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I have it direct from best of authority in Bowery that the doctors in the clinics of this super-city can open a man up and saw off his whiskey-stomach and assemble a pig's stomach in its place — and to think of all the good stomachs the farmers plowed under; not only in the sense of lost pork tenderloin, smothered in "sweepings" of the galley.

Conditions aboard ship are indescribably bad — especially in a nice family periodical — and of course the seamen are beefing. Aside from the dangers of sea, with few of the safety-at-sea rules observed, the seaman is harassed on all hands by a series of dangers such <sup>as</sup> unsanitary quarters, raving epidemics and diseases such as malaria and the domesticated scurvy, caused by high-pressure fumigation and crude, imitative food preservatives —

The older seamen can of course contend with these conditions and prevent them from slipping back into the standards of hog-slop but the younger seamen are too prone to accept them as a curse of God, a penance they must do for having the temerity to See Africa First, a condition that must be borne — and once they are hooked they are Neptunes slaves in the person of shipowners organizations, for life.

No protection abounds in many of the foreign lands that he touches and many are the means used by the King's disciplinarians in logging his bill-fold directly and later his pay-roll all because the trusty seaman had "the nerve" to step ashore and attempt the Christ-like miracle of changing water into wine. Dam this civilization anyhow, ruining the peace and content of the prehistoric shores in the name of complex chiseling. What's the raft of sea-unions doing about this?

I do most solemnly swear, as all seamen swear, that this condition, that of touching on these shores and the entering of those lions dens, rates an extra-special bonus, bonded, and secure from attachment of any form outside the seaman's requisition.

When the last festive banquet is ended and the sad final hymn is sung; when the scars of the conflict <sup>are</sup> mended and the teeth on the bat-peg are hung; when the phonies all yield to the shirkers and the plutocrats weep in their beer: the trenchant Industrial War Her's will be still doing business right here.