WATERFRONT SUPERCARGO

TOM MURRAY

A Singlejack Little Book

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The term *singlejack* originated with the hardrock miners of the American west. The drilling of holes for the insertion of dynamite was a tough and dangerous job. The miners worked in pairs, with one kneeling to hold erect the steel drill, which he would turn slowly as his partner drove it into the rock with blows from a sledge (or single jack) hammer. They would switch tasks now and then, and since the job demanded as much mutual trust as skill, many lasting friendships were formed.

Around the turn of the Century, on-the-job organizers for the Western Federation of Miners and the Industrial Workers of the World brought additional meaning to *singlejack*. They used it to describe that method of organizing where dedicated advocates are developed one at a time on a highly personalized basis — as between partners.

In turn, still broader veins of definition can be extracted from this rich historical term. We like to apply it to that private bond which ideally is sparked between a reader and a book. We hope you agree.

For Barbara and Pete

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Today in our ever-changing world, much of the accurate knowledge of so many of our trades, crafts and practices is being lost to posterity. Many are becoming outmoded and obsolete, therefore discarded and forgotten. In the years to come—if we have many left for our poor planet—accurate information of those lost practices and their practitioners would surely be appreciated by tomorrow's students of today and yesterday.

It is therefore the purpose of this book to shed a little light on a rapidly disappearing group: the men of the San Francisco waterfront.

ORIENTATION

It would probably be in order to introduce any chance reader to the sights, sounds, smells and conditions he would find on the San Francisco waterfront had he visited there some years ago, because in all probability no other such place existed on earth (unless perhaps it was another waterfront). Here was concentrated the commerce of the world: products manufactured, grown or otherwise produced from the farthest points of the comapass—with their characteristic smells—as well as those produced locally or domestically.

First, the smell of the sea was ever-present, as was

the pungent odor of creosote with which the piles were treated that supported the dock itself, as well as its timbered fenders. Then came the full range of the smell spectrum, from delicate and enticing scents to noisome stenches: cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg, cloves; finished leathers as well as green salted hides; bales of crude rubber, as well as bags and bales of wool, both scoured and "in grease"; coils of manila rope and bales of hemp; camphor and newly cut lumber; drums of various oils among which an occasional leaker gave forth its own odors—turpentine, linseed, eucalyptus and rapeseed oil; cases and barrels of wines, brandies and whiskies—you name it and it was there, and the odor of each blended with those of all the others to form the greatest conglomeration of smells imaginable. Different docks served different vessels which called on the ports of the world: London, Brussels, Capetown, Trieste, Beirut, Djakarta, Brisbane, Valparaiso, Ketchikan, Tahiti—each storybook corner of the world was here a reality; and over the whole wafted the soothing and delectable aroma of coffees being freshly roasted in the huge Folgers Brothers plant on the Embarcadero. At times when the men were bone-tired from long hours of hard work, often rainsoaked to the hide for days on end, cargoes, ships, ports of call and even their fellows were cursed and blasphemed visciously, as well as taken in stride with supreme indifference when rested and dry.

When violence occurred, it did so quickly and without warning, whether accidental or intentional.

A piece of gear carried away and something fell—and one or several men were injured, maimed or killed, just like that. Not too rarely a temper flared, a fist swung and a man was down. Only on very rare occasions was one thus involved killed, at least rarely on the waterfront; what happened while en route between dock and home was another matter, one with which we are not concerned. In those days the "meat wagon" too often sirened its way from dock to hospital—or morgue. Later when safety rules were demanded and established by the men, at considerable cost to ship owners, operators and agents, the meat wagon made fewer and fewer trips. But these rules did not come easily; they had to be struck for, at considerable cost to the men.

HURRY UP was the way of life on the 'front. Never take ten seconds to do that which can be done in three—or two! The ships' winches, steam-driven hoisting engines which lifted cargo to and from the dock, were designed to operate at a given speed, and they always did—wide open. Then some company's genius discovered a simple means by which their efficiency could be readily increased: stout hardwood blocks called lagging were secured to the outside of the winch's drums, thereby increasing their diameter so that when operated by the winch driver their new and greater diameter now wound or unwound from one to several additional feet of cable or steel cargo falls—at each revolution! As soon as this marvel was introduced it was immediately accepted by every ship on every ocean and its improved functioning

increased tonnages per hour, day and month, as well as profits—but not those of the longshoremen. As newer ships were built newer and faster means were developed to cut down cargo handling and operating costs—and that was the name of the game.

Sheds on the docks were huge cavernous structures, dirty on the outside, poorly lit and ventilated, as well as dirty within, freezingly cold in winter and stifling in summer. Big steel doors, similar to the roller tops of office desks of the era, lined the sides and far end of the dock's shed. These invariably were open when a ship was working, permitting greater accessibility and allowing smoke and fumes from the many jitneys and trucks to escape (as well as the clouds of dust these raised while moving about). When it rained all doors were immediately run down except those absolutely necessary, and to hell with the smoke, fumes and dust, and to the men who had to breathe them! Now we have an atmosphere laden with the scents and stenches of the various cargoes, smoke and fumes of the many pieces of motorized equipment as well as the clouds of dust they raised, plus the shattering clatter of the ship's gear as cargo was hoisted, the men's shouts, the backfire and roar of jitneys and trucks—and the occaisional yell as a hand or foot was jammed or smashed. To survive injury or death one had to be constantly on the alert and watch all directions at once, in front and back, above and below, as well as to both sides, and this while on the dock; aboard ship hazards were multiplied, and during the rain, redoubled. And at

night . . . . It's no wonder so many men with any length of time on the 'front lacked fingers, toes, or were sprung one way or the other—called, I believe, an occupational characteristic!

It cost a vessel approximately $2,500.00 per day, more or less depending upon her size and that of her crew, to lay alongside a dock (at this time longshoremen received 90¢ an hour); insurances, demurrage and wharfage charges, to name just a few of the many, made it expedient to get her loaded or discharged as quickly as possible and on her way.

Loading the wrong cargo into a vessel was looked upon as treasonous, whether a single package or a carload, and woe to the clerk who had ordered or permitted it to happen—but it did, occasionally.

Immediately upon completing cargo operations the longshoremen set about readying the ship for sea, sometimes aided in their efforts by the ship's crew. Hatches were covered and battened down, booms were lowered, cradled and secured, and saveralls put ashore with all the rest of the stevedoring gear. Mooring lines were singled up and the gangway hauled aboard, if owned by the ship. When a tugboat was required it stood by tooting nervously for the clerks, supervisor and planman to speed up their paperwork—then a mad dash to the ship and the packet of papers was handed or thrown aboard. A long and throaty blast from the vessel's whistle as the last of the lines were let go and she moved majestically into the waterway from the dock, thence to and through the Golden Gate, and to sea.

Now unneeded lights were snapped off and the heavy steel doors were run down and secured as the last of the stragglers walked away into the night, and all was at last quiet.

The night watchman dragged his battered old chair to the best lighted area close to the front door, now also run down, and with pipe loaded and fired up, added to the already dangerously polluted atmosphere with clouds of poisonous smoke, as peace and dust settled overall—until the next day or night when the whole madhouse drama was reenacted with another ship.

WHO'S WHO

It seems advisable to establish a Who's Who, or cast of characters, for those not informed:

Port Captain, or Port Superintendent, was the Mr. Big on the dock, and he was subservient only to General Manager, Coast Manager, company President or Chairman of the Board. Of course these gentlemen rarely (or never) appeared on the dock.

Pier Superintendent or Pier Agent who ran the dock under the supervision and direction of the Port Captain.

Various supervisors, in the category of clerks, covered various phases of the operations: Receiving (cargo), Delivery, Floor, Rail Car, Sorting, Dangerous Cargo, Planman, "Supercargo"—the title a holdover from the old days, and denoted the company representative responsible for all functions involved in loading or discharging a vessel. In years past he had the authority to hire and fire both clerks and longshoremen, select and decide what cargo must be loaded and where and how in a loading vessel; to order and release tugboats if required, as well as derrick and flat barges and to order lighters of fuel oil (often called "bunkers") for the ship's consumption. He ordered potable water for the ship's tanks, kept up the necessary tonnage, cargo and stowage papers, as well as myriads of other clerical details; he ordered the vessel shifted from terminal to terminal when necessary, as well as linemen to "let go" the lines at the present dock, and others to "take in" the mooring lines at the next dock. In short, practically whatever detail had to be taken care of, the old-time Supercargo did it. However, from the early '30's on the title Supercargo persisted but he was actually no more than a supervisor of clerks engaged between dock office, Walking boss and clerks. Very few if any domestic steamship lines use the old-time Supercargo *per se*, as his functions are now performed by a number of lesser individuals.

Stevedore boss: A master longshoreman in complete charge of hiring, firing and "working" the longshore-

men; he directs the loading or discharging of cargo and is under direction of the Port Captain.

Walking boss: A master longshoreman in charge of the loading or discharging of a particular ship of the line, and is under the direction of the Stevedore boss.

Gang boss: Man in charge of a particular gang of longshoremen and who takes his orders from either or both of the two above.

The "Gang": In those earlier days a gang consisted for the most part of twenty-one men, but the number differed according to the particular ship or to the job at hand. These were broken down into the "ship gang" whose work was done aboard the vessel and the "shore gang" whose efforts were performed on the dock. One, and sometimes two, winch drivers were included in the ship gang as well as a hatch tender, who acted as the eyes of the drivers when the cargo hook (which was attached to the ends of each of the cargo falls, and with which all cargo was lifted to or from the vessel)- was out of the range of vision of the drivers to "hold," "stop" or "come back" with the hook, as well as "take it away." Hatch tender and winch driver(s) alternated with each other periodically.

Jitney driver: This fellow operated gasoline- or electric-driven "jitneys" in hauling loads of cargo to or from the ship being worked.

Hook-on men: Two longshoremen of the shore gang who stood on the dock apron directly at their own hatch, who hooked on or unhooked loads of cargo to or from the ship's cargo hook.

Ship clerks: These were the fellows in a different union, but affiliated with the longshoremen who did all the clerical work on the dock, in receiving cargo, delivering, checking marks, taking exceptions on broken, damaged or missing cargo; who directed the longshoremen in their efforts, and kept a record of their tonnages handled. In short, they "worked as directed" in all things but the actual handling of cargo.

Chief clerk: In charge of all clerks and supervisors on his dock, and subservient to the dictates of the Port Captain and the Pier Agent. He usually hired clerks and supervisors of his own choice, and fired same at the completion of the job, or for dissatisfaction with their efforts, for drunkenness, etc.

Coopers and sweepers: The former repaired damaged barrels as well as broken crates, cases, steel drums and all other types of containers. The latter continually swept the docks clean of paper, litter and debris, and occasionally were called upon to stencil bags or bales of wool, etc.

Watchmen: These fellows stood duty around the clock in eight-hour shifts; they were broken down to

security watchmen, gatemen, patrolmen, gangway watchmen, and hold watchmen. These last were stationed in hatches where valuable cargo was stowed or being stowed, to prevent pilferage. However, there has never been a watchman who could successfully prevent pilferage aboard a ship or on the dock when the men decided to "get into it."

A successfully operated dock was a beautiful thing to watch in operation as each man took pride in doing his own task as well or better than any other could do. But that was many years ago.

DOCK PROCEDURES

Regardless of the steamship company or terminal, the system employed in its cargo operations was largely the same. The freight solicitors of each combed the countryside far and near, visiting shippers of every conceivable article or commodity produced, whether field or tree grown, mined, manufactured or refined, in an effort to have the producer patronize their company in preference to another. Freight rates were established by law, so there could be no—unless it was very secretly done—rate cutting. Each company served certain areas of the world, whether domestic or foreign, and service was

stressed. Those lines with the greater number of vessels had it over the smaller ones, as they had more frequent sailings, greater amounts of cargo space available, and more modern vessels—giving them the advantage in that cargo could be handled (whether loaded or discharged) more quickly due to newer and faster winches, more powerful and faster main engines, plus many other features that facilitated handling cargo, thus cutting down the time required by the older ships. When the times were "good," ships streamed into the harbor in a never ending procession, high in the water (as they were nearly empty of cargo) and then some days later left port deeply set in the water, their bellies filled with cargoes for every point of the compass.

Approaching San Francisco from sea, each ship radioed in declaring her position and estimated time of arrival, and then proceeded to the Pilot Boat, usually some twenty to thirty miles off the Gate. Pilot aboard, he immediately took over the bridge and control of the vessel, set her course and speed and brought her to the dock and berth described by her owners, operators or agents during the radio communication. By the time she arrived, men had been ordered by the operators to stand by to take her lines and moor her securely in her berth; gangs of longshoremen had been ordered for the specified time, as were clerks, supervisors and the correct amount and types of gear necessary to do the required work. In the meantime, the office workers had typed up lists of cargo to be loaded or discharged to assist the clerks

in their work, as well as special cargo receipts, drawbacks, inspection reports and notices—and a hundred other memoranda necessary for the job.

As soon as the vessel was secured in her proper berth at her proper dock, the gangway was lowered to the dock and her shorebound personnel fought their way down as shoreside personnel fought their way up—each intent on his own pursuits and to hell with the other guys!

Longshore gangs were divided into two sections: "ship" or "hold" men, who worked aboard the vessel handling cargo, and "dock" men, who handled the shoreside end of the operation. Ship men filed aboard and immediately proceeded to the hatch they had been assigned to, gang by gang, and then began the job of "rigging up and uncovering." Winch drivers raised the booms with powerful winches, which when correctly positioned were secured in place by the various guys, or blocks-and-tackles provided for for the purpose, as others in the gang set about knocking out and removing the hardwood wedges and strips of steel that battened down the hatch coverings, big canvas tarpaulins that prevented rain or seawater from getting below during storms. These were folded like huge tablecloths and thrown to the deck out of the way. Then came the removal of the hatch boards, short lengths of stout planks which rested upon heavy removable trusses of steel, called strongbacks. When all of this had been removed and stowed close by for future replacement when the vessel was again making ready for sea, work was ready to begin. Of course, in the meantime, save-alls

(huge nets suspended by two corners to the deck of the ship, with the other two ends fast to the dock to catch any piece of cargo that may fall from the hook as loading or discharge progressed) had been set by each hatch and ashore the dock men assembled their gear, warmed up their jitneys, and were instructed by their clerk where to put the cargo being discharged, or what items of cargo they were to load. Just that simple. When rain fell, heavy tents had to be placed over each open hatch to exclude the driving rain. These were heavy and cumbersome rigs, hoisted to the booms and secured in place by gantlines, and their skirts or lower edges secured to any handy place on deck by short tie-downs. This left three sides protected and the side towards the shore opened, through which loads of cargo were swung on "the hook," in or out. Then came instructions from Walking boss, Supercargo or Supervisor as to what cargo was to be discharged, or loaded, and the day's —or night's—work began.

Cargoes secured by the solicitors began to arrive at the dock a week to ten days prior to the specified and booked vessel's posted starting time. These arrived by barge or river boat from the valley regions, by train, truck, and occasionally by another vessel for transhipment. Lot by lot these were received by clerks assigned who checked the commodity against the shipping documents as to correct mark, brand, size and quantity, and special notation was made as to the type of container used as well as to its condition; notations were also made by him as to visible or

probable damage sustained prior to his receipt on the dock; a space was provided for placing the shipment on the dock and close examination was given by the clerk while this took place. Damaged, leaking, or broken packages of cargo were placed aside so repairs to, or replacement or rejection of such items could be accomplished. Cargo shipped in excess of or less than the amount specified by the shipper's documents had to be called to his attention immediately so he could make the proper adjustments. Cargoes giving off obnoxious, dangerous or poisonous vapors had to be isolated from others, on dock and in the ship, as were those of highly inflammable nature, and those subject to spontaneous combustion. These are but a few of the many duties of a receiving clerk—and woe indeed betide him who ignored or overlooked a detail he should have caught! A simple error could well cause thousands of dollars of loss, and the vessel and her crew were often jeopardized thereby. Carelessness was not to be tolerated on the dock, and for good reason.

In the case of the intercoastal trade, a severe storm or hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico or Caribbean Sea often slowed the ship's progress, causing others to crowd close behind in their close schedules. Then when the disturbance blew itself out, four or five vessels arrived the same day, sometimes just minutes apart, and each had to be berthed and worked immediately! This was pure hell on earth for the shore-side forces, who then had to work through several days and nights in a row before being

released for a badly needed wash, feed and sleep. This was the practice prior to the '34 strike, and was eliminated at the union's demand, which required that a limited number of hours be imposed on any man without eight hours off.

In the matter of exceptions (notation that should have been taken by the clerk on cargo damaged when delivered to the dock but not seen or noted by him), it became the liability of the steamship company to make the allowance when the cargo was delivered at it's destination. In this simple manner of pure carelessness steamship companies were annually paying out huge amounts in claims for damage which they were innocent of having caused—just because the clerk had failed to notice the damage when he received it. In this and in other matters that were allowed to slip by, some companies failed and went out of business, while the more exacting and well-operated ones constantly operated at a profit. "Because of the nail the shoe was lost—"

With most of the clerks on the 'front in those days, it became a matter of personal pride to do his work with as few errors as possible, and his reward was not only steady employment, but promotions in position when these were available. On the other hand, too frequent errors and no visible sign of a desire to improve his work resulted in dismissal. Too many dismissals from too many companies on the 'front meant that he was well known as a goof-ball, and his days were limited.

Work done by the longshoremen was closely

watched also. If they handled cargo too roughly and jeopardized its safety, they were promptly so notified by their gang boss, their clerk, a roving Supervisor, or by the Walking boss himself.

But by and large all hands worked together very well, and the foofoo's and goof-balls were culled out as they appeared or developed. Yes, it really was a good game and a great bunch of men.

TWO TEAMSTERS, ONE STAKE

Two of Farnsworth and Ruggles' big trucks backed to the loading platform of a dock at the same moment, and came to rest a scant foot apart. A feud of several weeks' standing existed between the two drivers which flared up whenever they happened to be near each other. Glares and wisecracks were exchanged as each removed the stakes from the rear of his rig and leaned them against the side of his truck. One driver set his last stake down and it shot like an arrow through a hole in the pavement into the bay below, but he was so intent on watching his "enemy" that he failed to notice. Only his clerk

witnessed the magic disappearance, but as the two were arguing, he kept quiet.

Each driver completed loading his alloted cargo and each reset his stakes into their pockets at about the same time—until one noticed his shortage.

"Gimme that stake you stole, you Goddam thief!"

"What are you talking about, you dumb bastard?"

"Who's a bastard?"

"You are, stupid—who's a thief?"

"You are, you . . . ." POW POW—and the fight was on!

They were evenly matched in all respects and a good fight was in the making. For about five minutes they banged away, each drawing blood and each decking the other. But their "gaffer" happened to drive by just then and seeing the action, stopped, hurried back and broke it up.

Then came the post-mortems: "This stupid bastard accused me of . . . ," "This lousy punk said . . . ," and so on, until up spoke the gaffer. "The Supreme One in Such Matters": "O.K., so one of you guys is short one rear stake. I don't know who got it, if anybody. I do know rear stakes on these Doanes cost seven-fifty each, so each of you guys is docked three six bits each. Now knock off this crap and get your asses back to work or you're both canned." Finality!

A few days later the driver who had lost the stake again drove into the dock for another load, and by chance got the same clerk.

"That was quite a go you guys had the other day."

"I knew that sonofabitch was a thief," said the driver.

"He didn't take your stake!"

"The hell he didn't! Who did then?"

"Come here and I'll show you." They returned to the scene of the previous day's activity and without saying a word the clerk pointed to the hole.

"Well, so what?"

"So what? That's where your missing stake went. When you set it down it went through the hole. That's what!"

The teamster began to laugh at the comedy of the thing. Finally he said, "Listen, some time when you get a chance, tell that dummy what you just told me and see what he says. Don't tell him I know, OK? Then let me know what he says."

About a week later the clerk was delivering a load to the second driver and retold the story. While he was talking the first one, who happened to be working close by, sauntered over and the two eyed each other—and broke out in roars of laughter.

"Why don't you two clowns kiss and make up? The thing you were feuding about before the fight was probably just as stupid as this deal."

For several moments the two stood, embarrassed, then looked at each other. Then came more laughs, the two shook hands and walked out of the dock to the nearest joint for a couple of beers. Nobody had backed off, nobody lost "face" and neither had got hurt too badly—odds were even! And two friends had made it up.

NICKNAMES

Nicknames were as common on the waterfront as smashed fingers, but with this exception: no man had more than one. These were not bestowed casually; plenty of men worked for years and never did anything outstanding to merit the distinction, or had no particular physical features, or even made a statement on any subject that justified immortalization among his fellows. Then came the day that changed the whole thing for him! A case in point:

Charlie had worked on the waterfront for years. He'd left high school and began work on the docks. He had a good head for figuring, was pretty sharp

generally, and so became boss of a gang more quickly than others. His gang produced well consistently under his direction, so he was made a Walking boss; that is, put in charge of all gangs working on one ship, loading or discharging (and often both operations on the same ship simultaneously). This took a good head, and Charlie had one.

Like most of us, Charlie had one particular mental tic: he had an affinity for paint. Any color, any kind, and for any purpose—if he could get his hands on it, it was his! He was never heard of getting away with a steel fifty-gallon drum of it, but anything smaller was a cinch. Into his car it went, and home. Men occasionally speculated on the amount of the stuff he had garnered through the years, and some estimates were astronomic in size.

It was generally agreed upon that he didn't sell it—who the hell would buy that crap, all colors and sizes? And for all purposes: interior white enamel, exterior deck house, anti-fouling, boot topping, stack—in short, everything but steel deck oil. It was a cinch he didn't use it, because he worked every day there was to work, which was every day. Too, there were those several times through the years when he was hospitalized, but how are you going to paint your home when you are triced up in traction in some lousy hospital? Conclusion: Charlie's basement was loaded to the overhead with various and assorted paints, random colors!

Then one day it happened. The current ship was working along nicely, and Charlie was seen by the

nearest gang boss (whose name, incidentally, was also Charlie) to enter the foremast house, which contained the paint locker! History was in the making, as Charlie No. 2 knew full well that Charlie No. 1 was stalking his elusive prey! Quick as a flash, No. 2 slammed the steel door on No. 1 and snapped to the padlock! The fox was caught in the hen house!

It didn't take No. 1 long to realize what had happened. Followed a series of yells from inside the steel locker; though greatly muffled, such things as "Open the door, you Goddam bastard," and well, a lot more, each along the same general line. Then came hammering, and this attracted the attention of many of the men in the vicinity, who all asked No. 2 as to the cause. Informed, they roared, and the crowd gathered. At this time, the mate came by, sensing the unusual; any mate worth his salt is prepared at all times for the unusual to happen, on watch or off, night or day. Inquiring as to the cause and source of the racket, No. 2 informed him in high glee, which was shared by the mate. All hands present crowded around as the mate produced a ring of keys, selected one and opened the padlock. Out sprang our Charlie, red of face, sweating profusely, and for the first time in his life, without any alibi! In mock amazement, the mate demanded "What the hell are you doin' in there?"

To cover the crime, and in complete confusion No. 1 grasped at a straw— "—I just stepped in for a quick smoke."

"What? In the PAINT LOCKER? You Goddam

fool, are you *nuts?*"

The men roared at the unexpected but delightful developments, and at this point No. 1 showed what stern stuff he was made of! As he had proved many times before, he was an absolute master of wiggling out of a position he had found himself trapped into. Quickly panning the crowd of grinning and laughing faces crowding about, No. 1 yelled, "All right, you sons of bitches, get back to work or I'll fire the whole Goddam lot of ya." Holding their sides in unrestrained mirth, they drifted back to their jobs, and a new man had been born. *Paintlocker Charlie* had made the Hall of Waterfront Fame!

TANGLEFOOT

Tanglefoot was a true rough diamond and had indeed come up "the hard way." Born in Germany, he started to sea at a very young age and "came ashore" in San Francisco to work on the docks. With little or no formal education, Tanglefoot had the rare ability to size up the cargo on a dock, glimpse the cargo plan of a ship soon to arrive, formulate the loading procedure to the package, determine just how much freespace would remain in the ship, and finally what her sailing draft would be—on the spot. This could also be determined in the dock office, but with the aid of cargo lists, displacement and trimming charts,

tables, side rules and computers, but it took a lot of time. In acknowledgement of his ability, he had been in the employ of the largest intercoastal steamship company as its Master Stevedore. Tanglefoot's days of handling cargo were long since gone; now he had, normally, a couple of hundred men to jump at his bidding, and jump they did!

Obviously, Tanglefoot came by his name due to his complete lack of ambulatory grace. He tripped over dunnage, cordage, cargo, and all the normal litter that lay about both dock and deck when a ship was working cargo. He never actually fell but his progress about ship was one prolonged satire on *Swan Lake,* to the accompaniment of rattling winches, snapping falls and shouting men.

Tanglefoot's day was one long and complex harangue. He was constantly on the go, observing and directing the work, and his tender little words of encouragement and persuasion for greater attainment ran along these familiar lines: "Come on you Goddam bums, you see, you been draggin' ya ass long enough, you see. I'm gonna fire the whole Goddam lot of ya, you foofoos." Normally, the term foofoo was applied only to the worst kind of labor faker, and only just before he was fired, but it was a regular thing for Tanglefoot to call his men; he had the best on the waterfront, and both he and they knew it. Also, the "you see" he salted his every sentence with was a sort of "thing" with him. Some people grimace when they talk, some gesticulate, some fiddle their fingers; Tanglefoot, however, relied upon his

"you see," and it seemed to do something for him. He not only traded heavy jibes with the men in his immediate vicinity, but also with the ones he had just passed—as well as those in his travels about the job he had not yet reached. However, he never missed a detail of the work at hand. He loved the work and the men who did it, but to suggest this to him would be to get oneself knocked into the scuppers!

One day on the dock he had been too busy to take the time to relieve himself of his burden of body fluid, so at the last moment ran stumblingly for the end of the dock, as usual yelling at all in sight. Arriving there, he made the necessary adjustments to his fly, urinating into the Bay as he continued the usual harangue with the men over his left shoulder. Finally their roars of laughter caused him to look to his right, and there, not a hundred feet away and breaking around the corner of the dock, was the huge Matson liner, *Malolo,* just in from a South Seas cruise, her many decks lined with passengers, and nearly each with his or her movie camera—and every one was trained on Tanglefoot!

With a roar, Tanglefoot tried in vain to stop the flow, which he couldn't, and finally in towering confusion, managed to restow that which had been so recently exposed, to the screams of the passengers and the roars of his men. He quickly bounded and stumbled his way back into the dock shed, and this was perhaps the first time in his life when he had ever run from anything, human or otherwise.

At about this time, a clerk who had worked for years on the dock, got into an automobile accident

which stove him up pretty badly, putting him in the hospital. Sitting in bed a few days later, all triced up in traction and splinted arm and leg, he was surprised when the door opened to reveal Tanglefoot standing alone, studying him in silence. No expression showed, and shortly Tanglefoot asked:

"How you fixed, you see?"

"Oh, OK, Gus. I'll make it." The truth was, he was in grave doubt just *how* he'd make it, with the heavy debt he was running up.

Tanglefoot strode to the bedside, pulled a huge hand from his trouser pocket and flung down a roll of bills, then turned and walked to and out the door. Before it closed, he turned and again faced the clerk: "You need more later, you let me know, you see!" And he was gone.

No simpering condolences, no show of emotion—that was Tanglefoot Gus! Yet he drove miles out of his way to visit the hospital on a day when two ships were at the dock and working, and which he should have been watching closely. And the money? Three hundred dollars, a king's ransom in those days, with promise of more if needed. Rough? Tough? You bet he was. But he also had a heart as big as a barrel. And that's just one example of the kind of men we used to have on the San Francisco waterfront.

REBIRTH OF A FATHEAD

One of the big Eastbay terminals had in its employ a clerk supervisor with a very big impression of his own importance. For years he had made it quite obvious that while he disliked clerks he despised longshoremen. He had cultivated the nasty habit of looking down his nose at any who came to him with a question and his answer only enraged his interrogator further. The '34 strike came and went, and the men were again back at work, and this day the Fat Head was deep in a side aisle with his cargo book. Looking up some shipment of cargo, he failed to notice two longshoremen who approached, one of

whom walked to his rear. The other spun him around in a face to face position and belted him in the head with three quick punches. When the Fat Head slumped, the fellow at his rear stood him up again, and then came three more, hard! They walked away as the Fat Head slumbered, prone.

Two weeks later he was back at work, some fifteen pounds lighter, ten shades paler, and perhaps five hundred degrees less arrogant! From then on he was the most congenial man on the dock and never missed an opportunity to call or nod a smiling greeting to clerk and longshoreman alike. Word of this little "happening" went the rounds and immediately a great change transpired in many men on the 'front who were acting as he had. Experience is a great teacher!

ITEM

For some time now we have been plagued by the antics of our youth in their striving for recognition—or attention. One swallowed a live goldfish—and received a million dollars in publicity. This sparked a mad rush by our college and university youths and it looked as though goldfish would vanish from existence! Again, an unheard-of number crammed themselves into a phone booth—and that became the "in" thing to do. More, too, but nausea prevents recollection.

Later, "dirty little four-letter words" began to appear in various college publications, and of course this was also sped by others across the land, expressing their freedom!

Longshoremen used pretty hard language, too, but only in anger or to beef up a story. Some of these are used in recounting their dialogue or all would be lost.

The "new breed" which came to the 'front at the time of World War II brought an entirely new glossary which was far too obnoxious to print herein, especially as it was not typical of the men of the 'front prior to their arrival. Nor did many of the old-timers ever accept or use this verbal filth, be it to their eternal credit. Occasional blasphemy, cursing and the run-of-the-mill swearwords are universally common in use by rough men in their work; but downright degenerate filth will have to be sought elsewhere, as it won't be found in these tales.

SAWDUST

Scotty was in charge of one of the busiest docks on the 'front. He got and held his job not only because he was an excellent steamship man but also because he always knew exactly what every man-Jack in his organization was doing at any given moment while on the job. He also knew what every man should have done at any given moment and hadn't! It was uncanny, so it behove all hands to keep well up on his toes and his duties. The fact that Scotty's eyes were badly crossed was no disadvantage to him, either, as even men in his employ for years could never be certain whether he was watching them or

someone else, regardless of the direction in which his face pointed; and whenever Scotty deemed some activity worthy of his attention, it got it.

One slow day when all current work was accomplished, he noticed three clerks standing by the sawdust bin. Closing in to find out why, he asked, "All right, what the hell are you guys doing?"

"Nothin'. The sawdust is all caked up in the bin and we're going to break it loose," said the fellow holding a scoop shovel. He jabbed at the ceiling of the cavern within the bin, through a trapdoor at the base of one of the bin's sides. Scotty knelt beside him and peered in.

"Gimme that Goddam shovel. I'll show you guys how to do that."

He got so engrossed in his new job that he failed to notice that, little by little, he had crawled into the bin so that finally only one foot stuck out.

One of the clerks, realizing the spot Scotty was in, grabbed up a length of dunnage and leaped up on a big case close by and jabbed three or four times at the domed top of the pile of sawdust. With Scotty jabbing at it from inside the bin and this fellow doing the same from the outside, the crusted dust finally gave way and fell in, burying Scotty and pinning him down! Faint calls came from within and quickly grew fainter as the three men watched with much interest and obvious glee.

"How ya making out, Scotty?"

"Everything O.K., boss?"

"Anything we can do to help?"

By now Scotty's one visible leg had stopped kicking and didn't even twitch, so one of the clerks got a rope sling and quickly hitched to the leg while another drove a nearby cargo jitney over, hooked the sling onto its coupling, and lurched forward. Out Scotty, like a cork from a bottle of champagne, and with about a ton of sawdust. They stood him up and brushed some of the clinging dust from his clothes and watched with much interest as he took in many huge gulps of life-giving fresh air. Once more ambulatory, he wobbled his way to his office, went in and sat at his desk for a long time.

He could never again, in the years that followed, be induced to go near the sawdust bin. On occasion when a new man worked at the dock and had been coached by one of the old regulars to ask Scotty what that big bin of sawdust was for, he always got this (or something close to it) for an answer:

"None of your Goddam business. We got more wise guys around here now than we need, so keep your lousy mouth shut!"

A BARREL OF RUM

One day a beatup little express truck chugged into the dock and stopped. A well-dressed Chinese gentleman got out from the side opposite the driver and entering the office, informed the clerk behind the counter that he wished to ship a barrel of rum to China. The bill of lading was made out, a shipping tag was prepared to be attached to the barrel, which was then weighed, measured, and put in a place on the dock designated by the clerk. All charges were paid, all amenities complied with, and the Chinese, the truck and its driver, left.

In a matter of moments every man on the dock knew of the barrel of rum and its location via the grapevine, and plans were immediately drawn up and put into operation.

A capable and experienced young longshoreman

wriggled his way between other lots of cargo in his approach to the barrel from its rear. Carefully, he tapped the lower edge of one of its upper hoops with his hook until it had raised about an inch. In this exposed area he applied a gimlet, and in no time at all a rich brown fluid spurted from the hole in the stave. An always-available coffee can was used to catch this fluid and when the can was filled and handed to an accomplice and helper, another took its place. A small wooden peg, sharpened at one end, was tapped into the hole and the mission was accomplished!

As time passed, such raids were conducted with equal success. Another hole had to be drilled a hoop below the first as the level in the barrel dropped, but this presented no more of a problem than the first. The general attitude of the men on the dock grew higher as the hours passed, to the bafflement of the management.

A few days later, a taxi skidded to a stop in front of the dock. The same Chinese gentleman got out, strode into the freight office as before, only this time he had decided to change the routing of the barrel—it must be discharged at a different port in China. The clerk made out new papers and he and the Chinaman went down the dock to affix the new shipping tag to the barrel. The first one had to be removed and to do so, the barrel had to be moved a foot or so to get at it. The Chinaman grabbed the far side of the top of the barrel and with one foot braced against other cargo, pulled back—and nearly fell flat. One look was enough to explain why it came over so

easily: the series of wooden pegs, one above the other.

All hell broke loose as the Chinaman jostled the barrel. Its level was by now so low! Then came the truth: the rum was only part of its original contents. The other and most important was the last mortal remains of his grandfather, who according to ancient Chinese belief, was being shipped home for burial in the land of his birth!

Word of this new development also went out over the grapevine and the effect was something to see! Immediately, the length of the dock, clerks, longshoremen and teamsters who had participated in the fruits of the raids on the barrel were seized by a strange and unusual malady: acute and prolonged, not to say repeated, fits of nausea. To be more explicit, they heaved their guts out!

Although the defunct Chinaman was still in his barrel, the cat, so to speak, was out of the bag. The steamship company realized it was being had, so a third bill of lading was issued showing the higher freight rate than the original and second. For barrels of rum with corpses cost more in freight than barrels of rum! And the company, at its own expense, had to replace the rum that had been drained off. So now the barrel was trundled on a hand truck to a place of comparative safety, a security locker. This last was entirely unnecessary, as not a man on the dock even wanted to see the barrel again.

And at long last, as it always did eventually (as the saying goes) life went on apace.

THE FIRST STEEL

The quiet of the predawn hour was broken by the roar of several big diesel rigs which had pulled up on the far side of the Embarcadero opposite Pier 28. Heavy voices and rattling chains caused the gateman to open the front door of the dock for a look, thinking an early shipment of cargo was arriving at his dock. He was framed in the dim light of the open doorway and was observed by the drivers, one of whom strode across the street.

"Mornin'. Got a phone I can use?"

"Sure, but the dock won't be open for receiving 'til eight o'clock."

"This ain't cargo, Dad. This here's the First Load of Steel!"

"First load of steel for what?"

"For the bridge, Dad. Ain't you ever read about the big bridge they're gonna build across the Bay?"

And that's just what it was! After all the years of talk and planning, at long last work was about to begin. These were actually long lengths of steel piling which were to be driven into the ground in a huge rectangular shape, outlining what would be the foundation of the tremendous anchor block used to secure the San Francisco end of the mighty cables. Earth would be excavated and thousands of tons of steel and concrete would fill the hole! The date? About 1932.

LEFTY

Lefty was a clerk on the 'front who did an exceptionally good job of his work, but contrary to what might seem normal for one with this nickname, only used his right hand in its performance. But not by choice—he had lost his left arm in an accident when a child and, instead of "throwing in the sponge," accepted this handicap as just another challenge and taught himself to function even better than most of his brother clerks did with both their hands. As a result he had earned a place of admiration in the eyes of the longshoremen, who always enjoyed having him for their gang clerk. Being thus accepted he en-

joyed the right to hear and be heard on all matters under discussion during the day's work, whether political, union, religious or whatever.

Lefty had a problem though, and one day brought it up for open discussion: athlete's foot had for years caused him much trouble, and if anybody knew how to treat it, speak up.

The eight men of the shore gang plus the jitney driver heard him out and considered his problem in depth. Then came the suggestions: old man Hanson's remedy was to dissolve an aspirin tablet in two tablespoons of vinegar and rub it on, morning and night. Scovey recommended whiskey, rubbed on and poured in, equal parts. "Hell no," said another. "Salt water, good sea water is the only thing." In short, eight different remedies came from eight different men, and some minutes later the ninth sidled over to Lefty.

"You want to cure that, I tell you how. After, you think I'm crazy, forget it. Just try it and nobody has to know, just you and me. A month from now, you tell me what happened. This is old country remedy, and good, too."

The treatment? Apply urine to the affected areas night and morning; rinse off with water, no soap, after fifteen minutes.

For several minutes after the man returned to his work Lefty eyed him, mouth agape. Was this nice quiet guy trying to con him? No, he had never entered into any of the many stunts the fellows pulled off, but this . . . . For the rest of the day Lefty

was deep in thought and finally, on reaching home, brushed past his wife who always met him at the door. Without a word, he went directly to the bathroom, quickly removed his shoes and sox, stood in the bathtub and proceeded to make the first application. So engrossed was he that he failed to notice his wife, who stood in the doorway in amazement. She had thought he was ill, so had followed to see if she could be of any help—but she had no idea he was this ill!

With a muffled scream she flew out the front door and to her next door neighbor's house. There she blurted out that her Lefty had at long last flipped his lid, and would her Gunther go over and grab him before he could hurt himself? Gunther would, certainly, so bounded over to Lefty's, where he caught him trying hard to pull his sox on his still wet feet. Mortified, Lefty tried to explain, but Gunther was a man of action. He grabbed poor Lefty and wrestled him to the floor, then sat on him and called out that all was O.K., they could come in now. The two wives entered the bathroom, nearly hysterical in grief.

"Take it easy, Lefty, everything's going to be alright. The doctor's coming in a minute," said Gunther, still on top.

"Send him back when he gets here, ya' damn fool. I'm O.K. Just get to hell offa' me and let me talk!"

On the alert for trickery, Gunther slowly got up and helped Lefty to his feet. Then came the truth. Followed by a long question-and-answer period, during which the two wives and Gunther became

convinced, much to Lefty's embarrassment. Roars of laughter and all four marched to the kitchen, where a fresh quart was produced, and four glasses, and peals of laughter as Lefty was reinstated as being sane, or practically so.

Several weeks went by before Lefty said a word of this to any of the fellows at work, until one day he confided in his best friend, who pledged himself to secrecy. On hearing the tale in its entirety (and laughing himself out), he immediately set about to tell every man on the dock. The news was received accordingly, and needless to say, tonnages fell slightly for the rest of the day!

A YOUNG WATCHMAN

High overhead, the clock in the tower of the Ferry Building indicated that midnight was still twenty minutes away. A man strode quickly out of the building and headed southward into the heavy downpour, his rain gear glistening in the lights from the bars and shops across the Embarcadero and from the street lamps distantly spaced along the way.

Lunch pail clutched in his right hand and swinging as he walked, the man kept close to the face of the dock fronts for whatever protection they might afford against the weather. He had not failed to notice that he was the only living thing within vision, and this

was unusual and weird, as normally a few taxis and private cars, plus an occasional pedestrian shared his nocturnal solitude. He was a nightwatchman employed at a dock down the 'front so hurried to punch in and relieve his friend Stevens, on duty since 4:00 P.M.

As he passed the deepset doorway of one of the docks he was startled by the vision of a man coming at him, arms outstretched, and reacted automatically: his left hand shot out against the man's chest and his right swung the heavily packed lunch pail at the fellow's head, with all the force he could. A sickening crunch and the attacker slumped to the pavement, there to lie on his back, very still.

Taking advantage of the moment, the watchman prepared for the inevitable second rush, so glanced at his lunch pail as it didn't feel just right. Small wonder—the leather handle had come adrift at one end from the impact, the catch sprung open and half the contents were strewn about. While coffee poured from the broken thermos, he dropped the useless thing at his feet and prepared to slug his attacker should he try to regain his feet. But the prone man lay still.

Suddenly near panic, the watchman dropped to one knee and cautiously felt the fellow's wrist for a pulse, but with his hands so cold and wet could feel none. Hurriedly he regained his feet and ran to his dock nearby. Barging in, he passed Stevens and hurried to the phone. Sensing something unusual, Stevens asked if all was O.K.

"Gees, I think I killed a guy!"

"What are you gonna do now?"

"Well, call the cops—what else?"

Very intently, Stevens said "Sit down, lad, and tell me about it. Here, light up."

Taking a deep drag on the welcome cigarette, the newcomer relived the tense scene just as it had happened, with Stevens studying his face closely and getting every word.

"Jim," he said, when the young man finished, "I'm an old-timer at this stuff. Listen to me: if you tell the cops, you just might get a desk sergeant that's in an ugly mood for any of a million reasons—maybe his captain just ate him out—maybe his old lady rousted him about something—whatever. He could make more trouble for you than you'd ever be able to get out of. I'm retired off the force and know what I'm talking about." Donning his raincoat and taking up his flashlight, Stevens moved towards the door. "Just sit here 'til I get back."

In a few moments he returned, dripping rain.

"He's dead all right, dead as a mackerel. Now, I'll call the cops and you stay out of sight—and keep your mouth shut about all this, now and later."

Greatly relieved, the young man entered a darkened office close by and closed the door as Stevens dialed the number. Moments later the siren of a prowl car screeched and stopped as the two officers got out and bent over the still figure, which they shortly picked up and put into the back seat, then drove to the dock nearby, with Stevens framed in the

opened doorway.

Inside the dock the two questioned Stevens, jotting the answers on a pad.

"How did you know about this guy? Did you see it happen?"

"No, I didn't. Some guy kicked at the door and told me—some seaman coming back to his ship, I guess. He left and I didn't see which way he went; I just called you guys."

"Well, he's dead—the side of his head is bashed in. Musta been hit by a car or something. O.K., Stevens, thanks."

The older man watched them drive off. "Come on out, Jim—it's all clear now. Now remember, keep quiet about this. And don't worry." Another brief conference, a few slaps on the back, and Stevens was gone.

Relieved at 8:00 A.M. by the day watchman, the young fellow hurried home, but stopped first to see his parish priest, whom he had known for many years. Surprised at his early visitor, the old priest listened intently.

"My boy, it's a terrible thing that happened. But of course, it was not premeditated. You acted in self-defense. The will to self-protect is very strong in each of us."

"But Father," said the younger man, "I've been thinking—suppose the poor guy was drunk and got into that doorway to get out of the weather, then just fell out as I came by—how about that?"

"That we will never know. But on the other hand,

he may have been one of the world's rogues who went from city to city, doing who knows what mischief. Jim, your friend Stevens gave you good counsel. One thing more: it occurs to me that some other poor unfortunate might be blamed for this act, and through Stevens you will have to keep informed. Should that happen, you will then have to come forth and carry the ball, as they say. But I'm sure it will come out all right. Now you and I must pray for the soul of this poor fellow, and again whenever we think of it."

Good as his word, Stevens phoned several times to the station house, but was told each time that the blotter had written by the entry the cryptic letters, "D.O.A." No, he had nothing on his person to identify him. No, no news. The matter was closed.

THE TURK

This fellow was often regarded by his associates on the 'front as "San Francisco's Answer to Wallace Beery." A man had to really measure up to fill this bill, but the Turk could. He could discourse at great length on anything from bangtails to barbiturates, but lacked accurate knowledge of either.

Once during the coffee break one of the fellows asked him if his broken legs ever bothered him anymore, so the question was asked if he had been in an accident.

"Not in a car, no," answered the Turk. "And I don't think it was really an accident either." A few

more discreet questions brought forth, haltingly at first, then with a flood, the following amazing story:

"Me and my brother was down in L.A. once and we had a big dinner this night and a few drinks. Then we seen a sign that said they was having women wrestlers on the card at the auditorium so we decided to go. We got ringside seats and pretty soon the show starts. The first match was two big dames and they was throwing each other all over the mat. I rooted for one and my brother the other, and I was razzing his dame. It was gettin to her, too, so I kept it up. She got madder all the time and finally picked this big bimbo up she was wrestling and held her over her head and put her in a spin. She carried her over to our side, right over our heads and pretty soon let drive! She threw this big dame right at me, right in my lap, and broke both my legs!

"Man did I yell, and so did my brother. He thought I'd been kilt. And the whole joint was yelling, too. I threw the dame offa me and my legs hurt so bad I kept on yelling. Pretty soon the manager came and he called the house doctor. This guy was laughing so hard he couldn't hardly examine me, but he could see that my legs was broke, so called an ambulance and they run me up to the hospital." At this point the Turk stopped to reminisce and to rub his legs. He also drank the cold dregs of his coffee.

"Well the next morning I was sitting up in bed in the horspital with my legs all splinted up and with ropes with weights tied to 'em and the door opened. There stood the big dame who done me all this

damage, the one that threw the other one at me. I thought she came in to finish me for sure, but I couldn't do nothing but shake. She was all dolled up in street clothes and sure looked pretty and she came in and sat down by my bed. Then this big dame started to cry! She said she was so sorry and that she never meant to really hurt me, she had just got a little mad. When I was sure this wasn't just a trick to get me off my guard, I reached over and patted her hand, saying it was my fault for gigging her. So she took my hand in hers and squeezed it, and nearly broke that too! God, was that dame strong!"

The Turk smiled at the sweet purity of the scene.

"Well," went on the Turk, "that was the start of it. She came to the horspital every day to see me and started bringing me stuff. So when I got out and all patched up, we began to go out together. We finally got married, and that was over twenty-five years ago."

The Turk still had a smile on his face when one of the dock bosses came over and rousted him (and his audience) to get back to work.

CHIPS & HIS CAT

Two clerks sat on a box in the morning sun watching their respective gangs going about the routine job of preparing the newly arrived ship for loading cargo. Booms were rigged, save-alls hung and secured, rope-guys set up, and tarps and hatch covers removed. Soon the clatter and chatter from the ship stopped: the company agent had noticed many rats in her holds, so ordered the ship covered-up again and all gangs ashore. The crew was also ordered off the ship as it was necessary to have her fumigated prior to loading, with all hands ordered back for a new start three days later. No one noticed that Chips, as all

ship's carpenters are called, came ashore but without his cat, a friend and constant companion of many years. Chips thought he had already come ashore in search of diversion, as was the cat's custom at every port.

After fumigation and ventilation the crew and gangs returned as ordered, and work resumed. The two clerks, again sitting on their box in the sun, noticed Chips on deck, but now holding his cat which was as stiff as a poker! The poor thing had not gone ashore as suspected but had crawled in somewhere below for a nap and was now in obviously bad shape.

The two watched as Chips and his cat had a sad farewell, whereupon he consigned the last mortal remains to the briney, to walk slowly and sadly back to his duties.

It was a touching sight and the two clerks felt somewhat subdued—until a few moments later when one noticed a very wet and furry paw appear at the edge of the dock and take hold! A moment later and its mate appeared, then the cat's head, wet, bedraggled and with ears hard aback! He pulled himself up on the dock and shook off as much of the noisome water as he could, then began to lick off the rest. The clerk saw the carpenter moving about the dock, so called out to him, pointing. Chips came to the rail and looking down, was overjoyed to see his old friend back in business! With a yip he ran to the gangway, came ashore and ran towards the cat, who, seeing Chips, reared up with tail fuzzed out and ears still aback. Running to the cat with arms outstretched,

blubbering in happiness, Chips failed to notice in time the cat wanted no more of him, clawing Chips' outstretched hands deeply, with much snarling and spitting! Jumping back, Chips watched in dismay as the cat made a couple more passes with its front paws, then turned and walked stiffly into the warehouse. It was quite apparent that kitty was of the opinion that his erstwhile "friend" had given him the old cyanide-and-acid-treatment—but you can bet he'd never get a second shot at it!

"BREAK IT UP!"

George sat at his desk in the dock office and studied the papers before him, with a clerk at his elbow. The two were intent on the best solution to a problem when the office door slammed open, revealing a tough-looking character who stood and glared.

"Well, you old son of a bitch, I heard you had a soft touch here. Let's see if you're as good as you used to be!" With that he flipped out his upper plate and laid it on the desk.

"Why you old bastard, let's go!" George's expensive bridgework joined the plate on the desk as the two squared off.

Not to be left out, the clerk quickly removed his upper and lower plates and placing them by the others, jumped between the two in mock alarm, putting a hand on the chest of each to shove them back, yelling, "Break it up, break it up!"

Roars of laughter accompanied violent thumping of backs and pumping of hands as such phrases as "Why, you Goddam bum" and "You lousy old son of a bitch" rattled the faded sheaf of copies of *The Guide*, which hung on the wall between photos of ships and a colorful railroad calendar. After a brief exchange of more such pleasantries the three old friends returned to their duties, and work resumed.

Born in 1908, Tom Murray attended school in Alameda, California, and during the depression went to work for the American Hawaiian Steamship Co. as a clerk, rising to Planman. When World War II put A.H.S.C. out of operation, he went to work for the Navy at their Alameda Encinal Terminals as head of the Plan Department. After the war he became Supervisor at the Oakland Army Base until retiring in 1967 due to poor health. Tom Murray died in Gulfport, Florida in 1979.

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