

HOW LUCKY STORE'S IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ALLOWED A BLACK WOMAN TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A RACIST:

Back in 1985-86 I was working for a Lucky store supermarket in Northern CA. I was in management at this time and I was recently transferred to a store located in North Highlands. I had not been there very long and on Sundays I was the person who managed the store during the day's business. On this particular Sunday, it started off as any other day and I was doing my usual duties making sure the grocery store was operating efficiently. I had just completed a "cash pickup" from the registers to remove extra cash from the tills and then made a deposit. I left the manager's office and was planning on making another tour of the store to make sure bread, milk and eggs were filled and check out the other departments, when I noticed that one of the cashiers was not at their register. I questioned another cashier to find out where this cashier was and was told that she had taken a break and had left the store.

Hearing this, I decided I would open that register and take care of some customers until she returned. When she did return (her name was Jean Denson) and she came to relieve me at the register, I quietly mentioned to her that it is a common courtesy to inform the person in charge when they wanted to take a break. This was the procedure for when an employee wanted to take a break and I too had always taken a break by following this same procedure. She immediately told me to "shut up and get my fucking black ass out of her check stand." I was so taken back by her response to me that I told her I wanted her to clock out of her shift and go home. She refused to leave her work area. I told her again that I wanted her to leave the register and go home and she would not leave. Finally, she told me she wanted to talk to the Store Director (Matt Vanairsdale), who wasn't working on this day, on the phone. I told her I would call Matt on the phone, from the office, and she could talk to him. I made the phone call for her and she talked to Matt. Before I handed the phone to her, I indicated to Matt what had happened between Jean and me and that I had told Jean to go home. Matt and Jean talk for a while and Matt told her that if I told her to clock out and go home then she was to clock out and go home...in which she did.

The next day, Monday, I gave all of the details to Matt on what had happened. A courtesy clerk (Dirk) was a witness to everything that transpired between Jean and me at the register and verified my account of what took place. Note: Dirk was right at the end of the register where the groceries are bagged up and easily heard everything said between Jean and me. Matt then relayed all of this employee insubordination to the District Manager (Norm Millert), and Norm wanted Matt to suspend Jean for three days in which Matt did suspend Jean for three days without pay.

Sometime later, Matt was informed that Jean had contacted the union and filed a claim to recover the pay she lost from her three-day suspension. Jean was an African American, and she claimed I had used racial slurs to her when she returned back from her 10-minute break. Note: Jean left the store and went over to a Baskin Robbins ice cream shop to have an ice cream cone on a 10-minute break...and she did this without informing the person-in-charge. It was a common courtesy policy for an employee to let the person-in-charge know when they wanted to take a break, so this manager was aware of who was on a break. How would I look as a manager if Jean had been hit by a car while on her break and I had to tell my superiors that I did not know that Jean had taken a break. It should also be noted Jean Denson only made her racial claim against me when she went to the union to fight her suspension. She never made this claim to Matt on the day that she was sent home for her insubordination.

When Jean used racism, and the color of her skin, as a charge against me, the District Manager (Norm), interviewed Dirk (courtesy clerk witness), and asked him did he hear me say anything that was racial to Jean when she came back from her break and Dirk told Norm that I had said nothing in that regard. Jean had absolutely no witnesses that would attest to her claim that I had made a racial slur to her...because I didn't and I never had.

Matt, the store director, after he heard the racial references that Jean claimed I made to her, said to me "Frank, I didn't know you use those kinds of words." Matt and I had known each other for years and Matt knew I never used racial slurs.

So a date was set for Jean to have a hearing at the Union office. Knowing that I had a witness to everything that was said, and Jean didn't, I knew she could not prevail in her effort to reclaim the pay she lost from her suspension. On the day of the hearing, my witness (Dirk) and I showed up at the Union office, along with Lucky Stores Labor Relations Manager and John Burgos, a District Supervisor in Sacramento. Jean Denson was also present along with her union representatives but had absolutely no witnesses to back her claim.

The hearing started by Jean Denson being given the first opportunity to speak and she told her side of the story. She had no witness to her account of what took place and claimed she is a Christian and that she does not say the things that she was accused of saying to me when she returned back from her break.

Knowing that I did have a witness that would refute her entire story, I would now be looking forward to tell my side of the story. The problem is that I was never given a chance to share my side of the story because the hearing was stopped after her testimony so the union reps and my Company reps could confer in a private meeting without me, my witness and Jean being present. When they finally returned they announced that they would rule in Jean's favor and give her back her lost pay from the suspension and me and my witness, who were never given a chance to tell our side of story, with the truth, walked away from that hearing looking like racists. I could not believe that my company would now treat me just as disrespectful, at this hearing, as Jean Denson had treated me when she came back to the store at the end of her 10-minute-break. She used Christianity, the color of her skin and vicious lies to recover three days pay back for her being insubordinate to a guy who only requested that she let the person-in-charge know when she wanted to take a 10-minute-break.

What these unfair people at the Union and Lucky's representatives didn't know about me was that 15 years earlier when I lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to visit sick people at the hospital while I belonged to a Christian community. There was this one elderly woman I would see regularly during visiting hours in the evening. Her name was Catherine Drake and she had a machine connected to her, which I found out from a nurse that she was dying from leukemia. I would visit her and sometimes I would hold her hands to hopefully let her know that somebody was there with her. In fact, I also found out that this patient was a nurse herself when she was a younger woman.

One evening when I showed up at her hospital room, I discovered that she was no longer there and so I asked a nurse what had happened to Catherine. In an uncaring manner this nurse told me that she was probably at the morgue...and I was taken back by this nurse's cold response.

Being saddened by the fact this woman had died, I decided that I would find out where this woman's funeral service would be held and show my respect for her and attend this service. On the day of her funeral, I went to a store to pick up some flowers for her. I did not have much money on this day but what I did have I spent to get some pretty flowers and then I walked a number of miles to where the service was going to be held because I didn't have a car. I also took the time to write on a piece of paper a nice message for her that I would include with the flowers.

When I arrived at the church, the pastor was out front greeting those who came to show their respect for this woman. He greeted me with a big smile and I gave the flowers to him along with my message I had written for this woman. He thanked me and welcomed me into the church. I went inside and found a seat located somewhere in the middle of the church and sat waiting for the service to begin. The church was full of family and friends, many of whom were crying. Then this same Pastor who greeted me at the entrance of the church came out to deliver his eulogy and started it off by letting it be known that this woman had spent many years being a nurse and caring for others and this is what this woman dedicated her life to do.

During his eulogy I was stunningly surprised when his left arm drifted over to the side and pointed out some flowers nearby that he claimed was handed to him by a young man out in front of the church and astonishingly, it was the same flowers that I had given to him. And after he did that, he then read the message that I had written for this woman on a blank piece of paper and had given to him before I had entered the church. And he loudly spoke these words "God loved Catherine Drake so much, and we all loved Catherine Drake so much, that we all wanted the best for Catherine, and the best for Catherine is with God, the kingdom of heaven."

I could not believe my ears. The pastor then poetically carved out a eulogy from the words I had written on that piece of paper and connected it to biblical truths. I had tears rolling down my cheeks as the Pastor brought life and meaning into those few words. Nobody sitting in that church on that day knew I was the one who gave him the flowers and the caring message on that piece of paper. In fact, I didn't even sign the paper with the message on it so the pastor never knew who gave it to him. As I walked away from that funeral service on this day I realized I was probably the only "white" person sitting in that church who came to pay their last respect for Catherine Drake...who was an African American...maybe this is one of the reasons the black pastor highlighted my flowers and my message during the service. Nobody inside this church, showing their respect for Drake, cared at all that I was a white person. This was the greatest experience I have ever had and this happened before I turned 21 years of age. What is also interesting about this experience is that I may have been the last person on planet Earth to have held this woman's hands while she lived, and she never even knew who I was. I never saw anybody else come to visit her during the visiting hours at this hospital while she laid dying from her leukemia.

15 years after walking out of that church having this wonderful uplifting experience, I walked out of a Union arbitration hearing after being made into a racist by a woman who wanted to use the color of her skin to get back three days' pay for being justly suspended for insubordination. Nobody at that arbitration hearing cared one iota how I and my young witness felt walking away looking like a couple of low-life racists as it was more important for them to cuddle this woman in her "race" and cuddle this woman in her "lies", than make her accountable for her insubordinate behavior. Looking back, I realized this entire unfortunate experience took place because an AFRICAN AMERICAN Woman didn't like the idea that some "white guy" who was just transferred to the store she worked in had the audacity to tell her what to do, in a professional nice way, and that is the main reason she responded the way that she did to me when coming back from her break. It became apparent to me that nobody in management ever confronted this woman and were afraid to say anything to her, especially when she wanted to take a break without telling anyone in management, leave the store and enjoy an ice cream cone on a ten minute break...can you imagine a person leaving a store, walking over to an ice cream business, ordering an ice cream cone, consuming it there, walking back to the store and doing all of this on a 10-minute-break? I caught so many people stealing from Lucky stores and this was the way they treated me by paying a liar three days pay back for being insubordinate...and when she accepted this three days pay back, she then became a thief. In this true story, who was the real racist?

Note: Paul Walkins, an African American, a friend of mine at the time, whom I used to work with at a different Lucky store, told me after hearing this story, that he knows for a fact, that there are black people, who will use the color of their skin when their backs are against the wall. YES PAUL, UNFORTUNATELY, I EXPERIENCED JEAN DENSON.



John Burgos (pictured on the left), was the supervisor who represented Lucky Stores at Jean Denson's union arbitration and ruled in Denson's favor and witnessed me and the courtesy clerk dumbfounded by the entire sham. Here is another true story about Burgos: One night, around 2am, I received a phone call from a Lucky night crew. The night crew manager asked me if I would come to the store, in North Highlands, and help with a computer problem? I told him that I would and left my home to help him. When I got there I realized that there was an issue with the computer I couldn't resolve so I contacted Lucky's Store Systems to see if they could assist me as they were a 24-hour help. Store Systems told me that they would only help me if the District Supervisor called them to give them an approval to assist me. So I contacted John Burgos at home. He answered the phone and I apologized to him for calling him at that hour then asked him to assist me with this problem by contacting Store Systems to give me the approval for their after-hour assistance. When Burgos realized it was me on the phone, he angrily told me "don't you ever call

me at home again," and he rudely hung up the phone on me. Fifteen minutes after I was awakened by a Lucky store night crew to assist them at the store, in which I got out of bed, drove to the store, and was eager to assist them, John Burgos gets a call from me and tells me "don't you ever call me at home again," and rudely hung up the phone on me. This same Burgos once greeted an assistant manager he met for the very first time with these words: "Don't ever fuck with me." After the way Burgos rudely speaks to employees, It's no wonder Jean Denson told me to "shut up and get my fucking black ass out of her checkstand." She has probably passed away since then. Based on her testimony at the hearing she attended for her suspension (and the only testimony given), she claims to be a Christian. And knowing this, there's no doubt in my mind she's in heaven...and probably having an ice cream cone right now, on a 10-minute break and when she returns back from her break she will probably tell God to get his fucking black ass out of her TV room. ..how sad to know I experienced this woman. Burgos was just an arrogant guy walking around thinking he was something special. If humans are a sad joke, I have introduced you to two of them in this story.

Note: There was another incidence involving a young black courtesy clerk, who used racism as a way to cover for his behavior towards me. I was working at a Lucky store in Sacramento and I was in the register checking out customers. I nicely asked a courtesy clerk to help a customer out with her groceries. I didn't know this young man, but his response back to me was this: "If you say one more word to me I am going to knock your fucking head off your shoulder." His threat to me was heard by the customers, by the front end manager and other employees. I complained the next day to the manager (Shelton Campbell). Shelton questioned the black courtesy clerk about this and he told him that I made a reference that he was a "homeboy." I had never even heard that expression at that time. Plus, this guy had a lightening strike etched in his scalp and it was known that he belonged to a gang in the area...and he had the audacity to claim I would call him a "homeboy"...no witnesses to his claim and the manager didn't do anything to this young man even with a statement from the front end manager and other employees who were shocked by what he said to me.

My life was basically threatened by this guy and Lucky Stores did nothing. He should have been fired immediately. I had considered bringing a gun to work after receiving a threat like that. Just unbelievable. I found it interesting that this young black guy and Denson both used the word "fucking" at the checkstand and didn't even consider it wrong. I just can't imagine hiring a young man who was known as a person belonging to a local gang.

One additional note about the union that represented Lying Denson in her hearing: A number of years later I was supporting another union member and one of the union reps there made a comment to me that I was wrong in the case against Denson. He must have done some digging on my union history and found this case. He told me that Jean was the one who had the witness-I screamed him his face "I had the witness." I knew the UFCW was corrupt, and on this day I realized, the Union, to make the hearing appear fair and honest on paper, the union changed the facts to make it appear Jean had the witness. I told the clown at the Union that if Jean had a witness she would have never been suspended. Why would the company suspend a black employee when the black employee has a witness to verify that some other employee had made racial slurs against her. Not only did UFCW steal my dignity through the outcome of the hearing, but they victimized me again with the recording of the facts.

It just shows how corrupt our politics, our government agencies (FBI;DOJ;CIA;NSA) , our news media; our Churches, our Unions, etc., are....and I used to worry about somebody stealing a candy bar in a store...NOW I KNOW HOW MY DAD WAS ABLE TO CATCH NEARLY 9000 THIEVES IN HIS LIFE. Most of the people in this world are honest...it's the ones with the power who are the most corrupt individuals.

CLARIFICATION: I never suspended Jean Denson for three days. That was a decision for upper-management. I never even asked for Jean to be suspended for three days. I just wanted her out of the store on the day that she felt she was free to be so disrespectful to me, and brazenly do it around customers and other employees. I only relayed the facts to this event to those who wanted to know the facts and they took it from there. I had an honest witness, Employee Dirk, who heard everything. If upper-management was going to give back to her the three days pay that she lost than they should never have suspended her. Looking back, I should have retained an attorney and sued Lucky's for the way they resolved this issue and the way they treated me after the way Jean treated me. I was in management at the time and when you are in management you just let them do what they want just like they let Jean Denson do what she wanted to do to me.

CLARIFICATION: The Pastor of the church who did the eulogy for Catharine Drake, back in 1972, unintentionally misdelivered my written statement. Understand that he didn't read it from the paper I gave to him, he just memorized it and relayed it to those sitting in the congregation. But at end of what I wrote, I stated "and the best for Catherine is with God, the Kingdom of Heaven." However, I should have written it "and the best for Catherine is with God, AND the Kingdom of Heaven." Because after he spoke this in his eulogy, he next went into that thought there and said that he had been asked by people in the past the question "what is Heaven?" and said he has replied back to them "God is Heaven." So basically, the Pastor didn't get the correct intention or interpretation of what I wrote. However, who was I to correct him? I didn't know much about the Bible at that time, but he did, so I just let him go with whatever he wanted to say. I was just surprised that he used the short message that I wrote and gave to him in his eulogy. He didn't know me from Adam.

"I have a dream that my four little children will some day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character." MLK

Black Lives Matter and the content of their character matters more.

I didn't send a copy to John Burgos...The corrupt union changed the facts...I never did get a chance to check out the file...this was one of the most emotionally, damaging experiences I ever had. Privott did call me just to downplay the entire event...Union let the cat out of the bag when Heis told me that Denson had the sole witness. If that was the case Denson would have never been suspended

Frank S. Nordby
Lucky Store #345
Home phone 685-5441
September 1, 1991

Terry Privott
Vice President, Sacramento
Lucky Stores, Inc.

Dear Mr. Privott,

The Retail Clerk's Union brought to my attention recently that a decision made over five years ago concerning myself and another employee may have been inaccurately recorded in my files. The decision concerns suspension of the other party for insubordination.

During the arbitration five years ago I brought a supporting witness for my side. The suspended party had no witness. Recently Larry Heis, representing the Union, indicated his contrary belief that the sole witness supported the other party. The purpose of his bringing up the old case was to question my credibility, as I came to an unrelated grievance hearing to support another member of the Union.

I would like the company to assist me in reviewing all pertinent records to make sure that all the facts concerning this five year old case are evident and in order. My credibility and my integrity are very valuable in my relationship to my employer and in my being a member of the Retail Clerk's Union.

Even though at the time I felt the ruling should have been in the company's favor I have done my part as an agreeing participant of this decision to put this arbitration behind me. My only concern at this point is that the records accurately reflect the position of the witness so that Mr. Heis will not again refer to me as being, in his words, "wrong".

I remain surprised that anything so old would be brought out by the Union, especially considering my fine record of twelve years with Lucky and twelve years as a supporting member of the Union.

Thank you for your assistance in reviewing my records regarding this case. Please call me at the number above to let me know when we may mutually examine the pertinent documents.

Sincerely,

cc: Bob Gill, Labor Relations, Lucky Stores
Jack Lovell, President, Retail Clerk's Union
Larry Heis, Retail Clerk's Union
Matt Van Airsdale, Manager Store 318

* Arbitration Case (Five years ago): Lucky vs. Jean Denson

June 15, 2020

I finally figured out why Jean Denson and the young black courtesy clerk responded the way they did to me. IT WAS THE BLACK RACE CONNECTION.

Before I was transferred to a Lucky store in North Highlands, where Jean Denson worked, I worked at a Gemco store in South Sacramento. Gemco was owned by Lucky Stores. This was a membership store similar to the Costco stores of today.

The store manager at this Gemco store was Homer Herod and he was a black man (African American). He was a long time employee for Lucky Stores. I really liked Homer, but I sensed early on he didn't like me. To make a long story short, I caught Homer cheating me on an annual personal evaluation that Lucky Stores had implemented that year for all store managers to give to employees. I complained to John Burgos (District Supervisor) and shortly afterwards I was transferred to the Lucky Store in North Highlands, where Jean Denson worked-who was also a long time employee. Long time employees all knew each other, especially the black employees in the Sacramento area.

So Herod knows I have complained to store supervision about him cheating me on my personal evaluation...Homer never gets reprimanded at all. And I get a transfer out of his store and placed in management at the Lucky Store where Matt Vanairdale is the store manager. Matt and I worked together at a number of stores...just a side note about Matt: I built a Christmas display and won a district award for it and money was given to the manager of the store. To show you how classy Matt was, he gave that money to me as I was the one who built it. I have worked with other managers who would have kept that money for themselves.

It should be also noted that Homer told me after I confronted him with the fact that he cheated me on my personal evaluation, he would get back that evaluation and make it right with me...he never did. Homer should have been fired. Had this happen to him, by a white manager, there would have been protests at Lucky stores main office in San Leandro, with visits from Al Sharpton and Jesses Jackson, demanding justice and a boatload of money.

So when I show up at the Lucky Store in North Highlands, Jean Denson already knows about me and she is waiting to let me know, at some opportune time, her hate for me. So her confrontation with me was already in the making.

The entire story relating to Homer Herod can be read by clicking on the link below

https://raleysExposed.com/maui_bus

And then after she treats me with so much disrespect at the register, she gets suspended and plans for the ultimate slap in my face by using the "race" card and she does it with an academy award winning performance with the ability to slide that "Christianity" look smoothly onto her face and convince everybody that she doesn't talk that way to others and I am just a "white racist" because all white guys hate blacks....

All of this took place because of what happened between me and Homer Herod. Jean knew who I was before I even showed up at the store where she was working. And five years later I get transferred from one Lucky store to another Lucky store and lo and behold, Jean Denson is also working in this store. And isn't it a coincidence that a young black guy, whom I think doesn't even know me, threatens me at the checkstand and uses the word "fucking" at me...just like Jean Denson did to me five years earlier in a different Lucky store. I am convinced Jean Denson shared with him what she did to me and nothing happened to her and she has encouraged him to do the same thing to me...but also informed him not to make the same mistake she made by waiting to claim I made a racial slur to her.

In other words, she didn't think I would send her home after she spoke the way that she did to me. But I did, and she wasn't smart enough or quick enough to claim to the store manager on that day I used racial slurs at her...and the manager told her, while speaking to her on the phone to go home too. She only came up with the racial slur nonsense after she was suspended by the District Manager and her racial claim only became known when she went to the union to try and get her 3-days pay back.

So this young black man (whom Denson knows belongs to a local gang) is confronted with the fact that there are witnesses who heard him threaten me at the checkstand and he pulls out that convenient unused race-card from the back pocket of the pants hanging half-way down off of his butt, that some black people carry around and falsely claimed I called him a "homeboy." He had no witnesses and I never said it. My life was basically threatened at the front of the store because a young man had heard the story between Jean Denson and me and decided he will do it