



Local 9's president, Paul P. Milling, at lunch with his wife and their three children, Billy, Patricia and Kathleen

Miracle of

By COLLIE SMALL

Union members at Wanamaker's department store in New York figure what's good for management is good for labor, so they have been taking newspaper ads to praise the company and promote business

A FEW months ago, while the usual number of tempers were being tried and the usual number of heads were being banged together in the name of labor-management relations, an uncommonly venturesome union official named Paul P. Milling led his union down a strange and seldom-traveled street.

The tune he piped sounded suspiciously like Panacea Forever. To both labor and management he promised untold happiness and prosperity if they would only follow him. Yet he professed no love and hinted no charity, and there was an aggressive thrust to his chin. The cautious officials of Wana-

maker's department store in New York, having met Paul Milling before on the field of battle and having found him uncompromisingly militant, were to be forgiven if they regarded the procession warily. Nevertheless, they were curious and they followed at a discreet distance.

A short time later, the miracle which Milling had promised burst over Wanamaker's like a great star shell. Executives of the store danced in their offices upstairs and the 1,900 members of Milling's union sang in the aisles downstairs. There has seldom, if ever, been anything like it. Business was up and so were salaries, and the credit belonged almost exclu-

sively to Local 9, Retail Clerks International Association, A.F. of L., Wanamaker Chapter, Paul P. Milling, President.

Although the union in this case did nothing more remarkable than take ads in various newspapers, exhorting people to shop at Wanamaker's, it was actually a spectacular maneuver and it was the sort of thing for which Milling and Local 9 are rapidly becoming famous. This thin, nervous, sharp-featured union leader has dedicated himself to teaching management and his union how to live together.

He is at various times truculent and demanding,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

COMMUNISM IS TREASON WAKE UP AMERICA

DEAR FRIENDS:

*J. Edgar Hoover, F.B.I. Director, spoke the following words
of advice at a dinner here in New York on May 2, 1950:*

"The times demand candid and forthright words. Communists have been and are today at work within the very gates of America. There are few walks in American life which they do not traverse. Their allegiance is to Moscow; their hopes are spurred by the writings of Marx and Lenin, not Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln; their enthusiasm is whetted by expediency and deceit, not tolerance and brotherhood. Atheistic materialism is their idol; the destruction of the God of our fathers their goal. Wherever they may be, they have in common one diabolic ambition: to weaken and to eventually destroy American democracy by stealth and cunning. There is an organization built and supported by dishonor, deceit and tyranny and a deliberate policy of falsehood. They know that as long as the ideals of common endeavor, mutual respect and tolerance remain alive they can never bring to fruition the Communist World revolution. That is why Communists consider America their Number One Enemy. A strong America, materially and spiritually, is a constant beacon of light, buoying the hopes and aspirations of millions of men, women, and children crushed under the yoke of Communist tyranny which today controls the destinies of one-third of the peoples of the world."

"The thought of a Soviet United States is at once revolting to every right thinking American. We have seen the Communists at work and have observed the application of their principles sufficiently to know what would happen here if they succeeded in the attainment of their objectives. If every American faced the reality of what the fulfillment of the Communist objective would mean to him—he would be inspired to work harder to protect and preserve the individual liberty and freedom which is part and parcel of our American way of life."

"The struggle for the preservation of our freedoms places a duty on every man, woman, and child in the Nation to do his bit in order that this Government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall continue to flourish. If each of us does his duty, the outcome is certain. Almighty God, The Supreme Architect, will give us the strength, wisdom and guidance to triumph against the onrush of Red Fascism and Atheistic Communism."

On the eve of July 4th, 1950, our Union believes it is timely to offer the above words of wisdom and understanding for your observation and study.

PAUL P. MILLING, Pres., Local #9,
John Wanamaker, R.C.I.A.—A.F.L.
95 Liberty Street, New York 6, N. Y.

and he has in the space of five years exacted more from Wanamaker's than almost any other union can claim in similar encounters with employers; but labor and management actually appear to be in love at John Wanamaker's four New York stores. Milling disclaims that the relationship is a romantic one, and he goes to considerable lengths to protest that John Wanamaker and the union are not sweethearts, but he does concede that the situation is an extraordinary one. And as is often the case with miracles, Milling produced the miracle of Local 9 simply by pursuing the obvious.

Milling's theory is a simple one. As a devout trade-unionist he believes that management's natural inclination is to resist union demands and that labor's natural inclination is to press them. Yet he believes even more strongly that labor cannot prosper unless management prospers. He therefore was disconcerted no end in the spring of 1949 by various gloomy predictions that business was heading for a recession. If that were true, then the 1,900 members of his union were also heading for a recession, and Milling proposed to do something about it.

Characteristically, as befits a man with a voracious appetite for the truth, he began scratching around for literature on the subject of a recession. In his cluttered office on the fifth floor of an ancient building at 95 Liberty Street, in New York's downtown business district, he pored over assorted graphs, charts, the Congressional Record, the Federal Reserve Bank's Monthly Review of Credit and Business Conditions and various other specialized publications. Eventually he arrived at his conclusion: Business was suffering from a lack of confidence in itself.

There was no time to lose and Milling wheeled into action. In a stern letter to Wanamaker executives, he pointed out that department stores all over the country were flirting with ruin by doing less advertising in a year when goods were plentiful than they had done, for example, in 1945, a year when goods were scarce. Because stores feared a slump, they were reducing their stocks while people were clamoring to buy. This, Milling said, amounted to negligence. Echoing a question posed a few weeks earlier by Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, he cried, "Where is the old-time American confidence?"

Request for Lay-Offs Was Refused

Unfortunately, Milling's voice did not carry as far as he had hoped. Several weeks went by. Then, suddenly, in August, he became thoroughly aroused to danger when Wanamaker's, reflecting the general tendency to retrench, asked Local 9 to consent to certain dismissals. As president of the union, Milling declined to consider the requests for lay-offs unless the circumstances were "beyond the store's control," a point he stubbornly refused to concede. Finally, when the store still showed no inclination to advance in the face of the anticipated slump, Milling took matters into his own hands.

The first move of Local 9 was to vote an initial expenditure of \$8,000 in union funds to promote Wanamaker's in newspaper advertisements. An additional \$1,000 was allocated for a direct-mail campaign and plans were made for a student essay contest on labor-management relations, the prizes to include merchandise from Wanamaker's and also several Sperry aerial gunnery computers which Milling, in a moment of unchecked enthusiasm, had bought as war surplus and which he intended vaguely for use in school laboratories. To stir up teen-age interest, the union prepared a booklet-questionnaire entitled How Do You Rate on a Date? and was immediately swamped for copies by teen-agers who had been wondering the same thing.

Union members made up the mailing list with names of friends and relatives who were not regular shoppers at Wanamaker's. Each of the 20,000 letters which were sent out contained an application form for a charge account and an invitation to "visit that grand old store with one of the finest names in retailing—John Wanamaker. You want our service. You want our quality. We want your patronage. Let's get together!" Within two months, 4,300 new charge accounts had been opened and business in general was booming.

When the newspaper ads appeared with the union's invitation to shop at Wanamaker's, even

Milling was not prepared for the response. The New York Daily News ran an editorial commending Local 9 for its farsightedness and was overwhelmed with 25 sacks of mail. Milling himself received hundreds of encouraging letters, including one from a man in Pennsylvania who, 13 years before, had bought some furniture from Milling when Milling was a Wanamaker salesman. Local 9 promptly decided to spend nearly \$18,000 more in advertising.

The union campaign resulted in precisely what Milling had hoped for: more business for Wanamaker's and fatter pay envelopes for the members of the union. His conviction that business had nothing to fear except its own faintheartedness was borne out when various other department stores conceded they had shared in what one Eastern executive termed "a nation-wide mistake."

Union Couldn't Finance a Strike

Yet Milling's campaign had not been undertaken without considerable risk. Before he was through, Local 9 had agreed to spend some \$27,000 and the union treasury had been depleted, or was about to be depleted, by almost 80 per cent. Had Local 9 for some unforeseen reason suddenly been forced to strike, it could never have financed it and Milling would have been the goat. As it was, of course, he was the hero, a distinction which was laid upon him more or less officially late last year at Valley Forge when General Eisenhower, on behalf of Freedoms Foundation, Inc., awarded him a medal for distinguished service as a labor leader and a check for \$2,000 which Milling, in the name of the union, distributed among various worthy groups.

Milling's eternal vigilance on behalf of the members of Local 9 has naturally been rewarded with the support and devotion of the flock. In the five years which have elapsed since Local 9 was organized, he has not been opposed in union elections, quite possibly because weekly wages at Wanamaker's are a minimum of \$18 higher than they were five years ago and because the social gains which have accrued to the union through Milling's efforts are downright staggering in their scope.

Milling himself feels he has a fundamental grasp of the meaning of democracy and he has often lamented the lack of opposition he encounters. When a disgruntled member suggested that he intended to support another candidate at the last election, Milling encouraged the defection. Unfortunately, however, the man failed to produce his candidate. When Milling threatened to nominate the man himself for union president, the latter beat a worried retreat and Milling, as usual, was elected unanimously.

The relationship which has been established between Milling and the management of Wanamaker's is probably unique. There has never been a strike nor a need to resort either to mediation or arbitration, though naturally there have been some spirited clashes. "The negotiations," Milling says in reference to the contract talks, which are reopened annually, "are based on the spirit of militant unionism and a spirit of fair co-operation. We have no sweetheart deals and we're not going to have any. Our success is due to an intelligent general membership and a militant group of officers."

Milling, being a gentlemanly union president, describes each demand he makes as a "request." This is a disarming designation, considering the cuts and bruises which Wanamaker's has suffered at the conference table. The last time Milling presented a "request," it cost the store over \$300,000 in wage increases retroactive to February, 1949. As the situation now stands, salaries at Wanamaker's, as a percentage to sales, are among the highest, if not actually the highest, of any department store in the country. The average weekly "weighted" salary is \$57 a week with the minimum set at \$35. Five years ago the minimum was a little over \$16.

In 1948, Milling thought he detected criticism of his union by Communist elements, who had accused Wanamaker's of paying substandard wages, and he forthwith produced some rather remarkable statistics. Compared with 14 other stores in New York and Brooklyn, Wanamaker salaries went like this: In blankets and spreads, the average weekly commission for salesmen at Wanamaker's was \$115.50 compared to \$47.67 in the other stores; in china and glassware, it was \$76.25 to \$52.63; in radios, phonographs and television. (Continued on page 50)

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6 EAST 46TH ST., N. Y.

41 WEST 43RD ST., N. Y.

*855 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, N. J.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

Local No. 9 John Wanamaker

R. C. I. A. - A. F. of L.

95 Liberty Street, New York 6, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

We, the members of Local #9, cordially invite you to visit that Grand Old Store with one of the finest names in retailing — "JOHN WANAMAKER."

You will see how the teamwork of Labor and Management, working together, produces the best results for our customers.

You will receive service with a smile and WANAMAKER QUALITY that makes it worth while.

We invite you to see how we respect the words of wisdom expressed in writings of the founder, JOHN WANAMAKER, when he said.

"Let those who follow me build with the plumb of honor, the level of truth and the square of integrity, courtesy, education and mutuality."

You want our service! You want our quality! We want your patronage! Let's get together.

Gratefully yours,

PAUL P. MILLING, PRESIDENT
LOCAL #9, JOHN WANAMAKER
R. C. I. A. - A. F. of L.

P.S. Gentlemen:

Wanamaker happy? Of course you do—and you will—when you buy Wanamaker quality, at reasonable prices. Visit us today—it will pay.

We invite you to visit any of our four New York stores today and make a purchase or open an account. Do it now. Thank you.

The Woman Who NAGGED

By DIANA SHEEHAN

Rosalind was small and pretty. Mike was big and self-confident and gay. It should have been the perfect marriage. And yet, subtly and little by little, something dreadful was happening to it

ONCE there was a woman named Rosalind O'Mara, a woman who nagged. Now if you picture this woman with an ugly face and a witch's scowl, you will be very wrong indeed. She had black hair, which she wore in a short bob, and snapping black eyes. Her extremely high color embarrassed her, for she felt that no matter how sophisticated she tried to look, her rosy cheeks, wild with health, gave her the air of a teen-ager. Actually, she was twenty-three.

Rosalind's husband, Mike, was six feet, three inches tall, with a firm physique, a strong, humorous face and, when Rosalind first knew him, the most wonderful Irish laugh, a deep guffaw, so noisy and full of vitality that it was always heard across the room and sometimes even around the block. He was a nice guy, Mike O'Mara, and because he was so nice, he wanted his home to be peaceful, first of all.

To their suburban community of Fairfax, the O'Maras were the ideal couple. Mike had a good job; he was advertising manager of a large aircraft factory on the outskirts of town. Their baby was charming, a one-year-old named Muff. Their house was modern and livable; they had painted the walls themselves in bright, surprising colors. Rosalind knew how to cook with herbs and she was renowned for her onion soup. The O'Maras paid their bills and clipped their lawn and were generally thought perfectly charming.

If you had asked Rosalind before they were married what drew her to Mike, she would have been quick to answer. It was the fun they had doing crazy things together and the way he told the story about the hole in one. The way he alone called her Rosie. The strength in his arms when he put them around her and the giddy feeling that went with a kiss. The masterful manner in which he took command when her knee, which had had an irritating habit of slipping out of joint ever since she'd fallen playing forward on the high-school basketball team, went out.

And yet, the hole-in-one story was perhaps the first inching into nagging. The turn of the screw came later. A taste for nagging is not born. It is acquired, like a taste for the subtle flavor of avocado or oysters.

Rosalind's first nag was slipped in so unobtru-

sively that neither she nor Mike knew just what had happened. But there it was, done, on the record, never to be erased.

It was six months after they were married, when Rosalind had already discovered that life was no picnic. She had learned that there were many dishes to be washed in the pretty new kitchen and much ironing to be done, even for two. She had discovered that every night, without exception, Mike blew his nose before he stepped into bed. And this irritated her. She suspected she was pregnant. The thought of long months of sickness culminating in hours of agony made her feel a stinging touch of resentment toward Mike.

THEY were sitting on the porch after one of her casserole dinners, talking in the twilight to their best friends, Irene and Hamilton Lauderdale.

Ham Lauderdale beamed. "I had a birdie on the sixth hole this afternoon," he said. "You remember, dear"—he turned to his wife—"that's the one with the little pool. A real trap."

"Did you!" Reeny exclaimed with warm enthusiasm. "I always think that's the toughest hole on the course."

"Nice going," Mike said. "Did I ever tell you about my hole in one?"

Rosalind felt a funny squirming feeling inside. She had heard him tell the story to the Lauderdale last week. But the others looked at Mike expectantly.

"It's enough to kill you," Mike said, screwing up his face in frustration at the memory of it. "I was playing at Ferndale." He looked at Rosalind. "You know, the course back home. I was in poor form that day for some reason or other, and it was getting my goat. I was playing with N.G. You remember N.G., honey?"

The squirming feeling inside Rosalind became a real snake choking her throat. He had told the Lauderdale all this last week, and what did they care when they'd never seen the man in all their lives!

"He's a big banker back home," Mike explained expansively to the Lauderdale. "We call him Not Good—he's an (Continued on page 54)

Rosalind stiffened. Gently, she tried to push Mike away. "Don't, Mike," she said softly

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER