waiting for them.

I was about the 5th STG employee to be transferred to Houston. There was Marty Byrnes, Christman, Parker, Bob Peck, myself, and a fellow named Welsh in Personnel. When I got to Houston, we had one store rented in the Gulfgate shopping center, at the intersection where the clock is, right by Joske's main entrance. We had one door and two walls of glass, and every pedestrian going by stared at us -- there are the Government monkeys, you know. But it was a good idea because it was in an area that everybody in town knew about and everybody in Houston wanted to find out about NASA.

It was only a matter of weeks until we had outgrown it. We didn't even have a restroom, and when somebody wanted to go to the John they would go over to Joske's Department Store and act like they were shopping for neckties or something like that and ask where the men's room was. Otherwise we had to find a restroom elsewhere in the Shopping center. I remember Ones-a-Meal had one restroom and we would go in there and drink a cup of coffee or something and use their restroom. This was a real problem for awhile. Then we expanded and rented space, across from Ones-a-Meal, right next to where the Post Office is now. It had a basement but it

still didn't have a restroom. We were, however, at least able to store our ^{office} supplies.

134 There were all sorts of problems during those days because nobody ever had experience along this line. Somebody made a boo-boo, and bought stationary which had the frank printed on it by a local printer, and there was some sort of flap about that. You know, the Post Office or Government Printing Office won't tolerate that sort of thing. Then there was another flap over ashtrays. Somebody went out and bought ^{SOME} ashtrays, [I think that was Bill Parker,] which were a little exotic for a government office, and ~~THERE WAS~~ ~~I recall~~ mumbling about how [Bill Parker] had to buy them out of his own pocket. I guess I had my share of problems ^{IN THE SECURITY AREA} but at least I had something to hark back to. I could pontificate about the quality of a lock or the thickness of a door or the integrity of hinges, and things like that, but ~~those~~ ^{THE OTHERS} had been thrust out into a field situation where the records and everything else were back in Virginia, and someone is due in Monday morning and he needs a secretary etc., -- I don't think most Civil Service people ever faced such hairy situations in the course of their careers. There was a lot of ^H trashing about, but the job got done and I've never ever seen a group of people like this work together so well. They might argue with each other, but there was a willingness to yield, straighten things out later, get the job done.

138 I came with instructions from Don Blume to look after physical security aspects of the new location. Since we started out in a shopping center, the keys for the building ⁿ came out of the manager's office and he didn't know how many keys he had. We could just hope that we didn't have any

problems with burglars or former occupants of the store wanting to come
 back with their key and get in at night. Fortunately, we didn't stay in
 there too long. The first move we made was either to ⁶⁹Fransworth-Chambers
 or to the Rich Building. I guess it must have been ⁶⁹Fransworth-Chambers,
 138 and that had an awful lot of Security problems. It was an office building
 128 designed primarily for people who just wanted nice offices, with parking
 space in the back, and trees and lawns. There were all sorts of nooks
 and crannies; funny little windows along the walls on the top -- it's
 impossible to secure something like that. Later on, after we had ^{acquired} guards,
 they would play games with each other and climb up the outside walls,
 which were constructed of rough field stone, and since various stones
 stuck out further than others they could be used like a ladder to climb
 217 up on the roof, go down the other side and drop down inside the patio.
 The patio door to what later became Dr. Gilruth's office did not have an
 216 adequate lock on it, and anyone getting into the patio could enter the
 building. It took us awhile to realize this because nobody would admit
 it to us. The captain of the guards was a southern white man and he had
 some colored guards. He thought it fun to scare them, and he had them
 so scared that they wouldn't patrol the building; they would just stay
 up in the lobby where the lights were bright. They would hear noises
 in the back but they wouldn't go back there and investigate.

I moved around from building to building and as we grew it seemed that
 that we were all playing musical chairs. We tried to ^{keep Security's Office} ~~stay~~ pretty close
 221-1 to Personnel, because we had a basic responsibility everyday of processing
 new hires or job applicants. Personnel would interview them, get all the

necessary personnel paperwork and then they would come to our office. When I was in the Lane-Wells Building, Personnel was in the front of the building and I was towards the back. At that time I had been permitted to hire a secretary, Sue Craig. She and I would photograph applicants and have them fill out the security forms, and then we would mail everything back to Langley.

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I remember going out with Roy Aldrich to look for office space. He'd go representing Management, to approve the rates per square foot, and this sort of thing, and I went along with him to make sure that the places were secureable. We even looked at the basements of supermarkets. I remember going into a Weingartens store up on Telephone Road and the floor was littered with lettuce leaves and old carrots and that sort of thing and stunk to high heaven -- not a window in the place. We were so desperate for floor space, that we actually went and looked at it. But by and large the office rentals turned out pretty good. Houston Petroleum Center was very sexy office space and then as we outgrew that, I remember we had trailers in the back, Bob McKann had a lot of files out there in trailers, and that was a sticky problem, securing a trailer with walls about the thickness of a beer can.

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We had a big problem trying to convince ^{our} people that badges were important. We sold management on the idea of badge program, yet we couldn't get compliance and there were some people that would come down here to Houston and I would have to chase them around for weeks, to get their photograph taken and make a badge for them. Then they wouldn't wear it, and we'd say you have to wear it, and they'd say, make me.

It wasn't always that bad, but in a few cases it was. Security was like a toothless lion. Just growled a lot.

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 Theft of coffee funds was a real problem. Everybody had their little coffee kitty at the Farnsworth-Chambers Building, and the money was being stolen. It was being stolen at night and we went to all sorts of extremes to catch the thieves. We would hide in the bushes and get chewed up by mosquitoes and we used inexpensive proximity radio transmitters. The janitorial contracts then were weak and the companies recruited some of their help off the street corners at night on the way over to the building. We would find ^hwiskey bottles in the wastebaskets in the morning and the coffee money gone. Our employees would leave their coffee funds out, then they they would call up and raise hell with security because we let it be stolen during the night. In some cases, the guards were stealing it. We had ^{some} management aversion ^{then} to guards. They didn't want the place looking like Fort Knox. If a top MSC Management official walked in the front door he felt he had a right, I guess, ~~to feel like he ought~~ to be able to walk to his office without having to stop and check in with some idiot guard or produce the badge that he left on his dresser that morning. There are all sorts of embarrassing negative aspects about security, and there was widespread opposition to the use of guards initially. I remember [Chuck Bingman] said that he thought we could do the job with signs -- you know, "keep out" and this sort of thing. We yielded, and used guards only on the afternoon and night shift. Then, one day a lady came into the Houston Petroleum Center with a suitcase full of neckties and went from desk to desk selling them. There were quite a few incidents

like that. One nut, a mental case, came in Farnsworth-Chambers Building at a time when only a girl receptionist was on duty. (MSC Management would accept the idea of a pretty girl, doing the security job.) This guy came in and he had a roll of blueprints under his arm. He announced that he wanted to talk to all the powers that be. It was the girl's first encounter with a nut, and she called me at Lane-Wells Building as she didn't know what to do. ^{WHILE I WAS DRIVING OVER,} She ~~finally~~ pawned him off on somebody, one of the old troops, Paul Sturtevant or Roy Aldrich, and the poor guy was stuck with this nut. ^{UNTIL I GOT THERE.} The blueprints were for an elevator to the moon, ~~and~~ the elevator ran on cables rather than rails and the cables were stretched tight by helium-filled balloons. He had working drawings of everything. He was a house painter in Pasadena by trade, and was deteriorating mentally. He would sit around the house, I guess, and get crazy ideas like this, and considered himself a self-styled inventor. We disposed of him by acting very interested in his invention and suggested that he let us help him with it. We took him over to our office, whenever he wanted to talk. We told him we would talk to our friends on his behalf and that took the heat off non-Security people. That was the ^{only} way we ^{could} ~~disposed~~ of problems like that. ^{*} Now, you can do that with a friendly nut, but they aren't all friendly, you know, and so there is a certain need to have male guards or security personnel readily available.

Eventually, and it probably was a very short span of time, we were allowed to have a day shift of guards. Even then, we had to go the low bid route--the classic procurement approach as [Bill Parker] described it.

**To safeguard individual liberty, the law must be weak in permitting society to restrain or incarcerate a suspected mental case until his behavior is clearly criminal. However, then it is sometimes too late.*

216 We got some company that low balled us on the bid and recruited old men and misfits of one sort or another. For some reason Security is always attractive to uneducated people who feel that if they have a drivers license are healthy and don't have a police record, then they are qualified to be a guard. That is the kind of manpower you get if you aren't careful, and it is hard for a company to run a security program and avoid that sort of thing unless they really work at it, by offering higher wages and setting stiff requirements and tough training.

217 We had 14 different sites to look after, and at one site, Ellington Field, I suspect that we probably had at least 100 buildings when we were at our peak employment there. Each building had to be rehabilitated.

218 We had a key system which we started from scratch. At Langley, Security was careful about giving people keys and they numbered them. But nobody had any idea how you could come into a place like Houston, rent buildings and really secure them. By Blume sending me here real early we were able to keep on top of things and we managed to keep our places pretty secure from the outsiders. Now the insiders, that was a tougher problem -- the guards and the janitors, who had access to the place at night when employees were not in their work areas. But we kept the outsiders out. At the Canada Dry Building we used to chase burglars away from that building regularly.

219 It was off the Freeway and wasn't too well lit -- a big, three-story factory building. The back was very dark and there was a side road getting away from it, an ideal situation for a burglar. By then we had a good-sized guard force and we had provided them with automobiles with 2-way radios. We'd set up this key system where all the keys were controlled, the locks were all cylindered and certified as adequate. Where

we had window problems, we installed other devices to protect the windows. I remember that at the Canada Dry Building, we had Jack Kinzler weld the windows shut. The big overhead doors in back and a gas pump also out back we had to take special measures to secure, but even so, on several nights the guards scared away prowlers.

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Personal security, was just a massive workload. As the clearances came back on employees we would have to iron out discrepancies. For instance, an employee might say that he resigned voluntarily from the ABC Company and the investigation indicated that the personnel supervisor said "we fired that [bastard] because he was stealing." Well, we obviously had a discrepancy, we couldn't just file it away. The employee was given an opportunity to offer an explanation and in some cases there was an explanation. Sometimes we would have to send it back and have Civil Service reinvestigate it or investigate it further. In other cases, the investigators did an excellent job the first time, the employee would admit that there was a discrepancy, that he had, in fact, lied and so forth. In some cases people would be terminated; other cases weren't disposed of as easily, they would be jockeyed around, as the supervisor might want to keep a man because he was a good employee in spite of his past, and then we would have to have "discussions" with the supervisor telling him he shouldn't keep this sort of employee.

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Our headaches with the guard force continued for a good while. We would have to check the milage on their speedometers because they were being reimbursed at so many cents per mile. One night, we found one man driving up and down the freeway just putting miles on the guard car and

all the other guards were playing cards on Walt Williams' conference table. The dispatcher who was over in a building in Palm Center with the base station radio was logging in false radio calls. If we checked the radio logs the next day, it would indicate that they checked building so and so and building so and so, while in fact, they were all playing cards and ^{only} one guy was putting the milage on the cars and one ^{other} guy was operating the radio.

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John Glenn, after the last Mercury flight, was on the Rose Knot Victory, out in the Japan Sea, and rather than come directly back to this country, he took a semi-official trip in Japan, sort of a vacation combined with representing NASA. Everybody agreed that a guy like him, at that time especially, could not hope to travel as a private individual and be left alone no matter where he went. I was part of a small group of NASA people picked to go with him. I spent about 2 to 3 weeks traveling around Japan with the John Glenn party. That was one of those times where everybody wore everybody else's hat. I was carrying cameras and the camera guys were pushing crowds back and boy, we really learned some things. The Japanese attitudes are all different. When you honk at a pedestrian, they figure the driver sees me which means he is not going to hit me, it doesn't mean I have to get out of the way. The Japanese had never used sirens before and when they started using them on these silly jeeps that the police had, people didn't react at all. We had one mob scene after another.*

By the time the Center was ready to make the move to the Site, and we were beginning to get distinguished visitors we still had no plan to

* My job, coordinating protection of the party, was further compounded by the language barrier with the Japanese police.

distinguished visits
 handle ~~such situations~~. I remember our first Congressional visit. It
leading a VIP group.
 was Jimmy Roosevelt ~~with some other people~~. We put them in the Shamrock
 Hotel, although I don't know why, other than the fact that it wasn't
 way down town. We didn't have people in the Center that we could use
 as drivers, so Ed Barker and I got together and made some plans about
 what we were to do. I remember Bob Peck went out and bought a big bolt
 of green felt and covered tables with it so we would have fairly nice
 conference tables available. We asked procurement to buy half a dozen
 umberallas and everybody laughed, but they bought them. We used the
 drivers of the ~~Center's~~ airport limosines. We sat them down and we
 told them how to drive the cars, but our instructions went in one ear
 and out the other; they drove just like they drove everyday to the
 airport -- you know, 5 miles under the speedlimit because they don't
 want to get a ticket, the light gets yellow and they stop right away
 and its everybody up over the seat. We couldn't keep that motorcade
 together no matter what the hell we did. Barker at the back and me
 at the front and we are driving slow and fast and trying to keep them
 pushed together. We got the people there all right and -- as in most
 boo-boo's like that -- the customers didn't realize anything was wrong.

The funny thing was it rained that day and we had the umberallas, and
 this vindicated the idea that it is necessary to plan for *contingencies* ~~various things~~.

It sort of got to be customary, if somebody happened to think about
 us in terms of an upcoming distinguished visitor, Barker and I generally
 would get called. We'd do it; we would do the driving and carry the
 luggage and this sort of thing. Somewhere along in there, somebody

else lost a congressman's luggage, or took him to the wrong building (it may not have been even a Congressman), but I think there was a little flap or maybe our people became aware that we would have a flap if we didn't get somebody to worry about this sort of stuff. So, I got a call from [Hjornevik's] office, to write something on it. Tony Yeater and I got together, it was right before Christmas ^{1963,} ~~and I don't remember the year,~~ and we banged out a circular, a job description, and an issuance and [Hjornevik] bought the thing, lock, stock, and barrel.

350 The basic idea was that the Protocol Office would ^{would be established to} coordinate all the necessary support activities of the Center for distinguished visitors. It just put it on record that we were going to have a Protocol Office and that this office would call on other people in the Center and the other offices would support it. The theory was that one office would pull all the loose strings together.

350 The only hangup was that we wanted it to be a Director's staff office and everybody bought this too, except Paul Haney. I was pretty upset. I said it wouldn't work under PAO. Protocol has to speak on behalf of the Director's office. Paul took the position that this was dealing with the Public and he felt it ought to be a PAO, so, like a lot of other things around MSC, everybody kind of yielded a little bit.

I was really genuinely concerned about this and even though I felt it wouldn't work, I agreed to try it and I went into ^{the organization.} PAO. Paul Haney told me that he knew how I felt and that he had talked to Gilruth and that he wasn't going to get in our way. Haney gave me carte blanche and never bothered me. As we grew, I acquired more responsibility in

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the Public Affairs arena which I love now that I've got them. I picked up exhibits, community relations, the Sunday open house, and public tours. Who would have ever thought back then that the general public, these many years later would still be coming out here in the numbers that they do? This is really gratifying to me because I feel like it's the only chance that MSC's got to get to the people in large numbers without filtering our story through the news media and getting an editorial ~~reaction~~ ^{interpretation.}

When a John Q. taxpayer comes out here and he can touch that spacecraft himself, or maybe if he's important enough we introduce him to an astronaut, and when he leaves here, he feels he is an expert on the space program

he has asked the questions and he got the answers back.

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This is what I love about being in Public Affairs. But the thing I don't like is that because we are in Public Affairs, the people around the Center ~~ought to support us to a greater degree than they do.~~ ^{don't want to} ~~we~~ ^{the} ~~feel the job of Protocol is to tell the Director, or one of his Assistant Directors or Program Managers, that a particular visitor ought to be met by him and briefed by him and he should be the principle MSC representative during the visit because the visitor is important in a related area.~~ ^{should.} ~~Director of Tracking for Spain or something like that.~~

^{sometimes}
There is [^]resistance to us because we don't have the necessary horsepower from the Director and I believe the Director and the senior staff people ^{have been} ~~are not aware of this problem or fail to recognize that,~~ ^{the reluctance of many MSC personnel to accept} as a part of their ^{their obligation} ~~management responsibility, they've got to represent the Agency and~~ ^{Center and} do a certain amount of PR work, if you will, ^{with visitors.} ~~For example, if we were to have~~

group of visitors who are Directors of the US Chamber of Commerce, or let's say the Chamber of Commerce from Columbus, Ohio, or something like that, let's say they want to know what happens to a typical city in the United States when an outfit like NASA moves in on them. What are the problems, what do the school systems have to do and what does the city have to do, what should it be planning if it is to get an AEC accelerator or something like that. Well, Protocol ^{alone} shouldn't be dealing with these people -- they should help of course, provide everything necessary and line up all the resources of the Center, but the key element is the competent manager/technical person who will meet these people on their terms and say, in effect, I'm in charge of this particular area and I can tell you from experience what ^{the gains and the benefits} we did, and if you are facing a similar situation you might want to know where we made ^{some} mistakes, ~~so that you don't repeat them, etc.~~ We can take an old speech ~~of his~~ and recite it to them, but it isn't the same, ~~and if~~ ^I medical people come here, we should be able to call on key medical people. ~~If financiers visit, we should put them in touch with MSC people. We do call them, but we get a lot of mumbling about it. Generally who speak their language. We are trying to change the MSC attitude behind our back, and that's what bugs me, as we can't defend ourselves on this, against that sort of thing. We have a nice situation here except for this~~ one problem and I think that it is something that can be overcome.

Well, anyway, we got protocol going because of this ^{to handle distinguished visitors} need even before we moved out to the Center. The first month we were here in any force was ^{1964.} June of that year. We had an open house on a Friday afternoon for the Mayors of all the cities and ~~small~~ towns around the area. In addition a lot of people from the Chambers of Commerce of those communities, educators and prominent citizens came -- we had an auditorium full. We had a short program,

at which our key people gave the visitors an idea of what was going on, here and then they adjourned to the Kings Inn and had a soiree.

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Since the Protocol Office was established, the number of visitors and stature of the visitors has exceeded all expectations of everyone concerned. There is no apparent plateau that we can see in the foreseeable future, in spite of criticism of the agency and bad press. The general public is still very much interested. We've had people come here that think we are going to replace Kennedy Space Center as the major launch site. We had one old lady who thought that the electric power company's facilities over on the other side of the road and over toward State Highway 3 were launch gantries. For a long time we did have to explain the relationship of this Center to the other Manned Spaceflight Centers and to Headquarters and our relationship to DOD.

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We've had literally hundreds of letters back from people thanking us for the opportunity they had to see the Center. We had one man, pretty prominent in his particular field and [redacted] paying income tax in those very high brackets, write us, and in addition to the usual thank you's and how he will always remember his tour of the Center, he said that now every year when he pays his taxes ~~now~~ he's a little more glad to do it.

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In the very early days of Protocol we had a few things to learn about public attitudes and individuals in groups--that they don't all necessarily think like the spokesman in the front seat of the bus says they do. We've had all kinds of distinguished visitors, and lots of just little people. Some had a particular problem or need such as a blind girl that we gave a tour to. It was really touching, and I think it did that girl a lot of good and it certainly didn't do any of the NASA people

any harm who came in contact with her--made them bigger people, I think. We had a lady here recently who came from Sweden, brought here as sort of a last resort by the Texas Institute for Rehabilitation and Research. She had some rare muscular disease; her muscles are ossifying, are turning to bone. Physically she is like a vegetable and imprisoned in her own little world. But mentally, she is just as alert as all of us. This was a request that we had gotten from the hospital. This woman had come all the way from Sweden, all by herself and did not speak English. The hospital was attempting to counteract some of her mental anguish. They were trying to get her interested in things, other than just medicine and doctors. They asked and received permission to bring her here. It took them about 15 minutes to get her out of the special station wagon that they brought her in. Then they got her into some sort of a wheelchair device. We had one of our ^{escorts} ~~contract employees~~ spend an afternoon taking her around. He took her over to the Astronaut's office and into the Mission Control Center and other key points around the center with the aid of an interpreter from Swiss Air. I think that when that lady left here, perhaps she had a few other things to think about than herself and her problems.

350 Today, I noticed we had a bunch of rowdy kids in the cafeteria and I wondered who they were. They were Little League winners from Mexico City, ~~and are~~ traveling with their parents.

320 People from all over the world come here. They are referred to us by NASA Headquarters who in turn receives requests from the State Departments, various semi-government organizations like the Governmental Affairs Institute, the Eisenhower Exchange, and the Ford Foundation.

They come from all sorts of organizations. Every year we have a group ^{high school} of kids from all over the world brought here by the American Field Service. They live for a year with Houston families and go to local schools. The high point of their year is a visit to NASA, a beach party at Galveston, and a Bar-B-Q on a nearby ranch. A good percentage of them are going to be influencing opinions and policy in their country ^(N) ~~for~~ years to come.

350 The more prominent foreign visitors Protocol attempts to introduce to higher levels of MSC management. About two weeks ago the Vice President of the Republic of China was here. Last November Prince Juan Carlos of Spain toured the Center. Before him came the Duke of Windsor, Prince Phillip, Vice President Humphrey, President Johnson, President Kennedy, congressmen, heads of federal agencies, ambassadors, and on and on and on. There has been a regular increase in all categories of visitors and as the workload has increased we have had the same problems as every other non-technical element in MSC in obtaining necessary personnel.

350 ^{at} ^{in June 1964} The Sunday afternoon following our open house for prominent officials and citizens of surrounding communities we were going to have a NASA open house from 1 to 4 or some thing like that. Well, we had so many people that it was decided to have it the next Sunday too, and it has become a regular arrangement since. It has been open every Sunday, regardless of flights, holidays, rain, what have you--it doesn't make any difference. We've even had Sunday open house when we had to run on temporary gasoline or diesel-powered generators plugged in to the Auditorium. On occasions we have been without air conditioning, but we've never been closed a single Sunday. We thought that when the interest slacked off, we would close, but it never has. It slows somewhat in the winter months, but still we

have several thousand people here. We've worked out an arrangement with the cafeteria so that they are open Sunday afternoons to sell candy and soft drinks and the Employees Activities Association has set up a counter in the Cafeteria to sell souvenirs. The public was asking for souvenirs, and it didn't seem proper for NASA to be officially involved in such an activity, so the Employees Activities Association has taken this over completely.

350 At the very bottom of the ladder, as far as what we do for people, *now called the Sunday Visitors program.* is the Sunday Open House. This consists of a film series, an opportunity to look at space hardware, artifacts, and exhibits, receive literature hand-outs, *actually enter two or three exotic facilities* and tour the grounds and the Lunar Surface Simulation facility. If the Sunday Open House *program* won't suit their needs or they can't possibly be in Houston on a Sunday, or they ~~are little kids and~~ might disturb MSC employees maybe we give them an escorted bus tour, a film at the auditorium, and if they get here at a mealtime during the week, we arrange for them to have lunch at the cafeteria. We generally don't make any ~~special~~ *unusual* arrangements for convention groups. Their visit to the Center consists basically of viewing *our displays in* ~~facilities of~~ the auditorium and a bus tour of the Center. If they are a technical group having a meeting in Houston and ~~can get a NASA~~ *have* employee ^{as} ~~who is a member~~ of their organization, ~~to front for them,~~ we ~~use~~ *ask* that NASA employee to provide a little additional support such as coordinating a demonstration of technology within his area, providing his supervisor approves and it does not interfere with work in progress elsewhere in the Center. For small groups such as businessmen, executives, etc., we attempt to combine several similar groups so they share a tour, and this ~~works~~ generally works out pretty well. Now with this type of group

we go into buildings, but if they are not technical, Protocol people serve as guide and we take them into areas that we have surveyed in advance and know that they are not ^{critical} work areas. Generally we take them where is a viewing room and they can't hurt anything or cause any problems. We've worked out arrangements with the people in charge of these areas, and if they've got a specific area that is touchy, they tell us, and we stay out of there. For visitors who merit a general overall tour, we take them in a number of key buildings. For a long time we didn't go in to the SESL as they had problems and they appreciated our staying out of there, but as they got rid of their problems we have begun to take visitors there on a selective basis. In such instances we call and we present the facts to a responsible official, generally the Division Chief of the area, and he tells us whether there is any problem connected with bringing a small group through his area that day. We've had a real good relationship with the Mission Control Center people, and we have things worked out so that it is no disturbance to them. In buildings 5, 7, 7A, 14 and 29, there are things that are showy and we can bring in small groups without disturbing anyone.

250 Now if a visitor has the stature to merit greater attention, we ask the people in the buildings visited to furnish someone who can cope with the special interests of the visitor. In the case of a visitor such as the Duke of Windsor, Prince Phillip, the Vice President or the Administrator we ask key people like Dick Johnston, or Ted Hayes to do the briefings or Chris Kraft at the Mission Control Center. Sometimes Mr. Webb will come along with some of these visitors and he will ask for some particular aspect to be covered.

35' Generally, ~~all~~^{most} the details are left to us, but occasionally we don't have much control on these things, for instance during President Johnson's visit down here, when he promoted Jim McDivitt and Ed White outside Building 30, we had very little warning of what he was planning to do. As is always the case in Presidential visits, he doesn't like premature disclosure of his plans and because he's got so many irons in the fire, he wants to be free to change plans without having to explain to the press why. On President Johnson's trip, I got an unofficial clue that he was coming from a source of my own in Secret Service but neither he nor I could talk about it except to each other but even so, it was helpful, as when we got the word officially, we had very little lead time. The night before the President arrived, we were out at 3 in the morning walking around the grounds trying to decide which doors to use, where to park the cars, and little things like that. We had very little option at MSC to call the shots on this sort of thing because there are certain things in the White House visit that they want to have the say on such as which side of the podium the press stand will be. Now, the press has certain idiosyncrasies, they like to photograph the President from a certain side or a certain angle, and this sort of thing, so, in the wee hours of the morning we are trying to figure out how we are going to build a platform, and how tall it's got to be. When you're talking about carpentry with just minutes to play with, you've got problems. Fortunately, that was a relatively brief visit, and it wasn't complicated. He drove in the gate and drove to one spot and the business was conducted and then he drove out. Well, it wasn't quite that simple, we had to find a lady employee to serve as restroom attendant for Mrs. Johnson and

her daughter, and the ladies' john didn't happen to be located in the right place, so we had to take the signs off the doors and make sure nobody threw cigarette butts in urinals at the last minute, etc. ^{the minute} ~~it~~ is fantastic.

351 In the case of the Johnson visit, it was not our first experience with a Presidential visit, but it was the first Presidential visit at this particular site. In spite of the fact that the Johnson visit was short, there was an awful lot of work that went into it and an awful lot of people were involved. I knew because of my Secret Service experience, that some of the ^{detailed} planning we were doing before the advance group from the White House arrived was premature. It was a waste of time. Until you can get all the people involved together, you can't really do anything. This ^{one} White House guy came in on a plane late in the evening and we met him at the airport, stuffed him into an automobile and drove him back down here. We had Wes Hjernevik, Paul Haney and myself and a few other people around, and it turned out that this particular guy was out of the ^{Secretary's} Press Office and he wasn't interested in ^{anything else,} ~~security~~. Once he solved his problems such as where the sun would be at 3 o'clock that next afternoon, and made a few decisions about which way the cameras had to be facing, he wanted to leave. Later we got a Secret Service guy whom I knew, and who had been through the mill so many times on this sort of thing that this visit was ducksoup to him. Things aren't always this easy. Sometimes we get educated, articulate, and nice fellows, but inexperienced, and little things really shake them up.

The President arrived and Mrs. Johnson and their younger daughter, Luci, were with him. It is always fun to watch the Presidential arrival

just from the standpoint of how the drivers handle the automobiles.

351 They use big powerful cars and in driving those cars, most of the fellows use their right foot on the gas and their left foot on the brake and that way they can use brake and accelerate simultaneously. It sounds like a contradiction, but the RPM's drop down when one is braking only, then when the RPM's build up again, there is a momentary delay and the other cars seem to pull away. So they drive with both feet simultaneously, keep their engine going pretty fast, and all they have to do is take their foot off the brake and they're moving right away. They crowd right up to the rear bumper of the car in front of them and drive 50 and 60 miles an hour with maybe 3 feet of separation between cars. They never give a thought to it, Someone on the sidelines watching doesn't even realize what he is seeing, but it's like a ballet--those cars all move simultaneously, and when they turn corners they fill both lanes, so that other cars can't interject themselves into the motorcade, and they swish back and forth across lanes so that they keep the ^{motorcade intact} ~~whole street~~. When they pull up to a stop, people in the followup cars, are coming out of that car before it ever stops and are around the President's car before he gets out.

351 They put on a good show when they arrived at Building 30. They came roaring around the corner by the firehouse and they made another turn into the parking lot and then another turn and stopped with a squeal in front of the Building, but so smoothly the President and other passengers never noticed. Dr. Gilruth, Mr. Low and our other key people were out there to greet the President. He walked through a line of employees and we got into the building. [The President wear contact lenses, and he had to stop and have them installed by his doctor.] It's also interesting

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to watch the President, ^{on fairly routine business.} even in a situation like this where he's coming in to the Center. It's been planned for a week or more and the time table is precise, and everybody knows exactly what is going to happen, but he doesn't stop conducting the ^{rest of the} Government. He is walking down the hall and people are handing him telegrams that they are getting from the airplane, and he is reading them and is talking to his Aides. This type of pressure was especially evident when President Johnson came to the funerals in Washington for Chaffee and Grissom. He sent Mrs. Johnson and the Vice President to the West Point funeral for White. The Washington funerals were conducted one in the morning and one in the afternoon. The morning funeral was okay; the President made in on split second schedule arriving just a minute or two before we did, although we were coming from different angles and using different gates in the cemetery and different roads to the gravesite. He was getting out of his car as the funeral party drove up and was standing there to greet the widow and the family when they arrived. At the afternoon funeral, we had to delay because there was a flap developing in Viet Nam and he didn't dare leave the White House for awhile so we were about 45 minutes late in starting the funeral service. No one wanted to go on with the funeral, if we could delay a while and thereby enable the President to attend, because this was something the whole world was watching. He made it, but it was with considerable effort.]

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Well, I guess the only reason that I'm mentioning stuff like that is it reflects the whole point of our office--to gear the services of this center to the needs of a visitor, and although this is an extreme example of a visitor with specific peculiar needs and demands, it is still indi-

cative of the fact that you cannot run a protocol office with the philosophy that you set things up and visitors fit into your plans.

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I hope I never have to arrange another funeral; that is one of the unpleasant jobs, and nobody wants to plan for such an event or write procedures for handling it. When Ted Freeman died, we had problems at the funeral, as some of the Security guys got into a tiff with photographers at the church. When Elliot See and Charlie Bassett got killed, Ed White and Walt Freuland and I went to Washington the night before with the wives and put them up at the Georgetown Inn. After arriving at the hotel we were making sure that everything had been properly arranged, and again, it was one of those times in the wee hours of the morning, when we found out that the cars ~~were~~ were to use were GSA motorpool cars--you know, with Official Business Only stenciled on the door and bureaucratic things on the dashboard about the tire pressure--just not suitable to bury your husband from. Everybody was pretty disturbed and we burned up the phone lines. Ed White did most of the talking. George Low was there too. I could see him kind of clouding up in the corner because I think he felt it bad to be fighting with other NASA people at a time like this. But he didn't say Ed was wrong. We wound up with Cadallics in the morning, but it was like pulling teeth. There were lots of problems in the See and Bassett funerals, mostly because MSC, being a non-military organization, didn't have a casualty assistance officer like the military bases have. Elliott See was a civilian, and that caused problems over the procedure involved in the movement of his remains and stuff like that, so, Bud Henderson spent a long time after the funeral writing a procedure to cope with such a situation. Even though the paper was

never published, everybody that was interviewed was made aware of the problems that had occurred and what Bud was recommending as a solution. As a consequence, in the aftermath of the Apollo I fire, everything fell in place pretty well. Of course, the funerals were military, and in Washington--the Military District of Washington, Third Army Regiment at Ft. Meyer, and the Cemetery--those people are professionals, they know military ceremony, and the funerals were beautiful. We had to respond to press inquiries regarding who the people in the funeral party were, and as we were all distraught, it seemed a most inappropriate time to identify people for some damn photographer. But they had to take pictures and publish them. We set up a Press Office in the Georgetown Inn, and got Dick Mittauer and Anita Davis from headquarters over there to cope with the newsmen. Ed Barker and I set up an office in the Georgetown Inn in a bedroom. We had previously prepared seating plans for the motorcade, but we had people in different hotels, and we had to get them all together, and integrate a motorcade from the Georgetown Inn with the motorcade from FOB-6 and Capitol Hill, keeping in mind that the President's motorcade would be moving simultaneously by another route under police escort. It was a mammoth job--like having 5 tons of canaries in a two and one-half ton truck--you have to run around and beat on the sides all the time so they all stay in the air. But everything went real well. Our only problem was our ~~own~~ inexperience, ~~particularly~~ in dealing with some of our NASA people over the matter of who paid his own way and whose way was paid out of the Administrator's Fund and other funds. Some of our people that should have known that they were to pay their own way, we had to grab by the wrist and lead back to the cashier. I learned a little bit, and

next time when I slide notices under people's door in the middle of the night about a breakfast in the morning, the ones that are going under the doors of NASA people, I'll write on there, price, \$1.75 per person or whatever it is.

We came back from the funerals just shaking. Neither of us got any sleep for 2 nights and we didn't eat very well. After the second funeral we came back to the hotel and got everybody out by 6:00 p.m. and on the airplanes. Barker and I ate and went right to bed and slept until 7:00 the next morning. We got on the plane the next morning, still shaking.

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Have you heard about our battle for air conditioned automobiles? We have always felt that we don't want to do something for a visitor, if we are not going to do it right. That is one of our basic ground rules. If somebody asks us for something and we don't think we can do it right, we tell them we'd rather decline because a bad impression may last forever, too. We've always been unhappy about the fact that we have had to use GSA cars. As old Government employees, we all had a "thing" about GSA, justified or not, and their antiquated rules. I believed that it wasn't right for a visitor to come, say from England in a wool suit to a place with a tropical climate like Houston, and everywhere he goes before he gets to MSC is airconditioned. And then he gets to MSC and we pick him up in a hot, non-airconditioned car. By the time visitors get out of the car at the first stop here at MSC the women's hair is wind-blown and looking terrible. All through the visit they are patting their heads and thinking about how they must look and not paying attention to what is happening. We kept agitating and people

didn't like it; they got sick of hearing about the problem, and they wished we would wise up and shut up, but we didn't. We would for awhile, and then we would have another incident and then we would resurect the old bug-a-boo again. Finally, Dave Homer in ^{transportation} ~~procurement~~ figured out a way to ^{provide} ~~buy~~ airconditioning that was legal.

350 I've got a hell of a good group, and I'd like to say something about them. Ed Barker, you know; he's just a real Trojan. Walt Freuland, a hard worker, steady, dependable; Bob McMurray, ex-schoolteacher--we pirated him away from the Dickinson School System last year and he is a good man; Bill DerBing has been around for a long time--a good steady hand. All these guys are tough and I think that is needed in this job. The person who doesn't know our work, thinks that all we have to do is go to cocktail parties, get free tickets, visit with movie stars that come here, and get to walk around with Prince Philip. Everybody considers himself an instant protocol expert, but it just isn't so. If a guy isn't tough he can't survive around here and we've had a lot of them go by the board.

[We've had Grace Winn, and she stayed a long time only because we tried every possible way to fit her in, mainly because she sold herself so well with the Houston people that it was necessary to identify her in Protocol to get it in its proper context. Everybody thought Grace Winn ran MSC, but she couldn't hack it when it came to paperwork and record keeping and coordinating things up and down the line. She got hoof and mouth disease, and we learned more about what she was doing by reading the newspapers than reading reports from her. We decided that PAO was involved in educational programs and she was involved in ARCS, so we

put her in educational programs and let her work on ARCS there. As far as protocol was concerned working on the ARCS was sort of like the last line on your job description becoming most important--and other duties as assigned. Bob Gordon came in with the exhibits, and with a small staff, we couldn't afford the luxury of an exhibits guy that didn't participate in the other activities, and since Bob was an excellent newsman and an opportunity developed across the street in the news branch and Gibbons wanted him, I didn't mind him leaving.] Actually, our staff has gone up and then back down. At one time we probably had about 11 people. We had [Alex Wilkerson, a young journalism major from the University of Mississippi.] She was just too nice a person, and people around the center would bawl her out and yank her around and try to tell her how to do things. I remember we had a conference here, and the person that was supposedly running the conference didn't even have a list of the people to be invited, and so [Alex.] had to go through sources like the space directory seeking out names of people that ought to be invited in order that an invitation list could be prepared. Our office is not geared to that level of support, and with a few hard knocks like that she decided that she would move on. [Dick Tannery,] who left recently, was a nice guy, but soft, and people would abuse him, especially some of the old biddy secretaries--not chronology old, but just like granite upstairs. He is an ideal target for them. On a day to day basis, there is no other office in the Center that I know of that has the pressure of dealing with the ^{top level secretary} [Director's secretary] or people of that level, and you can't avoid it. [Dick developed what I feel was psychosomatic illness, a pain in the back. Doctors couldn't find the cause, so he would frequently take a

day off and took these pain killer pills. He went to several doctors simultaneously getting prescriptions from all of them and taking the prescriptions simultaneously, usually double-doses. I suggested that the job was a factor in his illness, and suggested that for his own good he ought to get another. He welcomed the advice and we parted real good friends, but it is unfortunate that that sort of pressure is so bad.]

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That's why I say I've got a good crew now because they are all tough and they have got thick hides and they may come in my office and shut the door and curse for a little while, but the static doesn't get to them.

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In those early days, as an interim solution to a shortage of personnel, we were allowed to hire temporary employees. They were young college boys from the University of Houston and Texas Southern who worked on a part-time basis. Although they were loyal and meant well they really weren't involved. If there was an airplane coming in at 10:00 on a Friday night, you couldn't get those boys to meet it, as they would have a date or other things to do. There was also a big turnover. Then the temporary appointments got tight and we modified the Security contract to provide escort personnel. Since the escorts served to keep people from going into areas where they shouldn't go, therefore this function was related to the guard contract; we specified, however, that they not be called guards, not be uniformed, and that the two functions be handled separately. That worked pretty well, except for the general drawbacks of the contract itself. There was again a turnover problem, an inadequate training program, and the government employees were put in the position of managing the contractor employees directly, which is illegal. The [lead man designated by the contractor] was a young fellow

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who had never supervised anyone. He was a college drop-out with a 4-F background and so didn't have to worry about the service. He was a nice guy and all that, but he could only do nice things, you know--a marshmallow. Give him an easy job and fine, he would get it done. Give him a difficult job and you would go back the next day and it would be at the bottom of the stack. We build ^t fires under the contractor every day and by in large we got our money's worth out of them. The contract people turned the crank, but they resisted. They were also sometimes a little blunt with visitors, trying to get gratuities. We had to rap their knuckles about stuff like that several times. Our office has leaned over backwards in an effort to keep our image clean just because people are prone to jump to this conclusion.