

# BILL WHO,

## THE PLAINTIFF



Chrysler, Compuware and  
Combustion Components  
Associates Blacklists Engineer  
14 years of  
joblessness/homelessness

The following contains the perils that  
these companies have put me through  
due to the blacklisting. They stated that  
they had no record of my employment.  
Witness from combustion components  
lies under oath 3 times! Courts?

**Bill Butler**  
**[Pick the date]**

TO ALL THE PEOPLE THAT I  
HAVE MET AND SUPPORTED  
ME IN THE LAST 14 YEARS  
THANK YOU, FOR THE ONES  
THAT DID NOT WELL, MAYBE  
YOU WILL LEARN  
SOMETHING

?

~ 2 ~

This page informs the public that this book will not be edited by any one as to show what kind of stress and strain I am under for the last 14 years and continue to be. I am sorry if it is not up to your standard of reading and it is my hope that I get my message across to the public...

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## THE COMPANIES



Chrysler Corporation Headquarters ...Auburn Hills, Mich.



COMPUWARE CORPORATION  
HEADQUARTERS...DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Corporate offices of combustion components associates at the time of my interview

THE COMPANY WHERE THE WITNESS WORKED  
AT IN MONROE, CONNECTICUT

## Background

I was born in small town in Massachusetts with a big name, you might have heard of it, Concord, and I do not mean grapes. You know where our forefathers fought the British to gain our freedom from England in 1776 at the old north bridge. Concord has preserved the site very nicely and it is visited by people from all over the world, if you ever get a chance to visit go, it is place that very dear to me.

Well it was a cold winter morning in Concord at the Emerson hospital when my mother went into labor at 7:45 AM on Thursday December 31, 1953. Everything went well so they tell me. I grew up in one of the neighboring towns called Maynard where we lived away from the crowded center. My schooling years were normal, I was quite shy though and stayed away from people in general, women especially they scared me the most oh do not worry I cured that and now talk to them on a daily basis. When it came time for me to go to high school I had choices to make on what curriculum should I take? Well my parents stated that there would not be any funds to send me to college so I decided to take the industrial arts curriculum at Maynard high school, our class was the centennial class that is we graduated 100 years after the town was incorporated in 1971.

Next I met an inspiring supervisor at the Brunswick Corporation (textile mill in Acton, ma)



where I got a job as a janitor. He noticed that I was more than a janitor and he did his best to give me other jobs. He had me welding, running a lathe, operating a milling machine and building equipment for the company. They hired another janitor after a while. I like all those jobs they were interesting to me and along with his inspiration, I decide to give a college a try. I want his job so I set out to increase my education...remember I had no college prep classes. I had to find a prep school where I could catch up and then enter college...my goal was to become a mechanical design engineer.

The company just got some new carding machine in and I was picked to learn how to set them up and maintain them, they even sent me to South Carolina to take class at the company that made them. I also would run tests on them, trying out new materials hence a new supervisor. I chatted with him about getting more schooling and told him of my dilemma. He suggested a prep school in Boston called Newman Prep and I attended it in the evenings after work for the next year to take my college classes, like pre-algebra math, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and physics.

There I was going to prep school and then college, maybe, I felt like I was on the top over the world. I knew it was going to be a long road, but if it did not go, the time would go by anyway. So I gas up my little Chevy Vega and headed off to Boston, mind you at night, remember I was a shy

country boy! It was a difficult time I had a lot of worries, was I going to pass, was the car going to last, was my dad going to throw me out his house, and when I finished prep school what if I did get a student loan to enter college. I was surprised that I even learn anything in prep school with all those worries.

My Chevy Vega, bless its soul where ever it is today, probably part of another car or cars due to recycling. It used to make so much noise. I just turn the radio up not to hear the noise, phew I was glad the radio did not die and then I figured that if it stopped making nose, it would have stopped running so then I was happy to hear the noise.

I remember one winter I was driving home, it was the night of the big nor'easter that came in '78. I am sure everyone here in the northeast remembers it; the state was closed for several days. Well I was driving home that night and I approached the famous Belmont hill, it is a hill on route 2 coming out of Boston, it has to be 2 miles long, a challenge for any 4 cylinder car never mind my little Vega. Was I going to make or was this where it was all going to end no car or school well that what I thought at the time. I was chugging along and I was half way up the hill when a car blew his/her horn at me to get out of the way, sure where was I go into the ditch and get stuck there. I guess he just blew it to let me know he was passing. He passed me and I continue to chugging along. I reached the top of the hill and over the other side was the same car in the ditch. I drove by

him/her and tooted my horn and that night I made it home and I then knew that my little Vega was it in for the long run. I lasted me thru prep school, 2 years of college in Boston and 3 years in college in Hartford. Good Job Chevrolet/GMC.



My 73 Chevrolet Vega all used up

I manage to get thru prep school with a few problems that still haunt me today. Oh I have solved them but the still haunt me. Like I had one problem in physics, it was about a tiger on the run and a man firing a gun at the tiger. The question was how many bullets it will take to stop the tiger. I read it as how many will it take to kill the tiger well the answer to that it one. But the answer to stopping the tiger is simple. You take the mass of the tiger and it velocity multiply it together and you have what is called momentum. Knowing the velocity of the bullet and the mass of each bullet them you divide it in the tiger momentum and it give how many bullets you need to stopped the tiger not kill it. There were some geometry problems too but I have managed to forget them

over the years. I did good got a's and b's and got accepted to Wentworth institute and got my student loan so I finished in the summer of '77 and entered Wentworth in the fall of '77 for two years of study.

Wentworth was difficult but I was committed. I made the dean's list every semester and almost made the president's list the last semester I was there. I quit my day job and went to Wentworth days and I met many people from all over. My class at first was kind of distant, we all had our own little circles and stayed pretty much within those circles. The school had its annual open house and the dorms had the traditional keg party. That day our class met each other and we all became friends, helping each other through each day with class work.

I was in heaven I was learning things I often wondered about, the strength of materials, i.e. steel, aluminum, copper and many other materials. I remember my lab reports in strength of materials. The teacher used to grade on a fraction the denominator was the highest grade you could get and the numerator was what you got. However my numerator was always higher the denominator, the teacher would give extra credit because my lab reports were really good. My classmates would get angry at first then they set a competition and we could not wait to see who got the most extra credit. It was fun and they learned to do a better lab but of course they would say I was the one that needed to learn.

Another time in drafting, the teacher grade on a scale of 1 to 10 and he never gave out a ten. I went to him and told him that I going to do a drawing of this gate valve but I was going to put a lot of detail in it. Normally an assembly drawing only shows the bare minimum just to get the part assembly. I told him that with all the detail I could get practice on drawing all the different parts and techniques ...he agreed. I worked on it for several weeks learning all kind of things it was great. I drew castings, threads, machining, bushings and shafts. I finally finished and turn it in it was my masterpiece drawn in pencil and vellum. When I got it back the guys were really curious to see what grade I got. I got a 10, I was in shock the first one I ever saw. The boys were upset one complained to the teacher stating that an assembly drawing never shows that much detail. The teacher explained my drive and stated that I deserved the grade and that was that.

Another memory that stays with me is in thermodynamics it was the final exam and we all were worried if we were going to pass. Well we all took the test and the usual complaints of how hard it was and I was real nervous because the night before I did not study, I watched TV with my mom and sis. I was walking across campus and ran into my friends; they stuck the nose up at me. What wrong with you all? You see they post the grades by your social security number and yes we knew each others. They had already saw the posting and saw that my grade was the second highest of the

class and they were ribbing me. I had nothing to say but..so of us have it and some of us don't...I was ribbing them back of course. I was pleased with myself that whole night and better part of the next morning.

Jumping ahead it was late in my last year at Wentworth and companies were coming in the school to interview candidates for jobs after we graduated. I was pretty cool, all you had to do it put your name on the list and show up if you missed it the give you another chance, how could you go wrong. I signed up for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, I knew nothing of them. I took the interview and the interviewer as me if I knew anything about the company, I stated no. He then said well I will start from the beginning. We talked about the company for about ten minutes he, then excitedly told about the life in Hartford, Connecticut especially the nightlife. I consulted my class advisor and he said that they got you they will be an offer in the mail soon since they were trying to sell you on the life in Connecticut. He was right 3 weeks later I had an offer to start after I graduated as a senior draftsman for the pay of 1034 a month, that is about 6.00/hr. Hell that was double my pay in the factory and I was in a office nice and clean wearing a white shirt and tie..yay. I grabbed it and left for Connecticut right after graduation. My mom was sad she like all other moms did not want me to go.

I arrived in Connecticut and got a room at a boarding hose until I found my way around town

and later got an apartment. My first day at the job they walked me out to a test cell and showed me a F-100 engine running with full after burner on. That's the engine they put in the f-16 aircraft. The first thought that went thru my head was what have you got yourself into now, I should have listened to my mom and not take this job. There was 20 feet of flame coming out of that engine and there was only a wall between me and that bomb that they called an engine. It had a window with some kind of glass or plastic that you could look through see if it was going to explode or something, it was many inches thick but I still did not feel safe. The next day it all got better and I stayed there for over 9 years.

I took the summer off from school and started at the University of Hartford in the fall going nights to get my full degree..BSME. I was a little more difficult for me. I transfer my credits and lost more than half and two as much to make up. I was looking at more than 6 yrs but it had to be done. So, I started and took two classes per semester and one in the summer a total of five per year.

One semester I was studying psychology and was reading about introverts and extroverts. I label myself as an introvert immediately. I slammed the book shut and began talking to anyone in my site. I made a lot of mistakes in the first conversations because I had no experience, however I got better as time went on and today I am still improving on my conversation with others. Now people have said

to me you talk to everyone you meet, I reply pretty much. I enjoy psychology so much I took several class in it, general 1,2, child and abnormal. Abnormal was interesting aside from learning all the phobias, every time we had a test the sky was clear and it was a full moon.....woe go figure.

Chemistry another test of my wit, I jumped into it without taking any prep classes in high or prep school. It was cool though I really like the labs doing all the different experiment s and helping others that did not understand. I manage to get a B in the class, well that boosted my ego to continue until the final goal was reached.

I have one thing to say about vibrations and that is I still shaking after all these years.

After six tough years I graduated, I did not know if I was until the day before because my last class did not post my grade until the last minute...I made and graduation was a go.

After working at Pratt& Whitney for six years as an engineer assistant, pretty much everyone still thinks you as an assistant even thought you have a degree. In fact I went to my current boss and told him when I was graduating and he said ok and that was it...get back to work. I went to personnel and they found me another job and I got a 38.3% increase in my salary. My current boss came over and looked at me and said 38.8% and shook his as to say no and then walked away. The new job was ok but I was not getting challenged so I had to make a move and I got a job in Michigan at Williams International working on cruise missile



engines and I not at liberty to say anything else about it, it was classified. Before I went to work as a contractor at Chrysler I worked for Ford also as a design engineer.

It was my intent with this back ground to give my reader an idea of me and I hope I have accomplished it. Now let me go to the real reason for this publication.

## A BIT TECHNICAL

I got a contract job at Chrysler Corporation in Auburn Hills Michigan as a design engineer. I was schedule to work on oil pumps but when I show up things changed. I was in charge of the PCV system and within a few months I had al lot more than the PCV system I had about 10 different parts I was responsible for. I did not care I was working again and that was the important part.

Let's talk PCV positive crankcase ventilation. The functions of this valve it to regulate the amount of engine vacuum that is applied to the oil system to remove the hot oil fumes. Let me explain when the oil in the oil pan heat up it give of fumes similar to when you are deep frying fench fried potatoes on the stove. In the sixties we use to dump it overboard through a breather tube now it is fed back the engine to be burned through the PCV system. If you take a cigarette and light at stream of smoke will come out of it. Place a lit match in

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