

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



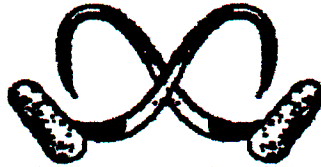
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Fall 2009



In Memory
FRED BERG
DEL CASTLE

PACIFIC COAST PENSIONERS ASSOCIATION

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SEATTLE, WA 98134
206.343.0504

MEETINGS: 10:00 am

October	5
November	2
December	7
January	4

The Battle in Seattle – 1934

By Dave Chaddock

Seventy-five years ago, Seattle was the scene of a titanic struggle that climaxed at Smith Cove (today known as Piers 90 and 91). If you visit the little park at Smith Cove today, a marker tells a bit of history (how it got its name, how it became the biggest pier complex on the West Coast, etc.) but completely omitted is any mention of the fact that when the pier complex first started operating in 1915, Seattle longshore workers had an agreement with the Port of Seattle that only union men would work at the Cove. Nor is there a word about the pitched battle that took place in July of 1934 as heroic Seattle workers resisted the city's attempt to impose a scab workforce on the docks.

Most histories of the 1934 period center on San Francisco, and with good reason. It was in Frisco that Bloody Thursday took place and Harry Bridges emerged as the leader of our union. But Seattle had a memorable history of its own, not only in 1934, but in the decades leading up to 1934 as well. San Francisco may have had its general strike in 1934, but Seattle had already done that in 1919. It was the state of Washington which gave the most votes to the Farmer-Labor Party in 1920, and it was Washington, once again, that, in earlier years, had topped all other states in requests for socialist literature from the publishing house of Charles H. Kerr in Chicago.

Marvin Stanley Ricks, a Portland dock worker in the 1934 strike, who died earlier this year, was quoted in a

recent issue of the Dispatcher as saying: Years ago we were looked down upon and called Communistic bums. I used to be against the idea of Wobblies, and against Communism, but you need some no-good so-and-so to stir it up and get you going. I think nearly all of our early top leadership was a little bit on the Wobbly side.

Basically, the creed of the I.W.W (the Industrial Workers of the World, commonly referred to as the 'Wobblies') was quite simple. All the workers were to be organized into one big labor union. And as the preamble to the I.W.W. Constitution declared, it was "the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism." Strikes, ending in a general strike, would force the employing class to capitulate. It was a naive and utopian vision, no doubt, but hardly a murderous one. Yet it was in Centralia, Washington, where armed members of the I.W.W., simply defending their hall against a vicious attack, and subsequently killing an intruder or two; were condemned and put on trial as murderers. A huge campaign of lies and repression was launched, and Wobblies everywhere were subject to manhunt, arrest, and defamation. The Wobblies, we may say, "got a bad press." But it was in Seattle, perhaps more than anywhere else, where Wobbly strength reached its maximum. Here near the center of Skid Road there was a huge second-floor Wobbly Hall. And every night, at the nearby newsstand, there would be soapbox oratory. Street polls indicated that 90% of

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The Battle in Seattle—1934

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the local populace were opposed to the entry of the U.S. into the First World War. One of the leading orators was Sam Sadler, a member of the Socialist Party and the National League Against Militarism. Sadler also happened to be the President of the Seattle longshore local in 1918 until he was arrested in May for passing out leaflets opposed to conscription. Perhaps the only one who outshone Sam as a speaker was his wife Kate. Harvey O'Connor, in his book *REVOLUTION IN SEATTLE* calls her "Seattle's best beloved radical orator." When workers were on strike or jailed for exercising free speech, Kate and her soapbox would be on hand. And the police "always hesitated to drag her off the soapbox, for the workers formed an iron ring, daring them to touch our Kate." During that unfortunate period when the Chinese in Puget sound were persecuted, Kate "swam against the tide", and spoke up against their exclusion.

From the struggles for a better way of life in the sawmills and the logging camps of the Pacific Northwest had arisen an ethos of solidarity that inspired the workers on the waterfront. The shingle weavers of Everett went on strike in 1915. Their plight had been described in *Sunset* magazine: If the singing blade rips 50 rough shingles off the block every minute, the sawyer must reach over to its teeth 50 times in 60 seconds. Unarmored flesh and blood are staked against the screeching steel that cares not what it severs. If 'cedar asthma', the shingle weaver's occupational disease, does not get him, the steel will. Sooner or later he reaches over a little too far, the whirling blade tosses drops of deep red into the air, and a finger, a hand or part of an arm comes sliding down the slick chute (O'Connor, 30).

Then in 1917 an explosion in a Butte mine killed 190 miners. To save money, the owners of the mine had cemented up the escape holes between different mine levels, and trapped miners beat helplessly on the secured manhole covers in a futile attempt to escape. Mines all over Montana and Arizona were closed down in protest by striking miners. An I.W.W. organizer, Frank Little, who came to Butte from Chicago, was tied to the back of an auto and dragged to a railroad trestle, where he was hung. Little's funeral was the largest Butte had ever seen. Wobblies in Seattle decided the time was ripe to organize the timber workers. The lumber companies had formed an association which had declared that if any logging outfit agreed to work their men for less than ten hours a day, they would be fined \$500 for each day of such an infraction. On August 31 the Seattle hall called for a

Final Dispatch

PENSIONERS

Oliver Hunter 19
Edgar W. Rodenburg 19
Lenzie J. Shellman 98
Wallace R. Stock 52
Blaine Woodard 98

SURVIVORS

Beulah Budnick 19
Florence Hughes 52
Ethel I. Lui 52
Marguerite Matheson 52
Sherry B. McDermott 52
Doris M. Oldham 19
Malinda A. Zerhire 19

meeting on September 7. On September 5, federal authorities raided every Wobbly hall from coast to coast. This made the Seattle I.W.W.'s even more determined. Loggers returning to their camps took whistles with them. When eight hours had elapsed, they would blow their whistles, and everyone would down their tools and walk off the job. If they were fired and replaced by another crew, the new hires would do exactly the same thing. And the loggers would also play dumb.

Men who had spent their lives working in the woods all the way from Finland and Sweden to New Brunswick, Maine, and Minnesota, suddenly became unfamiliar with the simplest elements of logging. Fired for incompetence they went to the next camp. Which tree to fell, which log to hoist next on the flatcar – a hundred minor operations that every man knew thoroughly well were postponed until the order was given. A crew of 200 men, who formerly got out 20 cars of logs a day, brought its production as low as three cars (O'Connor, 75, 78).

Pretty soon the employers began to cave in and offer clean beds, good food, higher wages, and the eight-hour day. But the most recalcitrant operators in the Olympics and Gray's Harbor were unaffected. They refused all negotiation or even discussion with their workers. Nor could the U.S. Government play a mediating role with the I.W.W. leaders it had indicted and jailed as seditionists. In desperation the only recourse of the U.S. was to send in troops. A hundred army officers and 10,000 soldiers were sent into the camps and mills. But, as O'Connor points out, most of these soldiers "resented being used as strikebreakers and readily joined in the spirit of the I.W.W." In the end the Government had no choice but to recommend the adoption of the shorter work day. It was "merely bowing to an accomplished fact." The Wobblies had already solidified this victory by their "strike on the job." It was probably the greatest

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The Battle in Seattle—1934

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victory the Wobblies had ever achieved, and it was centered right here in Seattle.

But perhaps one other victory deserves an honorable mention. This was the strike by Seattle waitresses in 1914. The waitresses got some much needed assistance from Wobbly ranks: At a quarter of noon, the seats in the big restaurants suddenly filled up with men who said "Give me a cup of coffee" and sat there drinking it till half past one. Two days of that and the bosses called the cops. The cops couldn't do anything. Another day and there were cries for quarter from the bosses. The waitresses won (O'Connor, 235).

Now I would find it very hard to believe that the transition from "timber beast to lumber worker", which the Wobblies engineered a bit earlier, was not mirrored in the transmogrification that is more familiar to us, that from "wharf rat to lord of the docks." And I would find it equally hard to believe that it is only a coincidence that our motto – "An injury to one is an injury to all" – is precisely the same as the wording in the preamble of the Wobbly constitution. Did not Army Intelligence in 1918 estimate that 75% of the Seattle longshore local were Wobblies? And didn't the struggle in 1934 seem all of a piece with earlier Wobbly struggles?

When 40 strikebreakers were transported from West Seattle to Smith Cove after dark on June 19th, 1934, and they were followed on the morning of June 20th by a procession of police vehicles that appeared to a reporter to be "about a mile long", still "not a stick of cargo was moved." When a floodlight was ordered for possible night loading, and a City Light crew arrived, picketers shouted "You don't want to be rats, do you?" And the City Light workers answered "Hell no!", and hopped off their truck and walked away. In succeeding days, though small amounts of cargo were offloaded from ships, nothing could leave the Cove because longshoremen were sitting on the tracks. Finally, the dreaded Cossacks had nothing on Seattle, as 16 police on horseback rode full-tilt into the pickets on the railroad tracks, their clubs swinging. But though a section of track was temporarily cleared, the protesting crowd only got larger. Loose rails were laid over the tracks. Fifty yards of the rail were "battered" with a half-inch coating of axle grease. A power shovel bucket was pushed onto the tracks. And then, on June 28th, an advancing train, whose way seemed to have finally been cleared, after advancing only a tad, suddenly and inexplicably began to back up. It seems that striking and

longshoremen, shouting to the crew of the train, reminding them that they were union men themselves, had prevailed upon these railway workers to support the strike. The Seattle Times complained that Seattle was being subjected to "torture" and noted that "a man isn't much use with most of his skin gone." It was Bandied about in "respectable" districts that "Red agitators" had invaded Seattle and subjected it to a "reign of terror." The scene was set for the final battle of Smith Cove on July 20th, 1934. At regular intervals along the Garfield Street Bridge, Mayor Smith, after firing his police chief who wanted no part of his repression, stationed snipers with long-range gas-guns capable of hurling 37mm shells 450 feet. Also he stationed men with submachine guns behind bales of wool, in a bid for what might have been the Seattle Massacre. But the striking longshoremen refused an order to disperse. "We're ready for your perfume", one of them shouted.

Of course there was never any doubt that police armed with gas grenades and machine guns would be able to seize a few hundred yards of railway track from the hands of unarmed longshoremen. And it is true that 20 mounted police were able to herd the strikers off the tracks and up onto the slopes of Queen Anne Hill. It is also true that shortly after this battle Seattle voted 762 to 103 to accept NLRB arbitration.

But let this not be misunderstood. The resistance of the brave unarmed longshoremen and their allies at Smith Cove left an indelible mark. Despite the unequal strength of the opposing sides, the strikers did not let Mayor Smith win an easy victory. As the explosion of gas grenades could be heard a mile away, one Queen Anne resident declared that it sounded like a "wartime battle." Two men were struck on the head by gas projectiles, and one of them, Olaf Hella, a member of the Sailor's Union, never regained consciousness. But some of the strikers were able to pick up unexploded gas canisters and hurl them back at the police, at times with deadly accuracy. A policeman later admitted that gas bombs were thrown "right into us." Many police were limping and bandaged after the battle. Three were hospitalized, and one was in serious condition. And Mayor Smith, who was attempting to command the battle from atop the bridge, was himself "engulfed by a wave of tear-gas", as the Times reported, and was forced to flee the scene. As for the vote, it is important to remember that the employers had blinked first, agreeing to accept arbitration if the workers would do the same.

Unforgettable Sounds

By Jon Halgren

The cry of the first baby, the car breaks squealing before impact, or the crack of the bat your first time at bat. Some sounds you do not forget. On the Philippine Mail, at Pier 91, five gangs were to load military cargo bound for Asia. The Philippine Mail was a ship with the automatic gear, the winch driver spotted the booms in position and we could go to work. Stevedores liked this as there was no pulling on the preventer or setting the guy. It was a nice day. All hands that wanted to work got a job. Five gangs on the Mail made plenty of work opportunity. Good weather in the early hours of the day would be followed by a downpour of rain.

Night gangs had worked number 5 hatch and we would start work there. The foreman told us to cover up and hang a tent. Two gangs were going to work #5. I had not seen two hatch tents hung in the same hatch. This would be interesting. To hang the tent the hatch had to be covered.

This was a young ship but it had old-fashioned covering system. The lids were at both ends of the hatch. They were on rollers but had to be pulled with a winch fall (the wire used to lift when working cargo). To close the forward end the aft end wire was used, going thru a block then shackled to the lid and the winch driver would start the closing.

To shackle the eye of the pulling wire to the pontoon a stevedore would walk on the coming about 4 feet above the deck, and about 18' above the next deck. Carl and Bob seemed to be arguing who would do it. Al had gotten up on the coming and hollered "Give me the wire." Al proceeded to shackle the eye on to the eye of the lid. There was slack in the wire, the winch driver was told to take a little slack. Al was still on the coming. The lid came toward him. I was thinking it would stop. It did not.

That sound of a body landing on a dirt net of plunder made me shake in my boots. "We have a man down." "Call the ambulance." "Call the fire department." "Call the gate and tell them we have an emergency." 911 was a thing of the future, but it seemed that it took hours for the arrival of the emergency rescue fire department. We, as well as, Big Al, were lucky he was not a fatality. After his hospital stay he spent six months wearing a back brace. He had a physical for the draft, he was rejected as being morally unfit. Al questioned what that meant. "You have had two tickets for moving violations and fined

PCPA Executive Board and Convention September 13, 14-16, 2009

By Ian Kennedy

The Executive Board meeting was short and sweet, as there was only three months since the previous meeting. The work picture is still grim, Southern California has over 1000 "B"'s, and they are averaging only two and a half shifts per month. The picture in Seattle is a lot better, thanks to the Cruise Ships. We will see how things really are after they stop running the middle of October. Local 52 reports that they have been sending over twenty jobs per day over to longshore, on average. The Treasurer's report was glowing, as far as money was concerned, with over \$26,000 in the bank. But hard times are ahead if there isn't a turn around in membership. Only three clubs showed an increase, all others showed losses for a total drop of over 400 members. Seattle is down 45. Brothers and Sisters, we need you. Join your club today.

The Convention, I don't know how to put into words the great job Canada did. Our hosts were great, the food was great, the booze was great. Do you get the feeling we all had a great time? We did. And the convention itself was worth the time and the trip.

We had a guest from Australia's pensioners, who spoke on what has been going on in that part of the world. Closer to home, was a speaker from Southern California, who works for an Immigrant rights project, He had some real horror tales to keep you up at night. ICE aint called ice for nothing. They might be able to give the CIA a run for the money, and that's not easy.

A report on Rite Aide was given by Sister Mary Winston from the International's organizing dept. They have been trying to negotiate a contract for over fifteen months now. The company hoped that if they stalled long enough, they could get a new vote on the Union. This hasn't worked and the pressure on them to come to an agreement has increased to the point that they are being serious. We are being asked to keep the pressure on the company. One way is by calling the CEO, Mary Sammons at 717-761-2633 ext.48864, and telling her to give the employees a fair contract.

The Coast Welfare Director was present, along with the Coast's Attorney on Health Care, Peter Sulzman.. Peter spoke on the Health Care Reform that is on the table in Congress and how it falls short of being a reasonable program. He told us that health care is presently being denied to one third of the population and growing, the life expectancy of the uninsured is reduced by 70%.

Conversations With Harry

By Ian Kennedy

I caught an early morning flight down to San Francisco, so that I could be early for my meeting with Harry. And, as planned, I got to the bar ahead of time, settled in at "our" table with a beer, figuring I had time to relax a while before anyone showed up. One beer led to a second, then a third and a fourth. Dam, no Harry. That meant I stay over another night. The next day, I again arrived early and got started with a beer, Talk about deja vu, (and I don't mean the strip clubs.) No sign of anyone. So, another night over. Well, you know the saying "Third time's a charm," it aint so. Again no one shows up. I grab the red eye back to Seattle.

Seeing I have all this space to fill, I thought we might talk about issues that are taking place now. How about the Democratic Party and it's relationship with Labor?

Under Lane Kirkland, the AFL-CIO was nothing more than a lap dog for the democrats. Jim Sweeney came to power with promises of change. He was low keyed and slow in attempting to bring forth the promised changes, thus causing the split in Labor, with large unions like the Teamsters under Beck and SEIU under Sterns breaking away to form "Change to Win."

Andy Sterns, who tries to come across as a progressive Labor Leader had nothing new to show. I had the opportunity to sit down with him, one on one, for a good hour. In this time, He showed me no new ideas, nothing that made me want to support him or the new organization.

While the PCPA Convention was taking place, the AFL-CIO was also holding their convention. Jim Sweeney retired and Richard Trumpka was elected president. Trumpka is a dynamic, moving speaker who brings everyone to the edge of their seats. How will he bring the Democrats and the Congress back into line with the Labor movement?

For more years then I can remember, Democratic candidates have come to Labor for our support and money, making promises that they never intend on keeping, and we still get out the vote, fork over the money. Hoping each time, it will be different, but never is. This past election season the ILWU spent hundreds of thousands of dollars, sent people to all parts of the country to help elect democrats, to help elect Obama. We had two primary goals, get

the "Employee Free Choice Act" passed and to get single payer health care enacted, HR676. At this time, the "Employee Free Choice Act" is still in limbo, and may not get to a vote this year. As for HR676, Obama has turned his back on us and feels it's more important to placate the Republicans. He is even talking about caving in completely and signing a bill without a government option. And Congress, what about the 60 vote majority? Well, those "Blue Dog Democrats", take away the masks and you've got just more yella bellied Republicans: Yes, we got them elected.

How do we counter this? Well first of all, the AFL-CIO has got to grow a pair of -----s. Trumpka has got to solidify his power over the Unions and get them all on the same track. He has got to let each and every member of Congress know that if they don't support us, we will make sure they have strong opposition in their next election campaign. We will need to find strong opponents and get then elected. We can't wait, as soon as a congressman shows he/she doesn't have our best interests at heart, go to work. This will take strong leadership from Trumpka. He must draw a hard line and hold to it. Too often a politician well let us gnaw on a bone, then take it away, just give a little to keep us in line. This has got to stop. We can't be satisfied until we have the bone. We can't let the tail wag the dog, enough is enough.

Sorry I wasn't able to hang around San Francisco long enough to catch up with Harry. I'm sure we will have met up prior to our next issue. After all, he's not going to up and die on me.

CORRESPONDENCE

The members of the weekly baseball pool have contributed the money in the pool for the week of June 2nd 2009 to the Rusty Hook in memory of brother LENZIE SHELLMAN a long time participant in the baseball pool.

Thank you members of the baseball pool. Brother LENZIE SHELLMAN was an active member of our Club and will be badly missed and long remembered

We received contributions for the Rusty Hook from the following members. No messages, just the money. The money is very welcome. We'd also like to hear how you are doing. Please write!

ANTON BLACK \$100.00

ROBERT L. SEATH \$100.00

ROBERT GRANT \$150.00

Tales From The Wharf

By Steve Adore

The first time I heard the word “colonic” I thought it was a drink, you know like a “Pena colonic” or a gin and tonic. Some tropical drink with a little umbrella in it you might sip on while lying on some remote sandy beach. This word intrigued me, I must find out what it means. Where would I look to find such an answer? Webster’s Dictionary? Bridged or Unabridged? Collegiate or Crossword? What would I do?

Little did I know in my quest for this answer that I would rue the day I heard the word “Colonic”, it would haunt me for the rest of my life on this earth. After asking many fellow workers there was one who overheard my question and stepped forward with an explanation. A giant of a man, about six foot three inches tall and 320lbs. of finely chiseled marble, I was amazed a man of this intellectual magnitude came from among our own ranks. Not to mention his ability to bake is unsurpassed even by Miss Crocker. For sake of anonymity we will call him “Eminem”. He told us his wife was a trained and certified technician in this “colonic” procedure, and that a few days after you had it done you would feel quite “energized”, “invigorating if you will“, I thought for a moment and said what the heck I have always been into being healthy and I like positive energy, sign me up for this “new age” mumbo jumbo.

A couple of days later I called “Dr. Eminem” and made an appointment, she was very cordial and sounded like she knew what she was talking about, she told me there was nothing to worry about, everything would go wonderfully. She said I would receive a questionnaire in the mail in a few days and to fill it out and send it back ASAP. I didn’t realize just how “popular” this was until she told me it would be 6 weeks before I could get in for my appointment!

Upon receiving the questionnaire a caution flag went up when on question # 747 it said that someone would have to drive me home after the appointment and stay with me the rest of the day. But I didn’t think too much about that.

The six weeks went by fast as they do in life and on appointment morning my buddy came by the house and picked me up. As we drove around looking for the office we found it kind of odd that we were in a residential neighborhood in the “better” part of town. When we finally found

it we were at a beautiful three story home, not your ordinary Doctors office. We walked up the steps and passed a young man skipping down the stairs, I said good morning and asked why he was so “peppy”, he told me he was just leaving from his follow up appointment and that life was wonderful. I looked at my buddy as this guy skipped away and said “ I need what he’s taking”. I rang the doorbell and was greeted by “Eminem” himself dressed in a white tuxedo with a little red bow tie and one of those frilly white shirts, in his hand was what else but a plate of his homemade cookies. Which by the way I was not allowed to eat because on the questionnaire it stated I could not eat after midnight the night before my visit. I my friend indulged himself quite greedily with the cookies as I was escorted downstairs to the newly remodeled basement/office that was done by the “Monster House” crew. I was given a robe, you know, the kind you get in the hospital, and put in a nicely decorated room that made you feel at home, except for the table that looked like one of those tables you see in a birthing room. I was beginning to think I was in an old Vincent Price horror movie. I had now gone from the caution flag to red alert, but hey I put my fear aside and said the man’s prayer, I’m a man, I can change, if I have too, I guess. I’m a man, no fear!

After a few minutes the Doctor arrived with a thing wrapped around her neck that looked like a siphoning hose for stealing gas and in her hand was a metal bucket. For a minute I thought I was back in Kansas on the farm getting ready to milk the cows. She asked me if I was “comfortable”, “ I don’t know, why?” I replied. Then she explained the “procedure” for this “colonic flush” and asked me to put my feet in the “stirrups”. That’s where I drew the line and realized I was going to get a whole lot more than I wanted and I wanted no part of this. I didn’t care how much “energy” it would give me I refused to be violated that way! Honestly there can’t be anything “wonderful” about it. I threw on my clothes and stormed out of the room up the stairs, grabbed what was left of the cookies and any dignity I might have and left post haste. By the look on my face as I went out the door by buddy was drafting close behind. As he drove me home I filled him in on the details, all of them, but will spare you gentle readers the gory details. I won’t go into describing it any further than asking you if you know what a bidet is?

Margarita anyone.

The Truth Is Always Stranger Than Fiction...

Can you guess who this person is? not the doctor but the “cookie man”? he was a longshoreman and some of the story is true

Believe it or not!

By Steve Adore

Once upon a time in a place far far away there was a man who was larger than life, or so he thought. In this mythical land there was an establishment, one that was private dining and quite entertaining that this man frequented, quite often, really, too often, much more than any sane person would, so much so that the restaurant still has his picture hanging on its wall. Albeit under the picture is a bad check that says never to serve him again. However it doesn't take away the from the fact that when this business fell upon hard times this man invested much of his time and resources and all his charismatic power and money to save it. And save it he did, into a thriving business in many cities. With his work done he silently slid away un-noticed, and unrecognized (other than the wanted poster for the bad check). He was idle for some time and quite bored, when along came a new prospect that he decided to set his sights on, a new cause, a more entertainment oriented business. One he might participate in, with a more circus like atmosphere that was more suited to his clown like behavior.

After surviving a number of years in one location with limited success this business came upon the brink of destruction and was forced to relocate. This move was quite costly and stretched their already thin budget even thinner. Teetering on the precipice of doom, when all was nearly lost, appeared out of nowhere this flamboyant, diamond studded, zoot suited crusader who wore more jewelry on than Mr. T, to save the day. This shameless self proclaimed promoter went about the task of drumming up business. You see he had more tricks than a side show carney, more B.S. than a snake oil salesman, vehicles that were so pimped out no self respectable Puerto Rican would be caught dead in one unless it was a hearse and a wardrobe Liberace would be jealous of. Put all that together and they will come, and come they did, by the droves, truck loads of them, buses filled to the gills, station wagons full with people strapped on top, they came from all over even from other states just to see the show. Many came just to see him in his many outfits even if just to get a good laugh. Even though the business now thrives their savior doesn't receive any personal gain other than an occasional atta boy, its obvious he has no head for business, (in fact his head is so big you could bathe a baby in his hardhat) or he would be part owner by now! His job is done and the tale from his beginnings as a humble little stevedore to entertainment is about to come to an end. So dear reader the legend of Joe Toro lives on even if it's only his mind!

PCPA Report

From page 4

Two trillion dollars a year is being spent on health care annually, of which thirty percent is wasted. One and a half percent of our GDP is wasted on fraud. Peter told us the French have the very finest health care system, and that most countries are going to have a single payer system because it saves money. The VA is the best health care provider in the US. There are 620 lobbyists in Washington DC that are doing everything they can to insure that Corporate America continues to rob us blind.

As for pensions, Congress passed the "Pension Protection Act" as a way to help protect pension funds. You can see how the fund is being drawn down, and that pension funds that are in trouble are paying out a portion of the amounts they should. Congress also passed a special act that protects plans that fall outside the PPA, as we do. The protection is greater, and Peter tells us that those of us already retired will not lose anything. This may not be true for those who haven't retired yet. Our plan is presently funded at 55%.

As I said, this convention was well worth attending. I hope that we are able to put on as good a convention in 2011 as Vancouver did.

The Battle of Seattle—1934

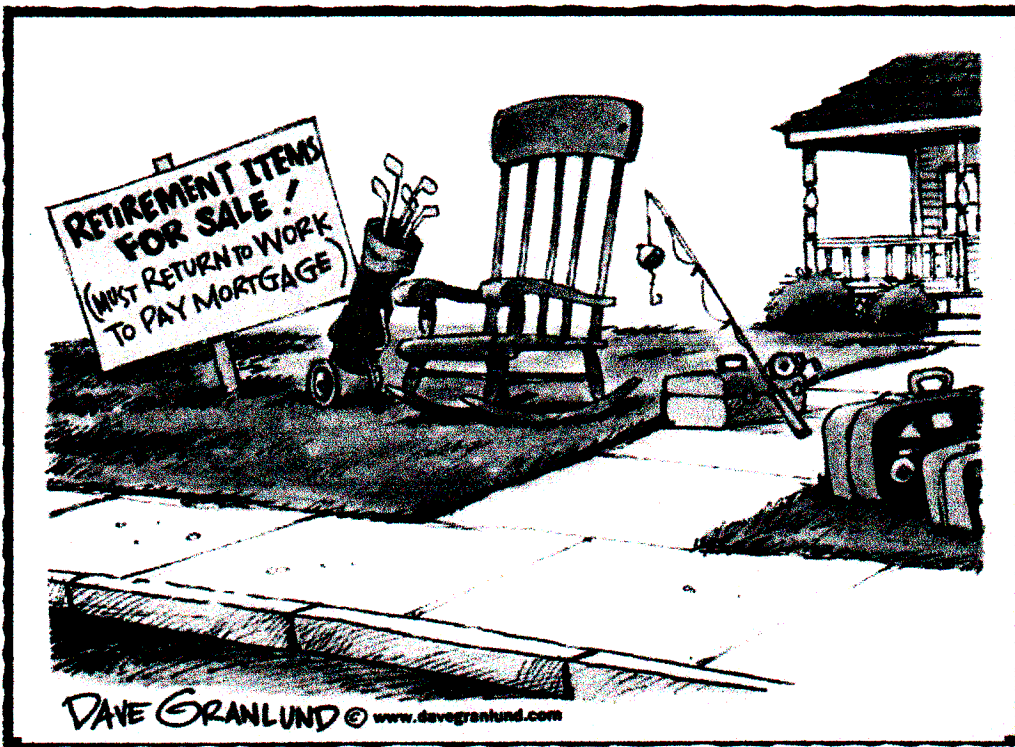
From page 3

And the longshoremen had demonstrated to the arbitrators by their actions that they felt very strongly about the cause they were fighting for, and there would be no peace on the waterfront if they did not obtain it. Moreover, the arbitrator would be under the direction of the newly-elected FDR, who was a true friend of labor. And so it could more or less be predicted that the longshoremen of the West Coast would win control of their hiring halls. Should we be ashamed of the "Red tinge" of our history and the fact that there is "a little bit of Wobbly" in us all? On the contrary, I believe this is something of which we can be downright proud!

Unforgettable Sounds

From page 4

\$50.00 each." Viet-Nam at this time was not escalating. Little did Al know Uncle Sam would invite him to take part in the defense of South East Asia, traffic tickets forgotten. Big Al got out of the military, resumed his longshore work, became a clerk and retired as a Super Cargo. It is best to have a joyful sound to remember than a sound from work.



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Pension Club**

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Vice President
Carl Woeck
Secretary Treasurer
Terry O'Neil
Recording Secretary
Pete Kolloen
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