



I was born May 6, 1930 and raised on farms in Hurley and Viborg, South Dakota and I left there in 1948 on my 1946 Indian Chief motorcycle. My mother, Anna took that picture.

I rode my Indian to Port Aransas Pass, Texas. I drove taxi cab, bootlegged booze to the American Merchant seamen on shore leave. Pretty soon I was on my way to get merchant seaman papers and joined the SS Setucket that ran coastwise and really got seasick.

I also went to the American Merchant Marine Academy in Long Island, NY and became a Blue able bodied seaman. I joined the Seafarers Union in 1950 and made a few trips overseas. I always gave them a honest day's work for a fair day's pay. Within a year I was sailing as chief bosun's mate with trips to Korea and Vietnam.

I went to work for Trans America Trucking Co. and soon became shop steward for Teamsters Local 107 in Philadelphia, PA. Of course, this was when the group called the Voice and Bobby Kennedy came to Philly to do harm to the Teamsters. But we fooled them and kicked their butt. I worked on the first truck train there as I was a Teamsters yardhostler for Trans America Trucking. I did work for several Teamster Locals in Philadelphia and Delaware.

Teamsters Local 692 is my home Local in Long Beach, Wilmington and San Pedro. As always, I told longshoremen they could load and unload the ships and Teamsters 692 would load and unload all the trucks and pigs from the point of rest on the docks.

Jim Easley, Bill Fountaine, Ralph Cotner and I organized 50,000 farmworkers in the 60's and 70's.

I helped many Teamster Locals organize in the West. I also organized many pipeline jobs in the west.

I can still harness and hitch up a team of horses. I retired May 1, 1987 and enjoy every day with my wife Carole in Sheridan, WY.