

1955

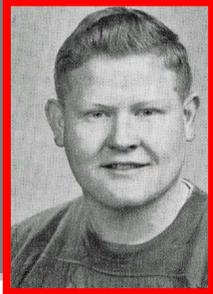
# CHS Bio

## Paul Henderson Super Jock

Paul's scanner is not working properly. He stated in the place of his picture we should say: "Old Fat White haired Guy"

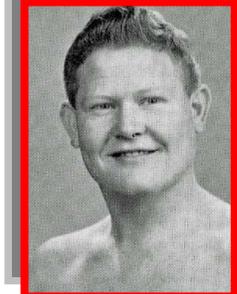
**Jefferson Elementary** – six years – by the time I left Jefferson, I had a painting in every class room in the school except the gym - Mrs. Moffett obviously didn't like me!

**Lowell Junior High** – It was an interesting three years, such a very nice part of Tulsa. I had a fight with one of the boys from the Tulsa Reform School the first morning I was there! It was a 2 mile bike ride each way. The school facility looked a lot like Horace Mann except a lot of the guys were at least 16 or 17 years old. Nice place to be from.



Football

**Central High School** – I had two major interests: Sports and Math and I guess sitting in the back seat in Amor's Math classes with a side view of **Suzanne Sanger's** sweaters. I liked her sweaters!



Wrestling

**College** – I had offers from Pittsburgh, Pa. to the California Golden Bears. But California would not fly me out there without signing and since at first I had 'no idea' where Berkley was I declined. I went to Arkansas because it was closer to my home, it was only 117 miles from my house and OU was 121 miles, plus they did not have a wrestling program and I had no plans of working out eleven months every year.

**Univ. of Ark:** I spent five years there (Freshmen could not play then; and the four top tackles in 1957 represented 11 letters, so they Red shirted me). Frank Broyles came in January of 1958. Both my roommate and I started that fall. In mid season Frank saved his job by making several changes, a part of it was he moved both of us from the first to the second team ('58 was the worst year Broyles ever had, we lost the first six games he coached there). Barry never started in a game that we won, but he was one of the Captains in '59. But, I guess Switzer could be considered a starter while he was at OU. On the plus side, we won the SWC in both '59 and '60 and played in the Gator Bowl and the Cotton Bowl. The negative was my Senior year I was out PR'd for first team 'All SWC' by two of the church school's tackles Jerry Mays at SMU and Bob Lilly at TCU, between the two of them I think they played 22+ years in the NFL. After four years in 'Industrial Management' I graduated in June '61 with a degree in 'General Business', but I had some super electives for a Business degree and 158 hours. An ugly story!

**Military** – During my five years at Arkansas, I became interested in the military. I was one of two ROTC Seniors to get in their flight program and I got my Private license flying a Cessna 150. I was commissioned a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt in the Regular Army, went on active duty and on leave three hours before I graduated that afternoon. June 3<sup>rd</sup> '61 to August '69 –

Two years in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne:

- Jump school at Fort Bragg, NC. (26 Jumps)
- Artillery School Fort Sill, Ok and Fort Bliss, TX. with 111 West Pointers. Most of them were good guys even though about 75% to 80% came from the NE quadrant of the US.

During the Fall of '61 while I was at Ft. Sill/Ft. Bliss/St. Sill, I renewed a friendship with a young lady I knew at Ark "Susan Shuman", from Texarkana, TX, she was living in Dallas. Susan graduated from Stephens in '59 and attended several other Universities. She was a dress designer in Dallas. They did a 'Budget Line' for Neiman Marcus. We were married Jan '62 in Texarkana..

Back at Ft. Bragg I spent most of '62 practicing the invasion of Cuba with the 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division. That was a lot of fun for six months I spent so much time in the woods I thought I was a 'Wood Tick'. We and the 10 worst Airborne Division were to jump in on the Southwest side of Cuba. They really had a 'Neat Plan', providing you were not involved! First, the plan figured a manpower loss of 1/3 to 1/2 by the time we hit the ground. Now that will get your attention! The second, was we were to hold the roads 20 miles inland until the 1<sup>st</sup> Marines made it and the 2<sup>nd</sup> Marines made it to the 10 Worst about ten miles up the coast. They figured it would take up to four days. GOOD LUCK! When you are 23 years old and you make out both a 'Will' and a 'Power of Attorney' to your wife, I don't care how tough you think you are, it certainly makes to stop and think. The net-net of all of this was, in August the Russians fleet turned around and our invasion was cancelled. So now, we had all of these high trained Divisions going to waste, so?

A young black man was trying to go to college. The only problem was he wanted to go to OLE MISS! At that time Ole Miss had had two Miss Americas, but both of them were white. In fact, all of the folks at Ole Miss were white and Gov Patterson of the State of Miss. wanted it to stay that way. But Yankee gentlemen named Kennedy thought otherwise. What he didn't want was a repeat of Little Rock Central in '57, so. He sent the 82<sup>nd</sup>, the 10 Worst, and the 'Big Red One' into Mississippi. The official line was we were to put James Meredith into college. However, what we were really there for was to make sure the Mississippi National Guard did not keep him out! As it turned out, we didn't get to shoot any Mississippians (although I would have like to, I hate Ole Miss worst than Texas). We spend nearly three weeks in tents on a SAC Base in Mississippi practicing Riot Control in morning, Football in the afternoon, drinking beer and making pyramids out of the empties in the evenings. ALL VERY ENTERTAINING!

My first daughter, Tracy was born while we were in N.C. I went to flight school in '63, Camp Walters, TX then Fort Rucker, Ala. My younger Daughter, Tori was born in Alabama. I will never forget the day I graduated from flight school. Graduation was in the morning and we left for Texas around noon. About 1:15PM the Montgomery radio station we were listening to announced that Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. A few minutes later they said he had died at Parkland. I then knew it was fact because I knew no one in Alabama had ever heard of Parkland Hospital.

I spent all of '64 in RVN flying helicopters. During that year I took off 3,962 times successfully, but I only landed 3,960 times successfully. Once, I ran out of: air space, air speed, experience and ideas, all at the same moment! Once, they put some holes in my helicopter and shot out my hydraulics. Now, that really ruined my day!

We ended up at Fort Rucker two more times, with a trip to Korea in the middle of that period. In Korea I was a personal flunky (Aide) to a 3 star General, DCG 8<sup>th</sup> Army. Other than he could be a real mad man, it was my craziest time in the Army. I flew more 'Wheels' that year. The CINC; s aides were not rated so I flew them all. I guess Hubbie H.H. was the highest US rank. He wasn't bad but most of his staff were real jerks! However, in February of '68 the Navy lost their dumb boat, "the Pueblo"! The next six months was something else. During my third tour at Ft Rucker, it was an absolute fact that I would be going west again for the third time six years, I told Susan I would agree to try to resign. The girls were now in school and Susan was not crazy about me leaving again! After eight months and on my 23<sup>rd</sup> endorsement the Army accepted my resignation. (In eight plus years I had moved 13 times & Susan 9.) I had been accepted by IBM in their Little Rock Office which started the next 37 years in some version of the computer world.

### **Aug of '69 till today.**

For the next four years I was mostly the Resident IBM rep in Fort Smith, Ark. I will admit that I didn't put IBM out of business, although it is only one of the two companies that I didn't. In the summer of '73 I went into the Service Bureau business in Fort Smith. For the next three years I found out you could work 90 to 100 hours a week. I sold it in the summer of '76 and moved to Dallas with Honeywell Information Systems. I didn't put them out of business then but I knew they were having problems and they went out a year or so later after I went with Sperry Univac Feb '78. Burroughs bought Univac two months after I left them Nov. '84 to go with WANG. Neither Univac nor Burroughs exists today. Wang was a lot of fun for the first five years but some Wang family mistakes put them on the down slop in the summer of '89. Wang was a perfect example of the book, "The Peter Principle". In '90 there were two managers in Dallas, some guy named Wang, who was my boss, and me! I knew they would not keep two managers in Dallas and I had an idea who would stay since Courtney had just bought a \$2,000,000 home. Since I could not spell Hoston, I have never liked the town!

Since early in my IBM days I had used the following restrictions pertaining to my moving: if it was North of Tulsa, East of West Memphis, West of Santa Fe, or South of Conroe, Texas FORGET IT! So in November of '90 I moved about 300 yards West on LBJ (IS635) to a company named DEC. Wang went bankrupt about a year later, so Wang (as I knew it) went out of business. DEC no longer exists, because they were purchased by Compaq. So DEC is out of business. Compaq was bought by HP. Although Compaq is still on the retail shelves (there is a business reason for that through this year), but by 2007 Compaq will be non-existent, so Compaq is out of business. HP in their wisdom retired or dumped nearly all of the Compaq/DEC folks over 55 at the end of 2002. My Father-in-Law used to give to a bad time; he was with the same company for 61 years, the second oldest business in the State of Texas!

**Retirement** – with my new steel knees, I spent October '02 through June '03 doing leg exercises and walking in the pool at the 'Y' 4 to 7 days a week. I guess the biggest surprise during this period is we (Susan and I) found out how we had stayed married for over 40 years. **I was gone a great deal of the time and we were not around each other every day.** That summer an ex-DEC friend got in touch with me and got me involved with a 'Gee Wiz' high tech security 'start-up', (computerized 3-D Facial Recognition). This got me out of the house 5 or 6 days a week. We have been playing with it ever since. We have made enough mistakes to put several companies out of business, but the technology still blows people away.

Susan and I have lived in North Dallas 30 years this October. The girls have always been a major point of pride. A Tulsa, Okie and a Texarkana, Texan that met at the University of Arkansas and a year later got together in Dallas immediately lends itself to some geographic diversity. Thus, the older daughter went to Arkansas and the younger went to Texas. Both made every Deans List that I missed and several National Honorary groups! Their grade point was nearly 1.5 of a grade point higher than mine. But, since (at that time) I was planning on going into the Service, I figured anything above 2.5 was a waste of effort. That made it a little tougher getting into Grad school in '77. Don't ask why I went at age 39, it simply sounded like a good idea or was basic stupidity! I guess a goofy part is I went every Monday and every Thursday night for ten semesters straight', Spring, Summer, Fall.

Like I said, we have always been proud of the girls. They were not only successful in school but have been very successful in life. The older, Tracy is the CFO of the 'Texas Health and Human Services Commission and is responsible for a \$16 Billion annual Budget. She is in Austin. The younger, Tori is a Senior Partner with PriceWaterhouseCoopers in Cleveland, Ohio. We have one grandchild "**Austin** Knox Lambert", you can guess which daughter has the boy? He will be 3 this October 10<sup>th</sup> and you can not believe how spoiled he is! The kid doesn't have a prayer!

My life for years has had one primary external interest and that is my "HOGS"! We go to all of the in state football games, as many of the basketball games as possible and any sport event, male or female, in North Texas.

My motto is "Win or Tie, Let's be sports about it!"

The end!

"The Red Head"

PS: If you read all of this you probably thought "Thank God"!