

TED SILVEY
interviewed by Dennis East
TAPE 1

Tape recording the recollections and thoughts of Ted Silvey.

Mr. East and I have had some preliminary conversations with respect to the disposition by me and the acquisition by Wayne State University of several tons of papers, documents, periodicals, reports and so forth which I have collected over a period of nearly half a century. We have had conversations and correspondences that began, I believe, in October 1970 with respect to the accumulation I have for the Archives in Detroit. We have only made passing remarks with respect to their possible value whether or not remuneration should be given. Before I begin to make historical comments, I asked Mr. East to tell me what was in his mind, and what has been talked about at the headquarters of the Archives in Detroit and he stated some things which I now would like to recapitulate. The main thrust of his comment was that nobody can tell what a collection is worth until they know what's in it. This is so obvious that it ought not need to be stated. But of course I recognized it instantly and all that Mr. East and Mr. Mason know is what I have merely indicated. If I've got as much as three or three and a half tons of stuff, it could be all junk, it could be partly junk, it could be treasured stuff or most anything. Until it's cataloged and indexed one can have no sense of the value. My own opinion is that it's substantial, meaningful material perhaps added to documents and periodicals that may not be significant.

With respect to money remuneration, he told me a couple of stories about other collections; the ^{Bieder}Bieder Collection and the ^{DeBois}DeBois Collection and gave enough information about the problems connected with that to allow me to understand what archivist and collectors do for institutions. He pressed me down to the point where I had to make some comment myself. Do I really know what I want for the documents? Well I insisted to him that I'd saved all of this material, being as my wife calls me a sort of a pack rat anyway, but doing it because I felt that there were things that were of value for posterity and for history. And wanting to do this so

that the stuff could be saved and perhaps related to other things that still remain and also, quite frankly I suppose, like everybody in this _____ to exercise a little vanity to think that his name, his reputation, and the memory of what he did would not pass into the abyss of oblivion without anybody knowing of him. I suppose one of the things that caused me to be conscious of archival material is two experiences I had. One, with the national YMCA and one with the national CIO. The national YMCA, of which I served on the board and on the council for a good many years, did a history. And I sat on the board and on the committees that had to do with the preparation of the history. I was aware of the meaning of things. The YMCA was lucky because in the earliest days of that organization they were able to find somebody who had stashed boxes and boxes of stuff in a barn up in Massachusetts somewhere, someplace in New England. This stuff was turned up and became really the basis for a really good history. I was terribly impressed by this plus the fact that the organization kept it's own files in some order. So when the historian finished the job it was a pretty good piece of work from the standpoint of the YMCA. At another point in my experience in the CIO itself, Phil Murray decided that he wanted a history and I'll detail the business about this in a later recording. When Murray said he wanted a history I began to be conscious of papers and documents and files and so forth. One of the things I learned was that the CIO didn't have the kind of records that the YMCA had because it came after the long distance telephone was available. And a very great deal of the essential, meaningful, significant work of the CIO was done on the long distance telephone, and there's no record of it. There's also the fact that there were many meetings in hotel rooms, conference sort of discussions of which no record was made. These things existed then, both the telephone calls and the hotel room conversations, and discussions only in the memory of the people who participated in them. This is significant to me in terms of archival material. Another thing I noted in the CIO was that they were very careless about records. I remember one time when I was so extremely busy that I couldn't do anything at all except what I had to do. I was going through the fifth floor of the CIO building there at 1718 Jackson Place in Washington. I saw a new secretary unloading filing cabinets and putting them in trash bins to

be taken out to be baled away for waste paper or to be burned. And I just cringed when I saw it because it was John Brophy's office. John Brophy had a small office on the fifth floor there and he had just hired a new secretary I guess and she needed some file cabinet space. So what to do we'll just dump the trash out. That was her notion, she didn't know what she was throwing away. I paused a few minutes in the hall to finger through the things that were going and I was just horrified. This stuff was not supposed to be thrown away. John Brophy was busy too and he didn't worry about saving anything and so it got chucked and it's a shame. Later on when the merger of the AF of L and the CIO took place young women in the office of the accounting department, Jim Carey's area he's the Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, had the responsibility to go through all the documents and save what was valuable or useful and throw away all the rest. Well she worked for weeks in the cellar of that building and went through files and boxes and cartons and so on and threw away an awful lot of stuff. She wasn't the qualified person to make judgement about documents and their worth. And I am quite sure many useful and valuable things were thrown away even though she made a diligent attempt to save what she thought was useful. In connection with the CIO I also remember that when Alan Haywood died, he died in Roksburg, Pennsylvania, he had a secretary who was a person who had no sense of the meaning of the events, all she was was a kind of a person that did whatever Alan wanted. And whatever Alan wanted was whatever John L. Lewis wanted and whatever somebody wanted that was in authority. On a Saturday, I believe Alan Haywood died in a Saturday, that next morning, Sunday, Bonnie Subled, this secretary of whom I speak and a fellow named Harold Ash came into the CIO building and ripped Alan Haywood's files. What they did with them I don't know. Bonnie Subled has been dead for some years and I've lost track of Harold Ash. Sometime maybe if anybody finds Harold Ash they'll know what happened on that Sunday morning in the building. There's another thing in connection with the CIO documents and histories that I consider relevant here. When John L. Lewis was no longer president of the CIO and Murray came in as the president in his place after the 1940 election campaign when Roosevelt and ^{WILKIE} Wilkey ran against each other, if I remember, there was a fellow that had worked in the CIO who was the son of the president at that time of Wayne State University. Lewis had a great pension for collecting the intellectuals. He hired people as organizers who were from old

Virginia families or he'd take a secretary who was somebody who had prestige, whose family had prestige. I think he hired this fellow whose name I don't recall at the minute to sort of look around and take care of things and be subject to his will. Anyway when Lewis was no longer president of the CIO this chap came in and I had pretty strong evidence that he ripped a lot of files and carried them over to the mine workers building. Files having to do with records of the period before Murray became president of the CIO. Whether they still exist or not I don't know but I learned from my friend Myra Bernstein who worked with the United Mine Workers after Tony Boyle was thrown out and Arnold Miller came in. Some of these files have been preserved and have been taken away to places where they'll get proper archival treatment.

D.E.: You made an interesting point about the fact Lewis liked to surround himself with intellectuals and so on and so forth.

T.S.: Society people type, some of them not all of them.

D.E.: I'm interested in the intellectuals, O.K.? I mean did he really rely upon his economist and his advisor. Did they really have the ear of John Lewis? Or were they showcase?

T.S.: I think, I'm inclined to think that they were more showcase than that he actually relied on them. It appears to me that these types that Lewis brought around him added a kind of a lustre to him that he knew that he didn't have. Lewis had tremendous abilities and he recognized what he had but he recognized, like most men would-people would, that he also lacked certain things. It's alledged that Lewis' wife made him an educated man. She was a school teacher, his first wife. And that she made him an educated man and that he was prompted to study and to learn and I remember from my days with John Owen. John Owen bought a copy of Bartlets' quotations just because some newspaper reporter had reported that Owens' had seen that Lewis was a great user of Bartlets' quotations.

The imitative pattern in the Mine Workers is very heavy. So that every local person would do what he had heard that John L. Lewis had done. This even went so far, in the case of John Owen with whom I was close that he would imitate that tongue in the cheek movement that Lewis had-I can't put this on a tape recorder-but Owen, when speaking would suddenly put his chin up, roll his tongue four or five times in his right cheek and then ponderously say something. Well I had seen John L. Lewis do this dozens of times. If I'd been closer to him on more often occasions I'd have seen him do it thousands of times I suppose. This pattern of wanting, what in the military I suppose you could call a kind of spit and polish, was showcase or veneer type of thing. Now whether or not men like ~~Lauke~~^{Lauke}, I didn't know ~~Lauke~~^{Lauke}'s qualities and abilities. I don't know whether he was a very competent economist or not. But I knew these other people that he had around him and they were nice people and they were good people but they were obedient people. They were courtiers, I would say. They were people who did the massaging of the ego. I can think of a couple of things relevant to this in connection with Lewis and the Mine Workers. There was besides this son of the president of Penn State whos name I didn't recall a minute ago which I now have, his name was Ralph Hatzel. He was an educated man. He was what I suppose you would call an intellectual, an informed person. Then there was a young lady who was from an Alexandria, Virginia family whose name was Fowler, I believe it was Fowler, I've forgotten her first name. She was hired as a secretary in the Miners office and I believe in Lewis' own office. And I think he had enough secretaries around so that he could have some for showcases and use them occassionally and other people who did the work. I have great respect for this young woman Fowler whom I met early in my experiences with the CIO. She was a good gal and I don't know whether or not she did much work, but probably did because I think she was a diligent girl. I think she was like the two people or the two women over at the AFL who had come in because they were interested in the labor movement. I think she had some interest in the labor movement. Well anyway when the great break came

over the election of Roosevelt for the third term and Lewis came down for ~~Wilkey~~ ^{WILKEY}, wasn't it, in 1940. These two people, Ralph Hedsel and the Fowler girl both confronted John L. Lewis. Now Hedsel met him, as the story comes the way I got it- it was gossip at the time, that Hedsel was seeing John L. Lewis and Lewis made this radio speech I believe denouncing Roosevelt saying that if he ran for the third term he would go down in humilious defeat the way Lewis used to talk. The next morning Hedsel complimented Lewis for his radio speech and said, well after all Mr. Lewis you always have been a life long Republican, which was true, so he pandered to him and said O.K. man thats what you should do. On the other hand this Fowler girl came into the office with fire in her eyes and denounced the guy for selling out the people's so-called representative and the thing that he had stood for and Lewis fired her on the spot. She was out fast. Lewis fired people like that arbitrarily. Another story in this connection is E. L. Oliver. Now E. L. Oliver is a very intelligent and highly educated man. He was from the Farmers Non-Partisan League in N. Dakota, also. He was a colleague and associate of those early pioneering types in Minnesota and N. Dakota, several of the names slip me now but there was a couple of them in the United States Senate. One of them was a Scandinavian from Minnesota who spoke with a very strong accent, who was sneered at by people. What was his name? Good man though, good representative of the Scandinavian farmers of Minnesota and the other one was that Senator who died here only a couple of years ago. Advanced age in his nineties who did the early investigation of the munitions industry. I remember that this senator from N. Dakota was in Chicago at the same time Oliver was in Chicago and they met each other in the lobby of one of the hotels there and the senator said to Oliver, oh my man I am so glad to see you will you sleep with me tonight-that is will you share my room? Oliver said, well I already got a room. He said,look the munitions industry is trying to plant a whore on me and I found out about it and I'm scared to death that they might overpower me. I want to have somebody around as a witness. So Oliver occupied his hotel room that night and probably the munitions industry found out about it and withdrew because nothing happened. Well there was another person whose name I have in very strong affection. An older woman who was from one of the first families of Virginia, the old FFV group. And this I think is what impressed Lewis the FFV's. I remember I met a woman over in Alexandria who was from the FFV's and me I have kind of an amusing contemptuous

sort of attitude and I mistakenly, in this case, said something to the woman about the FFV. Oh yes, I said these first families of Virginia they included the people that were sent out from England because they couldn't pay their debts. She didn't like the remark for a minute and she was a very serious _____ at me and she says, no suh the debtors prisons of England were emptied into Georgia not into Virginia. So I said, well I'm sorry, I beg your pardon and we went on from there. But this woman again whose name I have to dig in my memory, was hired by Lewis to be an organizer in the South because she had this very famous name. Now it's coming to me... Lucy Randolph Mason, that was her name.
Lucy Randolph Mason

D.E.: Good names.

T.S.: Oh, yes and Lewis hired her as a CIO organizer and he did it on the basis that she would have standing and repute among the landowners and the shop owners and the mill owners and the political personalities in Virginia. And Lucy and I loved each other, I mean she was a really good gal. She was already gray haired when I first knew her. We used to meet at conventions and conferences and I really took to her because she was devoted and so diligent and so really concerned. Well, when Lewis came out for ^{WILKIE} ~~Wilke~~, Ms. Mason, I don't think she was ever married, I don't know she was from the Randolph family of Virginia of course. I don't know if she was ever married. Anyway Ms Mason was quite upset about this and what she did was to... she wrote a letter to Lewis and she said, Mr. Lewis I have worked hard in this area-the middle South for the CIO and for Roosevelt when you were for him and now you have cut the ground out from under me. I can't function anymore down here among these people. If you're going to be like this I'm sorry but my usefulness, I think, is diminished. And he wrote her a very sweet letter in reply. I saw it, had in my hands I read it. I don't know where it is now. In that letter he was just as nice as John L. Lewis could be when he wanted to be. He just said, you know something like my dear Lucy don't you worry about this you go right on and do your work. He didn't fire her at all. He kept her secure in employment where she

stayed on until she got her pension I guess. She wrote a book. I've got two copies of it, a kind of autobiography. It's a thin volume only about an inch thick. And I believe I've got one that is autographed by her. I didn't hear from her after a long time and I heard from somebody that knew her that she died in a mental institution. Now whether it was a private facility or a public facility I don't know but she apparently had some kind of disturbances in her later life that got her a little bit off her rocker and she had to have care. Oh, she was a lovely person. While I'm on this, I know I'm way off the subject now but , in connection with this matter of the wealthy thing. There were three other people that I remember that got into this. Alan Haywood, of course, had been put in charge of organizing by the CIO at the San Francisco convention when Lewis suddenly announced very brutally at a meeting in which I sat in the President Hotel in San Francisco. After the convention was over all the regional directors, all the organizers, all the staff and everybody was pulled together there. In those days you just went into a meeting nobody cared. I was a delegate to the San Francisco convention from the Ohio CIO council and of course I was..I'm the kind of a guy when I'm travelling and I always want to go down the unexplored township roads and see what's down there. So I go into every meeting that I'm not forcibly kept out of just to hear what's being said. I've done this all my life including many places I have no business being in. Lot's of times people didn't know I was there, didn't know who the hell I was. But I pick up information that way and I always figured that odd little bits of information are always useful. Once when we were out in Iowa, Bill ^{TED SILVEY} Kinsley of the automobile workers, was on labor school program with me and we were both teaching classes over a week at one of the institutions in Iowa. Iowa State, I guess, I forgot what town we were in. Half a dozen of us were sitting around a table shooting the breeze after a session one day, early evening I guess, before dinner. Some of them were drinking beer and I was sounding off like I always am because I'm a talkative bastard. Bill ^{TED SILVEY} Kinsley suddenly says to me with that arched eyebrow curious way he has of speaking, Ted he says, you've got the goddamdest collection of useless information of any man I know. I laughed and I said, but Bill no information is useless. It'll always be useful somewhere. Now whether or not you ever run into the need for it of course is another problem

but I said it'd be better to have the information in a situation where you need it than to be in a situation where you need the information and don't have it. On this account, you see, I got into all these meetings. Well so John L. Lewis at this organizers and regional directors meeting after the San Francisco convention, just suddenly announced, like that, without any consultation with anybody, that John Brophy would be director of industrial union councils which was a state and city central _____ and Alan Haywood would be the director of organization. Well this was a brutal cut to John Brophy who had done all the early work and who had done all the hard diligent, early organizing efforts and who had brought together the unions and so on . Who in fact, as I remember, had gone to see old Mike Tigue and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers and convinced him that he ought to sign an agreement to allow the steel workers organizing committee to take over. And many other good and useful things that John Brophy had done. And it was a brutal and cruel thing for Lewis without ever consulting with anybody to just knock him off. I knew this is what happened because Brophy told me that he hadn't been talked to and I know that Haywood hadn't because he was surprised at this. Well, uh, Haywood was a man who said the king is right. Long live the king sort of attitude. If Lewis wanted it that way, that's the way it is, that's it. No questions, no ...it's a religious thing. I've seen theological people like this. The Bishop says it then every priest is for it or every clergyman is for it-not every one. All those except those who resist. So when Lewis came out from ^{WILKIE} ~~Wilkey~~ one of the people who was very, very pleased with what Lewis did regardless of how he felt, was Alan Haywood. So he went right to Lewis and prostrated himself, figuratively speaking, and said of course you're right. There was a regional director in Chicago who was in this situation also. He was a man who, I've forgotten his name now, he was a polish man I think, I'm not sure. He was either polish or hungarian because he had that sort of name. He was a miner, he'd been in the mine workers union for years. He was a regional director of the CIO, he was regional director for the steel workers out there and he was a platform orator who was florid and exhuberant. And he couldn't praise Roosevelt too high,

he couldn't praise Lewis too high, he just couldn't praise everything too high. And then Lewis came out for ~~Wilkey~~^{Wilkie} and immediately he was just the opposite. And the steel workers and the people in Chicago had contempt for him. He destroyed himself, as he should in fact because this kind of damn nonsense and dishonestly is very, very bad. There was one other person whose story is relevant here, I think. I refer to Gus ~~Shoell~~^{Shoell} who was CIO regional director in Detroit, this was before he became president of the Michigan CIO Council, I think, no he already was president of the Michigan CIO Council. Yes, yes. Because the Michigan Council was organized very soon after the Ohio council. We were one of the earlier ones, we were organized in February 1939, I think it was, and Michigan was already organized. So Gus ~~Shoell~~^{Shoell} was both president of the Michigan CIO Council and he was CIO regional director and had been from the very earlier days, several years.

D.E.: Right after June.

T.S.: Yes, yes. So when Lewis came out for ~~Wilkey~~^{Wilkie} in this radio speech Alan Haywood not only prostrated himself before Lewis but he called up all the regional directors and told them that they had to do the same thing, which is probably one of the reasons why the Chicago guy acted like he did. I remember that. Well Gus ~~Shoell~~^{Shoell} who was a laconic son of a guy listened to Haywood pressing him to come out for ~~Wilkey~~^{Wilkie} now and support Lewis in his terse manner on the long distance phone. It's reported that Gus said to ~~Allen~~^{Alan} Haywood, just go fuck yourself and hung up. And he didn't get fired, he didn't get fired. Well he could tell this to Haywood because he was still president of the Michigan CIO Council. But on the other hand there was a very nice fellow who had been a YMCA secretary who was made an organizer for the utility workers organizing committee. I remember that Lewis kicked the ass off of him one time because he shut down an electrical plant in Michigan and he not only turned the power off, by this act, on hospitals but he ruined thousands and thousands of hatching eggs in chicken hatcheries and the farmers of course were just furious and of course the utility corporation

seized the opportunity to slander the CIO vigorously for hospital shutdown, chicken hatchery shutdown, other sorts of things. I didn't last very long because as soon as Lewis heard about it... he got Stonker and said, get that electric plant working again and fast because Lewis was no fool about a thing like this he knew what disaster there would be. Well this man of whom I speak and again I can't call his name immediately, didn't like Lewis' action. So he objected to Lewis coming out for ~~Wilkey~~^{W. B. F. I. E.} and he got fired on the spot. This irregular pattern of behavior as to whether Lewis liked people or didn't like people. Whether they were within the mine workers hierarchal authority structure, whether they were people that were intellectuals that he had contempt for or because generally, I think, Lewis had contempt for intellectuals. I don't think he really like people who were smart. I don't think trade union officers like people who are smart, I think they consider them a challenge. There is one story that tickles my memory about Lewis that John Owen told me about. We were talking about lawyers and I could always tell what John L. Lewis' attitude was without hearing him speak because Owen was always repeating Lewis. Owen would go to Washington three or four times a month and spend a day just to sit around at the feet of the great man. Then Owen would come back to Columbus and I'd go see him with a report or with a series of questions or whatever and before anything could be done in the way of the business I had in hand I had to sit and listen to some opinions. And I knew even in my experience at that time that all I was hearing is what Lewis had said to Owen and now Owen was saying it to me. And so I could quite sure of what Lewis' attitudes and ideas were because of the way Owen was talking about them. One day we were talking about lawyers, Owen and I, and the conversation turned around about the function and service of a lawyer to a labor union movement and how many lawyers are just agents of corporations and how they really don't care about people so much. They care about the issues and the money they get out of it and how they work and all that. Owen leaned back in his chair and said, well now let me tell you. He said, Mr. Lewis always says, you hire lawyers not to find out what you

can do but how to do what you want to do, So that this reflected to me the attitude that lawyers are a tool of anybody that exercises power to help them do what they want them to do and not get into too much trouble about it. I think this too may reflect some of the Lewis attitude that he had contempt for the professional, the intellectual..maybe I'm overdrawing this maybe I'm emphasizing it too much because I know that Lewis was a delightful, charming person and in the presence of an intellectual and it suited his convenience he could just slay a person with his charm. I thought this was true of ^{MAC}McArthur also. I had a very great respect for that old man who was for so many years of the American Civil Liberties Union, Roger Baldwin. Roger Baldwin was nobodys' fool he was a clever, competent, straightforward thinking man. He went to Japan right after WWII was over and he spent quite a while with ^{MAC}McArthur. He came back singing ^{MAC}McArthurs' praises. And I wondered about this because I knew that ^{MAC}McArthur had set himself up as the emperor of the Far Eastern Empire. You didn't have to be very smart all you had to do was to look at the newsreels of the day and see that ^{MAC}McArthur had a completely fresh, dry cleaned, and pressed uniform for the specific purpose of wading ashore with the troops at whatever island, _____ island I guess it was in the Philippines or wherever he first went ashore. This was a staged thing and it was obvious that it was staged. I'd talked to a dozen people who had been to Japan, after WWII to meet ^{MAC}McArthur. ^{MAC}McArthur was a silverplated son-of-a-bitch in my eye, in my mind but people came back loving him, singing his praises. He just absolutely slayed with the charm and good will and saying the right things whether he meant them or not. I thought Lewis was able to do this too. I managed the fiftieth anniversary convention of the coal miners union in Columbus, Ohio in January 1940. It had been founded in Columbus in January 1890 and the story of that is something I'll give on another recording but just for this. I worked like a dog, oh God how I did work on that thing. One of the qualities that I have is good management. I think of a lot of things in advance. I remember I said to Corse, oh I'll have the responsibility. He was supposed to do it but he just gave it to me to do. So I said, I'll do it alright but I'll

have to spend money. Go ahead, spend all the money you want to spend. I was very frugal about it and I probably got it for two-thirds of what it would have cost if it had been done by a miner. But I did everything. I even got a very comfortable, great, huge armchair for Lewis to sit in on the platform because he liked to have a throne. I rented it for so much a day from an office equipment company so he could sit up there in all his glory with a chair different from anybody else's to sit in. I said to Owen, look I've got to have a hospital in the convention. I'll go and arrange it with the Red Cross. They have nurses over there that serve things like this. We'll get three nurses or two and we'll just pay them a salary and I'll set up a room and they'll bring their equipment in and all that they need and we'll pay them a flat rate and I can get it at a pretty good price. And _____ said, wait you don't need a hospital at a convention. Well, I said, I'm not talking about a hospital I'm talking about a emergency clinic sort of thing. Well, he said, if you think it's necessary go ahead. I want this to be a wonderful convention. So I set up a little emergency clinic in one of the side rooms off of the coliseum there and I think we had over 2000 cases. I mean we had girdle burns, for some of the women, we had blistered heels, we had broken arms, we had splinters in fingers and all kinds of stuff. The place was busy and when I reported to John Owens afterwards about it he was amazed. He never thought of a thing like this. Well, so I was working like a dog to make this convention a howling success and it was and one of the things I will tell about later is how that huge, red banner with the hammer and sickle on it was let down from the stage ceiling and came down with John L. Lewis right under it so the photographers could publish it and photograph it. It got to be a cover page of Life Magazine, you know. I know how that happened, I know all about it, after it happened, of course, not before or I would've stopped it. That was the only thing that went wrong at the convention that I had charge of. That happened after midnight and it got in when I'd gone home to get a little sleep. When the time came for the convention to close I went around and I gathered up every bite of waste paper and among them, I don't mean when the convention was over, everyday I went around and gathered up the waste paper. I mean I personally, like a janitor went around and got up all the daily proceedings, and all the books of resolutions and I put them in cartons and stacked them away and I had, I don't know, fifteen or twenty cartons of convention documents. When the convention was all over and when they all got back to

Washington at the mineworkers headquarters, what did I get but a long distance telephone call from secretary-treasurer Kennedys' secretary who said, do you by any chance have the proceedings, the daily proceedings and the resolutions because we find we haven't got a complete set for headquarters. Just think of that, incompetent management, awful stuff. Well of course I could give them five complete sets and I proceeded to do so and send them over to them. And many, many, many other things like this. But when the convention was over and John Owen was so delighted that he wanted to do something nice for me so he said, well what can I do for you now, this was fine. He was going to give me a check. I said, well I'll tell you. George _____ and Bill Labelle have been very close to you and we've all worked together very nicely and I said I'll tell you what I'd like for you to do. I said, I'd like to have you set up a dinner with Lewis and Murray and you and the three of us. Bill Labelle, George _____ and me, and we just eat and talk together, I said, I'd like this. Owen said, well I'll see what I can do. Well of course I was too unsophisticated at that time to know that this was a ridiculous request. What the hell is Lewis going to mess around with a punk like me? Even though I had made his convention a success. So the answer was no. Or I never really got a sufficient answer and so he gave me a check for one hundred dollars. Well I said, alright I'll put it in the treasury of the Ohio CIO Council. No indeed! That's for you yourself. I said, look I am not going to take one hundred dollars. I did this work for the organization and I will put into the treasury of the Ohio... oh, he got furious. He absolutely got furious. I put it in the treasury and put it on the financial report and it shows in the records of the Ohio CIO council that the mine workers union donated one hundred dollars to the Ohio CIO council for the work I did in managing the mine workers convention and it didn't stop at the end of the convention because I had all kinds of problems. I remember the..one of the patriotic women's societies, the DAR, I guess, called me up after the convention was over and complained that the American flags that I had put up at the lamp posts, I had put up American flags and Columbus flags and the United Mine Workers welcome flag on all the lamp posts in Columbus before the convention opened. The corporation that did the work for me had to take them down afterwards of course and that was in their contract price and this woman was down town and she saw that the American flags and the other flags were just being laid on the sidewalk until a truck would come along and pick them up so she

calls me up and tells me that the American flag is being desecrated and laying on the sidewalk. So I said, well honey I'm not doing it, I'll call up the corporation that's managing this thing and tell them not to lay the American flags on the sidewalk. All kinds of leftover stuff like this.

D.E.: And you had to satisfy everybody?

T.S.: Of course, I always made a diligent effort to try unless I knew they were dishonest or were contrary to what I thought the labor movement ought to stand for. And those people I fought like hell and got into trouble doing it. Now we were starting out on this about the question of whether Lewis really liked to have intellectuals around or didn't. While I have wondered, somewhat afar, and telling this I think that the material that I have put together on it has been supportive of the idea that I've put forward. Of course it's recognized, I hope, many of these things are opinions of mine but they are opinions that are based on pretty sound observation that what went on and on reports accurately presented here as far as my memory goes is about things that happened. I'm speaking of the Gus Scholle thing up in Michigan. I mean that next time I met Gus Scholle and heard that he had retorted to Alan Haywood like he did I thought it necessary to compliment him in very generous terms because this would have been my attitude also. I don't know why Alan Haywood didn't call me about the matter but I was secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO and not on CIO payroll so maybe because I wasn't a regional director or an organizer, or field organizer, as we were called, that he didn't call me. I do know though that as soon as Lewis' radio talk for Wilke was made the next morning I went to the office and we doubled our efforts to carry Ohio for Roosevelt. I put forth enormous effort and got many, many other people in the state involved also. So we really pushed harder than ever to slay Lewis on this issue.

T.S.: I go back now to the question that we started this morning recording on with respect to whether and how much the value of my collection is to Wayne State University and what time and arrangement we might have. I had made some little recapitulation of what Mr. East said about collections and about university and archival problems particularly with respect to finances. I have set forth what I feel is the historical perspective and archival value of things. The material I have is related to the labor movement primarily. But it goes far afield and in another place I will tell about how far afield it went. It goes far afield because I think I'm a person with imagination and initiative and when I would see opportunities to do things I'd go do them. In one respect the CIO was unique. In that people that were in the movement and devoted to it were allowed to do pretty much what they pleased as long as they didn't get themselves or the organization into trouble. I could, on the CIO payroll, do pretty much what I thought was useful to do for the movement. This was really a great thing, and while some people did outstanding things in the sense that they went down avenues that needed exploring. Other people didn't go down those avenues, they followed the traditional pattern of "just do this and that's all." Well I was one of the persons who went off on all the byways. I'd see what the hell's down there and go and talk to somebody. I'd go to a meeting or I'd write a letter to somebody and make an inquiry. I would accept an invitation to make a speech to somebody that was so far out from the CIO that it was amazing. I always said that I would speak to anybody including the DAR but I never did get an invitation to address the DAR but God how've spoken to dozens even scores of other organizations that you would never think would have a CIO person come and make a talk to them. I remember very soon after I was elected secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO Council at a time when the hatred and viciousness in the newspapers of Ohio against the CIO was so intense and bitter and ugly and mean and rotten. Right after the steel strike _____ steel strike, God what an attitude prevailed. I got an invitation, it knocked me off my chair almost, from the Ohio Association of Township Trustees having their annual convention in Columbus

at the Memorial Hall. Well to get an invitation from a rural group who were as about reactionary as you could find and make an address to them. And I came away from that convention with cheers, almost. I mean I didn't mince any words with them and I told them straight out. And one of the things I picked up and talked to them about was the closed shop. And I told them about free riders and how people will be in a situation where a union is being organized and the contract time comes and they want to close shop and the boss says no and then he goes off and rewards those who don't join the union more than those who do. I had a real case on this just at the time because I was setting type on the Columbus-Ohio Dispatch. This is one of the things in my life that I have to hide my face in shame for because I poured more poison into the minds of the minds of the people of Central, Ohio by setting the filthy stuff that the Dispatch editors poured out on the people and putting it into type and proofreading it than I'd like to think of. It was a kind of a doctor Jekyll-Mr. Hyde experience in my life. The little bit of work that I got as a printer in those days because there was great unemployment and I could only get two days a week, perhaps, sometimes three and maybe only one on the newspaper because there was great unemployment. I'd work on that goddamned publication and print the vicious stuff that the editors poured out over our copy boards and into the minds of the people and then I'd go over to the labor union hall and work as long as I could stay awake at night to undue the evil that I'd done earning a living all day, or during the work shift. So I told these township trustees the story of this business of the organization the Mailers Union in the Dispatch. I think they had about thirty-two men working in the mailing department. Mailers in the newspaper are always organized by the Typographical Union and they become a separately chartered union. Well the Typographical Union had been on the Dispatch and I'd worked and been very active in the Typographical Union which is how I got to be editor of the AFL Labor Newspaper in Columbus. The mailers organized and I think they got everybody in the unit except four. Those four would not join and they had been older people who had been there for years and they were scared of the publisher. They had reason to be. But the whole mailing room signed up except four persons. I think at that time they were getting forty-four hours. I think we were on a forty-four hour week at that time. And they were getting a wage of twenty-one dollars and they had no vacation and so the union went in with three major points for the contract; one-they would have thirty dollars a week I believe it was. A weeks vacation with pay and some other feature, let's see it didn't have anything to do with hours, well anyway...oh the closed shop, of course, that was

the third point, the closed shop. The boss said, ok I'll give you twenty-eight dollars a week and we'll keep the hours at forty-four and you can have one weeks vacation with pay after fifteen years of service. And the closed shop, no. Well the union's idea was we want to get a complete membership and the bosses idea was to discriminate against the people who had joined the union. So they signed the contract without a closed shop for twenty-eight dollars and one weeks vacation after fifteen years. Whereupon the publisher took these four people and gave them thirty-five dollars a week and two weeks vacation with pay after fifteen years. Keeping the same forty-four hours. Well the publisher bought himself a basket of snakes because you can just know what those four people went through during the year until the contract expired. When the contract came up the next year there was nothing but nothing that was important except getting those sons-of-bitches to pay their share of the unions cost. And by god if the publisher could give them seven dollars a week more and an additional weeks' vacation he could give it to us too. And they got the closed shop. Now I told this story to the township trustees meeting and I told them how free riders act and what the business of free riders are and how publishers use this as a whip back and forth against those who don't join and those who do. Then I laid it right down straight to them not knowing at the time how close to the marrow of their problem I was getting. It turns out that they were carrying on a campaign to get all the tounship trustees to carry their load and a great many of them wouldn't. They let the association carry the load in the legislature and in other matters having to do with the work of township trustees and they were carrying a great load of free riders in the state. Well I hit them right where it fit and they liked it and they could understand, you see, their problem because I explained our problem and I went away from the convention, not as I thought I would with hisses and boos, but with a kind of friendly cheerfulness that they reflected because I.....

Well this digression that I have made about the township trustees and the Dispatch mailers is something that came to my mind as an illustration of how I went afield but in my work in Ohio and in Washington I went out on an awful lot of things and will make a list of them at another point in the tape for the purpose of helping with the examination of the documents. I belong to four, five professional societies that a trade union person would never hear of. I worked with the National YMCA, I had

two stints as a government employee for labor union work in the agencies, was with the Community Services Committee. I was the first person in the CIO to pick up the question of automation and this was not because I was so pioneering it was only because fortuitously I got to Harvard University to talk about one question and ran into Dr. Norbert Weiner, which was one of the great happy accidents of my life. I was chairman of the CIO Re-conversion Committee, I was secretary of the CIO Veterans Committee, I was in conservation work, I was in various international affairs work with UNESCO and I got through the Community Services Committee into the welfare organizations, deeply into the welfare organizations and their functions. I remember the United Community Defense Services Organization, and more that I don't immediately remember as I speak now. So this means that there must be twelve categories, oh yes I must add that I was secretary-treasurer of the Telephone Workers Organizing Committee that ultimately brought the...that made the telephone workers a national union instead of the mish-mash of isolated principalities that it was that the telephone company had set up in their company union operations in which the union had carried on and kept. We forced the telephone workers to make a national union which became the Communications Workers of America against their will, by the way but they had to do it. Well, I've been in so many things over nearly fifty years of activity that the documentation is there with all these things. So of what value to Wayne State University will be files of the monthly publication of the Instrument Society of America? I remember when I was busy with the new technology, I'm looking at automation, I'm going down these avenues to find out what this is and what that is. What do I do-I get an invitation from a Newark, New Jersey chapter of the Instrument Society of American to make them a speech. I never heard of the damned outfit. Well, when I found out that they were the scientists, the engineers, the technicians who design and install and maintain instruments. And when I found out what instruments are, my god, I was amazed and pleased and delighted. I began to look them up and I began to read things. I found out about the ISA so I just filed an application-gee it would be nice to get this monthly magazine and their publications. So I offered to join the Instrument Society of America. My god in heaven what happened? I thought they would just send me back a membership card like the American Civil Liberties Union. I had a visit at my office from three Ph.D's of the National Bureau of Standards. Which constituted a membership committee of the Washington Chapter. Well, look

at me this little punk having three Ph.D's come and visit him. I didn't have to go see them, they came and saw me. Which is contrary to the system that I had come up under. I always went to somebody else. And they interviewed me to see whether I could be a member of the Instrument Society of America. My god..._____ . But I said to them first on , my lord man I'm not an instrument engineer, I said, I couldn't give you the names of the various kinds of instruments. I'm learning with great delight. I said, I'm a teacher, I'm doing this work on education, I'm talking to trade union people about things and I just thought it would be nice if I could get your publication and go to your meetings and listen to the lectures and so on. By god they invited me in. They passed me for membership and I was a member for a goodly number of years and I addressed scores of their chapters all over the country. Some that I had invitations for that I couldn't. I remember that I had an invitation one time for Idaho Falls, Idaho Unit of the Instrument Society of America. My name got around, I just had thousands of invitations to speak. I joined the Association for Computing Machinery, was very active in it. I was a member of the Society for the Advancement of Management. Management doesn't mean what we say labor management in the conflict or antagonistic or adversary sense. It means management skills and know-how and ability. And there was this society for the advancement of qualified, competent, efficient management and I was a member of that and I addressed I don't know how many chapters of their organization. Then I was in the thing they originally called the Foreman's Clubs in the YMCA which later became the Industrial Management Associations and in that connection we tried to organize some union stewarts clubs and we did only in one city, Hartford, Connecticut. I don't think it lasted very long. I was with the Friends of the Land, Henry Wallace and a guy named Lord, Richard Lord..that isn't quite right-Conservation. I'm talking about way back in the early 1930's. I worked with the Ohio Chamber of Commerce in Ohio and this Friends of the Land thing to conserve water. I think it was the first CIO convention. I said to John I am.....look this matter of water in Ohio is terribly important. There is a professor at Ohio State University, whom I know, who knows more about water, water supplies, water needs than anybody in the country..in the state. And I said, water is an industrial component of great value. Unemployment and employment depends on water. I said, look up here at Barbaton, Ohio. You go past

the Columbia chemical plant in the car and what do you see? You see acres of sprays. They're reaerating water because water has to be used for industry. And I said, our people coming up in the CIO they ought to know something about the usefulness of water for industry, as well as for life. So I said, I might invite this professor to come down and talk to the convention about water. Good, he said. O.K. So he came down and he spoke about water and the people listened with great interest and appreciation. Well the point is, see, that in this, what shall I say, diffusion of my enthusiasm and of my interests in the labor movement. Understanding and knowing about and the people understanding and knowing about the things that are relevant to life. I got very, very far afield from the traditional, collective bargaining, grievance settlement business. And that's the reason why I got such a tonnage. Now, in this I may be unique.

D.E.: I'd say so.

T.S.: It may be no other organization or collection of papers that you've got covers as many related subjects. I was in...it was years later before I became impressed, really, with what I had done in this way. I just did it because it looked like the intelligent and useful thing to do and because since I had the good fortune or bad fortune to have a formal education I had to learn as I went. So I was a kind of on-the-job trainee of my own volution. When I got out of the eighth grade at the public school in 1918, I guess, thirteen years old they had not yet invented the word drop-out. Well the truant officer said, you got to go to high school. I was fourteen before high school opened but I couldn't quit school until I was fifteen so I went to high school, for four weeks and then I dropped-out and went to work. But nobody called me a drop-out. The word hadn't been used yet. It had been invented and was in use in some respects but it hadn't had the general use it has had in later years. So I went to work to start to learn a trade and I remember the truant officer talking to me and I remember people talking to me. Well, but I got to be a printer and being a printer made the difference and I'll speak about this elsewhere. But when I saw things in the great, wide world. When I began to get out and look around my

imagination was stirred. So I went off into these areas and I got the documents. Now whether this is valuable to you or not has to be determined by proper examination and time and scholarly approach and all these things. I'll have more to say about these things in later recordings. The point is this is why I have such an awful lot of stuff and a lot of the things that I do not have you'll find in other places. Oh, I just think now. After my work in the war production board in WWII I went on into the surplus manpower administration. Not as a government employee, mind you, but as the lateral trade union person poking into the agencies every day. Among the things I've got in this file, I know, is a complete list of the.... is a complete catalog. They fill several boxes, I think, of what are called surplus war plants. We had two kinds of factories and facilities and structures that were built. We had the go-go and the go-pos'. We had the government owned - government operated and we had the government owned-privately operated plants. They were built for the war and if private enterprise couldn't make a big enough profit on them they'd say go-to-hell and make the government run them for the need of the war effort and if private enterprise could make a big enough profit on them they would except the government plant and run it for their own profit and the war effort. When the war was over the Surplus War Property Administration came into existence and I followed right through on that. I worked for Stu Simington who later became senator for Missouri because Truman appointed him to be administrator of the Surplus War Property Administration. The things that I have in these several boxes, two boxes, at least, that I speak, is a complete catalog of the specifications, the description, the history, everything about everyone of these surplus war property plants. Does it exist outside of the government files itself? The government archives? Has anybody thought to save these things as I have? Are they useful in a labor archives? Are they related to the things that the labor movement had as a stake in the activities of government agencies for the war effort? As deeply as the labor movement was involved in the war effort in WWII? Well what I started to say was, it wasn't until years later that I realized the meaning of some of this imaginative outreach that I think I did and the saving and conservation of materials that followed because I say things. When I got deep into computer work and really understood more about the way computers operated and what they were I got into what is called now systems engineering. This, of course, is where I picked up.. it's because of my membership in these professional and scientific or-

ganizations that I got into a knowledge of these things. System engineering merely means that you take every single factor that bears on a problem and apply it. And until the computer came along the only way you could take every single factor that bears on a problem and apply it is a brain of a skillful human being. And I came to have the feeling that a good manager, a really good manager of anything is a man who's mental capacity is such that he can bring in all the bits of knowledge and information and hold them in memory and in order and then properly apply them to the problem in hand. I remember, well that's too long a story I won't tell it here. This business of remembering, holding in memory is the thing. And when you get literarily tens of thousands of factors that bear on a problem, of varying weights and degrees of importance. The mind and the memory of man without record keeping of a paper sort is too great a job. You just can't write it all down. It just takes too long. By the time that you've got it all written down the problem is past. But with a computer operating at thousandths of a second, millionths of a second and now a thousandth of a millionth of a second--anoseconds...huh? This stuff can be stored and then it can be pulled out and applied quickly, energetically, right away. You can get your answer in fifteen minutes, maybe. If the program is set up right and so on. So systems engineering means the application of every factor to a problem in its proper weight and significance to the general thing. Now, this is what I guess I had been doing unconsciously. As a trade union, third line functionary, staff person, although part of the time elected official in a limited area. What I had been doing, I guess, was pick up and pull in all these things that I'd thought about, that I'd learned about, that I'd heard about or that I'd wanted to work on and think. How does this affect the labor movement? How does this affect people? How does this affect workers? Oh yes, there's another thing that I think of now. The work I did on workman's compensation. I've got a story that I'll present on that. Nobody in the CIO, in those days, had anytime to deal with workman's compensation. It was a wide open field. You could pick it up and run with it and I did. I did quite some unusual things. Not deep, not extensive, but enough to be useful. For me, terrific! Going back to Bill ^{Kimsley's} ~~Kimbley's~~ remark about my vast collect of useless information. I remember Bill ^{Kimsley} ~~Kimbley~~ had made this funny but accurate remark about my collection of useless information. In the later years of my work in the AFL-CIO building I got a kind of a reputation of being the garbage can of the office in the sense of information. Literally hundreds of letters came into the AFL-CIO. People who were out in the society, in the labor

movement or out of the labor movement would write to somebody in the building that they knew of that they thought was the proper department to address. What would happen would be that people either didn't know the answer to the question or they were too lazy to bother with it and so they'd say, oh Silvey knows about that. Send it to him. So I say in that sense that I became a sort of a garbage can of the building. People were always shoving their letters and correspondence over at me. If it was something unusual or out of the general range of their activity of interest of their knowledge well they'd send it down to me and Silvey, sometimes would know but more often wouldn't know but Silvey knew how to find out and this is one of the wonderful things about living in Washington. Because you can...if you know a question you can pretty well know that the answer to it exists someplace in Washington. The question is how to find it. Well, there is six great institutions in Washington that you can inquire of which do not exist in the same way in any other city in America. They may exist in other capital cities of the world but not in any other city in the United States. These are; the richness of the government agencies--all of them, the great libraries. Not only the Library of Congress and the Municipal Library but a collection of, I believe, one hundred and eighty-seven specialized libraries which are tied together with an intra-library loan association, the embassys of every country on earth, amazing what you can learn from them, the journalists both print and electronic of all over America and of every country on earth. Five great universities, three of which have medical schools and two of which are dental schools and the headquarters of most, not all, but most of the peoples organizations. You take the yellow pages of the telephone book and look under associations and you got column after column after column, the Pen and Pencil Institute of America, the Concrete Pipe Manufacturers Association and you'd just be surprised at how many scores even hundreds of those organizations I've communicated with in the course of time. I remember one time I got a call from Michigan. An American woman had married a man of India, she had been overseas. I don't remember what the law was about Americans marrying people of other nations at the time and whether the person got the citizenship automatically, but in this case they apparently didn't. This woman was a Michigan woman. She was not in the labor movement even. So she came..she knew somebody in the labor movement and they went to the Michigan CIO Council and the Michigan CIO Council called me. How can this man come into the United States now, I mean he's been here for six months. He came with her when she returned

from India. He's not a citizen and he has to leave the country because his visitor's visa is up. What can be done about it, I said, I don't know but I'll damn well find out. So I did and it happened that I wasn't even working for the CIO. At the time I was on leave from the CIO working in the Economic Cooperation Administration. That's another thing I didn't put in about the whole bale of stuff I've got about ECA and Mutual Systems Program, post world war stuff. I didn't even mention about my five months in military government overseas when I went over as a part of FIAT which was the Field Information Agency Technical to look up things in Germany that we didn't learn about during the war. There I specialized in workman's compensation, industrial accident prevention and occupational disease control in German industry during the war years. I got a rather elaborate report on that. Well, I had this question on immigration and the man from India who married an American woman. What do you do about it? What does that have to do with the CIO? Or the labor movement? But it was a challenge to me so I said, O.K. I'll find out. So I went through a series telephone calls. I maybe make three and maybe make three dozen before you find out. It's amazing how you chase through. I spent hours on the telephone chasing through to find out this guy, that guy. Pretty soon you find the person who knows. And when you find the person who knows the probababilites are very strong, and my experience demonstrates it, that they love to tell you. Because people sit in these agencies with specialized knowledge and they are ignored. When they got somebody that needs the answer to a question that doesn't come around very often and you ask them a question they are like the little girl who went to the library and wanted a book about penguins and when she brought it back the librarian said, did you find out what you wanted to know about penguins? And the little girl says, the book told me more about penguins than I wanted to know. And in this way, you see, you go to agencies and people. They just overload with information, but I listened to it and get my answers to dig out and maybe I've already pulled the string out that gives me another question that I'll go chase and find out. Well anyway I found out that all we need to do is fill out this man from India only he needed to move to Canada. Take residence in Canada for a month and then file certain papers and do certain things and come back to the United States and have citizenship because he married an American woman. Well was this useful to the labor movement? God knows. But I did it and the important

thing was that whenever somebody asked a question that they didn't know the answer to and sent it to me then not only did I get the answer for them but I got the answer for myself also. I added it to my own store of knowledge. As a matter of fact a great number of these were questions that I would never have thought to ask. Then I learned latter also that the mark of an intelligent really informed advanced thinker in todays society is a guy who doesn't necessarily know the answer but he knows the right questions to ask and that's the new thing isn't it?

Well this rambling and not too coherent business about all the things that I like to think I've done and been useful at is one of the points necessary to understand when you begin to look through these documents. Why is this stuff here? What the hell good is that? What does it have to do? I go to a meeting of scientists and I find a guy that knows about the telephone industry. So he tells me things and I make notes and I come back and dictate a statement about it. It's in the file, what has it to do? It's there! It's my work experience. It's something that I did. It has bearing on my service to the labor movement. Well, this is why I say maybe a lot of this stuff is unique and different. It may have some bearing on the appreciation of what the material is but you can't look at it as a labor historian and say, oh god that's stuff. You have to look at it through my eyes. You have to look at it through the experiences that I went through and other people went through in connection with it. Then you begin to understand why it is that there's so much stuff here and on so many and so varied subjects. What I've done here now is to say how I came to an appreciation of the value of documents for archival and historical purposes and to show the great variety of subject matter reflecting such an enormous number of activities that I have engaged in as a trade union person. That I think may have some bearing on their worth. I don't want a person to look at these things and give them a short _____ and say oh hell what's that got to do with a labor union file. I want rather from these comments, to have a person look at them through my eyes, through my attitudes, through the experiences that I went through and through the work we did in connection with them at the time. I do think they were really quite relevant. It hasn't been a small matter with me to collect and care for these things. At one point I had a situation where I had to move a lot of stuff in a very great hurry and a trade union organization that had some spare space, at that time, allowed me to get the stuff in shape and storage so that I could process and go over it and then get it into a place where I could save it. That was a very agonizing ex-

perience. It had to do with an altercation I had with the then secretary-treasurer of the AFof L-CIO who was an anti-intellectual of the first order. I had the reputation, in the AFofL-CIO of being intellectual. This was a wrong thing, I wasn't. I said to Al Zack one time when he was scolding me about one of these matters that he thought was not relevant to the labor movement. I said, look Al I'm really not an intellectual, I'm not an educated man. All I do is work harder than other people do. As a result of that I collect a lot of stuff that people don't have and don't think of. This had to do with a church organization and then also I was very active with churches. I fulfilled lots of invitations for churches. Universities classes and so on. I'd like to say sometimes that I've lectured in the United States and Canada and in Europe and about eight-hundred different universities and I never attended one. I don't know if the eight-hundred figure is right or not, it maybe too much but I've been to.. I suppose if I look at a catalog of them in a dictionary I'd find I'd been to a great number of them, really. Also I put in an enormous amount of physical labor. Literally lifting and handling cartons, packing stuff, putting away, looking after it caring for it, putting water proof tarpaulins over it. Sometimes I didn't succeed and a very small amount of the stuff is water damaged. I don't think it's anything very significant. Then I spent money. Sometimes I had to hire trucks to get stuff where I had to have it. Sometimes I had to use my own car and make fifteen trips. I suppose in terms of actual cash outlay of having..here I got upwards of one-thousand dollars actually put into handling things. If you actually ask me to produce invoices for these I couldn't do it but I could relate some of the cost of it. Some of this money comes of buying things. For example what is this resources management organization you speak of? No not resources, records management? What's the name of that organization?

D.E.: Records Center _____

T.S.; Yes, the Records Center. I went to New York one time and had lunch with the executive when Murray had me working on history of the CIO and thats when I learned about them. Then I bought a bunch of their boxes just to have stuff because they were such nice boxes and then I bought a bunch of cartons one time from the company that supplied the AFofL-CIO. They just happened

to be the right size. I got a bunch of pendeflex hang folders, which are expensive. Some of those I bought and some I purloined from places where I could pick them up. I got an awful lot of folders. I went on time to a sell out of a stationary company and they had a bunch of clippings folders that I liked so I got them at a reduced price and I bought more than I needed and I still got some of them. I've still got a lot of them in fact. Some place else...I suppose it's of no value to monetarily think about the trouble that one has with one's wife when one gathers stuff in like I have, loads it up. I suppose I've had more scoldings than I'd like to remember but being a pack rat and having to justify having all this stuff stacked around the attic, it's full of stuff and my wife, I can hear her saying it, "am I fed up with these stacks of material around, stacks of paper, stacks here, stacks there, stacks everywhere. I'm going to just throw it all in the waste basket." As a matter of fact when I was first married she gave me such a hard time about this that I did burn a lot of stuff and I regreted it so much. You know what it was? It was the early unemployment activities that I'd engaged in in Ohio and Columbus. All the unemployment demonstrations that I participated in. All the mimeographed material that we put out. All the things that had to do with the visits to get people on welfare. Or as we called it in those days, relief. To get people on relief, to serve on committees to take care of destitute families. To join a march to the city hall or to the county court house or to the legislature since I lived in Columbus we had all three available. I remember the early...I lived on a....I lived in an old back shanty with my mother and sister on Neal Avenue in Columbus. Just up the street just a short distance was the King Avenue Presbyterian Church. They had a minister there that was sympathetic to the plight of the unemployed and a man came to town named Arnold Johnson. Arnold Johnson was taken in by this church. I think he slept in the cellar somewhere. They had a mimeograph machine and Arnold used to come down to my house and we'd talk. This was before, quite a long time before, Arnold Johnson became a functionary of the Communist Party. He, as you know, is a theologian himself. He was a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, as I remember. He got into the problems of the unemployed and I saw him from time to time later and didn't have any use for him as a Communist but in those early days we worked together. Well, I had an awful lot of stuff. It wasn't an awful

lot compared to what I've got today but it was maybe two filing cabinets filing cabinets full of things that were originals, basic material. Well, I remember taking them out burning them and I did it because Mrs. Silvey said I couldn't have them around and I was newly married and acquiesced and so I was out there in the back of the place we were living in and I had a fire going and a fifty gallon oil drum and I can see myself looking at these things and throwing them in the fire against my will. Not wishing to do it but they're all gone. They were important and they were valuable for that point in Ohio. Maybe more important to Ohio labor history than it is to some others but they're gone. In a way I've had that problem.

Now to get down to the real point. Mrs. Silvey and I are not in dire need. We don't have enough income and resources to be profligate or extravagant and even if we did have I don't think we could be because both of us came out of poverty and both of us have to be frugal and I still will go bargain hunting and will do things that will save money and I know how to do it believe me I do. Mrs. Silvey is sort of the same mind and we're not extravagant about things and so we get along on our various pensions and incomes. We also have a little bit of capital reserved and theres one thing I have-a piece of land down in Virginia across from Mt. Vernon that I bought a number of years ago which I have been plagued to sell. Mrs. TAPE TWO Silvey and I both are uneasy about airplanes now and so we won't go on as many trips as we might do. Automobile traffic is hazardous so life is getting too complicated for older people. We're both past seventy now. She'll be seventy-one in April and I'll be seventy-two in August. I _____ that I'll pass on just for petty gossip I sell people now. I had a birthday the end of August last year and I was seventeen. But when I wasn't looking they reversed the figures on me and I 've got all the evidences of teeth and eyesight and hearing problems that go with being seventy-one years old. I really don't want to make an exorbitant demand for these documents. I'd like to say, alright look. We've got a friendly relationship based on the value to posterity and to history of the material. That's primary. That's my interest and I think that's the interest of Wayne State University. Let's make that primary. Now anything incidental to that that we can do and agree upon we can do. Now I don't want to say you can't take this material-all of it and all the tape recordings that we do and put them in your archives. Mr. East assures me that I won't be screwed by somebody later on who will take advantage of a situation like that and

and freeze me out. I'm not going to name any figure, I'm going to say look. Take the material, catalog it. I'll give you a clear title to the ownership of it, pending an agreement we make. You can work on it as though I'm a dead person, physically, and maybe I will by the time that you get it worked over, god knows. Use it for all it's worth and then be as considerate as you can with Mrs. Silvey and myself about it. Bear in mind what I have set forth as the effort I have put into to save it, take care of it, money that I've put out to look after it and I won't name any figure. All that I'll say is that I'm not going to talk about large, huge sums of money. As a matter of fact my mind is running somewhat like this. Maybe we could make some kind of arrangement for you to pay me something for the outgo I have experienced. For instance, I'd like to have some of these pendeflex folders back. They're nice folders. I've got file cabinets of my own. I've got other documents that I'm looking after that'll be another archives of my personal life and other things. I'd like to have these pendeflex folders back but I can't ask you to take all the papers out of the pendeflex folders with the tags and labels on them. I've got cabinets full of this stuff and boxes full of it. You've got to take them and file them yourself. There they are all ready to hang on frames but I'd like to have some of the folders back. I don't need the frames I've got them. Then some of the boxes, you know you can't take all this stuff out of the boxes there is only less than half a hundred of them but I'd like to have some of those boxes. We can work out something like that. The main idea about money that I'm talking about. Instead of settling on a kind of a flat amount, perhaps you could make some kind of arrangement to give me something every year for the rest of my life or for a specified period of time. So that I wouldn't make a big crunch on the budget of Wayne State at any particular time or even a small crunch. Could you pay me something every year, maybe? Under a contract it would be proper from the standpoint of the university administration and from my needs and then also that would help me on income tax. I wouldn't have a large sum of income to declare all at once. I only ask you to think about this. Could we settle on some sum of money? What's my life expectancy? Well, it may be hazardous, you know, for the university's finances if you did it for the rest of my life because I fully expect to see the century change and I'd only be ninety-six years old. I mean, after all....

Sure I've got pretty good health unless a mack truck runs me down I probably _____ . One of the wisest decisions I ever made in my life, you know, is to choose the right mother. This was really sagacity of the first order.

D.E.: Longevity is a trait.

T.S.: Why my mother was a German peasant girl from Breslow, you see. She came to this country young, grew up in a German family, she had all the black bread business, I was a first child, she had plenty of calcium in her body to transmit to me and she also had other good health factors and I got good health and I've taken care of my health. My mother was not only a good physical specimen, she was a good moral woman and she taught me from her primitive protestant theology, of course. The devil is in every pack of playing cards. Well I never got on a first name basis with the devil but now I even doubt he exists but gee whiz teaching me that and keeping me away from playing cards saved how many thousands of hours of my life that I might have frittered away playing cards when I have been able to do useful things with those hours, huh. Therefore I think that's a value and so she taught me that strong drink was an evil and boy did she know that it was because her father was a drunkard. She ran away from home when she was fifteen years old and escaped the brutality of a drunken family. Her father was a cooker and he worked in a beer brewery and made barrels for the beer and he drank like a beer brewing man so she saw all the evils of drunkenness. I never drank alcohol, I mean I drank a little beer every once and a while but once I got drunk for the experience to see what it would feel like and I didn't like it because I thought, gee. I'm out of control and I don't like that idea for the same reason that I won't drive an automobile with an automatic choke on it. I want to control that choke, I want to be in charge of the car. I don't want automatic steering and automatic door closing. I mean window opening and closing and automatic shift. I want to control that thing and I found out that drunkenness made it possible for me not to be in control. Now I've been out of control for most of my life, of course, because of everybody's life and the society such as we live in is now in the control of institutions and organizations and situations that are socially

created that we have no power over anymore. But in the ways that you can control your life you want to be able to do it and then the same thing with smoking. Never did smoke cigarettes. One time when I was _____ to a friend he got to smoking and he said, try it. So I tried it and it was hot and burning and I didn't like it. So I remember one time when I dealing with a scientist, chemist when I was in the military government in Germany and we were living together in our billets, we were both synthetic colonels. They made colonels out of us for investigative purposes. They called us chicken colonels, I think. We wore the eagle and we had all the rights of a full colonel in the military establishment and that was useful in terms of getting a car when you needed it and having different things that you had to do to get your work done and this fellow was a chemist. He smoked and I didn't like it very much and I said something about it and he said, didn't you ever smoke? And I made this remark to him and I said, yes I tried two or three cigarettes one time and it was hot and it burned and I didn't like it and I never tried it... And he thought this was hilariously funny that I would make up my mind about smoking cigarettes on the basis of trying two or three once. Well how fortunate, how fortunate I am. How very lucky that I didn't get in... This reminds me that among the things that you will find in that pack of material is a series of publications called the New Scientist published in London, England. I have them from the beginning. I was invited to do an article for one of the first issues and I didn't get to do it for reasons that are not relevant here but I read it diligently, it is a wonderful publication. I got it from London regularly on subscription and it had lots of useful information in it. One of the articles I read one time was about the three comfort drugs; alcohol, nicotine, caffeine. I don't drink coffee either, I haven't in my whole life except when we were young. We were so poor we used to eat bread and coffee for breakfast. We'd take bread and put margarine on it and pour coffee and sprinkle sugar on it and that was our breakfast because we were so poor that was all we could afford and after I got away from that I never drank coffee again. So I have escaped the penalties of the three comfort drugs; alcohol, caffeine, and nicotine. Well so in terms of whether or not you would consider paying me something every year for the rest of my life, I point out the hazards that I might live a long time so consider that in the calculations. On the other hand I might get killed in an accident or die pretty soon. I think

very emmotionally here about my old friend J. B. S. Hardman, I don't know if you knew him or not or whether you've got any of his papers. I had an association with J.B. for many years. He was a wonderful, wonderful trade union person. He was editor of the Advance, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. He was a young man in Czarous Russia, his name was Rabitski, I think, I'm not sure about that, a Jewish gentleman. He was sent to Siberia for agitating in the 1905 uprising. He was there I don't know how long he escaped or whatever. When he came to the United States he selected a new name and he called himself Hardman because his jailer in Siberia was a hard man and he thought this was a euphonous phrase, I guess and adopted it. So it's J.B.Slivinsky, that was it Slivinsky Hardman. Well J. B. and I had an association over the years and we loved each other and I can think of many tales some of which I would like to record about him. He was over eighty years old when I saw him in Washington one day. He'd just got married again. He married a poetess, Virginia..I've forgotten her last name. He wanted to go to the West Coast with his new wife and he wanted to visit some univer-sities. I knew a lot of professors in western universities and I set him up for business at Boulder, at the University of Colorada, and some friends in California-UCLA and other places. We had a long talk and he made a remark to me that brought tears to my eyes. He said, Ted every morning when I wake up and I find I'm still alive, it's a miracle _____ it's a miracle.

D.E.: J.B., huh.

T.S.: And then on the morning of May the first, 1967, I think, maybe later, but it was the morning of May the first, it was May Day. He didn't wake up. He didn't wake up.....

We were out there a few minutes talking about J.B. Hardman and Mr. East said that he visited Mrs. Hardman in negotiations for Mr. Hardman's papers. They wound up at the Talarman Institute in Pennsylvania.

D.E.: New York. In New York.

T.S.: Well, the Talarman Institute is in New York, headquarters office but the Pocado Mountains retreat or summer encampment is in Pennsylvania in the Pocado Mountains up by Unity House at the IOGWU operated for so many years. In fact they're almost adjacent properties. I used to go up to the IOGWU Summer Institute

on invitation of Mark Starr to teach classes and lecture and I'd slip over through the trees and down through the valley and up on the other side and there was Talarman. I'd go over there and visit the people because they had the same kind of facilities for New York people. Summer camp, scholarly research and so forth but their office is in New York and I believe they print and publish the publication called Labor History which was a quarterly and I get it in fact yesterday in the mail I'd gotten my subscription blank asking me if I wanted to renew for 1976. So there's another thing that you have a whole file on in my papers if you want it. Also I told you that I was a member of the American Historical Association and I've got a goodly number of years of their quarterly publication; that big, thick, green bound volume of The American Historical Association together with their annual programs for many years. I always went to their programs. I used to...

D.E.: They have the one in Washington every three...

T.S.: Every two years, yeh but I used to go to others too. I went to one in New York. I went to the one in Chicago, I think and various other cities. I used to go just because I wanted to go and always had a labor history section and I'd not only go in that but I...there was an offshoot of The American Historical Association that I joined and I've got a profile up to a certain period of their documents that was called The Society For the History of Technology, you know that one? Well that was organized and headquartered in Cleveland and the Society For the History of Technology became one of the many offshoots of the American Historical Association, which you know there's a great many. There's the Catholic Historical Association, The Labor Historical and many, many Economic Historical and many, many others. They always have their sub-unit meetings at the time the AHA has their main meeting. You probably participated in them also.

D.E.: I've gone to some, yes.

T.S.: Well, I've got a lot of their stuff, you see and maybe this is not something you want. If you don't want it then somebody else ought to have it. You have impressed upon me how that everything I've got ought to be in one package. You've told me this the first time we talked and you emphasized to me that I ought not to split

off this and split off that.

D.E.: Well I should say, you know that's something that I didn't know what we were talking about in terms of material. The general rule of thumb for an archivist is to keep a collection of papers of a person together. Basically what we are talking about in that respect is that files generated, correspondence, minutes, records that sort of stuff is generated as part of an office file. We encourage people to keep them together in one place. You and I are going to have that same sort of relationship to Ohio.....

T.S.: That's right.

D.E.: ..and to the Ohio Labor History Project. But what I was talking about basically when I say papers we mean, you know, correspondence files, working files, subject files, that sort of thing. It's possible that we're going to have to work out some kind of agreement in regards to some publication files of say the Journal for the American Historical Review, something like that. But we can discuss that a little later.

T.S.: Oh, yes, sure. In fact we also had a talk sometime ago about this in connection with whether or not you could be of assistance to me in the selling of files that you do not want. You have available, what I don't have that is sources of disposal of publications, I don't mean Time magazine and that common stuff I mean the more or less exotic journals and the things that are not in the common realm. Where I can sell these things and you might be able to help me sell them. I would consider that a form of remuneration if I can just dispose of things for some income and call it income that you provide for me.

D.E.: We will give the best try we can.

T.S.: There's a lot of stuff that ought not be destroyed. Just, I remember I've got I believe a profile of a full newspaper sized publication called The American Spectator. I don't know where it is but I know I'll find it if the house doesn't burn down. The

American Spectator was a scholarly publication of the depression time. It was four pages and sometimes six of essays and material of the intellectuals of the depression time who were unemployed and who have no hope left. They would have things to write that they couldn't get published. I don't know if you..you don't remember you didn't live through it but you may know that in the depression time many publications were on very thin edge because libraries had to cancel their subscriptions. They just couldn't afford to buy them any more. And literally thousands of publications which ought to have been in libraries were not there until later on they could be microfilmed and spread around. Now I suppose they're complete again but lots of libraries have gaps during the depression because they couldn't buy certain journals that they wanted and needed and should have. Very serious problem.

I remember that another thing that I've got boxes of are hearings of congressional committees. One of the things I wish I had and don't have, God I could have bought a full set of them for one hundred dollars one time but didn't do it I could kick myself. I didn't have the hundred dollars but if I had've realized the value of them I would've bought them. Is the complete files of the _____ Committee's Hearings on violation of civil rights and the rights of labor. I _____ of Wisconsin. Now maybe you got a set of these. Do you have? Alright, so if I had them then they wouldn't be a resource to you. But somebody might want them sometime. I've got, as I say, a lot of Congressional Hearings materials. You may find a few cartons of nothing but hearings of house and senate committees on specialized subjects, certain things you know. And they're there. Now that I grant you may not want. Oh, there's another thing that I haven't mentioned and that's the National Planning Association. My God, I've had years of planning with the National Planning Association and I've got all kinds of material from them. I've got, I think, two complete sets of the series that was put out called The Causes of Industrial Peace. You remember that? You know the series? Have you got them?

D.E.: I'm not sure about that.

T.S.: Well, they're there. The background of it is very interesting. Quentin Golden one time in a meeting said to the NPA group, look

there's always talk about industrial workers, industrial conflict. Why don't we put out a series on industrial peace? I think there's eighteen volumes, they're paper back of course. They're saddle-stitched magazine type publications and they're well done and they're very nice. They're there. And the National Planning Association material that I've got. I was a member for many years of the labor committee of the National Planning Association. There's a lot of that material there.

You spoke a few moments about the possibility of negotiating with me on regards of the..with regards to the Ohio materials. The Ohio materials that I don't have belong to the Ohio CIO Council when they left there. Now recently Mrs. Silvey and I have done a trip to Canada and on our way home we swung on across Ontario and went around the western end of Lake Erie and came back through Columbus and while I was there I called George Gnuchi on the phone just to..old friendship acquaintance. He told me, oh, he says, I'm glad that you called. I'm active now with something that is a labor history project and I believe you said something to me when I talked to you on the phone that had to do with not the labor industrial management department at the university but the Ohio Historical Society and the Ohio library..the Ohio State Library?

D.E.: The Ohio Historical Society has a grant from the National Endowment for humanities to collect money..I mean to collect papers and identify _____ materials and identify where the materials are located and related to Ohio labor history. The industrial relations people, or whatever it is that Ohio State University maybe on the advisory board or maybe involved in it in some way but the main organization is the Ohio Historical Society and the title of the project is the Ohio Labor History Project.

T.S.: O.K. This is what Gnuchi was telling me about I was calling from a pay station on the curb and I didn't have any pencil to write it down so I had to remember it inaccurately. So George says to me, look we want you to come out to Ohio and work with these people and tell..you have so much material and you have such a good memory that you can fill in a lot of gaps. So I agreed in due course I would come out to Ohio and talk with him and work with him and I will do that. He spoke about it as being

in some time during this year, perhaps. What will happen, I suppose is, Mrs. Silvey will hop in that twelve year old Saab of mine and drive out to Ohio and work with him over a period of days and do what they want to do. I'll, in the mean time. have to go through my collection of stuff that I brought to Washington with me from those days which is all material up through the time when I became

[tape ends here]

Tape 3, Side A, (2-11-76)

Ted Silvey, interviewee

Dennis East, interviewer

Silvey: My mother must have had a very hard life in her early days. The fact that she came out of a family where her father was a heavy consumer of liquor, that is beer, he works in a brewery and had access to it. Her mother was a narrowminded, stingy, old-fashioned, European peasant woman and my mother got out as quick as she could, apparently, and then getting married, she married a man who was this type of a itchy-footed adventurer who wandered around the country. The trip across the Pennsylvania mountains and the Pennsylvania coalmine areas in 1907 was kind of an agony for her and when we arrived in Ohio dead of winter, she pregnant, and great trouble and no money and had to be taken in by strangers. Then by the time we got settled in a shanty type of slum building in Zanesville and then my father got killed in the accident and there was no compensation except for the beneficial societies, she had to start all over again with 2 small children, my sister and myself. That \$825 house she bought was No. 4 Mount Auburn Street in the 8th ward of Zanesville, Ohio high on a hill. It was really a derelict old house but we lived in it for years and years. I remember when finally it was sold she got \$200 for it in the bottom of the Depression. It was an experience that she managed to live through she got a great management skill out of her poverty, she could make a couple of nickels go further than anybody I ever knew. I remember years later when I had a step-father. He was a man who was a taciturn, inward, introspective fellow who never talked and he liked to walk in the country and he used to take me with him for specific purposes. We would go out and pick blackberries. We would get bushels of them. God, we would have to be in the blackberry patch at daylight, sneak up on the berries so they wouldn't escape. Then we would get baskets of them and have to walk home and I carried baskets of blackberries on both arms until my arms ached to the point where they'd fall off. Then my mother would make

Silvey: preserves and jams and jellies for the following week and we'd do it all over again. And I know often we would go out and gather nuts, walnuts, chestnuts, and hazelnuts, and butternuts, and black walnuts, and hickory nuts, and we would take old pillow cases and fill them with chestnuts and gunny sacks and I would hold black walnuts until my hands were stained until the point of absolute ebony. Then in the spring we'd go out and dig sassafras and take a (35) and a gunny sack and go and get sassafras roots and then I'd cut them up in small pieces and tie them in bundles and go around house to house and sell them for a nickel for sassafras tea. Because it was the feeling then that after the hard winter you needed something to 'thin your blood,' was the expression, so I would sell the sassafras and maybe I would sell a \$1.50 worth, and that was an awful lot of money, an awful lot of money \$1.50. So work, work, work, work, my mother worked, and she had trouble after my father was killed, I remember she used to take in washings, we had no washing machine. She would go out in the morning and collect two big bundles or baskets of dirty clothes, and she washed them, hanged them out to dry and take them down and iron them and deliver them back all neatly stacked at night and I remember she got fifty cents for one and seventy five cents for the other. She would work practically 12 hours to get \$1.50. Well, the point came where she got married again, she married my step-father who was a man without education or without skill.

East: Name.

Silvey: Charles Frederick Griffin. His family had lived on Linden Avenue in Zanesville opposite the American and CAUSTIC TILING Company office. His father was a German shoemaker. He had many brothers and sisters. They must have had a difficult time in that family, because my step-father was a strange character and he had also gone along for many YEARS

Silvey: without getting married and he married my mother, the widow of Frederick L. Silvey, and life was not a very agreeable or pleasant experience in that household as it hadn't been at any time. I lived there with the family and worked. I used to get up and sell the ~~M~~orning Times Recorder on the street. I remember I had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and go over and get the papers and stand out on the street corner when people first came. In those days, you know, people were out on the streets early. We used to have what we call labor tickets on the street-car. You bought strips of 12 tickets for 25¢. You got 12 streetcar rides for 25¢, and what happened was that you took, each ticket was marked for the day, and you took the morning ticket and went to work, and you took the evening ticket and came home from work, and that was 5¢ per day transportation, and they were only between certain hours, they were called labor ticket hours. You could get them between say 5:30 and 6:30 or 5:30 and 7:00 something like that, and in the evening also. And I remember when I used to visit my step-father's mother's home opposite this American & Caustic Tiling Company plant. They used to send tripper cars out, which was usually in the summer time, ^{be}cause that's when we visited up there, and the tripper cars would maybe ^{be} 15 or 20 of them would come up and there was a pottery up there also called the Roseville Pottery Company, and there was another small pottery and so at quitting time, which was generally about 5:00 in the evening these street cars would come up, the trippers, they'd bring great numbers of them out and they'd just be loaded with people. And the summer cars which we used to have in those days not only had people in the seats but they had people hanging on the sides as thick as flies! Just hanging on the streetcar! And they'd just go down Linden Avenue there one right after another carrying people to town and then transferring them off to the various places. Well I also rode these streetcars when I got a job later in a pottery on the other side of town. So when I was a small child going out selling newspapers

Silvey: in the morning I'd see this heavy traffic of business going through town, people going to work in factories in their dirty clothes, you know, in their dust-covered clay, was a pottery city, Zanesville was. We'd make lots of clay products, tiles, and art pottery,^a dishes, and so forth. Then I got a job,^{the} regular run of boys jobs. I remember when I saved money to buy a bicycle, I got a bicycle for \$10, and I think it took me nearly three years to save \$10. I remember I sold the Saturday Evening Post and I went around in the houses of the terrace area, which was just outside of my residential slum, and solicited subscribers when I bring the paper every Thursday morning, when I bring a Saturday Evening Post to you every Thursday morning. And I must have called on 200 homes and I got 2 subscribers and I remembered I walked to town and I'd get those two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for 3¢ and then I would walk out to the homes of the people who'd agreed to take them and I'd get 5¢ and I had 4¢.

East: Wow!

Silvey: Well I wore out more shoe leather than that but as I look back on^{IT} all that walking was good exercise for me and helped me get some strong muscles and give me a generally good disposition physically. And I didn't think anything of it! It wasn't anything that was onerous, it was making pennies. Well at Christmastime, I'd get Christmas greeting card packages. It was a company in Beverly, Massachusetts that used to advertise in the boys' magazines and they'd send you a package of 100 Christmas stickers, little glassine packages, ~~and~~ seals, and stickers. And I'd get 100 of those which were worth \$10 and I was always impressed that they'd send them to me without my sending them any money. And I go around and sell those damn things until I get the \$10 worth sold and then I'd send them maybe, I don't know, \$6 and I'd keep the \$4. Well again I do this on Saturdays and walk for miles all over town to get this little bit of money over several weeks.

East: Why?

Silvey: Huh?

East: Why?

Silvey: I don't know? I mean we needed money! We were poor! My step-father, my God! when my father was killed he was making 10¢ an hour! He was working 66 hours a week, 6-11 hour days and 10¢ an hour, and on Saturdays sometimes the boss would let him go home on the 10th hour instead of the 11th hour. That was a kind of a cushaw for the end of the week. They'd get all cleaned up *AND* they get home one hour earlier. Well you remember that, who was it, that Judge Gary, the president of the U.S. Steel Corp. who said we can't have an 11 hour day in the steel industry because all the profits are made in the 12th hour and we have got to have that 12th hour to make a profit. Well, we got in on the 11th hour, the 11 hour day. And then when my step-father went to work, he worked in a rolling mill. He worked first in a rolling mill and then he worked in a tile factory and was a tile dipper and he contracted lead poisoning from the tile glaze and was unhealthy in later life as a result, but during World War I, he worked in a rolling mill making cheap steel, American Rolling Mill Co., the Armcoat Plant in Zanesville, which is also up there on Linden Avenue near the tile factory. And he made, oh god! high wages \$26, 28 a week, it was fabulous! And my mother squirrelled that money away, boy did she save it, and one of the things she did was to have the house wired for electricity. Boy, this was a big event in ~~our~~ life! But I remember also the time we got gas in our house. We had kerosene in our lamps when we lived on Turner St. in Zanesville and these kerosene oil lamps were the thing we had until my father made an agreement with the landlady that if she'd buy the pipe, he'd cut it and wire and gaspipe the house, and he did! He worked Sundays on that for weeks on end. He cut and thread that pipe and string it through the house and we had little chandler pipes coming down from the ceiling with a little, simple fixture over it, and I don't think I will ever forget the triumph in my mother's

Silvey: face the night we burned those first gas mantels. My god! the gas line was all in, it was connected up, the gas was ready to flow in the pipes, we had the mantels on in the living room, two of them, one on either side, no globes over them, just two naked mantels! And my father took a match and ^{he} ~~lite~~ the composition material with starch that was put in the gas mantel to keep it firm, you know, and burned up both of them and then it was all dark and burned off, he turned on the gas and applied a match and the lights went on. My mother look^{ed} up at that light, golly, what a proud face she had. She didn't have to clean oil anymore, kerosene oil, lamp chimneys. And so, she realized, you know, that then in this old house she could have electricity. And the Fergus Electric Co. man came out and I remember he made her a contract and the amount so much and how they argued and wrangled about that. She had to get that price down because she only had so much money saved. They wired the damn house and then the question of the fixtures came up and she had selected certain fixtures which were in the price, and they tried to jip her and put some cheaper fixtures in and she wouldn't stand for it. She fought to the end and she got her fixtures that she had agreed upon, that she had selected and they had agreed upon, and we got electricity in the house. And when we got electricity we could have other things. Well these were immense, enormous events in the household, you see, and this imprinted my mother with such a mark that a penny, my God! a penny is a treasure. And later on when she lived with me in Columbus, and she liked to go to lectures. / And there would be something in newspaper about a lecture at Ohio State University. And now I was working as a printer and making money and having some, this was 1930's, of course. Oh, how she'd liked to go to that lecture. It was only up the street about 7 blocks, you know. I'd say well go. Oh, but it costs \$1. Well, I'd say ^{so} it costs \$1? But to spend a dollar to sⁱt and listen to a man talk? I mean that's sinful, I can't do a thing like that. And I had

Silvey: to persuade her, you know, so I'd take her and she didn't spend the money, so it wasn't so onerous. I remember how in those days we used to run store bills. Everybody ran a store bill. And there was a neighborhood grocery and we went and purchased things and the children did the errands and bought groceries. And everybody knew everybody else, and the proprietor knew the family and you'd get your store bill on Saturday night when pay off was and wages came home on Saturday night and then everybody would go to the store and you'd pay your bill. It was kind of, as I look back on it and think about when I was 8, 9, and 10 years old, I remember how it was a sort of a community gathering. The people all came together and they gossiped and they'd exchange words, and the storekeeper was the proprietor was behind the counter and his clerks were busy and he'd get the billbook down for what you bought all week and add it up and you'd pay your bill and then you'd order your groceries for the weekend and you'd start your new store bill again. Well, our store bill was in the range of \$2.85 to 3.20 a week for 5 people and that was our grocery bill. I also remember this, I suppose I remember it for this reason more than anything else. When the store bill was paid for the preceding week, then came the big event, the proprietor would take you over, the children would take you over the candy counter and you could take your pick of penny candies. I didn't learn until many years later that this was something that is named by a French Creole word and that word is not in the French dictionary and it's called "langniappe". I found it out in the West Indies Island. I was dealing with a jeweler in one of the small islands in the West Indies one time and I'd taken along some watches and clocks that needed cleaning and repairing, I thought I'd take down there and get a little cheaper and maybe get better work done. So I took them into one of the clock repair shops, I don't know what island it was, but I think it was Trinidad in the port of Spain, and I think I had two clocks and a watch, and then I was

Silvey: carrying a watch. And so he cleaned them all up, and oiled them, and overhauled them and I paid the bill, but I had taken the watch out of my pocket and I'd asked him to look at it to adjust it or do whatever it was, or maybe something or other, anyway it was something that was outside of the work that I had/done, and then I said to him well I will pay you for this now. And he said to me, "oh no, that's alright, that's langniappe!" And I didn't know the word until then, but I found out that langniappe in the French Creole society is that thing which is given by the merchant to a patron as a kind of an extra gift for the patronage. Sort of a thank you symbol as it were. And so when the grocery store, when we paid our bill, the langniappe was a couple of pieces of penny candy for every kid in the family! And, oh, how we would work over that and make decisions of as to which piece we wanted. It's not a labor history interest and I realize I'd written you about this in the letter, but I think I'd like to say it. I went out to Nebraska many years later to see what this land was that my father had and to look it up. I had had some appointments in the West and I was speaking in California and I had to stop in Salt Lake City in Casper, Wyoming for meetings on the way back, and then I got into, I realized this would be my route before I left home and I realized that Frontier Airlines had just opened a new route from Casper, Wyoming to Kansas City with a stop in Valentine, Nebraska. And since this land was in Cherry County, (?) (200) Nebraska on the Niabrier^{(?)sp (201)} River at the South Dakota border. And Valentine was the county seat, and this was a huge county in Nebraska, a big one, and this is where my father had his homesteaded land. I thought I'd look in on the place and see what it might be. I was sort of interested as to where I would have grown up had the Depression 1907 and the great unemployment of that year stopped us in Ohio and lived there? and what would've happened if we had gone on to Nebraska/ Where would I have grown up and what would it have been like? I was curious about this, so I took along some photographs that I have in the family of my father and especially out there and I carried them with me. And so I got finished my work in Casper and I got the Frontier Airlines plane and came off to Valentine. The first thing I saw was a freight agent for the airlines wearing a full beard. Well in those days a

Silvey: full beard was more unusual than it is today and I went inside the little, old dinky ticket office. And I found the station agent had a full beard, then the taxi driver had a full beard. Well it was the 75th anniversary of the founding of Valentine, all the and they were celebrating and/men were growing beards for pioneer day kind of thing, you know. So I went down/^{town}and I rented a car, but first I went to the courthouse and I said where can I find this land? All I know is that my father homesteaded in this county. And they sent me from one place to another I had my photographs out and I had photographs of my father with the Sioux Indians because he was out there at the time the Sioux Indians were driven off the open land and range country and put into the Rosebud Reservation. And the Rosebud Reservation was near there and my father was with them at that time, and I had photographs of him taken with the Indians and other historical pictures of that period. They told me that the woman was a Chairman of the Historical Society who managed the hospital. So I went over the hospital and talked to her and she told me a few things. Most interesting of which was that if I come the year before there were two men who were still alive who would have known my father. They had just died though in the preceding year. I think one of 'em was 86 and one of 'em was 91. And they were gone so I couldn't consult them. But there was a man who was a piano tuner and who went around town on a bicycle, an older man, who apparently earned a little bit of living on this work. And he had arranged in a store front on the main street a historical exhibit. He collected a few things from the nearby ranches and farmers and brought them in and made a little museum for the 75th anniversary. And I got out my pictures of my father and the Indians and showed them to him and he looked at one of them and he said, pointing his finger, he said that is a picture of the young chiefs of the Breuer tribe of the Sioux. And he said, that young chief, I've got his picture right here in the back room on another photograph. And damned if we didn't take that picture in my hand which had been in my family for all these years and we went back and he had a framed picture of Indians in the back, by god that same Indian on my

Silvey: picture was on his picture. It was amazing! And it was no doubt about it! I mean it was the same identical young Indian. Well, so I went up to the courthouse again and all I could do was start turning over the pages, and the pages, and the pages, and I must have worked ~~over~~ 2 hours on it or more. And I was just about ready to give up when I found on the top line 'The United States of America to Frederick L. Silvey!' And then I found the plot, then I found the area, and I found the location, and I went out, I drove. And I found that it was a part of a 6,000 acre ranch that was owned by two brothers, one a lawyer, who kept the business site of it in town, and one the ranch operator, who kept the cattle on the ranch. The ranch was so huge that it extended over into South Dakota even. It was on the Niberian^{(?)sp (255)} River. And I went there and the guy had thousands of cattle, and the young man he was, ^{young} with a very attractive/wife, and two small boys were immensely interesting and he said look it's almost supper time, by this time it was early evening, you see, and he says almost supper time, ^{he says} come in and eat with us, and as soon as we finish eating we will jump out there and find that place where your father built his sod house. And so the kids were interested and ~~the~~ we got out into the gathering darkness in an old Ford car without a license plate on it, because he kept it on the ranch. There was no road, we just rode out over the range! We went up over the little levels and the kids said, go faster daddy, go faster! And we got out there at the place where we thought my father's sod house was. And he said these old stones which must have been the foundation, and there's the evidence of the well, and he said there never should have been a homestead here, never. Well, in the darkness I stood up there on that little elevation of land, it wasn't much, and I looked down over and there was the Niberian^{sp(?)} River and a few trees running along side of it and I was glad that we never got to Nebraska. Yes, it was 160 acres and he lived on it for the required number of years which I think was 5 and I believe he did it in 2 lots, I'm not sure,

East: It was under the Homestead Act.

Silvey: Under the Homestead Act. And he was supposed to plant trees, he was supposed to

Silvey: plant maples and cottonwoods.

East: Live on it for 5 years and improve it.

Silvey: That's right. And he did this and isolated life that it was in a very remote, it's a section of the country that's still quite remote. And he got title to it and then they came back and of course, then well, I had the plot book open and I looked to see all the people who had owned the land since and followed it all down sure, and I found the foreclosure for nonpayment of taxes in the Depression and (281) sp I found where Bell Ade (?) his sister who had it, took it, and whatever this arrangement was, I don't know, it doesn't matter anymore. But it's just part of the operations of that time and a later experience in my life that interested me. The first place we lived in Zanesville, the DeWeese family home on North Main Street, was a reasonable good middle class home. Mr. DeWeese was the proprietor of a coffee, tea & spice store on South Third Street. He was, therefore, a kind of/a successful merchant. And a quaker man, he had a son named Watson, and a daughter named Martha, and I believe a third child whom I don't remember. I remember Watson as a very rough lad of about 6 years old when I was 4. He later became a mail carrier, and retired. His little sister Martha was then 3 years old, who was just a few months younger than I was. I visited Zanesville a number of years ago and 8 or 9 years ago and spent some time running around looking at some of these old places that had memory recollections and I went into a place and mentioned Mr. DeWeese and the man I was talking to said why I saw him in church this morning. Well, I said that isn't quite possible, he'd be well over 90 years old. Well he said yes! I said you mean to tell me he's still alive. He said yes. So he gave me the assurance and I, by golly, drove over and talked to him in the same house/^{where} my sister was born and which we had lived when I was a child, as guests you know, as charitable guests. Well, this turned out to be an interesting thing, he was active, he was mentally alert, he remembered all about me, he told me things I didn't know about my sister's birth I never did find out why, how my father met him. It must have been in connection with some work matter. Perhaps in my attempts at my father to get work. He had

Silvey: gone to the store and maybe asked for some janitor work or something and told his story. And my father was a vocal man and had a rather nice personality and I guess he made friends easily and so maybe the fellow just said well look come over and stay with us until the winter is over, until your wife has delivered her baby and then you can go out in the summertime and get a new start in life. And it was just like him to do that, because he was a good, Christian, quaker man. And in those days there were few people like that and this is the sort of thing that Goldwater and now who's this guy from California, the former actor, Regan, Goldwater and Regan look back on these days and say well that's what we ought to have in place of Social Security. Well they're^{re} idiots, of course. And I suppose they know it really. But this is what they're preaching that you take care of each other. Well in a primitive, pioneer society that works. Sometimes it works! We were just lucky because we could have been starved out too and it would have been a Salvation Army home for us maybe or whatever it is that was available for us at that time. When we were crossing Ohio last month, well it was in December I took Irene to Zanesville and wanted to show her a few things, Mrs. Silvey that is. And ~~again~~ I took her over to North ^(?) Bead Street and I said look this is where my sister Grace was born and this is where we landed as poverty-stricken iterants in 1907 and I said wait I'm going to go in and see if DeWeeses are still there. I left her out in the car and had to go to two or three houses before I found the right one. Mrs. DeWeese, the second wife of this man was there, he had died at 96 years old, and had become senile. But Mrs. DeWeese, the second wife who was a younger woman whom he'd married more, I suppose in part maybe to be cared for and he needed care and he had some means. She said, when I mentioned Martha, why Martha she says lives over on such-and-such a street off of a Cuppmer Road (sp?) Well I said that's interesting, I remember her well. She said why don't you go over and see her. And this is just two months ago! And I said alright, So I said Irene listen, listen, listen, why don't we go over, I want to go over to Brighton Blvd. anyway and show you the pottery where I used to be the book-keeper and where I started to learn my trade as a china decorator. So we did.

Silvey: And low and behold when we drove up into the driveway the door opened and she was expecting us, because Mrs. DeWeese had phoned her in advance and told her we were coming over. So they took us in and we had a nice visit and Martha is delightful woman, here she is and... old woman, my age and she got married again too, and we had a nice little visit and went on from there talked and she was as interested as I was we had a nice time. Well, so much for that.

East: What kind of slum was this?

Silvey: Now, the Mount Auburn Street area where we moved latterly, well we moved from Meet Street to Congress Avenue where we lived in an old shanty/back of a fine, big house which was owned by Mr. Sinhouser, the proprietor of a men's clothing store downtown across from a wooded area. And then we moved out of that into a place on Turner Street, which was a 8th ward slum also of working class families. I lived there during the 1910 flood in Zanesville, when the waters came up to our front door but didn't enter our house although the water was in the cellar but most of the street was flooded and I still remember rowboats in the street in front of our house. And then we moved, and then my father was killed at that place, that's were he put the gas lines in and he was killed in that house and then after things got straightened out and my mother bought the house on Mt. Auburn Street way up on the hill above, not too far away, we moved into a street that was full of Negro families, Black families. I think there were only three White families in the street /^{of} maybe about 30 families. And so I grew up with Negro children and never had any race predjudice on that account. My mother was very tolerant and understanding, although I did get the religious race predjudice, if you know what I mean. I mean, the old story about Noah and the flood and the fact that he got drunk and the sun laughed at him and it was a punishment and the man was Black, Ham was it, in the=~~the~~ Old Testament. As a result Ham had to serve his brothers and so I grew up with the understanding that Black people had to serve White people because of Ham's sin. I mean this kind of crazy, idiotic, theolog~~ical~~ business that justifies race prejudice which I inherited. Well I had to get rid of that, of course. And my mother was anti-

Silvey: Semitic and I had to overcome prejudice against jews. And it wasn't until I was about ~~until~~ 22, 25 years old that I got over that. And I already had some experiences in Ohio that bloodied my nose a couple of times so I a little assistance with that. I grew up in Ohio , I grew up in Zanesville in a town that was 97.6 % American born white. The few foreigners in town were Hungarians, and Polish and others who worked in the steel mill. Down at the end of Putnam. There were some of them that were neighbors in our street. And I remember as a child we always refer to the honky kids. They spoke a foreign language that we didn't understand, and they were different, they had parties that were different, and they danced, the men danced, oh that was awful! And we didn't know what a polka was. But these men danced, and that made them different you see, from the white families in the street. And so I got a certain foreign immigrant attitude. But Zanesville was an American born community and we didn't have a lot of ethnic groups but we did have a number of colored people. And the street in which I lived was a Negro slum area and the houses were all pretty crummy, and we didn't have paved streets and we had mud and we had to carry water during one winter freeze and we were generally shut out of the, whatever amenities there might have been through the city government, we didn't get / I went to the first school which was called the Moore Building down at the bottom of Park Street. And then I went to the Jackson Street Building and there I got through the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th grade and then I was transferred to the fifth grade to the Lincoln Building which was in another section of the city. It was way off from our house, in the upper-middle class area. The people were merchants, and salesmen, and architects and doctors, and the working families were rollers and high wage men in the rolling mill at the Armcoat Plant, and skilled workers. And here I was now in a entirely different kind of milieu. I was in a place where the people have money and when the teacher said you bring a nickel for collection, it was no struggle for the family. And I met boys and went to school with boys whose fathers were professional men. And this was a new opening, a new window on my life that I never knew before. And then I went in the 6th and 7th grade

Silvey: to a new school building called the McIntyre Building at the corner of Blue and McIntyre Avenues. A brand new building. And there I had the same teacher both year, Edna Hask. And then I went to the 8th grade, back to the Lincoln School again.

With The same upper-middle income groups. Well I was the working boy in the class.

I was the one that had to be excused early so I could run as fast as I could to town to the newspaper office to get my newspapers so that I could deliver the route, you see, this is how I was making money then.

East: Did^{n't} they bus you?

Silvey: Oh God no! Bus! Well, I tell you what used to happen. I used to make a deal with the motorman on the streetcar, you know, and when they'd see me they'd allow me with my heavy paper bag to get on the front end of the streetcars and ride free and I'd give them a newspaper. That was my way out to the route. Later on when I got a bicycle, I'd put my papers on my bicycle and deliver this route, you see.

East: If you hadn't've lived in the area where you lived, what other options, could your mother have bought the house somewhere else in Zanesville?

Silvey: I don't think so. Because she could have bought a house in a lower area and we would have been flooded out in 1913 when the Great Flood came three years after the 1913.

East: Would you have moved to the Hungarian settlement?

Silvey: There was no Hungarian settlement as such. There was Hungarian and Polish families that lived around in the slum neighborhoods. And there wasn't a settlement of them, no. There was, as far as I remember, there was only two families within walking distance to where we lived. One of them on Blue Ave, and one of them on Turner St. But they had friends that came in from other places and they'd go out to other places and we'd hear stories about them, but as far, I don't even remember the names of those families anymore.

East: A mixture of skilled, unskilled workers?

Silvey: I would think, I don't know, but I would think most of them were unskilled. Except possibly maybe one or two of them that worked for the railroad that

maybe

Silvey: might have been, oh, section hands or/they worked in the roundhouse, servicing locomotives, although I doubt that. I think those were jobs that were reserved for the white people, that is the native, American born people. We paid \$6 per month rent for that house on Turner Street there, for a 4-room house with a cellar in it, and a big yard with trees, apple trees. I've got a photograph of myself and my sister taken in 19..., let me see, around 1910, I think, on the cellar door, there was an outside cellar door entrance, you know, as it was in some of those old-fashioned houses. I might show you those pictures if your'e interested, if I can lay my hands on them. I then got a job, well as I say, I went to the 8th grade. When I graduated, like we called it graduation in those days from the 8th grade. Ella Mitchell was the eighth grade school teacher. There used to be an amusement park near Zanesville called Moxahela Park. And it was customary to take an excursion to Moxahela Park. And it was an amusement park that was run by the interurban companies because that's what they did, you know, on Saturdays, all week they carried the working people back and forth to the factory and on Sunday their streetcars were idol so they'd carry you out to an amusement park which they'd owned, which was their own real estate development. It was only about 4 or 5 miles south of town, I guess, maybe 8 miles. And so we had an outing for the graduating class of the 8th grade and so I remember talking to the teacher and we hadn't got our final reports yet and she said/^{well}you're alright, well I guess I knew I was because we got our report cards 6 times a year and that year I got all A's in every subject, every semester, all year and I still have that report card. It's got nothing on it but A's. An ^A was the highest grade you could get. And I don't know now whether I earned those A's or whether she/^{sort of}felt sympathetic for me as the poor boy in the class and saw that I worked hard and maybe gave me A for effort, as some school teachers do, you know, instead of for scholastic achievement. At any rate, I know that I failed utterly in Music but she gave me an A anyway. I couldn't sing, couldn't read music, and to this day even in church or elsewhere I always/^{SAY}it's a social contribution that I make not to sing,

Silvey: or not to try to sing even. So we then had the problem in my life about going to high school. The truant officer was after me I think I mentioned this, I went to high school for a month only, then I got a work permit and I went into a clothing factory and was a pants turner. And I turned pants inside out for the pressers. And I got paid, I think 20¢ per 100 dozen, if I remember right. And I'd make about \$1.10 a day and I worked liked hell.

East: 20¢ per what? Twelve thousand?

Silvey: Twelve hundred, wouldn't it've been? Yeah, 100 times 10. Well, it was, I don't whether it was 20¢ . Anyway I'd make about \$1.30 a day by working real hard, but I never turned that many. ~~There~~ was a funny thing it was called the Hercules Manufacturing Company, and years later George DeNuchie organized it into the United Garment Workers Union, And in that pants factory we had a system of everybody marking up the bundles. So when I received a bundle from the last sewing machine, I'd mark up more than was in the bundle and when the pressers would receive the turn bundle from me they'd give me about a 30% markup, and the corporation knew this, of course, because they'd get 4 to 6 times as many pants out of the days work as actually ^{were} produced because the markup was so terrific all along the line, when we signed for each others bundles, and I suppose they figured, well we'll just keep the rates (534) and let them cheat on us and think that their getting away with something when in effect we're making out anyway and so I suppose if I get credit for 600 bundles, 600 dozen a day, that would have been a fabulous number of pants for me to turn. But I stood there at this horizontal iron skeleton and wheeled the man's pants on and jerk 'em back to turn them wrong side out, you know. And they had rubber guards on them to keep from tearing it. Anyway, I left that job very shortly because I had a friend. I could see myself standing in that horizontal man's legs sticking out there like as the pipes they were with the upturned toes on them, pulling those pants wrong side out. Well I had a friend who was a foreman in a china decorating shop in a pottery called at that time the Ohio Pottery Company out of the end of the streetcar line in Brighton, near

Silvey: the old Mosaic Tile Company. And so he offered me a job as an apprentice china decorator. And I went to work for him and I got^{a job}/there and I was under age, and I had to have a permit from the truant officer. And I walked to work on the railroad tracks everyday, a long, long distance but I couldn't work 9 hours a day because I was under age I could only work 8 hours a day and therefore, I came to work a half hour later in the morning, and quit a half hour earlier in the evening, until I got to be of an age when I could work the 9 hour day.

East: Worked for less wage?

Silvey: Well, I worked for the hourly wage. I think my rate at that time was something that I made for 40.., let me see, uh, 8 times 6 was 48 hours. For 48 hours I think I got \$11.20, if I remember the figure right, I don't know what the hourly wage was, but I could figure it up, but I think I got \$11.20. Well I,

East: How old were you?

Silvey: Oh, then I was 14, 15, about 15. Yes, because I couldn't work in a factory, well I worked in the pants factory, though, when I was 14. That's about my age. Anyway, the superintendent of the plant took an attraction to me and came to me one day and asked me if I would like to work in the office. And I said, well, what can I do in the office. Well, he says, I'll tell you what you do, if you go to the night school and they had a Meredith Business College in the downtown, and if you go to the night school and learn to be a typist, learn to run a typewriter, good, he says I'll give you a job as invoice clerk in the office. Well, I said ok. So I went to the night^{school}/and I enrolled for a 16 week course in typing and I became good enough in 10 weeks so that I didn't have to go back and I never did go back. I gave him that last 6 weeks and I went to the superintendent and I said I can type now, and boy did I work hard learning to type. Oh, god how I worked! I rented an old Remington machine, and I didn't have any place to stand it and I remember I put it up on the end of my mother's washing bench where she kept her tub, and I got an old chair and pulled it up and I typed the hell out of that thing! And I went to the boss and said now I can type. He says ok. So he

Silvey: gave me a job as invoice clerk, and I invoiced. And I remember that I used to write up/purchase orders every morning by hand on a register and I distinctly remember writing 2-22-22, we didn't have Washington's birthday off. It was the 22nd day of the 2nd month of the 22nd year of the century, 2-22-22. Well, there was 3-3-33, 4-4-44, I never got five figures again. And in one 11-11, that was a different thing, I don't where I was then, I wasn't working. Well, so I worked there and they made me bookkeeper and paymaster.

Side B
(620) Taking off the daily recordings and entering them in the time book, and then pumping out our old (622) calculator, the hours and the rate per hour, and extending it, and writing the checks and getting them signed and staying always overtime to get it, so on Friday night I had my pay night and then on Saturday morning I'd go out through the plant distribute the checks to the men and I did the bookkeeping. And we had an accountant, who was not certified, named Norris Harman, who came down from Columbus to audit the firms books and to do the tax work for the coporation. He was the man who taught me to be a bookkeeper. And I said to Mr. Frawnfelder, who was the plant superintendent, and the son of the owner, I said I don't know whether I could be a bookkeeper, he says that's alright we'll have Mr. Harman teach you to be a bookkeeper. And I was terribly impressed because they paid Mr. Harman \$50 a day for his services. By god! \$50 a day, for an accountant! And then, that he would pay him \$50 a day to teach me to be a bookkeeper! You see, I was always a kind of a retiring person thinking my agressiveness was not in this form, that I expected them to pay a man \$50 a day to teach me to be a bookkeeper. And I was impressed by this so I worked hard, and I became a bookeeper. Then I learned a few things about financial affairs of a corporation, and I began to get disillusions. C.D. Frawnfelder owned a home up on, happened to be, Congress Avenue, a very wealthy nice street. On the same street on the other end of which we have lived in this old shack of a place that was later torn down, many years earlier. And he bought an automobile in 1921, it was a big, red Buick car. And he had to have a garage for his car, So he had a two-car brick building put up on his lot with a slate roof.

Silvey: And what do you suppose happened? Why, of course, the master mechanic, the maintenance man of the plant, came in to me with a bill of materials and I phoned them to the building material company and had them delivered to his residence. And then the mechanic and a couple of helpers went up and constructed the damn garage. Poured the cement, put up the bricks, layed the gerter, layed the rafters, put on the roof, paved the driveway, and where is it, I put it in Building Materials, for what, well I buried it in one of the accounts and then when the accountant came I made dozens of journal entries to distribute the cost of that layout which was about \$2,000 at that time. It was a very elaborate job. I distributed it in the kill shed, in the mold room, in the decorating dept., in the warehouse, in the shipping room, in the glaze dept., in the machine shop, in the power house, all over the plant, distributing it, burying it for tax purposes, and other purposes so that the guy, the president of the company, could steal from the stockholders the cost of a brand new two-car brick, slate roof garage for himself. Now this wasn't the first time I had this experience. When I was a boy, I bought myself a lawn mower, and in the summer time I'd go around and cut people's grass and transplant their flowers, and trim their hedges, and rake their leaves, and do all this kind of yard work. And I had all the customers I could handle, plenty of them, this was before I could work in a factory, this was when I was 13, 14 even 12 years old I started this kind of work. And I had a place which was the home of the division superintendent of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad. And he bought the house in the spring, no he bought the house in the summer and it had been empty since spring. And the yard was all grown up with high weeds, up to my knees and my waist. Well, I had a sickle, and he engaged me to clean up his yard for him. Well, this stuff was too heavy for me and my sickle, I couldn't cut it, I just couldn't. I worked, and worked, and worked and I only made a little clearing and I said to the man I'm not big enough and my tool is not right enough. He said it's alright, I'll have the section hand come and clear it. So he had a foreign section hand. I remember he was an Eastern European man who came up with scythe, and he cleaned that yard up by cutting

Silvey: it low, and then I came through and raked it and piled the stuff and burned it, and mowed it, and watered it, and weeded it, and fixed it up, it was beautiful. But the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad paid for cutting the weeds, you see. So I knew now what was happening in this kind of society, and I saw how the corporation people can steal from the corporation, if you have the right kind of a place. Well my teacher, Ms. Mitchell in the 8th grade, was terribly distressed that I didn't go on to high school. She thought that I had the potential to get a good education and as I said earlier about the drop out business, I knew that there were doctors, and architects, and lawyers, and people who had to have professional training in the university, but in my category, location, and service you went to work in a factory, you went to work in a mine, you went to work in a quarry, you went to work on the railroad, you went to work on a farm, or that way. I always think of this in connection of the word "hand". There's a professor at Cornell University who wrote a paper a number of years ago, maybe 15 or 20 years ago now. It became a booklet. It arose out of the fact that you referred to working men as factory hands, as farm hands, as railroad section hands. This fellow wrote this essay about industrial relations and entitled it, "You can't hire a hand", subtitle, "There's a man attached to it". And the theme, of course, was that when you hire a man by his hand skills you also have the complex creature that a man is. And if your'e going to treat him like a hand, then you have got to expect that you'll find a certain resistance. And it was an educational job for industrial managers of the sort, and a very useful document. I used to publize it widely and I bought copies of it and circulated them because it was such a great truth. I think it's significant now to say something about my religious experiences and essentially how that brought me into the trade union movement. My mother was a devoted Christian in the theological traditional Protestant sense. She wanted me to be baptized early and I was and I remember the experience of revival meetings and conversion, and baptism, and worrying about if my sins, up to that time were forgiven, because I'd been baptized. What about the sins I commit afterwards? And I got all kinds of screwed up feelings about religion.

Silvey: But I was devout because she wanted me to be devout, and because I ...

East: Methodist, Baptist?

Silvey: No, this group was the Camelite Sect of the Baptist. It's a so called Christian church. And was a primitive church, the neighborhood, and the going to church and to Sunday School was an important thing. There, also, I learned about certain hypocrisies. There was a man who was my Sunday School teacher named Pearlie Mason. He was a letter carrier, and a kind of an ostentatious personality in church. And we used to have a, oh, very devout, very, very devout one of the church _____ (709) on the surface, anyway. And I knew his son, Buel, who's a very good lad and was in that upper middle income group where I went to the eighth grade at the Lincoln School that I got acquainted with him. Buel Mason, a nice lad, had a good friendship, but his father was Pearlie Mason, and he taught the Sunday School class for boys my age, which was about at that time, 11 or 12, maybe, 10, 11, or 12 in that period, for boys. And we had a church building that had a great open well with a terrace balcony on three sides with sliding doors that made classrooms. So what you could do would be to have Sunday School classes in each one of these little segments and then all the children could stay for the church service without having to move around, we could still look down on the pulpit. Well the preacher was always appealing for money and the minister was called Hue Waite. He married my mother to my step-father in the parsonage of his residence, room of his parsonage. And he was always raising money and there was this terrible appeals for funds, you know, and Mr. Mason, who was our Sunday School teacher responded to the appeal for money by this device. He called out in a considerable tone of voice so that everybody in the building could hear him, 'Rev. Waite!' and then when the preacher looked up, and everybody else in the church looked at him, he took a silver dollar out of his pocket, or which he had in his little hot fist, ^{anyway,} /maybe, and he flung it ostentatiously to the pulpit, so that it landed on the carpet in front of the pulpit of the church. Well, even at that early age, I could see what a bunch of goddamn hypocrisy this was or whatever, I mean, it wasn't until many years later, many, many years later that I heard about the Jewish philospher, Memondies, (sp?) (730) and studied his writings

Silvey: or at least looked into them, I wouldn't say I studied them, I looked into them and I found out the 7 stages of charity. And the 7th stage of charity was not to let anybody know the good you did for another. And if Pearlie Mason ever knew about Memondies, he never paid any attention, never exhibited it. So religion, well, my mother was servant girl in the home of this family in Brooklyn named Berdan, which I told you about earlier. The man who was captain in the New York City fire department. And Mrs. Berdan got herself mingled up with the work of the man whose name is Pastor Charles Taze Russell. Looking at it backward from this distance, I guess that Mr. Russell was a part of what was known as the second Advent Movement. It started in the 1840's and has developed into the Seventh-Day Adventists but it was known in those days, I guess as the Second Advent Movement and Mr. Russell adapted it with the second coming of Christ and began to make prophesies about when it would happen, and established a sect which became known as the Russellites. Their established organization had three names the International Bible Students Association, The Watchtower Bible and Track Society, and the People's Pulpit Association. Now these three names were for legal reasons. The Pennsylvania corporation had one name, the New York corporation had another, and the other was a non-profit tax thing, I guess, People Pulpit...anyway, they published under these different names and so my mother's former mistress, Mrs. Berdan, got involved in this and many years later when they had continued their correspondence, in the meantime, Mrs. Berdan had moved up to Vermont into retirement, corresponded with my mother and sent her the Divine Plan of the Ages, which was the first volume of the six volume series that this man Russell had written. His _____ (759) scriptures was an entirely different breed of cats from Baptist or Methodist or Lutherans. First of all, he denied the existance of hell as a place of eternal torment. This bothered the Catholics because most of the money raising in the Catholic church arises out of the fear of purgatory and eternal damnation in hell. And this bothered the Methodists and the Baptists, and this bothered all the rest of the people so he was on, as it were, the Protestant churches shit list. Really, he was

Silvey: a non-non. And he also denied the doctrine of the Trinity. And he denied quite a bit, but on the otherhand, he brought up a kind of new theology, the elective God, the 144,000-in-one. One of the things that always amused and somewhat annoyed me about all religions is that we are the chosen people, I mean it isn't only the Jews who say we are the chosen people, but almost every sect says we are the right ones. And this kind of thing disgusted me at an early age. But coming into age 14, influenced by my mother, with the kind of background and with the theology that I also began to study out of the literature and the friendliness of the ecclesi, as the local churches were called, off of the Greek word church. The friendliness of the people in the ecclesi, I went right along and did well. And in the local activities they soon had me being the deacon in the ecclesi and then an elder, and I'm going to different towns nearby and meeting the people and being busy and having organizational duties and enjoying it and having my finger in things, having the respect of elderly people, adult people, who thought I was quite o.k., see, because I was coming along in the organization and so I had opportunities to do things and when I learned to typewrite and when we held our meetings I could write the newspapers ads and I could put out the circulars and I could prepare stuff, and pretty soon I was starting to make speeches, sermons, myself, and I was becoming very adult, adapted bible study and I was really coming on, you know, as a young punk, that was receiving the _____, and the compliments of these elders for being a good Christian lad. And I can still remember this George Marsh, the man who was foreman of the decorating department in the Ohio pottery was at this Sect, and that's how I got the job because...

East: Who's the guy that got you the job?

Silvey: George Marsh, he was of the Sect and I was, and we were in the same ecclesi, and he knew me, and he said you'd make a good apprentice boy, I'll train you to be a china decorator, it's a good craft, you'll be a guildler, and you'd make good wages. And so he was the one that hired me. And so in a way, the being in this religious sect, put me on into craftsmanship and then to be bookkeeper, paymaster, and so forth. So they had a publishing house in Brooklyn, New York.

East: Who's they? This church?

Silvey: This Watchtower Bible and Track Society had a publishing house in Brooklyn, New York. And they printed their literature there. Their tracks and their magazine, and their booklets, and their bound volumes, and so on. And in due course, I made a holiday trip, I think it was 1920, I guess, and I went up to Cleveland and took the lake boats and went down the St. Lawrence River and visited Montreal and came down the Lake Champlain, and crossed the lake and came down to New York City on the Hudson River day line, all which intrigued me mightly, because I loved this travel and I had saved \$100 and I could do a lot of things with \$100 in those days. And so I visited the headquarters in Brooklyn, New York, the natural thing to do. And the superintendent of the plant solicited me to come to work. Well, it was a new idea, and we got \$20 a month, and our lodging, and our food, and work for the organization, work for the lord, huh, under the pattern that they established! Well I didn't know fully about the division of clergy and laity, but I knew that this group was constantly attacking the Catholic church with our _____ (814) arrangement and for the Protestant church for the mistakes of their theology, and laity so forth, and so then I came over, and pretty soon I found a clergy/relationship here, too, the same kind of _____ (817) arrangement. No democracy, You do as your bid, and you take what you get and you don't ask any questions. Well I worked diligently, and they put to work in the office again, after a while. They put me in the plant, and I worked in the factory doing laborers' work. I was dilligent, I was strong, I was energetic, and I studied and I'd devoted myself, and they made me one of the readers at the dining room table, which was part of the ritual of the morning breakfast exercise. You read religious, inspirational material for breakfast, and it was discussed and I was appointed a reader and that gave me a focus of attention from all the other people, and I was just still only 20 years old, it was 1924 I went over there, 1924 I was still in the pottery in 1920. And, so I went, and I stayed there 6½ years. After 2 years in the office there was a man named Adam Donald, who was a kind of a scheduling manager, and I worked under him. He was the one that laid out the production schemes. He was the one that showed what work shall be done, what days, on what machines.

Silvey: And here I learned the _____ (832) system of symbol designations for shorthand, and I began to become familiar with manufacturing processes and I saw what the inside of a manufacturing plant was like. And I had a considerable le-way, I had privileges around the place, I could move here and there and I could do things because I was in the office. At the same time my mother was in deep trouble in Ohio. My step-father was losing his work. He was ill, my mother was ill, she had very bad, very serious internal problems and I was worried about it, and I talked to people. And Adam Donald came to me one day and he said look, your mother may need your help someday, and he said you haven't got any skills that you can sell, this business of being an office clerk isn't very much. He said I'll give you two choices, you can work with Mrs. Hamilton and learn to be a proofreader, or I'll send you up to the 5th floor to learn to run a linatype (sp?) machine. He said which one would you like to have, he said if you learn either one of these skills you'll have something salable, you'll have something you can do. Well I said I don't intend to quit, I said I'm devoted to the organization, I want to stay, well he said that's good, we'd like that, but he said on the otherhand, you never know what kind of circumstances are going to arise in your life, maybe you ought to think about this. Well, I said alright and I said it right on the spur of the moment why don't I go with Mrs. Hamilton, I liked Mrs. Hamilton, she was an adorable lady and I loved her, I thought working with her would be a joy. Well, alright, but he said you ought to think about this now, now just a minute, he said you ought to think about whether or not being a linatype operator is more valuable to you in later life than being a proofreader only. Well, I learned later in life that you could not be a good proofreader until your'e first a printer. And he encouraged me to take the linatype job and I did, I did. And I became a printer in this plant, in Brooklyn. And they gave me one week to practice on this machine. And I practiced from an instruction book I had, there was 90 keys on the keyboard, and I was already using 42 keys on a typewriter. And I have to relearn how to work with touch from a 42 key typewriter which I'd been using for some years now, into a 90 board keyboard

Silvey: on the linatype machine, and keep it all in memory, and I did! But I worked at it, God how I worked at it! And then I learned to typeset by hand and I learned to make up pages, and I learned imposition, and I learned sterotyping, I learned plate making, and I learned press work, and I learned proofreading. But, in doing this I was reading outside of the field of religion. Here I became enamored with printing. And they set ^{me} to work, by the way, on setting foreign languages. I set type in Polish, Czechoslovak, _____ (874) Ruthenian, Croatian, and some Italian, and some Spanish, and no German, because we only used the old letter. But I set odd languages like Icelantic, which has letters and characters in it that are no longer in the English alphabet. The astonishing thing to me was that I had good clean copy. I didn't have many mistakes. I was a good linatype operator. And I say this without any special egotism, because it was ^{just} true, that I could set the type in a foreign language without understanding a word that I was setting and I could learn the syllabication ~~(883)~~ and I could learn the capitalization, and I could set good, clean copy, and I did. But I insisted it had to be typewritten, because I couldn't read the handwriting in these foreign languages. Well, I got interested in printing and now I am beginning to be doubtful about the church business. I'm beginning to have uneasy feelings about religion. I'm beginning to feel that I'm being exploited. I'm beginning to get a notion that this sect is not much different from the other sects, or the other denominations. So, what do I do? Well I get a new interest, I get the interest in printing. The Monahue Street Library in Brooklyn had the most marvelous collection of books about printing. And I must have gone over 800 of them in the course of several years. I read Isaiah Thomas's History of Printing in Colonial America in the original 1812 edition, published by the Wisterful(sp?) _____ (895) Society and I was proud and careful but the librarian let me have that valuable book for a whole month, I did. I studied it. And paper, ink, type design. I used to know 3,000 type faces on sight. I could call you their names and give you their history: layout, title page design. On Saturday afternoons I used to rush from my job and run over to Elizabeth,

Silvey: New Jersey as fast as I could get there, Henry Lewis Bullen, a famous name in American printing. The curator of the library of the American Typefounders Company, used to stay on Saturday afternoons beyond the office time until could get there to show me and tell me about printing. And from him I learned the love of type and the love of the craft and from him I learned that it's the art preservative of all arts, the drop of ink that makes millions think. The 5 and 20 soldiers/lead^{of} marching down the high road of civilization. These are the hands that keep the world informed or maybe I've said this to you before. But this is the inspiration a kind of a new inspiration for a young man who is now turning away from his original inspiration about religion to a new inspiration about a craft that is also an art.

East: What directly happened with the religious bit?

Silvey: Loss of confidence in the clergy and the rulers and the leadership. It moved from Russell to Rutherford, you know, I never knew Russell, he died in 1916. And this man, Judge Rutherford took over and he was a kind of an intellectual tyrant. And the way he abused people and the way he would flip doctrines around and the way people would... In other words, I saw an early John L. Lewis in him on religious terms.

East: The hyprocrisy of it?

Silvey: Yeah, the hyprocrisy of it, The fact that he'd do things for himself and then make... It was disgusting! So, I was losing faith, I was getting pissed off! So I left it. But I had to have something. And I found in printing, this new inspiration, this new greatest, this new wonderful thing, and ~~SINCE~~ I hadn't had a high school education, here now I can pick up knowledge.

East: Were you as excited about the printing as you were about the religion?

Silvey: Even more so, as I look back on it. I think it was more so. And when I began to look into the 500 year old business, you see, of printing. And when I began to see beyond Goodenberg, backward to the Chinese and the Koreans, and the carved wooden blocks. And/when later in life I went to the British Museum in London and saw the

Silvey: treasures they have there. And when I viewed the Goodenberg bible for the first time. And when I saw the Polygot bible at the Plant and Maridus Museum in Anvers (sp?) (938) in Belgium. And when I viewed the great treasures in the Vatican Library in Rome, and when I visited the Convent of Subeyoko (SP?) (939) in Italy and saw the original works of Swain Hymen Pernarts (sp?) (940) who in 1465 loaded their tools on a two wheel cart and their few possessions and walked across the Alps Mountains and came down into the boot of Italy and were received in the Arna Valley Monastery and set up the first printing office in Italy in the convent of Subeyoko. And their original printing press was there except that it had been moved to the Mota Casino to the Abbey of Mota Casino and when the American army dived bombed and drove the Germans out of World War II they destroyed the entire structure including this ancient treasure, the original printing press of these two men, that they had hand built and made. Oh, there's many stories about this which I won't go on to. The story about italic type, and the story /^{of} roman type, and the beautiful things about printing that I learned. Well, so I got into this, ^{and} / then, it happened what Mr. Donald thought about. My mother now has a terrific prolepsis of the womb, she has hard work all of her life, she has illness. I have to go home to look after her. In the meantime there's two more brother~~s~~, step-brothers, and a sister, step-sister. My brother Eugene, my brother Stanley, and my little sister Nellie. Well, I had left them and they went their way. Eugene, eventually was killed, he was a stunt flier in World War II. He became an aviator in World War II. He taught German and French aviators who were brought over from Europe to South Carolina and were trained to be fighter pilots, he trained them. They named the airport in Zanesville, Ohio after him because he made his reputation there. It's called the Eugene Griffin Airport. They ^{have} a monument to him with head and shoulders in his airplane helmet in the early days. My mother always thought he committed suicide. He was a stunt flier and he put on shows. And my mother thought that he had trouble in his life, and he deliberately crashed to kill himself. At any rate, nobody knows. He got to

Silvey: be a hero out of it. My younger brother Stanley, became an automobile mechanic and still is. Worked for one of the most vicious of the automobile dealerships in Zanesville, Ohio, the _____ (975) organization. Is that libelist? What an outfit. And my sister, Nellie married at a very early age. But I came home from New York. This was a wrench. Although I had become disillusioned about the religious group, although I had now determined that it's not what it ought to be, I'm still uneasy, I'm still troubled. But I thought this thing through and my break away was very painful, it was much trauma. Not only internally, and emotionally, but with the organization, because I was a valued typesetter, and they didn't have anybody else that set foreign languages as well as I did. And it was not an easy thing for them to lose me, although the foreman of the plant, the superintendent of the plant scorned me and ridiculed me and called me silly and said you think you're so very important around here, don't you, ^{that} we can't get along without you, well we'll show you we can. This kind of rude stuff, you know. So I broke away under conditions that were bad and it was the depression, it was vast unemployment in the country.

East: This was what, 1930?

Silvey: Oh, this was 1930, yes 1930, So I came home to Ohio, But again I did an imaginative thing. One of my friends at this institution had left earlier, He too became disillusioned he was an educated man, he was a very able person. He worked for an oil company in California and was well fixed, And he got his job back in California, he had money. And so I asked him if he would lend me \$200 because I'm going back to Ohio and I want to spend 6 weeks doing nothing but traveling between New York and Zanesville and I want to go to all the printing offices. I want to go to the type foundries, I want to go to the paper mills, I want to go to the great printing plants, I want to go to all the places in the East that I can get to, visit them and see them and have the experience of learning what goes on outside of the plant that I learned my trade in. And see some of the things that I had been studying and reading about so diligently in

Silvey: the books, and I did, And I was received cordially and graciously in all these places. I went in I told them look I'm a young printer, I have a great ambition in life, I want to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, the School of Printing. I don't know whether I'll ever be able to make it or not, but I want to learn all I can about the art and the craft. I want to be a great printer. And they received me well, they took me through the plant. I remember the McGraw Hill Publishing Co. in New York assigned a man to take me around. I went to the house of William Edward Rudge, in Mt. Vernon, New York, which was then one of the great printing, one of the great art printing places in America. I went to the old Theodore _____ (15) I tried to get up the Hudson River to Gowdy, Frederick Gowdy, the great type designer with his wife, forgot^{her} her first name. Well, anyway, I went to the District of Columbia Paper Co. I went to the place where the National Geographic Society is printed. I went to the government printing office. I went to remote towns where they had paper mills and all kinds of places. So, I did, and I spent the whole \$200 and arrived home penniless. In a depression, without a job, and a sick mother, and a necessity to break up a home, and take my mother and my baby sister out from my step-father. This was, what, something that a foolish young man would do? Anyway I went out for a job and I got odds and ends work. The first thing I got to do was to carry on a series of radio programs for the Independent Businessmen Association in Zanesville. Now in New York I had done a lot of radio work because this sect that I was with set up a radio station and got one of the earliest franchises from the Federal Communications Commission. They got a wave length and I did a lot of broadcasting. I did announcing, I did sermon work, I did scripture reading, I did news broadcast, I'd get up early in the morning and do, I had lots of nice experiences on this, because at the same time I was a traveling minister for the group. I worked as a clergy, I had a clergy pass on the Eastern Railroads, and I traveled at half fare. And I'd go out and make speeches, I'd be assigned by what they call the Pilgrim Dept. and the man who was in charge liked me, a fellow named R.H. Barber, a New England fellow. And he liked me and so he'd send me out

Silvey: to places, he'd say I'll send you to this small group and let them, you can practice on them. We had a little institution called The School of the Prophets, and we'd make practice preaches, we'd comment and we'd criticize each other, we'd select a subject and talk for 15 minutes for practice.

East: A seminary type?

Silvey: A seminary type of training, yes! And this is one way that I developed my experience and skill in public speaking in platform manners, and ease in front of an audience, and then the radio came along, and I got in on that because I had a good voice, I had a good timber in my voice in those days, and I could sound well on the radio. And so I was pulled into the radio work at the same time I'm working in the factory as a printer. And I'm busy also with this, and I'm going out and traveling and making speeches on weekends, at the annual conventions of the organization I'd be one of the people who would make a talk and I remember one time in Detroit I had 4,600 people in front of me, which was the biggest audience I'd ever addressed. It's true I only spoke for 5 minutes but I was up there doing things you see, and at the same time I was studying diligently. I had studied the bible diligently, and the religious literature diligently, and I had studied the printing literature diligently, and out of this I had got a certain discipline, I got a certain devotion to, not, what's the modern phrase, kunking off? No, that isn't quite right. No, not opting out. Escaping responsibility is the meaning of it, I've forgotten the phrase. But anyway, instead of doing that I worked. And later in life when I was introduced one time at a meeting of the AF of T, local 189, down here at the hotel in Washington, Ruth Windsic, had occasion to refer to me for something, I don't know, we were giving, making an honorary speech for our, for Wolf, the president of the union who'd served well for two years, and it was time to do something in recognition of him. So Ruth Windsic was the committee chairman, and she nominated me to make the honorary speech for Wolf, you see. Well, I didn't know she was going to do it, so it took me by surprise, but I met the rose to the occasion and did it well. And Ruth referred to me as a Puritan. And this was not intended to be a compliment. She referred to me as a drudge, as a person who believed in the holyness of work. The virtue

Silvey: of being busy. And of course, I recognized it in myself. I mean work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, the old Protestant ethic of work hard and you'll automatically get rich. The work of Max Vaber and the beginning of his sociology writings, and the way Tauntie and England brought it up in his book, ^(x) The Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, you remember that? And how the early industrialists in England justified their vicious exploitation of the working class because God had predestined them to wealth in the same way that God predestined men to salvation under the old vicious Calvinist doctrine that God makes choices of people instead of people making choices for themselves. And so, Ruth called me a Puritan. Well, I remember making speeches about these things too. I used to site the old Episcopal song book the hymn "All Things Bright and Beautiful" on this doctrine of predestination, you know, the first verse of which has been taken out by an editorial committee about 30 years ago because it's now something that people would laugh at instead of singing. The first stanza of that hymn goes "The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate. God made them high or lowly and ordered their estate". Well, of course, you couldn't accept that kind of doctrine in today's society but in the days of the industrial revolution this was the justification for rich men to say I'm rich because God wants me rich and it's not because I'm a vicious exploiter of ordinary human beings and if I strap a woman to a coal car / ^{under-} ~~the~~ ground while she's 7 months pregnant and make her haul coal as a mine mule or a mine horse, it's alright because that's what God intends me to do and that's what her job in life is anyway, that's what she's suppose to do. God predestined it for her! Oh, this kind of vicious stuff got me all riled up, even though I was, myself, a Puritan, as Ruth alleges. Probably I was in some respect. Because later I think some of the trouble I had in the labor movement was because I was fairly rigid about work and about doing things that were right and about not letting people get away with things that were wrong and making a fuss about, when maybe it would/wiser if I had kept my mouth shut, ^{have been} so forth. So I set forth, ^{but} out of this religious experience I got two things: I

Silvey: got the discipline of study, and I got the craft of printing. And so I came to Ohio to look after my mother which was a 3 or 4 year experience until I could get her back to health and little Nellie got married and I'm on my own. In the meantime, I'm carrying on activities in the labor movement in Ohio because the first thing I did when I returned to Ohio was to join the Typeographical Union, Local 199, in Zanesville. And there I had some friends because two proprietors of a printing office who were proprietor members of the union knew me, I used to take a lot of printing to them for the religious group when I was there before and they encouraged me and I got jobs, I got odd jobs. And I worked around in 5 or 6 places. I'd be a substitute, I'd go to the Danker Press when they had work and I'd go to the newspaper and I'd go to this town, and I'd go to Lexington, and I'd go to/^{New}Concord, and I'd get a day or a weeks work when they had work, and I just managed to come along, you know. One of the things that impressed me here was, I was knowing, I knew that men were being mistreated in the depression. I knew that their wages and their salaries were being cut in half, and yet, when there was work and I could get it as a typesetter, I got the union scale. The boss didn't say to me, look I'll give you a days work if you'll work for fifty cents an hour. He said I got a days work and if the scale is 96¢ an hour, \$1.04 an hour that's what I got. And this impressed me. And I thought, gee, this union thing is pretty damn good stuff. And I used to stand up in union meetings and make speeches about it, I used to say, an organization that has done this for new men in the trade deserves an awful lot of support, and I pay my respects to those men who have preceded us in this union and who have built it, and who have established standards, and who have made it possible for us to have a better life than they had because of their work. I really felt quite deeply about this and used to say so. I don't know whether some of the other men in the room thought that I was being silly or not, but I didn't care, I used to do it. /I had the respect of them, and we got along well, because again I worked hard, I carried my share of the load, I did my union work, and things went well. So I came back to Ohio with these two

Silvey: things, discipline of study and work, and the ability to do a reasonably good job with public speaking from a platform, and in 1930, 26 years of age. Now I'm on way into the development of the labor movement, that is, my role, my work in the trade union movement. I'd spoken about doing the radio station work in Brooklyn, so when I got to Zanesville I got this business with the Independent Merchants Association that were fighting the chain stores, and they gave me \$5 a broadcast. And it took me about 3 days to do the research in the library for reading material in order to get the material and then write the speech and deliver it on the radio. I did that for \$5 a week for, oh, quite a number of weeks. Maybe three months or more, same time I was picking up what work I could get from the odds and ends of printing and whatever else I could get. This is how I made my first income after I got back to Zanesville. Then I went to Columbus.

East: For what reason?

Silvey: Well, because I couldn't get enough work in Zanesville, and I heard that there was a job opening in Columbus in a printing office, I heard it. You don't know how the littlest bit of gossip in the depression for the unemployed would put you on a thumb and on a freight car or whatever else you could get to, to get to the place where you heard there was work. It's beginning to be true again, you know, in the society. Well, so I went up to Columbus and the job that I thought was available, was available, but the man wouldn't hire me. And so, I thought, what an experience that was. Here I'm down at the end of the line. I went out in the back alley of that building where I had been turned down for the job, and I put my head in my hands and I sobbed. God how I wept! And while I was thus involved not knowing it, a man came along and he turned out to be a member of the printers union and a fellow who worked on the night shift in this plant and he came to me and said what are you bothered by? And I told him and he gave me his name, and he said look they need a man tonight up at the Duplex Press, if you get up there ask for Ed Brown, it was now late in the afternoon. He said maybe Ed can give you a nice work. And I went up

Silvey: and I did get Ed and he didn't give me a nice work, but he said

Silvéy: So this kindly member of the Typographical Union said call Ed Brown, go up and see if he's got a nice work. Well I went up right away and I did meet Mr. Brown he didn't have a nice work then, but he had work for me the next day. And I worked there for years. I got a steady job out of it. I was number 2 on the seniority list, in that shop and I had steady work for a goodly number of years in that place. It was a place that had new machinery, so I worked on a _____ (7) machine and it was nice work; except, I remember when Ed interviewed me for the job. He asked me a strange question, something I've never heard before inspite of my large experience up to that time in printing, he said can you set add guts?

East: Add guts?

Silvey: Add guts. Can you set add guts? I didn't know what he meant. But I jumped quickly, I was desperate. And I said I've done display adds, and souveniur programs for fraternal orders and similar organizations. Ok he said. And I didn't know whether those were add guts or not but I learned later, of course, when I did nothing but set add guts, no text material, no straight run material, just short takes, little blocks to insert along with pictures and you know, A & P store advertising, two cans for, sort of stuff. All those little bits and pieces were assembled into, they were called add guts. But I didn't know, but I told him yes, I'd set adds, display adds, and all kinds of organizational programs. And he knew what I meant, and I wasn't sure what he meant, but we got along, I was a good typesetter, he liked me, and I stayed there for years.

East: Was he a superintendent, manager,..?

Silvey: No, no, I was just a typesetter.

East: Well, I meant he.

Silvey: Well, he was foreman. He wasn't the owner of the plant. He was a foreman. He was a very fine skilled printer. And I learned a lot of things from him that were very useful in the work-a-day world of commercial printing. Because I'd come out of a situation where you'd do great book printing, beautiful magazine printing. I mean I had gone to the top of the trade instead of coming through the add guts, the junk,

Silvey: the throw away stuff, you know. But I made a living at it, and I was good enough, and I did well.

East: Well that must have been about 1930?

Silvey: Well that would have been about 1931.

East: You were there for...?

Silvey: I was there then, until I quit that job to go to the Columbus, Ohio Dispatch. Now I'm beginning to be settled. I'd bring my mother up from Columbus. I'd get a little house. Up from Zanesville I should say. I'd get a little house, this rear dump in the alley that I'd tell you about and I saved a little money and I get another house on 12th Avenue and we live a little better, and my sister goes to school. In the meantime, my step-father has hung himself, and that relieved my little sister of the worries that he might show up some day and make trouble, and things began to ease off, and my mother got her health back, I put her through hospital and surgery, and treatments, and she'd got her health back and I went to work on the Dispatch because I just put my name on the slip board to get whatever I could. Sometimes I'd get one day, sometimes two days, usually I can get Saturday and Saturday night for the Sunday paper. So I'd get two days in a row and that would give me about \$20. We were getting a little over \$10 a day at that time. And in the meantime I've gotten active in the labor movement. But before I got so active in the labor movement, I'd joined a group of Ohio State University professors who were public spirited people and they were from different colleges. They were political science, they were agriculture, they were engineering, they were law, they were commerce, and they held meetings and they made speeches. And I went to them, I went to them regularly and I learned a lot from them. And they liked me because I was an interesting young man.

East: How'd you get plugged into that?

Silvey: Well, I don't know. I read in the newspapers that it was a certain meeting going on in the hotel and I just went to it, because I was looking around for all kinds of meetings. And so I'd get acquainted with^A professor and I'd go up and ask him questions and then I'd find out who he was and I'd meet somebody else, and then they'd

Silvey: tell me there's a meeting on the campus and the people would be coming in the lecture like Norman Thomas or other prominent citizens to speak on campus, you know, the regular campus, but I didn't know it then, but years later I became one of these types myself. Campus visitor, campus guest, make a speech, everybody comes, that sort of thing you know. So I got acquainted with them and there was an organization then called LIPA (League For Independent Political Action). It was a creature of the depression that had been started by a professor, I think, at Columbia University who's name I can't recall at the minute. And it spread pretty much around the academic community in the nation, and there were LIPA chapters in many cities, and there was one in Columbus. And there was this group at the University and there were some people in the YMCA, and there were ^{SOME} general citizens who were in it and I was in it, and we got to be active in politics, and I learned a great deal about economics and politics and I went to all these meetings and seminars and heard these people talk, in the meantime, I'm active in the labor movement. I'm going to every meeting of the Typeographical Union, I'm participating in the debate, pretty soon the Typeographical Union elects me to be a delegate from that union to the city central body which is a sizable and important group, and I go there and then I'm on committees, and I'm writing resolutions, and I'm preparing papers, and I'm chairing meetings, and I'm making investigations, and giving reports and the whole business of the life of a central body in the labor movement. And in due course, I become editor of the Columbus Labor Tribune, which had been run pretty much as a racket sheet, and was in the kind of poor quality trade union publication that prevailed in those days. I think there were only three decent labor newspapers in the country at that time, that is, local newspapers. There was one in Kenosha, Wisconsin, or Racine; that was edited by Andy B. Miller who is now legislative representative of the AFL-CIO, and one in Patterson, New Jersey, that was edited by Leo Purlis, who is now community services director, and myself, the Columbus, Ohio Labor Tribune, in Columbus, Ohio, who is now retired. And in this connection we made a revolution in the central body because George DeNuchie and Carol McGhee, and a half dozen others of us were active in throwing out the old, corrupt leadership, the old

Silvey: lazy leadership, also of the Columbus central body and we took over the offices and made a revolution.

East: But, what took you to the union, initially, I mean was it a result of any job experience, discrimination on the job, layoffs?

Silvey: No, not that kind of stuff. It was a kind of a intellectual concept that this is the way a working man ought to be.

East: The first job you had with George Brown, or Mr. Brown...

Silvey: Ed Brown. Well, by that time I was already established in the union and had been setting type in Zanesville for months, and in the neighborhoods. I mean, I'd go to the small towns nearby.

East: But I don't think you mentioned that you had joined the union in Zanesville.

Silvey: Oh, yes I did. I said I came back to Ohio and the first thing I did was to take a membership in Zanesville, Local 199. Yeah, I said that. And I joined the union right away. And I did it not because I thought/^{it was something}that I ought to get a job for but I did it because I thought it was the right thing to do, and that a working man ought to support a union. And so even in Zanesville when they'd hold meetings I'd write the material for them. I was always good with words. Printers usually are. And a house painter, or a railroad man, or somebody that works at one of these other crafts, he sort of depends on the printer to come up with the documents, and this is /^{generally} true in the labor movement. There are more typographical union men that have become editors of labor papers, because we didn't have any journalists in unions in those days we only had printers, and printers were handy with words. And this is a part of the tradition of the printing industry because printers were always scholars in the olden days and therefore, it was common for us. So, I joined the union and then I went right on from there and took at the activities. Yeah, the city central body. And the man who was from the machinist union was not much good than the other groups were, and they weren't doing anything and George Strain, who was manager or president of the building trades council was a Republican politician who used the building trades union to advance his own

Silvey: political ambitions and did so successfully, became industrial relations director of the State of Ohio eventually under a Republican administration, and he and I quarrelled because when I was editor of the Labor Tribune there was a groceryman in the West end of Columbus who had a lot of bad accounts and among those bad accounts were building tradesmen who couldn't pay their bills for groceries, and the guy was about ready to go bankrupt and he was in trouble and so he had work that he wanted done, he had a little remodeling in his store. And so he threw out the proposition that if the people who owed his money would work for him they'd cancel the debts, which was one of the things you did in those days. I remember when Norman Thomas came in the 1932 election for president and he made his speech which we handled, I was on the committee, the first year I voted, by the way was 1932 for Norman Thomas. We held our big meeting at the Ohio State Fair Grounds in the coliseum and in the course of that Norman Thomas said in his lecture, he pulled out a classified ad from the Seattle Post Intelligencer, he'd just been out to the West Coast. And he read it and the classified ad said "Wanted a Dentist With a Hole In His Wall, A Plasterer With a Hole In His Tooth will exchange on an agreeable basis". That isn't quite the wording of it. "Wanted a Dentist with a Hole In His Wall, A Plasterer With a Hole In His Tooth, will negotiate a suitable arrangements for exchange", I believe that was it, something of that sort. And so this groceryman did that, you see, and it was a thing you had to do. Well George Strain thought that he ought to employ the building trades people, the union people, to build his store and forget about the debts that were owed him, but he didn't have any money. So when I was forced by George Strain to run an article, a lead story in the paper against this man and say things which I thought were vicious, I wouldn't do it. And I said I'd run ^{you} a story that will talk about the economics of properly paid people, but I would not run a scurrilous article / that blackmails the guy. And I'll write an editorial that will make sense, Well he accepted that because he had to but I got in trouble over it because I wouldn't go along with his rottenness that he was propoting, Well main dishonesty, you know, I mean, I was sympathetic to the building trades union people, but I

Silvey: wasn't sympathetic to George Strain, who's an individual who would do vicious and ugly things for his own purposes, and ~~would~~ did do them actually. Well, we got busy with a political campaign among the University people and the other persons in town who supported LIPA. And I remember Professor Norman who was a professor of engineering at Ohio State University, he wanted me to be a candidate for mayor and I wouldn't do it. I mean, I knew that this was a ridiculous thing, I had enough sense about the political party organizations to know that they'd smash us, I thought we could do a good educational job. And he scolded me vigorously and was really quite angry with me because I refused to be a candidate for mayor of Columbus, Ohio on this uni~~t~~ ticket. So I said no, I can't do it, but I'll support whoever you want and work with you, and do what I can. Well Professor Peterodeguard, a man whom I loved and admired greatly, ran for the school board on that campaign, and of course, to have Peterodeguard an honest scholar with a wide range of knowledge ^{AND} work on the school board in the days when the school board was openly controlled by the real estate speculators who built the buildings and the book corporations that sold the text books and all the corruption and garbage that they engaged in to have Peterodeguard on the school board. Well they knew this wouldn't go, so what they did was ^{to} devised a campaign to call him an Atheists. And they spread the word around that he was an Atheists. And I'll never forget Peter campaigned and he said in his smiling, friendly, quiet way, "no," he said, "I am not an Atheists." I don't know enough to know that there is no God. And that went over big in the faculty club on the campus. But there was another flaw in the voting districts. Well, of course, it was impossible in those days to beat the machines and the corporations that were running the schools. I was also lecturing to non-labor groups at this time. I had all kinds of invitations some of them were very funny and odd. I remember one time I spoke at a neighborhood group and I was working at the Dispatch, that was after I quit the Duplex Service Company job, One of the reasons/ ^{why} I quit the Service Company was that I would have daytime available. I could work at night and have daytime available for union activities and other work I wanted to do in the community and so I was free for

Silvey: daytime meetings and I was invited to speak and it was a neighborhood that was poor, kind of a edge of a slum and there was a black woman on the program, but we didn't call them black in those days, we called them colored. There was a colored woman on the program, and she was a Republican henchman among the colored people a kind of a Judas-goat type. And she listened to my speech in which I excoriated the Dispatch unmercifully, and she then got up and scolded me. Well, of course, the Dispatch was a poisonous influence in Ohio and I was setting type on the Dispatch and I was helping to poison the people's minds as I have said before by earning a living setting type and I didn't remember, at least if I knew it I didn't pay any attention to the fact that the contract between the printers union and the Dispatch had a clause in it that said that the members of the printers union or the union itself would not engage in any activity which was harmful to the publishers' business. Well I don't know whether I lost a many subscriptions by my speeches or not but this woman who knew that I worked on the Dispatch, thought it was horrible that I should excoriate my managers when I told them what kind of vicious people they were and how they were lying to the public and how they were fighting all the reforms of the New Deal and so on. I had an invitation from the Ohio Public Accountants Association. This came from my old friend Harman, who was still in Columbus and who had been the man who taught me to be a bookkeeper in Zanesville years before. And he was fascinated by me, he thought this was interesting that I'd go out on these campaigns and do these things and talk like this, and so he asked me to come. And I remember that meeting very, very well, even at the expense of larding this. I'll tell you the opening story I made because it always impressed me and later was part of the reason why I think I was more successful in speaking. I was always tried to relate myself to the audience in some way. Always trying to do something that would give me an early rapport with my group in front of me and so I, being/ⁱⁿthe newspaper publishing, printing area, I had studied a great deal and learned about it.

Silvey: And I remember the story of Old Marsh Waterman and the Louisville Courier. Courier was it in the ^{early} / days? I knew it became the Courier Journal later, but I don't, I think Waterman established the Courier in the earlier days of Louisville. Well, it was a small place, and he was the proprietor, and he was ^{the} / publisher, and he was the editor, and he was the ad taker, and he was the subscription man. He had a small printing office to print his paper in but he wandered around the town and he'd sit down and write editorials and so forth, running a small newspaper. The business got to be good enough so he had to hire a bookkeeper and a cashier because of money problems. Up to that time he had just gone around the town and he picked up an ad and print it and the guy would see him and he'd pay him for it or somebody would pay for their subscription, he'd put it in his pocket and not keep any records at all and at the end of the week he'd pay off his help and pay his bills and what he had left was his earnings, and this went on for years, it went on for a period of time until it got to be too cumbersome and he had to have a bookkeeper, so he hired a bookkeeper. But he continued to practice as he had and ^{BOTHERED} / the bookkeeper and one of the things that happened was that the bookkeeper said to him look Mr. Patterson, I realize this is your money and you can do with it as you please but you have got to tell me what you do with it, so I can write it down in the books. He said if you collect a subscription you must tell me, so I can credit the account. If you collect an ad, you must tell me so I can credit the ad and then if you take an ad and run it you must tell me so I can charge it to the right person. And he said you must establish a petty cash fund. And he said we'll put the money in a drawer, oh, Patterson objected that he had that money in his pocket. Alright he said, alright, but you put money in a drawer here and everytime you take money out put in a little note telling me how much you took and what you took it for and then I can distribute it to the right account. And so, alright he'll do it, but it's odd, but he would do it. So he put a petty cash fund in the drawer, and one day the bookkeeper came to the drawer and the drawer was empty but there was a note in it, there was no money, but there was a note and

Silvey: the note said I took all of it, Well the whole build-up of this story and the snapper on it suited public accountants to a tee. Because one of things that a public accountant has problems of is to get adequate records so that they can do their things right, and even in those days it was still a problem with small businesses particularly, or moderate sized manufacturing plants to get adequate records so that an accountant could do the things that need to be done. And I remember that Norris Harman used to come down to Zanesville in the 20's and worry the life out of people asking them what they did with certain things and what they spent this for and what they bought was used for and so it was a suitable kind of thing. Oh, then there was, I don't know whether it was the Kwanis Club or the Rotary Club, it happened after the 1936 election. Roosevelt was running a second time and he won and it infuriated the business community as you remember, and I had an invitation to speak. It was either Rotary or Kwanis at the Chitnant Hotel. And the fellow who came to me and asked me to speak, I don't know, he was no person that knew me, and how he knew me I don't know or why he asked me I don't know. But I said sure I will come. So I very diligently made a speech which I thought was suitable for this audience. And I was always very diligent in making notes and reading and studying in advance so that I will have things that were suitable for that particular time and that particular audience and I went to the Chitnant Hotel for the luncheon meeting, you know, big group in front and they come in and hear the speech, eat, and hear the speech, and run back to their businesses and go through their rigmarole, you know like the Lion's Club beats a bell and pulls the lion's tail, a crazy business of ritual that they go through. So before I get up on the platform and meet the chairman, I go to the john in the hotel because I got to take a piss. And so I'm in there and I'm busy washing my hands, wiping my hands with a paper towel, when two men come in and one of them says to the other I don't know why in the hell Charlie invited this labor man to come and talk, and he proceeded to excoriate him for asking me and me

Silvey: for coming. And who was this guy? The chairman of the meeting who was going to introduce me. I never said a word in the john. I didn't let them know who I was, I didn't/let them know I heard them, even. I finished wiping my hands and stayed long enough to listen to what else they had to say about me and walked out. I went up to the platform and introduced myself to the same man who was giving me hell in the john. Well he knew it was me. So he introduced me and he gave me a very, very rude introduction, very rude. He was chairman of the Franklin County Republican Party committee, and he didn't want me to speak, but this guy had gone out and got me and so now he's stuck with me, so he gave me a very rude and bad introduction. So I got up and I said well now there's Charlie Tracewell out there. He's a proprietor printer. I happened to know I didn't say it but he's the man who negotiates for the employing printers association with my union, I didn't say that but I knew that. I said there's Charlie Tracewell out there, he's a printer, he knows about words, now I said if you want to trade words with me at this meeting it's ok, I got words and I've got ideas, and I've got things to say to you and we can get along very well with words. But if you want to through coffee cups at me, I'm bad aim and I couldn't through any back and hit you. Now shall we go on from there. And I made a speech, and they apologized to me for the chairman afterwards. Well these are the kinds of experiences, you know. Another invitation I had was from the Presbyterian Synod of Ohio. This was in 1934 or early 1935 and they were holding their synod at Wister, Ohio where they have a Presbyterian College. I was in Columbus, I was with the AF of L central body, I was editor of the paper, I was getting to be known. One of my professor friends at the University had told the minister who was the head of the synod that I would be an interesting speaker and they agreed to pay my way, pay my bus fare to come to Wister and make them a speech. And I believe they gave me a small honorarium, maybe \$10. Well I boned up like hell for that and made them a speech and in that speech I remember I told them there's going to be great developments in the labor movement within the next year. I said there's a

Silvey: ferment going on in the society, there's things happening that are significant and these meaningful things are going to show up. Well I didn't know then that in the following August the CIO would be born, but I wasn't surprised that it was. So I went on and made that speech, and many, many more, but these were sort of samples of what I went through in those days. Well the International Typographical Union is very old, you know, it's older than the United States government itself. The first local was founded in 1775. And Columbus Typographical Union, no. 5 was chartered in 1859. And when the ITU was formed as an international union the conference got their local numbers by drawing lots, so that no. 1 went to Indianapolis, Indiana, No. 2 went to Philadelphia, No. 5 went to Columbus, No. 6 went to New York, other numbers went to San Francisco to Santa Fe, New Mexico and other places. So those were the numbers that were written. No. 16, Chicago, and so forth. Well, in 1934, Local 5 had its 75th anniversary, and they published a souveniur program with ads but it was a nice job and it was a thing that was important. And so I wrote the history of printing in America from colonial times until 1859. And it was a long, long document, and they published every word of it. Every word of it, and I still got it in my files. The whole works. And then another man printed the history of the Typographical Union from 1859 to 1934 particularly Local 5 from the records, you see. Well in order to do this I had to do one hell of a lot of digging beyond what I had already done in my eastern studies at Brooklyn and I found Ethelbert Stewart's document, The History of Printing In Colonial America, which I didn't plagiarize, but which I copied from ^{as} generously, that is, rephrasing and writing over. Ethelbert Stewart, /you know was a commissioner of labor statistics, when Herbert Hoover was president of the U.S. He had already passed the statutory retirement age and the Congress and the government had thought so well of him that they made a special act to carry him on for 5 additional years. So he was well into his 70's when Hoover became president. Well Ethelbert Stewart was an honest man. He was interested in presenting the truth about the unemployment in the U.S. You

Silvey: won't remember from experience but I do that the articles in the New Republic at the time says we know how many hogs there are in America, we know the chicken population, we know the number of divorces, but we don't know how many unemployed there are in the country. And Ethelbert Stewart made an attempt and when the unemployment got bad he said so, and he made talks about it, and he issued press releases about it, and Hoover got very angry about it all and fired him. I always have a great respect for Ethelbert Stewart. I said I have a great respect for Ethelbert Stewart and _____ response you can't say
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that for Herbert Hoover, well, who can. The crack I make these days is that we got Jerry Hoover in the White House now, he's the same kind of guy that Herbert was, he doesn't know what the hell's going on in the society.

East: Everything is going to be alright.

Silvey: Yeah, but just wait you can't have it. You can't have this much unemployment in the society and have a successful society. In my former comments I spoke about youth employment and there was a comment about magazine selling, newspaper delivery and normal small boys's jobs. Summer vacations during my early teens, I did two jobs that were worthy of maybe observation. I worked in Ed Young's Barber Shop in Zanesville, Ohio. I was janitor and bootblack. This was an experience in my early away from home, although it came after I had been selling newspapers on the streets, and was actually aware of what a downtown was like. But here I got an *INITIATION* into a kind of sophisticated, masculine population who moved in and out of this rather important barber shop in town and I overheard much conversation and comments about the world at large in this community that I had not known before. I considered it a part of a learning experience that had some influence on my attitudes and so forth. Another summer I worked as a delivery boy in a butcher shop. I remember the name of the shop was B.V.H. Slack. Mr. Slack was himself a butcher, but he didn't work at the block, he hired a couple of three butchers to work with him. I had saved money and gotten \$10 together, took me I don't know how many years, 3 or 4 years to do it. And

Silvey: with \$10 I bought me a used bicycle, which was in usable condition. I then had to buy a basket and with that I was able to get a job at the meat shop delivering meat for Mr. Slack. I worked, I think I got \$4 a week including the use of my bicycle, that is he didn't pay anything for the bicycle, I had to pay my own repairs for it, but I got \$4 a week and provided the bicycle.

East: What year would that have been?

Silvey: Oh, that would have been, I was maybe about 12 years^{OLD}, that would have been about 1916, 1917 perhaps, the first years of the war. Well let me see, I had the job in the barber shop the first year of World War I, must have been the first year of World War I. One of the things that I observed in the barber shop was the great trains of military army trucks that went through town. Sometimes there were as many as 12 of these military truck caravans going through the city and they were created quite a scene in the city of Zanesville. There I would be in the barber shop, it was summertime, I'd have my shoe shine stand out on the front in the little alcove entrance and when I was not occupied in the shop sweeping up hair or taking care of the laundry or cleaning the bath tub for customers, I'd maybe sit out there waiting for customers to get shoe shines or when the patrons of the barber shop would get in the chair I'd bring my portable stand to shine their shoes while they're having their hair cut. But I had time to sit in the chair and watch what went by and I remember we had these trains of army vehicles go through. They were always covered over, we never knew whether there were men in them or whether there were supplies and material and they'd go through eastward. They were going out to the Atlantic Coast, of course, for transshipment of materials to Europe. Well, that must have been, what 1917 or 1918. I think I worked in the barber shop the year before that, I mean in the meat shop, the meat market before that. Yes, I was a much smaller lad. I remember I used to have to deliver large packages of liver to the saloons. Mr. Slack had an association with the saloon keepers in town, and this was also before Prohibition, which came what year? 1918, wasn't it. So this must have been 1916 or 1917, I worked in the meat shop,

Silvey: the butcher shop. And then the next year I worked in the barber shop. But I delivered meat 5 days on the bicycle, mostly in the downtown area. He didn't have many customers in the outlined residential sections. He had enough business in the downtown section. I remember I used to deliver to the Priest House of the Catholic Church at the head of Main Street. And one of the things that interested me was, I always had big orders of meat to go to the Priest House, and this was something new in my life too, that I should see the inside of the house where priests live. Well they had a housekeeper and it was curious to me that whenever the meat was paid for, well it always was paid for, of course. But when the housekeeper would receive 7 or 8 or 10 packages that I would bring mostly at one time, and I always had pretty frequent deliveries there, she'd always pay me out of a basket, one of these ornamental braided baskets with a vertical handle on it, rather good size more than a peck and it had a towel in the bottom of it and top of towel, the bottom of the basket was just filled with coins, nickels, and pennies, and dimes, and quarters, and mostly small coins. And she just paid me out of this basket, and she'd just pick up the basket and count out the change and hand it to me. And I usuALLY carried back a lot of small change from the Priest House and I learned that this was the church collection. I mean they take up a collection in the church, and they just dump all the coins in the basket and they didn't count them or make any bookkeeping record of them, and then she paid the expenses out of them. Well that was the kind of a revelation to me I've never seen anything like that before, because in my orderly life, ^{I've been taught} / well if you have money you account for it. You count it, you know what you spend it for, and you know, all this kind of stuff, my mother's training.

East: Why liver to the saloon?

Silvey: Oh yes, yes. Well this ^{is} a very interesting point because it reminds me of a very funny experience I had. The saloon keepers got 25 and 50 lbs. of liver almost every day, especially the big saloons on the main street. And this was another experience that was new to me to go inside ^{of} / saloons. I never

Silvey: knew about that. And one of the things they had in saloons in those days was a free lunch counter. And the free lunch counter in the saloon was always at the back end of a long bar and they had fried liver in small pieces, and green onions, and sometimes red radishes, and pieces of rye bread, small pieces of rye bread. Well a free lunch in the saloon in those days was something that you pick up as you go by and they bought 25 or 50 or 30 or 35 lbs. of liver, and then they cooked it up and it would be there in a big container and men would eat a piece of rye bread and liver with a green onion maybe or a red radish, and they did this with their beer at the same time they had pretzels on the counter and you just helped yourself to the pretzels.

East: German bars?

Silvey: No. Just American saloons, and there were 8 or 10 of them on the main street the brewery industry, you know, always financed the establishing of saloons in order to have an outlet for their beer which is one reason why there was so many saloons in the towns in those days and the prohibition movement although it turned out to be a fiasco in America is a perfectly understandable thing in terms of the attitude of the time because when men had to go past 6 or 8 saloons on the way home and stop for a drink at each, you see, it turned out to be a real catastrophe for families. And it really was a terrifying thing to see men who blew their week's wages on liquor, or on beer, rather, or on beer and liquor both on the way home from work on Saturday night. And I know just scores of families that I heard about, I knew them and heard about them, where the agony of the mother and housewife in the home was a very terrifying thing. I remember I used to see a man in our neighborhood on Turner Street in Zanesville come home drunk on Saturday night and I'd be around as a small child watching the terror of the household. It was really an awful thing.

East: Still a phenomenon today.

Silvey: Well I suppose it is, in a different pattern. I saw this later also when I was a printer when I was an adult in the 1930's. I've taken many a drunken printer home. I remember we used to have a printer on the Dispatch when I was setting

Silvey: type there who, he'd get himself terribly, filthy drunk and four or five of us or two or three of us would get him in a car and get him home. And it horrifies me yet to see us pulling him up the front steps into his porch and into his house, and his wife standing there screaming at us saying taking him away and not bring him in, so we take him^{IN} and dump him and the next morning he'd be at work.

East: 1959, 1960 when I worked in a steel mill everytime we got paid the guys in the car pool would stop at the bar on the way home and I've seen guys that sit in there all night and drink up 2 weeks' wages.

Silvey: Yeah, well terrifying thing. Well, so the free lunch counter was the reason for the delivery of the liver. I don't know if it was pig's liver or calf liver, or cow's liver, but in those days liver was trash meat. Liver and pigs hearts, and pancreas, and sweet breads, and lamb fries. Well lamb fries was considered to be a kind of a delicacy, the sheep's nuts, you know, you cut them in half and I remember seeing them the first time it was an amazing thing to me and they cut them in half and cook them and that was supposed to be a delicacy. But the rest of the stuff was trash meat. It wasn't until later on that it was discovered that calves' liver was very, very nutritious and wholesome, and had nutritive value that they had not considered. And so the liver was sold, you know, three cents a lb., two cents a lb., and people could buy liver and poor people bought liver and got more nutrition than some people got from the better cuts of beef. Just like in the American south where the Negro people and the slaves had to eat the trash out of the hog butcher, and that's where chitterlings came in you know, and the other trash meat from the carcass. Well, anyway, Mr. Slack sold a lot of liver and I delivered it. And it was always double and triple wrapped. And I always had to be very careful because it was terribly wet, you see, I always had to be terribly careful that I delivered the liver first, and if I had three or four stops on a route with other meat in smaller packages, I always had to go to the saloon first, and get the liver out and get it inside before the moisture soaked through the

Silvey: wrapper. Well I remember one day I had an order that was an emergency, a woman had to have something at a place right away, and it was up on Underwood Street and I had to come down and go through Market Street and out Fifth St. and the saloon was right next to the courthouse or near the courthouse between Fourth and Fifth. And I'd come out Fifth St. toward Main and I turned right and a woman driving an automobile came a little bit too close and she swerved and I swerved but she came very close to me, and the result was the 25 lbs. of liver in the back of my basket on the bicycle, the wire basket on the back of my bicycle, I had to jump off the bicycle and I fell down on my side and the bicycle fell on top of me and the liver went sprawling out into the street. Well she looked back and saw this raw liver all over the place, a great mass of it, you see, because the paper broke open and the stuff spread all over the street, and slithered here and there and I'll never forget how she looked back oh, she says are you hurt? she thought I was slithering out over the street. I never forgot that. Well I picked the liver up and shoved it down the sewer on the corner and went back and got another 25 lbs., it was only about 50 cents worth anyway and the boss lost that money on me, but that was 1/8 of my week's wages, you see. So I delivered another package of liver to the saloon and went on from there. Well that was an interesting summer. On Saturdays I always had the business of cleaning chickens because the weekend market produced a lot of chicken business and they'd get a whole cargo of live chickens in and then I slaughtered ^{THEN} And I'd start early on Saturday morning and I'd work all Saturday morning slaughtering and dressing chickens. I'd had a great big tank of hot water and I'd dip them in and defeather them and cut their legs off and gut them, and then I through all the guts on a pile on the concrete floor and sweep it up, and it'll lay there until Monday when a truck would come and we'd clean it up and through it on a truck and take it down to the city incinerator. Well, it always interested ^{me} /that when the guts laid there on this concrete floor shoveled up in a neat pile which I always did, I always swept up, and cleaned and hosed, and washed and then all this mound of guts, I'd maybe cleaned 40 or

Silvey: 50 chickens, you see, and it'd make quite a mess, and the feathers and the legs, and everything in there, the heads all together. And so on Monday when it came time to shovel it up into a wagon to take it down, there'd be a tremendous ring of magets, you see. Tens of thousands of these little white magets that had matured, and grown up and hatched out over the weekend and what I used to do if there was any live chickens left, was just to turn the live chickens ^{LOOSE} on them and that would clean them up but good, because they'd eat up all the magets, you see, and then the next week, whenever I'd have to butcher them there be another set of magnets then, of course.

East: Endless process.

Silvey: Yeah, sure, that's what life is, isn't it. So I worked in that butcher shop all summer and I had saved a little bit of money and I remember that was the year I started buying my own clothes. I was about 12 or 13 years old. And from then on I earned enough money to buy my own clothes and my own shoes. And that was a big thing in the family budget, very big thing because it took a drain off the rest of the family and since in my step-father's family there was my own sister and then my two step-brothers and my step-sister that represented anybody could support himself that much. I believe I even began to pay some board when I was about 14 years old. I'd give my mother something of my earnings every week so that she'd have a little more money to spend. Then one summer, was it in the summertime, ^{yes,} one summer I worked in the drug store Mr. Wolf's drug store at the corner of Fourth and Main Street in Zanesville. He was a pharmacist, of some repute, he had a brother who also was a pharmacist. He had two stores in town, one on Main Street and one over on Linden Avenue at the other end of the Fifth Street bridge. And Ellsworth, his brother, ran the store over there, and he ran the one on Main Street, and I worked at the one on Main Street. Well there I got another kind of a revelation, there was a soda fountain in that drugs store and one of the jobs that I had was to keep the soda fountain clean, and I also had to mop the floor. So every morning I'd come and I'd mop the floor, it was a linoleum floor. And I'd clean it up and I remember

Silvey: how pleased I was that after I worked there about 2 weeks some customer came in and said to Mr. Wolf, John he said what's happening to you, you're getting a clean floor in this place. Well, he said it in my presence and I suppose he intended to speak over John's shoulder to me, at any rate he was giving the boss a compliment for the way I was keeping the floor nice and clean. Well after I was there about two weeks one of the jobs I had was to make chocolate sryup for the soda fountain. This is what you serve on ice cream and to make sodas with, you know, And when it came time to make the chocolate sryup, there was a hot plate in the rear of the store and I was to cook the chocolate sryup with sugar and cocoa and maybe some water, I've forgotten the mix. Anyway, it turned out liquid. So the container would have this fluid mix in it and you boiled it and stirred it all day long, it got to be thick, and then you poured it out into your containers, and it went into the soda fountain pump supply for soda, and sundaes, and so on. Well, that was one of my jobs, I had to make it, so I'd never made chocolate syrup before, the druggist one of the employees, a fellow named Leford told me how to do it and so I said alright, fine, what do I cook it in. Well he said use a pail. But I said hell, man that's the pail that I mop the floor with, well, yes, he says we use that. Well I said I can't believe it. You see, my mother had taught that cleanliness was next to godliness and to cook the chocolate syrup for the fountain in the same bucket that I use to mop the floor with was a horrible thing for me and I just refused to do it. And I said why, no that isn't the right thing to do, and he said well we haven't gotten anything else. Well, I'll go out to the hardware store and buy a white, enamel dishpan to use. Well this struck him as odd you know, it became a joke around the place. He gave me the money and I went out to the hardware store and I bought a white, enamel dishpan and I cooked the chocolate syrup in it as long as I worked there, and I kept it clean and hung it up in the place, you know, and every week I'd make the chocolate syrup or however often. And it was funny, you know, they'd make cracks about it. We got a new man around here, he not only keeps

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Silvey: the floor clean, he insists on having a white dishpan, and talks about virginity, and stuff that were way over my head sometime, but it both amused me and amazed me that this was such a funny thing. Another thing that I learned in this drug store which was a new matter that I never known before I knew that there was a red light district in Zanesville on Second Street and down on some other street, I've forgotten the name of it now. And I knew in a general way what it was but I was a kid and pretty unsophisticated too and highly religious at that time, and so I began to make deliveries to whore houses. Not only prescription drugs but all kinds of other things that the, what do you say, inhabitants, residents, the residents of the place would order. And they'd call up orders for all kinds of things that the drug store had for sale and I'd deliver them, you see, and collect the money. And I remember sights that I'd never seen, never even dreamed of you know. A girl would pay me, one of the women of the house would pay me money for the delivery, and her name, and she'd pull up her dress and roll down her stocking and pull money out of her hose. Well, I've never seen a woman's legs up that high in my life and then I'd see the men customers in the place and I got up stairs sometimes because a girl wouldn't come downstairs, I'd have to deliver to her room and I got a general notion that there was another side of life that I was not familiar with, you see. And later on also, I remember when I was in a newspaper situation where we used to have an office at the corner of Second and Main I'd see the manager and owner of the confectionary carrying ice creams, sodas, and other mixes down through past the building into the redlight district/delivering them into the houses and then coming back for the empty dishes later. These are the things in a small town that adults, I guess know about, but which young people as isolated as I was didn't So these boy jobs plus the things I mentioned earlier like the grass cutting and the yard work and the beating of carpets and the hauling away of trash on a wagon or a wheelbarrel. I got around to get a kind of a feeling of what life is like and then when I got on into the pottery and started my china decorating trade and went on into the office and began to see the more sophisticated operations

Silvey: of a society, I began to find out what life is like. At the same time being a highly religious person and going on into this religious community in New York, I had strong feelings about what was moral and what was immoral or what was right and what was wrong, and I began to see the consequences of the exploitation of people, that some people were poor because other people were rich, and that some people were unlucky because other people were lucky, and this bothered me you see, and was a part of my educational process and is undoubtedly why I became so intrigued with the labor movement and so devoted to it. Also I've seen so much of my mother's agony and the poverty that we suffered from my father's death, from her hard work, from all this suffering and pain and misery that it made a deep impression on me for all my life. I was still working in the decorating department of the Ohio Pottery Company in Zanesville in 1921 when we got what was called the Depression of 1921. That was a very bad year and we lost, apparently lost orders, and work began to slow up and the warehouse in the pottery began to get stacked to the ceiling with unshipped merchandise and we began to do work in the decorating ^{DEPARTMENT} that was reserved orders. For example, we did all the dining car dishes for the New York Central Railroad west of Buffalo and we had about 46 items in the line, clear down the winged handles, ice cream dishes, and celery dishes, and pickle dishes, and large platters. And they had a special scroll that we printed. And the New York Central Railroad ordered this stuff out as they needed ^{it} for their warehouse to replace breakage and loss and we'd send it to the jobber. And we always kept a large supply of it on hand and so we were making more of the future supply. We were making too much and the boss wasn't getting the cash out of it, because the shipments weren't being made. As well as other hotel and restaurant business. So layoffs began to take place and then there was word about a wage cut. And finally one day young George Frawnfelder came through the plant with a clip board and the word traveled like lightning through the plant, the boss is walking through talking to everybody. And in due course, my turn came and he said Ted, we've got to cut your wages 10%. And he made some little statement

Silvey: about losing business and haven't got sales, and haven't got the money, and so until we get out of the depression, but we'll try to give it back to you as soon as business picks up again. So I said alright, thank you that it isn't any more. And believe me there was a lot a gossip around the shop about what some other people said. I remember one fellow in the kill shed is supposed to have listened to him and he gritted his teeth, and tightened his lips, and
when
said nothing, and then/George walked away, this guy turned around to some of his fellows and muttered that goddam, sonofabitch, and that word got around in the shop too, of course you know, I wouldn't have heard it otherwise, which was part of the thing that we went through and part of my learning experience and so ok, the boss is losing money, and people are being laid off, the alternative is to take a wage cut, so we all took a wage cut. And then...

East: No union?

Silvey: Oh, no, of course not. Oh, that shop was so anti-union that it was painful.

East: Why?

Silvey: Alright, I'll tell you why. Of course, the Ohio Manufacturers Association in those days of which C.D. Frawnfelder was a member was bitterly anti-union. And as you may know, Cincinnati was one of the most open-shop towns and the machine tool industry of Cincinnati of those days was the location of the yellow-dog contract in the open shop committee. If you were a union member, you had a yellow-dog contract shoved at you or you'd get fired. If you went to work, you got a yellow dog contract shoved in your face to sign that you agreed that you would not join a union while employed in this establishment. Then if you were a union member and were found, you were immediately discharged. And not only were you discharged but you were blackballed, because your name was sent to every employer in that industry ^{THROUGHOUT} the country, and no matter where you went when you presented yourself for work they knew you were a union agitator and they wouldn't hire you. And so that's one reason why people changed their names so much. They went around under different names and got jobs and this was true also in the printing industry and the tourists or tramp printers in my

Silvey: union were the union organizers because they went around from place to place. They carried their union card in their shoes, and they worked under assumed and false names, and they were the men that built the union. And in the days when there were jobs in a given city, you'd have to have four or five thousand printers at once, I mean you're going to set the geneological table for hogs for the Chicago Union Stockyards. Well you had to know the geneology of hogs for the breeding system, you see. So you have a lot of typesetting in Chicago with that job. You get the American Bankers' Association director is going to be set, where, in Philadelphia. You get R.L. Polk & Company's director and he's in Detroit. And so printers moved in mass, hundreds of printers had moved to the different cities, because they knew at certain times of year there was work to be done. And so the printers would move to these places and they'd do the work and then they'd move to another place. And this produced the tourist or tramp printer. And then there was also a bunch of printers that just moved around from newspaper to newspaper. Pittsburg in the earlier days of the century had 11 daily newspapers. Just imagine that! One of my old union friends told me you could always go to Pittsburg and get a job, even in later life I had...Well, in the 1939 convention of the CIO in San Francisco, after it was over I took a few days off and went up to the Northwest to visit in Seattle, I'd never been to Seattle or Portland. When I was in Seattle I got on a boat and went over to Victoria to be in Canada on Vancouver Island. On the way back on the boat I got acquainted with a young girl who worked for the, well, a young lady, who worked for the Highway Department of Oregon in the bridge building department. Well this interested me and we sort of had a date and we had dinner together and I said, she was interest^d that I was a printer and I said did you ever see a printing shop, and she said no, I said I'll take you in and I'll take you to a newspaper and show you how newspapers are put together. So I went up to the Post Intelligencer and went to the composing room with her in toe and I went to the union, what we call the chapel chairman in the newspaper business or in the printing office, which is a shop steward, in another plant

Silvey: or the committee~~men~~ and I asked for the chapel chairman, and I showed him my union card, and I said I have a friend here that I want to show the newspaper system and how a linatype works and how make-up is, and he said fine just proceed. I didn't go to the foreman, none of his damn business! But the foreman came to me! And so I'm in process of telling the gal about the linatype machine and he comes up to me and he says, say you want to go to work tonight, I need men. I mean he'd come to hire me. The chapel chairman had said, oh it's alright he's a printer from Columbus, Ohio and he's visiting here and showing a friend through the plant and so the foreman needed a man. He said come to work, I could have put on an apron and gone right to work immediately. And so it was you see, even in the later times, and the union movement and the open shop system in the Cincinnati machine-tool industry, and the blackballing, and the undercover work and all this thing, well that was right in Ohio. And so C.D. Frawfelder was a part of the Ohio Manufacturers Association and the Potters Association, and they were determined to keep the brotherhood of operative potters out of Zanesville, and out of South Zanesville, and out of Roseville. But they didn't keep them out of Crooksville, they did have a union down there. And they did have a union ~~down~~ in East Liverpool, and he had a union in East Palestine, I believe at that time. These were the pottery cities of Southeastern Ohio. But there was none in Zanesville. And they were very vicious. My God! The J.B. Owens Company that was right next door to the Ohio Pottery made small, cheap, inexpensive restaurant ware. We made high-class porcelain ware. Very good stuff, high priced, and elegant stuff, genuine porcelain. But they made cheap, semi-porcelain in the pottery next door. And among the things they made, was something we never have anymore, were butterchips. Butterchips were small china plates that you got a pat or so of butter on when you went to a restaurant to eat. And these butterchips were rolled out by the millions and they had a green band and two green lines or one green line on the outside, and this was the work of the guilders. And they had women guilders in this plant, and they slopped this stuff through, there was no very

Silvey: great craftsmanship about it. And the women got \$5 a hundred dozen for making the lines and bands. Well they could make \$2.80 and they could make \$3.20 or they might even make \$3.50 a day. But one day when conditions were just right, when things were exactly right, and the girl felt well, and the temperature was right for her color, and the brushes didn't stick and the work flowed freely, and the offbearers came and took her work away and brought her work to her, she did 100 dozen. You know what happened the next day? The rate was cut to \$3.00 a 100 dozen, because it was sinful for a woman to make \$5.00 in one day, and he just cut the price to \$3.00 a 100 dozen. Well the girls were snorting and furious about it and for a while they sabotaged the thing, but that was their *own* livelihood and this is what they had to suffer.

East: Common practice in any industry.

Silvey: Common practice, of course! That's the reason why I would say in later years as I spoke to management groups that John L. Lewis didn't build the union movement, the CIO, it was the employers, it was viciousness of their practices, that made the union movement, not the employers, not the union organizers, we just came along and took advantage of your stupidity and your repacity and capitalized on the evil that you did to people. Well going ^(794SP?) back to C.D. Frawnfelder and his attitude about the union, you see. One of the very necessary jobs in a pottery is kiln repair, you've got to have the kilns just right. You've got to have the down draft fluz (798sp?) o.k., you've got to have the fire brick in place, you've got to have the burners sitting right. And this is a very skilled operation, but in a moderate size pottery, with only 10 or 12 kilns you don't have enough work to keep a bricklayer going all the time. So when we had to rebuild the kiln, which we had to do periodically, Mr. Frawnfelder had to submit to a union bricklayer. And it was a fellow named Fred Helvig. I never would forget because I used to have to write his checks specially, the day he worked. And he was a fast workeman, and he'd come in and he'd just go through a kiln. And sometimes he came in at night so the kiln could be placed the next day or set was the expressed word for it, the exact

Silvey: word for it kiln setting, and kiln drawing were the words. And so he would work and you know, he got a \$1 an hour! He did! He got 8 hours works, he wouldn't work 9 hours. He had an 8 hour day. And Fred Helvig would come to work with his kit of tools at the same time the boss would come to work in the office. And he just quit early, and go home. And he got 8 hours work and he got \$8 for it. And oh, this just made the president of that company fume! I've seen him stand in the office and just talk about the unions and Fred Helvig but Fred Helvig had him by the hair on a downhill pull. He had to have Fred Helvig! Back in this point about the employers made the union movement by their bad treatment of their workmen, I say today that the corporations are now making Ralph Nader. I mean it isn't Ralph Nader and the consumer movement that's moving by itself, it's the employers who are engaging in the worst kind of belly-level, economic teaching and abuse of people, it's, by God, we've got to have a consumer movement. So Ralph Nader comes on the scene and all the young lawyers and all the young people and all the devoted people of ideals who come and say yes, this has got to stop. So what's happened? As the corporation managers made John L. Lewis and the CIO, so they're making Ralph Nader and the movement. Oh, I didn't finish though...

East: At this time when they come by and said that, you know, 10% wage reduction you were a decorator, 10% wage reduction, was there any movement by the people to fight it? Just private complaining?

Silvey: Yeah, private complaints and tightening your belt and going home and facing your wife and telling her you're going to bring home maybe \$2,40 less in a week, if you're making \$24 for 44 hours week, or something like that you know, \$21, \$28, I remember the German fellow who was foreman of the mold shop. Oh, what clever, and skillful man. Oh boy! I was so impressed with him, also a German fellow. He made \$50 a week. And there was only about 3 men in the whole plant who made \$50 a week. And George Frawnfelder, the superintendent, got \$100 a week, and C.D. Frawnfelder, the president and part owner took \$200 a week, and that was \$10,000 a year. And that was such a huge figure that I had to do more than count on my fingers to calculate what it was.

Silvey: As a bookkeeper, I wrote his wage check. And I can still see myself spelling out very carefully 2 followed by two big zeros, followed by two small ones with a mark over it. And then when I later along the road wrote the checks by typewriter, I used to just knock them out, you see. But the wage cut you know, which we suffered there in the early part of 1921, I believed that man when he told me that they needed a wage cut and then what happened? One bright day, a couple of months later, C.D. Frawfelder came to work parked outside of his office a bright, red Buick automobile. And the word in the shop, was, un huh, we bought him an automobile. And I believed it too. The guy came with a bright, red Buick. And that was the first automobile he owned. And that is the car then that made the story I related yesterday about the master mechanic and the maintenance men, going up to his residence and building a two-car, brick garage with a slate roof, and me distributing the burying, the cost of it around the different departments in the plant, stealing. There was another thing in that operation that I remember with great diligence. George Frawfelder used to come out to me and say give me a check for \$200 and charge it to a Selling Expense or Mr. Frawfelder would come and say give me a check for \$400 and charge it to Administrative Expense. And I had an account No. 193, I remember that number deliberately, because that was the account that I overloaded with all these checks. And when they come back, this was for an overnight and one day trip to Chicago. They'd take a berth out to Chicago from Zanesville on the B & O Railroad and be there all day and then take the next night back, or maybe they'd be gone two days. C.D. might be gone two days. Or he might go over to Wilmington, Delaware for an incorporation meeting, or something, you know, he'd take a big check. And all I'd ever get for it to show as a record would be the lower berth stubs of the pullman account, you know, they bought for \$4.50 in those days, you could get a lower berth on the train. So I'd get a lower berth stub you see, but I'd never get any accounting of anything. And then I discover that this business George Frawfelder bought back from Chicago a lamp for his living room, or he brought stack drapes for his wife or he brought

Silvey: back fancies. He'd just buy things and charge it and bring it back and have it in his home and I'd find out about it, and by this time, you know, the accountant taught me t o keep my mouth shut. One day in the office I made an expression out loud, which he immediately, he reached over and grabbed the book and shut it in my face and he said don't you ever comment about anything you see in these bookkeeping, either here or anywhere else! And it was so swift, and so stern you see, that it just impressed me no end. So then the job would come again, you see, that when all these entries in to the account 193 would pile up, and pile up, and pile up, and make an outrageous, over amount for selling expense, wouldn't dare to be seen on the balance sheet or by a tax report. Then I'd have to make a lot of journal entries again and this is how I learned to be very specific about description of entries, and transfers, I'd write out very elaborately the reason why, unless there was something that was to be hidden, and then I would write out some blind thing to show the transfer which was false in order to hide something that was true. And so I went through my bookkeeping experience like this and learned all these things about what the nature of private enterprises businesses, and in the meantime how people like my mother and Mr. Holcomb's family, one of the kiln setters and drawers in the plant, and other people that I knew whose families were having poverty and trouble were paying out of their life for the exploitation that they and their fellow workers were suffering. So my sympathies came down on the working class side very strongly for half a dozen different reasons, Yesterday I made the comment about the things I learned by being over in Brooklyn and the advantages I got even though I spent 6½ years and more in addition to the time I was at the Brooklyn Printing Plant of the organization of the bible students. I said that I brought away out of that experience the discipline of organized regular study and the ability to become a pretty good public speaker with platform poise and able to meet audiences and meet heckling and so forth. At the same time I explained something ^{ELSE} that I didn't add in my

Silvey: recapulation and I think it's important to say that in addition to these two things I brought away, and this was perhaps the most important of all, the ability to be a very good printer. Because this is the thing that got me into the labor movement. Because I could join the Typographical Union and have the experiences that came on after that. And I do want to make sure that this point is underscored. Because this is really one of the great experiences of my life that I got to be a printer, it's really, really big stuff, really very important. And while I did wind up earning a living setting ad guts and other trash and the filthiest lies in the Columbus Dispatch, I think I said I poured more poison in the minds of the people of central Ohio, setting these vicious anti-Roosevelt, anti-New Deal stories in the Columbus Dispatch newspaper. This was the reason why fools like John Bricker got to be elected senator from Ohio and other men that were vicious people in terms of their public disservice and so forth. And my God, when you think about I used to legislate in the Ohio, I used to lobby in the Ohio legislature and I'd go past that monument at the corner of Broad and High St. there called the Ohio Jewels Monument. And the inscription across and around the round top of it says, these are my jewels and there was people there like Ulysses S. Grant, and William McKinley and the men who had been presidents from Ohio, and what sons of bitches they were! What poisonous men, how they really... Rutherford B. Hayes, wasn't he the one that stole the election by the finagling and the, what do call the thing that elects the president of the country! Electoral college! Didn't he steal the election from the elected Democrat?

East: He got elected,

Silvey: Well it was the North Carolina business, you know, that gave him the presidency over the Democrat, who really got the most votes, Mr. East just said look you came out of a skilled trade with a background of a crafts tradition out of the AF of L, editor of an AF of L labor paper, and you were an early proponent of the CIO. How is it that as a craft unionist you were so enthusiastic about

Silvey: industrial unionism? That's a slight paraphrase, but it's about what you asked.

East: Correct.

Silvey: Alright. Well now this is a good point, and I'm glad to elucidate on this. First of all I saw in the building trades unions in my experience in Columbus the business of one craft against another craft. How there would be terrible arguments between the carpenters and the sheet metal workers. No, no, not the sheet metal workers the structural iron workers. Between the carpenter's union and the structural iron workers fighting over who's going to put in metal door frames or metal window sash. Then I would see situations where in my own craft in the printing trades, ^{we} would be bound by a contract, obliged to obey its terms when one of our fellow crafts was on strike, or suffering some kind of bad treatment. The pressmen, the paper handlers, the stereotypers, the photo engravers, the lithographers, the typesetters, the journalists, we were fragmented. And I saw the consequences of this in terms of how each of us suffered and how essentially it permitted the boss to play one group against the other. I remember early talking about why don't we have all of our contracts in the Dispatch come out at the same date. And I remember I mentioned this in a meeting one time because the employer was complaining ^{that he spends} his whole year negotiating contracts. He has to sit down with the pressmen, he has to sit down with the stereotypers, he has to sit down with the typographical men, he has to sit down if he's a commercial printer with the book binders. And so I just said alright let's make an agreement that we'll have our contracts terminate simultaneously. Well, of course, the boss didn't want that either because then we could really shut down his place. But that led to industrial union idea, didn't it? I mean to have a universal contract that expired simultaneously. Well now this was no original thinking on my part, because many men in the trade union movement had this idea, except I think in the building trades. I don't think I ever knew a building tradesmen who had an idea other than craft unionism. And one of the things that I considered tragically funny was a horrible man named

Silvey: John P. Frey, The old son of a gun lived to be past 90 years old. He wrote a book one time about how God had ordained craft unionism. He even went back to the ancient Greeks to prove that craft unionism was a sort of natural way of life it was just like the sun coming up and the sun going down. And it had to be that way. Well the metal trades department of the AF of L which had been the subject of the open shop campaign of the machine tool industry and John P. Frey headed the metal trades department, and the machinist union, and those organizations that were in it, boiler makers, and iron workers, and machinists, and others. Here they were being whip-sawed and fought and then reflecting the employers, what? ignorance or viciousness, or whatever mirroring it back to them with their own divisions, and their own disputes, and their own separatenesses, and so forth. Well after the NRA failure (National Recovery Administration) and the impudence that it gave to organizations, then we began to see how the AF of L moved in and organized and then broke them up. The AF of L had something called Federal Labor Unions, which they created especially to take in a factory until such time as they could break it up into parts. And I remember in those early days the AF of L organized a vacuum cleaner factory in Toledo, Ohio. I wasn't there, but I heard about it, it was written up you see. A vacuum cleaner factory in Toledo. So they had machinists, and metal polishers, and electricians, and sheet metal workers, and others that made vacuum cleaners and then they were breaking them up! They were taking this Federal Labor Union and breaking it up into the crafts and sending this craft here and that craft there, and this craft there. And then they came to the bag sewers, and they wanted to put them in the tailors union. Well the thing was so idiotic that it just fell apart. But we heard about these things, we talked about it, we were discussing them. And then the 1934 convention of the AF of L came at San Francisco and John L. Lewis now had decided that the time had come for craft unionism to give way to industrial unionism. Now I don't think it was him alone because you'll remember that the Mine, Mill and Smeltzer worker's union of the west which was originally the western federation

Silvey: of miners had talked about this, and the IWW in the northwest and in Ohio and in Minnesota, and in other places had talked about this, And what had happened was that these ideas from the earlier years of the century began now to mature out of the exigencies of the new situation in industry. And Adolf Gerrer, and John Brofey, and Powers Hafgood who had espoused these ideas in the mine workers union years before of industrial unionism. And the miners was an industrial union, I mean they didn't have the miner's union split up into electricians and polesetters, and horse tenders, and the various other crafts in the mining industry. They were miners! Well, somebody told me one time, and I considered him sort of a scholar that John L. Lewis was a reactionary, no good most of his life. But he had a sense of timing, and the sense of timing that he had that was good allowed him at this point to decide that the time had come for industrial organization of workers. Now, at the 1934 AF of L convention he made a big speech about this and John P. Frey and assorted hooligans voted him down and hooted him out, and the old Baptist, William Green, who was always _____ (51) over everybody, including Martin Dyes, made the remark "that they would give it some thought and"oh, the exact quotation escapes me now, "and in due course the head of AF of L and his colleagues would decide if the time was right for this sort of think? That isn't exactly it but that's the idea. The key of that expression or the quotation is that the head of the AF of L, at this point John L. Lewis got up and said the AF of L doesn't have a head it just has hair growing up out of it's neck, That is in the proceedings I believe of that year and then in 1935 a year later, , , Oh, the 1934 convention passed a resolution that Lewis be head to study the matter, that was what the debate was about, And the resolution did pass, and nothing was done about it, The whole year passed and not a thing was done about, if I don't even know whether they appointed a committee in the AF of L board executive counsel to study it. But, whether they did or not, nothing ever came of it, and the 1935 convention came and Lewis was hell bent for leather to challenge them,

Silvey: And so when they couldn't make any hay, and you remember Hutchinson, the president of the carpenter's union audibly called Lewis by some obscene name, I know he called him a bastard or some other name, anyway John L. hauled and smacked him in the puss and knocked him flat on the floor and they walked out of the convention and went down to the president hotel further down the boardwalk, and organized the CIO. Well, all this was going on while I was editor of the labor paper, the Columbus Labor Tribune. All this and more was going on when we were taking away the control of the Columbus Central body from the old fooges that had been running it for years at the building trades style. And when George DeNuchie got to be president and other people got to be officers and I got to be editor of the labor paper and other people were coming along to take other jobs, we weren't breaking the labor movement up we were turning to new ways. And there was enough support, we'd have the brewery workers with us for example, which was another industrial union. Everybody in the brewery belong to one union. And we had other groups that were sympathetic to the idea even though they were craft unions in a way. The theatrical trades, I believe, motion picture operators, and we had the musicians. Oh god how I remember the agony of the musicians ^{UNION} of Columbus, Ohio! When the theater started throwing the orchestra pits out, the old Ohio Theater used to have 85 musicians regularly employed, you always had a show start with an overture and these musicians took their places and the elevator came up and the orchestra played the overture and they played with the opening of the show, and they sunk down and went out and they repeated the thing the next 2 hours, you see! And they had regular work! And there was other kinds of music and then came records and other things and Webber who was the president of the musician's union, spent a fortune of the union's money advertising that live music is better than robot music. And if you go over the old files of the American Mercury magazine or Harvard's or Atlantic Monthly, he was aiming at the _____ (117) of the society,

Silvey: Full page ads of the American Federation of Musicians showing why you shouldn't have canned music or robot music but you should have real music, but it never came to anything, it's like the fight against the chain stores, The chain stores beat the independent merchants to death, inspite of my radio broadcast on their behalf over the months that I did it, and, uh, in Zanesville, I mean. And this was the way the corporations were changing things, and the way/technology was evolved. But to go back to Columbus and the musicians local I talked to some of those musicians, they practically starved to death. They were trying everything. And many of them were unqualified to do any other kind of work except play music and I know some of them that were trying to sell insurance and being janitors and there was no unemployment insurance, you know, and trying to stay off relief, as we called it in those days, not being able to get relief anyway, and some of them had nice homes and prosperous lives, and/suddenly like that their out, they have no employment. Well, they had a big local in Columbus, Ohio. And then when they were _____ (138) like this, and they weren't working, well they were listening to us also! In fact they had people among them, said yes, we've got to do something that makes a labor movement strong enough to have a powerful voice with the employers. We've got to match the employers at their level of organization. So we got this thing done, and what was going on in Columbus, was going on in many other places and I was writing articles and editorials about industrial unionism and I remember I read page, after page, after page, after page of the debates at the 1934 AF of L convention and in the 1935 AF of L convention. And I wrote articles out of it and I quoted the speakers and it was _____ (153) type, I mean the AF of L always set their proceedings in the smallest type they could find, I think, something like 5½ or 6 point and it was awfully hard to read, but I read it and marked it, and excerpted it, and other people did too. And so we had all kinds of support, and when the CIO was finally formed and when the organization was set up in Washington at the old H.L. Rust building over here on Kay St, at 15th, They had Kitty

Silvey: Elickson, and Joe Covner, and Katherine Clark, and later, I think, Lee Pressman, and Lewis himself, and others. Well there was very small office staff. I remember the first time after I was elected CIO, Secretary-Treasurer in Ohio, I came over to Washington, and I went up to the office to see the people, and I met these four people that I just named, Clark, Covner, Elickson, oh yes, and then there was a niece of John Brofey's who was a secretary, who's name I've forgotten, she afterward became Mrs. Milton Murray, forgotten what her name is, she's John Brofey's niece. So, there was a feeling among the working people that the time is right for this change and so we were ferment in Columbus, and I'm sure that it was copied in many other cities in the country.

East: The movement against the AF of L in Columbus had started before the talk of industrial unionism. The movement on the part that some of you people who were there dissatisfied with the leadership of the AF of L set for Baukey, and the idea of industrial unionism coming along and strengthened your hand.

Silvey: Yes, I think that's the way it was.

East: Is there any particular political ideology?

Silvey: No, no. We had a few left wingers among us. That is, there was always Carl Harman, who was secretary-treasurer of the Communist Party of Ohio, and he'd be hanging around the building and nobody paid attention to him. He was a harmless sort of a creature. And then later on there was a couple of fellows one from the teacher's union and one from my union, Steve Grattan, of the typographical union, I think he ran for senator from Ohio on the Communist Party ticket. Steve Grattan was a very good man, though, he was smart, he was intelligent, he was a good printer, he had a beautiful wife, and we got along very well together until he openly came out for the Communist Party, and then I didn't associate with him anymore.

East: No, what I am saying is that the group in Ohio was not all of you who were against or fighting against the AF of L leadership and those of you who embraced the idea of industrial unionism. I mean, you weren't all members

East: of a Socialist Party, or a political party, or Korean Party. You were just conscientious union people.

Silvey: That's right, concerned about the movement going to hell in a hay wagon and wanting to do something to reverse the trend and the industrial union movement came along to do it. Oh, I remember in the days before the CIO came formerly into existence that we had the Rubber Workers and the Automobile workers organized by the AF of L. And the AF of L put them in federal unions, Now you remember the first convention of the automobile workers was in South Bend, Indiana, because I think the Studibaker plant was one of the first that was organized if I recall correctly. And they went out there to South Bend, Now William Greene assigned a big, fat fellow who was a AF of L regional director or national representative and his name was Francis Dillon, I use the word "fat" in connection with him because we always thought of him when we remembered the AF of L Federationists, The AF of L Federationists, the monthly magazine, was a journal put up in the typographical style of a scholarly journal and it had no pictures, no news articles, it had essays in it, and reports of international union activities of the sort.

Tape No. 5
Dated: 2/12/76
Side A

Silvey: This journal type of publication which was the Federationist in those days had these kinds of ads in it and these kinds of articles, many of them I think, I believe were done by outside writers whom they employed to write articles about economics and things. I'm not sure about that anymore, I haven't looked at one of them for years. But these ads always amused us and it was at this ^{that} time/Herbert Hoover had a postmaster general from Toledo named Brown as I recall and there was a big news item about Brown having to have a big limosine with a higher roof because the car he had to get around in had a low roof and it pushed his silk hat off of his head when he got into it so he had the government buy him a new, big Cadillac automobile with a high ceiling so he could get in and out without knocking the silk hat off of his head. And so we used to talk about the AF of L functionaries in Washington who had to have an automobile like the Cadillac so that their silk hats wouldn't be pushed off their heads, speaking, of course, symbolically because I don't know whether they ever did wear silk hats or not. But that was the sort of ridicule that we had for these people. Well Francis Dillon was one of these types, and I say ^{of} he was fat, I mean he was a kind of a banker-type/looking person. There was a man named John Baer who drew the cartoons for the AF of L and he always had the tycoons and the business executives and the bankers personified or pictured in his cartoons as fat, and big, and wearing diamonds and big watches, and we used to say, you know, that John Baer gets his ideas about these cartoons from Francis Dillon. That was a joke at the time. That's not libelous is it? So we used to hear Francis Dillon talk. He was known as Frank Dillon. But William Greene assigned him to be the person in charge of organizing the automobile workers. And I think he presided over the convention in South Bend, the first one they had, if I remember right. And I wasn't there and I wasn't too familiar. But we were organizing automobile workers in Columbus. And I believe the Columbus Auto Parts Co. was being organized, but like all the plants they were

Silvey: being put into federal unions with the idea of breaking them up and dividing them among the various crafts. I'm sure your records from the automobile workers have a great deal more precise information on this, because I was very local at that time and it was quite (30) in terms of what was going on in other places like Detroit, and South Bend.

East: Same practices.

Silvey: Yes, I thought so. Well, I learned later that it was, yes. But, somehow or other I think the automobile workers took the convention away from Dillon.

East: Greene appointed Dillon for president, and they never voted for Dillon.

Silvey: Oh, that was it. And when they came to vote for a president of the South Bend they threw him out.

East: Yeah, but he was still in because Greene had appointed him, they were still a federal labor union.

Silvey: That's right! Yeah, it was a conglomeration of federal labor unions to be broken up. Yes. Well, the same thing happened with the rubber workers. I wasn't getting to Akron much in those days, but we were hearing about Akron. And so there was a fellow named Coleman Clarity, who was a regional representative of the AF of L in Cleveland. And William Greene appointed him then to be the president of the rubber workers. And there was Thomas Burns from Chickapee Falls, Massachusetts in a rubber local up there. And there was Sherman H. Dowruple, who was a West Virginian hillbilly, came up to Akron to work in a rubber plant, had some leadership ability, got to be active in Akron. And then there was Leland S. Bookmaster, and a number of other people in the rubber workers in those earlier days. And Coleman Clarity was a strictler for Parlimentary procedures as I remember it. At the first convention of the rubber workers, and I've forgotten what city it was in, he was chairman, or president, the presiding officer, and when the fellows inexperienced, unskilled, not knowing organization, only knowing one thing, by god we want a union! They were delegates to this conference, or convention that was to establish the union and everytime they'd bring up something that Coleman Clarity didn't want

Silvey: talked about, he'd declare them out of order, and the parliamentary procedure was this, and this, and this, and this. And finally, as I remember the story, S.H. Dowrimple got up on the floor, and he said look, what we're trying to do is to build a union, Now the issue before us is this, and he stated it with some clarity. Now he says all you guys that favor that say so, And of course the convention roared approval, and this just knocked Coleman Clarity right out of the box, and S.H. Dowrimple became the president of the organization, And they elected a man from the Wilabee, Ohio, the Ohio Rubber Co. plant there, as secretary-treasurer, I remember that because the Presbyterian preacher in Wilabee, Ohio espoused the cause of organization in the Ohio Rubber plant, it was local 3, one of the early locals, his name was McLenan, as I recall. McLenan, I'm not sure about it, it might have been McClarin, but it was something like that. And he got fired out of his church by the board of trustees of the church, who was dominated, who were dominated by the Ohio Rubber Co. and the man was in trouble, he couldn't get a pastorium, he couldn't get a pastorium. And I remember one year, we took up a collection all over Ohio for that man so that his family would have something for Christmas, some food, it was a terrible thing, it was pitiable. There was another case in Middletown that I remember very well. The officials of the American Rolling Mill Co. were officers of the Post of the American Legion in Middletown. And as officers of the American Legion functioning as executive to the American Rolling Company, they moved in on the steel workers and beat the shit out of them. The Legion was always the employers representative in those days, the employers' agent. The American Legion organized a red baiting crew to attack the CIO. Somewhere among my papers I've got the literature on that or still in Ohio, maybe, I don't know. But they had a special publication, a so called Americanism group in the American Legion, and they put out material, which I'm sure was financed by the corporations to smear the CIO and to fight it, using the American Legion as a front organization, Oh, it was wicked.

East: When was the CIO Council formed in Ohio?

Silvey: In 1938. Yes.

East: You had been with the AF of L at the point?

Silvey: Yes, but I was a CIO organizer.

East: When? What year?

Silvey: Oh, I've been a CIO organizer for a couple of years before that.

East: Since the group had initially been formed in '35?

Silvey: Well, it wasn't right away. I think it was the next year that I got.... Well, I have to go back a little bit and get some history on it. Well let me get that in some order now.

East: You remember the AF of L and the ITU? You say you became an organizer for the CIO.

Silvey: I did, indeed, yes. I think it was 1936.

East: Did you sever your relationship with the AF of L?

Silvey: George DeNuchie, and several others got kicked out of the Columbus, Ohio central body by William Greene. You see, William Greene ordered the charter of the Columbus central body pulled, and he sent two representatives from Washington to pull it. And I got out as editor of the labor paper, and George DeNuchie was put out as president of the central body.

East: Why did he want to pull the charter?

Silvey: Well, because we were espousing the CIO. Yeah, it was very simple, very simple. George DeNuchie took the charter, and the bank book, and the checkbook, and quite a number of other documents, the bank balance, the financials, the business, and hid it, he just ran away with it. We knew that William Greene was going to send these agents in. I was at the meeting when they came. There was a red-headed guy from the book binders union, I believe, who was the agent of William Greene, to take our charter away. Well, when they got there they didn't have the charter, we hid it, we hid everything, we took it away. Well, we went to court, and the group that went to court was the typographical union.

Silvey: Ralph Ellis was president of the typographical union at that time and we hired a fellow named Waldrun, who was a liberal lawyer in Columbus. And I remember sitting in his office when he was dictating the brief, the petition rather, asking for an injunction against the AF of L to keep our charter. And the typographical union did it on the basis that we had a vested interest, and the AF of L was stealing our property rights. And I remember helping him with ideas, and he'd say oh, that's fine, and he'd dictate it to his stenographer and we'd put it in the petition and I think we got an injunction, I'm not real sure what the outcome of that suit was. And in the ensuing agreement after the injunction was issued and the AF of L was stopped, we had to stop anyway, and all we couldn't do was call meetings. He'd put somebody in to take charge of what was left, Greene did I mean, and in the end I think what happened was that when the thing got to the point where we didn't want to mess around with the old AF of L central body, anyway, anymore because we had more active things to do, George DeNuchie got to be a CIO organizer, and I got to be a CIO organizer, and other people got activities and so we just said to hell with it, and we went off on our new work. And the AF of L central body was stuck with what was left. We did turn the charter back and we did turn back the records, and the books, and the money, and all. And so they went on their way, and then we went our way. Now you must remember that the old, the original idea of the CIO was not to form a separate labor movement. You know this don't you? Well then, I don't need to go over it, but it's in the records, anyway. But the original idea was not to organize a separate labor movement, the original idea was to try to make the AF of L a modern institution. And the hopelessness of that task,,,

East: Some people are still trying that today.

Silvey: Yeah, sure. But now the CIO is helping them to be modern. But the ossification in the executive council of the AF of L was just so unbelievable. I mean John P. Frey was a museum piece, but he had plenty of other museum piece specimens

Silvey: to be on display along with him in those days. There was Buenezette of the electrical workers union, there was Warton of the machinist union, and quite a number of others whose names I don't easily recall anymore. But after all, we had work to do now! I mean we couldn't mess around with an old dodo,...

East: Did you stay in Columbus, or did you travel around in the state?

Silvey: Well, uh, I didn't travel around much, I already related that I had this invitation to speak to the Presbyterian Synod at Wister, Ohio. Well then, George DeNuchie, who got to be an organizer before I did because I was still working as a printer and still writing material. Now I'm writing radio material. Now I'm writing leaflets. Now I'm writing documents, and papers and I'm busy with the unemployed, and I'm down at the Columbus Dispatch having quit my daytime job at the Duplex Press and taken a slit-board risk at the Columbus Dispatch and getting night work, and two or three days a week, they let me have the rest of the week free to do things. And we were getting along I mean we weren't flourishing, but we were getting along. It was my mother, and my little sister, and myself, and we still lived in that little, old shanty in the alley back of Neil Ave., and my mother was economical and could stretch a dollar until the eagle was split 17 ways. And so, we were getting along. And that enabled me to have lots of activities. I could be going out and doing things, and I was! I was busy all the time, I was busy with this group of Ohio State University professors. I was busy with the typographical union. I was busy with the speech making wherever I'd get an invitation. And I was getting them. And I was busy with writing all this stuff, and so I was having a hell of a good time. And I began to be prominent in the city.

East: You mentioned the working with the unemployed. Was that in Columbus, or in the city and state?

Silvey: No, in Columbus only. Except as delegations would come in from other cities, then it would be out of state, out of Columbus people, who would be in a delegation, and I'd be around among them. Maybe I'd be writing up a piece.

Silvey: about it, maybe I'd be writing a press release for them. Lots of these guys couldn't write! They could talk, but they couldn't write!

East: Is this to the unemployed councils that were formed?

Silvey: No. The unemployed councils,,uh,, let me see. There were two things, There was the group that David Lasser was with, which was called the Unemployed League, wasn't it? Or was that the Communist outfit? There was one called the Unemployed League and there was one called the Unemployed Councils. Now David Lasser was with one group nationally, You remember David?

East: No, I know the name,

Silvey: Well, I knew him well, He was a fine fellow. He was an engineer by training by the way, and one of his most famous jobs was his writing a book about Rocketry . He was an author of a book on rockets before even Stardard, was it? The man who did the first rocket experiments, It's in print, I read an article in/New Yorker magazine/couple/years ago, about rockets and the author gives full credit to David Lasser. David Lasser is retired now living over in Virginia and I told him I said, you know you're mentioned in the current issue of the New Yorker. Oh, is that so, he says, I said yeah, I read it to him over the telephone, Well, he said, what do you think of that. His book, it went on, you see, to become a... he became a guest at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt, and she helped with the unemployed questions, Well, I don't whether that was the Unemployed League or the Unemployed Council, I've forgotten. Do you know? Anyway, one was Communist controlled and the other one was the David Lasser organization that Mrs. Roosevelt helped and worked with. But in Ohio, I was working with the unemployed before either one of these organizations were ~~born~~ formed or before I knew about them, maybe that would be more accurate to say. I didn't know what was going on everywhere. Well as I said I was becoming pretty prominent in Columbus, you know, And people were knowing who I was. And one night I had a meeting and I got myself cleaned up after getting home from work, and put on my meeting clothes, work is dirty in a printing, And I got myself all dressed up to go to the meeting, I got

Silvey: a telephone call, the meeting was cancelled. Now I've forgotten what the meeting was. Well, I always had something to do, so I was upstairs running the typewriter when there was a knock on the door and my mother answered the door, and in some dismay, called out for me to quickly come downstairs. Well there was a police officer at the door, and I asked him what he wanted, he said well we're looking into a report here, Well, I said what kind of a report have you got? Well, he said there's a report that the Speakeasy liquor, illegal liquor is being sold in this house. I said well you've probably got the wrong house. He said, well, we've got to come in and search. I said well, do you have a warrant or a paper? He said he had a John Dill warrant. I said, well look, whether you've got a warrant or not, it doesn't matter, this is an open household, if there's anything you want to see, you can see it, and I'll tell you. So what happened was that they had the house surrounded and I didn't know it. And the officer said well let me talk to the other man, and he went out the back door. I escorted him to the back door. Treated him very nice. Wasn't particularly alarmed with what they said, and the other police officers came in. I think there were 3 or 4 of them, I'm not sure of how many now. And so I said well what makes here? And they said well we had this report, and we wanted to look in on things, and see what they were. Well I said, look this is a household that doesn't even drink fermented vinegar or cider. I said we're simple people, and there's nothing wrong in this house and it was nice of you to come, but there's nothing you can do here so you're probably making a mistake. I said, there is a report that liquor is being sold in this street, but I don't know where the house is, and has to do with somebody who runs a community organization of some sort, and I don't know anything about it. So go find it yourself. I don't think I said these exact words to them, but I was more polite than that, because I became more disrespectful of authority in later years. In my earlier life I was always pretty respectful of authority no matter what kind it was. Well, this thing turned out to be

Silvey: a _____ (199). So the next day I was working on the Columbus Dispatch, on the proof desk. And who should show up, but Perry Morrison, the labor reporter for the Columbus Citizen, He comes right in the composing room and interviews me for a piece in the Citizen, which is the competing evening paper in town. And, of course, when Perry Morrison who's well known to the newsroom at the Dispatch, comes walking in the newsroom to talk to one of the printers, and especially the one that is known for being a local agitator, wonder what the hell it is. So in a few minutes what do I get, one of the reporters at the Dispatch is back at my desk, at the proof desk. And he's interviewing me for a story in the Dispatch, and so I think well I ~~don't~~ know about this, I just gave him a simple statement that the police officers came, they surrounded the house, that they bothered my mother no end, she was quite distressed about it, that I told them that they were wrong, and that they ought to be more careful of what they do, and so on. And there was a story run, and it attracted ^{SOME} public attention. And it happened that the president of the city council at the time in Columbus, was a union man, and he heard about it. I believe, if I remember right, he was a member of the typographical union even, but he wasn't one who came to the meetings very much, and he was a retired member and I didn't know him very well, but I only knew him by reputation. And he had a resolution passed by the City Council in formal display apologizing on behalf of the City of Columbus for mistreatment of my mother, my sister, and myself, by the police, and I got the clippings in the files on this thing yet. It amused me, somewhat. But, but there was a couple of fellows around town in the labor movement, and the _____ (223) who believed that this was a red baiting activity. And I guess there was a red squad in the Columbus police department. And so they alleged and made a deal out of it, and had a special meeting, in which I was called to testify and tell the whole story over publicly, that this was the police red squad attacking the labor

Silvey: movement in the city. It might have been. It might have been.

East: Never had any proof of it?

Silvey: I never had any proof of it. I accepted at face value the statement of the officers that they were looking for a bootleg joint. Now whether it was true, or/they ^{whether} were using this as a blind to come in and see what the hell I was, I don't know. At any rate, the thing blew over, it added a little bit of prestige to me because I became a kind of 25 cents hero, or maybe even a 5 cent hero in those days, because I was singled out by the police for my trade union activities. I remember another thing that impresses me, I wish I could find it. There was a photographer on the Columbus Citizen who was very sympathetic to the labor fellows, and one day, three of us, George DeNuchie, John Getrau, who was from the barber's union, and one of our group in the industrial union. He was of the barber's union and the central body organization, the barber's union worked with us on the industrial union side. And we were in a meeting in some downtown hotel or someplace, that had to do with the labor matter, and there was other people present and the three of us had to get our heads together to say something to each other that nobody else in the room would hear. And we all leaned over the table a certain way, and our heads were turned in a certain position, and quick as a flash, that photographer got a picture of us in this rather dramatic pose of all three of our faces, and it was published in the paper as "labor conference," with the title labor conference. Was it published in the paper? Gee, I'm not sure. But it was published with the title labor conference. I believe he got a prize for it, for some news photography, that photographer. I think he got a prize for the picture. I wish I had a print of it, I don't know whether I have or not. But it might be among my Ohio papers. Well, there were all kinds of things like this going on, you see, in the city. And we were building, and we were growing, and we were developing. And you asked a few minutes ago did I go out of town. Well George DeNuchie was an organizer I'd say before I was, and he

Silvey: was making trips, he would go to different places, and sometimes he would have more places that he go to than he could handle. The Barbeton, Ohio matchworkers was a case in point. We got a call for organizing the match factories in Wadsworth and Barbeton, Ohio. The Ohio match company and the Diamond match company, and these places and they were wanting organization. Well, we tried to get John Brofey to assign somebody to do it and just by sheer inability to have enough manpower to go help them, we didn't get ^{THEM} organized. And this distressed DeNuchie and I very much. That the matchworkers were ready to join the union, and there was nobody to go and help them, and we couldn't go and help them because we were too busy with what we were doing. Me, earning a living, and George busy with assignments, and it was a shame. And John Brofey had to say the matchworkers are not as important right now as the steel workers and the rubber workers and the auto workers, and the rest of them. So the matchworkers went by the horn, I don't know whether they ever got a union or not, and we lost them. So, one day George said to me look I've got a call from the Marion Steam Shovel Co. workers at Marion, Ohio., and he says I can't possibly go, will you go up and give them a speech. And I said sure. So I think it was Sunday, it was the only time they had to meet. And I hopped a bus and went up to Marion, Ohio, and when I got to the Knights of Pithous Hall, in Marion I found the place swarming with about 450 men, and the utmost disorder, and who should be there, ^{but} Coleman Clarity, from Cleveland and another representative of the AF of L. And I didn't know this, and I walked in and I looked around, and I said to somebody I'm a guy up from Columbus for the CIO and I'm still working at the printing trade, and I'm not an official organizer, and oh, he said, are you, and he pulled me over and there was some red-headed guy who was not an employee at the Marion Steam Shovel Co, as I recall, but who was active in the unemployed activities in Marion, Ohio, and he had called the meeting and either he or somebody else had sent a note or telephoned Cleveland to the AF of L office, and Columbus, to the CIO office inviting us to come and attend the meeting. It was a crazy setup. And so, I had steelworkers

Silvey: organizing committee membership cards with me. Take 'em along and sign 'em up. And at that time the dues was \$2.00, and the initiation fee was \$2.00, and dues ^{THE} was a \$1.00 a month. And so this red-headed guy gets up on the platform and in the most informal way calls attention, gets the meeting quiet down, everybody serious. Gets the meeting quieted down, and says well, we invited the AF of L fellow to come from Cleveland and we invited the CIO man to come up from Columbus. Now they're both here, which one do you want to listen to?[?] And so the meeting started. And they cried out, send that AF of L guy back to Cleveland, get him out of here, we've had enough of the AF of L! And that's what happened. There was enough noise and fuss so pretty soon the two of them walked out of the room. And they brought me up to the platform and I started to make my speech. So I spoke about 45 minutes, and I told them what a union was, I told them how it would work, I told them the organization of the steel workers, I told them what their rights and duties would be. I told them how the charter would be set up, I told them how a contract is negotiated, what the idea behind it is. Gave them a simple, elementary, non-philis^phical, bread and butter trade union talk. Wish I had a copy of it. I would like to know what I said. And then I said now you'll have to have another meeting, and we can't do it all now. But I said you'll want to join to show your interest. So I said why don't we sign cards now, and then next week I'll bring back a representative from the steelworkers organizing committee, who is the international union that you will be in. In those days, nobody ever joined an international union, they always said we joined the CIO. Because the CIO was ^{THE} overall blanket name for everything, whether you were a rubber worker, or a meat packer, or whatever, you joined the CIO, but you had to join. And this is one thing I explained to them about how the structure was set up, and you had a union for your industry, and that's what industrial union meant, and how stewards were, I gave them the whole line. And so I passed out the membership cards. And as there is in large halls you have the four pulpits

Silvey: you know, on each point of the compass and then you have a table down in front where the _____ (328) and the people come and do this and that, and the other thing for the ritual. And it was a pretty good sized table, maybe 32 in. by 35 in., well, it was bigger than that, it must have been,..,yes,..it was easily 72 in. long and maybe 40 in. wide. It was a big table, and a massive one as I remember, had big legs, and heavy top. And so, filled out the cards, and the guys started filling them out, and they started bringing them down and handing me the cards and laying three dollars on the table! And I signed the receipt and hand it back to them. And here we have,what? \$1,000 on the table! What am I going to do? They all got their receipts, they all got their membership cards, I got them, they know it, so I'd say, well, now wait a minute here, this is your money, you know, it's not mine. And perhaps this was the most strategic thing I did. I didn't gather up the money and take it. I said look, this is your money now, not mine. I said you've got to elect today a temporary board of trustees, and you've got to take this money and the members of the board that you elect, you've got to be responsible for it, and they've got to either put it in a safe place or they've got to open a bank account and these men are of your group that are going to be responsible to you. Now I will conduct an election, you all who have signed cards have a right to vote, and those of you who haven't signed cards can sign them at the next meeting. Some people said they didn't have the money on them today, or couldn't afford it today. And we'll elect the board of trustees and you take the money. And by golly, I asked for nominations, and they started, and I think I had 17 nominees. Well now I said, and I didn't know any of them, perfect stranger, and I said, well now wait a minute, how many members do you want on your board of trustees? Do you want a pretty good size board, or do you want a small board? We generally have an uneven number, do you want 3 or 5 or 7 or 9, or how many do you want? It will be temporary anyway, until officers are installed and then you can decide, and it will probably under the system that the steelworkers organizing committee has found that works best. I don't know how many they decided. I guess it was 9,

Silvey: although I don't remember surely. And so I said alright I will go through everybody. Everybody's been nominated, Anybody else to be nominated? And then I called for those who wanted to accept, and those who don't want to accept, And we lost a few who said they would pass out, and then I had more than 9 and so I had to call their names off of the list that was supplied for me and we'd hold up hands and I'd appoint three or four guys, one here, one there, and one over here, to be a board of tellers. I said you count, give me the figure, and they held up their hands about who they wanted to vote for, and we got 9 people elected, and they gathered up the money and took it away, and I promised them you'll have another meeting next Sunday afternoon at the same place and I'll be back with an SWOC man, and I was. And more people signed up, and a charter was issued, they elected temporary officers that same afternoon of the second day. And the Marion Steam Shovel Co. local union got a contract very soon and was one of the strong steel workers locals in Ohio. That was one story, I mean we didn't...it was later that we had to go out and diligently strive to get people to join the union. Like the Operation Dixie of the Southern Organizing Committee, you know, in the CIO. Now people were swarming to us to become members and did and did. We have been talking about whether or not much of the material that I've been saying to the tape is really relevant to the labor movement, But whether these things are precisely trade union related or whether they are reflection of the life in a small town of a young boy who is learning about what society is, who is developing attitudes, and who is crystalizing opinions about his own life, and his own future, and what he will do, and how he will do it, and so on. Later in life I learned this business about the systems engineering, I think I've ^{already} spoken to the tape about this and the ability of the computer to store knowledge in its memory circuitry so that literally thousands of things can be programmed to come in on a problem. And do^{it} it, to get resolutions and answers that are impossible to achieve because a human being cannot work long enough, cannot remember enough things to actually get these answers. Well, this systems engineering approach was impressed upon me earlier with what is called in University circles, I think

Silvey: the interrelationship of the disciplines. I don't know whether this is an exact university phrase.

East: Interdisciplinary Studies.

Silvey: Interdisciplinary Studies, maybe, is a better way to say it. One of the things that has impressed me is the way one bit of knowledge is related to every other bit of knowledge. I guess I was talking about this when Bill Kembly made his remark about how useless knowledge I got, or useless bits of information. No information is ever useless if it's there at the right time and the right place. The thing that I was impressed about in World War II as I worked in the War Production Board, and was around with the scientist, and with the government officials and with the organizational officials and with corporation people, and with academic types, and just saturating myself with what they do, and what they were talking about, and what they were doing. I thought I saw coming up a great many specialists out of their narrow grooves of knowledge, and looking out over there small canyons at each other, and what each other was doing. I remembered some crack about a specialist being a guy who knows more and more, about less, and less until he knows everything about nothing. And I thought I learned that certain specialized academicians, engineers, managers, all kinds of people, got themselves dug deep into their narrow subject matter. And I suppose I learned this from my early association in Columbus with the Ohio State University professors. One of the things, I knew maybe 40 of 'em. And I used to ask them questions, because when I wanted to know something, I'd go to it a learning man, and so I'd go to a learning man on the faculty. And I was a friend of him, and I could speak to him freely, and I'd say Dr. so-and-so what about this? And I'd ask him a question, well he'd say that's not my field of specialty, that's not my, I don't know, that's not my knowledge. Well I said do you have to know everything about a matter before you can answer a question about it? Well you can go and ask so-and-so their a specialist in that subject. And this kind of pissed me off about professors

I THOUGHT
Silvey: in a way, because, well, [^] does a man really have to say that's not my specialty in order to answer an intelligent question on a...on a...that's is not highly esoteric and narrow anyway, it's a kind of a broad general...what is the problem, what is the situation here? And so I thought I saw in World War II these specializers coming up out of their narrow grooves of knowledge and looking over the edges at each other, for the first time, maybe, so that metallurgist, and chemists were beginning to know more about each other, and anthropologists, and politicians, and military specialists, and sociologists, and trade union officers, and psychologists, and I could on and make dozen or two dozen pairs of these things. And in the doing of this, creating a intermingling of knowledge that was new and different and one of the things I learned about this original CIC in the military, (Counter Intelligence Core), And I learned this from a military man, I heard it from a man who was involved in it in World War II, The North African invasion was made on the advice of one of the most despised of the social scientist, the anthropologist, I say despised by the military group. It had to be the anthropologists who advised the militarist how successfully to mount the North African invasion. And the way they did it was to send / ^{the} CIC spies, Counter Intelligence Core people ashore, Arabic speaking, dark-skinned men, able to wear turbans and smoots, whatever the name of that Arab robe, whatever it is, and to go in with gold, small gold pieces. And Roosevelt had...President Roosevelt had an unattached fund available, many millions of dollars, and he could use that money at his own discretion for the war effort to please himself, or to do what needs^o to be done. And these men were set out with lots of these small gold pieces, and they bribed scores, hundreds I guess, of local officials, who acted as extensions of the spy network and prepared the way for the invasion. And if you'll remember, the invasion of North Africa was accomplished without terrible loss of life. In contrast to the Canadian rangers who were sent to DeEppy (sp? 509) and slaughtered and in

Silvey: Windsor, Ontario across from Detroit there's a memorial park for the Canadian Rangers who were destroyed at DeEppy, right? But that didn't happen in North Africa. They went ashore and they got on because they prepared the way in advance. Now there's another story in connection with this that is fascinating to me. This again talking about this interrelationship and this thing of systems engineering. This business of how every body was important through this interrelationship of the disciplines came to me I think from a story of the British scientist Ritchie Calder, if I recall right. I never did get to meet Ritchie Calder. He was one of the men that I thought was a great brain and I loved his writings and I admired his work in the United Nations. When I was Edinburgh I didn't get to the university to see him, but I would have liked to have done so. He must have been a great personality, a wonderful citizen of the world. Well, Ritchie Calder, I believe, tells a story of the battle of Britan. They didn't have enough anti-aircraft gun implacements to defend London and the British Isles against the German aircraft bombers. And it was getting pretty damn bad. And Churchill wrote one of his famous chits to the military about what they've got to do and what can they got to do. I mean, every man is in service, the crippled and the disabled are working, the children are working, the women are working, what can they do? They got to have more ack-ack stations. Well, there was a fellow from one of the universities in Scotland as I recall, if I remember the word right, was a specialist in something which I think is called, drosophila. I believe that's the name of an insect, and I don't know what the word means, except that I think he was the specialist and the guy who learned how insects communicate with each other, with those twiggle things on the top of their heads.

East: Antenna,

Silvey: Antenna, yeah. Whether this is exactly right or not I don't remember for sure. But the point is good. And so the military in Britan like the military of every nation despise intelligence and knowledge as an institution and so they

Silvey: had no use for the specialists. But they were around and they were there, and the war effort, and so they had had a little experience in the submarine for warfare off of North Scotland up in the Herberdies and the Orkney's area about operations research. And they discovered a mathematical way whereby they could get answers quicker through the problem solving of the operations research method. Very interesting business. And this fellow had been involved in it, So they called some of these operations research guys, And this fellow who was the insect man, asked to be shown some motion pictures taken in the dark with infra-red camera lenses or light, however it's done, I'm not sure, of an ack-ack gun crew in operation, actual firing. So they made the photographs, they made the movies. And the guys didn't know they were being photographed, I guess they made more than one set. Anyway this guy looks them over, reviews them, calls the military in, shows them the pictures, points out a couple of things. What does that guy do? What's his purpose on the team? Why is he there? And they've never been faced with questions like this with this kind of a demonstration. And the military finally admitted this is the man who holds the horse's head when the firing starts. In the old days, the horse drawn _____ (603) when the firing started, there had to be one man in the crew who was up there to keep the horse from stampeding in the noise, and he was still there on the ack-ack gun crew. Now what they had done was to divide the unnecessary work among themselves, they did the unnecessary motions, and this guy saw it and the military never did until it was pointed out to them. They released one man from each ack-ack crew and they got enough gun placements to win the battle of Britain. I think that's a dramatic story. And it's a point that I'm making about this interrelationships of knowledge, the bringing together of things. And then finally I want to tell you one of the most beautiful stories such I know, I have an utter contempt for television in America. I think/a marvelous thing as audio visual technology that television is should be prostituted to be such a filthy, putrid, denegration of the American mind. But there have been

Silvey: television programs that have been worthwhile, And many years ago I saw one, And I never forgot it. Edward R. Merrill was doing a series, I don't know how many years ago it's been now, must have been back in the 1950's about prominent people in America. He took his television cameras and gear into their homes. It was a kind of a modern electronic display, exercise of Elbert Hubbard's little journeys to the homes of the great. I remember that series, Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, New York, up by Buffalo, Beautiful typography. I first saw Elbert Hubbard's material because I was entranced by the beautiful typeface and by the beautiful layout, because he had his own printing press. And I think he was a philosopher of the reactionary business community as the American magazine was, and other publications of the time, and I used to read Elbert Hubbard a kind of a rich man's Horatio Alger I guess, but anyway, Edward R. Merrill had something which was a kind of a modern counterpart on t.v. little journeys to the homes of the great. Well, he went from week after week, he'd go to this person's home, he'd go to that person's home, and he took all kinds of American personalities that were in the news. And one week he had Dr. Robert Oppenheimer on his program. I believe these programs ran an hour... maybe... I don't know how long. They were full programs that started something, carried it through and finished it in a remarkable way that television almost never does or now maybe never can do. Well, Dr. Oppenheimer had been in the government, I think he was, he wasn't chairman, I don't think, but he was a member of the atomic energy commission, and he made some remarks that indicated he didn't think that nuclear fission and atomic energy reached its highest fulfillment by pulverizing human beings in wide areas of the earth and atom bombs. And he didn't think incineration of human flesh was the highest fulfillment of scientific achievement. And for this heretical idea, he was flung the hell out of the atomic energy commission, maybe I simplify it, but that's essentially what it amounted to. So he went to the Princeton University Institute for

Silvey: Advanced Studies. Is that the correct name? I think it is. And he joined the staff there. And that's where he was when Ed Merrill came to interview him. And so Merrill, who was a good reporter and a nice person, who killed himself with lung cancer, smoking too many cigarettes, and showing it on the t.v. program while he was interviewing, said in his easy opening way, well, Dr. Obenhimer you are now at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Studies, and Obenhimer said yes. So he gave another question, and Obenhimer gave him another one word answer. So, Ed saw it wasn't getting anywhere. He said well, what do you do at the Institute for Advanced Studies? And Dr. Obenhimer says, we think about things. Well that's got about as much sex appeal on a television program as a fishing worm dangling off a hook, maybe less. So, Merrill sees that he's got to get the guy going, and he begins to prod him and Obenhimer begins to open up, he's not particularly extrovert, he's not particularly loquacious, or voluble, but he warms up and Obenhimer is going, and Ed is encouraged and the thing is moving along nicely, and the interest is sustained now, and Ed is pressing him and pressing him, and pressing him with more things, and finally Obenhimer elucidating on his simply statement, "we think about things" has gone ahead and told about this and that and the other thing and who's doing this and somebody's doing that, and I 'm doing this, and then he kindly with his gentle spirit, holds up his hands in front of the camera and brings his fingers together and says, every once in a while, one idea and another idea come together in a way that was never before, never happened before. And then it was reverence in his voice, he added, and out of the budding twigs of science a new leaf of knowledge uncurls. That must have been television's most splendid moment in America, beautiful isn't it? And it comes up you see to this point, it makes a nice snapper, a nice cap on this point I'm making about the interrelation of things. Every once in a while, one idea comes in contact with another in a way that never happened before. That's the significant thing. And that I think is what was churning in my young brain, what there was of it, in these

Silvey: days when I was meeting new ideas, bringing things together that my life had never happened before because I didn't have a formal education. I didn't learn how to make an outline, I never had an professor give me a reading list. My god! I was reading Frazier's Golden Bow before I ever heard of _____ (693) Professor would have been horrified by this, huh? He would have said look, you better start out simple lad, and grow into it. Well, this is part as an old man looking back on things and remember^{ing} these things, you see. It's related to the labor movement because it isn't,, it wasn't only true of me, you know. It was true of all of us, it was happening to people, they didn't know what was happening to them. And in the Depression when things were tough and they were forced out of the exigencies of their terrible experiences to look at things they would never have looked at before. Education was going on at the belly level, it hurt! And when you got pain, you learned faster. After I returned to Ohio from Brooklyn, New York and got to Columbus and was active with the Columbus typographical union, I was not only elected a delegate from that local 5 to the Columbus city central body, but I was several times elected a delegate to the every 6 month sessions of the Ohio Typographical Conference and I always presented resolutions and held debate and did things, and then when I came back I was generally selected by the delegates, perhaps there would be two or three of us to make the report to the local and in that way I got well known in the local and was generally considered to be a person who knew what was going on and who was out in front there. I capitalized on this work in the typographical union to promote the CIO even though, there were so old foogies among the typos that were craft-union minded and didn't appreciate the new industrial union movement and who did not approve of Charles P. Howard, the president of the typographical union becoming secretary-treasurer of the new committee for industrial organization. You remember he was a craft unionist on an industrial union committee. There was some opposition to Howard for other reasons, and some of it was justifiable operations because

Silvey: he sometimes would do some high-handed things, I remember a situation in Lorraine, Ohio with the typographical union that we didn't like in Columbus, But at any rate, I would always be making presentations at the local union meeting about the things that were relevant and important at that time, and there was a sympathy growing up among the membership and I would talk to the officers. Very often I would discuss with them in advance things to do. I remember when the CIO put out one of its early booklets. It was a rather nice 16-page, '6 by '9 booklet called, Industrial Unionism, What it is? who is it's for that sort of thing you know. I think it was publication No. 1 or one of the earlier ones anyway. I hope you got a half a dozen or 8 of them in there because their scarce as hell, and don't throw any of those away. So I came to the local union meeting with a proposition. But before I brought it to him, I talked to a half dozen or 8 people around in the composing room at the Dispatch who reflected the varying points of view. I didn't want to bring a resolution to the floor of the local involving the spending of money and then get defeated. I had the idea that you had to win and if you won once, you could win a second time, and so I talked around among the fellows to see whether I could get support for the idea. If they suggested this or suggest that modifying manner of doing it then I would accept their modifications, and give them a feeling of proprietorship interest in the thing. So I suggested we buy, I don't know, 500 or 1,000, some number of copies of this CIO publication. And I got the group price for it and then I said this is printed in Washington, D.C. and its either got the union label on it from Washington or Indianapolis. At that time I think it was a printing plant in Indianapolis that was doing the mine workers work. And I said let's over print it on the back page in red ink with our own Columbus union label on it which says, for trade unionist in Columbus for a better understanding of an important, current trade union issue, sign it, Columbus typographical union, local 5, and give it to them, pass it out, hand it around, let them read it. Well, I got my

Silvey: resolution passed. One fellow got up and said, what's the matter you want the union label on it, haven't they got the union label on it/scab job and you want to have it printed over and put the union on it? And I met that o.k. And we got the copies, we ordered them from Washington, we over printed them, and I'll bet you'll find among the copies one with that red ink overprint that I devised. Well, this was something to do, you see. And then it was after that that William Greene pulled our charter and it was Ralph Ellis and a group of us of the printers' union who got the lawyer hired and we got the authority in the name of the typographical union local to issue the court request for an injunction or issue the request for a court injunction. And that went on so for. So it was important that you should have a base to work from and the printers union was a good base in Columbus. We had about 450 members I guess or something like that. We had three operating newspapers and we had about 28 or 30 commercial printing plants and we had good men. People were union,, real union fellows, some of them were reactionary. I remember one fellow that owned a house that he lived in and he owned another house he rented. And he was always opposing things that were progressive. He associated himself with the Columbus Dispatch publisher, who was a vast holder,, who was holder of vast real estate properties in Columbus. He owned land, buildings, and other things, he was a very wealthy man, and a very reactionary man, the Wolf family. They owned a shoe factory, they had radio stations, television stations, well not in those days, they used to have radio stations then. And this man was noted as the most backward looking man in the composing room. He owned a house he lived in, and he owned another house he rented. And he considered that as a real estate operator, he was in Mr. Wolf's class, you see. And it reminded me always of that line in Anitol France's book, Penguin Island, in which he says, the Frenchmen with 50 Siouxs will fight to the death to defend the Frenchmen with a million franks. Because if anything happens to that man's million franks something might happen to his 50 Siouxs. And so this man, you

Silvey: see, was a fellow who thought gee, I mustn't take a position against this Wolf family because I own property too. And this is an attitude of too many in American society, isn't it? And this is some of the things that the reactionary press and the t.v. programs and the manufacturers and bankers play on, and that's how we got the machinist union, which is a good labor union, fighting to defend the defense establishment wasting tremendous sums of money because machinist union members have got employment. And that's probably the thing that caused this early, idiotic thing to happen in England where the labor government gives this outstanding, fabulous, unbelievable subsidy to the Chrysler Corp. to keep a plant going in Scotland, when it turns out that the Chrysler Corp. was willing to give the British government \$38 million to take the damn plant off of their hands. But the Scotch workers in that plant, think/, we've got to have a Chrysler plant, or we will be unemployed. They're going to be unemployed anyway. But why couldn't the British government take these millions of dollars they've agreed to give to the Chrysler Corp, and put in some operations that will give employment to people for useful things that need to be done, instead of building automobiles of which we've got too many already. I must say something else about those years in Columbus being an uneducated person, that is, uneducated in a formal sense. I decided I needed to go to evening school. And the YMCA in Columbus had an evening school they called Franklin University, the county in which Columbus is located is called Franklin County. So I went down and enrolled and there was a man in the composing room at the Columbus Dispatch with whom I worked, he was on the sub list, the same as I was. And he was doing pre-law work there and going on to law school. He was well along, he was ready to enter law school, So he told me about the classes over there and I went over and looked into it and I enrolled. And I got the idea that I might take up pre-law course too. But when I found out that I'd have to make up all my high school work before I could even get admission into pre-law, then I realized that this was a lifetime chore and I better not start it. So

Silvey; I found that Franklin University had an interesting curriculum and I could study a course in British history, and I thought well, that's kind of exotic I might like that. And there was a course called the Means of Social Control, and I thought gee, that's pretty good. And then there was a professor who taught a class named Ethics, and I didn't know what ethics was, and I thought it had something to do with religion, and the same fellow taught English grammar, and now that's something I really needed, I mean I was aware that I was writing and speaking badly, and I had already gone down to the high school for an evening course in English grammar, and the thing was so elementary and so primitive and so silly really with a teacher who, really wasn't very good that I said well, I went to the principal of the school and I said look this is no stuff for me, I want to learn English grammar and all they're doing around here is writing childish compositions...well, he said, you're just too advanced for that class, he said why don't you give it up, so I did. He said go someplace and get a better training. So I did, and I got it at Franklin University, and I got English grammar. And the guy taught it well, and I got an understanding of the use of words and language and I was already fascinated with them, and I loved words, and I knew what etymology... I learned about what etymology was and I learned how word origins are, and I got the dictionary and I followed through on words, because, you know, words are the printers tools, and you better be pretty good at words, and I was using words on my daily work. So I took these evening school courses and I remember I was particularly intrigued by the course called the Means of Social Control because that fit right in to what I was beginning to think about in terms of how people behave and where their interest lie. Oh, there was another course also in the foundations of American civilization that was one that I took. Had a great, big book, my god, three inches thick and I read it all on the assignments! Well to go back to the means of social control the professor gave us writing assignments and I began to be intrigued by the comic strip, in the newspaper, And

Silvey: the reason was because Harold Grey of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate had been running a series of the most vicious cartoons under the ages of this little bitch Orphan Annie, and really poisoning people. The first series was about Justice Felix Frankfurter. Roosevelt had appointed Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court. And Harold Grey on the Chicago Tribune took out after him in this cartoon strip, Little Orphan Annie. You know the Daddy Warbucks business, and it was awfully vicious stuff. And it pictured Felix Frankfurter not only as a jew, but associating with bomb throwing addicas types, it was vicious stuff. Well that went through its cycle, and then he attacked John L. Lewis, and the CIO under cover. I mean fained, but it was perfectly obvious to any person who was reading it what was going on. And it went along for several weeks and the Fairmont West Virginian newspaper ran a front-page editorial in which they denounced the comic strip, announced to their readers that they were cancelling the contract and ceasing the printing of it, where upon the Chicago Tribune got a shit hemmorage and stopped Grey's viciousness on that line, and changed his storyline completely. And the new republic magazine did an article on it called, Fascism in the Funnies, and there was several others. I decided to write a term paper on the comic strip, but I was going to enlarge it and make a big deal out of it and write it on the 5 kinds of cartooning that goes on in America. I was going to do something about advertising cartoons, editorial cartoons, motion pictures cartoons, In those days we still had Sidney Smith, you don't remember that, but the cartoon on the movie screen showed the artist's hands drawing characters and they went through motions, this is before the refinements of the Disney operations. Advertising, editorial, motion picture, and two kinds of comic strips, I think; the single panel, and the strip. We had a single panel called Out our Way, and a single panel called The Outburst of Evert True. Well I got fascinated by this, and I really dug into it. And so I wrote a term paper that emcompassed briefly the various cartoons as a means of communication and then I went way down into the comic strip, and I gave a

Silvey: passing touch on the yellow kid, and cats and jammer and the kids, and the detective one, I've forgotten the name of them now, and a number of others of the historical ones. Happy Hooligan, was one of them of the early days, and Harold Grey's Little Orphan Annie, and I really bore down on that one. And I went to the professor first and we were supposed to give these orally in class as exercise, and then we were to just turn our papers in after we presented them either in outline or how. But I wrote mine up and so I showed it to him in advance and I said look this is such a long thing it will take the whole class and nobody else will get a chance, and I don't know whether you will let me do that or not. Well he said no, we've got to have more than one report in the class, but he said you can take two weeks to do it, two sessions. So I said alright, So I had two periods and I gave it. And I don't know where in the hell the document is now, but this got me interested in the cartoon as a means of social control, that's what I was studying about, wasn't it? The cartoon as a means of social control. So at this time I was still associating with my scholarly friends at Ohio State University and there was a charming, delightful man there named Dr. W.W. Charters. And I knew his wife very well because she was active in the league of women voters and I was working with the league of women voters, and seeing them, and agitating them and being friendly with some of them, and she had some interest in me as a likely little lad that didn't get an education, and she was sort of, what would ^{you} say...patronizing, no not exactly patronizing but helpful in a kindly and generous way. And so I went to her and she says well you must speak about this to Wallace. Well Wallace was the education chief at Ohio State University, and he was a really high-powered man intellectually. And he was a kind of a guy I would be scared of. I had learned already that he had been wanted to join the faculty at Columbia and Ohio State didn't want to lose him. And so when the offer at Columbia University was at a salary that was very generous compared to

Silvey: what he was getting at Columbus, I think it was \$4,000 at Columbus, and something like \$10,000 at Columbia. He negotiated about the matter, and I guess he wasn't too interested to move East anyway, and so they wound up by offering him the same salary at Ohio State that he would've got at Columbia but it was \$4,000 more than the president of the University was getting and this presented a problem. So he said well I'll stay for the same salary as the president. So he did. So Mrs. Charters' had me come and talk to her husband about it, and I said look, I would like to go further into this business of the comic strip and the control on public mind and people's thinking that the comic strip has. This was in the summer...early summer of 1935, and I told him my ideas. I said wouldn't it be...I said look I have read the Little Orphan Annie strip for four years and went way back in the funnies of the Ohio State Journal., I stood down there and I did for hours and I turned the pages and read, and I'd make notes off of them. This is how I learned to do research, I guess. Then I'd copy down, we didn't have photocopies in those days, you know, you wrote everything by hand, which is also a good exercise for your brain because writing develops _____ (932) and I said wouldn't it be nice if I could go to the place...I'd like to go some city where they've got libraries that are full of these old cartoons, I'd like to do...I'd even like to do a book about the cartoon in America as a means of social control. And he says well have you examined the bibliographies. No, new to me. So he told me how to use bibliographies, how to go to indexes, He says you bring me a report about the books that exist on the comic strip in America, and I did. And that was a good exercise, huh? And I discovered/^{that}the only man in America who had touched on this was Harold Laswell at the University of Chicago. But there was work done by French authors and others in Europe and I brought it back to him, and I said look there ain't very much, I don't whether I said it just that way or not. Rather meager isn't it. He wanted to know whether I had searched carefully, and he questioned me to see that I had, and I did,

Silvey: and he said well, within the next several weeks, the representative is coming on to the campus here of the social science research counsel. He said this is a project that they might be interested in helping you with. He says I'll give you an introduction, and you see the man, and you get an appointment with him and tell him what you got on your mind, and see what he says about it. So the man came from the social science research counsel on organization that I'd never heard of. I was editor of the Labor Tribune, I'm beating out copy. I brought along a couple of copies of the paper to show him, you see. I told him my story and I asked him literally for \$2,000 and I was horrified at the enormity of the request. I wanted to go to a place where I can look in the libraries and spend some time and gather material and write something. Well he says it's an interesting project. He examined my material about the bibliographies, he knew Harold Lasswell, he knew the brief work he'd done, which wasn't very much. Oh, one of the things I've done was go through the literary digest. The literary digest ran every week for months on end, a single column about every cartoonist in America,^o that is, each week about a different cartoonist with a specimen of his work, I referred to these. And he saw that I had dug and gone after things, yes. So, well he said you don't have the academic qualifications to be issued a grant and we can't issue a grant to anybody who isn't qualified by their previous study in writing, but he said you have a leg up by being the editor of the newspaper, and he said I would suggest that if you can get two or three of the professors here at Ohio State University to supervise your work and counsel you and direct you, we would consider it. Well, I thought that's o.k., alright, my interest was aroused. Now this is the summer of 1935, and I proceeded to do this. But you know what happened? The AF of L convention was held in Atlantic City and the CIO was born and boom! Everything went from there,

East: Did you get your money?

Silvey: No, I never even followed through with the request. I had no time for cartoons

Silvey: anymore. We're on our way now! I had no time to mess around in old dirty newspaper files, I was out in the real life highway of meaningful experience, now. So I never did follow through with the request. But that was one of the things I went through, that was one of the things I did in those days in Columbus. In addition to the experience I've already sited about the organization of the steelworkers local union and the plant, the Marion Steam Shovel Co. at Marion, Ohio. I recall the work we did with a group at Filo, Ohio in the plant of an Ohio Power company. We got word that they wanted to have a union. It was sometime after the utility workers organizing committee came into existence, I think, because I don't believe George DeNuchie and I would have made any effort to put them into the IBEW. They all wanted to come up to Zanesville which is maybe a dozen or 15 miles north of Filo. Filo is a small villiage on the Muskegan River. I knew it from my boyhood days. We met in a lodge hall there on the main street. Three of us went down I believe, George DeNuchie, William Laville, and myself. Perhaps this was after the establishment of the Ohio CIO Council. At any rate, there was a room full of men, a good number for a utility plant, because they have a very sparse employment. There must have been about oh, 68 or 70 men in the room, and their spokesmen, their temporary leader told us they wanted to have a talk about joining the union, joining the CIO, and George sort of temporarily chaired the meeting, introduced me and I gave a speech. But here I did a little different than the Marion situation, I started out by asking them questions and being ignorant of the background of their employment, I did something which if I had known better I've wouldn't have done, but which probably was the right thing to do as it turned out. I just started at the front row and asked each man to say what his job was and how much he was paid. What work do you do, and how much do you get? And they all answered, we went completely around the room, row after row. And maybe the second or the third man said well, I do the same as so-and-so, and I get

Silvey: the same rate, or this was the interesting thing, there was a wide variety of wage rates. And before we got very far down into the meeting it was discovered that those workers in the plant who were members of the Masonic Lodge, no matter what their job was in the plant, were always more highly paid than the others, because the superintendent of the plant was a mason.

East: That was the common element.

Silvey: Yes. Yes. And these men never knew before how much each other made. They had never said out loud in each other's presence what their wage scale was. I think it ranged from about 48¢ to 52¢ an hour at the low range, to 67¢ to 73¢-75¢ an hour in the high range at that time. And when they found out this, when they found out how they'd been discriminated against, and how they'd been treated, even the highly paid man understood the injustice of this. And so I went on and made a talk and answered questions and so on. And the questions were very penetrating, these men were of a high skill and of a high perception and I remember one question they asked, well suppose we join the union and it fails. And I am not sure exactly how I answered that question, but it must have been satisfactory because George DeNuchie afterward going back to Columbus, said you you surely didn't handle that well. I gave them some very terse, straightforward statement about risk, and gave them some sort of illustration I guess, and they accepted. And we signed them up. And we established a local union there, and they got a contract. Of course, power companies were not very much for fighting the unions because/power corporation in its nature, knows that no matter what the costs they can always add on and they always make a profit. Many corporations took the attitude well alright, so, if we have to pay higher wages, we'll just increase our prices and we'll make a profit on the wage increase. And the steel industry, I think, has done this quite remarkable, some other industries too. Of course, those industries that have managers that were going to fight the union to the death no matter what didn't have this attitude

Silvey: and that was a different pattern. We didn't have too much trouble with that utility workers union and I think it remained in existence all the years I was in Ohio. I remember it with some satisfaction.

East: In your experience in organizing in Ohio when you were called up to do these sorts of things, how would you say the members were in their attitude toward the CIO, or the potential members? I mean, were they right, were they begging for organization?

Silvey: You bet they were.[!] But then you had a process of social selection going on here. The only ones we met were the people in the category you described or they wouldn't have come if they hadn't been. I mean, when I met this group of utility workers as in the case of the Marion Steam Shovel workers they would ~~have~~ never have come out to the meeting if they hadn't been in this attitude. Now there was always a labor spy among them, I'm sure. I would believe that the employer had always planted somebody in the group to report to him no matter who the group was or what it was, and he would have been an exception, he might have been one of the more enthusiastic people for the union on the surface playing a role to impress the other men, perhaps. But yes, these people were really begging for a union. They wanted it but they invited us to come, and they came out, which I think is indicative of their high interest. And there was, it was a fabulous thing to see people swarming into the union in those days. It was years later that we had to go to them and beg them and talk to them but after that, you see, it was different, because the worse of the trouble was passed. When the union got some standards established, the people who had not joined the union got them just as well as those who did join. And as a result they had less compulsion to be bold or to be courageous, or to be nervey, or to talk up in the presence of the boss, because now they were moved along by the work of the pioneers, and so the later people, many of them had to be brought in under closed-shop contracts, free riders, of course.

East: In this period of organizing did you find that the workers were getting ahead of the CIO people in terms of what they wanted to do and how they wanted to fight the boss, and how they wanted to get back at the boss? Was there a real Rankin file militancy that was racing ahead of the CIO plan of organization and procedure?

Silvey: Not in my experience and in my area I didn't find this. But you must remember that my organization work was small compared to the work of the regular organizer. I was more of a writer, an editor, and a manager as the CIO field representative.

East: Why I asked you that only because you're a perceptive observer and if you would have been aware of that and also what policies the CIO might have been passing down to the state level and to the organizers in terms of go slow, take it easy sort of a policy. Some labor historians have charged that the top down organization of the CIO was a very important factor in stifling Rankin file militancy during the period. That had the CIO not been such a suppressive agent that indeed some sort of a revolution, the revolution perhaps, might have come.

Silvey: Well, I myself, don't...I am not aware of this feeling. What you are saying from the scholars you say who write this material is, I think, that the CIO is symbiotic to management and was saving management, by providing them a rational union contract from consequences that could have been much more anti-management than the CIO was.

East: This is precisely what I'm saying, and its precisely what some of the labor historians who are writing now say about the CIO, and the term is corporate liberalism. The labor embraced corporate liberalism, the idea of cooperation with the coporation in maintaining the capitalist system, you know, all that argument.

Silvey: Well there's some validity and some evidence for that I suppose. Clinton Gold^er the man whom I admired greatly, machinist union in Philadelphia, regional

Silvey: director for the steelworkers organizing committee. A wise and able man was in fact, one of the leading figures who have this attitude and I have already mentioned, if not on these tapes in private conversation with you, our work in the National Planning Association, and Mr. Golden's promotion of the series the causes of industrial peace. And he did reflect this attitude I think. And I should say that as for myself while I had been following Norman Thomas and socialist literature, I was of the opinion that socialism would be unacceptable in America, and I was also aware later when Hitler came on the scene in Europe that he used Socialism as a means of establishing dictatorship and I was I think more aware that cooperation is better than conflict. In fact as I say that I remember having said it in speeches lots of times, I remember we used to say and I've said it to management groups, you can have... if you want a fighting union, fight it. If you want a tricky union, trick it. But if you want a cooperative union, cooperate with it. So I suppose I was reflecting that attitude that you'RE saying, and I've said it many times. And I know that those that I had associations with in the CIO were not talking about over throwing the plants and taking them on. I remember one time at a CIO convention, I think it was in Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Murray Lincoln, the president of the Ohio Farm Bureau had been invited to speak and he made the remark in his speech, well why wouldn't a union move in to take over a corporation and run it in the interest of the workers and the consumers? And he made a rational arguement about employee management operations so that we wouldn't have to have an industry and I think he even said something about why wouldn't the steelworkers union take over and operate the ^{STEEL} industry? These are not his exact words but this was the theme of his presentation. Well this fell, you know, like a bunch of wet feathers on that convention and later on Jack Lever, E.J. Lever who was a man that I knew and respected very much and who had a very canny ability to observe. Speaking with him afterward, after the meeting, after the convention session, he smiles, grins at me, and his

while Lincoln was
saying that?

Silvey: eyes bulging, he says, you see those steelworkers looking at each other / He was sitting with them at the convention. You see those steelworkers looking at each other about this idea.² He said they were saying hey, what the hell, you think we want that job and manage that damn steel industry? The hell with it! So there was no revolutionary spirit in the sense. But even Murray Lincoln, a representative of a farmers organization was promoting and talking about so I don't think there was any revolutionary spirit. I don't think I have related one of the experiences I observed in those days in Columbus at the bottom of the depression. The Koxie's Army march, I had known about from reading history and literature. But when the bonus march started to Washington, it was a real thing for me. And I was downtown on a summer night in Columbus and saw the thousands of these veterans and bonus marchers moving through to Washington. I haven't said this in the tapes before, have I? This was really a kind of a spectacular sight. I've been reading about it in the papers, started from the West, they were moving, they'd picked up recruits at different cities, they were gathering from the North and the South coming down to the central part of the country. I think there were tens of thousands of them. And they were moving in a kind of ⁴human river across the continent, or at least from the plain states, I don't whether they came from California and the far west or not, forgotten. But here were these men without

Tape No. 6
Dated 2-13-76

Side A

Silvey: Here are these men, young men, middled aged men, veterans of World War I, and other unemployed persons without money, without food, without resources, oh, maybe, they carried a change of underwear or some hankerchiefs. Many of them were sleeping out on the road. They were scavaging, collecting food as they traveled, And they weren't revolutionaries, They weren't moving into Washington to ~~seize~~ the government, they were coming to beg for a little handout to get a little more bonus money from the Congress, from the administration. They moved into Washington and swarmed the streets of the city. And they scared the bejesus out of the people of the town as I heard about it later they went around begging money and they organized a little shanty town in Hooverville down on the Anacosia Flats and then vice-president Curtis, the Cocktaw Indian from Kansas who was the kind of man Hoover was, I guess, got so scared that he ordered Col. McArthur to burn them up and drive them out, And he did. And what happened? They disbursed, I supposed they caught freight trains back home or they went into different parts of the country, I don't know what happened to them. I supposed scholarly research had been done on this, and somebody knows... but they did get a bonus, I believe. But as like all the other bandaged-tying operations in our society, it never cured anything, didn't give them jobs. Fact of the matter is, we never did get jobs until the war created them, World War II. One of the interesting things about the Okies, I remember Grapes of Rath, I read the book, I saw the movie, and I remember how the Okies, and the Arkies moved into Southern California and what happened? They became airplane builders. They were the labor force for the aircraft industry, when we had to have planes for the war. What would they have been if there hadn't been a war? Well, we saw the story and the movie, how they went into the farm labor camps and how the American Legion baited them and tried to drive them out, they might have been slaughtered, I don't know. But they got to be the airplane builders of the country.

East: You want to go back to Ohio?

Silvey: Yes, I think I will, I remember at this time also, we used to hear about unemployed people looking for jobs. There was a story that I remember particularly about a young woman going in to look for a job wearing an expensive fur coat. And she was unemployed, and she was penniless, and she didn't have anything but she had this fur coat left from a more fluent time, that's all she had to wear, And she didn't/much more underneath it, She went look for a fur coat. It was supposed to be a kind of a joke at the time, you know, people going around looking for a jobs in fur coats. Yes, I remember a story of a dentist in Columbus, he offered an unemployed man a job for all day on Saturday, clean out his basement. The guy worked diligently for 10 hours and the dentist offered his 75¢ wages at the end of the day, and the guy spit in his face and threw the money back at him. This is the way, you know, people don't want to work, and the dentist went around saying, see, I tried to give the man a job and he didn't want it, he didn't appreciate what I was doing for him. I remember the story about the women that were riding on boxcars around/country. They'd strip a piece of iron...strap a piece of iron pipe to their arm, between their wrist and their elbow joint, and put adhesive tape around it, you see, so that if they were bothered or attacked they'd swing with that weapon and knock somebody cold. I suppose I could remember hundreds of these kinds of things from that day if I'd put my mind to it and come up with them all. I remember reading about the farm sales in the west, where the insurance companies foreclosed on the farmers because they couldn't meet their mortgage payments and when the auctioneer tried to... when the representative of the insurance company would bring auctioneers to sell off the property, the farmers would go after them with pitch-forks and just drive them off the premises. This is a kind of violence but it wasn't revolutionary violence. Was it? It was just a kind that said look we're down at the end of our line and don't you come in and drive us further, we're not going to go over the cliff. So, also as I remember I guess, the business of bidding 99¢ or \$1

Silvey: on an entire farm and nobody bidding more, and finally having to...the guy having to move out. I did some other writing in Columbus beside the Labor Tribune. At a certain point Frank Palmer from the Denver Typographical Union organized a paper in New York City called the People's Press. And I got to be a stringer for it, not that it meant anything except that I was editor of the Labor Tribune, and Frank Palmer saw my paper, and so he wrote and asked me to do some stories.

East: What do you mean by stringer?

Silvey: Well a stringer is a newsman's term for a reporter who doesn't have a contract or employment with a newspaper, but who can be called upon to write a story in a locality where the paper has no representation, and get paid for it at column rates. This is a common thing in the newspaper business, there are lots of people who are stringers.

East: I just wanted the definition for the record.

Silvey: Yes, I see. There was / famous, and infamous Galley Bridge disaster in West Virginia where the men got silicosis from digging a tunnel without protective masks or ventilating fans through the, what was it? The new river valley. The Gally Bridge West Virginia was a mountain they drove a tunnel through to build a utility water flow system. And hundreds of men died from the silicosis within a short time after it was over, was a great scandal. People's Press picked it up and publicized it. I only learned recently that Congressman Mark Antonio of New York had been involved in an early house investigation of that matter. I didn't know it at the time. Well anyway, Frank Palmer wrote to me and asked if I would interview a certain Ohio State University professor in the medical school there, who was one of the nation's experts on silicosis and the nogils of this disease that accumulate in the lungs. And so I did. And I wrote a story, and I sent it to him, and he printed it. Also, I remember Jimmy Wexler, a young student at Columbia University who was leading a student's movement at that time. And they held a national conference in Columbus, Ohio. And the YWCA allowed him to have their building for a meeting.

Silvey: Well, the reactionary attitude of the Columbus Dispatch in the business community of Columbus was such that the YWCA got into deep trouble for letting them have this meeting in their building, and they paid for it I recall, if I recall correcting by not being given certain sums of money for the next year's campaign. Well anyway, Frank Palmer asked me to cover that thing, and I sat in all these meetings over the weekend that they held, and saw them come in, and heard their debates, and I wrote a story for Palmer for that, so this was another job I did. I might have done one or two others, I've forgotten.

East: Held no interest for you other than to do a story?

Silvey: Oh, it was a...I was interested in writing. I was nice to see my name spelled right on the page, and so I supposed since I was energetic and active and reasonable vain about having my name in print, I suppose I went at it with some interest and diligence, yes.

East: You were not interested in the organization or the ideas?

Silvey: ^{OF STUDENTS} Oh yes. Yes I was. I was very sympathetic to their efforts, sure. Because they were...Well, I mean if it had been a meeting of the American Legion, I wouldn't have gone unless it was to spy on them and report what they were doing behind the scenes, against labor unions, I would have done that. Yes, I was interested in what they're doing. I thought Jimmy Wexler was a great guy and I heard him talk there at the meeting and I heard the other young students and I thought this was fine that the young people are showing an interest in the agony that the country is experiencing, and that they were doing something about it. I went to the first convention in Cleveland, Ohio of the American Newspaper Guild. I think it was the first convention they held, the founding convention. I happened to be in Cleveland as a delegate to the Ohio Typographical Conference, I believe that was the third or fourth one that I had attended. And they were having their meeting in the hotel where we were meeting and I went in and I attended their banquet and I heard their talk, and then when I got back to Columbus, I went to the Columbus

Silvey: Citizen people and tried to urge them to join the newspaper guild. Haywood
in
Brune had been/it. Haywood Brune was not at that meeting in Cleveland, so
it must not have been a national convention, it must have been a regional
group. I don't remember seeing Mr. Brune there. I never did, in fact, meet
Mr. Brune until the first CIO convention in Pittsburg in 1938, and then I
was impressed with him, you know. He always was described as looking like
a lumbering bear and appearing to be an unmade bed, and he looked it. But
he was a great man in my opinion and I thought it was a wonderful privilege
to shake his hand, and tell him I read his column and appreciated his work,
and he probably wasn't impressed. But I went back to Columbus and started
talking up the newspaper guild among the reporters on the Citizen and the
Dispatch. And while the Dispatch people paid little attention, some
interest on the Citizen, Pauline Smith was the society reporter on the
Columbus Citizen and I used to get her off in a corner and talk unionism
to her. And she always said, but look Ted, we can't have a 40-hour week
in the newspaper, news is perishable. She says, you never know when there's
going to be a train wreck, or a flood, or a fire, or something that has
to be covered. You just can't have a limited work week. Well I said, of
course you can't, how many hours are there in a week 47...let me see... 24 hrs.
times 7 is what? 148 is it?...or whatever the number...160...whatever the
number of hours is in a week, you got to be on duty constantly, don't you?
You can't possibly end at a 48 hour week, you got to work all the time. Well
I said you know, you know Pauline that you can schedule work and you can have
a 40-hour week just like the printers' have shorter work week. We had 44
hours then, and so she yielded and after a while she joined. One of the
people that I was very proud of persuading to join the guild was Vittin
McVickor. Vittin McVickor was one of the editors, sub-editors of the paper.
He went afterwards to the Wall Street Journal and his by-line became very
well known with his writing on that paper. He was a man who was good with

Silvey: words and he was a quiet spoken fellow, and very thoughtful. I remember he told me one time he used to edit Walter Litmin's column down to size. And he says Walter Litmin is one the tightest writers in the country, it's harder to reduce his material and maintain the meaning than it is any other person's whose copy I handle. Well, Vitin McVictor listened to me diligently about joining the union and he did join the newspaper guild. Well, I was recruiting, of course, for the guild members to join the AF of L. So they did. And then after they joined the AF of L, as first you remember the guild was an unaffiliated union. And I said look you can't have an unaffiliated union, you got to be part of the mainstream of the labor movement so you ought to join the AF of L. So I agitated in Columbus and other places for the guild to vote to join the AF of L. So they joined the AF of L. And then after the CIO was formed I went around to the same beat and talked them all into joining the CIO, leave the AF of L and join the CIO. And they did. You remember that. There was a fellow on the Columbus Citizen who was an angry man, he was a columnist. He used to drink heavily. And he justified his drinking by saying it didn't interfere with his work. He says whose business is it if I write 10 or 15 columns in advance, and then go out on a drunk for 3 days, who cares? That's none of their business. they got the copy, haven't they? They paid me for it, so if I want to go on a bidge, what does it matter? And then he was the one who told me that the school of journalism at Ohio State University had their best students recruited for work on the Citizen, scripts _____ (141)paper, you know. And were paid \$14 a week. This reminded me also, that the Sunday editor of the Columbus Dispatch at the time I was setting type there was getting \$30 a week. The Sunday editor, \$30 a week! Well, at Christmas time the Dispatch would give a bonus to some of their people if they thought they could do it without cutting too deeply into their profits. And so I remember this guy coming out into the composing room with a \$50 check.

Silvey: And we sneered at him! We said, you dumb fool, we take that every week, every month. We were getting \$49.60 every week. And he was working for \$30 a week. And then, he was proud of the fact that he got a \$50 bonus at Christmas time. We laughed him out of the room. Later on they gave him bigger bonuses, but at that time it wasn't very much. Of course, the bonus system was a system also, to avoid organization in the guild. During the 1936 election campaign for Roosevelt, I remember I went out making political speeches. I did quite a lot of political work. I used to write radio presentations about why you should register to vote and the local radio station, one of the local radio stations would put them on without charge. And I'd take my manuscript and go up to the radio station and deliver a 13½ minute talk in a 15 minute period. In those days, you only had 1½ minutes of commercials. And make a talk to the whole population about why you should go out to vote. And of course, I was always very careful not to offend the station managers by leaning to any political direction, but talking about one's citizenship rights and so on. And I enjoyed this kind of thing. I didn't do an awful lot of it, but I was one of the people around the city that was doing it. Well in the 1936 campaign there were people needed to make speeches for Roosevelt's reelection in different places in the nearby areas. And so there was an invitation that came in, god knows who got it, but it was from a little town in the northern part of the county, northwestern side of Columbus called Plain City. And I took a bus, or something and got up to Plain City and there was this political meeting going on there, and I guess maybe 42 or some such number of persons assembled in the hall. So I gave them a speech about Roosevelt. Well this was landed country and they gave me a hard time, but I just poured it back on them, you know. And it was one of the experiences I had. I remember this with some amusement, because it was sometime later, I guess, maybe a year and a half or two years later I learned that somebody in Plain City decided they were

Silvey: going to establish a radio station and broadcast. So a few guys that were clever with electronic gear, got themselves together and they builded a broadcasting apparatus. And they started broadcasting. After a while the FCC is running a truck around, saying where in the hell are these signals coming from, we haven't licensed any station anywhere in that area. It wasn't in Columbus and so they found them and they closed them up. These guys were too much private enterprise minded to worry about the Federal Communications Commission. By god, they wanted a radio station, so they built themselves one! I was thinking of this several months ago when ~~the~~ big Ford was making a/point about getting rid of the Regulatory Agencies, and I suggested in a letter I wrote to Harper's Weekly Magazine this was a splendid idea, we get rid of the Regulatory Agencies and the first Regulatory Agency we ought to get of if the Federal Communications Commission. And this would allow any broadcaster who had the money to invest in equipment, to set up a radio or television broadcasting station and he could broadcast at any hour that he pleased, on any wave length that suited him, and it would create such abominal consternation that nobody will ever be able to hear a television program and that would be wonderful, and the people wouldn't be messed up anymore by the awful stuff that they have poured on to them from t.v. Some place along the line after I became secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO Council one of the unions of the CIO wanted me to make some headquarter in New York. I think it was the food and agricultural workers organizing committee, I believe it was one like that, I'm not sure. Anyway, one of their organizers named Henry Rind wanted me to go down to Wapakoneta, Ohio. This is in Auglaize County. There was a little plant down there that made candied fruits. They made watermelon rind and they packed dates, and raisins and various other kinds of dried fruits. And they were a competitor of Hills Bros. dromedary, coconuts, dates and so on. So the word was that Hills Bros. agreed to give the workers in their plants a

Silvey: 10 percent increase in pay if the CIO would organize this plant in Wapakoneta, Ohio and get a contract because they were bothering Hills Bros. with under-selling and they thought well, if we raised the labor standards in that plant we can do better by you, because we got a better operation. So I went down, at the same time, I knew there was a metal plant in that town that made oil cans, and lanterns, and tin funnels, and small metal articles of this sort. And I thought, well I'll do two things at once and I'll go in and see what's possible. So, I didn't know anybody in the town, I didn't have any connections. I was on my way to Cincinnati and I decided to go a day early. So I got into Wapakoneta about 4:30 in the afternoon and the question is now how shall I proceed to find somebody who works in this food processing plant, or in the metal working plant? So knowing that they had a newspaper in town and knowing the habits of newspaper printers and reporters, I just went over to the printing office to meet the guys coming out from the day shift. Well I was a little bit late for the printers who had already left and I found out what bar they went to to drink after work, and I went over there. And I inquired around are there any printers here from the, (and I named the newspaper, whatever it was) and they said no they been here but they're gone. Well I figured if I could find some printers I could find names of other people, wasn't a very big town. But one guy in the bar said well, the printers have gone but he said you could go over and meet so-and-so. (I didn't tell him why I wanted the information, of course) He said there's a commercial printer over here, a job printer who has a small shop and so-and-so name and address. And he says I think he's still there because he's holding a meeting of the democratic party committee of the county in his printing office tonight and he's chairman of the democratic party county committee. Now this was at the time when Martin Davey was being contested by a primary election campaign, I think it was. Being contested by that fellow from Cincinnati who owned the baseball club down there and who later

Silvey: became Truman's secretary of commerce, I'll have to dig his name, I haven't got it right on the end of my tongue. He was running in a primary for governor against Davey as I recall it. Davey, you know, was known as the black beast of the CIO of Ohio because he had pulled out the national guard in Youngstown against the steel striker as well as in Canton and in other places. So I was all for this man, sorry I don't think of his name right off it will come. So I go over to this printing office to meet this printer. Well I found a proprietor member of the union, but I wasn't sure enough about him to raise the question about why I was in town. Because you had to be very cautious in those days, the police would be after you and other problems. I had the police pick me up in Newark, Ohio one day, because I was waiting for a man from a stove plant to come down to meet me in the square and he was not coming he was late and I walked around several times and a police car picked me up and said what are you doing he said walking around the street here? I said well, is it a matter of some concern to you? and he said yes, we got three banks in this square, and I said well as a matter of fact I don't mind telling you that I'm waiting for a man, well what are waiting for him for? Well that's my business. Well you better get in the car and go over with us to the police station. So I did. And I went over to the police station with them knowing the situation I was going to pull on them. So I said well you'll permit me to make a telephone call. Well I knew the mayor of the town of Newark was a union man, and I knew him personally and he knew me. So I got over at the police station and I said make a call, yeah, sure, you're entitled to make a call, so I called the mayor, and fortunately I got him. So I called him by his first name and greeted him cordially and he did the same to me in return. And I said I think I've got to compliment your police force here in town this is what they've just been doing to me taking care of the banks, you know, and all that sort of thing, and we laughed about it and he put one of the

Silvey: police officers on the phone, told him who I was and that he knew me, and not to bother me anymore and let me go. Well, so in Wapakoneta, Ohio I wanted to be careful about a thing like this and not get in trouble with the police. So I wasn't willing to talk to this guy about what my real point was. Well now I'm not finding anybody, not finding anybody at all that I want to meet and talk with. And I don't know how to go about it anymore. So this printer says to me, well we're having our meeting tonight, why don't you come back? I had just gone in to make some friendly chitter chatter with him, told him I was a printer from Columbus and that I was stopping overnight in town and I was on my way to Cincinnati, and frivolous talk. So, he says, well we got a little meeting here tonight why don't you come back? I went out, it was now what? Oh, 5:45, maybe, something like that, the meeting was scheduled for 7:30, I think. So I have to buy some gasoline for my car. And I drive into a filling station to buy some gasoline and I get out, and before I can say a word, the chap who runs the gasoline station comes up to me and says, oh, he says, something like, I surely am glad to see you're here, he says, they've been worrying about whether you'd get over for the meeting tonight. And I thought, this is a queer kind of thing, what goes on here? So I gave him a couple of innocuous responses and got some more out of him. And it turned out ^{THAT} he considered, he thought that I was lawyer. Well, he says to me you're the lawyer from Merrysville, aren't you, that's over here to speak to the democratic meeting tonight. And I said well, no as a matter of fact I'm not, and I've just come from, and I mentioned the chairman's name and I'm going back to the meeting. Well, alright, fine, fine. So I bought my gasoline from him. He was going to be at the meeting too, and went back at this time, the meeting, it might be 7:20, and there was maybe, 12 or 15 people, men gathered in the room, and they started their meeting. And they talked about putting out some handbills and putting up some posters, and maybe the proprietor would print some things to put in shop windows for the campaign,

Silvey: And they kept being kind of uneasy, it got to be 8:00 and this lawyer from Merrysville never showed up. Now one of the people, who was at the meeting was a newspaper reporter that I met in the bar. He was there, he was there to cover the story. So what should happen was that they thought well this guy's here from Columbus, will he make us a talk? So they asked me to make them a talk. And I did! And I didn't identify myself, didn't tell them who I was, just said I'm a printer from Columbus. I'm on my way to Cincinnati I stopped overnight in town. Then I made the talk along this line, I named the candidate, again I don't think of him. They said we're not for him because he's kind to children and dogs, we're for him because he stands for this, and this, and this, and I went over the issues of the campaign, the people issues. And then the meeting was over. And they gave me a nice response and we had a good time together and I went to sleep, and the next morning I bought the morning paper. And what do you suppose? Page one column one, three quarters of the length of the full size newspaper page the story about me and my speech at the democratic party convention. And they never to this day, I suppose, learned that they had been addressed by the secretary-treasurer legislative representative of the Ohio CIO Council. If they had, if they'd known, I would have been run out. Now this just goes to show, I always use this as an illustration of how prejudice works. Because the name CIO would have set them on fire, but Ted Silvey, a visiting printer from Columbus who's for the same candidate they're for, is a friendly guy who came in and pulled us out of a jam when the Merrysville lawyer didn't come. And that's very much like another story that always has amused me mightly. The family in Columbus consisted of my mother and my baby sister, who was then in elementary school, maybe 8 or 9 years old, and myself. And we lived on Harrison Avenue. And I got to be elected secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO Council, and I got a more, nearly adequate salary. And we decided to move into a better house, we were living in a house where as I

Silvey: say, this Speakeasy was operating down the street, where the police came to my house allegedly to find them. And so I looked around for a house to rent, it would be a little more modern, a little nicer, a little better neighborhood, and we found one, and liked it, and the rent was what we could afford to pay. So, I dealt with the landlady, and I gave her the references and made the arrangements and was going to come over and sign the lease, or whatever agreement we have, and she asked me at the last minute, she says, oh what do you do? And I said, well, I'm secretary-treasurer legislative representative of the Ohio CIO council. And I heard her gasp, she says, what? And I repeated it. Well, she says, I wouldn't let a CIO man live in my house. And I said well, with a family consists of my mother, and my sister, and myself and we're quiet people and you'll get you're get your rent on the last day of ever month for the succeeding month, we'll take good care of you're property, I'm handy with tools, I'll make small repairs and fix-its and things like that. Well, I don't want you in the house! I wouldn't want a CIO man living in my house! Well, by this time I saw that it was nearly a clinical experience to continue the conversation with her. And so I pressed her and I couldn't get very much out of her until finally she ejaculated with a kind of a...why, she says, why, John L. Lewis is such an ugly man! Well, I says as a matter of fact, he is, that's right. Yes, he is, not at all handsome. But I said did you ever see a picture of Abraham Lincoln? He was hardly a beauty contest winner, wasn't he? He was an ugly man too, but he was one of the greatest Americans that ever lived, wasn't he? Why, I wouldn't let a CIO man live in my house! And that was the end of the deal.

East: Because John L. Lewis is ugly.

Silvey: Well, that's the reason she gave me why I couldn't rent her house. I had a similar experience with my dentist. I'd been going a few times to a dentist at Fifth Avenue and High Street in Columbus and I had some work

Silvey: that needed to be continued and I think after I was ~~being~~ elected secretary-treasurer of the CIO, he knew it because it was in the newspapers and so on. He had me one time, and then when I left and suggested another appointment he said to me very sarcastically, oh, go get yourself a CIO dentist. And I never came back. He wouldn't give me another appointment. I mean, those are the kinds of things that went on at that time, you see.

East: Responding to a public image that had been injected to them.

Silvey: Yes, that had been created by the Columbus Dispatch and various other newspapers of the state. I was always interested in what the young people were doing and there was a group of YWCA young people in Columbus that was making a pilgrimage to Washington for a peace meeting. This was, maybe, around 1935, I expect, 1936 perhaps. And they were getting a car load of people and they didn't have enough to fill the car and they needed somebody to help with the expenses and I was willing to come to Washington with a group of young people, some young men and some young women. And so, the 5 of us piled into a wold jalopy to head out for Washington. So we made it with one overnight stop and attended a conference of whatever it was, peace movement. And the fact that I was with the, I guess at that time already working with the steel workers and registered as such, and there was great interest in me as being a steel worker, which I wasn't. And I listened to the conference and enjoyed the trip and enjoyed the young people and came back / ^{from} Washington to Columbus the same way we went, across the mountains,

East: When would that have been?

Silvey: Oh, probably in the spring of 1936, maybe, or late '35, maybe the autumn of '35, it was good weather, because I remembered overnight we stopped in some old, wooden cabin, that been one of the earliest motels in Pennsylvania that didn't have any running water in it, didn't have any facilities of any kind. It was just a place where you could lock yourself in at night and sleep. We were traveling cheap, you know? I don't know we got it for a \$1 per person.

East: Before Holiday Inn?

Silvey: Oh, god yes! Yes! I was working with Consumers Research Organization. They were established at Washington, New Jersey and there was F.L. Slink and his wife, Ms. Philips, who was ^A Lucie Stoner and J.B. Mathews. And I went over in the summer of 1935 to Washington, New Jersey and to New York City on a bus trip. They were holding some kind of a conference, and I was one of the active people in Ohio for them, not active in the sense that I was real busy with them, but that I was on the list, and when they wanted somebody to buy products to send for testing, I'd go out and buy them for them and ship them over, so that they could pick up products in different places in the country by their local supporters, and then they didn't have to send around by mail order because they never wanted any manufacturer or dealer to know that the product that was being purchased was going to Consumers Research for testing. And this was the way they had to do it, blind, because, of course, corporations would make a special piece for testing if they knew it was going in for that purpose. So I used to do a little buying for them and then ship it over. So they invited me to attend a conference that was held at Washington at the headquarters. So I went over and I met Slink, and Ms. Philips, and worked with them, and did some consulting with them about their printing, they were in Washington, New Jersey and were getting their work done in a small place there. It was a kind of a friendly little grouping, there weren't very many people there, it wasn't a very significant thing. I remember Slink very well, who was a former member of the staff of the U.S. Bureau of Standards. And who became a zealot for consumer testing. Mr. Slink and his wife, Ms. Philips published a book called Counterfeit as I remember. I still got a copy of it in my files. Well, J.B. Mathews was over there and he was a scholar and read the New York Times, of course, which in those days was to me the evidence of scholarship. So, and he was furthermore a man of multi-lingual

Silvey: ability. He spoke some Asian language, oriental talk, and he could read it, And I thought, gee, this is marvelous. And he'd been a missionary I guess, in Asia and he learned to speak the language while he was over there. Well anyway, I remember one morning right after breakfast up on the hill, J.B. Mathews coming up with his New York Times in hand, he just come out from the bus, and there was a headline on page 1 that Will Rogers had been killed in an airplane accident in Alaska. He was flying with some friend. And as Mathews showed it to us and threw the paper down, he made this comment, he says, aviation's first great contribution to American civilization. And it struck me as being a kind of a nasty, cynical remark. Years later, many years later in the CIO headquarters when J.B. Mathews was the staff director for the what, the House on American Affairs Committee. Yes, and was being very prominent in the news and very vicious about things that were meaningful to me, and to other decent people. I called up the lawyer for the CIO, Harris, and I told him this story about the 1935 experience. I said I want to write it to the newspapers as a person, not as a CIO staff man, but just as a person, I want to write this. What do think, is it alright? Well, he said it's libelous. Says you haven't got any record of it have you? I said no. Well, he said it's libelous. So I didn't write it. I worked very closely with Murray Lincoln of the Ohio Farm Bureau. Murray used to tell me the stories about the efforts of the farmers in Ohio to get out of the clutches of the fertilizers trust and the farm machinery manufacturing really corporations and the barbed wire fence industry. And this is/where he got this idea about workers running a steel mill because many years later at Cleveland's CIO convention when he made this speech to which I refer, he used to speak...he spoke about barbed wire and why it caused so much. And says I'm quite sure that barbed wire can be made much cheaper than it is or it can be sold much cheaper than it is, and the workers don't have to pay for a lower price of it. Why don't we make it for the farmer's use, and so forth? Well, I used to go up to Murray's office in the Farm

Silvey: Bureau Insurance Co. in those days and talked to him about these things. He liked to have me come and they were starting their insurance business and so I'd go over and see him, and he was curious about the CIO. He wanted to know a lot about it. He thought it was a good thing that he had trouble with his own people. The rural/in Ohio were not given this sort of activity and they didn't like these stories about violence and,

they didn't like these stories about the relationship with the Communist. And he made an honest and diligent attempt to find out. And I used to go see him and tell him about this, and I had some influence on him because finally one time I said to him, well he first said to me, look we got a fertilizer plant up in Toledo, Ohio now, they had gone along. He used to tell me the story about how they tried to buy fertilizer and they had to go out behind the barn and beat it up because it was hard, and they were embarrassed in the presence of their farm neighbors, and finally they got their own plant going. So the question comes up with whether they ought to have a union in that plant, and he says what would you do? Well, I said first of all find out what the workers want. Do they really need a union? Do they want a union? I said if they need a union, and want it you ought to let them have it. Well, he said I've got problems with my board of directors on that, how am I going to go about it? Well I said tell you what you do, I'll get Joe Applebalm in the next time he's east from St. Louis, and I'll have Joe Applebalm come up and talk to you. I knew that Joe was a very rational and nice appearing person for Mr. Lincoln, so I said, o.k. And he said, yeah, bring him in. So the next time I wrote to Joe and had him come stop by the next time, and I took him up. And as I recall, he and Murray Lincoln negotiated an arrangement where they'd sign a contract for that fertilizer plant in Toledo. There was a fellow named Warburton, who was on the staff of the farm bureau, and there was a man named Ed Bath. Warburton was a country man of very, warm, outgoing, extrovert, friendly nature. He established

Silvey: throughout all the units in the counties and in the neighborhoods of Ohio, discussion groups. And they'd bring the neighbors in and he had an outline of discussion of current questions. It was really a fine, educational program. And they'd get these people in to talk about every public issue that could conceivably be of interest to farm families. And they'd have something to eat and they'd sit around and have a discussion. They had an informal chairman and they had their outline,^e and Warburton thought it was pretty damn good stuff, and it was. Because what he did, he had an organization of discussion clubs among the farmers in the farm bureau all over Ohio, and he could send a telegram to any particular leader in that group and begin to get letters in at the state legislature or at the Congress, so that he had not only the educational meaning, so that people would be informed, but he had the political action angle that he could get response from among issues that were needed by the farm bureau and the farm people of Ohio. Well, he also was a great person for games, and singing, and entertainment, home-made entertainment, you know, the sort that people used to do before we had movies and automobiles, where they had to entertain themselves in the country. I remember it when I was a small boy, we had spelling bees, and story tellings, and farm dances, and I've been to some of them and seen them. And Warburton was good at this, I watched him with the groups and I'd see him get them singing together, and get them active in playing various kinds of games and having contests and so forth, and it struck me as being pretty good. So when the Akron CIO convention, when the Ohio convention was held in Akron, I was worried from I think two previous conventions that in the evening, the delegates to the convention who are not on committees and in meetings, go out and drink and run around the town. And I thought, well their going to do this if they want to, but I had the feeling that some of them did it because they didn't have anything else to do. So when I set up the proceedings in Akron in the Mayflower Hotel up there, the first thing

Silvey: I did, well, among the things I did when I went to Akron was to go to a music store, and I rented an organ, a nice one. And I hired an organist to play it. And my idea here was that at the beginning of every session of the convention, I would have the organ play to bring the people in and to get them in their seats on time. It didn't cost too much, and the delegates liked it. It was very pleasant in the convention to have this organ music. At the same time, I invited Warburton to come up and be with us for two nights at the convention, to put on his shows. And so he had the organ and the organist, and the singers, and the games, and the dancing, and they had a hell of a good time. And they stayed in the hotel. At the same time the people who were doing their committee work getting ready for the next day's session. This was a rather nice thing, they liked it, it worked out very good. I did a lot of different things that way. I didn't hire a stenotype reporter, or a shorthand writer to take down the proceedings of the convention. I always went out and got records and hired a man to record the convention talk. And I put two recording machines on the platform with microphones, and I got the living voice of the convention. And presumably these records are still in existence, I had them for a couple of years on aluminum records, and then aluminum became scarce during the war years, and I had to have them on glass-based records, and then I had them transcribed, and the proceedings were printed and I put them into the Archives and we had the living voice of the delegates at the earliest CIO convention on records, later on of course, we could get them on tape. Another thing I did that was different in the Ohio CIO. The mine workers union had J.R. Bell. J.R. Bell was Mrs. ^HL. Lewis' brother. J.R. Bell was the agent for the National Surety Corporation in Indianapolis. And the National Surety Corp. wrote fidelity insurance. And so when it came time for me as secretary-treasurer of the CIO to have a \$5,000 fidelity bond on me, my first thought was to go over to the Farm Bureau Insurance Co., and

Silvey: my old friend, Murray Lincoln, and write me my insurance for fidelity. So I proceeded to do this, and John Owen was upset about it. Because John Owen says why you buy it from the National Surety Corp. Well I said \$5,000 of coverage costs \$37.50, and it's \$7.50 a thousand regardless. I says I can get it for \$5.25 a thousand over at the Farm Bureau and if we have a good record, I can get it even cheaper than that in subsequent years. Well I saved a lot of money by not buying National Surety Corp. insurance and as it turned out I learned many years later that there are not many claims by labor unions for defalcation by their fiscal officers. The fidelity insurance written on labor unions is very profitable insurance, there is not very many claims relative to those claims of other organizations. So why should we pay National Surety Corp. an outrageous, continuing high rate, when I could not only buy it from people I was friendly with, I made a lot of political hay with the rural people out of the fact that I had our fidelity insurance with the Ohio Farm Bureau Insurance Co., I mean, you know, we were buddies there on money deals. So why should I subsidize the damn outfit in Indianapolis? Well, John Owen you know,.....J.R. Bell, he gets the commissions and so on. Well, I didn't give a damn about that. I learned later there's an awful a lot of _____ (637) in connection with this business. Many years later I learned that Martin Wagner's son, Martin Wagner was the president of the Gas, Coke & Chemical Workers union, which became a kind of a subsidiary of the United Mine Workers, and they got some contracts for insurance coverage of their members. So Martin Wagner's son became the agent for the corporation that wrote the insurance, and there was \$40,000 worth a year in premiums, and this is a racket that went on in a number of areas, and I learned about them with some pain. And then I learned to my great satisfaction about Joseph Swire, who was the fellow who worked for the IUE, and he negotiated the contracts having to do with insurance with the employers in the electrical and electronic industry, and when they would talk to him about the commissions

Silvey: that they pay for this business, which they don't generate, which is generated for them by the union. Joe Swire says, yes, I know all about that, now here's what you do. You take that commission money that you pay out and here's the benefits you add to the workers coverage. You just don't pay those commissions but you take the money for the commissions and you add them to the benefits. Joe Swire who was keen about insurance, boy what he knew. He used to set a blackboard up in front of a group of insurance agents and tell them things about insurance that they didn't know, and he did it in the interest of the IUE members, and I was proud of him for it, good stuff, you know.

East: You're secretary-treasurer of the CIO Council in Ohio. Who's president of it?

Silvey: Well, first John Owen was, being of a miners union, and having as our affiliates the first large group.

East: Was Owen elected or appointed?

Silvey: Well, he was elected at the first convention the same as I was. See I was a delegate to the Ohio CIO Council's first convention because I was a CIO representative, and we wrote the call to the convention on the widest possible basis to get the largest number of people in, and included in that was the point that I could be a delegate, and therefore, eligible for election to office, because I knew I wanted to be in that job. And he stayed in that job and presided over the convention with the kind of a plumb and skill that Owen had, he was an _____ (664) person, nothing ever riled him. I remember at this Akron convention where I refer to the organ and the entertainment, there was a group of the Cleveland Roughians that tried to upset things and he handled it with great skill and care, he was used to it, so he did. It's not important I guess, but there was some little town in Eastern Ohio that had the god awfulness name, and when I called that out on the delegate list the audience just roared with laughter, ridicul/^{ing} laughter. And I turned around and looked at John Owen, I'm sorry I don't know the name of the post office anymore, the town in which this local was chartered. And

Silvey: I turned around at John, and he just put his hand to me, and he said, the mine workers have a union there. Well, I read it, I turned around at the convention, waited for them to quiet down, and I said, Mr. President Owen says, and I said it very impressively, President Owen says if the government of the U.S. establishes a post office in this place, and the United Mine Workers of America charter a local union in this place, they're entitled to have representation in this convention. And they applauded, and John thought, gee, how clever he makes me look, you know. He didn't say anything to me like that at all. But I used to play John this way because he liked it and it was nice stuff and it was a kind of a social lubrication, you see, and helped out on things, Well.,

East: A loyal Lewis man.

Silvey: John. Oh God, yes! So loyal it was absolutely unquestionable. I used to write telegrams of congratulation to John L. Lewis from John Owens that would make me puke. I couldn't lay it on too thick! I had the same way with Dave McDonald, I thought one time I'm going to try to flatter Dave McDonald, to the point where he can't stand it anymore. And I worked on it. And by God, he accepted it all! Until finally I had to give it up in disgust with myself for being such a...well. So, John was president until the break came. And when the break came over the Wilkey matter you know, then I said to John Owen, I'm going to send a telegram to President Murray, and pledge him my support for his presidency of the CIO and its taking over of the national organization. Well, he says, you don't have to do that. And I said, well, I don't have to do it organizationally, maybe, but I have to do it for myself, I have to do it for my own conscience, and my own self-respect. Well, are you really going to do it? I said, yes, I am. And the next time I'm in Washington, I'm going into Phil, and tell him personally. Well, he says, you know, I'll have to resign as president of the Ohio CIO Council, as regional director of the CIO, as president of Labors Non-Particant

Silvey: League of Ohio. Well, I says that's what happens when things like this occur, isn't it? He says, you're really going to do it, are you? I said, I'm certainly am, I'll read you the telegram I'm going to write to him. And I wrote it, and I showed it to him, and I sent it. And he resigned all three offices and was very put out about it. Because he was very important in Ohio, and...

East: He was behind Lewis that much.

Silvey: Oh, sure. Well, he had to be!

East: He owed everything to Lewis.

Silvey: Of course! Lewis would have kicked his ass over the moment if he hadn't done it. Of course, he knew it. There was a man named Lee Hall in Ohio, who was a retired member of the staff of the miners union. And he was very progressive and outgoing. He wasn't a brown-noser at all, he was a man who had some intellect and self-respect, and devotion to the labor movement. And he was a man that didn't do this kind of thing, and I heard, I don't know whether it's true or not, that he wasn't treated very well in his later life. There was some rumor that he lost his pension because he said something that John L. Lewis didn't like. But I don't know whether that's true or not. Well after the break came then, we reorganized the executive board, because another member of the board was a miner too, and so they both got off, and then we reorganized and Jack Kroll of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of Cincinnati, manager of the joint board down there, and operator of Ph.d for some years, became president. And we worked together then, for years.

East: I have trouble understanding that sort of adulation of a person.

Silvey: Well, I see it in many areas, I see it in people other than a... Well, I see it in a person who's name I think I won't give but who may be identified, I don't know. Well here, I was a delegate from the Ohio CIO Council to the Boston Convention of 1945 or 46, whatever it was, '44 or '45 maybe. And I was put on a constitution committee. And I had been Ohio seeing what was going on about

Silvey: management matters, and I saw money being wasted. And I saw things going on that were poor management. And as I say, I've always been a kind of a person that paid some attention to how things are done to prevent waste, and to utilize your resources to the highest amount. I had trouble with this later. Al Zack, I remember, cussed me out one day. I needed and wanted a dictating machine, and a new one would have cost a rather outrageous sum of money, and I learned that there was one in the building that wasn't being used anymore but it needed overhauling. Well, the corporation that sold this would not repair an old one, they'd take it in on trade for a double priced new one, and then destroy it. But this one was alright, except it needed a little cleaning and overhauling, and putting in shape. And so I made a private arrangement with a mechanic in the repair of the corporation to bring it in after hours, and he'd work on independently, and I'd pay him for the work he did and take the equipment back and it would be a small sum, it wouldn't be over \$30, as against maybe, something like \$450. And I'd have a good, usable, working machine. But I couldn't put it in any records. I couldn't make a purchase order, I couldn't write a check, I'd just have to do it on a... So, I said to Al, that I'll do this, and then I'll put it on my expense account, and I could get paid back that way. And he gave me hell! You go around here with your goddamn public accountant's mind pinching pennies! He said, If you want a recording machine, take it up to Tommy Murran and we'll buy one. Well I didn't like that idea of wasting money that way. I used to go to cheap hotels in order to save money, and I got ridiculed for that. But this is for _____ (735) tax. This is money that the members pay and it shouldn't be wasted. Oh God, how I've seen money wasted in the labor movement! And especially in the AFL-CIO. Outrageous sums of money. And I can tell a story about that in connection with computers that is very interesting from my standpoint of working with automation and computer technology. So back in Ohio I was a delegate at

Silvey: the Boston CIO convention on the constitution committee, And seeing this mismanagement, or what I call mismanagement in the headquarters office, and hearing talk about it from different staff people, I decided to amend the constitution...I decided to make a proposal to amend the constitution to make the secretary-treasurer office manager of the building, so that he could direct things, so that there could be a assignment of duty. Nobody was assigned any duties. That's one of the reasons why I was able to do so many things myself. I'd just go do them, and nobody would bother me about it. I'd just go do them, and then I'd say something to somebody and if they wanted to report it, it was alright, and if they didn't want to report it, they'd give me short _____(748) and say fine, and let it go at that. And so I proposed an amendment. Well, Clinton Golden approved of it, and Walter Reuther approved of it, and I think Elmer Reevy. Eight or ten of the fellows thought it was a pretty good idea, so we started writing it up but Saul Mills of the New York City Council was on the committee, and the first thing he did was to run the Lee Pressman. And what do you suppose happened? Phil Murray comes visiting the constitution committee at its next meeting in the convention, and he makes a big speech about, and everybody turns tail and runs. And I tried to argue for it, and I don't I make any hay with Phil Murray for doing it. And I talked about saving money and efficient work and management, and I got sneered at for it. But that was not an irrational thing to talk about, at any time in the CIO or the AFL-CIO, and so Walter caved in and Golden caved in, and so Murray left. Now I found out later how this is done. Saul Mills had run immediately to Lee Pressman. Well Lee Pressman was the man who thought he was in charge of the building. And he and Saul Mills were very close because Saul was a little county boy, and openly so, no doubt about it. And so he went to Lee Pressman. Now how does Lee Pressman tell Phil Murray whats going on in the constitution committee in a way to get

Silvey: him upset enough to visit the committee? Which was an unprecedented thing, I think for Phil Murray to do. He didn't visit committees. What happened? Well the way I heard about it was Pressman goes to Murray and he says, you know what that constitution committee is trying to do? He says, they're trying to take your power away from you, they're trying to amend the constitution to make Jim Kerry the manager of the building. What do you think of this? Big John will laugh at you. This was always the key thing that Pressman could swing over Murray. "Big John will laugh at you" Because Murray feared John L. Lewis. I saw evidences of it first hand, so I can say this with some confidence. So this is how it went on, you see. But the adulation point...well, whether these fellows had this attitude to Murray or whether they just didn't want to buck him, maybe a variation from what you're talking about. But I've seen this in many places. My God! I've seen it in religious organizations. I've seen it in political organizations. I've seen it in government. I've seen it to the point... and this is one of the problems I had in the labor movement. Because I never could be a successful brown-noser. I never could bring myself to...I could make a compliment to somebody, because I felt it was a complimentary situation. A man would make a fine speech, and I thought it was wonderful, and I'd say so, but I'd select something out of his speech that I thought was particularly pertinent and say that surely is a good point. And you surely put it across fine, or you made it good. But I watched Victor Reuther after Walter^{had} made a speech, and I've seen it happen dozens of times. Apparently Victor had some complusion, or some necessity to just pour it on Walter after Walter made a speech. Now Walter made many good speeches, and Walter deserved many compliments for the good speeches he made. But to see Victor go to him like he did time and time again and pour it on, was something that I thought that was beneath Victor's dignity. But it's a part of the same adulation. I don't

Side B (continued)

Silvey: think it was quite as bizzare or as openly obnoxious as the way John Owen did it, but it was pretty much the same thing, and this is what? Well this is what the professor at Franklin University that taught me at evening school in the course called the means of social control would call a means of social control, huh!

East: How long were you secretary-treasurer of the CIO?

Silvey: I was there 6½ years before I came to Washington. But the time before I came to be a elected secretary-treasurer of the CIO is interesting. I was knocking around in Columbus doing these things I've been describing and going to meetings and I learned that there was going to be a meeting in the Memorial Hall on East Broad St. on a Sunday afternoon to establish a chapter of Labors Non-Particant League. I have known something about Labors Non-Particant League but not too much, and I thought well if they're coming into Columbus I ought to know about it, so I went. And I participated in the meeting. There wasn't very many people there, maybe, oh, I don't know, from all over Ohio, 85 or, well, perhaps 100, not more than that. John Owens presided and Irwood DeShattler was on the stage as a secretary. So I was in the hall and I guess I spoke, asked a question, or participated in the meeting so way. At the time I was working part time at the Dispatch whenever I could get work. Generally that's Saturday morning and Saturday night. And I was working at home. I had a typewriter and a desk at home and I was knocking out copy and writing letters and doing all the things was engaged in. And so, I got a telephone call. I'd been able at that point to afford a telephone, it been put in only a few months before. And it was John Owens on the telephone. And I didn't know the man except that I'd seen him up on the platform. And he asked me to come down and visit him in his office. So I did. And he offered me a job as the person to operate the Labors Non-Particant League of Ohio. And I said well, I'm working as a printer and sometimes I get full weeks' work, but more often

Silvey: I don't. And I'm doing this other work. I have to, first of all, get my printing work because I have to earn a living. Well he says, we'll pay you a salary. Well, I said, alright, sounds interesting to me. So I said I think I can get a leave of absence so when this thing is over I can go back to printing. Not lose my priority on the slit board, because this was important, you see. You worked for years to work your way up...

East: Seniority.

Silvey: Well, we called it priority in the printing office. You don't have a job in the printing office, you have a situation. And you don't have seniority, you have priority. So, I said, I think I can arrange that. So he said, well, we'll pay you \$50 a week. Well I was making even at full scale less than \$45, I guess for the work, and maybe even only 2 days work, some weeks and so I said, alright I'll arrange it and come to work. So it was the beginning of the Roosevelt second term campaign, 1936. So it turns out that Owens wanted me to set up an office and hire a secretary and proceed to establish a political organization in Ohio. Well, I mean, this was stretching for me. So I did. I knew how to go about it. I had enough organizational experience. So I set up an office in the same building that he was in and hired a girl that takes shorthand and do typing, and handled files, and we got a few pieces of furniture and I was in business. Well, I proceeded to do ^{the} / things that you do in a political campaign. Gather the material, write the literature, organize the groups, hold meetings and so pretty soon, the campaign was on and Owen was the leading labor union person in Ohio for Roosevelt and so I was writing his speeches and arranging his affairs. I remember Roosevelt was entering Ohio on a cross-Ohio trip to come in at Cincinnati and go across to Youngstown, _____ (846) from west to east northward in Ohio. Owens ached. And I mean ached to get on the campaign train. And he set me the job of getting him on the campaign train across Ohio. Well, the chairman of the Ohio

Silvey: Democratic Party was on the campaign train, Why in the hell couldn't John Owens be on the campaign train? And Owens loved to be any place where pictures were being taken, which is not uncommon for people, wasn't a unique quality he had. And so by God, if he wanted to be on the campaign train, I'd get him on the campaign train, So, my how I busted my ass on that thing! I was plaguing everybody, And so finally it came down to this. The honored guest on the campaign train are limited to these people, and if we open it up beyond them, then the gates are open and we have another 5 cars on the train, and we just can't do it. But, I really hit them hard. But if you will provide John Owens with credentials as a journalist, we will put him on the campaign train as a reporter covering the trip across Ohio. So I said well, I'll take it to him and see. But John wouldn't do that. He told me, well that would be dishonest. Well, alright, it would be dishonest. But he didn't want to be a reporter, he wanted to be up there where the big shots are.

East: He wanted to be John Owens.

Silvey: Sure. He wanted to be John Owens. So I went back to them and I said well, I do appreciate your work, I always went back and arranged things and left them in a nice humor. I said thank you very much, Mr. Owens has a feeling about this, it's very fundamental, he isn't a reporter, he don't want to sail under false colors, put everything in the brightest tones for him and he'll just not be on the campaign train, regretablely. But I said we're out for Roosevelt, we're going to get the votes out for him, and we will, and we did. And that was that. Well after the campaign was over, I continued on doing organizing at chapters and so on. And then we got an election campaign in 1938, '36, wait a minute...

East: Congressional elections in '38,

Silvey: No, we got a merril at the election the next year in Canton, Ohio, 1937. They elected a mayor. And they had a mayor of Canton who is very anti-

Silvey: union and there was a man in Canton who was from one of the unions in the AF of L up there, who was friendly to the CIO, who helped the steel workers, and the steel workers headquarters was in what is known as Bandy's Hall, which was an ethnic lodge group. One of the foreign language society groups. And the steel mills in Canton, of course, were among those being organized except the Timkin Rolling Bearing Co, which had succeeded in stopping the union, but there were other mills there. And the situation was a nasty one. And Darryl Smith from the AF of L central body and his own craft union, I've forgotten which one it was now, helped the steel workers. And Darryl was a smart egg. He was able to speak, and write, and he was thoughtful, and he was considerate, and he was sagacious. And so, he was running for mayor of Canton, on the Democratic Party ticket. And by God, he got the nomination, largely by the steel workers and the labor movement in town. Well, the Republican who was ^{then} chairman, of course, consolidated all the reactionary forces of the city against him. And I was sent both by John Owens for the Ohio group, and by E.L. Oliver from the national organization to manage the campaign in Canton, Ohio to elect Darryl Smith mayor. And I worked on it for three months, and we lost as of course, we would. Wasn't because we didn't work hard, but we worked very hard, and we did very good things, it was a great experience for me, but we lost the election because in the end, the newspaper came out against us, the Canton Repository. I think I made some mistakes in talking to the editors of the repository. One of them came over to see me before the election in the hotel Courtland, where I was stopping, and the editor asked me questions, and I expanded I think, more than I should have, and I talked about Labors Non-Particant League, and the International Ladies Garmet Workers union, and a number of other things that perhaps, had I been wiser and more experienced, I wouldn't have had. But I do think this editor made an honest effort to find out the background of the campaign, and I gave him more than he needed to have.

Silvey: But I don't think I made any difference in the editorial, I think they would have come out against Darryl anyway. But I think the publisher sent him over as a gesture of...or he came over on his own maybe, as a gesture of fair handedness. He was a nice guy, and I looked back on that conversation and think that I probably was not as skillful in handling it, as I would have been a few years later, had I had a few more years/^{of}experience under my belt. Anyway, when the campaign was over, it was very soon after that that the little steel strike was coming into a crisis situation, and I have now been transferred from the payroll into the national CIO payroll, and I got my organizer's card. I think I've had it now for some months, maybe even a year.

East: 1937,

Silvey: Even '36, I think. I think I was on the CIO national payroll from about 1936. Now I'm getting organizer's salary and I have my slit turn/^{ed}on the Columbus Dispatch board, and I have my priority held, but not without a big argument in the local union where I had to go down and fight for it because there were quite a number of members who didn't like the CIO and who didn't like Charles P. Howard being secretary of it, and they took it out on me but I did save my priority, and I never claimed again, I never needed it again, never went back to work as a printer. So it was alright. But I did carry it and I paid dues into the local regularly as a non-working member and kept my membership clean, and carried my membership clear through until my retirement when I was still a member in good standing and am now, and get my pension check both from the international and local. I get a varying amount from the international, it ranges anywhere from \$55.00 a month to \$80.00 a month, and my local in Columbus, Ohio paid me \$10 a month, and that 's my pension from the typographical union. So then I'm sent to Youngstown, Ohio to be director of a relief, a little steel strike,

East: Give me some background on that.

Silvey: The little steel strike, or the relief director work?

East; Yeah, getting that job. Who appointed you? Who sent you there?

Silvey: Well, John Owens sent me up. Because John Owen was CIO regional director for Ohio and he was the man that handled steel workers business except that he collaborated with the regional directors for the steel workers union. The steel workers organizing committee had a regional director in Youngstown, in Cleveland, and in Portsmouth, and in Cincinnati, and in maybe another city, but I don't think Toledo, and I don't think Canton, I believe Canton was under the jurisdiction of the Youngstown region. But all these things were very friendly relations between the miners and the steel workers and so John Owens could send me to be relief direction in the little steel strike in the Mohoney Valley in Ohio. Well, what does Silvey know about feeding strikers? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. How do I go about it? Well, I make research to find out how you handle feeding and large groups of men. So I find out that the military had a publication called, How to Feed One Hundred Men for Thirty Days On a Certain Sum of Money. So I ordered it, and I got it. And then I found some other publications of this sort. What you do when you're doing mass feeding. I think the Red Cross had something. So I studied these books. I'd hold myself up in the hotel room, and I studied them. Then I had access to money. Well, I came in when the thing was already started. And it was helter skelter pall mall, one guy spending money for this, and going to a grocery store and buying things that were costly. And so I came in and I sized up the whole situation and made an organization out of it. And I lived in an Ohio hotel there in Youngstown and went out. I had responsibility for everything, rents, evictions, accidents, violence and brutality on the picket line, the food, the baby care, the hospital expenses. I mean, I had this whole gamet of stuff. And it was a rich and beautiful experience, but it was a painful one because to see so much

Silvey: agony and suffering was a terrible thing. So I found that there was a young man who was a pipe inspector in the Youngstown Sheet & Tool Co., whose name was Elverton M. Dune. And Elverton is a first name which matches very well with Theodore, my name. And Theodore in the slum in which I grew up is on a par with Cecil, Mortomer, Persovil, and these other fighting names. So Dune and I did it up fine. He was a pipe inspector, a very intelligent person. And there was a young woman there who was a member of a steel workers family who hung around to be helpful. Her name was Glesson Lookabaugh. She was a sweet kid. She was maybe, about 22, 23 years old. She was a tall, gangly girl. And she was clever with figures. She became a kind of a bookkeeper and invoice person for us. Well Dune was a person whose father... Dune was a person who knows something about the grocery business in a remote way. His father lusted for years to be a grocery proprietor. And he used to take Dune as a small boy to the market and look over the things that they could buy. And he'd say to Dune, now that's a good buy there look at the quality of that fruit, or that vegetable, or that merchandise, and the price is just about right, now we could buy that for so and so. But the guy did this as a hobby. Never was in the grocery business but wanted to be so much that it ached. And Dune learned about food buying. And Dune was clever himself. So I made Dune a kind of a purchasing agent. And Dune would come in... Oh, God I remember one day I almost fell off the chair, he says, I can buy two tons of peanuts on the shelf for... I don't know, \$45. Two tons of peanuts in the shelf! Good, God in heaven where would we put them. Well, of course, we'd put them in the workers bellies where they belonged. I don't know whether the \$45 was the price we even got them for, but it was some ridiculously low price. And Dune was out there smelling around to buy bargains, you know. So then he come to me one day, and he says, if you let me go down to Pittsburgh, he says, I can buy a car load of spaghetti, and I can get it for about 30% less than

Silvey: I have to pay the wholesale house here in Youngstown, I said, how much does it take? What are you going to do, get down on the train, or are you going to drive down or whatever? Well we'll get one of the strikers and we'll get his car and buy some gasoline and drive down. By God, he went down and bought two car loads of spaghetti! One day, a rough, uncouth, not very clean, foreign person, maybe a Hungarian lad, I don't know, a fellow about 28 or 30 years old, work in the mill, was a striker, was known to the fellows around. He said look I'd got a dump truck but it isn't running. He said 4 or 5 of the guys and I could put it in operating condition if you'd buy the parts for us, we got tools and we know how to fix it, but he said, we ain't got no money to buy parts. And I said well, what kind of parts do you need, and how much will they cost? And he told me, and it runned about \$32 or \$35, and I said well, alright, I'll give you the money, you go get the truck. But what's the point of putting it in operation? Well, he said if that truck worked, he says we could go up to Painsville which isn't too far away, and we could buy fresh fish right off of the boats on Lake Erie. And we could just clean that truck out good, and we could load it with chipped ice and we could pack it full of fish, and we could come down here and the strikers would have fresh fish to eat. Well, I said why not. Imagine this kind of...and I never saw the guy, but the other fellows says, he's alright. So I trusted him, I gave him \$35, and two days later we had a whole, big dump truck load of fresh fish distributed to the strikers. Can goods. I remember we had trouble. The Polish, the Hungarian, the eastern Europeans wanted polish sausage and sauerkraut, and things like that. And the Italians wanted spaghetti. And so, we'd have things at certain times, you know. And they'd be discussed in dissatisfaction. They'd go out of the hall and say I can't eat this goddamn dago food! And then the Italians would say don't give me that Polak trash! And then one time a committee came in to see me, we

Silvey: had our headquarters in the Hungarian Hall on Poland Ave. there in Youngstown. And a committee came in to see me and said look you dish out flour here so we can't use it. Let us have a barrel of flour for our neighborhood. And we got these outside ovens, you know. We'll just take a barrel of flour and we'll bake up the whole barrel in bread at one time. And we'll distribute the bread around among the strikers' families. And I said, had to lean on the local people, I says, is this feasible? Why sure, we noticed the way these guys bake bread. And so I said, alright, barrel of flour is yours. So I gave them a barrel of flour, and they bake their bread. What do I do? I go up and watch them. And see by God, how it works. And they're all busy there. They got an outdoor oven, I saw one of these in the Gaspari Peninsula on my recent Canadian trip. These old outdoor ovens that the people used to bake bread in, wonderful. And good bread! Wholesome bread. Homemade bread. And so I negotiated that. And then the time got when we were beginning to need a warehouse. So we found an old building that was empty, a house, a residence place, nobody lived in it for quite a long time. And so I rented it. I don't know how we got it, maybe the landlord let us have it. There was lots of good will around among the people of Youngstown for the steel strikers. At any rate, we got the house, and we'd bring in large quantities of stuff, and then we had to have a 24 hours watch on it, to keep it from being broken in to, and the food stolen out of it. So we'd get the volunteers, and we'd give them picket line credit duty for being watchmen on the warehouse. And we'd move the stuff in and out of. There was an Italian fellow whose name was Taorimino, Vincent Taorimino. And he stuttered like hell. But he was a big, strong, heavy man, and he was our body guard and our chauffeur. We had to carry large sums of money with us, because nobody in Youngstown, no business organization would take our checks. The Mahoney National Bank would only cash our checks. So we'd get say, \$25,000 from Pittsburgh for the strike fund that was a kind of a

Silvey: revolving fund, you know. We'd spend it, and send the receipts back. And this was Glesson Lookabough's work. She'd keep all the records, and do all the arithmetic, and make everything come out right, honestly. And we ran that thing very carefully to the penny accuracy. And then we'd get another check and the Mahoney National Bank would ~~deposit~~^{cash} it for us, but they wouldn't take any deposits, or we couldn't write any checks. And so we had large sums of money on us. I mean, you know, \$2,800 carrying it around in a situation. And so Taorimino was our body guard. And he was big enough to knock out two guys at once. And I needed him on one occasion too, when things got real tough, and they were going to tear me apart.

East: Who's they?

Silvey: The strikers. It came about over a situation on fluid milk vs. canned milk. And it's another story. But Taorimino was stuttered and I could go on irrelevantly and tell you some more perfectly marvelous stories about his stuttering. But one night I decided to eat in a striker's home. So I chose Taorimino. I said do you think your wife would care if I'd come out and have dinner with you tonight to see how you're doing with the food we're handing out, and so on? He said sure, it's alright. So I went out, and he had a bunch of kids. And the woman cooked the meal off of strikely food, and I ate with them. It was too salty to suit my taste, but I didn't say so. And thanked them, and found out what it's like to eat in a striker's home, because I wanted to find out what these things were, you see. Well, there's one other story there about the food. There was a Greek man in town, who owned a dairy. And he was a generous man. And he had a lot of steel workers as his customers. And he came to me and voluntarily agreed to deliver milk at no charge to the home of every family that was a striker in town within his delivery area, who had a baby less than 2 years of age. And if I would register them and give them the names, he would do it on my say so. Well I thought this was wonderful.

Silvey: He was a good businessman, Going to give milk for nothing! Deliver it to the homes of the families that had children under 2 years of age. So I bruted this around and we got the names of maybe 30 or 40 families that had infant children. And I gave him the list, and by God he delivered the milk! And this is how I got into this trouble down on Poland Avenue at Rumanian Hall, which was another place where the strikers gathered. I went down there one day, and the strike was going sour now, things were getting nasty, things were getting tough. Some of the strike breakers had come or some of the workers had gone back, it isn't a pleasant situation. They're beginning to worry, and the bloom of the strike is off. And, you know, it's nasty! And there is a big Italian fellow that takes me on with about 35 or 40 other fellows hanging around, listening and watching. And he's taking me on because he can't get fresh milk. Well I said you're baby's almost 3 years old. My baby has always had fresh milk, and if the steel workers can't give me fresh milk for my baby...and this kind of talk, you know. Well, I said you get canned milk, you get condensed milk, it's nutritious, it's alright. My baby has always had fresh milk. I'm going to have fresh milk. Well, it was a tough spot, because these fellows were around me and knew that too were feeling, and he was / ^{there} spokesman of the sort. So I talked my way out of it. I guess Vincent was with me that day and he was going to stand by anyway and see that I was pulverized if somebody started beating me up. And, I got out of it but it was a problem, you see, and I had to talk to them. This reminded me of another situation because I used to watch the line. We'd get the strikers in to prepare the material. I mean buy lintels say, in 100 lb. bags. Well, we'd get the strikers in to volunteer and we'd open the bags and we'd buy paper bags, 1 lb. bags and 2 lb. bags and we'd fill them and weigh them, and tape them up and then stack them, and then the next morning the people would come through and get their ration. And this was a regular procedure

Silvey; that I set up, So we'd have beans and peas, and lintels, and packages goods, and all kinds of stuff, you see. And I always tried to buy the stuff that was nutritious, that had high protein value, and stuff that was pretty good, And I had consultations on that with people that knew something about it. And the thing was going along pretty good. One day there was a Polish fellow named Stanley Karnaski, I believe. I'm not real sure of his last name, but I remember his name was Stanley. He was a handsome young fellow, 29 or 30 years old, worked in the mill, and devoted to the union. And he was one of the volunteers that helped bag the groceries and serve the line when the people came through. And he was very faithful, he came to the Hungarian Hall and we 'd work together, and he'd put the stuff up, and be there always regularly, and was doing a good job. And so one day he came to me in the office after the line was busy, and he says to me, well, I'm going home I'm goin' to wash up, I'm goin' to have my meal, my supper, (we called it out there), I'm going to have my supper, and I'm goin' go get that sonofabitch and I'm goin' take him on the hill, up by the cemetary, and I'm goin' to beat the shit out of him! Stanley, I said what the hell you're talking about? Well, he said nobody can call me a name like that. Well, what goes on here? Well, he told me then the story that something wasn't going right in the line, and one of these eastern European fellows who understood several languages, and understood some of the, most of the cuss words in all languages, didn't like at the moment, and he called Stanley a dirty name. And Stanley comes in and tells me this. Oh, I said come on Stanley that isn't the way you handle union affairs. By God, he's not going to call me a name like that! Well I passed it on, And the next morning, by golly, I had a doctor's bill, to get this guy's jaw set up, And I said, Stanley, did you take that fellow out and hit him? Well, he said I told you I was, didn't I? But I said look, I've got to pay a doctor to fix his jaw now, or his tooth, or whatever it is that went wrong. I said, this is not good for the union. Look, he says

Silvey: you're a printer, you use words, you talk about these things, that ain't the way it is in the steel mill. He says, when the foreman comes to you in the steel mill, he doesn't say please Mr., the first thing you feel is his hard shoe in your ass. He said they kick you. That's the way it is in the steel mill, that's the way we work and live around here. Well, I said Stanley, there's a union being formed. There's a new thing coming up. Look, you've got leadership ability. You can talk, you can persuade other men, you can be an officer of a lodge in this union, but you can't do it with your fist. You've got to do it with that good brain of yours. You've got to do it with that good tongue of yours. You've got to make these people have confidence in you, and you can go places in this new union movement. Now don't go around using your fist on your fellow trade unionist, that isn't right. Well, he said, he ain't goin' to call me a name like that, and get away with it!

Tape #7

Date of Interview: 5/24/78

#001

1.

Name: Ted Silvey

Interviewer: Dennis East

Side A

Silvey: There was another experience with violence in those Mahoning Valley strike days that I remember very well. Impressed me particularly about the attitude of the professional person, involved a dentist. There was a chap on the picket line whose name, I believe, was Fletcher a striker, a man about 42-44 yrs old perhaps. And he was out on the picket line, and the sheriff attacked him, they knocked him on the ground and kicked him in the mouth and broke his jaw in two places. It happened fairly early in the morning on a night picket shift, and I was awakened in my hotel room early and told that this had happened. Well, of course we had to get help for him right away. I think it was, by the time I got to the situation it was nearly business hours time and I heard the story from people who were responsible and told me the circumstance, so I immediately had to find an orthodontist. Is that the right profession? I guess it was, anyway I had to find a dentist that could fix a broken jaw and set the mans teeth and fix him up. So I called around on the phone and told him who I was and that I had a circumstance and I wanted to bring the man over to have him

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treated and it was an emergency case and he says " Alright, I can do it but he said you come over and give me fifty dollars--first!" And I said well, if thats the way it has to be I'll do it. So I went over to his office and put fifty dollars on the line and got a receipt for it and brought the man in and he did fix him up. He had wired his lower jaw with gold wires, I saw the job! And pulled the teeth that had to be removed-cleaned up the gums , and did a professinal job on it and later on I saw the man and he had a broken jaw and had lost teeth but he got his jaw fixed up alright. This is one of the casualties of the picket line situation in the steel strike.

East: You were responsible for medical-umm...

Silvey: Oh, yeah I had to be responsible for everything that a striker needed , hell, I had babies born under my umm, I mean a pregnant mother, a pregnant woman, the wife of a steel striker-steel worker-- member and a striker gonna have a baby, I gotta take care of it...see what I mean?

East: You've painted a picture here of where the towns-people, in Youngstown , and surrounding area there who were very supportive--of the strikers...

Silvey: Yes, many of them. Even the congressmen from that district was pretty good. The Youngstown " Vindicator" was pretty vicious-the newspaper

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there. But, the congressman from that district whose name I don't immediately recall, was not willing to serve the steel corporations interest against the workers, and so when the steel corporations needed somebody to arouse the public against the strikers they had to come down to Columbus and get the congressman from the 12th Ohio district, who was a Democrat, to come up and attack the CIO and he did. He was such a bad congressman, that I used to vote for a Republican just to keep him from being in office. (East, in the background, laughs) Really, I mean he was worse than most Republicans-if thats possible,but...

East: Negotiations in the steel strike,umm...

Silvey: Well, they were going on now.

East: You had no hand in that?

Silvey: No, no,no, I wouldnt touch it. John Mayo, who was SWOC regional director in Youngstown just begged me! He even threatened me! *UMM*, well, he threatened me in a kindly way, in a friendly way, not in a vicious way. Then I had to make speeches to the strikers meetings. He said "Look, you know how to talk . You can rouse these people, you can build up their spirit, you can do this and that and... " I said, yes I can, but I've got primary duties here. I can't do both, I've got to take care of the strikers needs. Its taking every minute of my time that I can stay

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awake! And I've got the assistance of all these good people in the strike ranks that are helping me and I named them, there were fifteen or twenty maybe one hundred of 'em when you call on the whole lot. I've got to do this job, and do it well, and it's a responsible job. It involves money, it involves the welfare of the workers and I can't make speeches. And I didn't! But he pressed me and pressed me but I never did. He was real nasty about it sometimes, that I wasn't fulfilling my duty to the movement. I had my job and I was doing it right.

East: You had a real ethnic diversity. The problem was over food basically...

Silvey: Great, great, well, mostly food-yes. Food and rent and mortgage payments, although most of the people got their.....

East: No I mean, between the different ethnic....

Silvey: Yes, yes, as far as that was concerned it was mostly over taste and habits and customs. Yes, and the thing like my friend Stanley who felt he was abused because somebody used a foreign, Eastern European word to describe him in a disreputable manner.

East: (inaudible) a corporation using these ethnic diversities, ethnic differences uh, to split up the unification effort.

Silvey: Umm, if they did, I didn't see it. I'm sure they did, sure they did. The main evidence I had came

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from a man named Thomas Bee. Thomas Bee, B-double e, was a county commissioner of Mahoning County. I visited him in the court house, and talked to him he was a nice man, a decent sort of a guy. And he told me the story of how Sheriff Ralph Eltzer, sheriff of Mahoning County, a great big hulking brute of a man, got his deputies. Bee said that none of the money that was used to pay the deputy sheriffs, and I think at one time there were , oh I don't know, over two thousand of 'em I believe. Because you see, there were mills in the county other than in Youngstown. There was Struthers, and there was McDonald and these towns up and down the valley you see. There was also the mills in Trumbull County (inaudible) and the area up there. The Mahoning Valley flowed through both of these counties into Lake Erie. So, they deputised a great number of people and payed 'em six dollars a day for deputy sheriff duty to beat the pickets and fight the pickets, and Mr. Bee said to me Mahoning National Bank received deposits of a hundred thousand dollars at a time, from the United States Steel Corporation and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Corporation, and the Steel mill owners, umm, to be put out on a check which was signed Ralph Eltzer, Sheriff. That's how these men were payed, and they got six dollars a day, which was more than the normal wages in the Steel mill. The company payed these deputies to patrol the plants, and beat up the strikers whenever

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they could. Some of these situations were weird!

DUNN was a strike captain on the main gate at Youngstown Sheet and Tube, he refused to let the executives of the corporation go into the building!

East: How dramatic (laughs)

Silvey: It was, I mean I saw the place, I didn't see the event. But, I was told about it by DUNN and other people. He was strike captain, he was a thread inspector in the pipe mill, oil country pipe stuff eh? He stood there at the main gate with a picket crew, when the executives came in to work, he turned them back wouldn't let them go in. When they finally did get in, it was under an agreement that was worked out between the union and the corporation about exit and entry for a few selected people. You know the Mahoning river had fish in it during that strike, for the first time in decades! That's how tight the mills were shut down. The mill filth wasn't being poured into the river and poisoned all the fish life and marine life. It was clean for long enough so that the fish could swim up stream as far as Youngstown. That was unusual, they didn't have fish in that river. It ran sulfur red with the poison out of the mill. Stinking stuff! With hot water that fumed on cold days, steam came up off of the river-when the mill was running, of course. Those were the nasty times, nasty times. I was up at

Warren Ohio too you know. The towns in Trumbell County, up there they had very skillful men, these were rollers and sheet kneaders and catchers and doublers! These were the men who were princes of the industry, these were the men who made thirty five dollars a day while other men were making six or four dollars and a half a day.

East: They'd just come out of the Amalgamated.

Silvey: Yeah, well the men who had been eligible to be in the Amalgamated , as a matter of fact, there was a Trumbell Lodge in the old A.A. It was a Trumbell Lodge that became the SWOC local lodge up there, they called 'em lodges after the old A A pattern and I had great friends up there. They had a good union movement in Trumbell county too. I remember Harry Wines who was president of Trumbell county CIO council , they had other unions in the county besides the steel workers, he wanted to have a big Labor Day program one year. He called on me to get a speaker for them. I think they wanted two speakers, No umm, two successive years he called on me to get speakers for them, and the first year I got a man named Drummond Wren, he was a Canadian! He was of the Workers Education Association of Canada, which was patterned on the Workers Education Association in England. He was a very wonderful platform speaker. There was some doubt about his credentials, but I found him to

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be o.k. I recommended him and, they had him and they had a terrific Labor Day program! He was the principal speaker, they had a big time! Another year, I got the guy who was the Socialist Sheriff of Milwaukee County in Wisconsin from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union__ what was his name? He was a Polish man, spoke beautiful Polish, and excellent English with a slight accent. Ohh, was he a platform person! My God, he could take a crowd of three or four thousand people and have them just singing with pleasure just listening to him, and I, I wish I could think of his name right at the moment.

East: During the relief strike, did you have any trouble with dissident elements, political, umm...

Silvey: Yes, umm, but I didn't! I froze 'em out quick! A man was pointed out to me one time as a guy that the strikers had called and had been sent in to do a dynamite job, on a switch gear that brought electricity into the plants. I was told that this fella had been sent by the Communists to blow up the switch gear in order to create a situation that would help the company of course, but they thought it would be something to arouse the workers I guess- If it were true! What I was told about it, I've no way of confirming or didn't know. By the time I got there...

East: Did you have that problem in the relief effort?

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Silvey: No! I froze 'em out.

East: ...people from different political groups trying to influence...

Silvey: I didn't pay attention to them. I said Look, we are here to help the people who are in need. I was really straight forward about how to handle this thing, and I had a good crew of helpers around me. It worked very well, I think we did a remarkable job. Before I came they had, well Gus Hall was the communist party functionary in Trumbell county, and he was sort of taking things on to himself and one of the things he tried to do was to get some union money for relief work. I got a little accounting of that, and I thought it was a little disgraceful. Disgraceful in the sense it was dishonest, it was disgraceful in the sense it was highly incompetent. And...

East: The Gus Hall?

Silvey: Yeah, yeah, the one that was communist party functionary and he's still around I guess. I knew Gus Hall and Al Johnson both, but I knew Al Johnson before he was a communist party functionary and when he was not yet a member of the party, when he was a minister - a Presbyterian minister who was trying to do help for the unemployed. I saw and met Gus Hall, but had nothing to do with him. They kept away from me, they knew that I was not in their camp, they knew I couldn't be influenced, they knew I couldn't be touched, so they'd ^{leave} ~~left~~ me alone. That's ^{the way I dealt} ~~why I got~~ with them in the Ohio CIO council too. Except that both John Owens and

(inaudible) gave me some trouble in connection with the methods that I thought were suitable, because they were willing to go along with them [the communists] because John L. Lewis was, and Hillman was, and in both cases their lieutenants and associates agreed to do it. Sat with Sidney Hillman one time over the PAC matter, we were on a drawing room of a railroad train riding from New York to Washington, or New York to Philadelphia or somewhere-I guess it was Philadelphia to New York. I was talking about PAC, and I was saying No these Cleveland fellas ought not to be involved in it, they'll give us a bad name, they'll do the wrong things, they'll divert it and twist it and turn it into something that isnt right. I wouldnt have anything to do with these communists! I lost out on that with Sidney Hillman, and I remember Sidney sitting there on the upholstered set of that Pullman car, and saying "Look, the communists are killing Nazis! That is the important thing , of course the war was on, the communists are killing Nazis! Well, he was a Jew, he understood what the Nazis had done to the Jews, I was not unsympathetic, but I didnt see how that affected the operation of the PAC in Ohio. I wouldnt work with them! Except as I had to.

East: Basically, you say you had in the CIO council, had ways of dealing with them, that Hillman did not approve of...

Silvey: Yes, he umm, he would let them do things that I wouldnt.

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Silvey: For example, they had a singing group, ummm, before the Soviet Union invaded Germany the whole pitch and push of the communist organization in the U.S. was; Roosevelt is a warmonger, everything is against the war effort. they even sold out the workers in factory situations where grievances were not processed and the employers had their own way, because if a grievance was settled it would interfere, umm, wait a minute, Im getting ahead of my story! Im speaking of the time before the Soviet invasion of Germany. That period was, we will do everything we can to sabotage and interfere with the war effort. They did, to the extent they were able to, and that created alot of bad publicity. The whole drive and push was against Roosevelt and against the war effort, but then came the June 1941 invasion and immediately, overnight, the thing turned! Saul Mills in New York, was alleged to be the captain of a crew that was gonna distribute a booklet. On a Sunday morning, all through New York City, it was against the war effort, I understand they were around at the neighborhood stations, they were ready to be picked up and put out and just a few hours before the distribution was... the day before the distribution was to start, the Soviet armies moved into Germany. They heard about it in New York. My God, I wish I had a copy of that booklet! That would be an archival treasure!

(East laughs in the background) I dont know how many thousand of them , there were, but apparently

they got them all up and burned 'em. Then everything had changed, the very opposite occurred. Roosevelt was the hero of the world! Produce, produce, produce, grievances are not important, the workers have to sacrifice for the war effort! We have to save Mother Russia. I think I have it backwards though, I've been saying the Soviet Union invaded the Nazis, I know that I'm wrong, let me back up and say, Germany invaded the Soviet Union-the correct historical segment of course, I didn't mean to get it backwards. Both, Elmer Fehlhaber of the Cleveland Newspaper Guild, and he was the man who wanted to be secretary treasurer of the Ohio CIO council, and Wilber Tate from the machinists union in Akron. I beat both of them, and was elected, then was re elected until I wasn't. Which is another story.

East: Its interesting that Owen and Dinuchi were....

Silvey: Not Dinuchi, Sidney Hillman!

East: Oh, I was relating this to Ohio. Its interesting that the philosophy of Lewis (*inaudible*)... worked its way down to the state level.

Silvey: Of course, of course, the communist party organization is very good you know. One time I was sitting in the CIO building at 718 Jackson Place Northwest, talking to 4 or 5 people, included in the room was Michael Ross. He was a Scotsman. A veteran of the WWI Scotch forces (*British Forces in Scotland*) He had been horribly gassed, his eyeballs layed down on his cheeks. He recovered but he had a hacking cough, from the gas that he suffered-not in

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good health. He came to the United States, he was in the Labor movement-good union man. He worked at headquarters with international affairs, he spoke French, and that made him very useful as director of international affairs. We were be-moaning some of the things, umm , I think Kitty Alison was in the room too, and Mike Ross, and maybe one other person and myself and I made this remark; I said there are three institutions in the world that in their authoritarian structure and in their organizational processes they are very much alike. The Catholic Church and the Communist Party, and the United Mine Workers of America! Mike laughed and said "The building is crawling with all three'of them". (East and Silvey laugh)

I haven't told the story about Lancaster, Ohio and the effort George Dinuchi put forth in response to an appeal from some workers at the Anchor Hocking Glass Co. that had a CIO union in their plant. Lancaster Ohio is a small manufacturing town in a place that has been fairly prosperous. It was full of glass mold shops and the mill- the glass factories, and it was pretty much a one industry town, not very big. The workers at the Anchor Hocking Glass Co. wanted a union, or at least they sent a note up to George Dinuchi to come down and talk about it, so George drove down! When he got to the city line of Lancaster county, he found a barricade across the road, and

every car being questioned by the police, and a whole group of policemen there. They were stopping everybody and looking at their idents' before they'd let them go through and when they got George Dinuchi, he was the man they were after! It happened that the movement of police around town and the barricading of the road some time before, was enough to alert the local people; so there was a newspaper man, and a photographer there. Pictures were made, and George was standing there by the car, the police are turning him around and making him go back to Columbus. He couldn't enter the city! He turned around and came back to Columbus. The Columbus Citizen had an eight column banner story on it, with a picture. This made Perry Morrison, who was the labor reporter for the Citizen, Ohh, he was high as a kite on this one! This was a big story with his by-line on it, he got it second hand of course, I guess, from the Lancaster reporter. Nonetheless, it was a good story!

East: Lancaster didn't want anything to do with the CIO...

Silvey: No, no ! the Anchor Hocking Glass Co. management just called up the city government, and ordered the police to stop Dinuchi and not let him come into town. Of course, they are damn fools on a thing like this, because this really arouses interest! A thing like this always makes me think about Mae West. Curious...

East: Pardon me?

Silvey: (Laughs, pardon you?) Curious eh... Mae West was

performing in a play, in a small theatre in New York City that something less than 400 seats in it. She was in an ordinary punk type play called the Captive Man. It was about to close, it had two more nights to run on the contract of the theatre, I think and it was ready to close. It was a dumb, stupid thing. All she had was D-cup equipment and not much of an actress. Who, but the sanest man of the New York society for the suppression of vice, what was his name? It wasn't the Watch&Ward society, that was Boston. This man of the N.Y. society for the prevention of vice, happened to drop in and see the play. It happened to be on a subject that was rather esoteric for its day. I don't know whether it was homosexuality or transvestism or something was involved in it, anyway he publicized it and BINGO! They moved into a 2,500 seat theatre and Mae West was made!

East: Success!

Silvey: Ahh, of course! Now whether the producer of this play bribed this guy to give it this play or not, I never knew. That sort of thing does happen. Employers are often like this. Instead of leaving a thing alone, they boil it over so that everybody can see it! Well I don't know whether we ever got a local down there at Anchor Hocking, but in the outcome of this thing, there was alot of comment and alot of publicity, and alot of talk. In the end John Owens phoned the mayor of Lancaster. He

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got an apology. John said "Well Mr. Mayor, I'm not going to refuse to come down to your very outstanding Lancaster county fair this autumn."

Lancaster county always had a nice fair, renowned around. This is the way he'd be nice to the mayor. I don't know whether we ever had another situation or not.

In March 1936, three of us from the Printers union: Russell Allen, Lou Johnson, and myself, and maybe a fourth person went up to Akron on a Sunday, to see the Goodyear strike. I was editor of the Labor Tribune, we thought we ought to have a by-line story from Akron about the strike for the information of the Columbus workers. Lou wrote the story on that occasion, that's when I first met John House. We went out to , I don't know whether it was Market street in Akron where the strike had their headquarters- the union had its headquarters, we went in and I introduced ourselves and showed our credentials. I met John House who was in charge of the strike and Local #2 president. It was a bitter cold morning, ohh how cold it was, they had 186 pickets posted around that Goodyear plant! They even had pickets in row boats on the water side of the plant. I saw them. We wanted to walk the picket line, we wanted to go all around. We got a document authorizing us as reputable people, and a guide to take us. We went around the picket line. They had two oil drums with stove pipes at every picket

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station, where most of the pickets were. They got these 50 gallon oil drums and put one on top of the other and screwed 'em -locked 'em together some way, and made huge ovens-furnaces out of 'em with a stove pipe in the top. They named these picket posts, there was a Franklin D. Roosevelt post, a Francis Perkins post, there was a McGrady...was that the fella that was mediator at that time that was so prominent? There was all these other posts, there was a Donald Richberg post, and (laughs) Everybody had an assigned duty on these posts. We went all around and saw them. We came back and wrote our story and brought it back to Columbus, and I published it in the next weeks issue; Lou Johnson prepared it. That was the first time I met John House. While we were in Columbus, ^{we visited} the man who was the typographical UNION person in Akron, his name was James McCarten. I think we all went to see Jim before we went to the Local #2 headquarters, as I ruminiate about it and remember. McCarten said " You can't believe what this situation is, its something you'd never dream would come to pass." He said when this local went out on strike, they had 286 or thereabouts, dues payed members in the local. I guess it was something like 13,500 people who were on strike. This thing was built with a few people in each department, and when that plant was shut down, it was SHUT DOWN! ^{with} A tiny fraction of the workers in the plant being in the union. Like throwing a match in

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a gasoline can--BOOM! Everybody was out, and they stayed out, they had a stride in the dead of winter!

Anyway, the CIO came into that situation then, ugh, this we remember was when Coleman Claraughty was with the Rubber workers, they were in the AF of L. And then the United Rubber workers was set up after this. Alan Haywood came down and helped them. I think it was Alan, anyway they became the United Rubber Workers of America and their union had organized the year before, 1935 so that their 40th anniversary convention was in Los Angeles last year in October. The excitement of it, the intoxication of it, the unbelievableability of it was one of the things that made you sort of half drunk with excitement, a good part of the time, the way things were happening. The time had come!

George Dinuchi, or whoever was working for the Auto workers in Columbus organized a plant called D.L.Auld CO. They made automobile parts, I think we'd already organized the Columbus Auto Parts Co. In fact, I was a member of that Local#30 for a good number of years. I kept my membership in the automobile workers and payed my dues all through the years I'd be a veteran member. I was an early member of that Local as a kind of courtesy, I helped them with writing news releases, and helping them with stuff, and they allowed me to become a member. Although I never worked in the plant, I payed dues

for about two years, and held a card for Local #30. Somebody organized the D.L.Oil Co., I wasn't involved in it, I was editor of the Labor Tribune at the time and I had a press card printed up so that I could present a press card when I went around to situations to show the police. That plant was on strike, and there were pickets around George Dinuchi was sort of managing the thing, there were strike breakers and people going back to work. You remember the back to work movement, at that time, was a very strong force. The Mohawk Valley plant it was called. We were not able to resist the entrance into the plant, and enough cars-umm, we walked in circles on the picket line, there weren't a great many of us; not the majority of the workers in the plant. I was joining them because I was a sympathetic person even though I was there as a reporter, showing the press card at one time, and joining the picket line at another. It was a bit of a duplex situation, and other reporters were there and photographers, and Harry Morrison was there too. In those days, they had something on the front of automobiles called a Boyce moto-meter, I don't know whether you remember that or not, on the front end of your radiator you had an opening where the water came up and you had a thing you screwed down in, and it had a round gage on the top as a thermometer in it, you could look to see what your water temperature was by this moto-meter that stood out on the front of

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your radiator. Practically every automobile had 'em, except the Franklin which was air cooled. One of the guys was driving into the plant in a car that had one of 'em on, but one of the guys was driving into the plant just at the point where I was in front of him, and he gave it the gun! In about 12 feet, I didn't have a chance to get away from him. It was cold weather, and I was wearing an overcoat, I think also one of those felt hats you wore in those days, and when I saw the car coming, I saw that I was going to be cut down, and I appraised the situation quickly enough that when the car came at me, I jumped into the air and landed with both feet on the front bumper safely and hugged this motor meter to hold on. Just as I did this, one of the newspaper reporter took a photograph of me on the car, and there I am being pushed up into the plant with my coat tails waving and me hugging on to the moto-meter. I've got that picture among my papers somewhere in the Ohio stuff. It was printed in the newspaper, I don't know if I was identified or not. The car drove up into the place and stopped and I got off and ran away. (Laughter)

Homer Martin had come to Columbus to talk to the Auto workers. We had a good, big meeting! We used to have big meetings, the mere notice of a meeting you'd get 3 or 400 people -Amazing! They'd come because they were interested, it was very vital to them. A big noisey room full of men, and Ole Homer

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Martin was due to come in on an airplane, and somebody was out to the airport to get him as soon as he was off. They'd rush him off to the meeting, so he came in and got up on the platform and he said " My ears are still noisy with the sound of the airplane engine, and I can hardly hear you", but, he made a rousing speech to the meeting. He was a Baptist preacher, you know, and he was a good preacher. He turned out to be the captive of the CPO faction of the Communist Party opposition. I didn't have any use for them either, I followed the rigid rule that the Republican party had no business interfering with the Building Trades Unions, the Socialist party had no business interfering with the Printing trades union. The Communist Party opposition had no business interfering with any unions, or the industrial unions. While some of these people were nice guys, I remember Bill Munger, a nice fella , I had great respect for him. I sent him to Italy during the Marshall Plan days processing. I brought him home dying of cancer, and he died. I took his wife into the hospital in New York, the doctor called me into his private office, he says "What is the situation in this family? Shall I tell this woman the truth, can she stand it?" I said, she knows what the situation is, you tell her and I'll stand by and help her. He told her he couldn't live a week, and he died in three days. I took Mrs. Munger and did the best I could for her,

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to comfort her and help her. I took her to her family and arranged things. Homer Martin is apparently in the capture of the CPO and he didn't do well, and then R.J. Thomas came, he got elected and after that Walter. I used to also attend the meetings when Frank Dillon would come to speak, these were the days before the CIO, when I was editor of the Labor Tribune. He was a pretty good speaker. He'd get up in front of an audience and talk about trade unionism, in a pretty straight way, and I liked it. He wasn't the kind of a guy who was in step with the modern worker, that is, the workers who were having modern problems at that time.

I knew John Bricker of Ohio very well, he was really astute, I mean, God! the kinds of people that come to the United States Senate from Ohio, or as president (inaudible) We organized the Hercules Paper Box Co. in south Columbus. We made a Local union out of 'em, and I believe they were called Paper Workers Union Local 310. Up to the time of the organization of the union, the company had a baseball team, for the recreation of employees. In those days, they established recreation to avoid unionism, they'd do nice things for the workers like letting 'em have a little cool water or have a negotiation about the size of a ham sandwich or whatever...meaningless things. They had a baseball team and they called it Hercules Box. They had uniforms and they had Hercules Box across the back of their uniforms, and they played. They played all over the metropolitan league. There was an industrial league,

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and an institutional league. The institutional league included the various organizations that were factories and one of 'em was the State Penitentiary! They had a baseball game , and the teams that play each other, and what would happen is they'd have a play off in the industrial league, and then they'd have one in the institutional league. There may have been a third league, I'm not sure, at any rate, when the Local #310 was established, the company withdrew their support for recreation activities! The Local union organized its own baseball team, and they changed the mark on their uniforms from Hercules Box to Local #310. It turned out that they won the top rank in the industrial league. Who should win, but the Ohio State Penitentiary league, so the play-off is gonna be between the Hercules Local #310 and the Penitentiary! John Bricker is governor. So the warden of the penitentiary who was as anti-CIO as Bricker was, called for advice to the governors as to whether or not the prisoners would be allowed to play the CIO team. Bricker said No! It was cancelled. So, what did I get in my office, but a delegation from Paperworkers Local #310! They wanted to play baseball! They wanted to play the penitentiary, after-all, they have done all these things every year, why shouldn't they do it this year? I went over to the governors office, and the governor...Bricker was a man,

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who when you faced him with a problem, and he didn't want to talk, he'd throw his hands up in the air and shake 'em like this (shows East) and shake his head, make a face and that's the way he treated me that day. He said, " Oh, go and speak to ..." and he gave me a guy on his staff, well, this guy was intelligent! His duty was to be in charge of pardons and paroles. The governor has this responsibility, he had a special staff man to be in charge of pardons and paroles, and that guy had jurisdiction over the penitentiary! I went in and talked to him very gently and kindly and told him what the problem was, after all this was a sports thing and there's hardly any room for prejudice here, what kind of damn nonsense is this anyway, why can't they play baseball? The guy said sure, of course, I'll call the warden and arrange it. He called the warden in the governors name and told him, "Look, this thing is silly, let 'em go ahead and play baseball". So, they did and the Penitentiary team won! (laughter) That was the kind of thing I used to work on, back in those days.

I think one of the reasons why I got to be well known over the state of Ohio, was a happy accident that while I was employed as John Owens aide, we were called administrative assistant, ugh, we had a big rally against Gov. Davey calling out the troops against the little steel strikers. It was at the Neal house in Columbus, that we assembled and ugh... at the capitol bldg. People came from all over, Ohio

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Many, many people, I guess there might have been 1200 or 1500. They first of all went to the capitol bldg. and we met in the Rotunda of the capitol. Somebody acted as chairman, and John Owen had a committee named to visit Davey in his office. They're all milling around in his office, making noise and shouting, agitating in the State Capitol bldg. and Daveys is in his office right around the corner! They obviously can't stay there for a long period of time, so I quickly go over to the Neal house hotel, and arranged for a place where we could gather while Owen and the committee are in negotiations with the governor. Davey was a real nasty man, and I knew they wouldn't get any where and he'd already called out the troops. The thing was pretty bad, so I had the responsibility in otherwords to do something to take care of these people! We just can't continue to...so I went over to Neal house, the big ballroom was open, so I made arrangements to get it and sent scouts out and got all of the people across Neal avenue and we went in and filled the ballroom. What can I do in a situation like that, I'm not gonna make them a speech so I just chaired the meeting. I said who's from Youngstown, who's from Canton, who's from (inaudible) who's from Cincinnati, who's from Portsmouth? Men would get up, and come to the front and make a statement about the situation in their neighborhood, or in their town, or about their local or about their strike situation,

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or whatever, I must of had 3 or 4 dozen of 'em going to the platform and they loved it. Every time they'd finish I'd make some suitable comment and call another one and bring him up and the audience was hilarious, they were having a wonderful time. Suddenly a man came up to me who turned out to be Harris, from Portsmouth, the man I took up to Marion the second week to handle the SWOC organization up there at the steam shovel plant, and he said "Who in the hell are you?" I said does it matter? He said "Yea, these guys are asking who's this chairman, cause they like you the way you're doing!". Well, naturally they did cause I was giving them a chance to do more than just sit and listen, they had a chance to tell about their local situations and to get into the participation of the thing which is always a good deal. I said Alright you asked who I am, I'll tell ya, so he went back to his seat and at a proper time, he said, "Who is this fella thats chairman of our meeting today"; and he made some general complimentary remark. I told them who I was, and my reputation got around the state, because these guys were from all over Ohio. When the convention was held, they knew me. See? So, that was a big help in getting elected to the position...

*End of Tape #7, side one.

East: Today is February 14th, 1976.

Silvey: During the recordings yesterday, I spoke about assisting the Trumbell county CIO council for a couple of Labor Day celebrations, getting them one year, the speaker from Canada, Mr. Drummond Wren and the second year, the Polish man from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers who had been sheriff of Milwaukee County, a socialist sheriff, I could not recall his name. I recall now that he was Leo Kryzcki, he's very prominent in the middle west labor movement and in the history of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in that area.

Also, yesterday I talked about the political campaign to elect Darryl Smith mayor of Canton. A man who had stemmed from the AF of L central body, who had been supporting the steelworkers in the CIO. It was in connection with my visits in Canton that I first came to know I.W. Able, who was at that time a member of the Golden Lodge in the Timpkin Rollerbearing Plant. I'm not sure now. I do remember it was called Golden Lodge 1123. The president of it was a chap whose name was Davis. He was a coal miner who had come up from the mine country into Ohio and worked in this factory. There were lots of coalminers in the North in the early days of the CIO, who assumed positions of leadership because they had experience in the Miners Union. They came north to get away from the horrible conditons of the mine camps, and when they got into factories ~~AND~~ the

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CIO started, they had a double attraction of Lewis leading the CIO which called on their earlier loyalties to the United Mine Workers Union, and the fact that they did know how to get around and talk to people about organizing, especially in underground tactics and methods that circumvented too close supervision and surveillance of the company foreman. Not many of these people were maintenance men, but it turned out that the maintenance men became the very important people in the early days of CIO in any factory. This was not always true, but it was true in a significant number of cases. Maintenance men were in all of the departments they could move around the plant, doing repair work, doing electrical, plumbing, and carpentry, the machine shop, whatever work they did they got around to the different depts to work on machines. They were a kind of roving union ambassadors and so they could clandestinely carry membership cards and pass out buttons and talk about the union and make announcements of meetings and do other things that were useful, a kind of invisible communication chain in the factories. It was always important to try to get the maintenance men, and since they were skilled laborers, and since they really did also understand the need for a union they were generally very helpful. This is the same sort

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of thing that I'd spoken of earlier, about the Printers, who were called Tramps or Tourists who traveled all over the country working in different cities, at different times and carrying the union message and the organizing work wherever they went. Mr. Able, in this Golden Lodge of the steel workers, was interested and active. I remember he used to complain a great deal about Davis, because Davis was not the kind of a person that Able thought was doing a good job as president. He was on the side of bombast and MORE talking and less on the side of performance and this was something that Able didn't like very well, he did a good bit of criticizing. So, I talked to Able a good bit about it, in fact, I got pretty well acquainted with Able and talked to him alot. Things began to go bad at the Local at a certain point, and Able became very discouraged and even disgusted. Since I was seeing him in connection with the Darryl Smith political campaign, I used to talk to him alot, and I especially listened to him because I wanted to find out what was really bugging him and what the conditions were in the Local. Finally one day he said to me "I'm done, I'm just gonna knock off and quit this whole thing, its disgusting me and it isn't worth my time." I said why don't you stop by this evening and we'll eat together and have a chat, so ugh I dont remember whether we had dinner

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or if he came to the hotel room afterwards, but I guess I must have spent 2½ to 3 hours with him. I let him talk as much as he would to get it out of his system, and then I began to ask a few questions and I began to tell him about the unionism and the future that the CIO had, and begin to turn him around gradually and carefully so that by the time the evening was over I had him convinced that it wasn't the thing to do to quit the CIO and quit the steel workers just because he'd had a bad run and hard luck in facing incompetent colleagues or people who discouraged or disgusted him. He did stay, and I watched him and nursed him along during the succeeding weeks. He did pretty good. I put him in charge of a meeting one time, I thought he needed a little more experience, and when we were having a mass rally of some sort, I asked him if he'd like to be chairman and he would like to be. I coached him a little bit, and sat by and I think I only had to intercede once during the meeting to get a wrangle straightened out. Able came along and carried through and he became sub-regional then regional director of the steelworkers and finally was elected secretary treasurer, he went on and replaced David McDonald as president of the organization! I don't know whether Able would remember or admit to these earlier conversations we had, but I felt he was a person I had saved for the Labor movement. ~~Although~~, he might have changed his mind by himself

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I at least bore down on him heavily to let him know that this was a responsibility that he had and that he could fulfill with benefit to the union and to himself.

Several times I have alluded to activities that I thought were unique or original in the Labor movement such as, difference in (inaudible) insurance, the way I recorded convention proceedings, the pattern of union conventions where we provided something as an alternative, to just going chasing around the bars by the delegates, things of that sort. Being a printer was also very careful about the union publications at the Ohio CIO council. I took great care to lay them out properly and to edit them well. Ohh, I used to work hours over the transcripts! Some peoples talks were very easy to get into print. E.L. Oliver was a well spoken man, who organized his sentences carefully and all I needed to do was go over it and make a few changes. But, Alan Haywood was a fella who rambled all over the lot, and mouthed his words with his Yorkshire accent and was terribly hard to know what he was talking about sometimes. I used to recap his material, and make him sound beautiful. I wanted the material to show that the ideas were the important things and I knew what his ideas were *on this* job, not only on other speakers, but

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on my own material as well, because I wanted also to speak well and be recorded well. I'm reminded that during the Eisenhower administration, it was very necessary for journalists, and editors to take Eisenhowers words and try to make sentences out that could be paused, that had subjects and predicates and it came out as proper english language. I think it was Jack Early who published the Labor News under his name, the weekly bulletin, in which he said "Eisenhower made noises that came out of his elbow!" This really, is about right. People who have never learned to talk, do need skilled editing. One of the things that Jack Early used to do, was to print excerpts from Eisenhowers statements just the way they were transcribed, so that people could really see how badly mangled this man did with the language! I think it will be useful at this point, since I have layed heavily on the question of how I managed things, and how I've spoken of the Society for the Advancement of Management, and my membership in it; that, I have really been concerned in my trade union work about managing things that way and getting better results. I have been impressed that the Labor union has been terribly wastefull of it's resources, not only of it's resources of money, but the profligatecy of waste, of money in the Labor movement its just terrifying to me, because I always had a respect for this money that was workers per-capita dues. You had to respect it,

because they worked for it., it was their money, and it had to serve them. There was a lot of carelessness about money. There was also other waste in the Labor Movement, that irritated me. It was the waste of people. Of course, American society is a wasteful society and the pattern of our economic system is to waste because there's more profit in waste sometimes than there is in useful things, in doing useful things. The corporations don't give a damn about waste, if they can make a profit on it. Many times there is deliberate waste in order to increase profit and I suppose the outstanding example of this is the military establishment and the pentagon, where the waste just boggles the mind. It's impossible to comprehend how tremendous and how very great the waste is. Also in the Labor movement there was always the question of whether people were performing well. Whether they were doing their work, whether they had opportunities to realize their full potential and here we ran into many problems of jealousies and other things that prevented full utilization of human capacity in the Labor movement. The jealousies in the Labor movement were most pronounced in the later years of the AF of L.

I remember E.L. Oliver telling me one time, talking about this matter, that in the AF of L, there was such a little bit of authority and power that everybody was

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jealous of their little box full of it. They were very diligent to see that nobody imposed on their jurisdiction, and of course they'd get their nose bloodied if they'd go out and impose on someone else's jurisdiction! Oliver said to me " The CIO is new, and there's so very much work to be done, that this business of power jealousy is not so great. And it will not be for a few years." Anybody who works in the CIO can go out and do the things that they see needs to be done, and complete them and there won't be this kind of in-fighting that was in the older Labor movement. I think I had a wonderful opportunity in the CIO to do these things, and I felt that I was allowed to do almost anything that I considered to be for the good of the Labor movement. As long as I didn't get into trouble, twice I remember I did in the national headquarters after I came into Washington. I was called upon by the managers of Americas town meeting of the air, one time to try to get Phil Murray to do a program for them on a certain issue that was hot at the time. I talked to Mr. Murray's secretary to see how his calendar ^{would be} since it was open on the indicated date, I told the people to go ahead and put Phil Murray on. Well, this was an early experience before I learned that Phil Murray never wanted to be on programs where people ask questions. He didn't want to answer questions from a platform. He was willing to

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make a speech, he was willing even to be in a panel sometimes. Although, if it was going to be a very positive one, he might not like it. So, he called me in and said ;"Ted, I don't really care for kind of a program. You shouldn't have committed me on that, I'll just ask Jim Perry to go and do that program, and you tell the people that he'll come in my place." That wasn't too bad, I mean Murray was never a fella to treat you roughly. I saw that in this case, I had over stepped on a point that bothered Phil and so I drew back. Another time I was doing a speech on international trade and the tariff, which I did a good bit in different organizations. I used to speak to the League of Women Voters and to employers groups, and in summer schools in the trade union movement I would teach this question. I made a remark about the textile industry and Saul Barken, who was research director of the textile workers, read about it in the journal of commerce where they made pretty generous quotes from my speech on the significant thing I had said. Barken didn't like it a little bit, I didn't realize that the textile workers were more high tariff protectionist minded, perhaps out of the necessity of the situation they faced, and so Saul called me and gave me hell, called Rutenberg and gave him hell. It turned out that Rutenberg at that time, was pressing for a freer trade policy, it was preceeding the Kennedy series of negotiations. It was at the time

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when GAT was just being set up, GAT being the general agreement on tariffs and trades, the talk was being made how various other devices for the protection of American workers . . . American businessmen could be followed instead of high tariff walls, which were always retaliatory. It happened that Rutenberg came down on my side of the dispute with Barten, and again I escaped without having too much of a bloody nose. Well, I sight these experiences to indicate what I'm pointing out, that in the CIO one could have a pretty generous opportunity to function and work without imposing himself upon other peoples jurisdictions. Oh, as I talk, I think of a third thing that was a mild matter. I happened to be well acquainted with the person from Norway who was Labor-attache of the embassy of Norway in Washington. At that time, the Norwegian ambassador to Washington Morgenstern, was the senior ambassador of the country, and the Norwegian embassy was therefore rather important. This man whom I knew rather well, in fact he was a neighbor across the street from our house, I've visited with him and his wife and children. We liked the family very much. He wanted to come to a CIO convention, and he wanted an invitation to come. We had just got started to formalize international affairs work in the CIO, and Mike Ross who had just recently been named as international affairs director. So, I went to Murrays

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secretary again, which was the way I worked on things like that, everybody in the building, and I just said so and so the Norwegian embassy would like to be a guest at the convention, and he wants to have an invitation from the president to show to his ambassador so he can get his expense money and his travel authority to go to the convention. It was a useful thing so Molly Lynch who was the secretary wrote the letter, and it got signed and sent to this fellow. He did come to the convention. Mike Ross called me in and said, "What we're doing is to prepare a list of labor attaches to come to the convention this year." This was a new project for Mike, you see, and he said, "I see you already beat me to it to get the Norwegian fella invited." I said, well yes he asked me and I just went in and made the arrangements. He said, "Well, I'd rather had it done through the regular arrangement that we're working out so that all of the labor attaches could have the same invitation at the same time." I apologized to him, and didn't do it again. It was the sort of thing that was developing in the organizational pattern, and I was off step on it. I thought of these things years later. I was out in Minnesota doing a program for some people at the university, it was a labor program. Jack (inaudible) had it I think. I spoke 6 or 8 times during the conference, at different groups. One of the things I

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did, With one group of trade unions, I just told alot of little stories, maybe 6 or 8. Little stories of my experiences and other peoples experiences, things I knew and they were fairly short stories maybe 5,8 minutes apiece, and when I got...ugh, the people liked 'em. We had a very good session, and when the thing was over, a fella came to me who was active in TV and radio work in Minnesota. He said that he had charge of programs in certain stations that covered the state. I don't remember the exact relationship. He said, " I'm terribly impressed with these little vignettes of labor union history, that you told that audience this afternoon. It would be a wonderful thing if we could collect stories like this and put 'em on TV. We could give it 5 minutes or something and just push it in on a time sequence, this was educational material and we could put 'em on all of the television stations or the radio stations in Minnesota, and those that are close to the border would also slop over into Wisconsin, and other places." I thought the idea was pretty good, naturally of course since I started the thing. I came back to Washington, and Larry Rogan was the education director of the CIO at the time after John Connors was happily moved out. I sat down and wrote a nice memo to Rogan about it, and I made a suggestion, I said the cost of it would be,over a year, perhaps in the range of

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a hundred thousand dollars! which was what the fella had said to me, and I thought maybe if 9 unions that have large membership in the state of Minnesota would each give ten thousand dollars and then the Minnesota CIO council give ten thousand dollars that would make a hundred thousand dollars for a years program, and the editorial work of gathering the stories, and preparing the script could be carried on by trade union editors and by other...they had some very good labor papers in Minnesota, and some very good editors, the material can be gathered from other places. So, I wrote this to Larry Rogan, and Larry never bothered to answer it, usually my memorandums were not answered or ignored pretty much. In this case, I either gave a copy of it to Al Zack, or Al Zack found out about it some other way and he called me and gave me hell! He said, " You understand don't you, that I'm in charge of radio and television in this organization." I said yes, sure, what of it? This was an educational matter and I thought it ought to go to education director. " I'm in charge of radio and television!" you see we were, after the merger, we got right back to the same business of that jurisdictional jealousy, my little box...the old religious doctrine of salvation is for me and my wife , and my son and John and his wife, and us four and no more...sort of attitude which is a curse

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of so many organizations, government agencies, universities also I suppose. It's not just an organizational matter, it's a human matter. Well, what I wanted to wind up here with is that my ideas of managing things economically and successfully, and functionally lead also in the Ohio CIO council to a very great deal of care in connection with the preservation of printed matter. This morning early I dug out to hand to you Dr. East, some of the earliest convention proceedings and officers reports in the Ohio CIO council, not alone for their content but to show you how much work I did to make them attractive and nice and readable and interesting for people. These I have, is the earliest... *And* the first conventions report of 1938, and then the proceedings of the 1939, 1940, 1941, and 1942 conventions, and then the officers reports for 1940, 1941, and 1942. Also, I've got a couple of other little pieces when we couldn't afford to do printing, I had the girls in the office make mimeograph things and we'd produce 'em in the office. I layed them out and showed them how they were to be done, and then they would type them up, and make the stencils and we'd bind them and work them out. So, here are 2 or 3 little examples of mimeographed things that I produced, which were attractive and readable and would cause people to pay attention to 'em. Growing up in the printing trades

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as I did , I read a great deal of material about advertising, display, headlines, title pages and all kinds of things like that, since I had knowledge acquired in my apprentice and in my journeymen days, I put it to use. I learned that there is a thing called a (inaudible) and that you prepare your headlines or you prepare your materials in such a way that they are attractive, people will look at them and feel oh here is a piece of printed matter, or a publication that says come on in and read me. In contrast, so much of this stuff being put out by the CIO in those days, where what would happen is that some salesman for the AB Dick Co. or one of the other multi-production corporations and come along and sell a union a mimeograph machine and a bunch of stencils, and then somebody would sit down to write a handbill, and they'd start at the top of the page and single space the whole 8½ by 11 page and run it down to the edge, and put that out at the plant gates. Well, I knew by my experience that this is not the way you get people to read things. Much of this stuff was read, because in those days, the interest was high and the need was great, and people presumably did read it! But, I used to teach classes at summerschools early to show them how to prepare news layout. When you've got something to give to an editor don't give him something like this, he'll throw it away automatically. You have to put a little lead on it, you have to indicate what it's about, you have

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to show the source, where it's from, you have to put a date on it, have to put a release time, then you double space it, and on the bottom of page 1. you put more to show that there is a second copy or a third , or a fourth copy or whatever it is. At the end you write Thirty to show that's the end of it. Prepare it in newspaper workers style, and they'll pay some attention to it, while they won't print it all they'll run down quickly over it in blue pencil here and there, and put a couple of brackets in and write a short head on it, and it'll get in the paper. That's better than having it thrown in the waste-basket, and I said the same way with organizing leaflets! One time in the Ohio CIO council, I prepared, I hired an artist to make a bunch of drawings. Little cartoon type drawings, and I published them and sent them out to the Locals and I said use these on your handbills when you're organizing a plant. Write a headline, put a picture or a cartoon on it, draw these off on your soope, and print them and people will look at them and its got this feeling that this is something to be read, this is something interesting. It was this kind of thing that I was thinking about, so I want to emphasize that my interest in managing things for the Labor movement, was not the extreme postion of the school of Business

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Administration that teaches managers too many times that management is an end in itself. Its a ritual that you get into, that you do certain things because that's the way that things like that are done, and they do it in too many cases blindly and ignorantly. When you get into a great big organization, and you got a management fellow who's come from the Harvard School of Business Administration or one or the other schools of business ad. this is the way it'a done, this is the way it should be, regardless of the circumstances. That wasn't my attitude, I didn't like to see the sloppy careless, no management, and I didn't like to see this extreme that you get into a big organization where you make a rule and the rule says this is it, and everybody has to follow that rule no matter how many ludicrous or idiotic, or ridiculous situations you get into. I was trying to strike a balance in my own work, and also trying to teach other people in the Labor movement how to utilize resources fruitfully to accomplish the results that we wanted in the Labor movement. On this I had some success, until I got into the larger bureaucracies and there of course I just got my nose bloodied.

While I was in the Ohio CIO council, I used to write letters about these management things to Washington. I'd write a letter to John Broffey and say we're paying an outrageously high price for our printing aren't we? the way these costs are, I said, here I've asked my local printer in Columbus Ohio to make a bid on a hundred thousand copies of this booklet, and I

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would identify it, or this pamphlet, or this leaflet that you send out, and I said I can that can be done much cheaper than you're paying for them. This bothers me you see that we're are paying too much for our printing, well, it wasn't till a few years later, that I discovered that the printing company for the United Mine Workers of America-Cornelius, had a nice racket going here. Indianapolis was the headquarters of the Mine workers union, Cornelius Printing Co. was established, they got everything, all the work and when the CIO was formed they got everything, when the mine workers moved to Washington Cornelius Printing moved to Washington leaving their plant in Indianapolis, maybe I've used the word racket carelessly here, and should withdraw it but the point is, they just had a ~~captive~~ account. There were salesmen and relatives, and there were... (East interjects something inaudible) Of course, of course, sure, and this kind of thing happens. I was one time having a conversation with Schniztler after the merger, and I was saying to him Look Mr. Schniztler, we're paying too much money for things, just take this or this and I'd mentioned insurance and printing, and it was on this point that I was discussing it. Why don't we bid, and why don't we ...why do we have just one company? I didn't know at that time that the printing that the AF of L did tie in also to some people in the organization, and that there were some arrangements and some relatives,

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and all that and some friends and maybe some Lodge brothers, Catholic church members and other kinds of organizational goings on that occur. Why don't we do like the unions do in Europe, I said, look at Germany, they have their own printing plant. The tradeunion movement, the Deutsche-(inaudible) in Germany has its own printing plant, they have their own hotels. Look at how we bought the Hamilton Hotel 63 times over and still don't own it. All through Europe you find that the unions have their own hotels, their own printing offices, why can't we do things like that in this country? Instead of patronizing and paying our enemies to fight us, we use our own resources for our own purposes. I cited the fact that the Hilton hotel in Los Angeles had just given 10,000 dollars contribution to the California right to work referendum movement, and we were scheduled to have our convention there. What did they do when they were confronted? they turned around and gave the AF of L, CIO 10, 000 dollars to fight the right to work movement in California! Who came out the loser? Everybody that patronized the Hilton hotel, because they just put 20,000 dollars plus up on the bills and we all paid for it, it was this kind of thing that bothered me.

East: What do you mean, you bought the Hamilton Hotel?

Silvey: The Hamilton Hotel was the one hotel in the early days in Washington, that was built by trade union

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labor. The construction workers built, the trade union workers built the Hamilton Hotel, many years ago. As a result of it, the Hamilton Hotel was the only hotel that the AF of L went to in Washington. William Green lived there all the time when he was president of the AF of L. All of the people that came to Washington for any reason, always stopped at the Hamilton. You wouldn't think of going to any other hotel! That was the trade union hotel in Washington, and the amount of business that the hotel got over the years, as a result of some judicious owner, proprietor in the beginning, being sure that it was being built by trade union labor, was a terrific fortune for him!

I could go on and tell about hotels I've stopped in, in Europe, and (inaudible) Switzerland, and other cities. Marvelous places, that are owned by the trade union movement, even the typographical union of Switzerland owned a little hotel in Zurich, I'm not sure which city now, and I was there. They hold their own conferences and their own meetings there! They don't patronize their enemies, and finance the enemies of the Labor movement to fight them, as we do in this country. I was saying these things to Schnitzler and he was impatient to listen to them, but he said, "This is a free enterprize society!" and that was his answer, I said you mean we've got to finance our enemies because its a free enterprize society? There

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are certain other cooperative and other enterprizes in this country, and I said just look, you know what's right under your desk where you're sitting? Do you know that on the floor below you, there is the office of the AF of L, CIO employees credit union? Do you know that a credit union is the most vigorous challenge to a bank that there is? The credit union is a peoples organization, to gather together their own savings and to lend themselves money and charge themselves interest on a carefully planned basis, and to take the dividends and feed it back to themselves? That is not free enterprize, that is what we're doing right here in this building , now! Why is it approved, and not some of these other things? Well, I didn't get any sense out of him, he didn't understand these things anyway- too limited in his sections.

Very early in my trade union work, I was interested in labor education. I got this because of my own feeling of how little education I had, and what a nice experience learning was. I remember, in addition to the letter I wrote to Broffey about the cost of the printed matter they had, I was interested in education and one day I read in the newspaper that Ohio Northern University at Aida Ohio was for sale, and it could be purchased for 1½ million dollars! I knew that Ohio Northern University had a very fine dentist school, and I believe a pretty good pharmacy school, and they had a general run of other buildings. I wrote to Broffey

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and said Look, trade union officers cannot go to college, because they can't stay away from their locals more than a short while, if they do, then they're out! Somebody will take over in their absence. Wouldn't it be nice if we had a trade union school, for labor education that would enable a person in a union office to go to school for a month or two months or even $\frac{1}{4}$ of a year, even a semester, and then come home and take up without losing any status and without losing his position in his own local union or his own organization. The CIO could buy Ohio Northern University, and close or dispose of the dental and the pharmacy schools or anything else that it didn't want and use the rest of the facilities for trade union education and we could cycle people in and out of there from various parts of the country with the kinds of classes that they needed to study in and we could make a big progress and well, again I never got my letter answered. I don't know who in the hell bought Ohio Northern University for $1\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars, this was way back in the late 1930's. Nothing ever came of it, until now we've finally got, what out here in Silver Spring Maryland is called, the trade union... The AF of L ~~§~~ CIO Labor Studies Center, well, this is exactly what I was proposing back then in the late 1930's. An institution where trade union officers can come in and for short periods of time, get extensive training and go back to work. I don't know much about that place

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out there because it has begun since I've retired but I have a pretty good appreciation of what they might be doing, from knowing some of the people that are teaching out there. While I think the place is ostentatiously elaborate, and while its a kind of a beautiful hotel thing that subsidizes the construction company that modernized the old catholic institution they bought to have it, it probably also is doing some good work maybe at too high a cost, but some good work for trade union training.

East: Seein' that it's an old catholic school...

Silvey: Yes, it is. It's a former catholic academy of some sort, a (inaudible) (East mumbles something in the background) Sure, yea sure, I s^hpose the catholics had some real estate. This small item is of no great significance, but was an experience I went through early after Mr. Owen hired me to work for (inaudible) Governor Davey who had made this vicious attack on the Labor movement by sending the National Guard in on the Steel strike, went to New York to address a meeting of the Ohio Society of New York, he was a sort of a hero with the reactionaries, and they played him big and they put him on radio! John Owens wanted a copy of his speech, and the only way we could get a copy of his speech was to have it transcribed off of the radio. In those days there was no tape-recordings and so you had to have a stenographer write

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it down. So, I went to a man in town, a business man that did mimeographing for us and other things, and I said I need to have a short hand writer to take down a speech off the radio, and I told him what it was and he gave me the name of a young lady whom I engaged and she agreed to take the speech down on stenotype and then transcribe it, and I pay'd her for it. I had an outside city function that night and I left her in charge of the thing and when I came back and asked her for her work, she said, " Well, I haven't got it." And I said what happened, why didn't you get it? You promised me you'd go, now I haven't got the speech-its important! She said, " Why, the ribbon on my stenotype machine had dried out and I can't read it." Well, I said ,what do you mean? She said, " I must have had it sitting to close to the radio and the ink dried out." I said you mean you went to take a project, a job and you didn't have ink in your ribbon enough to show the letters that you were writing? She admitted it, and I went back to the guy that recommended her to me and told him about the thing, and he was very much cut up! Never again would he refer her to a job. I did business with him for years with very great success, because he was a good man. Following on about these ideas about education, I remember that when 1939 J.B.S.

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Hardeman of the Amalgamated Clothing workers and Thomas Burns of the Rubber workers jointly arranged for a summer labor education conference at Racoon Creek Camp in western Pennsylvania. It was a camp that the WPA had built for the use of this conferences and so forth, I decided to go over, in fact, I was invited to come to teach some classes, and I did teach some classes and I went over and spent the week there. It was a very nice experience for me, I had been secretary-treasurer for about a year in the Ohio CIO, and I went over well prepared, took literature along and had a very enjoyable time, made alot of new friends. I got better acquainted with Thomas Burns there and J.B.S. Hardeman as well, and the other teachers. One of the people I remember particularly well, two of the people I remember were there was a fella named Ralph Teffeteller.^[He] was a mountain man. He came from the highlands of Kentucky, Tennessee, and he was full, he was a smart guy, fella and rather handsome, he could sing and he was full of mountain folklore, and full of mountain songs. He was full of songs of the working people, and he was very good, so at certain places in the program, he would sing worker songs. That was the first time I ever heard Joe Hill sung, and other labor songs, and he was very good. He sang solo without musical accompaniment. He didn't carry a mandolin or a banjo like Joe Glazier did later. He

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just sang. He was very impressive! I was so pleased with Teffy, we called him, that when the 1940 CIO convention was held, I invited him to come and sing with the convention, not only to sing to the convention but to get the convention to sing together labor songs and so I printed song words and the tunes were such that it was easy for Teffy to get going so every once in a while, during the convention, I'd suggest to John Owen that maybe now the convention will relax and sing a little bit, so he 'd call on Teffy and Teffy'd come up and sing him a song by himself and then he'd get the whole convention singing, and then we'd go back to business. This allowed the convention to stand up and do something together, to keep people from going out and to relax, to get a break without moving away and not coming back to the floor. And to do it with some enthusiasm, and they were labor songs, they were new, the people hadn't known 'em before and they got a feeling about it and it made a very fine rapport in the convention.

I remember in order to get Teffeteller, I pressed very hard on the joint board managers in Cleveland and Cincinnati to write to J.B.S. Hardeman to let him come, which was in addition to my pressure on J.B.S. Hardman to let him come. I remember when J.B.S. saw me later he said, " You gave me such a hard time to get Teffeteller." Well, I said it was worth it!

I wanted to make sure that he was available. Teffy had gotten married just a few weeks before he came out, and after he came, he did such a fine job and Owens was very pleased because this thing worked out so successfully. I gave Teffy an honorarium, and I presented him with a check for one hundred dollars from the trade union of the Ohio CIO council as a kind of an extra, nice thing for him for having come and for doing so well. He looked at it and his eyes popped out! He said " Oh!, I've just had my first baby." (laughter) He hadn't been expecting anything and it was a nice thing that he liked... Another person that was...

The tape ends here. Tape #7 Side 2 (B)

B.L.

INTERVIEWEE: TED SILVEY

INTERVIEWER: Dennis East

SUBJECT:

DATE: 2/14/76 The date of the interview.

TRANSCRIBER: B.A. Larkin

SIDE # ONE TAPE # EIGHT COUNTER # 000 1.

Silvey : In addition to Ralph Tefferteller at the Racoon Creek camp in the summer of 1939, I became acquainted with Philip Foner. He was a labor historian and was very scholarly. Afterwards, he wrote several books on labor history. He was a marxist, both academically and actually I think. He had done deep research into the labor union activities and before labor unions existed into struggles of working people. He had his stuff very carefully documented with citations and this was the first time I'd ever seen this kind of a presentation. He did a class every day which I attended enthusiastically, and He chronologically laid out the struggles of working peoples over the centuries, and told the stories of every working group like agriculture, and industry. There was one story that he didn't tell that I read later. I was traveling in the west of England in the Cotswolds driving, and I came to a place where I thought I could get some refreshment, a glass of milk, and I went into a pub. The name of the pub was called Trouble-House, and as I passed by to go in I noticed there was a small

railroad station there. The railroad station was named Trouble-House! The number of people in the area must have been only a few hundred. I went into the pub and it was a very ancient country building, built with beams in the ceiling that were heavily cracked. It was an old structure, maybe a century old perhaps. There were eight or ten men in there sitting around drinking ale, and there was a bar maid on duty and I asked for milk and there wasn't any. I didn't get milk and I didn't want to drink any ale because I was driving and alcohol affects me somewhat and I didn't want to have an accident. I was impressed by the interior of this curious old place and the name of it. I also had looked up at the ceiling and saw that the cracks in the ceiling were filled with small coins, half-penny pieces, six penny pieces, and so on; and all kinds of money. I said to the man, "That's curious, who keeps their bank in the ceiling?" He said to me, "That's the holiday money for the bar maids!" They said that they don't tip them, they just stick a coin in the roof. It was a low ceiling so that they could just reach up and do this. The money collects there all year, and when she takes her holiday, she pulls them all out and she has money to spare! That's merely incidental; the main thing I was curious about was the name of this

pub and railroad station- Trouble-House. They gave me the story about it and later I confirmed it by looking it up. In about the 1820's or 30's when agricultural machinery had come into England. In this part of England landlords began to put these machines to work and there was a lay off of agricultural workers. This technological change was serious for the hands, as they were called, and so they began to demonstrate against the loss of their livelihood. They held meetings at this pub, and they carried on here until the landlords found out that it was getting to be a serious matter for them. They called out the red coats, the government army, and they engaged in the kind of brutality that capitalistic forces always engaged in against working peoples who were trying to protect themselves from exploitation. The army routed the hands out the bar time and time again. The neighborhood reputation of the pub thus developed as Trouble-House. The place is known to this day as Trouble-House.

Well, Phoner went through a great many experiences of trade unions and working people, trade union organizations, and he told story after story and really did a remarkable job on labor history education in a quiet, conversational, illustrative and by example and stories, and it was quite impressive. I remember that.

Some years later when I was at national CIO headquarters, I went to North Carolina to the university there--what's the name of it?--Chapel Hill. This was in the late 1940's or 50's. The racial problem was still in the picture for the CIO. We engaged the University of North Carolina facilities for a summer education conference, because the 'then' president of the university was a man who was held very much in esteem by our people. He became a senator from North Carolina, and he was very prominent in Democratic party politics. He was a very liberal and progressive man, but I can't recall his name. Anyway, we couldn't house or feed the negroes on the campus. The CIO policy was to always have the blacks come to these things; and we wanted them to come. There were a great many of them in our organization in the South. We definitely had a problem here. I think we negotiated that if we had one building all to ourselves with nobody else involved in it, they might sleep in the building but they still would not be fed. The cafeteria was used by everybody and it would have raised a big problem, so we couldn't feed the blacks. The managers of the conference said that we would not eat on campus at all then. There was a presbyterian church just off campus which agreed to let us have their facilities for food. Except, that we would have to do most

of our own work, the liberal minister said. The women's society of the church agreed to do the cooking if we'd provide the money to buy the groceries, and they did the cooking. We had to gather up all the dishes and wash them after every meal, and put them back on the table for the next meal. This produced a dividend that was outstanding. Because what the people at the school had the chance to do was to become better acquainted with each other in a real work situation. Each table ate together and worked together, and then went back to class together. It turned out to be a very fruitful experience.

I remember that one of the tables where I ate and worked at, there was a very black young lady from Atlanta, Georgia. She was from a plant that made fertilizer. It was organized by the Gas, Coal, and Chemical workers and it had been in existence for a year or so. She had a rich Georgian accent which was beautiful to hear. I listened to her and asked her questions, and she said to me, "I've worked for the union, all of the time." I said "What do you mean?" She said to me, " I was the only one who can read and write, in the union. I have to collect the dues, and make the reports, and write the letters to the legislature, and I have to do everything. I have to process the grievances! Those men out there, they

don't always help me. " Well, it turned out that the union was organized, and they have a contract, and the organizer gave them some instructions and she was the only one who could read and write so she carried the ball. There were sixty-five people in the local, not very big. She said to me, "When a man has a grievance, I take him over to the boss. We come to the screen door, and when I'm ready to open it, he runs away ! I have to go back out and get him and bring him back." This didn't make any sense to me until she explained that she had to take the grievant in person, over to the foreman and the screen door was where you'd go into the bosses office. The man had to state his grievance, and she had to plead it and then they had to make the settlement. She was getting all riled up about this and she said, " Every now and then I have to call a big meeting under this big oak tree and tell them about this union." I said "What do you mean, holding a meeting under a tree, don't you have a union hall where you hold meetings?" She exclaimed, "Union hall! We are fertilizer workers, and we don't have nothin' !" I was touched by this thing. A union struggling and actually functioning in a primitive setting! This always reminds me of the campus at Hampton Institute in Virginia where I visited a number of times. There is a big oak tree there. It really

is a significant thing in the history of the slave movement. There is a big super highway that goes past it and I hope the fumes don't destroy this several hundred year old oak tree, because this the tree where the first school for slave children was established at the end of the Civil War. They gathered under the oak tree, and they learned to read and write. There is a plaque there now, it's a historical monument.

There is another one, Ben Segal who was educational director for the IUE, also was in the education department of the CIO. One summer he organized a summer school at Camp Junaluska in North Carolina. It was a methodist camp meeting place, and that year we could have our meeting on an interracial basis. The methodists didn't care as long as we were the only ones there. No rhyme intended. We organized there, and I went down to teach. One of the classes that I was teaching was public speaking. Ben Segal himself, taught a class at eight o'clock every morning on Trade Union administration and grievance procedure. It was also a policy that Ben always had that I liked in summer school, he used to hand out leaflets and booklets for the reading period; maybe once or twice a day. His students would go out and read something and then come back to class.

Ben was handing out the booklets, and a fella about 49 or 50 years old ; a son of the South. By that I mean fat back and hominy grits person. He was from the Furniture Workers of Highpoint, North Carolina and he took the booklets and after a short while he came back. I was standing with Ben talking to him and this man came up to him sheepishly and handed the booklets to Ben and he said, " I won't be able to take these. I can't read." Ben took them and said that it was alright. " You don't need to make a report about what you read, then, just about experiences of your local or something that occurred while you were organizing. Tell that story when Silvey calls on you ,and it will be just as good as if you had read something." Ben said to the man in a confusing tone. " But, look you are in the eight o'clock class in the morning on union administration, and you are speaking up on the furniture workers contract, you are telling us about grievances, and you quote the contract, so how do you know what is in the contract if you can't read?" And then he made one of the most dramatic remarks I ever heard. The man said, " My boy, you know, he's fourteen years old and he's in high school. He can read! He reads me the contract, and I memorize it." God! Oh, God! People in Buffalo, New York, and Pittsburgh and Chicago think they have trouble? God!

There was another story out of that same Camp Junaluska experience that I remember very vividly. There was another fellow from one of those unions in the North Carolina area, who had been a coal miner. Ben always arranged for a picnic, and since we were at a camp in The Blue Ridge Mts, he knew that we could have a picnic up on the mountain side. After the classes and lunch hour were over, we jumped in the cars and went up the mountain and had the picnic and came back at dark. We did story telling and singing and other interesting activities that people liked. We were driving along on those curving roads and the man who was in the car with me was that man that I referred to as a southerner and that mountain country is full of what they called 'draws'. Draws are valleys that lead up into the mountains, and we'd go past these draws and this man observed them and said, " I grew up in West Virginia where we got a lot of these draws and I spent a lot of time cutting sassafras out of them. I never did know what they did with that stuff, but I heard that they shipped it over to Italy. We cut a lot of sassafras and made some money on it." He was a talkative chap, and very interesting I thought. As we drove along in the car he would muse about this and that, and then he began to talk in a very sober way. He said, " These sassafras and draws

reminds me when I was in the miners, we had a bad situation and the Pinkerton men came in when we went on strike. We had to close down that mine. In order to do it we had to walk up one of these draws and go up on top of the mountain and go over on the other side in the night. We got ourselves some blankets and food and ammuntion and we got two or three of those guys." He said very dramatically, and then he said to me, " You know that thing turned out to be kind of famous, they wrote it up in history books and they called it the Battle of Mingo Mountain!" We thanked him for the story and turned the conversation along another line. There was a moment of quiet in the car and in a moment of quiet he spoke up again in his serious, musing, thoughtful way, " You know, I wonder if I could now walk across a mountain in the night and close down a coal mine."

Since I'm on this line of southern schools, I did a program one time in Atlanta, Georgia. I did it for the Atlanta CIO council. It was a weekend conference. We went in on a friday night, and got the school organized and then had classes on saturday and sunday morning. The Atlanta CIO council had bought an old house, a rather big old house and made it into a office and a headquarters. This is suitable for their functions. It had conference areas and meeting rooms and so on.

It was alright. They had to have an interracial meeting and of course no hotel would let them in, so we held our conference right there in that building that they owned. They decided to have Saturday night entertainment so they engaged a musical group and some story tellers to get it going. When the company that had been engaged found out that it was interracial, they wouldn't come. They were stuck without any entertainment for Saturday night, so then I saw something from my childhood days and Ohio in particular, They set out to entertain themselves. This was something that was a really wonderful historical experience, and it should have been recorded. They spent the entire evening reciting folk poems and telling stories, putting on skits and singing songs. All out of their childhood. This was America in the days of barn raising and self entertainment. Some of the stuff was hilarious, it was wonderful. The emergency situation was, that they couldn't sit and listen to some professional entertainers, so they just set out to entertain themselves. Talking about kids sleeping so many in a bed that they couldn't sleep length wise and had to sleep side ways. Well the guy that told that story from his childhood, every one roared because so many of them knew him. I remember one young girl, I say young she may have been twenty eight, from the Amalgamated Clothing workers. She was an organizer.

She threw off her shoes and socks and danced barefoot on the floor! She just turned the place upside down and then she told a union story. She worked in a shirt factory situation in Chamelia, Georgia. I remember the name particularly, because Chamelia was one of the places where the civil rights movement took place, and several years later when I was lecturing at Florida State College at Tallahassee, I drove a car down through Chamelia and I remember this. This girl organized a shirt factory, and there were two hundred women in the plant who went out on strike, and they closed the place down. She was in charge of the strike, and the pickets are moving back and forth and here comes the sheriff and his deputies to break them up. He knew he should too, because the boss gave the word to the police department that they were to be driven away! She was desperate and she was only a small girl, and the sheriff was a great big fellow. He was so big that she had to turn her head up to see his face. She said that she was scared to death, but she just walked right up to him and I knew I was the leader of these women, and I told him strong, " I said, you just take your fellas and you get out of here now, this is our affair. We're going to have a union here, and we aren't going to be driven away. Just go away yourselves!" She said that she turned and walked away and then ran around

the end of the building and just bawled . She said that she couldn't let them see her upset by this, so she hid and cried her heart out because she was so scared. These were real down to earth, honest to goodness, trade union experiences just warmed my heart. When I think of a union convention or a meeting or something that was going on where you'd find the chicanery and politics and the pushing and pulling, here are the people that are the union movement. Here are the people who are meaningful. Here are the people, I always said to myself, that I must keep my eyes on in labor work. I always used to say that there are staff people who orient themselves to the top and there are people who orient themselves to the membership, and I try to orient myself to the membership.

I was teaching a school one time for the IUE in Oxford, Ohio. There is a college down there called Miami University and we had quite a number of summer schools at that place. One of the things that I was teaching, was a workshop subject. I think it was the one that I did on vocabulary building and public speaking. I started out in my new classes with vocabulary for people who didn't speak too well. I would say what is vocabulary and how many vocabularies have you got. And they would say one , and I would say that are they sure they only had one. I would go

through and show them that we have a listening vocabulary, a speaking vocabulary, a reading vocabulary and a writing vocabulary. I would ask them how to build these up and which ones they were stronger in, and then I'd have them get up and speak and I'd tape record their speech and then I'd play it back to them and we'd talk and criticize. They'd hear themselves for the first time and I would point out their strengths and weaknesses and we would go on. I would put them up for practice speaking and just teach them how to use words better.

There was a young fella there from Texas. The school was drawing on the IUE and from several districts. This fellow was very interested, and he didn't get enough of this material and he wanted more, but when the class would end we'd have to go on to the next class session so he came to me and he said, " You know, there are four or five of us here and we're wondering if you'd be willing to do extra courses at night so that we could have more of this." I said "Of course, I am, but I just can't do it like this, Ben Segal is in charge of the school. You will have to go to Ben, and tell him what you are interested in and if it's alright with Ben, it's alright with me to conduct class after the evening sessions are over." That meant from about nine thirty and we could go on another hour

to suit you and it's alright with me. He went to Ben and Ben said fine, and so I did and we had two or three extra evenings out of it. Oh, years passed maybe five or six years passed and one day Joe Schwier came to me, and he said, "Do you remember doing a class at Miami University and there was a young fellow with a spanish name from the Texas local. "

I said "I guess I do, what about it?" He told me, "I just came from his local, and that guy told me about the school you were in at Miami University and about how you taught a class about word usage and public speaking ." He asked me particularly to tell you how much good he got out of that, and how much extra work he was able to do for the local in Texas, because he learned those things. I said that it was very encouraging to hear encouragement and feed back. It was a nice thing because I had the feeling that here's a fella who went out of his way to talk about it and send a message to me, and surely there must have been other people that benefitted also.

There is one other story of this kind that fascinates me about people. I did a program for the Rubber Workers but I don't know whether it was in Bowling Green, Ohio or Ottawa, Illinois. I think it was in Bowling Green, Ohio where we had school for several years. John House was in charge. There was a fella that had come up from Texas

who had a mexican name and he worked in one of the rubber plants there in Ohio, and attended the school. He was about twenty-eight years old, and he came from a poor family but he did get to go to school, and apparently even to high school. He came to me one day at the school and he said to me pretty late in the class--it was pretty late in the week, the third or fourth day--and he said," I'd like to show you my book that I write in. I write poems." I said to him, " By all means, let me see them." He gave me an ordinary composition book and on each page of at least one dozen pages, he had written a poem. I looked them over and read them over to him while he stood beside me. I said ,"Look, let me keep this book and read them all, if you don't mind and I'll give it back to you later in the day or tommorrow ." He said sure. So, I took the book, and later I said to him , " Can I keep it a little bit longer? Maybe until school is over? It was okay, so I took it to John House who managed the school. I told John that I thought we could use it in the last session when the final lecture is held, and we are giving our last comments. If you don't mind, after a certain point will you call on me, and I'd like to get up and do something. It just so happened that I had a book of Langston Hughes poems with me. Langston

Hughes was one of the great black poets you know.

I mean really great, his stuff is marvelous. He had a poem called the "Negro Mother," or the Black Mother.

It is a terrific poem. John called on me, and I got up--I was pretty well liked at school so that the fellas and girls were willing to listen to me--I said that I wanted to read them some poetry. I said to them, "In America, we've always thought poetry was sort of a sissy business and that no real man ever looks at a poem.

I think that poetry is great literature. There is great poetry in the bible, the psalms and the songs of Solomon were great poetry. There was other great poetry, there was Walt Whitman and then there is poetry of James Whitcomb Riley and stuff like that. Poetry is a means of expressing the feelings and the sentiments and thoughts of the people. The first song that I want to read to you is from a famous negro American poet named Langston Hughes ." "So, I read the "Negro Mother". The audience listened with rapture, and there was some applause at the end of it. I then said, "I now want to read you a poem from a Mexican American poet. "

That young fella didn't know I was going to do this. It was good. I said, "The name of this Mexican American poet is and he's from Local and he's sitting right there, and would he please stand up." He stood up and the crowd applauded him of course. I did that

because it not only conveyed information to the school but it gave him recognition among his own fellows . He was pleased. It hopefully would help other people to feel that by golly if he can do that so can I . This is merely what I learned when I was attending Franklin University in a class that was called 'the means of social control'.

When you go over those boxes (talking to Dennis East) and cartons and see multiple copies of what I call automation items, and they are numbered from one to three hundred and something, three hundred and ten or three hundred and eighteen. You'll not only find multiples in the boxes maybe a couple hundred or eighty or forty two copies, don't be quick to throw them away. If you have the time, see if some of the professors in the science school or technical school would like to have some of that stuff to hand out to their students to read. It's really pretty good stuff. It's not only my stuff, that is , it's not only stuff that I wrote or speeches that I made. But it is also stuff that I gathered together from engineers, scientists, technicians, from technical writers about automation. I would think that the professors that teach these things at Wayne State might like to have some of these extra copies to give

to their students, so consider that if you have the time to work on it. Also, when you go through those one full box and another part box of unopened mail, third class mail, which I mentioned to you yesterday consists of missing numbers of serial items. For example, if you find one, two, or three copies of a publication called 'France Actual' or Chase Manhattan Bank International Economic Report or something like that, remember that there are files of them already transferred to you or they are in the stuff I have on hand which I will transfer to you later. Don't destroy them because they will fit into the places where they belong. Then you will have complete files of publications which may be of value to your department in the archives or if not, to somebody else.

A kind of a fill in thing. Yesterday, I mentioned a photograph was made of John Getreau and George Dinuchi and myself. Getreau was from the barbers union in Columbus, Ohio. There was a fellow that was regional director for the National Labor Relations Board of Cincinnati. I think his name was Philip Philips or something. After I was elected secretary treasurer of the CIO in Ohio. He came up to Columbus and offered me a job with the NLRB, he wanted to know if I would be a job examiner, I'm not sure what the job title was anymore, but he offered me a pretty good job

with the NLRB and I indicated to him that I appreciated his offer. He was a man with whom I had a nice relationship and in whom I had a great deal of confidence. It was more than just an ordinary compliment to have him offer me a job. I respected him. I thanked him for it but I preferred to stay in trade union work. Since he did need a man, and he was looking for someone with a trade union background. He hired John Getreau. John took the job and went on. I thought it would be alright because John had limited opportunities and did need to exercise his abilities.

During these days I was working with Labors non-partisan league in Ohio before I was in the Youngstown Steel Strike situation and the Canton Ohio political campaign situation. We had a business in the national government about what was called the Supreme Court enlargement matter. You remember Roosevelt had every. . . (East interjects, "Pack the courts") Well, that's , I have avoided using that phrase because that's the enemys word. The court packing was the way newspaper editors devised to smear it. Alright so it was an enlargement.. Well, what was going to happen? There were a majority of judges appointed back in Calvin Coolidges day and earlier who belonged to the, well as Hubert Humphrey said about Goldwater, he said "He has one of the finest minds of the

eighteenth century. Some of these judges were even hold outs from the fifteenth century. Their decisions were, well, anyway everything was going wrong. They needed a new issue. When Roosevelt proposed to enlarge the Supreme Court by four more members; nine, four, thirteen, or whatever. Labors non-partisan league had a meeting at the Willard Hotel in Washington. At that time the president of the Labor non-partisan league nationally or chairman of it was a fella from the Printing Pressmans Union. His name at the moment doesn't come to me. So he called this national meeting in support of Mr. Roosevelts proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court so that the social legislation wouldn't all be destroyed before it had a chance to be applied. I was a delegate to this meeting at the Willard Hotel, and I became better acquainted with E.L. Oliver who had been named executive of the Labors non-partisan league and he had his office in the Willard Hotel. There was a very able lady named Francis Cushman who was his secretary. I believe Francis Cushman is known to you because she is the sister of your Mr. Cushman, who is an executive out at Wayne State University. There was another girl in the family named Rose, whom I also knew. Getting acquainted with Oliver was quite an experience for me, because Oliver was a real scholar,

and a real fundamental radical. He had come up in the Farmers non-partisan league of North Dakota and he was academically well informed, astute, and he had political savvy. He was a friendly, nice guy and he was very helpful and I liked to work with him.

There were a number of other things in connection with that meeting about the Supreme Court that were interesting but they are recorded elsewhere. The thing that I want to focus on here, is the fact that when Lewis decided to come out for Wilke, which he did, Lewis expected of course that everyone around him would immediately fall down flat and worship him for being so astute, but as I've indicated in earlier tapes other persons who didn't and the price they paid for not doing it. E.L.Oliver went to Lewis and told him that it was the wrong thing to do. You are violating all good principles, and you are breaking up your own good reputation. There was a background there that we didn't learn about until later. There used to be a labor reporter on the "Chicago Daily News" named Ed Leahy and he was responsible for the inside story that when, well, the rumor was about when Roosevelt going to run for the third term. Lewis liked the idea, and he went over to the White House to call on FDR and in his pretentious or ostentatious way of talking, he laid it out to Roosevelt that the people of the country

really did appreciate him as president, that he was truly a great man and in addition the working people of the country appreciated John L. Lewis and the thing to do is to take a third term and I'll run with you as your vice-president! Is the story true? I don't know for sure but all I know is that Roosevelt laughed at him. The main reason why he came out for Wilke and caused this great rupture, was because of this great humiliation. Well, Oliver told Lewis off and immediately got discharged. Lewis, at the time or maybe later, came over from his own office in the Mine Workers building to the Willard Hotel and stood there in the room that Oliver occupied and said to him, "You get your personal things and this furniture and get out of here in one hour." Or some such thing and Oliver did it and Cushman went out with him.

Mr. Oliver later became a co-proprietor of a labor research organization called the Labor Bureau of the Mid-West. They had an office in the East and they serviced railroad labor organizations. Mr. Oliver as a trained economist and scholar knew more about the railroad industry than anybody else in the labor movement in America. He was always serving railroad labor organizations and when Mr. Meaney was on a committee one time, back in the years of the Eisenhower

administration, or it might have been during the Kennedy administration, to serve on a railroad committee matter. Rutenberg recommended to Mr. Meany that they engage Oliver on a fee basis to come over and brief Mr. Meany on the economics of the railroad industry and what he ought to know in order to serve effectively on this committee. Oliver did this, and presumably Mr. Meany used the information. Mr. Oliver is now retired and living in Palm Beach, Florida. Yes, he's living in Palm Beach, he's living down there in a place he got several years ago.

* End of Tape # eight, Side One.

Side Two , Tape # eight.

Silvey: One of the things that I was interested early in Ohio was this whole thing of the conservation of natural resources. I've already mentioned that I had a professor at Ohio State University who was an expert on water supply, water resources , and it's relationship to industry. He addressed one of the early conventions of the Ohio CIO council. There came into existence an organization that called themselves the Friends of the Land. A man named Russell Lord and he was the prime mover. He was associated with Henry Wallace who gave him considerable support, and a unit of the organization was set up in Ohio. I had learned about it and heard that they were planning a caravan to visit different places in Ohio to look at relevant things. The Ohio Chamber of Commerce was involved in it, plus a number of farm organizations and some other peoples organizations and out of my personal curiosity and convictions, I found that the Ohio CIO also had a fundamental interest in this matter. The people of which were concerned citizens and as workers in their plant, so I decided to join the caravan. I did. We were out for several days, and we went around to different places and saw the pine plantation plantings, and we saw some of the attempts to restore eroded land

that had been coal mine stripped and we saw contour farming and had it explained to us. Then we visited Malabar Farm in Lucas county, Ohio where Lewis Bromfield, the eminent author, had set up an operation which was a kind of a showplace for the conservation of water. He had lived in India for a number of years which is where he got the name of Malabar for his farm and then he lived in France and then in 1939 when the war broke out he saw that he better get out so he brought all of his properties back to America. This is when he came to Lucas county, Ohio to perform his conservation experiments. He had money so he bought eight or nine farms adjacent to each other to make continuous land and he was careful to buy them so that the ridges would be in direct line and he could control the water flow. I remember the story about the sparrow who settled on the peak of the barn in a rain storm would shake it's wings to get the water off, the drops would go into Lake Erie and into the North Atlantic Ocean through the St. Lawrence River and the drops from the other wing would go down the other side of the barn into the Ohio Valley and into the Mississippi and into the Gulf of Mexico. Well, he had such a close idea of the control of water. We visited his farm and examined his springs and reservoirs but the details of which are not particularly relevant

here because they are recorded elsewhere. It is useful to know about it however. I thought that joining the other organizations in Ohio would give a good reputation to the CIO. The CIO people were citizens of Ohio too, and they had an interest in the water and natural resources. It was good for these other groups to know that the CIO had an appreciation for the land which is the mother of us all.

I had done another trip around Ohio with a small group, which was a less formal thing. We just made an excursion to go to the Muskegon Conservancy Project. There had been a man in Zanesville named Brice Browning who got to be secretary of the Zanesville chamber of commerce. He got into some kind of problem about money. He was found guilty I guess. He appropriated some organization money for his own needs and he was publicly humiliated, and maybe punished, I don't know. He didn't run away, he stayed in town and joined the effort to save the Muskegon Water Shed. Whether he or somebody else organized it, the Muskegon project came into existence and he worked on that. It had to do with the whole valley of the Muskegon, from Marietta up through Cashotgun county through Zanesville. Great dams were built to hold water to prevent floods. I think this really came out of the disaster of the 1913 flood, which was very, very bad. I lived through it, and

saw it first hand. Though our house was not in the flood, I knew many people whose houses were and I saw what happened. So, I went out to see this Muskegon Conservancy Project and Brice Browning took us along--I think we had three car loads of people--we went all over and saw the dams and the riff raff structures, the holding devices and all the things that were done in connection with this. This was to prevent any future disaster, like happened in 1913. Again, I participated in these things.

Later, when I later got into Washington to the national CIO office, I found this Anthony Wayne Smith, who was the colleague and associate on the staff of John Brophy in the industrial unions council department of the headquarters office. He was very enthusiastic about conservation and water supply and land preservation. These were times, you know, when we still had a memory of those dust storms that blew the praries away, and how Roosevelt's program to build a tree belt across the middle of the prarie, so that the winds would not destroy the top soil, and how the newspapers made fun of him and ridiculed him and how later these tree belts saved farms in later years, and now they're growing out there with great population in the country. Well, Tony was interested in the project which was the Missouri Valley Authority. This was an attempt to put

in the great Missouri Valley ,what had already been done in the Tennessee Valley. There were a number of people involved in this, and Tony followed through with this. There was a meeting in St. Louis and Tony had me come out and I made a speech about river basins and rational organization of the resources of the country and a few things like that. The Missouri Valley Authority never came to fruition because the electrical corporations prevented Congress from acting on it. They didn't want anymore cheap electricity in the country that they got out of the TVA. So, it came to naught. You will find among those papers, a number of folders about the Missouri Valley Authority operations. I think part of this also, what I showed you yesterday, Dr.Morris Luellen Cooks's studies on water resources in America that series of volumes that were involved there. I think that is all pretty important stuff. While the country has been forbidden by the corporations to do the things it ought to do,there may yet come a time knowledge catches up to knowledge, or when experience produces the time for knowledge to be applied and when it will be useful.

Dr. East has raised with me,the question about some of the things having to do with Labors non-partisan league. He said I got away from it too fast before he had a chance to raise a question. Essentially he asked,

did John L. Lewis absolutely control Labors Non-Partisan League? Well, pretty much except that the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Printing Pressmans Union and a number of other organizations were interested. Major George Barry, the president of the Printing Pressmans Union, was made director or chairman of Labors Non-Partisan League and E.L. Oliver was--George Barry was the name I didn't think of before, Major George Barry, he was a reserve officer in the army--I think Lewis dominated Labors Non-Partisan League and he considered it to be his property, but he allowed his men like Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, Major Barry and others who had some interest in it also and I suppose he made the necessary movements to acknowledge their presence, but there were some quarrels here and as you know the Ladies Garment Workers Union had been badly treated in the AFL. The ILGWU was one of the original founders of the CIO and then after several years they went back into the AFL again. I never really knew why, except that I had a feeling that it arose out of the way Lewis treated Dubinsky. There are several supporting stories to indicate this. Dubinsky was a sensitive man, like many immigrant people are, who have made it and who have to have the recognition they deserve for their efforts. I don't think Lewis paid

a lot of attention to what Dubinsky wanted. One of the things that happened was that there was an international labor organization meeting in Havana, Cuba in 1939 or 1940. Dubinsky wanted to be a delegate from the United States. A workers delegate to the ILO meeting in Havana. But Lewis appointed Katherine, his daughter, to be the official delegate for the workers. This made Dubinsky furious. He wanted it and she got it, and it looked like a bad case of nepotism, and in fact it was. Dubinsky was shoved aside and didn't get what he wanted a number of times. I think this is one reason why the ILGWU withdrew from the CIO and went back to the AFL. It was pretty bad for Dubinsky because the New Orleans convention of the AFL some years later, he tried to get an idea on the floor, and there was an altercation about it and somebody smacked Dubinsky and knocked him on the floor, and he got up and shook himself. He had to withdraw, ungracefully I suppose. This business reminds me. . .What were you going to say, go ahead! This business of being smacked in the head and driven across the carpet the floor of hotel lobby, reminds me the experience I had at the 1935 convention of the CIO. That was the convention where John L. Lewis engaged in some Jew baiting. I could see him standing there on the

platform talking about the Livinskis, the Dubinskis, and the Hillmans with contempt in his voice. I went over and sat down with the Amalgamated Clothing workers delegation deliberately to show the rest of the convention that by God, I was on the side of the underdog in any situation. Well, I got into trouble about this. I didn't only do that either. When the communist party functionaries in the convention--there were a bunch of girls down from New York, high tittied gals that ran around with badges as big as butter chips saying keep John L. Lewis, or something. You see John L. Lewis was promising to resign . Oh, I said 1935, and that is wrong. It should be 1941. It was after the Wilke debacle. Lewis said he would resign, and he did after the 1941 convention because it was after the election was over and Roosevelt had won.

They had all of these little commie gals going around and passing out white badges, the size of an old fashioned butter chip. The delegates were supposed to wear it to keep Lewis, not lose Lewis. So, I stood on the boardwalk and made a collection of these badges, and I amused myself to ostentatiously by standing on the boardwalk in the presence of the group and threw these badges into the ocean, sailing them out like flat stones across the beach. I refused

to wear one myself. I remember when one of the commie tried to pin one on me, and I took it back and rammed it into her chest and she howled. All of this got around of course, and Silvey isn't cow towing to Lewis. One of the fellas who found out about this, or at least he saw me or my performance I had engaged in, was one of the pair of brothers from Virginia and the United Mine Workers. Is their name Davidson? No that isn't quite right. I didn't know it but they were some of the strong arm guys for John L. and after the convention was over I'm sitting in the lobby of the Chelsea Hotel there in Atlantic City for transportation back to Ohio and I hadn't quite checked out of my room yet.

One of those men came along and he greeted me very friendly from the bottom of the stairway where he was just about to go up, maybe fifteen feet from where I was sitting, and he said "Oh Ted, come over here a minute, I want to see you!" So, I picked up in a friendly and eager manner like a puppy being called, and I walked over to him and WHAMMO! He pulled back his right arm and slapped me in the jaw and knocked me ass over head onto the carpet, and then he went upstairs. Well, you don't go around in the convention not cow towing to John L. Lewis and get away with it! So, I got my little dose. After that, I knew a little better.

East: Was that one mans reaction or what?

Silvey: No! That is what he was supposed to do. John L. Lewis expected of him. I mean, my understanding is that these guys worked for John L. on the basis that they showed their loyalty for him by doing this kind of thing and he approved of it and they knew what they knew what they were supposed to do. If anybody didn't just go along they would get them!

I remember when I first met John L. Lewis. I thought it was a great moment. I thought the remark he made to me was a wonderful thing. John Owens introduced me to Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Lewis took my hand in that great paw of his, and he looked at me and said, "Brother Silvey I am delighted to meet you. Your reputation has preceeded you." I thought how very nice a thing to say. Then I found out that he told this to everybody which discounted his complement to me. I've heard him say it to other people later so I didn't think so much of it after that.

I have a few scraps of odds and ends here that I don't want to lose. They aren't really related to something I'd want to record but they are just things we can organize and catalog and put in their proper place.

The whole story of the Telephone Workers organizing committees deserves recording when I hand

you over the files and boxes of materials that I have about the TWOC and the organization of the Telephone Workers. I got a lot of good insight into the Telephone industry by the virtue of working with them. I got to know some pretty nice people to. There is just one story that is off side. There was a CIO executive board meeting and Murray was presiding and the Telephone Workers Committee had just been established. Harry Bridges was giving Phil Murray one hell of a hard time arguing a party line thing. Murray was defending himself and making explanations and the bidding was going on long past the amount of time that should have been spent on that issue, in my opinion, and noon recess came and the meeting broke up. Before the afternoon session began, I got a long distance telephone call from California. One of the telephone operators with whom I had been working out in California, said "Ted! She didn't call me on the toll board, she just plugged in and called me in Washington . You see, in long lines work, it doesn't matter to the line whether you are across the street or across the continent. She said, "Ted, I just finished hearing a conversation between Harry Bridges and the Secretary Treasurer of the Long Shoreman's Union and I want to tell you about it. She was violating federal law here of course, because

operators who hear conversations on telephones should never repeat them. It is not forbidden by law to listen, but it is forbidden to repeat.

This gal didn't care. She had been an operator for years and she knew AT&T for the kind of vicious outfit it was and she hated them anyway so she took this risk. She told me that Harry Bridges called the Secretary Treasurer as soon as the morning meeting of the CIO executive board was finished. Harry gave him a full report of his debate with Murray in the meeting and what the details were. The one fella said it was kind of bad because he had just gotten news that there is a situation in Cuba that needs our attention and it is necessary for you to go to Phil Murray and try to get the CIO to come out in support of. . .

I don't remember who the man was, he was some sort of revolutionary in Cuba that the party was interested in. This guy told Bridges that he must get Phil Murray to help out on this thing and he better go to see him. Marie, the gal out there, said to me "I thought you'd better go tell Phil Murray that Bridges is going to come to him with this matter. I thought this was wonderful! I caught Phil Murray in the hall before we went back into the afternoon meeting and I said, "Phil I got some information for you. Harry Bridges is going ask for an appointment in your office before you leave

and this is what he's going to talk to you about and he's going to ask you to do this" Well, I told him all of the details . He looked at me and asked me, "How do you know that?" "Oh, I said, You know how it is in the telephone business, you get around." I assured him that it was a genuine report. He just gurgled and he thought it was marvelous. I don't really know what came out of it but presumably Harry Bridges went in and with that sly way that Phil could play cat and mouse with somebody at his desk, he undoubtedly had a lot of fun out of the situation.

There was a matter to do with Health legislation that the CIO was interested in and Mrs. Murray was interested in . During the period after WW11 when things were still tight in England, the Health program that the British Parliament had passed in the Ernie Bevin government was being applied and excoriated in the United States by the medical association and a great many people. It was being cited as the awful thing that would happen in America. Well, there was a great deal of falsity about it, because it seemed to be working fine and even though there were a few troubles getting it started, it was a good thing.

There was a women member of parliament in England named Jenny Lee. Jenny Lee had a husband whose name was

also Bevin, but it wasn't Ernie Bevin. He was another Bevin as I recall. Jenny Lee's husband was a member of the government and she was in Parliament. They were from Scotland I think. They'd been with people who had been very close to the setting up of the universal health insurance payment system in England. Bevin was made administrator of it or head of the agency that was responsible for carrying out the parliamentary act. At any rate, I was impressed by the fact that this man could come to the United States and lecture about it. It would be a leverage to influence the Congress to pass the National Health Insurance Act that we were interested in the CIO.

The CIO community services committee had set aside money each year to provide a Philip Murray award. We had given the money and a suitable banquet with a ceremony for a couple of years and, well I guess Phil Murray got the first one and then it was given in his name to certain people who had done things that were in the community services field. Like the field of social welfare, and community work and so on. At a meeting of the community services committee board, of which I was the secretary, I proposed that this man Bevin in England should be brought to the United States and be given the Philip Murray award, and then conduct a lecture trip around the

United States and talk about the British Health Insurance plan and telling the things that need to be told to give the lie to the AMA that were falsities which were promoted by the newspapers also.

In anticipation of this meeting, and it occurred at the Cleveland CIO convention in that year, I had gone to the British Embassy. I was on rather good terms with the Labor attache in the British Embassy and I told him about this. I asked his advice and council and how to proceed about it. You couldn't just bring in a thing like this not knowing what would happen. Well, he thought it was wonderful. England at that time had a rule that nobody could travel out of the country without the permission of the government because of the foreign exchange situation. People weren't allowed to have a holiday out of England, and they couldn't go to Europe or Switzerland. They couldn't do anything out of the country. They had to stay in the country because they couldn't get money to travel. The only people that could get money to travel were businessmen who could build an export business, which is what Britain was in great need of. Even government officials weren't allowed to go out of the country unless it was a specific thing, and this was not a specific thing of interest to the government of England! Except

that it might be of secondary interest. There had to be a special arrangement to get Bevin permission to travel out of England on expense money to the United States to accept this award. I presented this idea to the Community Services Committee meeting and told them about the conversations I've had with the Labor attache and that Bevin would accept the invitation and the award. The understanding was, that the money that with the award--I think it was a substantial sum--would be Bevin's personal money but he might use it to help pay his expenses while promoting the British Health program and helping us legislatively with our campaign. This idea was received with pretty good enthusiasm by the other members of the committee. Abramson who was the chairman thought it was alright, and Leo Pearleson's eyes sparkled because that gave him a chance to promote the health program. George Voldonzi was very enthusiastic, and spoke up in his exuberant way. So, they approved the idea and they assigned me to go see Phil Murray about it, and get his permission. Which we had to do of course. That was belling the catch you know, so I accepted the proposal. It's awfully hard to see Phil Murray at a convention because everybody is on his ear. But, I did get in and it was not in a very comfortable circumstance. There were no chairs around, and Phil was

seated and I had to speak to him privately, so I got down on the floor underneath his chair. I hunched down and gave it to him as capsulized as I could and as attractively packaged as I could, I order to get his acceptance. I had to do it very quick and under circumstances that were not very suitable. He was negative. His remark was, " Ted, you never can tell about those British. You never know what they are going to do. He might come over to America under our auspices and Lord knows what he might do. I don't think we ought to do this. You have this award and you do this every year and I think it's fine, but I'll tell you what you do, give it to Helen G. Douglas. She is a good girl and she will like it so you give it to her this year." Well that was it. It was an order. I went back to the committee, dejected about the thing and presented it to them. Some of them said,"so what?" Helen G. Douglas got the award that year. We never did get Bevin over to talk about the British Health Plan to American audiences. We might have learned a few things and we may have got some legislative support as a result of it. I put it down later to Phil Murrays 'Anglo-phobia'. Phil was a Scotsman. The Scotch have every reason, like the Irish do, to hate the British. Perfidious Albion does have a reputation of violating

their promises and nobody knows more about this than the Jews in the Israel situation, and the Balfour Declaration and all that it meant. I recognized that Phil had a point that you couldn't trust the English but I had a personal confidence in Bevin. He would have made a lot of speeches around the country and it would have paid off big! There again, is the story of one of my lost causes. (laughter) Of which, I've had so many, but were interesting to remember.

I suppose the 'Anglo-phobia' that Murray had was also what Lewis had because as a Welshman, he hated the English with good reason also. Since the British have the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch against them, it's remarkable how they've been able to hold the British Isles together all of these years.

Some years later after the AFL-CIO merger was completed, the Universal Health bill came up again. There was a congressman from Rhode Island named Ami J. Forand, and the Forand bill became a rallying point for all of the people who believed that Americans should have a universal pre-paid health care program. Was it Trumans administration? I don't remember well, but there had been a man from Colorado in Trumans cabinet, that had early espoused the Health bill and then that failed. I guess that was

the one that I was refering to in the Bevin case. The second one was the Forand bill. At a certain point Mr. Meany; I was told, had the opinion that now is the time to get the Forand bill passed. The AFL had been with it for some time and so, Al Zack and Nelson Kurigshank, and Stanley Rutenberg ,all department heads in the AFL-CIO, were made a committee to find out what to do about promoting the Forand bill. Meany thought the time was right.As a matter of fact, it was! Meany was right about this I think. I believe this was 1963, but I'm not sure. Rutenbergs committee decided that I should be the person selected to go around and build up support for the Forand bill in those congressional districts where the congressmen were on the edge. I could push them over and get their vote. Rutenberg called me in. I was working in the research department at that time. He said that Zack and Kurigshank think that I should go out over the country and build up support for the Forand bill in these congressional districts.

Previously there had been a convention some place in Florida for the southern groups that constitute the American Association of Retired Persons. The AARP was openly run by the Colonial Insurance Company of Philadelphia. The idea was that somebody from the

CIO should go to this convention and lobby among the delegates to prevent the insurance company from getting them to vote against the national health insurance legislation. I was the man that had been designated to go down to this convention and do the lobbying. I said , " Look this is a southern group. I am noted for my finesse and diplomacy and I speak and talk like the damn yankee I am! I think it will be a mistake to send me , a northerner, and so obviously one to a convention full of southerners. Why don't you send this guy from Texas?" And I named the fella that was PAC director in Texas, who as a southerner knows the southern spirit. He talks like a southerner, and he could get around those people better than I do so why not him. They accepted my advice on this and sent him to the convention and I didn't go. Then they called me on this other thing which was right down my alley because one thing that I like to call myself is an agitator and a labor agitator. My definition of an agitator is a person who goes around sticking hat pins in peoples mental behinds! I accepted this assignment with alacrity. I accepted advice and got instructions . Well, Kurigshank had the idea that this ought to be a very quiet thing. I should go around undercover and talk to people and get them to do things and I allowed that this was proper

so I said that I will be just as invisible as possible. Well, when I got into these districts--and I went into nine or ten at least, and by the way, theres a file of material about this which has all of the details. Including a document I did for viewpoints of Local 189 of the Teachers Union which gave a round up story of the whole thing which I gave to Kurigshank--I went to Florida, two congressional districts in Ohio, one in Kentucky, one in Oklahoma, one in Tennessee, and I think I was supposed to go to one in Michigan but I've forgotten that. At any rate there's three, four, five, six, and maybe more congressional districts to which I went. When I went into a district I was supposed to meet organizations and mostly the AFL-CIO central body. Kurigshank had gotten the booklet printed of the Forand bill and he sent out thousands of them to the central body. They were presumably were to be distributed around in the community. When I got into the central body locations in these congressional districts, I found that there had been a corner torn on some and there were packages of them laying in the offices more often than not. So, any that weren't being used I packed into my rented car and take them around and lay them out where they could do some good. I dealt with the labor movements in all of these congressional districts to the extent that I could and

I got some pretty good help in a number of places. I remember in Chattanooga, Tennessee a fella from the Motion Pictures Operators Union was most helpful. I found in several other cities that there were people who were genuinely interested in helping, but by and large I couldn't keep busy with dealing with labor union people on this issue . There weren't enough of them around that were active and so I started missionary activities around. I had all of this literature and these leaflets and I drove around the congressional districts visiting every place. I went into the court house and I talked to judges. I laid out literature in the lobby for people to pick up after asking the permission of the county clerk to post these. One of the things that I discovered was the enormous response from the people to this idea. I sometimes had to stand and listen to hospital experiences and operation stories and how a doctor mistreated somebody and doctors problems. People were just full of grievances about their health problems! I decided to go into the hospitals. One place in Sanford, Florida I went into the hospital and met the gray ladies or the pink ladies, you know, those volunteer ladies that dress up in a uniform. I talked to them right there in the hospital! These ladies agreed to take a couple hundred of them and distribute them throughout

the community. Every time I'd come into a town I'd go to the Post Office and look for the box that had the military recruitment literature in it , and if it was empty as it often was, I would lay my literature right on top of it. I layed it on the writing tables so people could read it when they came into the Post Office. When I got to Florida, I found the Old Age Society , Ah, here boy I got myself a couple of hundred organizations to call on. I browsed around and got the Ohio Society, the Indiana Society ,and the Minnesota Club. I went in and made speeches to them. When I got to the Ontario Club, I decided that speeches wouldn't be necessary. They were organized. These Old Age Societies in the northern states were very responsive. I'd go out on the shuffle board courts and I would talk to the people while they played in the sunshine. I gave them literature and told them to write to their congressman. When I got to Oklahoma, I got in with a very active trade union down. We made an arrangement to go into Texas where there was a radio station that was heard in Oklahoma, in this congressmans district. I got rates and prices for broadcasts and I was all set to buy us some time but I didn't get approval for the money from the headquarters office. I couldn't raise it locally.

Oh, the stories I could tell you about my experiences in Ohio where I knew people and worked and lived!

The sixth district of Kentucky was full of country stores out of the historic past, which I drove through.

These amazed me! I would go into a country store and make a speech where men were sitting around a big bellied stove, and I would hand out the literature and maybe they would ask me a question or two.

I called on newspaper offices, leaders, old age retirement clubs, church groups, etc. There wasn't any organization that I could get into to that I wasn't at! In Tennessee, I found an old man who had an eye cataract operation and he knew a manager of a radio station and he told me that he could get me radio time and by God he did! He put me on the radio for ten minutes in Tennessee. When I reported this back to Washington Nelson said to me that I wasn't being very undercover about it. I told him that I had all of these opportunities to meet and talk to people and they are responding so why keep it undercover. He said that "If it works. I don't want the word to get around in congress that we are stirring up things because it might cause a certain rebellion on the part of some of the congressmen who are already committed to it." I said Well, "If we are going to legislate and agitate for the support of our legislation we have to let people know what

the issues are."

East: Their idea was to take it strictly to the Labor Unions?

Silvey: Pretty much. But they wouldn't get enough work. I mean I'm not going to spend eight or ten days in a congressional district loafing! I didn't get enough labor union response, so I had to go out where the people were. They didn't say I shouldn't but they didn't tell me I should either! Maybe they said, get the sympathetic organizations, churches, etc. I went to lodges, paternal orders and I don't think there was anything I missed! Everytime I'd go to a place, someone would tell me about another place. It just kind of grew like the branches and twigs on a tree. I went to these people and they'd receive me with open arms. I went into an old age group meeting in one of the churches in a stated, I can't remember which, and I just came to the door and saw their meeting in progress. There were about eighty people in the room. I spoke to a person on the door and she said for me to wait a minute. The chairman came over and heard my story and he said, " Oh, come in and tell us about it." He interrupted the whole meeting for my story and I made up a speech on the spot. I have had wonderful experiences with this thing and here were congressional districts where the member of congress in the district was not in favor of the program but the people of the legislative

department of the AFL-CIO thought that they could be swung over. I think they could have been too. We didn't get it and we still haven't got it but there's certainly been a lot of work done in this field.

One of the things that I suggested at a research department staff meeting, which never got off the ground by the way, at the AFL-CIO. It was coming up to convention time and Rutenberg had responsibility for resolutions and suggestions. What ought we to passing in the way of resolutions? So, Rutenberg called a meeting of staff and I was included and we listened to his suggestion that we ought to say what should be in the resolutions that year. I was impressed by the fact that the railroad unions were in so much trouble with their various crafts and I suggested that we have a resolution on national transportation policy. The railroad unions ought to be consulted about it, and the pilots in the aircraft unions, maybe the Teamsters and the bus drivers, there ought to be a universal, nation-wide national transportation policy. The CIO would be doing a good thing for the country and for the people who work in the transportation industry if this thing didn't just go down the road and fall off a cliff, but if we had some policy. We should make a resolution, get some public

support and maybe affect the future of transportation in the United States and the workers in our unions who were involved. It would be a good thing.

I don't know why they didn't go through with it, but it never got off base. In the ensuing years, we have discovered what a mess public transportation is in the United States. Now the railroad unions are down on their knuckles and they are finally beginning to agree that they need to merge which they didn't do then. I used to tell them when I was making speeches "Look, you'll merge when the employers and the railroad companies have got a gun at your head and the circumstances make you." That has been a very prophetic statement.

*End of Tape Eight, Side Two.(B)

Tape # Nine, Side One (A)

Silvey: Another thing I want to mention as a lost cause, and I want to make a statement that I am not making a catalog of lost causes here, and I offer that somewhat apologetically because I'm talking about things that were ideas I espoused and never got anywhere with them. I'm not carrying it around as a bruised ego, I hope. I suppose there's some aspect of that in it. I'm relaying some of the things that my work in the labor movement gave me the opportunity to think about and talk about.

This has to do with my work with computers. It was my good fortune to meet the people early who were experts in this field. After I had my experience at Harvard University on two successive weeks with Dr. Norword Weiner, the mathematician Santayana. I was really inspired by what new technology offered and as I saw WWII had produced a whole line of wonderful new things in technology and it was really going to affect employment, I hopped on and went with this automation bit, and computer knowledge. It turned out to be a nice thing. At a certain point in my studies, I was aware of the fact the AFL-CIO and the Labor Unions would be needing to use computers. I was also aware of the fact that in order for a computer

to function, it had to be programmed.

If the computer was to be programmed, it had to be done by a human being who had to have the information to put into the computers memory.

What it is in effect, is data processing or information storage and retrievables at great speed. I realized that the AFL-CIO would need to have payroll mailing and mailing of publications, tax data research, employment records in the general population, economic studies, and a whole range of things in the field of research and knowledge, had to be done our way. In the process of doing this, we would have to use a service agency. They were just beginning to be set up at this time. The manufacturers of computers had gone into the big users, the military, the big corporations, and they had trained programmers. They did their own in-house work. Many of the smaller companies that couldn't afford to buy a computer and couldn't have a programming or assistance engineering staff to program it, would have to utilize the services of the computer and it was soon seen by the private enterprisers that happened to be service agencies. Hundreds of them began to spring up. These service agencies would come in and install a system, and either hook in a computer if the firm was big enough, or take the data that the

company gave them and run it through their own computer and give them the results. Well, I'm saying something perfectly obvious now. Back then, it was a pretty new thing. Very exciting and meaningful. I saw that the labor movement had a great need for the services of a computer. I was going along here with the automation bit and making some speeches and doing some teaching and writing articles and all that, and I thought well, gee, the AFL-CIO ought to get in on this thing early. I wrote a memorandum about it to Stanley Rutenberg, who at that time was in the research department, and I pointed out that the labor movement will need computer services. We should not let the thing go to where each union buys its own computer or computer service. It may cost one hell of a lot of additional money. We ought to do this cooperatively, so that instead of having each union running off with this company or that company, or buying this instrument or that instrument, we need a consolidated effort to get this new technology for our use. In addition to the trade union movement, we ought to involve the organizations that are friendly to the trade union movement like the ADA and the Rural Electrification Administration and a number of these other organizations that are peripheral to

the trade union movement but which are not part of the AFL-CIO. One very important thing about computer programming is, the programmer has the knowledge about the inside of the corporation or organization and when the computer programmer writes his program, he's handling data that's privy to the organization that supplies it to him.

Do we want to take our private information in the AFL-CIO and give it to a service agency programmer who might find that it would be profitable to him or to his boss to run off an extra run of it for somebody else who would like to know about the inside affairs of our organization. Since the program once written can be poured out so fast, it's a very simple matter for a write out to be made and the paper from the tape delivered to somebody who can then run it back and see what's in it, and in effect we could have a corporation spy service on the internal affairs of our organization. Do we want that? Therefore, I propose that the executive council of the AFL-CIO set up a committee of members and pursue the idea of establishing a captive corporation, a non-profit service agency which will own, program, and operate for the labor movement and the organizations which own the captive service agency. In this way, we'll be a step ahead of

anybody who goes out and wastes money, or does it independently at great expense. I thought it was a pretty great memorandum. I edited and wrote it over a couple of times and had it typed up. It was a page and a half, single spaced material and I presented it to Rutenberg. In a couple of days, I got it back with a notation on the margin at the top where there was a little white space, it said, "We've got too many things to worry about without getting into a mess like this." Or some equivalent word. You will find this memorandum in my papers. In fact, you'll find both the carbon copy of it and the original that he sent back to me which I then put back into the file. I was ashamed. I mean Rutenberg was a smart guy, he wasn't a fool. I suppose at that moment he was discouraged or something and claimed that we had too many other things to worry about.

East: When would that have been?

Silvey: Oh gee, maybe 1963 or 64, or anyplace along in there. The sequel to this is, the IDEW went out and sunk a fortune . One of the New York organizations went out and sunk a fortune and the CWA went out on their own and sunk a fortune also. The AFL-CIO lost a lot of money. That all added up to a very huge figure, dealing with independent service corporations and giving

their data to some outsiders. They are doing it now! Now the AFL-CIO has a data processing department, and a computer, and programmers of their own, I guess, at least they have a manager of it, I don't know whether or not they do their own programming or not.

East: They spent money on it?

Silvey: Yes! Yes! We could have had the largest single data processing agency in the nation. It would have been the property and the exclusive service group and the confidential group of the organization. We didn't get it! I don't know what the officers of the organization would have thought about it they had had the opportunity to hear about it, and review it. Six, seven years later they come along when they found out what was going on. This is one of the reasons I say--and perhaps I'm only massaging my bruised ego I don't know--why do people have staffs to think for them and then throw their stuff in the gargage can? That's one reason why I sometimes make the cynical remark that I think labor union officers have staff so that they can have somebody to treat contemptably.

East: They either throw it in the garbage can, or they take the idea without formally excepting it and then it becomes their idea!

Silvey: Oh, that's alright! I wouldn't mind that. Reuther was an expert on this. I mean, Reuther stole more ideas from good people and then considered them his own. He figured that they were hired by him, I mean the way Walter Reuther milked Paul Sifton was the kind of a scandal of the jaybirds I think, which was alright. Paul was an imaginative man. He was a guy with a lot of ideas, a good writer and slogan maker. He would feed Walter a slogan or a series of words and Walter would beam and pour it out on his next audience. He maintained proprietorship of it that was all his! I don't mind staff people feeding, well, I mean a man who works for a senator of the United States isn't going to expect the senator to say to him, "Look I've got this beautiful idea and it came from my administrative assistant." I don't believe in that! I don't think that should be done but at least the courtesy of looking at information. The courtesy? No! the necessity of looking at information for your own sake. I suppose this is one reason why Walter Reuther did scintillate above other trade union officers, he at least was receptive even if he stole stuff later. He did listen to people! He was a man who had enough ability of his own so that he didn't have to worry that the folks that worked for him, were going to outshine him

although I think he sometimes did worry about that. He had at least two people that worked for him commit suicide under circumstances that made me very worried. Don Montgomery was one and a lawyer named LeVine or Leary or something like that was another. There may have been other problems in their lives . I think in Don Montgomerys life there was because his wife died with a very serious brain tumor. I wouldn't put too much stress on this point but officers have a way of treating people pretty contemptably. When I was in the National Production Authority, I called Petosky, the president of the Clothing Workers Union with a matter having to do with the employment and unemployment of his people in Buffalo, Rochester, Philadelphia, and Boston where the contracts were going to southern industries for uniform pants. The stuff that the southern factories couldn't do because the workers weren't skilled enough were going to the northern plants. The military jackets, the navy pea coats etc. The pants making which was easier was going to deep southern mills. I learned how it was being done and where and what could be done about it. I had a recommendation and called Petosky on the telephone and I heard him talking to his colleagues in his office and he said to them, "One of our boys in Washington is giving me a report," Well, in the end

that woman who was very close to Petosky politically and who later worked for the southern manufacturers association, a woman from New York , whose name I don't recall off hand, pulled the thing off and as a result the northern workers didn't get the work they should have because the work went to southern plants that were non-union. I think Petosky didn't pay enough attention to my report. Here I am on the inside of a place where the information is available, in a government agency, and I'm going out of my way to tell him what can be done to protect his own jobs, the jobs of his own people and I don't get much out of it! I scolded Al Zack about this once. I said to him, "Here I am traveling all over the United States listening, understanding the meaning of things I hear. I'd think you 'd consider me an extra pair of eyes and ears for you and I think you'd be delighted to hear what I had to say. I could tell you what happens here and what happens there, I think you'd be glad to know this, and I think you'd like to have lots of extra eyes and ears reporting what goes on. Sometimes you'd listen to me and at other times you'd scold me. Well, piss on it! Let it go. I was mad!

This is the way you can destroy initiative, unless a person can overcome it on his own. I think I did in most cases. I'd just take a deep breath and

and a hot shower or bath, and get a good nights sleep and start over again in the morning.

That was one particularly exasperating account. I'm really ashamed of getting into this narration, I don't know why I was going into this direction. I have a whole bunch of other things to tell you about. These are not so personal, but I suppose being the subjective person that I am, these things are kind of swarming my memory now that I've got myself all stirred up. Don't put this in one category in the collection (East laughs) it will look like I'm beating my memory to death on these particular kinds of things.

There is an organization in the country called AFIPS. That stands for American Federation of Information Processing Societies. This includes all of the organizations that have come into existence with the computer, information and data processing. It includes engineers programmers, systems people, manufacturers, users and it's a great organization! They hold a convention and then a world convention where AFIPS of the United States gathers together with similar organizations in Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, and other countries of the world. They hold this world meeting at different places and they held them in Europe several times. They even held one in New York. It's a very elaborate

set up when they hold one of these things and there are literally thousands of people who serve on the multitude of committees because they have to get papers in , and get scholarly reports. They also get research documents, administrative problems and a whole range of items and also several thousand people like I mentioned earlier. I've been at them, where they publish little annual reports. It's like a three hundred and thirty three ring circus. Well, you know what its like in the American Historical Society, just multiply that by three and you've got it.

One of the committees was set up to handle and publish a special edition of the New York Times. Sundays'you know. Now the sunday New York Times often has what they call advertising supplements. The AFL-CIO has used them. We had an AFL-CIO international affairs supplement in the New York Times one time a number of years back. You will find a copy of it among my stuff. You just buy it and the pay straight rates for it and the New York Times takes your copy and prints it in their format and makes a separate supplement out of it and tucks it into the New York Times and it gets to wherever the New York Times goes. It is very expensive advertising but it's a good thing because it gets around. So, they had a special committee

of this world convention and they met in New York. They are going to print one of these special supplements in the paper. One of the members of the committee who has the responsibility of the committee to collect manuscripts to go to publication. So, what did the guy do but ask me for a manuscript from the trade union information data processing from the labor point of view. He was in Cherry Hill, New Jersey and he was a member of the engineering and industrial staff of the Radio Corporation of America. Well, he knew me because I'd been dealing with organizations. He knew I was a quality person. He knew I could present a document that was expendable and he thought that it would be a nice thing for the AFL-CIO had a document in the New York Times issue of the World AFIPS conference. I thought it would be nice too! At a certain time in the history of my work, I would have gone ahead and presented it. I would have sent the manuscript into them and had it published. They would have accepted it and it would have been done. I had my nose bloodied so many times about doing things without getting permission, that I took the letter and the story and fed the information to Zack. He was pleased and impressed. He thought it was fine. He was this kind of a guy. He was very skillful in public relations and so he said, " Fine, but this is not something you do, you

prepare an outline of everything you think is significant in relation to this, give it to me and I'll give it to Ken Fiester and he'll do the article and we'll publish it under Stanley Rutenbergs name. I said yes sir and I presented one of the most beautiful outlines ever written. It was a doozy of a job and I was so pleased with it! You'll find it among the papers. So, Ken Fiester wrote an article and sent it in to the guy. In the meantime, I telephoned the guy and told him what had gone on, so when he got the job out in Cherry Hill, New Jersey he looked at it and threw it away. I talked to him later and he told me that his group can't publish a self-serving piece. This isn't what I want and this isn't what you would have given me. This is a self-serving piece for the AFL-CIO and it has no relationship to what we need and want. He just told me that we were out, and that is all! I said that I was sorry and he said he was too. That's how it got lost. When the New York Times came out with this special supplement in it, I got myself a couple of copies and they are in my file too. My outline is in there also.

East: What was the response of Rutenberg and Zack to those people? What did they say when the article never appeared?

Silvey: I don't know and I don't care. I never asked.

East: They didn't bring it to your attention?

Silvey: No! Of course they wouldn't. Certainly not!

Nothing was ever brought to my attention. What do these kind of guys need to pay attention to a squirt well down in line. It's not in the nature of organization. Unless a guy happens to be an individual who has some feeling or concern for other people. There's not a lot of people like that in institutional organization. You get your nose bloodied at the university, I suppose. (talking to East) Don't confess, I don't want it. I mean, I know what life is like in an institution.

East: The three days we've been talking here you've given me a picture of a very centralized, bureaucratic, ego oriented organization of the CIO and then the AFL-CIO later.

Silvey: I don't want you to carry only that away with you. Please don't! That's not what my purpose is and that's not what I want done. This whole business of recording has stirred my memory. I've got lots, and lots, and lots of more things to say that are not just like this! It happened, I guess, that today like other days, I've gotten myself into this subjective business and you've heard more of it than maybe you ought to hear. Remember, there is a great deal more that will put this into proper balance.

Silvey: So, this isn't the only thing and don't go on that.

East: Oh, I won't. You have painted that kind of picture however.

Silvey: Well, maybe I shouldn't have.

East: That's what I'm asking you. Is that a legitimate picture or not?

Silvey: Well, I'm telling you the truth man!

East: Okay, that's what I'm trying to establish through my questions.

Silvey: Alright. Now, if I say that I'm telling you the truth and you say, in response, are you coloring the truth? I'll say that I'll try not to. It is possible that some of my language, as fluent as I am and as wordy as I am, and some of the phrases I've used have been a little bit embroidered. The essential information and the essential experience is true, even though there may be a little verbal embroidery here and there. This comes in these kinds of situations especially when you get old and look back on things and see a focus that is a little different than it was at the time. There was an awful lot of fear in my situation. I was scared a good part of the time. I was aware of the fact that I had to tread carefully so as not to get somebody made and saying things. I knew that when the AFL-CIO merger took place the guys in the AFL who had been on programs with me

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in the CIO were telling Meany an awful lot of rotten stuff. John Connors was one of them. That's why we have all the trouble you see. Meany never did meet me, except once, when I went to him to and asked him about the advisory committee on the Marshall Plan and he agreed to do something about it and then ignored it. That's another story and it's not relevant here.

*Tape ends at counter number #281. End of Tape #9
Side #1.

*The last tape in the Silvey-East interview collection.