

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



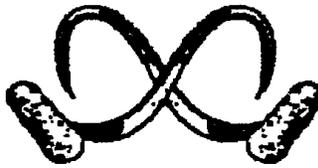
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Meeting Dates

April	2
May	7
June	4
July	2

www.rustyhook.org

Worker Solidarity

By Dave Chaddock

They said it could not be done. They said it had been tried some years back and had failed. They said it was illegal. But a number of truck drivers on the waterfront, a good four hundred of them, defied all of these warnings, held meetings, and decided to walk off the job. And they stayed out for two weeks. Although officially the Port stated that no vessels were turned away, many drivers remained on the job, and most businesses were getting their cargo, I know of at least one pier where officials were seriously worried about running out of space, and opened on a Saturday in a futile effort to catch up. The fact is, these drivers were illustrating the power that they have to work collectively. Though they have not yet officially formed a union, they have certainly taken a “union-like” action. And it had the desired effect. Their employers made the wise decision to give in to the basic demands of the drivers, demands that were only just and long overdue. For proper restrooms. For getting paid for all trips and for waiting for over an hour. Not getting dinged for overweight loads. And above all, not being treated as so-called “independent contractors.” Really now, how “independent” are they when they are told by their dispatchers to go to Pier x to pick up container y, when they have to ask permission for a day off, and when they have to stay on the job until given permission to leave? Independent contractors are supposed to be “in business for themselves, obtain

customers on their own, and control how they perform services.” This is hardly the situation for the average waterfront truck driver. In fact, so phony is the classification that the IRS for three decades has gone by the following rule – that companies may “indefinitely classify employees as independent contractors even when the government knows they are misclassified so long as the company once had a reasonable belief that the workers were contractors” (NYT, 2-18-10). We do not even need to try to determine how it was that these cheaters first obtained this “reasonable belief” to know that it is simply utterly wrong to put someone in a category where common sense shows that he does not belong! Belatedly, in response to the driver walkout, the Washington legislature “passed a bill to designate” waterfront truck drivers as “employees, subject to state health protections and with the right to form a union” (Seattle Times, 2-15). Sounds good, but we better keep an eye on this. There may be a catch somewhere.

I am struck by the fact that this struggle on the waterfront involves drivers from a great many different countries – a large number from Africa but also from Asia and Europe and South America. And it reminds me (because I have just been reading a book about the successful IWW-led strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts in 1912, in which workers from 51 countries speaking 44 different languages or dialects, held out for an amazing two months to

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obtain their demands) that we are dealing here with an issue having worldwide implications.

And let me invoke a statement by the legendary Joe Hill who spoke at a street meeting way back when. As his words were recalled by an aging Wobbly “about ready for the bone yard” who said he would “never forget what Joe said,” Hill had spoken as follows: “The reactionary subsidized press is telling us that they will soon be bringing shiploads of four thousand at forty dollars a head from Europe. Now the question is, what are you going to do: are you going to the dock and sneer at them and say, ‘here is another load of damn ignorant foreigners to take our jobs’ or are you going to try and make friends with them and invite them to our IWW hall?” (William Adler, *THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED*, p. 204).

In his new book about Joe Hill, Adler makes clear that Hill was innocent of the crime for which he was executed by the Utah firing squad. Hill was, as he described himself, just a “common Pacific coast wharf-rat” who had to adjust to the fact that employers hired men to unload their ships only to release them when the work was done. But he became famous for writing the words to most of the songs in the *Little Red Songbook* of the IWW.

It was in 1911 that Hill and many other Wobblies were inspired by the writings of Mexican rebel Ricardo Flores Magon who condemned the “slithering boa constrictors of Wall Street” which had invaded his country. In particular the ire of the IWW was aroused by the “ranch” of notorious labor-hating Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the *L.A. TIMES*, which occupied a chunk of the Baja Peninsula about the size of Massachusetts. Rebels saw their opportunity since the peninsula was lightly defended. With the aid of IWW volunteers the rebels seized Mexicali and Tijuana. Otis in his newspaper called the rebels a “chicken thief band” and fulminated that the IWW should be “exterminated.” This inspired Jack London to declare to the rebels: “We socialists, anarchists, hobos, chicken thieves, outlaws and undesirable citizens of the United States are with you heart and soul...I for one wish there were more chicken thieves and outlaws of the sort that formed the gallant band that took Mexicali.” (Adler, 172).

Otis soon aroused President Taft to send a quarter of the U.S. Army and 3800 Marines to the border. Taft allowed Mexican forces to cross U.S. territory to get to Baja where the 230 rebels (including Hill) were outnumbered and overwhelmed by 600 Mexican troops.

Returning to California where longshoremen in San Pedro walked off the job in 1912, Hill was secretary of the strike committee. This meant that by 1913 it was impossible for a Wobbly like Hill to get employment on the waterfront. And that was how he wound up in Utah and found himself framed for the murder of a grocer. The “proof” of his guilt was the IWW card in his pocket. As Adler tells us: “To read the front page of a Salt Lake City newspaper in the five months of 1914 between Hill’s arrest and his trial was to be exposed almost daily to lurid stories of migrating plagues of Wobblies decimating everything in their path from coast to coast” (221) “In short, to newspaper readers (and potential jurors) in Salt Lake City, Hill was a murderous, larcenous, bomb-throwing alien anarchist who in his spare time wrote inflammatory revolutionary songs” (218).

In a recent movie about J. Edgar Hoover there is a scene in which Wobblies are pictured as firing on a parade of returned American veterans from World War One. But this scene is a complete distortion of what really took place. It mirrors the distortions of the press of 1919 when it set out to describe what happened on that Armistice Day right here in Centralia Washington.

Some years ago, in the underground area just south of the Public Market, there used to be Shorey’s antiquarian bookstore. Noting that “many scarce items” turn up only rarely and though they are in great demand their high price is prohibitive, Shorey’s set out to offer inexpensive reprints. Thus one lucky day I happened to find an 80-page booklet called *THE CENTRALIA CONSPIRACY* written by IWW leader Ralph Chaplin around 1920. Chaplin explained how the “general public, denied the true version of the affair, was shuddering over its morning coffee at the thought of IWW desperados shooting down unoffending paraders from ambush.” The *SEATTLE UNION RECORD* was closed down for “daring to hint that there were two sides to the story.” And Chaplin tells us that sentences of up to 14 years were meted out to those “having in their possession copies of periodicals which contained little else but the truth about the Centralia tragedy.”

The fact is, several soldiers in uniform were indeed shot and killed that day. But they were not innocently walking down the street. They were shot as they were smashing through the door of the IWW hall as a prelude to doing further damage to life and limb. And leading the shooting was another American

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veteran on the other side of the door who just happened to be a Wobbly as well.

In April of 1918 there had been another IWW hall in Centralia and it had been attacked by members of a parade “who broke ranks and leaped to their work with a will.” As Chaplin describes this earlier raid, “the building was stormed with clubs and stones. Every window was shattered and every door was smashed, the very sides of the building were torn off...The union men were surrounded, beaten and driven to the street where they were forced to watch furniture, records, typewriter and literature demolished and burned before their eyes....Then the mob surged around the unfortunate men who had been found in the union hall. With cuffs and blows they were dragged to waiting trucks where they were...knocked prostrate one at a time...Some were taken to the city jail and the rest were dumped unceremoniously on the other side of the county line. Since that time the wrecked hall has remained tenantless and unrepaired. Grey and gaunt like a house in battle-scarred Belgium, it stands a mute testimony of the labor-hating ferocity of the lumber trust.”

The following year, on October 20, with the Wobblies renting a new hall, lumber employers convened in the Elks Club to “deal with the IWW problem.” F.B. Hubbard opened the meeting by declaring that the IWW “was a menace and should be driven out of town.” But police chief Hughes disagreed. He stated: “The IWW is doing nothing wrong in Centralia...You have no right to drive them out.” Hubbard was furious: “It’s a damned outrage...If I were chief of police they wouldn’t stay here 24 hours!”

Soon a vigilante committee was meeting in secret and one Warren Grimm on November 6 was elected head of the Centralia American Legion. Having just returned from fighting the Bolsheviks in Siberia, Grimm was ready to lead the charge against what he called the “American Bolshevik.”

The Wobblies naturally were expecting trouble from the Armistice Day parade and their suspicions were confirmed when police chief Hughes revealed to a labor leader that “business men were organizing to raid the hall.” But this time the IWW men decided they would not allow themselves to be abused a second time. They would resist.

The first man who barged through the door of the union hall was Warren Grimm and, appropriately enough, he was the first to be shot and killed. The man who did most of the shooting, Wesley Everest,

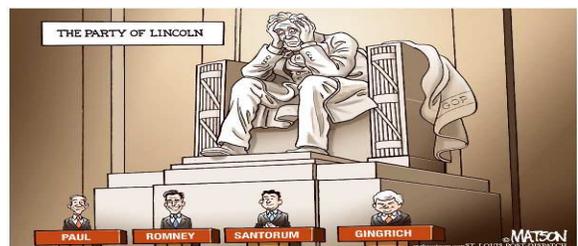
managed to jump the back fence. But the mob followed him. Before running out of ammo, Everest managed to plug one more of his pursuers who got too menacingly close. Then he attempted to fight with his fists but he was surrounded and pummeled. A hunting rifle was crashed full force into his mouth. That night a mob removed Everest from the jail and drove him to the Chehalis River bridge. In one final act of resistance Everest managed to punch one of his assailants full in the face. This caused him to be bound hand and foot and “gave one of the gentlemen his fiendish inspiration.” Producing a razor from his pocket he bent over the groin of the limp figure lying on the floor. “Suddenly there was a piercing scream of pain” and the hands of the gentleman with the razor became “as red as a butcher’s.”

At a subsequent meeting of the Elks Club, coroner Livingstone, “in a jocular mood,” recounted the final moments of Everest’s life. He explained how Everest “had broken out of jail, gone to the Chehalis river bridge and jumped off with a rope around his neck. Finding the rope too short, he climbed back and fastened on a longer one; jumped off again, broke his neck, and then shot himself full of holes.”

Chaplin praises a “sane note” coming from Montana in “these dark days.” It came from Edward Bassett, Commander of the Butte post of the American Legion. Bassett declared: “The IWW in Centralia Washington who fired upon the men who were attempting to raid the IWW headquarters were fully justified in their act.” When you are attacked in your home or your office by a “mob bent upon unlawful violence,” Bassett added, “it is not only the right but the duty of the occupants to resist with every means in their power.”

Incidentally, our own Harry Bridges, landing in New Orleans at the age of 19, soon became a Wobbly. And the union he led from the thirties has carried on the proud IWW slogan: “An injury to one is an injury to all.”

Through all the years of repression and the whittling away of labor unions the ILWU has continued to stand tall. Surely the recent action by port truck drivers deserves to be saluted by all supporters of the ILWU and of worker solidarity.



Conversations With Harry

By Ian Kennedy

I was in San Francisco on a pleasure trip, and decided to see if I could catch up with Harry. As I walked into the Bar, I saw Harry sitting at our table with a man I didn't recognize. Harry looked angry and was very animated as Sue was trying to get the stranger to leave. As I approached, he got up and headed for the bar. Sue saw me, came over and said "Politics, I'll bring you your drinks in a few minutes." and off she goes.

I took off my topcoat and sat down. Harry was definitely not a happy camper. As Sue came over with our pitcher, Harry said "Sue, bring me a whiskey and a glass of milk." She raised her eyebrows at that request but didn't say anything. I poured my beer and waited. Harry finally looked over at me, "I don't understand how members of the working class can support these right wingers whose goal is to destroy the working class." He shakes his head in disgust.

"Repetition and sound bites." I respond. "The Right will repeat the message they want to get across so many times that people begin to believe it. All the conventional news medias are owned by the Right, and aren't going to give an opposing viewpoint. Most workers don't have the time nor the knowledge to read alternative publications." I pore a fresh glass as Sue hands Harry his drinks. He throws down the whiskey and sips on the milk. "That helps." he smiles.

The Bar was busy, so Sue hustles off to another customer. "She takes good care of me." Harry states. "I hear the EGT issue finally settled, give me the details." I sit up, "I haven't seen the contract yet, but I've heard that it is a substandard agreement. If it is, the Northwest Grain agreement is up again next year and they are going to want the same terms."

Harry shakes his head, "We can't afford to step back like that." He says. "Technology is doing enough damage to the workforce. When you see the difference in the man-hours to work a ship today, compared to, say 1965. It blows one's mind." he continues.

"And it's not over yet. Robotics are slowly coming to the waterfront. When it is completed, you'll be lucky to see more than one or two Union people on the docks.

Hell, if the employers have their say, all the work will be done in Utah without any Longshoremen, or women. The military fly unmanned planes, (drones) and they will soon be in use by civilians and Corporations. (Talk about Big Brother.) Rio Tinto is

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The Adventures of Sam McCoy: 47 years on the Seattle Waterfront 1894 – 1941

By Ron Magden, Part One: Sam takes on the Waterfront Employers Fink Hall Boss

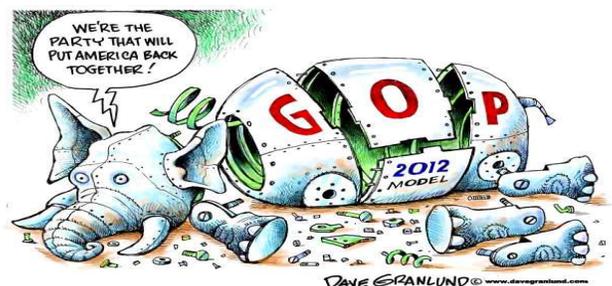
In 38 years of interviewing, researching and writing the union history of Puget Sound longshore workers I have never read about a more incredible waterfront docker than Samuel McCoy. Born on a Georgia tenant farm in 1874 to recently freed African American slaves, Sam had to get out of the county because of his advanced views on racial equality. He "rode the railroad rods" to the Renton, Washington coal mines. He first appears on the Seattle docks in 1894 packing wheat. He's 20 years old, cocky, smart, talkative, physically strong, and union TO THE CORE. His implacable enemy is Jack Ferguson, manager of the employers' fink hall).

On March 8, 1905 Sam McCoy accosted Jack Ferguson at shape-up time in front of the Pacific Steamship dock:

"You've formed a clique here to run things on the waterfront and you're a shill for the bosses. No one can get a job if you don't like him. You are bringing in a lot of dry climate stiffs for the bosses that can't pack a sack of dry sponges across Pioneer Square. You make them pay you and your cronies so much out of their wages for giving them a job."

Jack Ferguson replied with unprintable expletives, many of them referring to Sam's ancestry. Sam socked Jack and soon 50 waterfront workers were mixing it up with professional thugs hired by the employers. POLICE! POLICE! yelled bystanders as the paddy wagon screeched to a stop. The police arrested Sam McCoy for inciting a riot. He was hauled before his old friend Police Court Judge James T. Ronald who gave him 30 days in jail and fined him \$100 for third degree assault. Judge Ronald then suspended both penalties, on condition Sam behave.

Next Episode: Double Trouble. In the violent 1916 West Coast Longshore Strike Sam Takes on the Pinkerton National Detective Agency Spy in Seattle, George Reese, who had worked himself into being in charge of the Seattle Longshore Union's Flying Squad



Calmar

By Jon Halgren

I yelled to Carl, "The Dispatcher says there is a 5:30 pm dispatch for a Calmar, Discharging steel in Aberdeen. It could be two days. It is very heavy in all ports and the dispatcher asked if we would be coming to the hall for the dispatch."

Getting back to the hold, Carl started reviewing the payday. "Travel time, hotel, meals, bus fare, wages for tomorrow, with lunch and dinner we could do alright."

"I will go if we make the same gang."

OK, we went to the hall for the 5:30 dispatch. The travel peg was only a row away from us and we started counting heads.

We made the same gang. We would get paid for a hotel tonight, the night before we started the job. It was an 8:00 AM start.

"Do you need two hours to have dinner and pack your bag? I will leave my car at the Navy and you can pick me up there. OK?"

"Sounds good to me. Do you have cash if the hotel does not take credit cards?"

"I think I have enough for the hotel and breakfast."

In less than three hours we were pulling into Aberdeen. Steam was being released at the mills. There was enough security lighting to see the plumes of steam. We stopped at a motel across from the Wishkah Mall

Carl got the TV going, and had the late news on. I think I started to saw logs before my head hit the pillow.

There was a little restaurant across the street. We walked over. It was about 7:15. This was a small Mom & Pop concern. Eggs, hash browns, bacon and toast hit the spot. Even the coffee was good. We finished our second cup of coffee and headed to the pier.

There were trucks in line. Some has stretched trailers, and a few had double trailers. There was one with a double chassis and a buggy to steer where the Co-pilot is sitting under the cargo.

The Aberdeen guys were right on the ball. Eight o'clock were going up the gangway to discharge, parts and pieces of a bridge. This was a first to have prefabricated bridge, manufactured in Bethlehem, Maryland, and assembled on the West coast. We

Final Dispatch

PENSIONERS

Dale Mortensen 19

SURVIVORS

Helen Jackson 19

Karhryn Jacroux 98

wondered if this would bring a flood of work. The first piece out of #2 hatch was a little one of about 35 feet. That allowed the second piece of some 120 feet to be hoisted. It was an easy pick to lift, landing it was another story. Trying to line up the trailers and the co-pilot made it a difficult task. Finally the deck man picked the load up and held it close to the ship. "Ask the driver to go around and come as close to the ship as possible, staying straight."

Straight as an arrow was what we needed. The cargo was centered on the trailers and the driver was ready to head out. This piece needed a lead car and a follow car, as they were not here this load would have to move out of the way.

The Seattle deck man had worked numerous steel jobs and was use to 40, 50, or 60 foot steel beams. The Aberdeen deck man was doing well. Steady as she goes, and be careful, we would sometimes tell each other.

Construction had started on the bridge and some of the pieces were needed sooner than others. We started picking and choosing so we could deliver pieces that could go directly to the bridge. We did not want to put 60 foot beam on a chassis and basically take him out of the line up.

Australia

During March, The Maritime Union of Australia (MUA) held their convention, and the Pacific Coast Pensioners' Association (PCPA) was invited to send delegates.

Each area selected one member from pensioners that wanted to attend. From the Washington area, Raul Uranga was selected. The PCPA agreed to pay the airfare and The MUA covered hotels and meals. Carl Woeck and John Fisher went along as observers. The MUA veterans showed them a great time during their stay.

Our International officers were present and spoke on the struggle with EGT and thanked all those present for the support that they gave us.

Carl, John and Raul will write up an in-depth report for our next issue.

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Correspondence

From TOM BAKKEN, \$70.00 for dues and the rest goes to the Rusty Hook.
Thanks TOM

From PETER CHELEMEDOS, \$128.00 for 2012 dues and donation to the Rusty Hook.
Thank you PETER.

From CARL WOECK, \$30.00 for dues and the Rusty Hook.
Thank you CARL.

From DAVE WOECK, \$28.00 for 2012 dues.
Thanks DAVID.

From BILL WOECK, \$28.00 for 2012 dues.
Thanks BILL.

From AL VREY, \$80.00 for 2012/2013 dues and the rest to the Rusty Hook.
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From FRANK HOLBERG, \$10.00 for 2012 assessment.
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From JAMES "PYTHON" BURNS, \$10.00 assessment for 2012.
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From KIM ROSS, \$50.00 for the Rusty Hook.
Thank you so much KIM. We are all still so saddened at the loss of Joe. You are both in our prayers.

From RAUL URANGA, \$40.00 for 2012 dues and the rest to the Rusty Hook.
Thanks RAUL.

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Thanks so much ROGER and welcome to the club.

From ROB EVERITT, \$128.00 for dues and donation to the Rusty Hook.
Thanks ROB and have a good time in Washington DC.

From SHIRLEY McCABE, \$30.00 for 2012 dues and the rest to the Rusty Hook.
Thanks a lot SHIRLEY.

From LONNIE NELSON, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. We are so glad you are part of our club.
Thank you LONNIE.

From PETE KOLLOEN, \$25.00 for 2012 assessment and the rest to the Rusty Hook.
Thanks PETE.

From TED HANSON, \$28.00 for 2012 dues.
Thank you TED.

From JERRY STORVIK, \$100.00, \$28.00 for dues and \$72.00 for the Rusty Hook.
Thank you so much JERRY.

Conversations With Harry *From Page 4*

using Robotic trucks in mines in Australia and South Africa. And they also have Robotic trains," With that said, I refill my glass and drain it, only to refill it again. Harry looks at me, "And do they have the technology to mechanize the docks?" he asks.

I respond, "I would say yes. My thinking is, they have had it for some time, I mean, if you look at Rotterdam, they have one facility that is almost fully automated. I would guess that cost is playing a part in them putting it off this long. But costs come down, and soon, maybe as soon as when the economy recovers. Then you'll see a big push to automate."

Harry caught Sue's eye and ordered another whiskey for himself and beer for me, (I don't know why he didn't order me a whiskey.) The Bar had thinned out, so, when Sue brought us the whiskey and Pitcher of beer, she pulled out a chair and a glass, sat down and helped herself to the beer, she also filled my glass. "Well, she asks, "what's the big topic tonight?"

Harry smiles, "Automation, I sure hope it never hits the Bar Industry." "God," she says, "What would I have to do for tips." We all laugh. She continues, "I can't see that ever happening. Hell, half the customers come here to see me, the place would close up."

We continue the light banter for another fifteen or twenty minutes, when Harry jumps up, puts on his top-coat, waves at us and heads for the door, not too unsteadily. Sue sighs, and we sit quietly finishing off the pitcher. She gets the Bill as I'm going through my wallet. I pay her, with the usual good tip. We do want to keep her around.

Seattle ILWU Pensioner's Club Annual Luncheon



Thursday, May 24, 2012
White Center Eagles
10452 – 15th Ave. S.W.
White Center, WA 98146
Social Hour 11:00-11:45a.m.
No Host Bar
Guest Speakers 11:45-12:30
Lunch @ 12:30
Cost \$20.00

All Active members, pensioners, and family are invited to attend our annual luncheon. If you have never been to our Luncheon, this is a great opportunity to have lunch and visit with our pensioners, old friends, and buddies you have worked with for many years.

Tickets can be purchased at the Pensioner's Club @ Local 19 on Monday, Wednesday, & Friday between 9:00 am & 12:30 pm. You may also order by phone, 206-623-7461.

SEE YOU THERE !!!!

Please respond by May 20, 2012

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PLEASE SELECT ONE OF THE CHOICES PER PERSON:

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