

[Davey]

Arnold Manoff

POSTEL LUNCHROOM 20 Broad Street

Davey

I've been with Postel for five years. Started as a messenger. There's an interesting bunch of fellas, the messengers. You know they're all workin class kids, tough and the turnover is terrific although not so much now that they belong to the union. Colorful stuff the messengers. We gotta go slow with the workers here. They're mostly Italian Catholic, very religious and they take offence easily. One day we had them all up to see "Waiting for Lefty." They liked it all right but the girls got offended because the word son-of-a-bitch and bastard was used. The fellas didn't mind. Operators got around eighteen dollars a week. They all wanta get out of the trade, the pay is low. There's no future in it and the company is bankrupt. Sure we're afraid of a merger with Western Union. Naturally, we're opposed because it will throw a lot of us out of jobs. They all respect Joe Timms. They think she's tops. One of the best fighters. No they don't talk much about politics around here. There's some, you'll see a button around once in a while, that belong to the Christian Front. They make some trouble for the union and they go around whispering against the Jews. But they can't do too much. All the people know what a union means and what good the union does for them and even though they aint active in the union, they support it. Yeh, they're are some Communists around but no known ones you could say right out is a Communist. It's a tough trade, low paid and hell on the nerves. Since the union came in, a lot of the speed up has been reduced. That's the worst part, the speed up. Well, my short's up. Gotta go. See you again. 2 -[?]- -2-

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WE'RE SUNK So the boys from sixty six Scattered widely through the stix When the boss man sez to them Got ye gone ye "high paid" men. Down the stairs the big shots came Put a season on their game Knifed the most expensive ones Made scan-men of their sons. Drop a quarter in a slot Watch yer message go to pot O'er the big wide open space Goes the bosses' sayin' grace. Ops are carryin' shovels now Pollowin' th' farmers cow. Mebbe git a little hoard Like stuff on bull-tin board. Dark and sombre is the view Mary sunny quips to chew Sixty six has gone high hat Just a-picture this and that.