



SEABOARD NOTES

"European gambling palaces on the Riviera have taken millions of dollars from American tourists this past season."

That's where the money goes, instead of into our pay envelopes.

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Says Philadelphia Record: "What of it? These Americans who are so foolish, or so disgustingly rich as not to care what becomes of their money, are not deserving of any sympathy from their fellow citizens."

Their money! Since when?

Its ours, if you please, Mr. "Record."

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"Their losses at Nice are not worth reading about."

Now, now, Mr. "Record," that isn't at all a nice way to put it—you should have said their losses make NICE reading matter to those whose money is thus being thrown away.

Kindly remember that it is general admitted by the financiers that THEY are MERELY stewards of OUR wealth.

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According to the A. P., John D. Rockefeller, Junior, was made "A Citizen of Versailles" by the City Council at a meeting today (March 30) in recognition of his donation of \$1,000,000 for repairs to and reconstruction of the palaces at Versailles and Fountianbleau and the Rheims Cathedral. Six million francs from Mr. Rockefeller's donation already has been spent in repairs on the Grand Trianon Palace at Versailles, the Louis XVI Palace and the Queen Theatre.—

Interesting reading, by heck!

Price of gasoline, too, appears to be as steady as the man who took home a man-hole cover and beat up his wife because she wouldn't put it on the graphophone. He shouldn't have beaten her—he should first have tried it (as a slug) in a slot machine.

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UNSHAKABLE EVIDENCE

Judger (severely): "You surely ought to be ashamed of yourself—a big, husky man—and beating up a poor, weak woman."

Judgee: "But, your honor, she was irritating me all the time."

Judger: "How did she irritate you?"

Judgee: "She kept telling me, 'Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once and I'll have you hauled up in front of that bald headed reprobate of a magistrate and you'll see what he'll do to you!'"

Judger (kindly): "You're discharged."

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So far this year the M. T. W. I. U. 510 has not been suspended. It is still a very live member of the I. W. W. family.

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The other day as I ankled into their hall trying hard to look like a mariner, the secretary was just in the act of mailing a letter to M. T. W. I. U. 510 Headquarters, New York City, Box 173.

"What's the big idea of New York City, fellow worker," says I searching for knowledge. And so I pulls a Constitution from my pocket and shows him that his industrial union had been transferred to Chicago, Ill. The secretary was amazed!

"That's news to me," says the secretary, "and strange, seeing as how I get regular communications from the New York office and I can't get so much as a Constitution from Chicago . . ."

"A directory, you mean?"

"No; a Constitution."

So I let him keep mine.

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How the seamen and the longshoremen will like their new quarters, I have no means of knowing. But, I surmise that the move was in preparation against the day when the St. Lawrence Creek will be enlarged to accomodate the deep-water barges and oceanic-ferries—when Chicago will be the main seaport of the Western World.

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No doubt, too, the move was in line with the inalienable rights of the expiring "board" to function within its inalienable rights, as it is a habit with out-going boards. Be that as it may, be anything as it is, or will be—the seamen and longshoremen realize that they must once again come together as a strong organization.

Mebbe more than once. Mebbe twice. Mebbe again and again. . . .

Yea, even as a shipwrecked mess-boy: strike after stroke and then more strokes—until you strike "ground."