

As many of you know, in my new life besides Sub-Saharan Africa and health issues I'm very involved in the diversity issue. You've probably seen on Facebook, the "Fares Aren't Fair" posters. We feel strongly that the wealthiest people through Super PACs, etc. get to influence legislation that helps them and doesn't help people in need.

For some dumb reason, about a month ago I started thinking about William Cuffie (an African-American man). He was the 2<sup>nd</sup> driver I hired. He was used to being on the road. When Bradco opened, roofers sent their trucks in to the plants to pick up materials. We delivered materials for them. Per the pictures, Cuffie pushed me to buy a tractor and two trailers that we would use for both deliveries and pick-up.

We went from one thing to another and always had more tractors than trailers. We would leave them at the plants and pick them up when they were loaded. We also ran the trucks at night and had a full time mechanic. We could literally blow an engine and they would have the truck running the next day.

He convinced me to buy a tanker and package our own asphalt. He drew diagrams which I was clueless on and we went out and found a tanker. We bought it for \$1,500 and on Saturday we packaged our first load of asphalt. It was simple.

I tried to give him an extra \$50 for doing so good but he wouldn't take it. He said I'd already paid him for the day.

We were so cost effective that we could take orders off the street and still come out. All this I owed to Cuffie.

We hired Jimmy Caldwell (also African-American). He was 23 years old, and his reference said that he was a great worker when he came in, but he wasn't reliable. For Bradco, he was great. He retired about 45 years later.

We were so efficient with trucking and packaging. One day I came into the office and Richie Jones had a smile on his face. I said, "What are you smiling about? Get in motion!" He just smiled more. He had delivered a load of asphalt to our competitor American Roofing Supply, unloaded it, and was already back in the office at 7:00 am.

One day, there was a snow storm. Our truck was stuck in Staten Island and I went over with Cuffie to get it out. It was late, and he keeps stopping to help people stranded on the road. Finally I told him, "No more, I've got to get home!"

I don't know how or why, but somewhere along the way he left. Then I heard he was in jail and I think I heard that he died in jail. I don't know what he could have been in jail for. I never saw him do anything wrong. It kind of bothered me that he died and never knew what he had accomplished while he was here. I wrote this story so I can stop thinking about it.

If you do a picnic this summer, make sure I'm around. Dolly and I would love to go.