

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



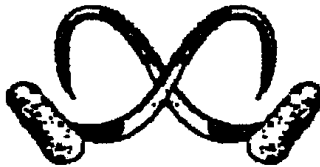
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Dying Embers of Slavery

By Dave Chaddock

In the latest of a series of articles he calls “When Whites Just Don’t Get It” Nicholas Kristof imagines a U.S. where the roles of blacks and whites are reversed, blacks are in the majority, and there is something called “black privilege.” But somehow I have trouble imagining a world where brutal black cops are mistreating whites. I have the same problem imagining a world where, as the Chinese nation gets stronger, it will start lording it over the world as the imperialist powers did to it when they carved up China like a melon.

It’s not really a majority-minority problem. Kristof fails to mention the really crucial factor here – that in the not so distant past blacks were kept as slaves. And as a refresher course in exactly what that meant, I recommend that you read *American Slavery As It Is* by Theodore Dwight Weld, which was published in 1839 and contains thousands of first-hand accounts. It was reprinted by Arno Press in 1968, and in these days of Amazon you cannot say you couldn’t get hold of it! Another good book, a new one, which I am reading right now, is Walter Johnson’s *River of Dark Dreams*. Johnson explains how the cotton kingdom along the Mississippi was more important to the U.S. economy than the mills of Lowell, producing two-thirds of U.S. exports, and constituting the largest single sector of the global economy, as it supplied the factories in England. Seven hundred steamboats plied

the river, and Johnson writes of “the rhythmic beat of the steamboats’ pistons overlaid by the shrill hiss of escaping steam” joined by “the sound of the slaves on the levee singing at their work.” Then Johnson quotes the reflections of a visitor: “I can imagine nothing more frightful than a general revolt of the slave population.” The slaves were “such a vast majority in proportion to the numbers of white men that the effects of insubordination would be most disastrous” (Johnson, 84).

Indeed, this fear was not an idle one. The successful slave revolt in Haiti in August of 1791 set an example, and despite ferocious repression, slave revolts arose one after another.

While I’m at it, let me recommend another wonderful book, *Just Mercy*, by Bryan Stevenson. There are so many touching stories in this book,

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From page 1

many of them sad, but some of them joyful. Bryan divides the history of black Americans – those who bear the burden of “constantly being suspected, accused, watched, doubted, distrusted, presumed guilty, and even feared” – into four periods. (1) slavery (2) reign of terror (3) Jim Crow and (4) mass incarceration (Stevenson, 299-301). The reign of terror existed for many years after the civil war, the era of “strange fruit.” In the book *One Hundred Years of Lynchings*, Ralph Ginzberg records a partial list of 5,000 blacks who were thus murdered. Though hanging was the most common method used, the book records 39 examples of victims tied to a stake and burned alive. We are not talking ancient history here. Fifty years ago I taught school in Lake City, Florida, in the panhandle just below Georgia. Go back only another 50 years and there were 8 blacks lynched in that city on one day. Moreover, the effects and the scars of each period carry over into the next. There has been progress, yes, but as soon as the main difficulty seems to be getting resolved at any one stage, it transmogrifies into a new intractable problem.

In the present era, where, between 1990 and 2005, a new prison was opened every ten days (Stevenson, 260), young blacks get criminal records for behavior that affluent white kids “engage in with impunity” (Stevenson, 155). Add to that a misguided drug policy and excessive sentencing. And finally, remember that over 50% of prisoners are mentally ill and guards are “not trained to understand” them (Stevenson, 186-188). When you digest all the heart-breaking stories in Stevenson’s book, you can sympathize with the slave woman, back in the day, who, when told by her pastor that, if she wanted to go to heaven, she should forgive the white folks and love them, responded: “But honey, that’s gonna be a lifetime job!” (*Bullwhip Days*, James Mellon, ed., 457).

From the days of slavery to the present there is one factor that has held steady. Just as the cotton planters lived in fear of a black revolt, former Seattle police chief Stamper points out that too many white police, though they don’t like to admit it, have a fear of young black men. This causes them to over-react. Consider the case of the car that was speeding in Cleveland. Inside there was a black couple. They were unarmed. Yes they were speeding. But did it really require 62 police cars to chase them? Probably the pursuit caused them to drive faster in an attempt to

get away. After 137 shots were fired into the car its inhabitants were dead (Rachel Madow, MSNBC).

The situation is aggravated in a city like Ferguson, Missouri, where the population is two-thirds black, but 53 of its 56 police officers are white. When a crime is committed in Ferguson, the police and the prosecutor work together. The police gather evidence on the scene and the prosecutor makes use of the evidence to bring charges. Missouri is one of the states (not all of them do it) which may also make use of a “grand jury” in which a prosecutor makes a case (usually in secret) for a trial.

But what happens when a cop seems to have committed a crime? Residents of Ferguson had eyewitness testimony that a young black man, Michael Brown, had been shot to death when he had his hands up. The prosecutor summoned a grand jury, but because the black population was very angry and was not expecting justice from such a procedure, he would not himself participate. Two junior level prosecutors were appointed. And Officer Wilson, the man whose fate was being decided, would himself be allowed to testify, a very unusual move. But it was promised that the complete record of the grand jury proceedings would be published.

There were nine whites on the jury and three blacks. Nine votes would be required to bring an indictment. The actual vote was kept secret but the result was astonishing to Ferguson residents. Wilson was cleared of all possible charges, even manslaughter. No trial would be needed.

The prosecutor may really have believed he acted fairly but the published record proves otherwise. Noah Feldman, who teaches constitutional law at Harvard, declared: “It looks like he wanted to create the appearance that there had been a public trial

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The Dutch Schultz Story

By Pete Kolleen

Dutch (Eliza) Schultz, a short man dressed in working man's clothes Levis, Sears work shirt, on top of head was a faded blue wrinkled flop hat. His weather beaten face was tan from the sun, and on his feet were a pair of handmade boots, with one sole one and half inch thicker than other, bad leg I guess, probably injured during the war, causing him to walk with a limp. One thing about Dutch he was vocal, you could hear him down at the far end of the dock, he would be arguing with his fellow worker about politics. Yes, Dutch had an opinion on most issues, but politics was his hot issue, and if you argued against his point of view, he'd get so mad he would stutter, as if he was yelling at his opponent. There was nobody like Dutch, one of a kind a character person non-grata. Yes sir, Dutch was a bona fide Communist, and he had no use for the capitalistic system.

One time he was before the judge for a traffic violation, Dutch made a turn into a one way street, going the wrong way (bad eyes). The Judge was going to take his driver's license away. Dutch blew up and starting calling the Judge, "You're Fascist pig of the capitalistic system," and hollering out loud, "The police are nothing but a bunch of Fascist Gestapo picking on the poor working man." Dutch made such scene in the court room the news reporters were starting to write articles about Dutch for their newspapers, The Judge looked, saw what was going on, and decided to avoid bad publicity, he dismissed the charge.

I met Dutch back in the early sixty's at Alaska Steam Ship Company, pier 42. We were boarding up cargo for Anchorage Alaska. Dutch was working in the floor gang of 4 truckers. The gang composed of Hank Wiederman, Shorty Wisner, Bob Swanson, and Dutch Schultz, and 1 bull driver Roy Suckling. I was the checker for the floor gang. The work being slow, Roy was sitting on the fork lift reading the Wall Street Journal, checking his stock position. At that time Roy owned the hot stock of the time, IBM and Sears and Roebuck. Dutch was yelling at Roy about reading that filthy capitalistic rag, and so on. Finally Roy got tired of listening to Dutch and told him to "Go \$#@% yourself". That did it for Dutch, he became so mad, and turning red in the face, he started stuttering and yelling back. Off to one side Shorty was laughing so hard, I thought he was going to have a stroke. The other 2 truckers Hank and Bob were methodically doing the work. That was the way it was in the 60's

at Alaska Steam. Alaska Steam at the time was the big employer, often in the summer months, there would be 5 ships loading cargo for Alaska, employing up to 800 to 1,000 men.

Dutch came from New York City, he mentioned when he was young he worked in the garment factories in NY, long hours and bad working conditions, it was here I believed he became a member of the Communist Party and advocate for the working man. It was here that Dutch went to join the Lincoln Brigade that went to fight in the Spanish Civil War of 1934 on the side of the Republicans loyal to the Democratically elected Spanish Republic (Loyalist), fighting the Fascists. After Franco won the war with the help of the Nazis, he returned to the US and he eventually joined the US Army and became a member in the Mountain Division that went to fight in European Theater during WWII. After the War, Dutch came home and took advantage of the GI Bill, which granted WWII veteran's a right to a free education. Dutch decided to become a wood carver and he enrolled in one of the best schools in Europe. It was there Dutch met a young American Woman who was studying to become a teacher. They fell in love and eventually married. They then came back to the US and settled in Seattle. She accepted a job at the U of W teaching and Dutch rented shop space to practice his trade of carving wood sculptures of people and scenes of men and women laboring with their hands. Working as a wood carver at the time was marginal. At the same time Dutch started working on the waterfront part time as a longshoreman. Eventually he worked enough hours and he was eligible to register as full time union member and so he did, and became active in union politics. The ILWU was a labor union of Socialist tendencies, and many a longshoremen who were old time communists, joined the Union during the 1934 strike. Dutch found his life's work doing wood carving, and working part time longshoring. Dutch at this time *Continued on page 4*



Dutch Schultz

From page 3

was active in politics, trying to promote the causes benefiting the working man.

By the 1970's Dutch was well established in the Union and was highly respected for the hard work and knowledge of politics; however at the same time his marriage became unraveled and he and his wife divorced. It was at this time Dutch was kind of lost and adrift from life, well his old pal Ray Nelson took him to live at the House (The big house was referred, as the House) in North Seattle and had lots of rooms and several Longshoreman lived there, Ray Nelson, Jon Halgren, Don Miniken and others off and on Under Ray's tutelage, Dutch adjusted to his new environment. What went on at the House in the years of the mid seventies, I couldn't repeat, you would have to read a steamy novel to capture the flavor of the times. After a few years, the guys of the house went their separate ways. Dutch bought a House Boat on Lake Union, and set up his wood carving business there and continued longshoring. Dutch found a nice lady to live with and they were friends for years.

I would go down to Lake Union with my young boys, Reed and Erik, to talk with Dutch on occasion, and show the boys how he carved wood. Sometimes I would run into Dutch's friend Bert Nelson. Burt, the former head of the Communist Party in the State of Washington and labor organizer for the ILWU back in the 1930's. I remember we would argue politics, much as we did in the old days at Alaska Steam. Eventually Dutch became too old to care for the houseboat so he moved into a little bungalow in Madison Park, a nice little place with day-light skylight in the living room, allowing natural light into the living room, a kitchen and bedroom in the back and balcony on the second floor. A lovely house for a lady to decorate and fix up, but not Dutch, he put his wood shop right in the middle of the living room, all his big tools were in there: a big solid maple work bench (Must have weighed 300 lbs.) a big 200 lb. anvil, a 20 inch band saw a large 20 inch drill press, and hundreds of wood carving tools of various sizes, scattered all over. In his large pattern vice held a sculpture of his current work. Sawdust and shavings all over the floor news papers scatted about, and hanging high on the walls were old posters showing the 1934 Spanish civil War.

In his later years, he couldn't see to well, so Ray and I would go over to Dutch's house and take him to lunch, and visit. Ray would take Dutch to the doctors and see to that he was well taken care of.

In many ways Ray was a Saint. Dutch, I believe he died in 2008? I went to see Dutch couple of days before he died, he was lying peacefully in a coma, waiting for the good lord to take him away. When Dutch died he was in his 90's lived a good life. At the memorial service held at the "Friends of Quakers," another veteran of the Lincoln Brigade spoke of Dutch and of the war against the Fascists; he mentioned there were very few members of the Lincoln Brigade left.

I often think of Dutch, when I walk along the Seattle waterfront or attending the Longshore Pensioner's Meeting at the Union hall I often think of my old friend Dutch a true idealist and supporter of the rights of the working man.

Dying Embers *From page 2*

when in fact there hadn't been." Many suspected that the prosecutor's "air of neutrality was a ruse" obscuring "his real goal – to ensure that no indictment of the police officer occurred" (NYT, 11-26). The junior prosecutors "asked witness after witness if it seemed as if Mr. Brown were reaching for a weapon" (Ibid.). Wilson's account was generally treated as the truth. He was not aggressively questioned or cross-examined. The prosecutors "frequently let testimony supporting him go unchallenged, while boring in on witnesses whose accounts differed from Wilson's" (NYT, 11-27). Most witnesses said Brown had his hands up. The one witness supporting Wilson, who described Brown as "charging like a football player" was known for making up stories and probably wasn't even there! (Chris Hayes, MSNBC, 12-16).

The bright spot in this dim scene is that such injustice is not being ignored. Unprecedented demonstrations have rocked the country from coast to coast. The U.S. is on notice that it should address its problems here at home.



The Rusty Hook Needs your Help

From the Editorial Staff

We need your contributions. We have at times run out of fresh original content for your newsletter. The best place to get new material is from you the membership. We would like to hear what you have to say. Do you have any waterfront (or other) stories you would like to share with your brothers and sisters? Just jot down a little note letting us know how you are doing. Everyone likes to hear from each other and we all want to know how you and your retirement is going. Just write a sentence or two, a little note, a paragraph or a whole story. Send them to the Pensioners Office at local 19 or e-mail them to; pensioners@ilwu19.com. All are welcome.

It's That Time of Year

From the Editorial Staff

It's time to renew your membership in the Seattle Pensioners' Club. Annual dues are twenty-eight dollars, (\$28). For lifetime members, pro rata is ten dollars, (\$10.)

New members are always welcome, retired or active, one and all. Come into the pensioner's office Monday's Wednesday's and Friday's at noon. We also have an online application at; <http://www.ilwu19.com/rustyhook/joinus.htm>

We Need You

From the Pensioner's Club

At the December meeting, we elected officers for next year. Not surprising, all positions but one remained the same. No one stepped up to challenge for any position. We need participation, we have too much going on for the few who are doing all the work. So, what can you do? Join us and attend or meeting, generally held the first Monday of the month, volunteer, participate. We look forward to seeing you again.

Latest News on the Contract Talks

From the Editorial Staff

During the last couple of months, various Corporations have been calling for Federal intervention in the Longshore contract negotiations. Until just before Christmas, they have been ignored, then the PMA took up the cry, requesting a Federal Mediator be brought in. The Union has not agreed. Instead, President McEllrath has requested that the eleven members of the PMA's Board of Directors, (they make all the final decisions,) take an active part in the negotiations.

Final Dispatch

Pensioners & Actives

Survivors

Monte Methven 19

Anna P. Furlong 19

Military Protection

By Jon Halgren

Harold, do you still have the "NAVY PASS" used to go into the Navy pier? I still have the "Navy" pass and I also have the U. S. Coast Guard pass. I have not changed much. Less hair, wearing glasses, cannot see, wearing a hearing aid.

Before WW II, the U S Coast Guard was responsible for port security. To have a "Coast Guard" pass would be greater opportunity to have greater job selection. Without the Coast Guard you could be deprived a work opportunity at military busses.

When ships came from Russia, longshore workers were asked to show the Coast Guard pass. The number of workers, having a pass, was very small. The second day a driver's license with name and address was accepted. The gangway Coast Guardsman recorded the information and we were allowed to work.

When talking about the Navy Pass, and recalling that you could be rejected for a pass without a reason given. The union, made adjustments in the dispatch system to assure job opportunity for any "NO Pass" member. If a first call was at the Navy and you were rejected in getting a pass you were able to take a commercial job.

When the Vietnam War was building up, there was a sudden increase in the number of members submitting applications for the U. S. Coast Guard passes. Some said that ammo would again be loaded from Northwest ports, which had not happened since WWII.

If you could make an ammo job, it would be a very, big, big payday. Three times the base rate. Having heard that the ammo jobs would be lined with lumber, so no steel in the hatch was exposed this would reduce chance of ignition by accident. I started watching and listening for lining jobs.

Recently, since 911, it is often said that more, control, surveillance, and restricted entry should be imposed by the military at and around port facilities. This is to be in the name of security.

It is a fine balance between our liberties, and the safety of citizens.

Conversations With Harry

By Ian Kennedy

December first, I'm in San Francisco for a couple of days. I wanted to catch up with Harry and also see if I could find out anything on the contract negotiations. The caucus was called to reconvene on the fifteenth of the month and I wanted to get a feel if it was worth the expense of coming down again. It's still a battle, and I don't think they will have it wrapped up in that time frame.

When I got to the bar, Harry was already seated and looked to be deep in thought. He looked up as I approached, "I didn't expect you for a couple more weeks." He said. "Why spend the extra money and time?" he asked. It seems he has some knowledge of the caucus reconvening.

I take my time taking off my coat and cap, Sue shows up with a pitcher and glasses, sets them on the table. "Harry said you wouldn't be in town for a couple more weeks. So, what's the skinny?" She states, or asks? I smile as I make myself comfortable, or as comfortable as one can get on wooden chairs. "Just checking things out," I respond. Harry is looking at me as if to say, "Get the lead out kid, what's going on?" "Well," I respond to his glare, "I can't find out much, other than negotiations are ongoing. They moved on from MAINTENANCE OF BENEFITS some time ago, so I thought they would have settled by now, but it hasn't happened and I don't think it will. I wouldn't be surprised if it ran into the new year, at this rate." The cold beer feels good as I take a long drag of it.

Harry is looking very thoughtful as he looks at me. "How long has it been since you first stumbled in here?" he asks. "It's about eight years, isn't it?" He answers his own question. "Yes, yes, I remember, I was sitting right at this table with Jerry Bulcke and Henry Schmidt, when I saw your jacket, you were sitting at the bar when I approached you." He sighs, "It's not very often a Union brother or sister comes into this dump."

Sue had just arrived with a fresh pitcher, "Hey, I resent that remark, this is a great establishment, at least since I started working here." She counters, sits down and pours herself a beer.

Harry continues, "One of the topics we discussed was the six hour day." I wait while Harry considers what he wants to say. He continues, "The six hour day shouldn't have been set aside the way it was. Jimmy (Herman) shouldn't have let it happen." I interrupt, "It all had to do with equalizing wages

between the Longshore and Clerks." "Yes, yes," He responds, "but they shouldn't have done——look, today the average day on the docks is ten hours, with too many eleven and twelve hours. Look, if the Companies were on six hour shifts the Union could need another 30% membership." Harry sips his beer, looks over at Sue, "I sure could use something a little stronger than this." Sue jumps up and heads to the bar, in the meantime Harry is thinking about what he wants to say. He sits up as Sue sets down his whiskey and milk, then plops herself into her chair. "the thing is," Harry continues, "Robotics is going to eat away at jobs, the fewer jobs means the Union will have a harder time justifying new hires and new hires require training. It's always tough getting them to pay for training and robotics will require even more intense training, thus more expensive. It's just cheaper to go outside to get the work done outside." He sips his whiskey and takes a drink from his milk. "The employers, over the last twenty years have been taking jobs away from the Clerks, some of it is our own fault, some of it by coniving with outside sources," again he pauses and sips his whiskey. "Just think, if all the computer work was returned to the Union, the Clerks would have at least a third again as many members as they do. Add the six hour day and you have an increase of what? Five, ten thousand workers? Just think about it."

God, I don't recall Harry going on that long since I've been coming down. "I can't disagree with you, and I think part of the blame lies with our leadership, or lack of leadership. But also on the breakdown to the gang structure which has weakened solidarity. To many of us are just looking out for ourselves and not each other; the all mighty dollar reins."

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Correspondence

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CWH

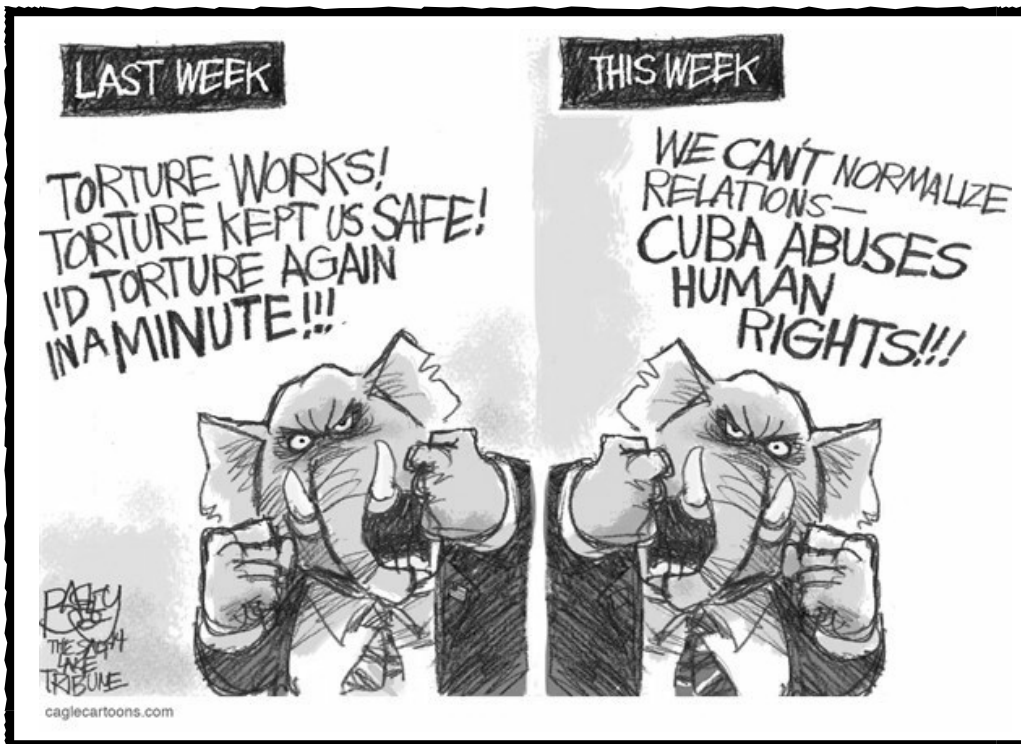
From page 6

"And that brings us back to today." Harry drains his whiskey, then his milk while Sue reaches over and fills his beer glass. He continues, "As the month comes to a close, we've been in negotiations for eight months. This has only happened when we had a strike or lockout. The leadership has reconvened the caucus twice with nothing new to report and have not asked for a strike vote. We are going into the slow months and will soon have a congress that will be strongly anti Union. What leverage does the negotiating team now have? What can they do?" Harry sits back in his chair, drains his beer and holds out his glass for Sue to refill.

"I expect this to have been the employers' goal all along." I respond. Harry shrugs, and continues. "If they don't do something soon, the conservative congress, or their cronies, will call for a federal mediator and that could spell trouble."

"Yes," I respond, "and any federal mediator is not likely to side with the Union." Harry jumps in, "And then any thing could happen, everything is out of your control. Hell, the Feds. could call in the military, then where do you stand. Not good," he shakes his head, "not good at all."

Sue has just returned with a fresh pitcher and refills our glasses. She sits down, "What does that mean, would you fight the Army? Or what?" We look at her, then at each other. "That is a good question," Harry responds, "But not one that can be answered. At least, not at this time." We sit and drink our beers in silence for a few minutes. Harry, sighs, shakes his head, looks around, "Time for me to go." He gets up, slips into his top coat. "Take care of our tab, will ya kid?" And heads for the door.



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