

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



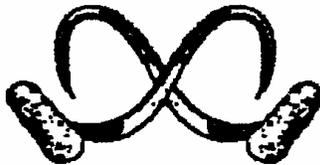
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**MEETINGS: 10:00 am**

April	5
May	3
June	7
July	5

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## Robber Barons Rise Again

By Dave Chaddock

It was way back in 1880 that struggling farmers in Kansas first used the term “Robber Barons” to refer to their nemesis, the railroad magnates of that era. And it was in 1934 that Mathew Josephson wrote his classic study, *THE ROBBER BARONS*, in which he excoriated the role of the top American capitalists in the years 1861-1901. His aim in 1934, as he later explained in a new 1962 introduction, was to provide some historical understanding to the “men of the New Deal” as they introduced unprecedented economic intervention by the Federal Government against the “masters of capital who, by their excesses and bad leadership, had helped to bring about” the Great Depression. He was especially agitated in 1962 by the onset of a new breed of “revisionist” historians who had rejected “the critical spirit of the 1930’s” and who pictured the old-time moneylords and moneybags as “architects of material progress” and even as “saviors” of our country. These revisionists failed to appreciate that “our nineteenth-century barons-of-the-bags” were “inspired by the same motives animating the ancient barons-of-the-craggs who...monopolized strategic valley roads or mountain passes through which commerce flowed.” These post-Civil War freebooters and highwaymen confused the process of “enriching themselves” with the advance of civilization.

Now that we are struggling to emerge from a second Great Deflation, saved from being a Second Great

Depression only by some of the surviving reforms instituted by the New Deal, such as Social Security and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, it is only appropriate that we should focus our attention upon the current day “masters of capital” who have been exhibiting to the nth degree the very same excesses and inept leadership as their 1930 forbears.

Indeed, they even hark back to the Robber Barons of the 1880’s. Yes, there are some differences. Instead of traveling about in private “palace cars” on oligopolistic railway lines they dart about in their private jets. But what social benefit have they conferred? As James K. Galbraith points out, they have certainly succeeded in “dotting the landscape with mansions.” (*THE PREDATOR STATE*, p.35) But what good is that? Their most recent achievement? Why, by massive legerdemain they have managed to infuse the housing system with “Ponzi characteristics” inevitably leading to a total breakdown. To service the debts incurred from the rising of home prices they required a “continuing rise” in these prices (Galbraith, 141), just as Ponzi and Madoff required the continuing arrival of a new batch of suckers. Like all Ponzi schemes, it was doomed to go belly up in the long run.

The new breed of Poaching Barons declares that it was taken totally by surprise when the system collapsed. Who could have foreseen it? Wasn’t it just like an earthquake, totally unpredictable? Joseph Stiglitz is skeptical. Are we to

*Continued on page 2*

## Final Dispatch

### PENSIONERS

Lee E. Anderson 19  
William Anderson 19  
Weldon Borland 19  
Elmer M. Budnick 19  
John T. Calkins 52  
Linville Hudson 19  
Frank A. Lecker, Jr. 52  
Bryon W. Morrison 19

### SURVIVORS

Shirley I. Adams 19  
Lorraine L. Anderson 19  
Clara Goldstone 52  
Leslie Gray 19  
Bessie Lewis 19

believe that firms “with a net worth of more than a hundred billion dollars” would not have the slightest inkling that the products of their mortgage originators were “toxic and poisonous”? (FREE FALL, 278) When word was out by 2005 that Washington Mutual would accept “liar loans”, was CEO Killinger (who netted \$24 million in 2006) completely in the dark about this fact? As WaMu opened branch after branch on a clip like that of a fast-food chain, and as its bear-trap adjustable loans escalated from one fourth of its home-loan business in 2003 to a staggering 70% in 2006, was Killinger just a babe in the woods or was he well aware that he was making a “Killing”? As brokers were given the highest commissions for initiating the riskiest of the loans, was Killinger “out of the loop”? (NYT, 12-28-08) To believe this is to strain all credulity. Of course, if he was a total idiot and a total dunce and really did not have the slightest idea of what he was doing, then, as Stiglitz suggests, he would then be guilty of committing “a different crime, that of misrepresentation”, claiming to be a knowledgeable CEO who knew how to manage risk, when in reality he was an imposter. But in either case he is a criminal who, after causing economic stress and ruining many lives, ought to be occupying a cell right next to Bernie Madoff.

Was it really all that difficult to discover, even as early as 2005, that the housing market was seriously out of line? In that year Bill Gross, the bond fund manager at Pimco, alarmed by the astronomic rise of home prices in southern California, decided to investigate. This should have been the job of the Feds. But Alan Greenspan, lulled to sleep by his infatuation with the revisionist “philosophy” of Ayn Rand, believed that the “invisible hand” could do no wrong, and that the quant mathematicians had developed a magic wand in Wall Street that would put an end to all economic worries. What Gross discovered, after sending 11 mortgage analysts to 20 cities posing as prospective home buyers, was that real estate agents and mortgage brokers were willing to provide a home to “anyone who breathed” rather than engage in the slightest effort of credit assessment. It was a turkey shoot, and the “turkeys” were the poor uninformed home seekers. Gross became “certain that the real estate market would collapse and take the economy down with it.” This was in 2005! And Gross even “made these thoughts known in letters to his investors.” Thus Pimco steered clear of the risky mortgage debt that beguiled so many others. (NYT, 6-21-09). Too bad that the more crucial federal regulators could not have been guided in the same direction! Many were those who tried to warn the Bush regime about the

mounting peril, only to be brushed aside. When the Federal Housing Commissioner brought a memo of concern to the President, Karl Rove shunted him off, declaring that the real estate industry was providing “a valuable service to people who could not otherwise get credit.” And when a Bush economic analyst provided an alarming chart showing that the monthly cost of owning a house was far outpacing the cost of renting, a sure sign that prices were wildly inflated – he too was ignored. And when states tried to use consumer protection laws to crack down on predatory lending, the comptroller of the currency informed them that they had no authority over the national banks. This dispute went all the way to the Supreme Court, which declared in Bush’s favor. As the North Carolina attorney general Roy Cooper commented: “They took 50 sheriffs off the beat at a time when lending was becoming the Wild West.”

Did Bush’s failure to crack down perhaps have something to do with the fact that one of the ten top donors to his 2004 election campaign was also the founder of Ameriquest, the largest lender in the subprime market, accused in 30 states of preying on borrowers with hidden fees and ballooning payments? (NYT, 12-21-08)

Perish the thought! But at any rate, there was one group of insiders who figured out early on which way the tide was flowing. This was none other than the gaggle of experts at Goldman Sachs. These were very knowledgeable individuals. They came together, shared their expertise, and concluded, without a doubt, that the real estate market would tank. So what did they do? Did they go on a midnight ride, like Paul Revere, to warn the American people of what was coming?

No, not at all. Whether it happened at midnight or no, they decided instead to have a secret meeting. They went into a “huddle”. Given that the real estate market was absolutely sure to collapse, what should they do? Well, if they made negative bets, if they bet that the housing market would implode, as they were certain that it would, then

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they would come out ahead. But could they do better than that? Yes they could. They could restructure their negative bets, so that they would stand to make six or seven times what they would have made without the restructuring. This was the decision made by Goldman Sachs in 2006. (NYT, 12-24-09) But what about the large number of their clients who were betting the other way? What about all those who did not see through all the flim-flam, and who were reassured by Alan Greenspan? Well, these were not children. They were not still wet behind the ears. They were “sophisticated” investors. If they insisted on betting the wrong way, that was their problem. Let the chips fall where they may. In the meantime “Goldmine” Sachs would rake in the dough.

Still Goldman Sachs took one further step. This was not quite enough. In order to further encourage the “sophisticated” investors to bet the wrong way, Goldman lobbied the rating agencies to be sure they would assign a high rating to the derivatives that these “sophisticated” investors were tricked into respecting. (NYT, 1-13-10)

And thus, while doing their utmost to get their clients to vote the wrong way, the Goldman robbers betted against them. It was a wonderful scheme. And it certainly paid off! True, it seemed a bit underhanded and sneaky. As one finance expert, Sylvain Raynes, was to declare: “The simultaneous selling of securities to customers and shorting them because they believed they were going to default is the most cynical use of credit information that I have ever seen.” It was a little bit like selling fire insurance on someone else’s home and then setting fire to it. (NYT, 12-24-09) But never mind. It was a money-maker, and wasn’t that all that mattered?

Since Goldman made all these bets against the housing market that paid off big, it is not clear to me why, in the Big Bail-out, when the counterparties who had made credit default insurance deals with AIG were paid off by Uncle Sam, nobody was given more dough than Goldman Sachs - \$12.9 billion to be exact. (NYT, 11-22-09) Yes, they lost money on the one hand, but they gained it on the other. Did the profit ever get deducted from the loss?

These details of high finance are a bit murky. But what is clear is that the Robber Barons ripped us off big time. One of the reasons that Roosevelt was leery at first about the formation of the FDIC was the problem economists call “moral hazard.” If a bank knows that it will be bailed out if it makes poor Investments will it not be tempted to take more risks?

Will it not be more careless? However, Roosevelt was assured that if certain restrictions were placed upon banks the system would work. And for a long time it did. Investment firms were kept separate from the banks where you and I had our savings accounts. The casino was kept separate from the piggy bank. But then the banking lobby got rid of these restrictions. The banks were allowed to make dangerous bets with our hard-earned money. Then in 1998 when Long-Term Capital Management Fund was about to tank, Alan Greenspan became worried. He scurried around and made deals so that LTC would survive. And the notion was bandied about that LTC was “too big to fail.” This was an important signal. The casino operations of the behemoth banks that were much bigger than LTC went into high gear. If LTC was too big to fail, certainly they were Much Too Big to fail! Life became easier. You could make really dangerous scary bets, and if you won, you hit the jackpot. But if you lost, and your bet was so big that you caused a disaster, there was no problem. The government would come to the rescue!

When the Big Deflation struck, did the US really have to pay off firms like Goldman Sachs at 100 cents to the dollar? Was it really impossible to give these firms a “haircut”? Why did banks have to be bailed out without demanding any say at all on what they would do with the money we gave them? And why, at this very moment can we not enact even minimum reforms to help prevent another big disaster?

I am afraid that I am only half-done with my treatment of current-day Robber Barons. I have more material on the growing gap between rich and poor, on the role played by CEOs and their boards of directors, on the tax-avoiding schemes of big corporations, and on the lobbyists who control Congress. Look for Part Two in the next issue. But let me leave you with one quote from 1912 that seems to express the Robber Baron mentality:

Touch the most vital of all business matters, the question of general federal regulation of industrial corporations, and the people amongst whom I live my life become immediately rabid partisans... We are the rich; we own America. We intend to keep it if we can by throwing all the tremendous weight of our support, our influence, our money, our purchased senators, our public speaking demagogues, into the scale against any legislation... that threatens the integrity of our estate. (Josephson, THE ROBBER BARONS, 352)

## I Remember When

By Raul Uranga

I would like to start by sharing something with all my brothers and sisters. Each morning that I wake, I thank our God, Harry Bridges, and all the old timers that came before me. Our God for giving me Life, health, and all the friendships I made in my 43 years on the waterfront. To Harry Bridges for insisting that the ILWU be a democratic union with the men having the final say, and all the old timers for their struggles that they endured during the infancy of our union, some giving their lives.

I remember as a child maybe 5 or 6 years old going to the dispatch hall with my dad so he could get a job. My dad was a winch driver and going to the hall was special in it's self. There were 100's of men looking for work that night and I could hear the calling out of the numbers over a loud speaker. I believe my dad's work number was 2531. Once getting a job we got into the old beater and off we went, sometimes to outer Harbor or Long Beach. At that time he could park right on the dock near the ship. We went up the gangway looking for his assigned hatch. The 1st thing he did was to gather dunnage to build a warm wind break and build a seat. I can remember the men rigging gear and uncovering the hatch, this did not take long. My god there must have been 50 or 60 hatch boards. All the while I was sitting in my seat my dad built me right next to the steam winch that he was going to drive that night. I remember the clanking and the steam building up, He would pull a long handle and the load would come in or out. He worked real well with the man on the yard as he was on the mid-ship so I could be with him.

I don't remember if they had coffee breaks at that time but I looked forward to lunch. If we were in San Pedro we would go to Tony's Café on 6th street. We got a cup of soup a half of sandwich and a slice of pie. My dad was great. There the other men would talk shop, Harry Bridges and Bill Chester were always in the conversation. Our home was 100% union and until my dad took his last breath in May of 1984 he always held them in high esteem. For the URANGA family it was nothing to walk a picket line and we didn't forget the ILWU sign.

I am a 3rd generation longshoreman. My grandfather and father were charter members of the union in 1937. My grandfather was a labor organizer in Mexico and moved to Clifton, Arizona to organize the men working the copper mines. In 1917 my grandmother died from the plague and granddad and his 3

kids hopped a train to Pasadena, California to find family. He gave away his children so he could find work and he ended up in the Harbor area. My dad did not want to stay with his new family so he went with my grandfather. They lived in San Pedro which is now the international district. My dad spoke often of the famous shape up and how his dad would tell him to show them your muscles and make your self big as we have to work. Work they did, long hard hour's non stop. Safety was out of the question. The shape up is well documented in the history books of the ILWU. They were paid with chips that were later cashed in. My grandfather and father did all kinds of work on the waterfront ship scaling was one of them.

I was born into a union household. Our house was built with dunnage from the waterfront. The men in the gang that he worked in helped build it over the years. Typical conversations were always about the union; Harry Bridges, Louis Goldblatt and Bill Chester were always mentioned. One of the day's that my dad always spoke of was when we got our dental plan I must have been 7 or 8 at the time. Dr's Sims and Sakkii on Avalon in Wilmington. The same old beater with 7 little URANGA'S off to the dentist's. What a day, what a sight.

Upon graduation from high school I was asked what I wanted to be and I said I want to be a longshoreman just like my Dad. A longshoreman was low man on the totem pole in wages and the job was dirty and dangerous. I played football and had my choice go to Harbor College or join the service I got lucky and played on a championship team while at Harbor. I was talking to a recruiter and he asked me what I wanted to do with my life. I told him that I wanted to be a longshoreman just like my dad and brothers JOE and HENRY. I said I wanted to be a winch driver. He was from the Mid West and did not understand.

My 1st job on the waterfront was on June 16th 1963 on the "Ti Ping" shoveling copra in the #1 hatch. That day will never leave my mind it was so cool to shovel copra in hatch that was dark from all the nets. I can still hear the vacuum sucking the copra into a large hopper. I got enough hours to get my casual card and my number was G3824. We worked bananas on Monday and Thursday's. Steel, borax, frozen fish and hides and autos were the jobs we got as casuals.

I was registered on June 15 1966 and got my Class A book on September 1968. The war was on and there no shortage of work lot's of work! I often think of the old days on the waterfront in the harbor area. I mean this

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from the bottom of my heart the longshoremen and clerks and foreman in local's 13, 63, and 94 are dyed in the wool union men. They will fight tooth and nail for their rights and are always ready to help others in need.

I as a young married longshoreman with one son, I had never been out of the Harbor area and decided to travel north. I made stops in Coos bay, Astoria, and Portland. It was like a different world just great guys asking me to share my knowledge of So California. Each dispatcher I talked to told me to make sure that I went to Seattle. My god they were right I thought that I was in San Pedro nothing had changed. The guy's the dispatchers, the jobs.

It was November 1974 and I walked into the hall at 84th and Union just like our hall in San Pedro the buzz the fever you hear and feel at dispatch. I was standing there watching and listening to the dispatch to begin and I heard the dispatcher say on the BIG BULL BOARD, The dispatch had begun. My god so different but this is Seattle. Two guys came up to me and asked me if I was related to JOE URANGA and I answered yes the two guys were KENNY TAYLOR and K.O. MARINO they had transferred to Seattle along with LARRY MOONINGHAM who I met later.

At this same dispatch this brother told me to come with him and that we were going up the river and to just follow him, I did. He told the dispatcher that I was going with him to the Foss barge, name and number was I all I needed. When we got there he said just go to work and he would explain later. Come to find out that Spike needed his barge by 11pm because of the tide. He got it. I think that was the hardest job I ever had. JERRY STORVIK was the brother I went with. He became my best friend and he welcomed me to Seattle and still today remains my friend. That night I met DOUG THORPE, RALPH DAVIS, CLEM EMARD, EMANUEL TAYLOR, and DON COCHRAN. The following day I was told to go see the Secretary. I believe he was DEL CASTLE. He welcomed me to Seattle and introduced me to SHAWN MALONEY the president of local 19. After a history lesson that lasted about an hour he told me to stay as long as I wanted. I believe that life is a journey that begins with the first step. My steps took me from Local 13 to local 27 Port Angles back to Seattle local 19 and finally retiring out of local 52.

The brothers and sisters that I have met along the

way are infamous in their own right. From Local 13, LOU and CHICK LOVERIDGE, RUDY RUBIO, BILL WARD and DAVID ARIAN. From Local 8, FRANK and MARY HEADLAND, DICK WISE, VERN MOCK and JERRY BROWN. From Local 27 BOB CASO 85 years young who still attends union meetings and is a union historian. MARC KALLA who was helpful and I along with GEORGE SCHOENFELDT in my short 13 year stay in a hustling log port. Local 24 RANDY VEKICH, GARY ROSIE, BOB HALL and SCOTT GODFREY. Local 19 DEL CASTLE, ED BEST and many others. Local 52 the supercargoes all of them, the chief's at the gates especially DENNIS SANTOS and my fellow co workers. The foreman especially in Seattle as they never forgot where they came from. DICK ANTELL, JOHN VLA-SICK, AL BARNES and JON HALGREN just to name a few. Last but not least the brothers from Everett local 32, RON THORNBERRY, "The moose" BOB DICEY and the SNYDER brothers.

I have had the privilege to have known all are international Presidents HARRY BRIDGES, JAMES HERMAN, DAVID ARIAN, BRIAN MC WILLIAMS, JAMES SPINOZA and BOB MC ELLRATH. We are here today because of all of them. I have had the pleasure to have worked with the most passionate labor leader I have ever known. I worked for his father Honest LOU ARIAN. DAVID ARIAN has given us his heart and soul. It was in 1968 that he started his political career. Thank god for DAVID and others like him and others that I have not mentioned.

In closing it has been a good ride, sure there were some bumps and bruises along the way but that's life. Time has taken its toll but that's ok I have my memories. My memories can't be taken from me. The waterfront has been good to the URANGA family starting with my Grandfather and father in 1932 when the wages were 45 cents an hour they got a rise to 95 cents an hour in 1935. Brothers JOE and HENRY 1957 and 69 my self 1966 brother in law RAYMOND GONDRINGER 1968 and sister in law ANN URANGA. My son JOSE URANGA once a golf professional turned longshoremen now in local 52. Nephew ROBERT URANGA, nieces KRISTIN and JOY. Finally SPINNER you and big BOB and your supporting cast kicked Minache's ass thank God for that. Just think they were all elected by the rank and file.

All I ask when I die please bury me with my Union book, God bless the ILWU.

## Conversations with Harry

By Ian Kennedy

I arrived at the bar early, sat down at our usual table, ordered a pitcher of beer. The waiter was new, "My names Paddy," he announces. "And I don't take no sass, got it?" I nodded, gave a mental shrug, and waited. Paddy returned, slammed the pitcher and a glass down on the table, "If you're planning on sittin there and gettin drunk, you got another thing commin." "You'd best bring a couple other glasses." I replied.

I was well into my second glass when Harry appeared. I didn't realize he's there until he pulls out the chair and sits down, he's alone tonight. He waves, and Paddy comes over. "A glass of milk if you've got it." Harry orders. Paddy mutters, "this aint no milk bar." He turns and walks away. Harry looks at me and says "You'd think I wouldn't have these damn stomach problems any more, but I do." Paddy returns with a glass of milk, sets it down and reaches for the empty glass. Harry grabs his arm before Paddy can even raise the glass. "That's for me, my good man." Paddy looks at him, releases the glass and Harry lets go of his arm. With a glare in his eye, Paddy turns and walks away. Harry smiles, "A real friendly sort he is." Harry sits back in his chair, sips his milk and frowns. Finally he asks "What is going on with the health care bill?"

"Well," I respond, "Obama has basically told the Republicans to shit-or-get -off-the-pot, he is holding a joint meeting with the leadership of both houses of congress. He has just put out to the public his Plan, (similar to the Senate plan,) and is going to tell the Republicans, "Here it is, if you don't like it, what do you have to replace it?"

Harry is thoughtful, slumped back in his chair. He's finished his milk and was starting on the beer. He looks at me, "How are the Republicans responding to his proposals?"

"Well, they want him to scrap the whole thing and start all over." I said.

"What! After they've spent a year working on it. Hell, all the Republicans have done, besides dragging their feet, is feed those starving Insurance Companies." Harry replies. "Are they still going to punish those plans that provide good coverage?"

I responded, after finishing off my beer and refilling the glass. "It seems as if he has decided to drop that penalty, or at least, raise the figure and extend the startup time to 2018. He was convinced

that Unions have given up money in their pockets for good coverage. And that in the long run, it would be the workers who get hurt. But there is nothing stopping them from putting it back in. To replace the "cadillac tax," they will raise taxes on households that earn more then one million and will extend the Medicare tax to wealthy taxpayers' income from sources other then wages." I drained my glass, noticed the pitcher was empty and waved to Paddy. After he returned with the fresh one, and I had refilled my glass, I continued, "The President called attention to the fact that Insurance Companies all around the country are raising rates by astronomical amounts. (Anthem Blue Cross of California just increased rates by 39%.) and called for a new Authority that would oversee rates and control increases." Again I drained my glass and refilled.

Harry sat waiting for me to continue. "A lot of Labor people are upset at all the compromising that has taken place, and I'm one of them. But, I feel, if we can get the bill passed, we are ahead. After all, when Social Security was passed back in the '30s it wasn't anything like the Act it is today."

Harry nods and sits quietly as he thinks. I take this opportunity to fill my glass and order an other pitcher.

He looks up, "You're involved in this Labor Chair that was set up at the University of Washington, aren't you?" I nod that I am. "Are they doing any good?" he asks.

"I think so. I think I told you, when the idea was first batted around, I was against it. But it has proved to be a good idea. Each of the six holders of the Chair has brought new ideas and pushed the envelope. They have all done a good job, some better then others, but all good. The present Chair, Jim Gregory, saw the need for a Labor Archives in the Northwest, and we are working to get it established. Last June, the Caucus voted to provide Fifty Thousand Dollars a year for three years, on a matching basis. Thanks to the Pensioners, the first years' match has been met. The Chair is presently in negotiations with the Library, over how it will be structured and I expect a MOU will be signed in the next few days. Then, we start a search for an Archivist. The plan is to have someone in place by mid summer."

"That all sounds positive to me." he said. He glances at the clock and starts to put on his coat.

"Aaah, before you go, I have a couple of quick questions for you." He sits back and waits. "When I'm not here, how do you pay for your drinks?"

He smiles, stands, "We come well prepared." And heads for the door, and again, I'm stuck with the bill.

## Correspondence

From DONN WALVATNE, Edmonds.

Just a hi and goodbye (Adios) to all my brothers and sisters that I've been associated with the past 30yrs. It's been an unbelievable ride. Thanx ILWU!! (Local 19 & 52 for putting up with me). Again many Mahalo's!!! DONNY WALVATNE 56973 (Retired) Yrd Cmdr OVER!!!! Enclosed \$100.00 to whatever!! Really enjoy your newsletter. Thanks Again!

Thank You DONNY. We especially enjoyed your letter and look forward to hearing from you again!

From PETER CHELEMEDOS, Seattle.

**RUSTY HOOK**

Since your Editor asked for submissions for waterfront experiences, I don't know whether Supercargo's experiences will be included, however, I am enclosing a write-up I did for an early experience which you may find includable.

Best wishes for the new Year

**PETER CHELEMEDOS**

Thank you for the fascinating story . Just what all readers of the Rusty Hook will enjoy! (We ran out of room in this issue but it will be in the Summer issue.)

From MURRELL LEE, Lake Tapps.

Hi to you all, Glad to receive the Rusty Hook

I like to hear news about the guys that I worked with for lots of years. Use the enclosed check for my dues and the rest where it will do the most good.

Happy New Year.

**MURRELL LEE**

Thanks MURRELL, for the dues money and we will do our best to use the other \$72.00 where it will do the most good.

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!

**JERRY STORVIK. \$72.00**

**ROBERT SMITH. \$40.00**

**RICH MALLETTA. \$44.00**

**FRANK CEPEDA. \$50.00**

**JIM MINIKEN. \$100.00**

**ROBERT HENSLEE. \$72.00**

**CHARLES KEPPNER \$44.00**

**RICHARD & ELAINE SPELLACY. \$150.00**

### **CAUCUS CALL**

The 2010 caucus will run from April 5th through April 10th at the Holiday Inn Golden Gateway 1500 Van Ness Ave. San Francisco, Ca.

### **PCPA EXECUTIVE BOARD**

PCPA Executive Board meeting will be held April 6th at the Holiday Inn Golden Gateway

Hi Comrades,

We MUA Vets of Port Kembla NSW Australia pass on our regards and best wishes to all connected to the magnificent Rusty Hook. The Maritime Workers Journal is now available at <http://mua.org.au/journals/>

We hope you can keep up to date with the activities in Australia/New Zealand as we do in reading Rusty Hook it really is a great communicator.

Yours Fraternally, Ken McBride,

National MUA Veterans Assoc Southern Branch.

From Brother DON REIDEL, Port Angeles.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year to all Brothers in the ILWU. Use this money on what needs help.

**DON REIDEL**

Thanks for the \$100.00 DON. We will use it as best we can.

From ROB EVERITT, Nahcotta.

Bothers & Sisters:

Hello and a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all. Enclosed is \$100 For membership renewal and some left for the widows and orphans fund.

Claire and I took a driving trip to Nova Scotia, down to Florida, then to California and back home. A very nice trip, thanks to the ILWU. The Rusty Hook makes my day—keep up the great work.

Fraternally, BOB EVERITT, retired

Thanks for the money, BOB. Because of the ILWU benefits we seem to be out of widows and orphans needing funds so will use the money for the Rusty Hook.

From KEN & ALICE MAURICE, Federal Way.

To all who make the Rusty Hook possible:

As I approach my 91st birthday I reflect back on those who fought on our behalf to create a fine benefits plan for retirees and their spouses. My wife and I express our thanks and extend best wishes to fellow pensioners—current and future.

**KEN & ALICE MAURICE (52-53048)**

p.s. Alice prints the online Rusty Hook for me—I'm not computer savvy.

Thank you KEN & ALICE for the \$100.00 contribution and the very welcome letter. Happy 91st KEN and many more!

From MICHAEL HEDRICK, Sumner.

For 2010 Pension Club membership and Rusty Hook  
**MICHAEL HEDRICK , retired local 19**

Thank you very much MICHAEL for the \$50.00 check



**Seattle ILWU  
Pension Club**

**President**

Bob Rogers

**Vice President**

Carl Woeck

**Secretary Treasurer**

John Fisher

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