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Dear Wendi:

I'll bet you are super surprised to hear from me. Nevertheless, I hope this long, single spaced, 14 page letter, or should I say novel, book, manuscript, etc., finds you enjoying good health, experiencing satisfaction from your new enterprise, and realizing spiritual fulfillment from your work. How is that for a start?

Wendi, I can't thank you enough for sending us **The Smiley Report**. For me, it is truly satisfying to know that a young man such as Travis , has the courage to risk all and take a stand for economic equity for all United States Citizens in general and African Americans in particular.

Make no mistake about it, as **black men, Travis and Tom Joyner**, are made of different material. The movie industry would call it **The Right Stuff**. In this day and age, they are a rare breed to say the least.

The thing I am referring to is this: Until I heard Tarvis, tell the story, of the high noon show down, at the OK Carrel, with ABC, on C-SPAN's Book Review program, on Sunday evening (April 9, 2000), I thought **black men** of such tenacious character, commitment, integrity, and unshakable will, had cease to exist.

As far as **black men** are concerned, I associated such traits, courage, strategies, tactics, actions, etc. to my generation, the WW-II Generation. I thought such behavior and courage was a relic of history and had passed from the scene and was not a factor in the younger generations.

To be frank, it appeared to me that young men ,in the Travis/Joyner generation, were too busy making money and struggling to get rich, striving to become multi- millionaires, if not billionaires, to give a dam about what happened to the rest of us. **But thank God I was wrong.**

However, the facts are, the future is not only positive but promising as well, as long as **Smiley, Joyner, Chavis,** and your co-workers are one the case. Let me express what I mean by that last statement by connecting the dots..

The point I am making is this; the three of you have and are standing up and being **courageous** when the moment of **truth** test your character and integrity. Because of your no-nonsense attitude and behavior my grand children and grate grand children will have a fighting chance to fill their potential, when they become adults. This means they will experience both career, material and spiritual fulfillment before their respective journeys end. I can't ask much more of **Travis, Tom, Chavis, and company,** then than that.

Wendi, I know whereof I speak. Why? Because an attempt was made to put me in a similar bind when I initiated the Federal Government's first every Affirmative Action Enforcement mandate. It was called the **Revised Philadelphia Plan (RPP).**

I won't discuss the details now but I can say this; Had I folded under what seemed to be unbearable pressure at the time, for the rest of my life I would have considered myself a push over, a easy mark, vulnerable to threats, gun shy, easily intimidate, a selfish, self-centered, worthless coward, who's all for number one and number one only, and a shell of a man who would sell-out at the bat of an eye.

Although it pains me terribly to say it, the truth is, the African American Community has more than its share of men like that. Make not mistake about it, I have never been, am not now, and never will be a part of that crowd. Being the son of a **Buffalo Solder,** my father would still be spinning in his grave, had I folded rather than stand up when that particular

moment of truth arrived. That's why I have such respect for **Travis Smiley and Tom Joyner**.

Let me explain. The original Philadelphia Plan was a voluntary program. It was in existence when I became the United States Department of Labor's first ever, Assistant Secretary for Employment Standards. In that capacity, among other assignment, I was responsible for the performance of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance. That unit set the standards and policy and had oversight responsibilities for the Federal Government's contractor equal employment opportunity program. Prior to accepting the above position, I had managed compliance program for government contractors, for several year, at the Hanford Atomic Energy Reservation, located in Richland, Washington. The fact is, when I was given that assignment, it was the first time a individual with hands-on experience at running such programs had been put in charge of that office.

Therefore, what President Nixon and others in his administration didn't know, when he appointed me, was this: I knew that voluntary compliance programs weren't producing the intended results. They weren't even resulting in modest Jobs increasing for African Americans, other citizens of color, and women taxpayers, anywhere in the country.

Thus, since Voluntary Affirmative Action programs weren't working I concluded that the only thing left to do was implement a enforcement process. However, I further knew that a storm would rage from all direction and that there would be **hell to pay** once I made enforcement the order of the day. But, as the world knows today, 30 plus years latter, change the process from a voluntary program to a **enforcement order**, is exactly what I did.

And yes, I have caught 30 years of **pure hell** as predicted. My adversaries were and still are capable, powerful, influential lobbyist, funded by corporate America and organized labor (especially the craft unions). They are hired guns, employed at public policy think tanks and law firms scattered throughout the nation's capitol.

Signing that enforcement order was not just one of several highly charged, challenging moments of truth, during 50 years of service to the country and my people. It was the most daring of all. Although it was aimed directly at the construction industry, the truth is, it was targeted at just about every workplace and workforce in the country. Thus was its ultimate aim was the entire economy.

That particular moment decision came on June 27, 1969. As I said above, its official name is the **Revised Philadelphia Plan (RPP)**. I issued that revolutionary order a mere 38 working days after being confirmed and taking the oath of office. Why so fast? Because I had to move quick, fast, and in a hurry before anyone found out what my plan, strategies and tactics would be.

Once the word got out detailing what I was up to, here's what happened. Two top level labor department policy advisors were dispatched to my office. They implied that they were speaking for President Nixon. They tried to do a "**stick and carrot**" number on me.

The first one to speak said if I signed and issued the **Revised Philadelphia Plan Order**, I would never ever receive another presidential appointment. He then quickly added that signing it would end of my political career. When I ask why? He said, because my advisories, would attack my character and integrity every way imaginable and that my name would be mud forever.

In the late 60s and 70s, for a Black American, receiving a Presidential Appointment, was a considerable mark of achievement. Therefore, I was suppose to take that into account, assume a low profile and not rock the boat.

Whereas; the second individual supplied the carrot. He told me that if I didn't rock the boat and showed that I was a "**real team player**", I would definitely be the first **Black Secretary of Labor**.

Wendi, they didn't come close. What they didn't know is this: 1) My appointment was a accident in the first place. Serving in the national government was not my idea of a desirable career. I wasn't looking for a job 2) Although I am a fairly able politician I am not that fond of serving in government at any level. However, to the extent that I do, serving at the state