

**DOCK WALLOPER;
THE STORY OF "BIG
DICK" BUTLER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649079353

Dock walloper; the story of "Big Dick" Butler by Richard J. Butler & Joseph Driscoll

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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RICHARD J. BUTLER & JOSEPH DRISCOLL

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DICK" BUTLER**

DOCK WALLOPER

The Story of
"BIG DICK" BUTLER

By **RICHARD J. BUTLER**
& **JOSEPH DRISCOLL**

FOR the real low-down on New York, this is the book. Tourists don't know this side of the town at all; many a resident is equally ignorant. Startling frankness characterizes this story of a giant Irishman from London who fought his way up from the waterfront slums to the New York State Assembly and won international renown as the forceful ruler of longshoreman activities in the Port of New York during the World War.

Dick Butler is the man who smuggled Harry Thaw out of Matteawan. He was dangerously close to the Becker-Rosenthal murder case. He is no saint, as he himself says; he is a bit of a rogue and a rascal, and most charmingly so. But if you want to run for Governor or open a saloon or gambling house, consult Dick Butler by all means.

Big Dick has experienced the joys and sorrows of being elected and indicted, of being exalted and arrested, canonized and exorcised. He is a rare, racy character and the original tales he spins are as salty as the sea breeze that sweeps up the Hudson and ventilates his own beloved Hell's Kitchen.

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BY RICHARD·J·BUTLER
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JOSEPH DRISCOLL



G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS · NEW YORK

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AT THE VAN REES PRESS

INTRODUCTION

BIG DICK BUTLER is an original living character right out of Hell's Kitchen who is not to be confused with Trader Horn, Baron Munchausen or Sinbad the Sailor. What he relates is the gospel truth, mellowed and strengthened by age like the whisky of which he is so fond.

What a memory the man has! He remembers not only the nice things that prim people store away among their souvenirs, but a variety of happenings that are startling, indiscreet and highly unethical. Why, the man has no shame, you will say; and correct you are. Dick Butler lost his conscience in the cradle and he never regained it. He didn't even try to find it. In politics and the dock walloper's rough and ready world, he quickly learned a conscience was no great help to progress.

For unabashed frankness, the memoirs of Butler are akin to the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The comparison would please Butler. Not long ago he picked up a copy of Rousseau at a cut-rate Times Square shop because the book was cheap, and he reads it over and over because he thinks Jean was one swell guy, a bozo who was content to be himself and not a plaster saint.

INTRODUCTION

Seemingly Butler knows more people in all ranks of human society than any other New Yorker. He's on to everybody along Broadway and he's equally at home over in Hell's Kitchen or down at City Hall. He has friends among Governors and gangsters, politicians and thieves, judges and con men, cops and palookas, authors and actors, rum runners and speakeasy folk, show girls and waitresses. In politics, business and sport he knows Who's Who and also Why. He is the Peck's Bad Boy of the Big City.

He has been on familiar terms with Presidents and Mayors. He has rubbed shoulders with reformers, grafters, gamblers and bawds. He was never one to be choosy about his company. He is no saint, as he himself says; he is a bit of a rogue and a rascal, and most charmingly so.

He broke into politics under the colorful Big Chief Devery and was elected to the State Assembly by the simple expedient of bashing skulls and having his army of repeaters cast ten ballots at a time.

Politics was a springboard from which Big Dick proceeded to dive in all directions—into leadership of the longshoremen's, ironworkers' and teamsters' unions, the opening of one saloon after another and the promotion of enterprises ranging from boxing to rum running.

His literary associations were precious. He was waiting to guide David Graham Phillips to local color around the docks when Phillips was assassinated by a maniac. He was asked by Frank Harris to smuggle "My Life and Loves" into this country. It was as a favor for