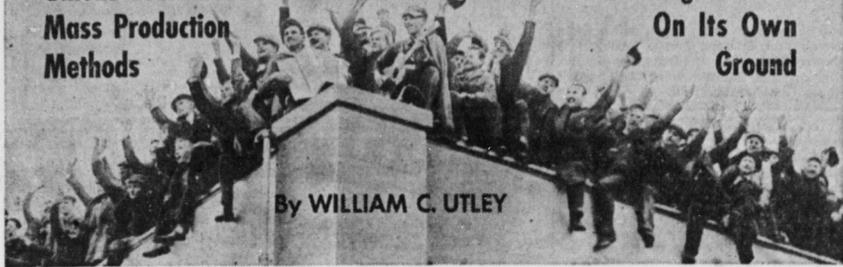


C.I.O.—THE NEW TIDE IN LABOR

Unions Learn to Use Mass Production Methods

Leaders Meet Big Business On Its Own Ground



By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

LABOR in the mass production industries can protect its rights only by adopting the same mass production methods its employers use. That is the theory of the Committee for Industrial Organization, headed by bull-dog jawed, shaggy-browed John L. Lewis. The effectiveness of this appeal and the thoroughness of its practice in the recent sit-down strikes has all America speculating as to what is the eventual place in the sun for the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Does John L. Lewis want to be President? Does he want to be able to name the man who will succeed F. D. R.? Will his left-wing labor movement be content to form a powerful force to insure higher wages, better hours, fairer working conditions? Or is it bent on complete social revolution?

It is still too early to tell. But it is not difficult to understand why so many labor students believe that C. I. O. will assume an importance to which the craft unions and the American Federation of Labor have never risen.

This is not to say that C. I. O. sees no place for the craft unions. It approves them—but only in industries which are organized on a craft basis. Workers in such industries are scattered over the country in comparatively small groups.

Employees Regarded Impersonally. In the largest industries—such as automobiles, steel, textiles, glass, oil, and a few others—workers are concentrated in a few large groups. Development of the machine and the assembly line is eliminating the necessity for skilled craft labor and equalizing the importance of all types of workers.

In one of these industries working conditions are the same throughout the entire industry. If scores of plants are controlled by the same big corporation, as in the case of the automobile firms, there is usually a general labor policy which is uniform throughout. The individual worker feels that he counts for little under such a policy, especially if the owners of his plant are in another city. If he is regarded so impersonally by his employers, he must bargain with them just as impersonally. This can be accomplished, the C. I. O. tells him, when he and his fellows band together in one big industrial, or vertical, union.

Large industries are organized on a mass production basis. Their policies toward labor are determined and administered from a central point. C. I. O. even contends that a few wealthy interests have concentrated control of all large industries in Wall Street and present a united front against labor. Therefore it is necessary for the workers to present a united front against industry.

Acting on this premise, the C. I. O. has built up a closely integrated network of industrial unions. Policies for all of them are directed from C. I. O. headquarters in Washington. Whenever there is trouble in one industry, the C. I. O. is thus able to bring the full measure of its strength and wealth to bear in the situation.

Sit-down strikes cost money, but C. I. O. has it. In these, the early

industry needs expert advice and physical aid in picketing. It can send experienced men from the United Mine Workers to organize member unions in other industries.

Make no mistake about it. Labor under the C. I. O. is big business. Initiation fees, special assessments and dues place millions of dollars at its disposal. This means C. I. O. has the wherewithal to expand from one industry to another as rapidly as efficiency permits. The part John L. Lewis played in swaying the labor vote in the last election guarantees that C. I. O. shall have plenty of friends in federal and state governments.

C. I. O. leaders are taking full advantage of their power. The very

of radio, press and moving picture news reel propaganda. Their speakers travel the road, using soundcars where they will be most effective, just as the political orators did during the 1936 campaign.

They tell the worker of the reasons for this new movement which we have covered above. They also tell him that his "economic frontier" has disappeared; he can no longer, if he is dissatisfied, pick up and head west for new ventures, or get himself a job in another industry.

Well Armed With Facts.

They teach the worker that if he would obtain his social rights he must be concerned with more than wages and hours. C. I. O. tells him he must be assured some authority in determining the conditions under which he shall work. He must have some safeguard against the speeding up of production to an extent where the pace will hurt him physically and may unreasonably cut down the number of jobs to be had. He must have assurance that his grievances will be adjusted fairly.



C. I. O. leaders know the wisdom of keeping friendly relations with the press. Chairman John L. Lewis is shown here making a statement to reporters.

potentialities of the C. I. O. modus operandi continue to attract brilliant, effective young leaders who are a far cry from the traditional labor leaders of the past. They are not toughs and loud-mouths. They can read and write. Many of them are college-educated; some are actually "career men." They do not operate in grimy little offices with battered cuspidors and nothing but the cobwebs to keep the plaster from falling off the ceiling. When they meet with industrialists they are ready to talk the industrialists' language. Their offices are just as modern as those of their opponents. And frequently they know more about the enemy's business than the enemy does.

These new leaders know that modern methods command the respect not only of the leaders of the

There must be a definite understanding as to the operations of the rules of seniority. All these things C. I. O. promises to accomplish for him.

C. I. O. leaders seldom can be bulldozed by the representatives of industry. They are well enough informed to recognize any tricks or misstatements at once. Their research departments arm them with statistics fully as convincing as those of the companies with whom they are dealing. C. I. O. knows a corporation's financial statement from A to Z, and its research department has read between the lines.

The corporations have clever lawyers who can tell their executives how to get around certain legal difficulties, and are ever at hand to advise in negotiations. So has the C. I. O. Its lawyers in New York, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other cities are a match for the corporation lawyers. Legal advice is important in keeping the central organization clear of charges which might be pressed against it in the conduct of sit-down strikes which have been held illegal by most authorities.

Even the high-powered propaganda and public relations corps of industry has not been able to outdo the C. I. O. Newspaper men of wide experience handle the press relations of the C. I. O., and they have done a good job—in much the same way that the industrial press agents have wooed public opinion by inducing corporation executives to co-operate with the press.

The C. I. O. press agents have been careful to cultivate the most favorable relations with all newspapers, whether they are friendly, hostile or luke-warm. They give reporters "tip-offs" when it is likely some big news will break. They send out mimeographed "releases" of stories citing the union's side of a controversy. What is probably most important of all, they make sure that individuals in the union behave themselves in the presence of the press, never preventing a photographer from getting his picture or giving a reporter a discourteous reply. They encourage the leaders to sit down with the press and discuss problems "frankly."

There are few tricks of psychology C. I. O. overlooks. C. I. O. is determined to get somewhere. But how far?

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FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Two Kinds of Men"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

TODAY'S yarn comes from Samuel Brown of Dorchester, and I'll tell you the truth, I don't know of anybody who has ever had a more terrifying experience than Sam has.

You remember that old Civil war marching song that starts out, "John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave."

Well, sir, Sam Brown could have envied his namesake John at one stage of his adventure. He could have wished his body were moldering in some peaceful grave, instead of being BURNED ALIVE in blazing gasoline and scorching paint and white-hot metal.

You know, people have sat up nights for months at a time trying to figure out something that's meaner than a hit-and-run driver, and none of them have had any success yet.

Hit and Run Driver Did It.

It was a hit-and-run driver that started Sam Brown off on his adventure, but mean as he was, I think he'd have come back if he'd really known what a horrible fate he had left Sam to suffer.

It happened on the twentieth of June, 1936. Sam had been out in Ohio on a business trip and he was on his way back to his home. About four o'clock that afternoon he drove through the little town of Cherry Valley, N. Y., about 18 miles east of Syracuse. He had hardly passed through the town—had just reached the open road on the outskirts—when he saw, through his rear-view mirror, another car coming up behind him.

Sam was going about 25 miles an hour. The other car—well—Sam couldn't tell how fast it was going, but it seemed to him that it was just eating up the road. Just a glance—that's all Sam got of the other car. Then he took his eyes off the mirror to pay attention to the road ahead of him.

He drove along another few hundred yards—and suddenly there was a crash. The other car, passing him, had hit Sam's left rear fender.

Car Headed for the Ditch.

Sam felt the impact—felt it plenty. He saw the other car shoot past him—and then he was wrestling with his own steering wheel. His car was skidding! Heading for the ditch at the side of the road! In another second it was in the ditch—turning over!

Sam felt the car going, but he was powerless to stop it. Over it went, and suddenly, Sam found himself turned topsy turvy. WHEN HE COULD COLLECT HIS WITS AGAIN HE FOUND THAT THE CAR WAS ON TOP OF HIM, AND HE WAS PINNED, HELPLESS, BENEATH THE WHEEL.

"Can you imagine my terror," says Sam. "I thought of my family, who were expecting me at home—of my daughter, whom I had just left back in Ohio. I began to wonder if I were injured and if so, how badly. I was still half stunned and my body seemed numb. There might be any number of things wrong with me which I couldn't feel because of that numbness."

And then Sam looked up toward the front of the car and forgot all about possible injuries in the apprehension of injuries which—if he didn't get out of that car—were sure to come.

From under the hood came a wisp of smoke. In a matter of seconds it grew to a thick cloud and then, SUDDENLY BURST INTO FLAME. The engine was burning. THE CAR WAS AFIRE. If Sam didn't get out from beneath that imprisoning steering wheel he would be roasted alive in a matter of minutes.

Frantically, Sam tried to move. He couldn't. Says he:

"In addition to the steering wheel which was pinning my chest, all the boxes and suitcases I had in the car had fallen on top of me when the machine turned over. The only thing I could move was my left hand.

Luckily the Horn Worked.

"I groped around with it—found the horn button—pushed it. Thank God it worked.

"The horn let out a long, steady blast. "I kept my free hand on that horn with all the strength I could muster. It was my one chance.

"If I couldn't attract someone's attention in the next couple minutes I would be burned to death.

"In those moments I thought some pretty hard things of the man who had put me into the position—and left me there to die a horrible death."

The horn brought help. Three men heard it, and I'm giving you their names, because Sam thinks they deserve credit for the brave thing they did. They are Charles O'Donnell and Patrick Collins of Syracuse and Charles Hamilton of Lakeport.

The whole front of the car was a roaring mass of flames when they arrived. The fire was creeping under the car toward the gas tank and an explosion was due any minute. But they broke the glass in the windshield and started work to get Sam out.

But His Wallet Was Burned Up.

It was nip and tuck. Sam was wedged in there pretty tightly. The heat was blistering the paint on the body of the car—and blistering Sam and the men who were trying to rescue him, too. Now they had the boxes and suitcases off of Sam's body—and in another moment they were pulling him out bodily through the broken windshield.

As they dragged him out Sam's wallet fell from his pocket and dropped back inside the burning car. That wallet had \$245 in it, but it was never recovered.

Before anyone could reach for it, the gas tank, full to the cap, exploded with a roar and a sheet of flame. That was the last thing Sam saw. Then he lost consciousness.

The three men dragged Sam aside and started working on him. When they finally brought him to, all that was left of the car was a blackened, smoking iron frame. Sam had the suit he was wearing, but nothing else—not even a hat.

"But here I am back home again," says Sam, "alive to tell the story of two different kinds of men. Those who risked their lives to save me—I can never repay them for what they did for me—and the one who knocked me into the ditch and left me there to die."

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Dried Milk Was Used by Tartar, Mongol Warriors

A publication of the Douthitt corporation gives the following story of the early history of dry milk:

Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler of the Thirteenth century, recorded that the Tartar and Mongol warriors subsisted on dried milk made by boiling the milk, skimming off the fatty portion which they put into a separate vessel, and setting the remainder in the sun to dry. Each soldier carried ten pounds of this dry skimmed milk, and each day put a half pound of it in a leathern bottle with as much water as was thought necessary. Their motion in riding produced a thin porridge upon which they made their meals.

From that long ago time to mid-Nineteenth century, nothing more is of record concerning dry milk.

In 1855 Grimme secured a patent from the British government on a process for drying milk. This required the addition of carbonate of soda or potash to the fluid milk, which was then evaporated in open jacketed pans with constant agitation until a dough like consistency

was obtained. Cane sugar was added and the moisture was then pressed between rollers into ribbons; after further drying it was pulverized. This process was very slow; the product was of poor quality, high in moisture and generally unsatisfactory.

In the year 1887 malted milk, a combination of whole milk, extract of malted barley, and wheat flour, was commercially produced. Although this product was not dry milk, it led to the development of a suitable process for drying milk.

The "Steering Committee"

A "steering committee" is an informal committee in each house of congress, dominated by the leading members of the majority party in the body, which determines the order in which business shall be taken up by the house. In the house of representatives the steering committee is practically synonymous with the committee on rules, which is vested with the power of reporting a special rule placing any important measure ahead of ordinary business.

My Favorite Recipe

By Irene Castle McLaughlin

Marshmallow Sweets

Boil some sweet potatoes. Mash and mix in a little cream and a good-sized lump of butter. Place in a baking dish and bake until brown.

Remove and cover the top with marshmallows; put into the oven again and just let them get a rich brown on top.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

Essential Victories

Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.—Horace Mann.

The Victor
The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.—Charles Buxton.

On Uncertain Ground
Every change makes the favorite of fortune anxious.—Schiller.

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Division
Spilt water cannot be gathered up.—Chinese Proverb.

days of its program, the United Mine Workers, John L. Lewis' first love, have borne the brunt of the expense. They contributed most of the half million dollars needed to organize the steel workers, the hundreds of thousands to conduct the General Motors strike and the financial support for the Chrysler strike.

Millions at C. I. O. Disposal.
The advantage of the central organization is further emphasized by the speed with which it is able to assist member unions in emergencies. It trains squads of organizers in one industry and is able to send them in a hurry to any point where a member union in that or another

industries in which they are active, but of their own following. They use airplanes to speed from council to council. They engage the best suites in the best hotels. Their offices are located in the finest buildings.

Leaders are chosen from diversified fields in which there are C. I. O. member unions. They form a board of strategy not unlike the boards of directors of the firms with which they are dealing.

Working together harmoniously, these leaders are using the methods of the big industries to sell their ideas to the workers and to the public. They have hired experts in the creation and dissemination



This Flint (Mich.) striker has all the comforts of home.