

# Things that could only happen to Peck.



## You're Fired!

It was 1990, and at that time I was working for Boh Brothers Construction Company as a sales representative. One night I was in a bar called the Caddy Shack and I met George who owned an X-Ray Testing company. He was impressed that I knew many engineers at Chevron. His company was not doing business with Chevron at the time, so we started talking about me going to work for his company. He offered me more money than I was currently making, so, with a leap of faith, I took the job.

After about three months working for George, I came to the conclusion that he was a complete asshole. My first clue was when he told me that he and his father hadn't spoken for seven years. The reason was that his father owned several companies and George shared the ownership on some of them. Both the father and the son thought one was cheating the other out of money. That doesn't make for a great family Thanksgiving dinner. But, despite the family dynamics and the fact that George was a jerk, I was doing pretty well developing business that he didn't have before.

One day I get a call from a friend who had planned a golf trip to California to play in a member guest tournament at a really nice country club. One of the members of his foursome became sick and was not going to be able to make it, so he asked me to take the open slot. He told me that everything would be paid for, and all I had to do was to get an airplane ticket.

I had free mileage on Southwest Airlines, so I booked a flight to California on Thursday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Now this guy called me on Wednesday night, and I had made a lunch appointment with Chevron engineers on Thursday. I made the lunch with Chevron rushed out to the airport and caught the plane to California.

When I got to California it was too late to call George, so I called him Friday morning. When the secretary answered she said, "George has been looking for you." "Uh Oh," I thought. Then George picked up the phone and said, "Where are you?" My mind raced through various 'dying relative' stories that I could make up, but I decided that honesty was the best policy. "Well George, I'm in California," I said, and I explained to him the wonderful opportunity that had fallen in my lap.

George was very quiet and said, "I'll talk to you when you get back." I commenced to have a wonderful time in California partying and playing golf. When I got back to the office on Monday, George called me from Houston to tell me he couldn't have people working for him that would do what I just did and he said, "You're Fired!" So much for honesty being the best policy. I was surprised, but it did not bother me too much because as I said before, George was a first-class asshole.

This was the first and only time that I was ever fired. My mother always said, "Everything happens for the best," and this was one of those happenings. Two months later I went to work at Lanier and Associates for the next 27-years.

