

## CHAPTER VI

### THE AUTOMATED ARBITRATORS\*

<i>Presiding:</i>	JAMES C. HILL <sup>1</sup>
<i>Vocal Rendition:</i>	“Old Arbitrators Never Fade Away; They Just Keep Coming Back”—PETER SEITZ <sup>2</sup>
<i>Address:</i>	“The Automated Arbitrators” — ARTHUR M. ROSS <sup>3</sup>
<i>Comment on the Ross Address:</i>	RALPH T. SEWARD <sup>4</sup>

CHAIRMAN HILL: The subject today is of vast importance and vast complexity. It is impossible to treat it adequately in the brief time we have, yet we must be brief.

This reminds me of a story about a college freshman studying the social sciences. He decided that it was better to take up all the various branches of social science and not become a specialist. He was given an assignment to write an essay on the subjects of religion, royalty, sex, and mystery. While most of the people in the classroom stayed two hours, he delivered his paper after approximately two and a half minutes. The professor was astounded and wanted to make sure the student understood the nature of the assignment. The student assured him that he did.

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\* Editor's note: This chapter is the proceedings of the luncheon session of January 29, 1965. Many Academy members and guests requested that the proceedings of this session be published in full rather than publishing only the principal address. The editor is pleased to comply with this request not only because he believes it necessary in order to obtain the full flavor of the major address, but also because he agrees with all those present that this was one of the most delightfully humorous sessions ever presented.

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His essay read: "My God, the Queen is pregnant. I wonder who did it."

I commend this accomplishment to all our speakers.

I am not permitted to do more than introduce the speakers; I am not to discuss their topics. I can only tell you I have strong feelings on the subject of automation. It is a vast subject, but my views can be stated very simply—I am opposed to it. I am opposed to it not mainly because of its effect on employment, but on two other grounds: (1) because it robs me of my inalienable right of effective protest; it also robs me of my right of ineffective protest.

I recall the days when I could complain to the telephone operators who gave me a wrong number; now there is no one to talk to. In this very hotel there is no elevator operator to talk to. It is simply impossible—and I wonder if you have thought of it—do you realize that in the year 1965 it is physically impossible to cancel your subscription to a magazine?

(2) I am opposed to automation on the ground that its development robs us of the joy of the sense of uncertainty, and this will come up in the subject of the paper today. It seems to me one of the good things in life that the parties can approach the arbitrator in complete mystery as to what he is likely to do.

This morning I heard a discussion on the rigidity that should apply when interpreting the language of a contract. It so happened that this opinion was voiced by a speaker who did not even interpret correctly the program's language. And among the citations he gave was a ringing declaration in Volume 7, or thereabouts, of *BNA Labor Arbitration Reports*, about the reserved rights of management. He never mentioned Volume 27, in which the same arbitrator, it so happened, gave an equally ringing statement of the opposite view of those rights. That leads to a stimulating quality of uncertainty. Reading the two opinions of the same arbitrator, it is difficult to know which is the real McCoy.

I am told on all sides that we cannot stand in the way of progress, yet I am eternally optimistic. I think if we stand shoulder-to-shoulder, and really try, perhaps we could.

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I do my best—it is small, but I try. Not more than two days ago I was driving on the New York State Thruway. I avoided the automatic coin baskets and drove my car into another lane and handed the man the exact change. It takes real courage.

And now, to quote a past-president of the Academy: “It is time we grab the bull by the horns and move on.”

My first delightful chore is to introduce the first—not speaker—in fact, I don’t know what to call him since he has a number to render musically. I devoted an hour at a previous Academy meeting to a review of his biography, and there is little I can add. Last year he gave a learned address on *Functus Officio*. I thought he had done exactly that, but he is back again. He has had vast experience as an arbitrator, in government and in business. I suppose his most recent governmental assignment was one of that panel of experts called in to settle those irksome labor problems on the missile bases and, as a matter of fact, as you all know, it is now called the *Missile Seitz Labor Commission*.

He possesses, more than anyone I know in this group, the gift of language. Not long ago I heard someone speaking about Pete Seitz and what he had written. The comment was, as I recall it, that he rose to new heights of lyrical fantasy which lifted and transported the mind away from the immediate concerns and the day-to-day problems of industrial relations. I was rather puzzled because this was a review of one of his arbitration awards, not his poetry.

I have been associated with Pete Seitz so closely so often that I was rather moved by this. Our association goes back to the War Labor Board period, the Wage Stabilization Board, the Yale and Towne marathon, and to last year’s program committee. I have worked closely with Pete, and I just want to say this very sincerely, Pete, to have known you closely and to have worked with you, is to make me feel so strongly that Myra Seitz is a remarkable woman.

Now, some of you know that Pete has lost his voice. I am sure you know, because he spent the entire day yesterday wandering up and down the corridors telling people about how he had lost

his voice. We aren't overcome by this—our subject is Automation, and we plan to give you an automated Peter Seitz.

(Mr. Seitz then "delivered" the following song, pre-recorded on tape, sung to the melody of "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One," from Pirates of Penzance, accompanied by Ben Wolf at the piano and a male chorus which prefers to remain nameless.)

OLD ARBITRATORS NEVER FADE AWAY;  
THEY JUST KEEP COMING BACK

OH!

They will always reengage you for some matter

(for some matter)

As the saying goes "You just should live so long!"

(live so long)

*ENCORE*

This advice I give to Unions and the Bosses;

(and the Bosses)

And for once I give it absolutely free!

(lutely free)

With your wives have your annulments and divorces,

(and divorces)

But you're stuck forever with the likes of me

(likes of me)

If you'd rather not be quartered, drawn or skewered;

(drawn or skewered)

And it's character you seek, and skill and nerve;

(Skill and nerve)

Cherish dearly then your Garrett or your Seward:—

(or your Seward)

From the straight and narrow they will never swerve!

OH!

They will never plot a course to port or leeward,

(port or leeward)

Which is more than you expect or you deserve!

MR. HILL: Your response is extremely heartening to me. We didn't know if there would be any laughter or encore, so we recorded the applause.

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We now move on to an analysis of the subject of Automated Arbitrators to be given by Professor Arthur Ross. Arthur has given me a highly censored version of his own biography. He is extremely well educated; he graduated with honors from the Monroe High School of Rochester, New York. There were various things he did in the next several years, but I don't know what they were. He is, as most of us are in one way or another, an alumnus of the War Labor Board. He moved then to the University of California, where he has been a Professor of Economics, Director of the Industrial Relations Institute, and has found time to take his law degree, as well as having a sabbatical every two and a quarter years. He has written a great many learned articles and several books which are subjects of great interest in learned societies and intellectual groups, but which need not be mentioned here. He has served on several railway emergency boards—which presents a rather interesting problem. He comes from west of the Hudson, but he served with Saul Wallen. Whether he will ever serve again depends on the relative weight given to geography versus guilt by association.

Professor Ross is a permanent umpire in many situations. He is Chairman of the Board of Adjustment of the California Canning Industry, which is not to be confused with the University of California. He also settles the disputes of many other parties, including North American Aviation and the Machinists Union, and Mario Savio and Clark Kerr.

I present to you Professor Arthur Ross.

PROFESSOR ROSS: My monograph was found in the archives of the National Academy of Arbitrators, when that organization formally dissolved in 1972. I am not certain who wrote it, but I am instructed by the Board of Governors to read it, so I will do so. It is called "How They Automated Arbitration."

Mr. Arbito's first hearing was a turning point in the history of arbitration.

It is New York, the late summer of 1967. At 10 A.M. the parties enter the Sheraton-Waldorf and proceed to the Champerty Room on the second floor. Disposing themselves in the usual fashion around the table, they glare balefully at each other for

about a half hour. Mr. Arbito arrives at 10:35, precisely on schedule. The parties look up at him with undisguised curiosity. He has a pale, rabbit face cleverly constructed of artificial rubber. His expression is perpetually cautious and non-committal. His gaze is somewhat shifty-eyed and he giggles nervously from time to time. Reassured by these familiar symptoms of judicial temperament, the parties quickly relax.

Thus began the first proceeding ever conducted by an Electronic Hearing Officer.

Mr. Arbito opened with some appropriate witticisms about New York weather, guided by instructions from a built-in barometer. In order to establish an informal atmosphere, he told several inoffensive jokes, being careful to bungle the punch lines so as to avoid shocking the parties. Back at the Westinghouse factory, the engineers had programmed him with a full line of humor—Bobby Baker jokes for use in Washington, Aaron Horvitz jokes for New York, Texas jokes for Houston, blue-elephant jokes for San Francisco, and sick Lenny Bruce-type jokes for Los Angeles.

About 11:30 Mr. Arbito and the parties got down to the serious business of the day. The problem of the submission was clarified in the middle of the afternoon session. During the second day Mr. Arbito announced that he would take the arbitrability issue under advisement; and by the end of the fourth day the hearing had been completed.

As they filed out of the room, the parties freely praised Mr. Arbito's resourcefulness. For one thing, his astute handling of objections was noted. Whenever a question was challenged, he would prick up his ears in accordance with programmed instructions, realizing full well that the disputed reply would be, in the parlance of the trade, a "real cruncher." Turning to the objecting attorney he would say in his pleasant, metallic tone, "I will receive the testimony for what it may be worth. Your objection will be noted on the record as going to the weight rather than admissibility of the evidence."

Speaking of the record, the parties noted that a verbatim account of the entire proceeding had been taken down by a

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miniaturized tape recorder concealed in Mr. Arbito's bosom. Thus the need for a stenotype reporter had been eliminated. Although the Court Reporters' picket line outside the hearing room had proved embarrassing, the overall cost of the hearing had been reduced 87 percent; and on balance the parties felt the change was distinctly worthwhile. Finally, they expressed sincere appreciation for Mr. Arbito's built-in "prostatic factor" which reminded him to call brief recesses at appropriate intervals throughout the hearing.

Thus, Mr. Arbito's first hearing was truly a red-letter day. But it was neither the beginning nor the end of computer applications in our profession.

Actually, the first applications were initiated late in 1965. The first problem to be tackled was not the conduct of hearings but the selection of arbitrators. At a meeting of Chamber of Commerce officials in Washington, one delegate complained that it was becoming increasingly difficult to advise employers as to which arbitrators should be chosen from the FMCS and AAA lists. With this proposition there was almost unanimous concurrence. The large number of unfamiliar names, the rapid entry of new men into the profession, and the accumulating evidence of senility among experienced arbitrators were cited among the reasons for the difficulty. It was agreed that a special committee should be established to find a solution.

After several months of study the Chamber of Commerce committee made its now historic recommendation that arbitrators be selected by computer. A small Univac, Model 701, was purchased, and a consulting engineer was engaged to set up the program. All that remained was to designate the standards. Apart from the usual box score, or percentage of correct decisions for each type of issue, every arbitrator was rated on the following criteria: (a) extent to which he adds to, subtracts from, or otherwise modifies the contract; (b) extent to which he substitutes his judgment for that of management; and (c) extent to which he grants to the union in arbitration that which it was unable to achieve in negotiation. Additional weight was assigned to professional training, engineering being rated highest and followed by law, economics, sociology, and theology in that order. It is under-

stood that the committee also recommended a special bonus of 100 points for registered Republicans but none was found.

The Chamber of Commerce computer program, called "Selectro-Arb," was an immediate success. In fact the Chamber was able to report to its members that the proportion of correct decisions had risen from 83.9 percent to 94.5 percent, with unions winning only 5.5 percent of the cases. As one might have easily predicted, it was not long before the AFL-CIO acquired its own computer. The AFL-CIO program was naturally based on different parameters, but was also quite successful.

Meanwhile the arbitrators themselves became increasingly concerned over the highly partisan, unscientific criteria which both management and labor had programmed into their computers. After prolonged deliberation, the National Academy of Arbitrators resolved that decisive action should be taken. The Standing Committee on Relations with Appointing Agencies, composed of distinguished former presidents of the Academy, was instructed to consult with the AAA, as well as with federal and state mediation services, with a view to insuring that henceforth arbitrators be chosen on a strictly professional basis. While readily agreeing that the problem should be confronted, the appointing agencies argued that the old horse-and-buggy methods of selection were a thing of the past. Automation had come to stay, they advised. Reluctantly but inevitably, the Academy was thus forced to concern itself with the selection process, a matter which it had studiously avoided, certain deceptive appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, throughout its long history.

The Combined Inter-Agency "Pik-Ur-Arbiter" Program was inaugurated in the summer of 1966. At the insistence of the Academy, selection criteria were strictly impartial. Primary consideration was given to (a) relevant experience, indicated by number of years on the War Labor Board; (a) relevant professional service, measured by number of years of Academy membership; (c) judicial temperament, shown by ratio of study days to hearing days; and (d) professional ethics, or average per diem fee. At the same time it was recognized that geographical factors would have to be taken into account. It was already well known, for example, that Philadelphia arbitrators are acceptable only in

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New York; New York arbitrators are acceptable only in Philadelphia; Washington arbitrators should be avoided like the plague; and New Jersey cases are not worth handling. These facts were incorporated into the program. Two additional ideas, long discussed in these Academy circles but never previously implemented, were also put into effect. First, it was stipulated that no arbitrator could be assigned to a case more than 300 miles from his dispatch point without obtaining a temporary work permit from the Academy chapter in the labor market area where the case had arisen. Second, a system of "Exchange Arbiterships" was instituted, under which two arbitrators, each in bad grace within his own community, might temporarily trade residences and clients (as well as wives and children on an optional basis), and thus remain continuously available for service. This plan had an immediate and dramatic impact on the fortunes of certain arbitrators, particularly one James C. Hill. Mr. Hill, who had languished in desuetude for several years, moved successively to Detroit, New Orleans, Seattle, Columbus, Des Moines, and Albuquerque, and by dint of this enhanced geographical mobility was able to earn quite a respectable income.

The genesis of the Electronic Hearing Officer can now be revealed. It appears that two arbitrators encountered each other accidentally at the Statler-Hilton bar and fell into what began as a casual conversation. Being marooned in Los Angeles for protracted hearings, both had become profoundly apathetic and depressed. They agreed that among all the evils of arbitration, the worst was the dull, interminable hearings, particularly when arbitrators commit the error of "permitting the parties to make out their case in their own way." Pursuing this train of thought for lack of a more interesting subject, both men were struck simultaneously by the same inspiration: Why not automate the hearing?

Actually the idea was not entirely original. During the 1965 World's Fair, Westinghouse had exhibited an ingenious robot dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, which was capable of walking, motioning with its arms, smoking a cigarette, and carrying on elementary conversations. Furthermore, during a Railroad Board hearing at Chicago, the prankish public members had placed a department store dummy in the Chairman's seat for a

full three-hour day without attracting the notice of either party. Thus, the invention of Mr. Arbito was not without basis in private experience.

The third and final phase of the technological revolution was computerization of the decision-making process. Here again there were precedents. On Election Day in 1964, NBC had awarded victory to LBJ about 7:00 P.M. EST, although millions of voters in the West had not yet visited the polls. In May of the following year, the New York Mets had been declared winner of the World Series during the eighth inning of the tenth game in the regular season. The Nobel Prize for Literature had been given to an obscure young novelist on the basis of a chapter outline which he submitted to his publisher in order to obtain an advance. Auto injury cases had been successfully programmed on a computer, with a special instruction awarding triple damages to any plaintiff represented by Melvin Belli.

Arbo-Mat, an IBM 1401 computer located in the AAA offices at New York, was thus only the logical next step.

Programming Arbo-Mat was really not so difficult. All that was necessary was to feed in a representative selection of arbitration awards. Henceforth all discharge cases were decided by reinstating the grievant without back pay, on the ground that although his conduct was shameful, disgraceful, and reprehensible, the ultimate sanction of economic capital punishment could not be sustained in view of his eleven months of seniority, his lovely wife, and his four handsome children. All wage disputes were settled by an ingenious formula,  $\frac{E + U}{2}$ , in which "E" stands for the employer's offer and "U" stands for the union's demand.

There was one dramatic moment while the 1401 was being programmed. A group of decisions had been fed into a slot. A few minutes later the machine shuddered violently, then the slot opened, and the machine delicately and unmistakably spat out some fragments of paper. These were hurriedly pasted together; but meanwhile some lively betting ensued. Was it Senator Morse's "advisory recommendations" in the 1962 East Coast Maritime dispute? Was it the so-called "Dunlop report" in the railroad case? Not so. To the surprise of no one, the decision in

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question was one of a long series of awards by Arbiter Peter Seitz in funeral leave or "bereavement bonus" disputes.

In this case the grievant had murdered his mother-in-law one Wednesday night in November. After celebrating a four-day Thanksgiving weekend, the grievant then took a previously scheduled three-week vacation, returning in time for Christmas weekend. On December 28 he applied for funeral leave under the collective bargaining contract in order to observe a period of mourning for his defunct mother-in-law. Management denied this request, claiming it was "untimely filed" and relying also on the "clean hands" doctrine.

Mr. Seitz ruled on the case with characteristic incisiveness and lucidity. After setting forth the facts he stated, and I quote, "This is the most unwarranted, unconscionable intrusion into an employee's private life that has come to my attention in over six months of arbitration experience." How it came to pass that Arbo-Mat rejected Mr. Seitz's award is still an unsolved mystery.

But the most difficult task of all remained to be accomplished. At the urgent request of the federal government, Arbo-Mat was made available to handle National Emergency cases under the Railway Labor Act. For this purpose it was necessary to program the computer to increase its own recommendations at successive stages of the same case. First six steps in a typical Railway Labor Act dispute were distinguished, but it was soon agreed that the first three could be ignored for practical purposes. These were (1) the collective bargaining stage, (2) the Mediation Board stage, and (3) the presidential Emergency Board stage. The machine was then programmed for the fourth (or Secretary of Labor) stage, and for the fifth (or White House) stage. The sixth and final stage was then established at a level approximately 20 cents higher. Now computer language is difficult to translate into English. The computer symbol for the sixth stage was "KL." Some were inclined to read this as "Kheel." Others claimed it meant "Cole." Still others thought it was "Feinsinger." At any event the net result was to push the Consumer Price Index to an all-time high.

Today, in 1970, the system has finally been perfected. Company and union representatives enter an ornate lobby and wait their

turn. From time to time, earlier arrivals are led into the vast hearing room where Arbo-Mat is located. As the doors swing open and shut, a myriad of blinking lights and an intricate maze of wiring can be glimpsed. When their turn comes, the company and union representatives are escorted into the hearing room by Joe Murphy. He explains how the briefs, exhibits, affidavits, and depositions should be filed in the appropriate slots. Meticulously he numbers each exhibit and stamps it with the date. As the documents are fed in, lights flash. Green means the reception is favorable; red means unfavorable. When the large "tilt" sign flashes on, a bell rings out and the offending document (stamped "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial") is ejected into a waste basket. About thirty seconds after the last document has been filed, a puff of smoke emerges from the top of the machine and three copies of the ruling are presented—one for the company, one for the union, one for B.N.A. The customers are escorted out the rear by handsomely uniformed attendants. Some are jubilant, some dejected. Occasionally an attorney shoots himself. Truly arbitration has come of age.

MR. HILL: I now face one of the most difficult tasks in my life. It is a genuine pleasure to engage in gentle character assassination when the victim is someone like Seitz, Gill, or Ross. But the next speaker is one whom I can only regard as revered. I have tried to do research about him. Last night when I staggered into my room at an hour which I don't care to divulge and then went into a small room annexed to my bedroom, which is my customary place for deep thought (I was comforted to hear Tom Kennedy state in our Wednesday meeting that he thought arbitration opinions were pretty well written—on the whole), I went over what I knew of his career.

He has perhaps the most distinguished career of anyone in this field, an unbroken line of successes, some of which you may not have heard. As an undergraduate at Cornell, he went into dramatics, but never got on the stage. He was on the rowing crew at Cornell, but in his first and only race the boat sank. He studied law and went on to the NLRB as a Review Attorney. Shortly after that the law was amended and this position was abolished. He became the Executive Secretary of the National Mediation Board. Shortly after that the Board collapsed. He was Chairman

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of the New York Metropolitan Milk Industry Arbitration Board for two years, after which the parties permanently discontinued arbitration. He then became Impartial Umpire under the contract between International Harvester and the Farm Equipment Workers, whereupon the union was discontinued. He was the first President of this Academy, serving for two years, after which the Constitution was amended to limit the President's term to one year.

Here, in the midst of distinguished Umpires and Impartial Chairmen at General Motors, International Harvester, U.S. Steel, and others, I began to wonder—who started all this—who was there before. Then I went to bed and, trying to turn my mind to something else, I opened up the Gideon Bible, turned to the First Book of Genesis, and it read: "In the beginning there was Ralph Seward."

MR. RALPH T. SEWARD: My comments will be very brief this afternoon; I really have just one point to make. After Art Ross's brilliant but, I am afraid, terrifying statement, I think our guests need reassurance. What he says really is not true. We haven't yet learned how to make a mechanical arbitrator, and the members of the Academy sitting among you aren't actually Robots in disguise. At least of this we are reasonably sure. They have the disposition, you know, and the difficulty of being sure arises from the ability of Robots these days to disguise their robotness and to correct their ills, to make things all right. I am not referring only to the techniques imposed of lubrication, but to the feeding techniques, in which, if something goes wrong, the machine can correct itself. The slight gesture, the turning of an obvious lever, a pressure on a part of the machine, the short circuit is cured and everything is all right again. But we can't always be sure. That may be why there has been among some of the parties suspicion of some of us; at least, worry about whether this guy has a screw loose. It may also be why the Academy gave time for a discussion this morning about how arbitrators should be programmed and some of the difficulties which arise when you get apparently short-circuiting and some of the Robots, or suspected Robots, aren't following their programs adequately.

Nevertheless, as Chairman of the Committee on Automated Arbitration, my report to you is an assurance that it has not yet been done, and if I may, I will read to you my report.

(Mr. Seward then intoned the following:)

If you fear that arbitrators  
Have been automated  
Dry your tears and calm your fears  
and don't be agitated.  
Robot arbitrators are  
Really just illusions  
'Though you may have sometimes drawn  
Contrary conclusions.  
For Garrett's human, Aaron's human,  
So is Kelliher.  
Scheiber lives and breathes like you  
And so does Jacob Blair.  
Abernethy, Alexander,  
Bailer, Brown and Stutz  
Are not made entirely  
Of wires, bolts and nuts.  
And Jaffee, Elson, Gorsuch, Kates  
Crane and Uible (Frank)  
When they get stalled upon a case  
It does no good to crank.  
Cayton (Judge) and Prasow (Paul)  
And Larkin (Johnny Day)  
Came into this world of ours  
In quite the normal way.  
And so did Bullen, King and Cohen  
As did Simkin (Bill).  
And there are those who say the same  
Of even Lewis Gill.  
Harry Platt and Allan Dash  
And our McKelvey (Jean)  
They are not close relations of  
An anthropoid machine.  
And Barrett, Begley, Miller, Cahn,  
And Brandschain (I mean Joe)

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Crawford, Friedman, Gilden, Kahn,  
Kennedy and Stowe,  
Wolf and Wolff and Wolff and Woods,  
Livingston and Mann  
Came to us through motherhood  
Instead of from a can.  
And it's a myth that Russell Smith  
Our President to be  
Has clockwork in his head and must  
Be wound up with a key.  
And Bernstein, Bothwell, Boyd and Brecht,  
Mittenthal and Frey  
Need no help from factories  
If they would multiply.  
McDermott (Claire), McDermott (Tom)  
And Fisher, Patrick J.  
And Dallas Jones and Edgar Jones  
And Knowlton (Thomas A.)  
And Koven, Altrock, Howard Cole  
And Williams, Jerre S.,  
Were not conceived upon the bed  
Of an hydraulic press.  
Lehoczky, Levinson and Lynch, and  
Marshalls, Al and Phil,  
And Davey, Davis, Douds and Duff,  
McPherson (name of Bill) ,  
And Wallen, Horvitz, Haughton, Seitz,  
And Fleming, Colby, Kheel  
Have never needed millwrights to  
Repair their sex appeal.  
And Hardy, Howard, Horlacher  
And Howlett (Robert G.)  
And Reid and Rains and Raffaele  
And Roberts (Thomas T.)  
And Luskin, Laskin, Seibel, Sobel  
Rubins, Al and Milt  
Can all be reproductive but  
They cannot be rebuilt.  
And Sherman, Steelman, Stockman, Strong  
And Sanders, Schmidt and Sears

Did not have Kodak make their eyes  
 Or RCA their ears.  
 And Singletary, Seidenberg  
 And Teple, Teaf and Trotta  
 Have no "prostatic factor," when  
 They gotta go, they gotta.  
 And Hanlon, Witney, Lampert, Florey,  
 Stieber (I mean Jack)  
 And Eva Robins, Burton Turkus,  
 Benewitz and Zack,  
 And Alderfer and Anderson and  
 Dworet (Harold T.)  
 And Wagner, Warns and Willingham  
 And Whelan (Thomas P.)  
 And Gamsler, Gomberg, Vadakin  
 And Kabaker and Volz  
 Are made of something else than tin,  
 Aluminum and bolts.  
 When Baby Hill arrived, they say  
 The person who was aiding  
 Gave Mr. Hill a doctor's bill  
 And not a bill of lading.  
 Fitzgerald, Forsythe, Porter, Porter,  
 And McMahan (Don),  
 Yagoda, Whiting, Unterberger  
 And McGury (John),  
 Shapiro, Summers, Valtin, Wagner,  
 Young and Santer (Mark)  
 And Kornblum, Kramer, Levy, Nichols,  
 Killingsworth and Stark  
 And all the rest whose names do not appear  
 In this oration  
 Because they are not here or did not go  
 Through Registration.  
 They've all been manufactured in the  
 Same way as McCoy  
 The Union that produced each one  
 Was that of girl and boy.  
 For Rohrman's human, Ryder's human  
 So is Eric Schmertz,

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Taylor's human, Ziskind's human,  
So is Willard Wirtz.  
So don't be scared by Arthur Ross  
Your spirits now revive  
With knowledge that your arbitrator's  
Frequently alive.  
Your golden words are pouring forth  
Into a living ear,  
He may not understand you quite  
But he can see and hear.  
And all his mental lapses can  
Be safely disregarded,  
They do not mean a bad machine  
It's just that he's retarded.  
And if you think his judgments fall  
On this side of perfection,  
The trouble dwells within his cells  
And not in parts inspection.  
So be of cheer! Forget your fear.  
And do not yield to panic—  
Your arbitration problems do not  
Call for a mechanic.  
For in these days of atom rays  
And scientific terrors  
We arbitrators will not give you  
Automated errors.  
And, we at least—a parting thought  
To calm you in your slumbers—  
Will let you call us by our names  
Instead of using numbers.  
So, on behalf of the Committee, I want to assure you, there is  
no such thing as an Automated Arbitrator, no such thing as an  
Automated Arbitrator, no such thing as an Automated Arbitrator,  
no such . . . . .

CHAIRMAN HILL: Reluctantly, I now declare the meeting ad-  
journed.