

My God, I put in the hours

Working the boats wasn't always as fun as it looked. Conditions ranged from frigid to sweltering, and the hours weren't all that good. Still, there was something about that ferry boat...

I wanted to drive the ferry so badly as a kid. Man, that's what I wanted to do. Be captain of a ship. Who the hell wouldn't want to be captain of a ship?

Passenger – 1950s

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I loved the ferry! I loved riding on it as a kid. I loved driving it. I remember the first year I worked for Lloyd Holland. He put me to work painting the deck of the Redwing. Thick, tough deck paint – “Battleship Grey” was the color. The whole time I was doing it I kept saying to myself over and over “I'm painting the ferry boat. I'm painting the ferry boat.” Hell, I would've done it for free!

Crew – 1970s

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One summer, when I worked for Paul Scofield, I worked an average of eleven or twelve hours a day, all summer long. I would go in the morning, before I started working on the ferry boat. Work for Paul, cleaning boats, cleaning them up after people had done a job on them the day before. Paul wanted me to make boat covers in the worst kind of way, but I never got involved too much in it.

