

NEW YORK, N.Y.
Local No. 1

Brothers:

Greetings from the Big Apple: Right on the top of the list. Bro. Macchia, the Secretary-Treasurer, has asked if anyone knows the whereabouts of Bros. Robert Walsh and Mark Bayze. It is of extreme importance that they contact the Union Hall.

At the April meeting, the brothers in attendance overwhelmingly voted to assess each member *working* for the manufacturers, twenty-five dollars (\$25) a quarter for one year (\$100). The assessment has already started with the second quarter and will be expected when you pay your dues. The assessment was necessary as we all know, to dig the Local out of that well known financial hole and get it back on its feet. This assessment excludes members currently *working* as city inspectors, housing elevator mechanics, and operators *working* on a one week a month basis for obvious reasons. The city inspectors and elevator mechanics are now paying double dues and are *working* at a considerable lesser rate of pay. So let us dig in just a little bit and get the Local back on its financial feet.

Also, at the April meeting, we had the distinct pleasure of meeting the people who are responsible for investing our money in the Annuity Fund. When the Investors walked in they had an air of aloofness about them. But after being questioned about how they were investing our money, they walked out with their tails between their legs. Most of the brothers acted as gentlemen and their questions were precise and to the point without beating around the bush. However, I'm afraid I can't say the same about the Investors. After approximately two hours of questioning Bro. Stork called a halt to the attack and promised that if something drastic isn't done to increase the return on our investments, we will definitely be looking for

different managers for our money.

The oil situation in the Mid East has become a grave problem in our everyday lives. When I moved into my house about fifteen years ago, I was paying 19 cents a gallon—now the price of oil is 64 cents a gallon—more than tripled. I become extremely cynical when reading the local newspaper seeing the prices of fuel oil and gasoline skyrocketing, knowing that some of the major oil companies reported profits of between 400 and 800 percent. The oil companies have one of the strongest lobbies in Washington and as we can see, they are certainly using it to their advantage. In New York City, for example, the price of gas has risen 20¢ per gallon in less than a year and there is nothing that comes to my mind, we can do about it. Since Henry Ford invented the auto, we have grown more and more dependent on it so it is no longer a luxury but a necessity of life. Now the big oil barons have us over that (oil) barrel. If anyone has any ideas we can institute into the game plan (and to the oil companies—it is nothing but a game) so we the little people can get back at them, I wish you would let us know. The middle income families are the ones that are taking the brunt—so let us organize and work as a whole, not many little parts—any ideas you might have on this, please let me know so we can all work together. Incidentally due to the increase in the price of gas, we are now receiving 20¢ per mile for our cars and have been since the beginning of April. All the manufacturers have been sent telegrams to this effect and should have informed the field men.

On the Lighter Side: The Downtowners and the Dirty Dozen will be having their annual picnic on June 16 out at Valley Stream State Park this year. Same place-same time. The Dirty Dozen think the Downtowners have had the Trophy long enough and at this writing, are



Jack Bristow with retired brother William Nagel, their wives Jean and Florence and "the Big Ones" at Buynon Beach, Fla.

in strict training . . . Bro Jack Bristow went to visit Honorary member Willie Nagel and Willie took Jack and their wives, Jean and Florence, out for a day of fishing (from what I understand, Willie grabbed that big fish from his wife before the picture was taken.)

That's it for this month Brothers, work safe and stay out of mischief.

Fraternally yours,

Frank Dolan

P.S. Keep those cards and letters coming.