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When we see unity of purpose there will be a different arrangement here and we will see if the boss will agree on nothing. So long as workers are divided among two or more unions in the same industry they are handicapped to a very great extent.

They dread to even ask the boss for a raise in wages for fear the boss will turn to the other union and sing: "Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, how you can love."

Those are fighting words, monsignor!

It is then that the salvation of the ship depends on militants for they do say: "So long as the sailors are swearing the ship is safe."

Bend an ear once to their well-rounded "luciferizations" and do not cross their bows.

The pay is dreadfully low; a mere percentage. Conditions backslide and whenever accommodations or animal-comforts "break down" they are left "unrepaired" until the militant politely inquires: "What the hell is going on here?" The grub is but a small improvement over the cuisine of the relief line.

Can it be the sailor imagines that he is a reliefer on a worker at the one and same.

It's going to take a pile of direct action to make the bill of fare jump back to its former momentary and temporary glory and it's going to take a pile of continuous yodling to keep the grub pure and holy. You don't have to come ashore to eat and you can't fight your fellow worker and make a success of it. Scabisevit and salt-horse cause scurvy and teeth rot away in the gums — all for the lack of fresh fruit. Fruit is dumped into the sea and fish have no scurvy. Lime juice is a good substitute — substitute. Better put an inspection on supplies!

Store-teeth cost something you HAVE NOT GOT  
Few, few, fat men among the mariners.  
Artificial Choppers