

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



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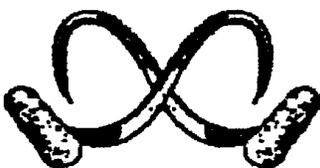
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A Few Post Election Leftovers

By Dave Chaddock

After the election there will still be many urgent problems either un-addressed or only superficially addressed. True, the election itself is not entirely without significance. But so much attention, so much money, so much time is devoted to it, that one would expect it to pregnant with momentous possibilities. But I will argue that this is not really the case.

First of all, I really like President Obama and I plan to vote for him. Liking someone is not a sufficient reason to vote for someone, to be sure, but take a close look at his opposition. The Governor of South Carolina was so pumped by her successful luring of Boeing jobs that she gushed about an enthusiastic crowd of “non-union” workers who greeted this coup. Note that the word “non-union” is a positive word at the Republican convention. Not mentioned at this convention is the fact that South Carolina has blown its public pension system to a degree that is worse than any other state in the union. The person in charge of it until recently, Robert I. Borden, was fond of driving around in his yellow Lamborghini as he pondered which Wall Street hedge fund to gamble with workers retirement funds. Not surprisingly, while Borden was given a 37% raise, to top off his salary at \$485,000 a year, and while management fees, which cost South Carolina \$22 million in 2005 and rose to \$344 million in 2011, its pension fund dropped nearly 30%. As a lawyer who is suing South Carolina declared: “The

guy you want running a state pension fund is in green eyeshades with an old-time adding machine, crunching numbers, not a guy driving around town in a yellow Lamborghini” (NYT, 6-10-12).

This South Carolina disaster is typical of the biggest problem facing the United States today. Conniving profit-seeking sharks are running wild while working people are getting the shaft. How much of this will change even if Obama is re-elected? And remember there will still be bastions of reactionary strength in Congress to oppose any progressive move. And probably 90-year-old Supreme Court justices down the road for back-up.

In his most recent book, Joseph Stiglitz discusses a great many of the devices being used by the 1% to retain their dominant position. Why is it that speculators pay less tax than people who work for a living? Why is it that corporate taxes that used to provide 30% of federal revenues in the 50’s now only account for less than 9% of them? Why is it that what used to be called a “performance bonus” has been re-named a “retention bonus” when, as Stiglitz puts it, in many cases “the only thing being retained was bad performance.” Why is it that, as market-generated inequality has reached new heights, the U.S. government is doing less and less to temper it? (Take a look at this book: *The Price of Inequality*).

In many ways, Mitt Romney seems to typify the worst of the excesses of the Ayn Randish school of economics.

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The “I’ve got mine, Jack” school. It all started way back when the first big money monopolists got free land grants in return for building railroads and then claimed that their exalted position was due to their special efforts and talents, while the vast majority were called “moochers” who would be lost and cut adrift if “Atlas shrugged.”

It is very encouraging to me to see the popularity of such things as “The Colbert Report” and the “Daily Show” and Lawrence O’Donnell and Thom Hartmann. How can the lies of the bought-off Republicans survive these logical onslaughts? I imagine old-timers in the heartland continuing to be faithful to the ideologies instilled in them from their adolescence, but what about their rebellious children watching late-night TV? This is a new phenomenon that did not exist in the days of my own youth.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that, even as Romney seems to be painting himself into a corner, the Democratic Party in its program fails to dig deeply enough. Stiglitz points out that when he and Robert Reich, back in Clinton days, advocated cracking down on so-called “corporate welfare” – subsidizing corporations, which Stiglitz assumed would be a no-brainer getting “broad consensus”, he was brought up short by Treasury Secretary Rubin who declared that this policy was an attempt to “wage class warfare.” Moreover, whenever potential nominees for the Fed surfaced, if they “deviated from the party line that markets are self-regulating,” there would be a huge outcry until a more trustworthy person could step forward.

As Stiglitz points out, the bankers not only get the right to write the rules of the game, but also to choose their own referees – “people appointed to the regulatory agencies who are sympathetic to their perspectives.” Turning to foreign policy, the inadequacy of the Democratic Party becomes even more glaring. True, it was the befuddled Bush administration that stupidly invaded Iraq with the result that a land completely innocent of explosions now suffers routinely from days in which 100 persons die from suicide bombers. But an even greater potential danger is posed by the unqualified support of the Israeli regime, which threatens nearby countries with nuclear weapons, while Iran is unfairly pictured as an even greater threat. Why do we forget about the fact that Iran became an opponent of the U.S. only after the U.S. overthrew its legitimate government back in the 1950’s? Why does the U.S. give all-out support to Israel even as it oppresses the Palestinians?

Colonialists who first invaded the Middle East made use of oppressed minorities in each area in order to seize control. Thus the Jews were backed in Palestine. The Sunnis were supported in Iraq. The Christians in Lebanon. And in Syria the Alawites were put in power, so that today Syrian refugees in Jordanian refugee camps declare: “I hate the Alawites... We are going to kill them with our knives, just like they killed us” (NYT, 9-4-12). The U.S. is not helping to alleviate these conflicts. Rather, it is augmenting them.

In the Far East, the U.S. began making deals with the Japanese aggressors even before the end of World War Two, ordering Japanese troops to hold key positions in a vain attempt to “save” China for Chiang Kai-shek. In South Korea it backed Japanese-trained brutal militarists who helped bring about the Korean War, a war intended, along with the remnant Chiang regime on Taiwan, of rolling back what was considered the menace of Chinese Communism. In that war, the horrific “germ war” research of Japanese war criminal Ishii (protected from punishment by the U.S. so it could appropriate his secrets) was put into operation against the innocent population of Korea and China, as I have documented in a book soon to be published. And although it was decided in the Cairo Declaration in December of 1943 that Japan should return all the territory it had seized from China, the U.S. arbitrarily made an exception by allowing Japan to retain control of the Diaoyu Islands in a “backroom deal” on June 17, 1971 (See China Daily Sept. 14). Most recently all of China is in an uproar over the Diaoyu Islands. China is no longer the “sick man of Asia” for Japan to push around. Yet Japan, protected by the United States, has never fully faced up to the reality of its crimes the way Germany has done. Forty years ago this month China and Japan signed a treaty to normalize relations. But now exchanges with Japan are being cancelled one after another. China’s Vice Foreign Minister Fu Ying on Sept. 14 declared that “what used to be a warm spring of inter-actions” has suddenly “given way to an Arctic winter” as many cancellations are “like lamps switching off one after another.” As Japan is being forced to confront its past, what will be the role of the U.S.? (Just one more post-election tidbit to ponder.)

Did you know? All Registered A & B Members can join the Pensioners Club. Just stop by the Pensioners office downstairs in back of the E-Board room. Come in say hello and sign up. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 10am to 1pm.

More Hides

By Jon Halgren

A worker just wants a days pay. The dispatcher sent four of us to Terminal 102. Yes, the dispatch slip showed in red letters "Hides". Only recently, we made the pool. We did not know what hides meant. We would for surely know before the day was finished.

As I parked in the parking lot, I noticed that one of the fellows from the call back was putting on outer booties over his work boots. This is a little strange, as work boots are for working all jobs.

The boss told us to go to the rail car at door #27. Before we could leave he gave us booties, rubber gloves and a large apron. These items were to protect our cloths. Why would we need this protection?

The first task we had was to open the door of the boxcar. The juices were very ripe, and had a horrific stink. The rock salt seemed to be used very liberally. I suspect the grower of the hides gets paid on a tonnage basis. The more salt used the greater amount of juice is held in the rail car. As the door came open and the smell was like nothing before what I had experienced. One of us lost his breakfast and he went to the phone to call for a replacement. We will not use his name. Not only did it smell to high heaven but also you could see maggots jumping around.

This was a job out of the boxcar and into to a container. The container was lined with a heavy tarp in hopes of minimizing damage to the container. Some containers have interior lined with a heavy fiberglass or a type of plastic. The steam cleaner could make the interior look good as new.

To unload the hides we considered using a scoop bull. The Boss came in on our second scoop. "Oh no. Damage is too great. We do not want a claim for the damage to hides. Man handles them. If you make a ruff stow they will slide, and you will do it twice." No fun.

As we picked up the hide, maggots would fly and juice would squirt. The talking stopped, as we did not want juice getting in our mouth.

The replacement from the hall got a whiff, of that strange aroma and he went to the telephone and ordered a replacement.

We kept pulling the hides. The tie ropes that made a nice bundle were starting to wear on the fingers. There is no easy way to work hides.

Charlie did allow us to make a load on the push bull and then drive it into the container for stowage. This did make one-half of the job easier. We learned

the hard way that you do not want a leaning stow. We had talked about it just minutes earlier, when about 30 hides came sliding toward the opening. We were lucky. It took about 20 minutes to reload the work. We lowered the landing gear and that took the slide tendency away, but we did pay attention to what we were doing.

When we got the right number of hides loaded, we would get a bag or two of sawdust and make a barrier to hold the juices inside the container. No one wanted juice on their truck, pier, or on the deck of a ship. If the sawdust was overlooked or forgotten, it was noticeable. Almost immediately juice would be running out of the container.

Do you remember walking to school after a rain that made puddles? Were you like most kids and tried to splash the water by jumping into the puddle? Working hides you tried to do the opposite. We knew that the juice does splash and we tried to avoid it.

One of the guys said that when he worked hides his dog just loves him.

The Adventures of Sam McCoy, 47 Years on the waterfront 1894 - 1941

Part One: Sam Takes on The Waterfront Employers Fink Hall Boss

By Ron Magden

(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

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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.

Murder at Pier 46

By Dave Chaddock

Many of us had been following the progress of a seagull family in plain view at the south end of Pier 46. First there was the female sitting patiently on the eggs. Then there were the tiny newborn balls of fluff, three of them. The youngsters grew rapidly. But one morning in late spring they were no longer to be seen. What had happened? A horrified crane operator was an eyewitness. A semi driver, first throwing cones at the defenseless baby birds, whose wings had not yet developed, then proceeded to run them all over.

The next day the parents, perched atop containers near the nest site, were still on watch as if the events of the previous night had all been a bad dream, and their youngsters might magically re-appear. Last year the same couple (I could easily identify them by the distinctive shape of their feet) had also produced three offspring which managed to grow old enough to fly. But at least two of them (and the third one also disappeared) were eventually run over (hopefully by accident!) The first one to get hit had snagged his legs in some fishing gear and had to hobble on the ground, so he was not as adept at dodging trucks.

The first thought one might have in reflecting upon this year’s incident – what is the world coming to? – should be tempered by another one. The true spirit of our humanity on the docks is reflected in the universal outrage expressed by longshoremen, truck drivers and security officers when they learned about what had happened.

Birth of Everett Stevedores Union 1892

By Ron Magden

(First in a Series of Short Histories of Pacific Northwest Longshore Unions)

Birth of Everett, Washington Stevedores, Longshoremen and Riggers Union Local Number One November 7. 1892

When the three-masted down-easter Abner Coburn docked at the (Port Gardner) Everett Land Company Wharf, the ship was met by 25 men who had organized themselves into Longshore and Stevedores Local One. The new union had adopted the scale of longshoremen’s wages prevailing on Puget Sound, fifty cents an hour and the rotation of work system. The old employer scale, \$2.16 a day, no matter how many hours it took, was not a livable wage. Wharf Manager Whitney ordered the John D. Rockefeller Nail Factory hose turned on and doused the longshoremen. Guns drawn, the guards ordered the unionists off the dock.

The strikers said they had no intention of doing violence to anyone or any property. They were Everett family men working off the dock or street for \$2 a day. The men insisted on their right to “bring all honorable influences to bear upon other workers to agree to a livable wage scale.” Using the scabs available, the Colburn unloading proceeded so slowly and became so costly that Wharf Manager Whitney met with John Mills, president of the Longshore Local, and agreed to hire only unionists and acceded to their 50-cents-an-hour proposition. The moral of the 1892 Everett longshore union founding is not to meet violence with violence but to make the employer pay so dearly he will finally see the light.

Partial List of Charter Members:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Stanley Bainesen | John Mills - New York |
| H. F. McKennan | Paul Tolsman - Wisconsin |
| James Cullen - Canada | Robert Parsons - Massachusetts |
| Holston Davis - Maine | John Wiley - Rhode Island |
| John Johnson - Norway | |



Conversations With Harry

By Ian Kennedy

Michele and I decided to take a few days in San Francisco, so I timed it to coincide with my visit with Harry. After two days of museums, we took a sunny afternoon and spent it at Golden Gate Park. After an early dinner, I dropped Michele at our hotel and headed for the Bar. As I was early, I enjoyed a couple of beers before Harry arrived.

When he entered and saw me, he nodded as he walked over, "It sure is a beautiful evening, isn't it? How come your looking so peaceful?" he asked.

Returning his smile, I said "We came down a couple of days ago to just spend some time in the city." Harry had already finished his first beer and was refilling our glasses. After a few minutes of contemplating our beers, I ask, "What would you like to cover tonight?"

"Well, national elections are coming up, or you just had elections for International officers. Was there anything of interest in either of those topics?"

I gave it some thought before responding. "Our elections, there were challenges to the International offices and only one Coast Committeeman was challenged, and Leal Sundat won his seat back." I took a few sips of my beer while I gave thought to our national elections. "Romney keeps shooting holes in his foot, or is it feet? Obama, now he's something else. He hasn't turned out to be the friend of the working class as he tried to portray himself four years ago." I sit back thinking, the empty beer glass in my hands. Sue comes over with a fresh pitcher, refills my glass.

"Fifty or so years ago," Harry starts out. "the Republican Party was slightly right of center, today it is far right. The Democratic party was slightly left of center, but as the Republicans moved right, so did the Democrats. So, who's representing the Working class?"

"Thats the big problem." I add, "Both parties receive the majority of there funds from the big Corporations, so how can we support either candidate? The only difference is the Republicans will hit us harder, but at least with them, we know it's coming. Just look at how our own Democratic Governor went after the Ferry workers, and it really hasn't stopped." I sit back, thinking about the state of government.

Harry waves Sue over, "I think we need a couple of whiskeys and a milk for me." Sue nods and

Final Dispatch

PENSIONERS

James "Jimmy" Dean 52
Jessie Toro Sr. 98
Rudolph Martinez 19
Mervin L. Smythe 19

SURVIVORS

Laura Botler 19
Laura Latta 19

heads for the bar. "Times are hard with so many people out of work. But that means you have to put some real pressure on those who want your vote. Make them move to the left. Make them put up bills that help the masses, not the few. You can't just shake your head in agreement, you have got to hit the bricks and make those Politicians tow the line. They're not going to work for you unless you keep their toes to the fire, make them feel the heat."

Sue has brought over the drinks and Harry sips his whiskey with a smile, then takes a drink of the milk. "We can't get any worse than Romney, here's a man who has no morals, in my opinion." I interjected. "Those are some strong words." Harry responds. I sip my whiskey, "When he set up Bain Capital, he was having trouble getting backers through the regular channels, so he went down to Florida and met with a bunch of Salvadorians. This was the same group of people who funded the death squads in El Salvador. You can't tell me that he didn't know, he's not that dumb, is he?"

Harry is shocked to hear this, as I was when I first heard this. "I'm a little behind the times, what is Bain Capital?" Harry asks.

"Bain Capital is considered to be one of the world's leading private, alternative asset management companies. It was founded in 1984, with Romney as the major partner, (he has removed himself from an active roll but he still holds a large quantity of stock in the Company.) They are known to buy up companies, either themselves or through one of the Companies' subsidiaries, strip them of any value, then close them, putting all the workers on the street. Or, they will partner up with a Chinese firm, bring Chinese workers over to be trained by the American workers, ship the jobs (and often the plants) over seas." Sue has stopped by and replenished our whiskey. I take a large drink, letting it warm me as it goes down.

"You're sure about the death squads?" Harry asks. I respond, "When Bain was set up, the Central Americans provided about \$9 million, or about 40% of it's

CWH Continued from page 5

initial outside funding. Those Central Americans were part of the de Sola and Salaverria families. Both families were major funders of the Arena Party that was founded by the leader of the Death Squads, who, when in power, continued to direct the Death Squads. These are the people that killed Archbishop Oscar Romero and the four Nuns. These Death Squads continued to operate well after the founding of Bain and Romney first getting money from them."

Harry is sitting back with his hands around and looking into his whiskey glass, "It's one hell of a world you live in, isn't it?"

"On another note, the prosecutor in Longview that tried President McEllrath, you remember, the trial that ended in a hung jury. Well he decided to retry Bob, and that will be either the last week in September or the first week of October. It should be all over by the time this comes out."

Harry shakes his head, slips into his jacket and heads for the door, not a word does he utter. Sue, seeing him go, whips out our tab and with a smile, hands it to me.

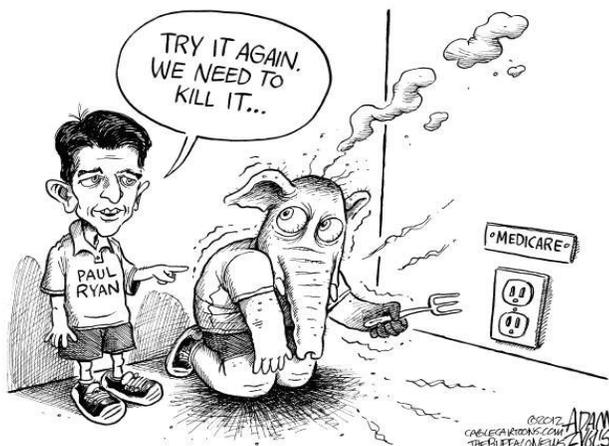
PCPA E. Board & Convention

Due to illness, I was unable to attend either the Executive Board or Convention.

The only office that was contested, was that of Treasurer, the new Treasurer is Greg. Mitre from Southern California. The new Executive Board representative from Seattle is Michele Drayton. I understand everyone had a great time.

If space permits, I will do a summery of the Executive Board and Convention (once I get the minutes,) for the next issue.

In Solidarity,
Ian Kennedy



David Olson First Holder of the Harry Bridges Chair

David Olson passed away the morning of September 15th at the age of 71.

David Olson, a giant among men, will be missed, by me personally, but more importantly, by all of us in the ILWU. As the first holder of the HARRY BRIDGES CHAIR at the University of Washington, he was instrumental in the establishment of the Chair and Labor Center. He set a high standard for those that followed. His activities on our behalf did not end with the changing of the chair, as he continued his involvement up to the very end.

David was not one to sit back and let things happen. As a teacher, he was highly respected by his students. After lectures, he often received standing ovations. He developed life-long loyalties and friendships with many of his students.

As a scholar, he was highly regarded. He wrote major works on the riot/rebellions of the 1960s and on the commissions that followed. He wrote extensively on Port politics and became an authority on Northwest Ports. He co-authored works on union democracy, living wages, as well as the "Battle in Seattle." He predicted many of the problems that are now facing the ports of the Northwest.

David was proud of his Norwegian heritage and was active in the faculty exchange program between the UW and the University of Bergen. In 2006 he was knighted by King Harald of Norway.

My favorite story about David took place in University Village, one bright and sunny day, I was coming out of the Apple Store and there were 12 to 18 people in the vicinity. As I came out, I saw David walking by, I yelled out "Hey old man," the only person that turned around was David Olson. It became a standing joke between us.

Hey Old Man, you are going to be missed.

"Ave atque vale."

A memorial for David will be held November 16th from 3pm to 5:30pm at Kane Hall on the UW Campus, room 210, a reception will follow in the Walker-Ames Room.

In Solidarity,
Ian Kennedy

("ave atque vale is Latin and means Hail and farewell Brother)

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

Correspondence

From JOE YASUDA, \$200.00 for 20 years assessment. Thank you JOE.

From JOHN VLASIC, \$50.00 for 5 years assessment. Thank you JOHN.

From HAROLD THOMAS, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks HAROLD.

From KIM PROCTOR, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks KIM.

From CHERYL MILLER, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thank you CHERYL.

From RON MARSHEL, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks RON.

From WAYNE ERICKSON, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks WAYNE.

From CLIFF VINJE, \$100.00 for 10 years assessment. Thank you CLIFF and COLLEEN.

From ART WALLACE, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thank you ART.

From CLINT STUBSJOEN, \$100.00 for 10 years assessment. Thank you CLINT.

From JOHN WOLD, sent in by his son ERIK WOLD, \$100.00 for 10 years assessment. Hope you are feeling much better. Thank you JOHN and ERIK.

From ROSE LAFFOON for JERRY LUI, \$50.00 for 5 years assessment. Thank you so much ROSE.

From MIKE CASO, \$28.00 for 2012 dues and \$200.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you MIKE and I hope we are all good democrats too. Get out and vote.

From FRED KAGEYAMA, \$28.00 for 2012 dues and \$72.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you so much FRED.

From BUD LUND, \$100.00 for 10 years of assessment and \$100.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you BUD.

From TED LEONARD, \$10.00 for 2012 assessment and \$90.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you TED.

From RANDY WILBER, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks RANDY.

From DALE HARKINSON, \$56.00 for 2012 and 2013 dues and \$100.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you DALE.

From RON CRABTREE, \$10.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you RON.

From SHIRLEY McCABE, \$10.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you SHIRLEY.

From BOB WOECK, \$28.00 for 2012 dues and \$7.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thanks so much BOB.

From AL POLLARD, \$28.00 for 2012 dues. Thanks AL.

From STEVE GEHRKE, \$20.00 for 2 years assessment. Thanks STEVE.

From THERESA TORO in memory of JESSE TORO, \$100.00 to the Rusty Hook. Thank you so much THERESA. We were all blessed to have JESSE in our lives.

From RICHARD & JOAN GUNDERSON, \$100.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you RICHARD & JOAN.

From CHARLIE McBRIDE, \$10.00 for 2012 assessment and \$90.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you very much CHARLIE.

From GERALD PIRTTILA, \$100.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you so much GERALD.

From ERNIE SHIPMAN, \$200.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thank you, thank you so much ERNIE & DOROTHY.
From STEVE McMANUS, \$20.00 for the Rusty Hook. Thanks STEVE.

From GARY KALDESTAD, \$28.00 for 2012 dues & \$12.00 to the Rusty Hook. Thank you GARY.

From FRANK SEARLES, \$40.00 for 4 years assessments and \$160.00 to the Rusty Hook. Thank you so much FRANK.



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