



Things that could only happen to Peck.

Dragline Flagger

When I was working in Morgan City, I was about 22-years old and had been working for Berry Brothers Contractors. Most of the work was roustabout, welder's helper and offshore work. A guy that lived in the same apartment complex said he was looking for a dragline oiler and flagger. I had never done that type work, but I am a fast learner and I was getting tired of going offshore. I thought to myself that "a land job would be nice for a while."

I took the job, and the next day we went to the site where this dragline operator was moving dirt to make a levee. He grabbed the dirt from one side of the road and swung his bucket over the road and dropped the dirt on top of the levee that he was building.

My job was to oil and grease all the places on a dragline that needed oil and grease. This procedure was only done at the beginning of the work day. My other job was to stay on the road with a flag to stop cars from running into the drag line bucket which was going across the road 100 times a day. What was perplexing was there were no cars. We were in the middle of nowhere!

On one day there were several cars because of a funeral down the road, but other than that there was hardly any other traffic. So, I was pretty bored all day with nothing to do. I found a 22-caliber pistol in the truck that belonged to the dragline operator, and I asked him if I could buy some 22 bullets and shoot some targets. He was okay with that, so the next day

I started shooting cans, bottles, turtles and snakes. Whatever was around that's what I shot.

I was in a big ditch shooting cans when I heard loud shouting coming from where the dragline was working. I hurried back up to the road where I saw two men who had gotten out of their car and were hollering, cussing and threatening to beat up the dragline operator. I learned later that the bucket almost hit their car because the flagger was not flagging. My bad.

I yelled at the two guys to leave the operator alone and they ignored me. So, I told them again to leave the operator alone and I put the gun on the hood of the truck. One of the guys hollers, "He's got a gun," and they started backing up toward their car and hollering, "We're coming back and I'm bringing my 30 aught 6, my 45 and my machine gun." And they drove off, throwing rocks and dirt from their tires all over us. Those were some super-mad Cajuns.

I told the dragline operator that I was not going to come back the next day and I was quitting this job. He told me he wasn't coming back either. I went back to working offshore. I thought it would be safer.

This was the only time in my life that I ever threatened somebody with a gun. It reminds me of when I got my first car and I told my Dad that I want a pistol. My Dad said, "You'd better file the site off the gun." I asked, "Why would I want to do that?" He said, "Because when somebody jam's it up your ass, it won't hurt as much." To this day I never got a pistol.