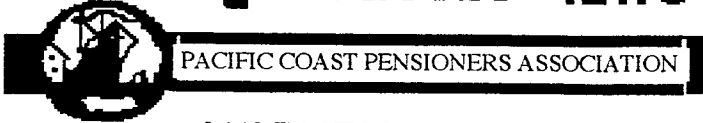


AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



PUBLISHED BY
SEATTLE ILWU PENSION CLUB

VOLUME 4 - No. 1
Spring 1996

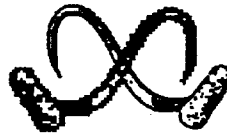
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(206)343-0504

EDITORIAL STAFF

DICK MOORK FRED BERG
DEL CASTLE ART MINK

MEETINGS:

April	1 (no fooling!)
May	6
May	16 Luncheon
June	3



President Moork

As we have reported, President Moork has been battling cancer. He has come through in a remarkable recovery. He has left the hospital in Bremerton. Unfortunately, he missed the last meeting also. The "goof ball" pills, as he calls them, he is taking fouled up his balance. He fell and injured a shoulder, putting him temporarily out of commission. We look forward to seeing him at the next meeting.

Martin Jugum

We are sorry to report that Brother Jugum is down with a non-union liver. He is confined to home. He missed the last meeting of our Club, probably the first time in many years. He is sorely missed. While liver trouble is a hard one to fight, we all know "Jug" is a fighter. We hope his fighting spirit will see him through this one. We are all on his side. Hang in there "Jug!"

As Time Goes By

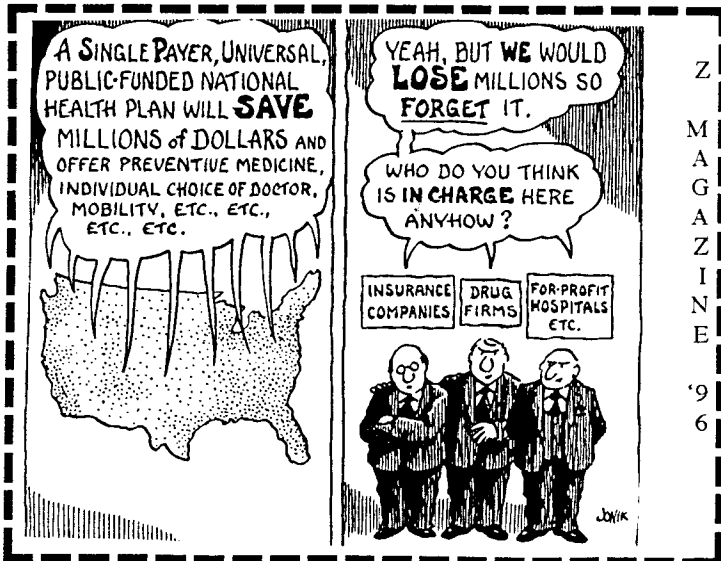
Much has been said about how the Old Timers "set the table" for those that followed. That is true and most are ready to give them due credit.

The term "Old Timer" is one of respect. Old Timers appreciate the honor it confers; especially, to the dwindling number of '34 veterans. We remember their heroic contribution to building and strengthening our union, the ILWU. Is that now a thing of the past?

No. This close intergenerational relationship founded upon mutual respect and honor still exists. It stands as an exception to the "generation gap" that seems to divide most of the present generation of "yuppies and X's" from Seniors. In the modern world of electronics, computers and cyberspace, a chasm is yawning between generations generally.

Many Old Timers are beginning to wonder if they are also beginning to fall victim to that gap. After all, living under threat of being cut off at the pockets by the "Gingrich revolution, "budget balancers" and government down sizers, all in the shadow of the grim reaper, it is not difficult for us to feel left out. We remember it wasn't long ago that our voting rights in union affairs were canceled by convention action.

In addition, the number of veterans of the early struggles after '34 are dwindling. Also, fewer retirees are joining the ranks of the Seattle Longshore Pensioners Club. Our Seattle club has about 120 paid up members out of several hundred eligibles. This in spite of the fact that our Pensioners Club is looking out for the interests of the Old Timers on pension and medical benefits. It is these important issues that the pensioners clubs up and down the Pacific Coast were organized to deal with.



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AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

For instance our Seattle Club introduced and got passed in Local 19 a resolution to be presented to this month's contract caucus calling for equalization of pensions. Specifically, it calls for all pension increases to be applied to pensioners as well as the membership of ILWU. If passed in negotiations, it will mean that instead of getting a \$25.00 a month raise, we will get the same amount of increase as union members. This will also apply to widows.

In addition, according to a report from John Waddell, NW Welfare Director, the ILWU pension fund is around 76% vested; and that by year 2000, it will be fully funded. While this may seem good, there are a couple of catches we should understand. One is that a fully funded pension fund is taxable by IRS. The second is that once fully funded, the employers are under no further obligation to contribute.

These dangers to pensions have not been fully understood. But one step that can be taken to avoid jeopardizing the fund is to increase pensions to avoid it being fully vested. Our resolution for equalizing pensions would be a step in that direction.

Another serious threat to our welfare as pensioners is the new proposal to put part of the Social Security fund in the stock market! The sponsors say the stock market will yield a bigger return than present investment in gov't. bonds. While that may be true, the proposal mentions nothing about the risk of stock market investment. Anyone with any sense knows that the stock market is speculative. Why should we turn over part of our Social Security tax to wall street speculators? They are not known as having the interests of workers at heart!

This is of particular importance in view of the coming negotiations for a new contract. It is not possible to say what the PMA will ask for, but many are thinking it may involve co-payments on our part for medical coverage. If we combine that with cuts in Medicare we can see the importance of being informed and active in Pension Club activities.

The politicians and the rich are out to cut our living standards to third world standards. This is the purpose of the "global economy" and NAFTA and GATT "privatizing" Social Security and the budget balancers in Congress. And now, the "flat taxers" have found another gimmick to pick our pockets. If all this goes according to plan, we will see a depression far worse than the great one. Let's not let this happen! Join the Seattle Longshore Pensioners Club and begin to revive the spirit of '34! We're going to need it now more than ever!

Join The Old Timers
Seattle ILWU Pension Club

Letter to the Editor

We occasionally get a letter from our readers. They are more than welcome. They give us news about working class life straight from the horse's mouth. One such comes from JESSIE HRASKA who lives in Aberdeen:

"Gentlemen at 'RUSTY HOOK':

Real quick-like, I got together a few things I've written that might interest you!

My husband, a Bethlehem Steel worker (now retired) was mighty grateful to the Longshoremen who gave him work to do when he was on strike!

I am a Wobbly's daughter who, as a little girl of 4, helped her union-organizing dad pass out leaflets all over Aberdeen about the strike to come of the Women laundry workers who were working 10 or more hours per day for low pay and long hours. This strike was won, the 1st 8 hour day in America!

Also my Dad helped to organize the sawmills and worked organizing the loggers in the woods.

Sincerely, Jessie Hraska."

Needless to say we welcome Jessie's letter and encourage our readers to send in more on their experiences as workers - present as well as past. Rest assured we will try to publish every single one!

Not only does Jessie send us her fine letter, but she also sends along some of her own working class poetry. We quote one that relates to longshoring:

"ABERDEEN, LUMBER-MILL TOWN."

"Across the River Chehalis,
I see docks piled high with lumber.
Workers, like ants, strain, lift and scurry
Heaving on mounting piles in frenzied hurry,
Heavy mine-timbers and Japanese squares.
A carrier hoves to like a disciplined beast
to snatch in a twinkling a dozen men's work,
Whisking to dockward, its valuable cargo.
It rumbles and echoes the wharf's wooden
planking to
Deposit its load as a hen lays eggs.
Then, giant cranes, their huge maws agape,
Hover, gauge, then downward swoop,
Grasping with grapple hooks, a super-
man's load,
Balancing, swinging it, high in mid-air,
Dropping it into a cavernous, lumber-boat's
hold.
High on the masts fly famed, foreign flags,
Unfurled, snappily, by zest-sipping gusts,
Their vivid colors, insignias strange,
A carnival air to commerce imparts . . .
A camouflage, this, for the salt-sweat of
men."

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

Liars, Damn Liars and Statistics

by Fred Berg

July 1945 was a month most of us pensioners can remember. Those among us who were not in the armed forces were working on the waterfront or in places like Boeing's or the shipyards. Like rest of the American people all of us were doing what we could to win the war.

At this time the war was about over - mobilization had peaked more than a year before and employers were already laying people off. There were already a million people looking for work in this country even though some 85% of adult men were still working or in the military. Our country was never to see such a high rate of employment for fifty years.

Were we today to have the same rate of employment as in 1945 we would have some sixteen million more workers than we do now. This is in contrast to the 3,955,000 workers reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics as being unemployed in July, 1995.

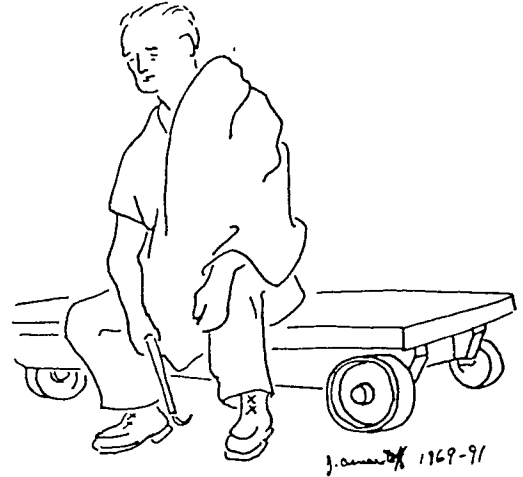
This difference is due to the fact the Census Bureau uses population samples which count only those workers actually looking for work most of the time as unemployed. Any person who is not actively in pursuit of employment during the time of the census - no matter what the cause - is not considered as part of the employable work force, and because of this, is not designated as being unemployed. Using such standards we get a picture of unemployment about as phony as a Richard Nixon fifteen dollar bill.

In other words, any man or woman too discouraged to look for work because there is little real prospect of finding it is not counted as unemployed, but put in this other category called "not in the work force."

Any worker that is spending time hunting game to put food on the dinner table is not classified as unemployed no matter how much he needs a job.

A woman who signs up for unemployment compensation but who reports to the census taker she is not looking for work she knows will not be available until the following month is not counted as unemployed because she stays home looking after the house rather than spending her time looking for a job which she knows is not there.

Then there is the fellow who has long since given up any hope of finding a decent job - he reports himself as not looking for work except that he does not tell the interviewer that he has been out selling crack or trying to dispose of merchandise acquired while wandering at night. The official unemployment figures do not say he may have been forced into these activities because he had no other way to keep himself and his dependents alive. If realistic, unemployment figures that included all those left out like the above, were



released to the media, the American people would have a much better understanding about why there is such a high incidence of crime in this country. In a January interview with the Nightly Business Report the economist Lester Thurow said some twenty-five million more people would work were decent jobs provided them. This accounts for the sixteen million workers who would have jobs if we were working at the 1945 level. If we were to add nine million women who would be in the same category we would arrive at Thurow's figure.

In the fifty years since 1945 we have allowed Wall Street economists working for the government to give us misleading figures about the real nature of unemployment in this country. Moreover, our politicians will quote these figures as long as they deem it advantageous to do so. But perhaps they should be told that they themselves might become unemployed if they continue to participate in this despicable sham.

Final Dispatch

Local 19

Wallace Austin
Carl Christianson
Maurice Harmsberry
George Ulrich

Local 52

Walter Birkes
Robert Bumpus
Thomas Connelly
William Gray
Jaques Jsames
Theodore Mantyla
Peter Sanchez

Local 98

George Mitchell
Herbert Rozen

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

Another welcome poem from *Jessie Hraska* is very interesting, but unfortunately we do not have space for the whole thing. We do want to give some excerpts:

Ride 'em Georgia Boy! Ride those Rails

"In a hobo-jungle, teen-age Tim
Slurped chow from a chili-can;
Poor, white drop-out joined this gang
Like pioneer to Oregon,
Where things were better, so he'd heard.

...
At 3:A.M., every bum at-the-ready to grab a rung,
As the freight gathering speed roared around the bend
Like a chugging juggernaut. Tim braced, David-like,
To face his Goliath, this his maiden flight.
Thrilled, yet partially paralyzed with fright,
His sleazy bedroll, slung around his neck . . .
Yet, on cue, he grabbed a rung and hung right on
Until his chicken muscles stung;
Next thing, he knew his hold was slipping,
Like hungry claws, the suction, whistling,
Reaching tantalizing for his dangling legs.

...
His arms, numbed; no strength left to hoist himself up
Onto flat-bed above him; one last cry: 'I caint

hold on . . .
Then blacking out, he felt his shoulders nigh
rent apart . . .

'What a way to enter heaven', his last thought.
Coming to, a black face looked down at him.
The apparition spoke . . .
'For, let me tell ya, boy, travelin' by freight,
ain't no joke.' . . .

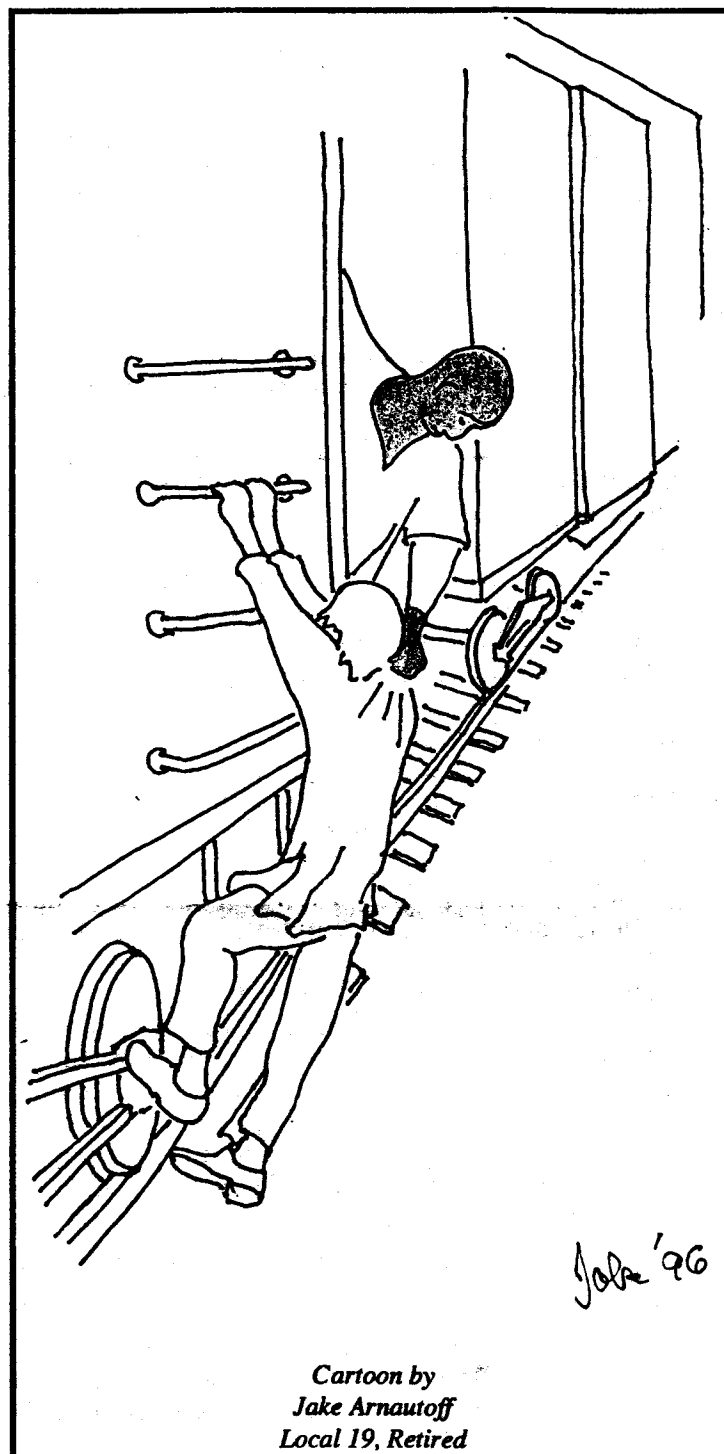
For this here's a long hard trip!
Lot's o' guys pass out; cain't hack it!
Soot's so bad on this here trip!
So many tunnels! Many tunnels . . .
No matter what color you is,
You turn black on this whoosis.'

...
SUDDENLY! ... HE uprighted: 'Why! He'd been in a
tunnel all his life!

A tunnel, black as Satan's soul!
A black-man's kindness, like a surgeon's knife,
Piercing his sleazoned soul.
He shuddered at what his fate
Could've been under the wheels of that chugging
freight!

For SURE, Some One up There must've cared about
him!

HIM! - - no account Tim - -
And it had to be a Black Man of all things,
To bring him to his quicknenings!"



Cartoon by
Jake Arnautoff
Local 19, Retired

**GOOD JOBS AND GOOD WAGES
ARE GOOD FOR BUSINESS**

**IF YOU DON'T HAVE MONEY
YOU CAN'T BUY STUFF**

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

General Strike in Ontario

London, Ontario

Battered by a Gingrich-style provincial government, the union movement in Ontario, Canada, is striking back—literally. A one-day, city-wide strike on Monday, December 11, shut down industry and government in London, a city of 325,000. The next target will be Hamilton, on February 23. Plans are to strike city by city, culminating in a province-wide protest.



Ontario Premier Mike Harris's Conservative Party was elected last June on a platform that would make Republicans green with envy. Medicare, schools, child care, provincial grants to municipalities, aid to the disabled, workers' compensation—all hacked. Welfare grants were cut 22 percent; community and social-services minister David Tsubouchi issued a welfare diet of three dollars a day, suggesting that recipients should buy tuna in bulk and haggle with shopkeepers. The Ontario Federation of Labour noted, "If this was a diet for prisoners of war, it would be a war crime under the Geneva Convention."

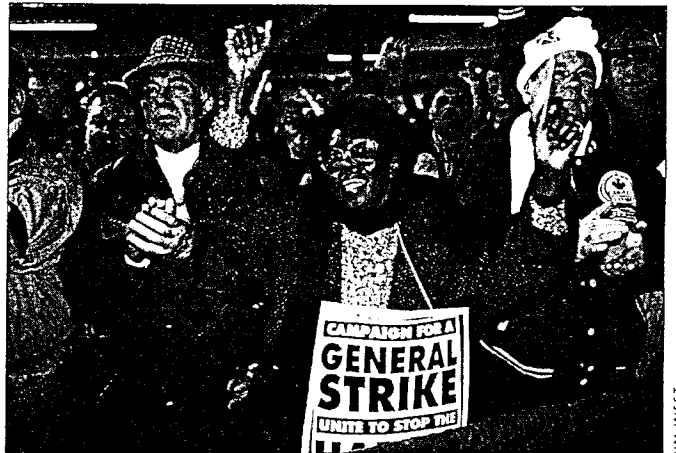
Harris also went after workers: the workplace health and safety agency was disbanded, and the "card-check" system of union certification was abolished in fa-

vor of the American system—this will make it much harder for workers to organize new unions. Government employees will be laid off by the thousands. The minimum wage was frozen until the states on Ontario's southern border catch up to the Ontario level—which could be a long, long time.

In response, the Ontario Federation of Labour's November convention called for the strike, and it happened seventeen days later, endorsed by a slew of social-justice groups. Ten thousand braved a windchill of thirty below zero for two marches and a rally. More important, thirty-five factories organized by the Canadian Auto Workers were shut down tight, as were the bus system, the post office, a Kellogg's plant, a Labatt's brewery, government offices, a community college, and some schools.

In Windsor, a hundred miles away, union members held an "Embarrass Harris" rally the same day in front of the chamber of commerce.

Ford Motor Co. got an injunction against the strike, but workers ignored it. "In some places," says Dave Robertson of the Canadian Auto Workers, "management went to the work force and said, 'How about if we give you a vacation day?' Our members said, 'No, this is not a vaca-



JIM WEST

tion, it's a day of protest—we'll take it without pay."

No member was disciplined for the illegal strike. But Ford is suing the union, and General Motors is at the labor board asking for damages. Union President Buzz Hargrove said, "I'm not worried about it. We knew going into it there would be some of these charges. We only have so much money, and by the time they divide it all up, they won't have much."

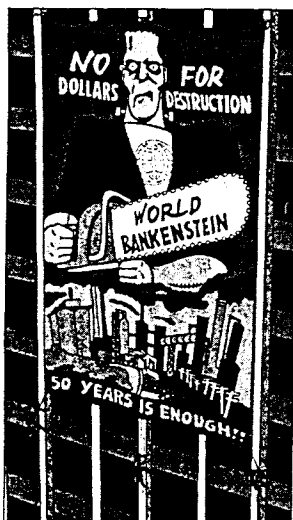
Many teachers marched on the legislature in Toronto January 13, along with parents and students, to protest the cuts to education. At 37,000 people, it was the largest demonstration Ontario has seen in twenty years.

Although the Canadian Union of Public Employees, the Ontario Public Service Employees Union, the Canadian Auto Workers, and others pulled out all stops for London, some unions were decidedly lukewarm. Officials of the United Food and Commercial Workers and of the Communications, Energy, and PaperWorkers told members to go to work unless employers gave them the day off.

"I don't know why people don't go back to their roots," says Hargrove. "Our union didn't get built in the early days by being nice and honoring a bunch of laws." For more information, contact Sheila Keenan, Ontario Federation of Labour, 15 Gervais Drive, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 1Y8; (416) 441-2731.

—JANE SLAUGHTER

Union members protest government cutbacks during the December 11 general strike in London, Ontario. A second strike will target the city of Hamilton.



© MIKE KONOPACKI

ECON COMICS

Activists battling the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund face another deadly enemy: boredom. Start talking about structural-adjustment programs at your next social gathering and watch people's eyes glaze over. Writer Alec Dubro and artist Mike Konopacki have finally broken through the ennui with *The World Bank: A Tale of Power, Plunder and Resistance*, a color comic book that lays out the history of the bank and its abuses in compelling and accessible style. There are no superheroes here—just ordinary people struggling against the abstract economics that lays waste to so many parts of the Third World. For more information, call Konopacki at (608) 256-0025 or e-mail huckkono@peacenet.org.

—ERIK NESS



© ANDREW SINGER

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

We welcome yet another contribution to RUSTY HOOK by Dick Nelson, '57 poolie and member of our Executive Board:

South of the Border

by Dick Nelson

"Since 1972, my wife and I have been frequent visitors to Mexico; also members for many years of the Seattle/Mazatlan Sister City Association, a non-profit organization promoting education, cultural, trade and tourism exchanges. On each trip, whether by air or car, we bring donated clothing, shoes, toys, school supplies, and books for Mazatlan orphanages and children in the colonias (districts). There had never been a problem with customs until October, 1995 when we were detained at the Nogales/Mexico Customs for 3-1/2 hours. We hadn't driven since October, 1994, and NAFTA law had become effective the following December, prohibiting used clothing taken across the US/Mexico border without a permit to show that it would be donated to a Mexican charitable organization. In the past, people brought in used clothing to sell, but NAFTA doesn't want revenue denied Mexico's clothing industry.

St. Pablo Armenta, one of the English-speaking agents, pleaded our case to his Commandant and Customs attorney to no avail. Our offer to pay duty, have our Mazatlan sister-city counterpart verify our intention to donate clothing to the orphanage, or leave articles for customs to distribute (smacked of bribery), was not accepted. US Customs could not help either. It became a case for their Dept. of Sanitation, so while my wife stayed with our vehicle at the border, Pablo drove me into Nogales, Mexico for approval from that bureau. There I was given a list of instructions for the orphanage to submit to Mexican Federal Customs. We returned to Nogales, AZ, located a church school in a Mexican community with a clothing center, took a Polaroid of us standing in front of the boxes of clothes with the woman in charge of the center. We were waved through customs.

Had the clothing been in suitcases instead of boxes, or we had said it was for our own use (rather than our usual "Donations por orfanatorio," which was always accepted when the boxes were inspected), there would not have been a problem. The toys, stuffed animals and other donations were not in question.

But the clothes went to who they were intended to go -- those in need."

Just another example of how NAFTA is designed to steal even from the poor of the Third World! Newt Gingrich says to leave the poor to charity. What we need is some downsizing applied to the rich! The Editors.

THE MAY LUNCHEON

We will be having our regular Spring luncheon at the Swedish Club on May 17.

We expect the usual good turnout. Drinks from 11:30 - lunch at 12:00 will be served.

Tickets will be \$10.00 regular - \$5.00 for widows. You can get them at the office or at the meetings on April 1 or May 6.

You are cordially invited. We all have a good time at these traditional luncheons where we renew old acquaintances, rub shoulders with union officials and occasionally an employer representative. Don't miss it!

Harry Bridges Chair in Labor Studies

At the March meeting Professor Bergquist announced that the Chair is sponsoring a Summer Institute in Comparative Labor Studies at the University of Washington Center for Labor Studies.

The Institute, to be held June 17th to July 17th, will feature two intensive, 5-credit courses of study organized around the theme "Labor and Democracy."

The institute is open to advanced undergraduate and graduate students at the University of Washington and other universities, high school and college teachers, and members of the broader community.

Unionists and others connected to the labor movement are especially invited to attend. Up to ten full tuition scholarships are available.

For information on the Institute and scholarship application forms, you can write to: Summer Institute, Center for Labor Studies, Box 353560, University of Washington, Seattle, WA 98195.



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Z MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1996 49

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

Register and Vote

Once again, this November, we have the opportunity to make an impact on the future, not only our own—which may be fairly short—but that of our children and grandchildren and theirs.

The results of this coming election could have a lasting impact on the course of history after we are gone.

In Washington in the 1994 election only a small number of the workers, youth, and union members voted. The result was the election of 7 Republican representatives subservient to big business and devoted to destroying all of the social programs which benefit working families. They are also bent on restricting the right of unions to organize as well as eliminating all safety and environmental protection programs.

Unless we can replace these flunkies of transnational corporations with more rational representatives, who will be responsive to the needs of the people, we and the generations coming after us will suffer very much.

By replacing Linda Smith and Randy Tate and their ilk with honest pro-labor representatives we will serve ourselves and our children and the Nation well.

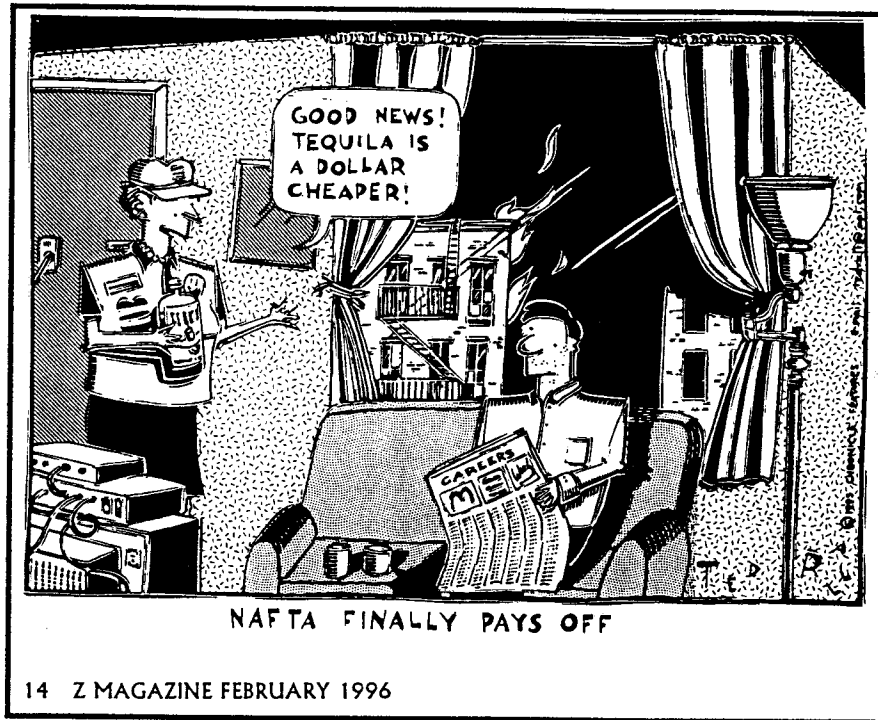
REGISTER — VOTE

The Girl Who Yelled, "You Dirty Scab"

by Jessie Hraska

Those days of my very young girlhood were fraught with the struggles of the working people of Aberdeen for better working conditions, better pay and safety regulations. I can see it in my mind's eye, the anger in Papa's eyes when he saw scabs passing our house on their way to work in the mills.

One day, as was my won't, I went to see my aunt and uncle in South Aberdeen. I always took a short cut, the old railroad bridge, which was a walkway



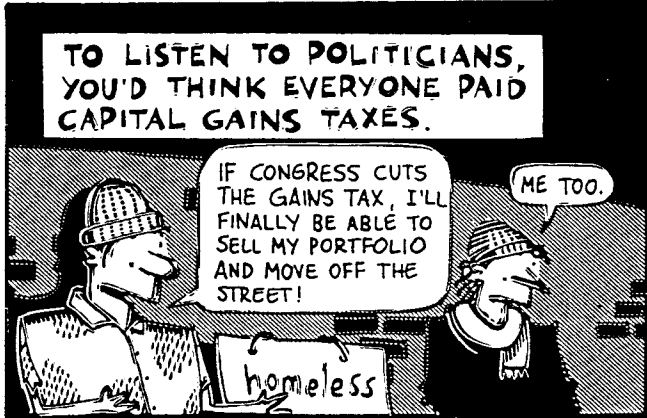
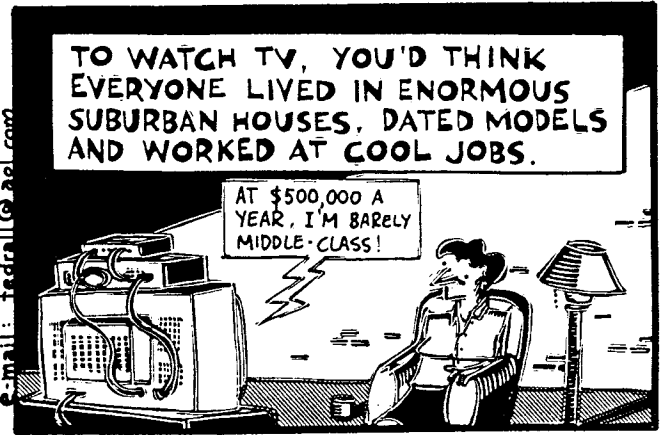
for pedestrians parallel to the train tracks. I absolutely loved to walk that old wooden planking, the way it echoed and reechoed the hum of the Anderson-Middleton mill was so very pleasant.

I loved the smell of freshly cut lumber and surfaced lumber, the cedar and pine fragrances. The rumble of the carriers, who snatched in one stroke with their grappling hooks huge piles of lumber, balanced it in mid air and dropped it into the bowels of a big foreign freighter. Looking at this scene from my vantage atop the bridge, the workers looked like scurrying ants.

On this particular day, I was slightly behind a girl older than I. She must've been at least twelve, I maybe nine or ten. She looked back and saw me, it was something behind me that caused her to yell out "YOU DIRTY SCAB!" No sooner did she yell this than a shot rang out from behind me and she fell with a thud onto the wooden planking of the bridge, her foot spouting a geyser of blood.

I looked back and sure enough a man was running away, the one who had fired the shot. And I don't know where several men came from, as though from out of the woodwork. They picked up the girl and carried her to a doctor, while another man took out after the scab.

This was just one day's happening in strike-torn Aberdeen, Washington.



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