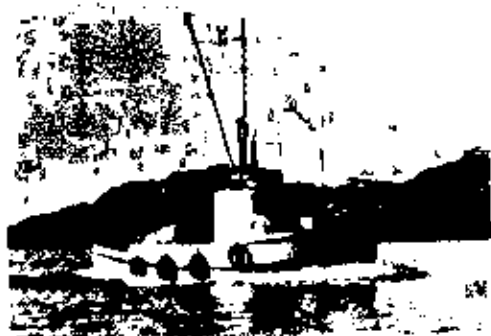


ELWANI "inside" ILLUANI



Archie Hubley remembers Chirikoff Island.



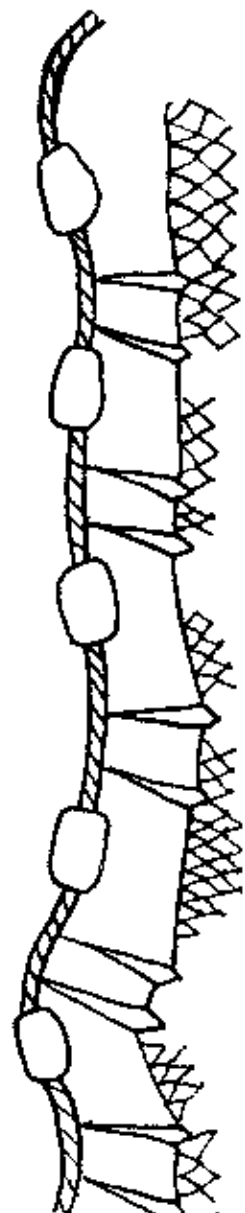
Featuring:

Archie Hubley
Helen Ferry
Lena Metrokin
Nina Olsen
Mary Chya
Hu'o'ng Na

MORE!

Vol. 2

No. 1



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“It was a smokin’ gale...”

*Story Credits: Elizabeth Ardinger
Layout: Brea Thomas & Elizabeth Ardinger*

**Archie Hubley's recollections of
Chirikoff and Swikshak**



I asked Archie when he was born, and he said, "I was born on October 12, 1909, my mother's name was Nettie, and my father's name was John, my mother came from Unga. I'm 3/4 aleut."

"I was at Sand Point for 6 years, my father was a carpenter, working for Andrew on the boats that moved to Unga, they were 18 to 20 footers, we fished halibut, and codfish, we put motors in them. My father, and Alec and four other men left in March, they started in the cold in open dories. He later bought the dory and fished it himself, he fished 'til September, then I came down and was dropped off at the Kodiak dock. I hit the reef around the point when I was 15 years old. I had my 16th birthday here. I've been here some 50 odd years, I started smoking at 14, before that I swiped my mother's smoking stuff, I was afraid my father would catch me smoking in the dory.

"Once we were in the dory together it accidentally dropped in the bottom of it my father said, 'Archie pick up your can of Velvet, its gonna get wet.'

"We moved to Kodiak in 1927, because the codfishing had slackened off, and my old man got a job down here, so we moved. I've been here ever since. From 1927 to 1949, I fished on different boats and tenders. Then in 1949, in October, I went to Chirikoff, on the Rube Sea, to trap foxes. Urskin sent us down, the skipper was Cap Olsen. We left Kodiak and layed in Alitak over night, we reached Chirikoff in the afternoon. The next day we got a small cabin cleaned up, and moved in, when we finished, we went walking around trying to get acquainted with the island.

"It took me about a week and a half to catch two horses that I spotted, I had a bag of oats with me, and I would put a few out, and walk away, then I would put some more out. That kept on going for a week, finally it got so I could pat them, and walk away again. One day I came with a little piece of line, and put it around the neck of one of them, I brought them home with me, I could pat them, ride them, and hook them up to the wagon to haul wood.

*The horses
hooked up
to the wagon.*



"Then we started looking around to see where we could put traps. There was plenty of bait, like dead cows lying around, and fish on the beach so that we had to use trail sets, like a log going across a creek- you had to know where they crossed. We got 97 skins in three months. We sold our foxes to Karl Armstrong-he was the Marshal in Kodiak then. We got 6 dollars a skin, and they furnished everything- transportation, all of our ammunition, food and everything. We took quite a bit of grub with us down there and we never ran out, there was plenty of other food on the island like berries, deer, cattle, a lot of large fish (sorta like rainbow), that we could catch all winter long, and halibut and codfish would wash ashore the beach alot, too, we also ate Badarki (or we used to call them oheduck, in Russian), we ate sea eggs too. We dug a big root cellar for our vegetables spuds, and onions, it kept all winter.

"One day I tried to get the horses around a point at the North end of the island where its all sandy. It was low tide and my friend Bill Ramagno was with me, we had a supply of grub, along with the horses so instead of packing everything over the hill, which would have taken a half an hour, we went around the point with the team, but I ran into some quick sand, the horses the wagon, everything went down. Bill couldn't help me because he was scared of horses so I had to try to pull one of the horses out by myself. After I got one out, I used him to pull the other horse out. Then we unloaded the supplies off the wagon and jacked it out, and reloaded it. By the time we finished, we were full of sand, the shoulders of the horses were too, we washed everthing off with water from a nearby creek. It was around midnight when we got there, we let the horses loose.

"The cabin there was half full of sand, I didn't have a shovel, so I had to use an old bucket that I found, to pack it out, it took me all morning to late that night. Next morning we got a stove out up, and started looking for trapping spots. The only trouble there was when the wind blew hard, you couldn't face it-it was just like a bunch of pins poking your face. I had a rifle like a 30-40 Craig, and when the wind blew you couldn't even work the bolt, so I chopped off a pair of pants and sewed the end, and that made a good place to keep the gun from getting full of sand.

"One day I was walking along the banks toward the south end of the island, and I found a woman's skull, I found a lot of barabaras too, I was walking along and I fell through one, (they were huts dug in the ground by the natives). On the beach I also found a spoon, fork, and knife, they were made out of bone.

The winter time was pretty good out there, the snow didn't stay on the island because it's flat and it blew right off,

there were two fine big lakes where I used to get humpys, and silver salmon.

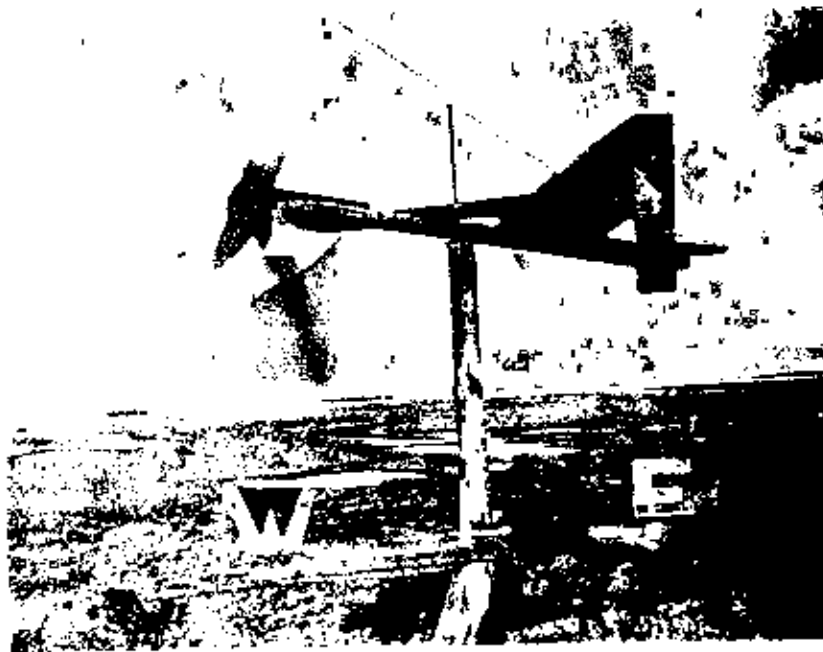
"When we were trapping on Chirikof we had a tough schedule, oh boy! We got up in the dark and came back in the dark, then we would cook our supper, wash dishes. Then we had to take care of the foxes, we had to skin them, flesh them, then we had to put them on boards to dry them out. We stored them in the calidoor (cool back porch), on racks were you would hang them by their snoots with string. Then on a real sunny day you'd put them outside to air out, then you have to rub them and brush them so they get kind of silky like, otherwise, their fur gets matted. Then we would put yellow corn meal on them so the fat wouldn't run on the fur, and get it greasy, then it wouldn't dry good, so after rubbing cornmeal on them, I would put some saw dust on to get rid of the grease. The penned foxes are really fat, but the wild ones have to rustle for their own food, it was just like taking off shavings on the penned foxes, ha! ha! ha! we didn't eat the meat, we didn't even use that for bait, we dumped them, they smell so strong. Oh Jesus! the worst animal alive is a fox, we buried them or dumped them out in the ocean. I used to wear boots and slicker pants when I handled foxes, the only thing they're good for is the fur. It's good money, we used to get from 250.00 dollars to 175.00 dollars, that all depends on what type of shape the foxes are in, sometimes you get \$275.00 to \$380.00 for one skin. We had to pair them up, you had to grade them and put them into pairs like: two dark ones, two light ones, etc. The really beautiful ones are the platinum blonde blue foxes, that's the one that really brought the prices. But the poor ones we'd just throw them in one pile, we just picked out the best ones. Lets see, five and a half months split four ways I think I got paid \$175.00 for 5 months work, and it went in one night, ha, ha! You wouldn't work for that for one day now. Yeah, but I enjoyed it out there though, it was worth it all that experience I got out there.

The foxes airing out on a sunny day.



"When we were through trapping for the day I would take my rifle and a sandwich and go beachcombing, there was always something new on the beach, I liked to root around in the logs and drift wood and pick up all kinds of stuff. I also liked to ride the horses.

"We sometimes shot seal. I made a great big windmill, out of beach wood, it took me over a week, I worked quite a while on that thing getting it together and it took all them storms so it must of been pretty skookum built! It used to tell which way the wind would blow. I also made a model boat out of cedar, I dug out the bow and the stern with a pocket knife, I put a deck over it, put the guards on- mast, boom, sails, and everything. I just took my time. I had no paint so I used shoe polish.



*The windmill
Archie made.*

"When it was time to come back, our supplies, like gas and kerosine, got a little short. I used to walk up a hill every day with my glasses but they didn't show up, I finally spotted this boat over there. It was a halibut boat, fishing in the spring, and they saw me up on the hill, they couldn't land because it was too rough, so they tried to land on the other end of the island, (southwest side), they made it and started walking towards us, but the wild cattle chased them off. So in about 4 days, the weather calmed down. They landed and gave us some gas, kerosine, and other few odds and ends that we needed. We asked them if anyone was going to pick us up. They said, "Yes," and left. They must of gone to Ketchikan so the halibut boat left and went to Ketchikan

to tell them that the boat never reached Chirikoff to pick us up. So two and a half weeks later Lugasik, the skipper on the boat, picked us up, and took us back to Kodiak.

"We were on Chirikoff about 5 1/2 months, I liked it there alot. Our cabin was really a torn down shack. We called it Head Quarters. It was made out of old drift wood, planks, and logs, and other stuff all nailed together.

"One time I went trapping on the main land, Gabe went with me, we landed above Swikshak Lagoon inside Kiukpalik Island, we trapped there awhile and then moved on to Cape Douglas. The weather was fine, so we trapped there for quite awhile. One day we were coming down by Barren, and Gabe and I could see snow on the mountains flying everywhere, by the time we got on the beach our dory swamped, I threw all our groceries and sleeping bags up on the bank, then we bailed the dory out. We didn't know where we were going to stay so we started looking around, quite a ways back inland you could see a big knoll and a barabara, what a beautiful little place. It was made out of cedar logs. So we stayed there, we turned the dory over and tied it to a big log. The next morning I mentioned to Gabe that you couldn't even feel the wind because it was built into the ground. I thought we should leave that day, but when I opened the door, it was a smoking gale. There was another place called The Rock Cabin, it was built out of nothing but logs, framed with big rocks- the rock was piled around it, so just the roof showed. We were caught in there for nine days. Not far away from there was a glacier and the north wester would come out of that glacier, and that made it tough. One day I was looking out and I saw three bears coming along the creek, my partner was down there waiting for seal, I didn't want to scare the bear, but I was trying to attract my friend's attention by waving, finally he saw me waving and he ran along the beach. A mother bear and three cubs were running toward him. The biggest gun I had was a 25-20, and he had a 30-30, so when he got to the cabin we shot the three of them right there. There was also a great big bear standing on a rock looking down into the creek. So we went up above him, and shot him. We crippled him pretty bad, and he went up the hill, we didn't dare go up there, he just layed there a long time. The next morning we went up the creek and he must have come down to drink some water, he fell in and drowned. He was full of small shells thats why it took him so long to die, we skinned them, and made a rug out of one of them.

"We ran into a Finn trapper in Swikshak Lagoon, we were suprised that anyone was living there so we got together. We tried to come home towards spring, so he

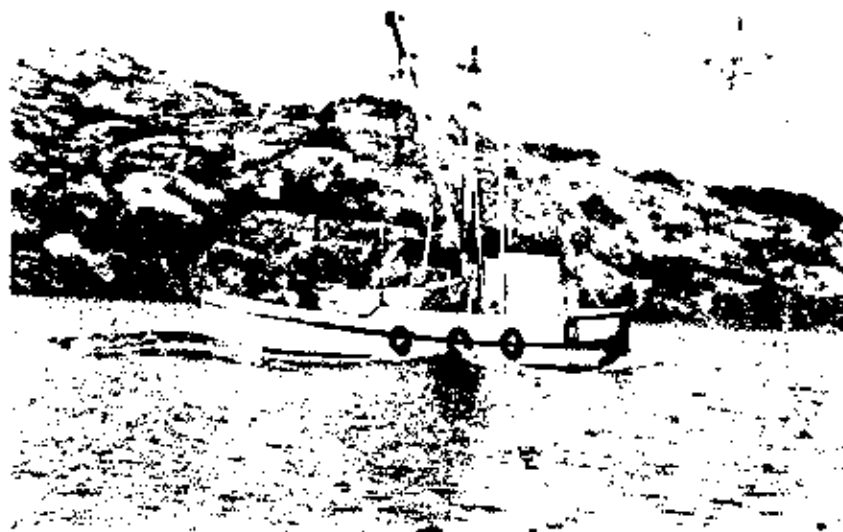
towed us down to Village beach, where there was an old Russian church. We stayed in the church. We were getting pretty low on grub, we used to go out on low tide, and dig razor backs. One day I was rooting around the church, and I found slippers. Somebody must have killed a bear, so I made slippers out of its hind feet, the claws and everything were on them, I used to wear them but when you walked the claws caused a lot of racket. Then, when the weather was bad, we stayed there.

*Finally we got down to Kukak there was an old cannery over there. So we started off, we couldn't make it at first, so we had to go back, the next day was pretty good, and we made it across alright-that was the end of Mainland hunting for me, however I did make quite a few trips salmon tendering.

"I used to go to Seattle on the tender twice a year once in the spring, and once in the fall. The company payed for the trip out then they'd fly us back home. We lived on the boat when we were down there.

"Later on I worked for Kadiak fisheries. I worked for 24 years on the tenders at Port Bailey. I worked my way from deckhand to skipper, until I retired in 1972. I was in Port Bailey when the earthquake of 1964 struck. I had gone to copper paint my boat, *The Joanne*, I just had my supper, and had put my dishes in the dish pan on the stove to wash, then I sat out on the deck, to sit and smoke my pipe, the first thing you know, everything started to shake. I was tied along side the cannery dock, and I could hear everything falling down inside the cannery, it was a terrible commotion.

*Archie's boat,
the Joanne.*



"I decided to anchor out between the two docks. I had a 40 fathom anchor rope, so I just dropped the anchor and left the whole works, I went ashore with the dory. We took everything we could save like radios, important papers, and money out of the cannery store. Then we went up the hill and stayed all night. You talk about a bunch of stuff floating around, there where houses, lumber, boats, and everything. We had a bunch of boats down at Port Bailey and a bunch of them floated off. I took my boat and towed them back to the cannery. Then we went to the web dock and got a long line and tied them to us, we were lucky that we didn't have anymore of those big tides, because, they sure made a mess inside the warehouse. While we were on the hill we used the radios to hear all we could about what was happening, I stayed there for two days, I had a terrible time coming home. When I got home there was water underneath the place, but it didn't hurt anything- Chuck Turner the superintendant of Port Bailey asked me to take *The Sunrise*, she was on the beach, but she went out again on the waves, I took her back to Port Bailey, and beached her, while I was over there a howling N.W. gale blew up. And my boat (*The Joanne*) went ashore. So Chuck Turner sent a plane after me, and I came back and tried to get my boat off the beach, after I got her off the beach I had to take her back to Port Bailey to get her fixed up."

"When I had my boat chartered to go out to Port Pailey, I used to go on the gillnet run. I was getting fifty dollars a day, I used to make about 5,000 dollars a payday, 5 months work, I thought that was really good."

Archie and his friend unloading codfish.





*Archie's parents on
the 10th wedding
anniversary.*

*The cabin that Archie
and Gabe lived in
called "headquarters."*



*Archie and his friend,
playing in the boat,
in front of the
store at Sand Point.*



PEROK

For a long time I've been hearing from a friend of mine about her mother's mouthwatering perok. Perok is a type of Russian "fish pie." I had to have a taste of it so I decided to get the recipe and make it myself. It turned out delicious! Here's how she told me to do it:

Chop: one onion
one green pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a medium cabbage
2 carrots

Saute in frying pan.

Steam: 4c. rice

Boil: 10 eggs

While that is cooking mix the dough and knead it together well.

The dough consists of:

4c. flour
2c. crisco
12 tbsp. water
1 tsp. salt

You will also need:

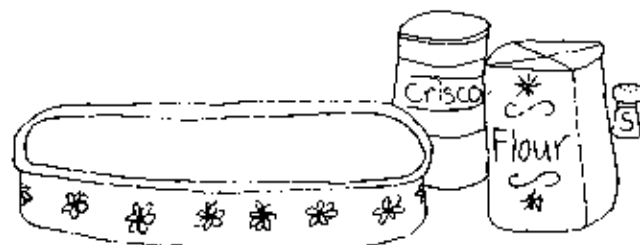
2 one-lb. cans of salmon
2 tbsp. of milk



Divide the dough in half, rolling out $\frac{1}{2}$ for the bottom crust and $\frac{1}{2}$ for the top. Layer $\frac{1}{2}$ the rice in the bottom of the pan, all the salmon, the cabbage mixture, next the eggs (chopped), and lastly the remaining rice. Put the top crust on. Pour the milk on the crust, spreading it out evenly. Last of all, with a knife poke several holes in the top crust. Bake the pie at 350° F for one or one and a half hours.

This recipe makes a lot. For a family of five it will last two big meals. If you cut it in half, it should serve a family of four for one meal. The leftovers are good cold or reheated.

Contact: Eileen Erickson



Credits: Pigi Langan

A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

Helen Ferry's Experience of Halibut Fishing



Helen in front of her house

We all came out of Helen's house with a feeling that we had just gotten a great interview. Helen Ferry is a very interesting person and we found her to be very easy to get along with.

As we followed the stairs down to Helen's house which was small and set back into the woods about 50 feet, we found it was very cozy and comfortable. There were furs of animals hanging on the walls, and all sorts of pictures of wildlife and scenery.

Helen started fishing in 1972, gillnetting. She worked on the Shoshone doing various things including baiting 3000 hooks a day, cooking, and working in the *cheakers*. She started out having no experience of fishing and now is probably one of the best fisherwomen around.

The following is some of Helen's stories and experiences of fishing.

"In 1971 I was working in a net factory in Blaine, Washington. I was head girl in the twine twisting room; where we made the twine that they make seines and gillnets out of.

"One day while I was working, these people I had known from my home town came in and bought two new gillnets. While they were there it flashed on me "why don't I ask them if I can go fishing with them," and so I did. They said, "sure come on up, you won't make any money, because the prediction for salmon is really lousy, but it would be good experience for you." This was in 1972.

"I came to Kodiak and I gillnetted with them that summer and again in 1973.

"In 1974, I was asked to run a setnet site, and so this girl from Homer that I knew came over and we ran the site. We had a 16 foot plywood skiff, and we got this old cable spool and we took it to the cannery where we knew a bunch of guys and they welded us a crank handle on the spool. We got two skates of gear, and I bought two hundred hooks, and we also had a 25 horse kicker. Kennison and I went out and started halibut fishing. We didn't know what we were doing, we barely knew how to bait the hooks. We used whole salmon heads and put them on the hooks, which was ridiculous. But we caught halibut, our biggest was 96 pounds. We'd deliver to Alitak cannery for Wynn Brindle and we got around 65¢ a pound.

"The next summer I started purse seining in Uganik, this was in 1974 after nine months of trapping on the Kamashak River. After trapping I met Nick Delaney and at that time he owned the Porpoise. He asked me if I'd go fishing with him, and so I fished with Nick for a couple of months. On the boat there was George, Nick, and myself. We fished 30 skates a day. During that summer and '76 the season was open all summer long, and we'd get between 2 and 4 hours of sleep a night.

"We did really good, I remember we caught 64 hundred pounds in 3 days of halibut fishing up around Shuyak and Afognak. I just couldn't believe it, I'd never seen so many halibut before!

"I did all the dressing, George ran the roller, and Nick drove the boat. George and I would do most of the gear, while Nick drove the boat. I did that for two summers. Then the next summer Nick leased the Jenny Lee, a Southeast seiner. With 70 skates on the reel, we never fished them all.

"I lived on Shuyak Island at the time. I lived out there for eight months in the winter hunting and trapping. The day before the 16 day halibut opening Nick came and picked me up at the old Port Williams cannery and we headed out to the Shelikoff. During that 16 day opening we had 15' to 20' seas everyday. We anchored up 3 times because it got too rough to fish. With five of us on the Jenny Lee we ended up with 56 thousand pounds of halibut and we just about plugged the boat.

"It was so rough that the stabilizer fish which went down in the water like 16 feet, when the boat would take a wave, the fish would come flying out of the water and land on the deck.

"That winter Nick decided to build the Shoshone, the largest commercial aluminum boat on the West Coast.

"I went to Seattle and worked on the boat for three weeks, and then we brought the boat up. We fished the first opening that year, and since it was a new boat, not everything worked right. One of the plates in the

third hold came off, and everytime we'd take a roll water would come in the out flow tank. The hold was completely flooded, we had two thousand dollars of gear down there, all of our extra canned goods, pop, and a case of eggs. All the canned vegetables and juice were all smashed. It took us all day long to hand bail the hold out. When we got to the bottom of the hold we found 1 egg out of that whole case! We lived on rice and millet and homemade bread.

"We had six of us on the boat and we had one guy driving the boat, one guy running the roller, one guy dressing the halibut, and one person chopping up bait, and baiting the hooks all the time. I did all the chopping and baiting, plus all the cooking.

"We only delivered 35 thousand pounds the first opening, everybody was green except Nick and I. We ended up with 96 thousand pounds of halibut, we were highliners for the whole Canadian, American fleet! The price was \$2.07 a lb. Which made our gross 200 thousand dollars. Our crew share was 10.5%. I made over 25 thousand dollars the two openings.

"The second opening it was the same crew. So everybody knew basically what to do, so it worked out really well. I was working the checker practically the whole time, nobody else knew what to do, and in halibut fishing, you have to be really fast to keep up with the fish coming aboard, otherwise you get all messed up.

"We were excited to go for another opening, we made it as far as Prince Rupert from Seattle and our reduction gear went out. We sat there for three days, while engineers came to the conclusion that our reduction gear was wiped out! It was pretty dramatic. We had 4,000 dollars worth of groceries, and none of us had any money. We could have put the reduction gear back together, limp back down to Seattle, and jerk the whole thing out, and put a new set of reduction gear in, instead we ordered one from Vancouver, which took about three weeks for it to get to Prince Rupert. Well, I decided to leave and come back to Kodiak. I got back a day before halibut season opened up again and all the schooners were in town. I beat the docks and went to all the schooners, and said, "Hi, I'm Helen, the girl you read about that baited 6,000 hooks a day, and I'm looking for a job." They chuckled and said "Where's the Shoshone," I told them that we lost our reduction gear, they chuckled, and we were going to miss the opening. I ended up going fishing with my boyfriend out in a skiff in Whale Pass.

"Andy, Kennison, and I pulled 8 skates a day by hand, and that was rough. We would put the halibut in live tanks and keep them for three to five days, then load them in the skiff and bring them to town, via Anton Larsen Bay.

"Nick brought the Shoshone back up this summer, and we took seven of us out fishing, because we knew there was going to be a lot of halibut. The five years I fished with Nick we never put gear in the water without catching something! In our first two days, we only set 50 skates a day, because this year it opened in the afternoon, and it's really weird starting to fish in the afternoon. It takes between four and five hours

to set 50 skates, and you turn right around and start picking them, and that takes between 12 and 14 hours. When you start setting your gear at 3:00 in the afternoon, your not done with everything until 2 or 3 in the morning.

We had seven of us on the boat and we had two shifts. The crew set the gear for 4-6 hours then work on deck the first 2 or 3 strings. We set 10 skate strings usually.

"This year we set 50 skates, and I remember when we started picking them, I went and got my camera. The first 4 hooks that we pulled, we had 4 big halibut that were 60-100 pounds, and I started taking pictures. Anyway Nick started yelling Helen, get that camera out of here and start teaching these guys how to dress halibut!"

"We had over 50 thousand pounds of halibut the first day and a half, and they were all 60-100 pounders. We got one halibut that was 7'6".

"We had three people dressing halibut the whole time. I worked in the checker 13-18 hours a day, and two guys would run the roller. The Shoshone was set up so that the rollerman could run the boat at the same time. And we had one guy down in the hold almost 10 hours a day.

"We started fishing in a different area and Nick decided to move the gear around, and we lost 4 days of real good fishing. At the end of the trip we were drinking beer and eating aspirin just to sleep for five hours, there was so much pain.

"After halibut fishing, I fished salmon and made over 12 thousand dollars. I had so much money I didn't know what to do with it. I bought two acres out at Monashka Bay for 18 thousand dollars, and two friends of mine offered to build a house for me. We managed to build my house for 76 hundred dollars, and that includes my outhouse, board walk, and my covered porch.

I went down to Seattle and started working on the Shoshone again. Nick had put a covered deck on, and wanted to make it strictly a longliner. He bought a Mustad System (an automatic ground line) where you could fish about 30 thousand hooks a day, all automatic.

"We didn't use the Mustad System for halibut, we used a reel and snap gear. We had 100 skates on the reel.

"I sat on the top deck with a 2 x 4, and bundles of untied gangions looking up at me. That's when I tied 9600 gangions in three weeks.

"We were only fishing 50 skates a day, we couldn't fish 70 skates a day because there were too many fish. The roller was stopping every 2nd or 3rd hook, we had halibut. For a girl fishing halibut its hard, you have to be strong.

"When you're out there halibut fishing you do anything for a laugh, like this last time this year we got 179 thousand pounds in 12 days and the rest of the fleet thought that we started fishing before the halibut season, but that's not true. It was the largest load in 40 years. We came in with a deck load. But this year we were working so

hard and there was so much pain. There's so much pain in your body because you're working so hard. This year halibut fishing was just no fun, so you'd do anything for a laugh. We'd catch an occasional octopus. We'd take them back to the stern and hang them up, to let them die. We'd skin them and use them for bait. We'd take their ink sacs and it smells just like perfume, and dump it over the herring, because halibut like octopus, well, while they're hanging there, you know they're still sucking, and I'd go up to a couple octopus and I'd kiss their suckers, it's really slimy and cold, and feels really kind of good. It's really pretty funny. One octopus sucked onto my upper lip and got one of those deals on my nose, and I thought that it was going to rip the skin underneath my lip, I couldn't get away, but we'd do anything for a laugh.

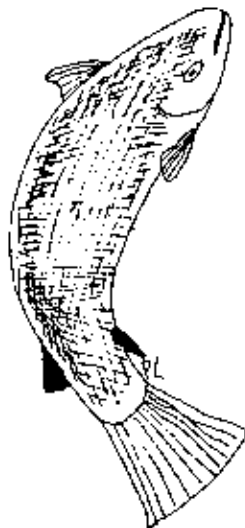
"This year we came back to town early. We ended up losing 25 hundred pounds of halibut because we ran out of ice. We caught 179 thousand pounds, for only $\frac{1}{2}$ the price we got 2 years ago, so I made less money than before. So really it was a lot of work for nothing. That's when I decided I'm never going to fish halibut on a big time basis again. "I'm getting too old!"

GANGION KNOT

"What I did down in Seattle to tie 9600 gangions is:



Step 1: I tood a 2 x 4 long enough to sit on, and drove a nail into the end of it.



16



Step 2: Draw a line on the board for the length of the knot that the hoods is tied through. Then, another line for the snap. The snap is the longer line.



Step 3: Hold the end of the gangion in your left hand. I found it was important to hold it a certain way. With your thumb and index finger.



Step 4: Wrap it around the nail, cross it over and hold the gangion with your thumb and index finger.



Step 5: With your right hand, loop the gangion over, bring the end through and pull it down while pulling it down, pull up with the left hand.



Step 6: Repeat the same steps for the snap end.

Credits by:

*Jeannine Jensen
Sherry Suryan
Karen Strahle*

Special Credit:

Helen Ferry



Helen Ferry

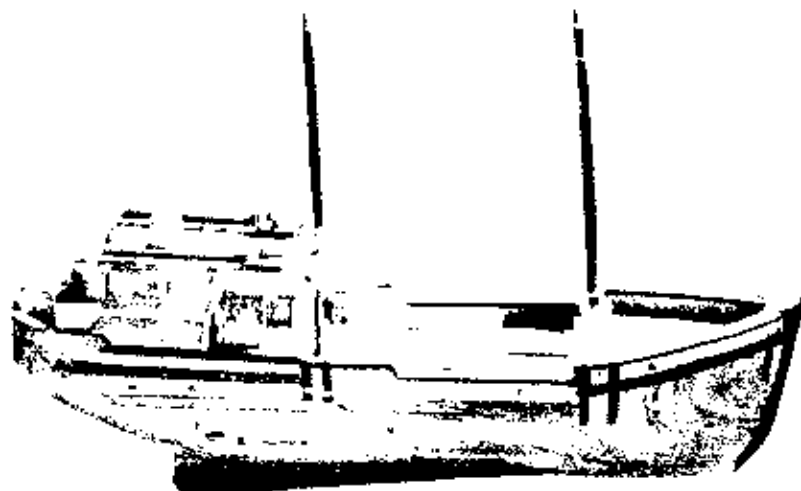
**"They had wooden boats
and iron men, now they have
iron boats and wooden men"**

Stan Malmedal



Stan and Ella posing in front of Port Bailey Cannery.

Stan Malmedal has been a long time resident of Alaska. He enjoys the life he lives in Alaska and the warm, friendly people up here, compared to the hustle and bustle of the city life. Stan is currently the watchman at Port Bailey, Me and his wife Ella spend the winter there and keep busy by carving boats out of wood, making ornaments, and walking the beautiful pathways of Port Bailey. Stan is always busy, if it's not carving his realistic boats, it's walking the area. They get many visitors, boat that need diesel, people from the surrounding area get their mail from Port Bailey, it's always nice they say to get visitors. The seclusion doesn't seem to bother them a bit. Ella has time to do her needle-point, and bake cookies, and she told me, "I finally have time to bake my own bread." Having raised five children, it occupied much of her time.



This is one of Stan's carvings, it's not finished yet

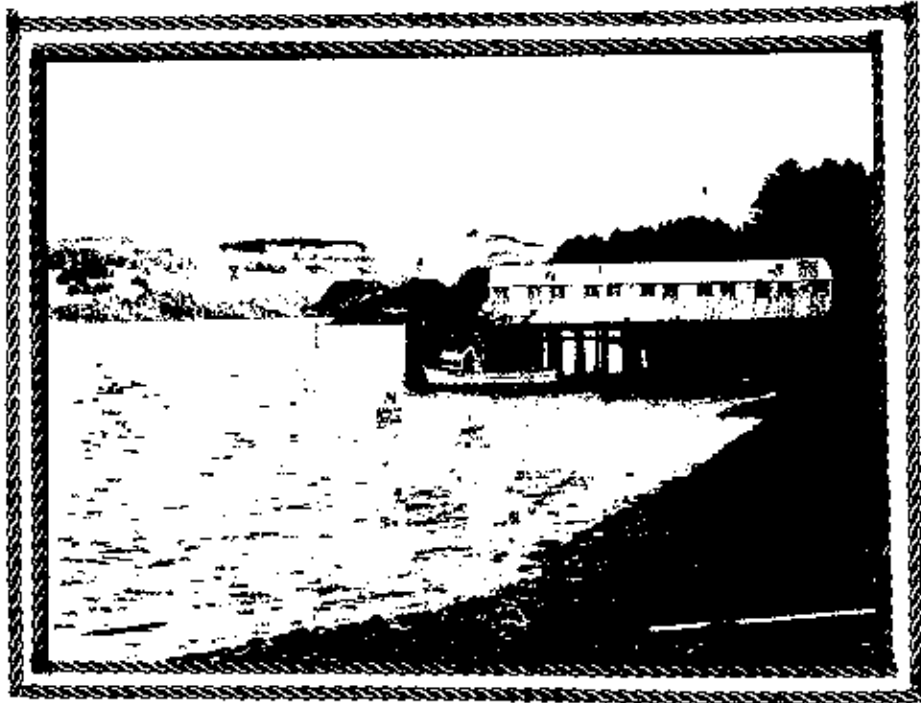
"I came to Port Bailey two years ago, fishing was going to pot and they put an awful critailment on the regulation on halbut and I figured we were done for. I thought maybe I'd get a job at one of these big cannery companies and get out of the fishing game, besides I'm a little bit too old for that Bering Sea crab fishing. I went out to Colombia Wards and they were looking for an engineer running one of those heavy duty engines. When they found out I was looking for an engineer's job, they asked me if I'd ever been around any heavy duties, and I told them it's been about twenty five years since I'd been around one of them. But they hadn't changed any, so they put me on the *Robert I* as engineer right away. Then that summer we heard they were looking for a watchman, so I wrote the wife to find out if she'd like to spend the winter in Alaska. I sent some pictures down to her and she thought it would be great. So we got the job and got up here in the middle of September. I pack salmon in the summer for the *Robert I*, it's a pretty good summer job, good money for the time you put at it. We have our own generator here, for the electricity for our house. I more or less watch and make sure nothing gets stolen, if a strange boat pulls in and I don't reconize it, I go and check it out. The boats have gear lockers here and I open them up for them and help them out anyway I can. It's a good winter job, we get some snow, some rain, it's really enjoyable here, I love it."

Stan came to Alaska in 1939, on a halibut boat with his dad. He fished two years on the boat and has been in Alaska the better part of his life. He has been in almost every kind of fishing game, he fished tuna down south, sardine fished, dragged, salmon fished, and halibut fished. He worked a few winters ashore, driving trucks in the interior of Alaska for Alaska freight lines. Then he was in the Army in World War II, on the crash boat squadrine in the Aleutian Islands. "I've been on the water 90% of my life, ever since I was fourteen years old."

"I got too bright to go to school, one of these kids that didn't want to go to school, I've been around boats ever since I was four or five and when I quit school, my dad told me, "don't get it in your head your gonna sit around with your feet under the table, you better figure on going to work somewhere." I wanted to go halibut fishing, dad thought it was a big joke, I was only fourteen years old, but then he thought, maybe a trip or two and the kid will be glad to go back to school, but it didn't turn out that way!

I started fishing on the *Antler*, a Seattle boat, I fished two years on her, then I came westward on the *Lopaloma*, an old habibut schooner, she's long gone now."

We used to go down South and sardine fish and tuna fish. I used to be gone alot, a guy starts to get tired of being on a boat eleven months out of the year. I've tuna fished along the Oregon coast all the way down to Mexico. We jigged, we'd let the bait get in the tanks and when we'd get on a school of fish, the chummer would drop bait over board, then the tuna would start going wild, we had racks on the side of the boat that we'd stand in with poles and we'd get the tuna wild chumming em', and pull up and boy there was tuna flying everywhere. Jiggings not too bad, but I'm not for that trolling, it's just too slow, you can sit and sit and sit waiting for them fish to bite. In those days we were more or less



E/V Sally J, tied up at the gear lockers.

experimenting, there was alot of times we'd have to run around that school of tuna for hours and hours, to get them used to the boat before we dumped the seine on them, otherwise they'd sound on you. We packed 95 tons of refrigerated tuna. Sometimes we were as far down as Mexico. Down there you had a 90 day permit and if you didn't have a trip in 90 days, you had to go into Mexico port and get the permit renewed. But we never went ashore, just to get the permit and get the heck out of there. But I didn't care for that much, for days we'd run and run and run, looking for fish, we'd generally look for the porpoise school, cause the tuna was underneath the porpoise. Thats why they were raising so much heck about these tuna fisherman killing off the porpoise. We'd set around the porpoise, we'd kill some, but not that much, very seldom you'd get them in your seine. They're so fast, they'd either go over the cork line, or sound, the bad thing is, if they sound the tuna will follow. I fished sardines, that we fished at night, we used the moon as our light. I fished out of San Fransisco one season, I didn't like that too much, it was to foggy and cold. Then I fished on a boat out of San Piedro and that was just like heaven down there, we'd run around in our shirt sleeves, until



A view of Port Bailey

we set the seine, then we put our oil skins on. The last year I fished sardines they put a 50 ton limit on them, of course you couldn't make anything on 50 ton per night, so I think it was the following year they quit fishing sardines all together. I don't know if it was that we fished them out or they moved or the current changed, but nobody seems to know, they just up and left, there's no more sardines. When they had a 50 ton limit, we had a heck of a time finding fish and before that, good God it was nothing to set on a school of two three hundred tons of sardines. I remember one fall we had a hundred ton limit, and we used to set and we'd load two, three boats in one set. The skipper was to the point were he didn't believe on setting on small schools, unless it was the last set in the morning before daylight. But it was a great winter job, nice weather and at that time there was very little dragging out of Seattle, maybe fifteen draggers out of Seattle at that time. But then when they got some of the bigger draggers, and better prices, I spent quit a few winters dragging. It's been four years now since a quite dragging.

"In the early days down through Southeast Alaska, you'd see alot of these old guys that had a little trolling boards, and hand gurney's and they'd make a good living. They'd get themselves a few kegs of salted fish for the winter and had an old shack in the woods somewhere. I used to go ashore when I saw one of them and talk to these old guys. I got a real enjoyment talking to them, they've been in this country for years. They were here when they didn't have all these high powered engines, and skiffs. I remember fishing Bristol Bay when they didn't have nothing but sails. Sails and oares thats all we had. Can you

imagine rowing one of those things with a load of fish in em' and the way the tide runs, thats tough! One night there was eleven boats from the company I fished with that went down, 22 men drown in one night. we slept under the sail, we'd lay reindeer skins down over them and throw canvas over that, and thats where we slept, under the sails. We ate when we unloaded to the tender, that when Bristol Bay was tough, we used to say, "Thats when they had wooden boats and iron men, now they've got iron boats and wooden men!" But you know its improvement, you can't fish today like we did in the olden days. I mean now its better boats, better equipment, better radio's. But everything has room to improve. When I started fishing we didn't have radar, fathom metters, we didn't even have radios on the boat! One time we were in the Gulf of Alaska and we broke the crank shaft and I think we lay adrift for four or five days. You could see the shoreline off Prince William Sound and there was no traffic those days, just a few old fishing boats running back and forth, and a steamer now and then. So we decided we were gonna travel to Hinchinbrook and get help, so me and my cousin, we were the youngest ones on the boat, we decided we were gonna leave for Hinchinbrook in a dory. It must have been a good 40, 50 miles off shore, my dad thought we were crazy. So we rowed into Cape Hinchinbrook I thing we were in that dory for four days, four days and four nights. We got to the weather station and they contacted the Coast Guard. We towed the *Rainer* to Sitka. Sure we were taking chances out there in that dory, but what were we gonna do. We couldn't very well stay adrift forever.

"You know one time, I don't know what year it was the year Yakatat Island opened up in the tidal wave and earthquake. We were on our way across with a load of halibut and there wasn't enough wind to blow a match out, and then the sea just started boiling over the stern and bow and it just banged on the sides of the boat. It was an earthquake and we didn't even know it, we didn't have radio contact with anybody out there. We laid out there for 40 hours, it was like you was in a pot of boiling water, and all of a sudden just like that she flatened, not a breath of wind. We couldn't figure out what was causin this, and we had no contact with the radio stations, an we didn't hear anything about it until we got down off of Cape Saint James, and then we found out about this earthquake, and they figured that we was right over the top of the ocean floor that was opening and closing. And that's when that Island in Yakatat, it just opened up and a bunch of people dissapeared in it. One of my good friends went in it, Bob Welch. We went into Anchorage a couple of days later, and that was a mess. But you know it was a funny thing, I went up town looked it over pretty good, and 4th ave. was a mess, but the cross streets that ran in the opposite direciton, seemed like it hit every other one of them. One of the buildings would be fine and then the other one would be just a mess. And then there was one building you could look at it and you couldn't see a crack on the outside, and you walk in and the whole inside would have clear fell through!

"I knew a buddy of mine that was walking in the boat harbor, when the tidal wave hit Kodiak. He was drunker than a skunk, he went down one of the floats and got into a little skiff, and when he walked out of that skiff he was up in the school yard. He rode the crest of that wave clear up to the school yard. You talk about a miracle. Lotta funny thing can happen. I've been on the ocean two different tidal waves, way out on the ocean, clear off shore, you don't really notice them out there, the damage comes in when you get closer inland.

"But you know, the way it looks to me, fishing is going to pot. Lets face it they've over done it, there's no way this fishings gonna stand up under that kind of punishment. I'm just as guilty as anybody else of scraping the cream off the crop and not looking toward the future. One thing about Kodiak, they've got a limit on be amount of crab pots they can use for crabbing, but in the Bering Sea, there's boats that have up to 600 to 700 pots per boat, and you get lets say 300 boats and that crab ain't gonna stand that kind of fishing. This should have been regulated long time ago, its a shame they let it go. I'm just about out of the game, but the younger generation, they're gonna depend on fishing for a living. The salmon and halibut are really going fast, I can remember when I first started fishing, we had 70 to 75 million pound quota, now its real bad. Halibut are slow growers, same with crab, and it takes many years to get them back. It's a shame, we're suffering for it now.



Stan posing in front of his banya.

I hope you enjoyed this article as much as I did doing the interview. Stan and Ella are wonderful people and enjoyable to talk to. I'm looking forward to visit them again soon.

Story credits:

*Gwen Sargent
Anne Santoro*

Special credits: Stan and Ella Malmedt

“ KODIAK'S A GONER ”

JOE McCORMICK

We've always remembered Joe as "that really nice janitor." He became a janitor shortly after 1965. He kept going strong at his job and any other activity his schedule could handle, until he had an accident. It happened when he was working at the school and slipped on a wet floor, the blow paralyzed the right side of his body. This causes Joe to have trouble speaking and walking, which just makes you concentrate on what he's trying to get across to you and expresses his feelings very well. By listening to him struggle with his thoughts and words you can really tell how much he wants to share his experiences with you. I mean if it takes that much out of him to tell you something, it makes it more important to the listener, as it is to him. We really enjoyed talking with Joe, he was very cooperative and fun to be with. We think everyone could take a liking to this warm, gentle, man.

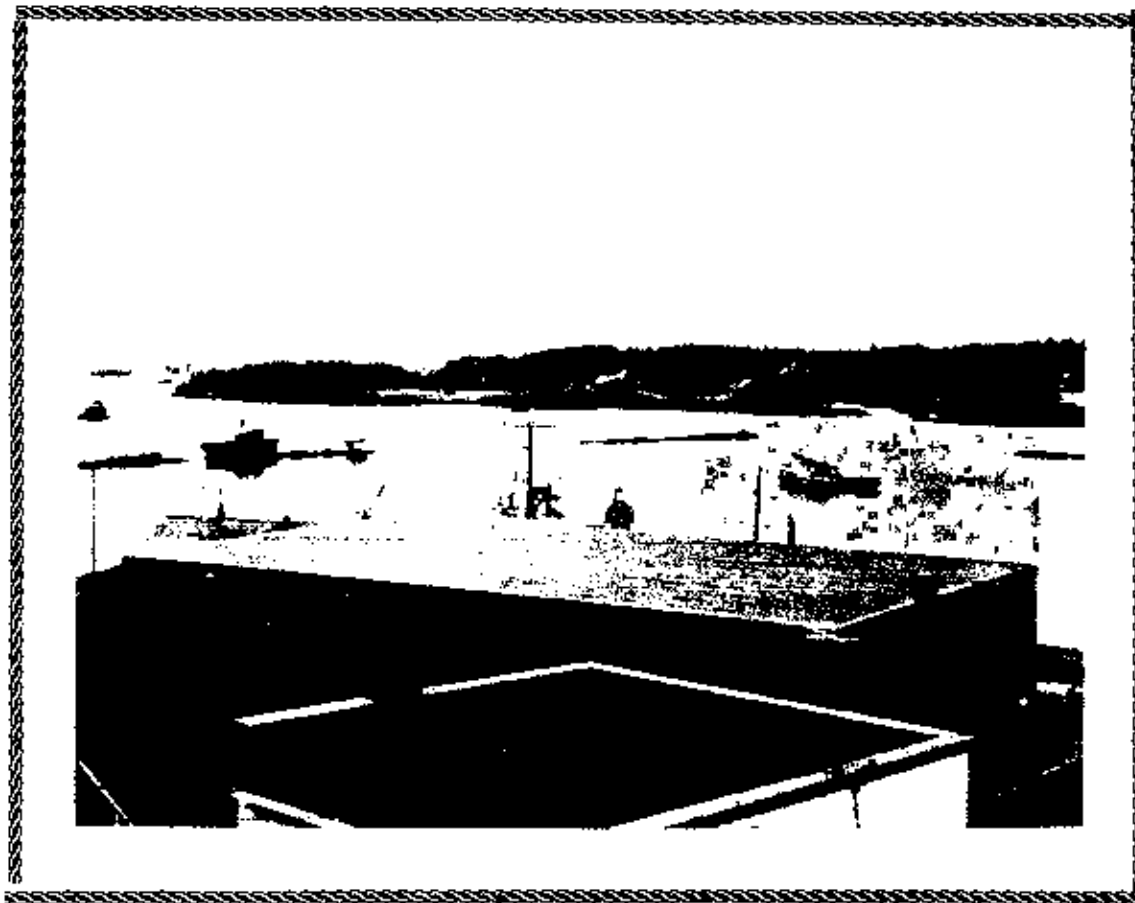


It was fairly hard for Joe to remember, but he sure had some interesting things to share with us about his experiences during and after the tidal wave.

Joe has a little different story to tell about the tidal wave. Joe was out on the mail boat by Nikolski, which is about 700 miles from Kodiak, on the west side of Unimak Island. When he first got word over the radio about the happening, Joe had just woke up from a nap after a long wheel-watch, as he came to the food hall, he overheard the crew discussing the disaster in Kodiak. By that time the boat was already turned around heading back home. There was alot of worry and panic because when they radioed Kodiak, all the Coast Guard would tell them was that the water front was gone. Joe recalled the way he felt when he first heard. His family was back home, he wondered if everything was okay. "I didn't know what to do, because, uh, the skipper and myself, all had families here."



It took them 10 days to get to Kodiak. As they passed Ouzinki, they saw that the dock was washed away, which really built tension, shortly after they entered the channel, and laid their eyes on the wreckage of the once beautiful town they left not but a couple weeks before. It was quite a shock, and a little unbelievable. All the shore line docks were gone, boats once in the harbor, were scattered through town, and smashed in pieces along the shore. Telephone and electric poles were down all over. The stores and businesses were not in their places, and in some cases not at all. "It was all gone, everything was all gone, everything on the waterfront was all gone. I can't tell you it sure was a mess, I can't tell you. All the houses were gone. We thought Kodiak's a goner and all these houses here." But at the time that wasn't important to Joe and the rest of the crew.



taken from where the Kodiak Mirror building is, which at that time was Sutliffs. It shows the condition of the boat harbor after the tidal wave.

They tied up near the City Dock as quickly as possible. All the crew wanted to do was to find their families and make sure they were alright. Joe and the crew were very worried, as might be expected. When Joe finally located his frightened family, they had many stories to tell him, but that could wait until they were secure in knowing everyone was unharmed and the worry passed.

Joe's son, Steve, who is a good friend of our's, had a very vivid memory of every detail, when his father was out on the boat during the terrifying experience.

Steve told us how he was sitting up in his home, on the side of Pillar watching the tide come in faster and faster. Boats tied up in the harbor were being cut loose as fast as possible and moved out, to avoid wreckage when the wave hit.

The water was still climbing fast, soon cars parked near the harbor were covered by water. The bar not too far from the harbor began floating around. There was so, so much more going on and it all happened so fast.



In this picture you can see the condition the town was left in after the flood. Cars were carried away by the water, and boats were laid to rest on shore, or, in some cases in the middle of town.

Steve told us that the main road was flooded, so there was no traffic going anywhere, except up Pillar to escape the water. Everyone was very scared, and worried that the water would not stop rising, and take all the houses down under.

People who could (had time) got their families and a few personal belongings together, jumped in their cars and headed for the nearest mountain, Pillar. You can't imagine the traffic up on the old mountain that day!

It was just about then that Steve remembers Hobart Dawson getting him and his brother, Gary, and took them towards Pillar Mountain too (it seemed to be the popular place). When they got to the reservoir people were walking down the road of Pillar. They stopped and asked what was happening, and they were informed that there were cars bumper to bumper all the way to the top.

There were rumors of the worst possible things that could happen. Steve recalls people talking, saying that the water had rose up and covered Aleutian Homes. Just about that time the tide began to recede, just that quick. All this (and much more) happened in just a short time. Everything began to settle down, and there were alot of relieved heads. They all drove to the Dawson's home, and the children stayed there.

After the earthquake, and the tidalwave the town was declared under Marshall law. You see, when the sirens went off everyone ran frantically out of the stores, banks, houses, and left all their money and merchandise.



This picture was taken from Joe McCormick's home. You can see the shambles that the town was left in, and what was left of the waterfront.



The next day a town clean-up was started. Fires were going everywhere, burning the rubbish, and remains of the wrecked buildings, boats, and odds and ends. The Kodiak that people used to know was leveled out and totally changed. The boat harbor began to change, it got deeper, as it used to be fairly shallow.

The underground bowling alley that used to be where the Mecca and NBA Bank, are, was flooded, although it's still down there.

The whole water front out at the Coast Guard Base was changed also. The break water moved apart and washed away a little, and a close in the channel occurred.





As you can see there were many changes in our town after this unfortunate experience. In closing we would like to extend our appreciation to Joe and Steve McCormick for sharing their experiences with us. They were patient with us, and willing to tell us everything they knew and remembered. I hope you enjoyed this, as we enjoyed interviewing Joe McCormick.



Credits: Anne Santoro



Lowbush Cranberries

"Cranberry fever sets in generally around September first at which time I join the many others which ascend Pillar with bucket, "picker" and backpack and begin the harvest of the Lingen berry; more commonly known as the Lowbush Cranberry.

These delicious berries can be found on the upper slopes growing among the moss and lichen. You can distinguish them from other berries because of their small, oval, red-tinged green leaves, which turn a darker red after the frost. After the frost the Cranberries soften, and can be picked almost any time of the winter.

Cranberry "pickers" are a real blessing to the avid berry picker, for they can harvest at least six to eight times more than the amount of berries harvested by hand. These "pickers" are a small hand held bucket-type scoop with comb-like prongs which slide through the berry vines, and pull off the berries.

Once the berries have been scooped up in the "picker" they can be cleaned very quickly by slowly dropping them into the bucket, thus allowing the wind to blow leaves and other debris away.

Upon return home with a big bucket of berries, one must simply rinse, bag, and freeze berries, until ready to use. When ready they can be used in baking, on pancakes, muffins, cakes, breads, and a wide assortment of desserts. They can also be used for raw relish, cooked sauces, and plain cranberry juice, or even as a base for punches.

One of my favorite recipes is Cranberry juice, all you need is:



1 quart cleaned lowbush cranberries.
2½ cups water
1 cup sugar

To extract juice combine cleaned Cranberries and water. Crush berries and bring to a boil, simmer covered for ten minutes. Place in jelly bag or in layers of cheese cloth in a colander, squeeze out juice. Return juice to kettle and bring to boiling point. Add sugar and boil for two minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars, cover, and process fifteen minutes in a boiling water bath.

The undiluted cranberry juice will not ferment into wine because of the high concentration of Benzoic acid. To get the highest amount of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) and other vitamins the berries should be cooked or frozen immediately. Canned or dried berries lose most of their nutrients."

Contact: *Lila Schwantes*
Story & Layout: *Elizabeth Ardinger*

HUÔNG NA



Huong Na in her gallery in Kodiak.

Huong Na , a twenty-two year old battlefield reporter, grabbed her eleven month old son, Gene, and ran toward the harbor after hearing the exploding bombs over Hanoi. She only had time to save her and her son's life. Jumping aboard a boat before it departed, she had become a "boat person" on an already crowded boat bound for America.

After her escape from Vietnam, she found a sponsor, who was in California, and started off on another boat for America in 1975. Staying with her sponsor, a doctor and his family, she had many chores to do. Taking care of their children and garden filled her days. Soon becoming bored with these, she began studying the fundamentals of art and modeling for various artists. Realizing that her skills as a reporter would do her no good in a foreign country she eagerly pursued her new interests.

Born in 1958, Huong was raised in Saigon with her four brothers and two sisters. Her mother has spent three years in a "re-education camp" and her father is still a political prisoner in Vietnam. Huong hopes someday to get permission from her country to release her family so she can bring them to America. A dream that pushes her on.

Huong decided on painting as her new career after she won first place in an AAUW art contest. Huong had never done any painting before she arrived in the United States. Her real inspiration though has come from Kodiak and the people, she says. Arriving here she, "fell in love with Kodiak," calling it, "my new hometown."



Huong's print of canary workers processing salmon

She established herself and her son Gene and bought Kathy Anderson's old gallery in the bakery in 1977. Painting Kodiak's flowers, landscapes, and people the way she sees them, she soon filled the walls with vivid pictures. Postcards of her fish prints, flowers, landscapes are always available too. Portraying Kodiak's personality the way Huong feels it, creates a large demand for her paintings around Alaska. To add to her techniques she has visited Red China to study Mongolian Art has also been to Korea and Japan to study the different cultures. She does brush art, fish prints, calligraphy, rock painting and painting on silk. But her favorite is water colors.



*June Smith at
the desk in
Northern Exposure
Gallery in
Kodiak.*



*Cannery workers processing
crab.*

On October 20, 1980, Huong Na, 32 years old, was proclaimed an American citizen and since then Huong has further established herself in Kodiak. Teaching art techniques at the Kodiak Community College, holding art shows in Kodiak and throughout Alaska, she has given the residents of Alaska a new view of Kodiak.

Huong Na plans to retire in a couple of years but before that she wants to start up a gallery in Anchorage sometime in July, 1982.

If we are lucky, Huong will decide to permanently take up residence here and continue to contribute to Kodiak her tremendous talent. She not only has made herself famous but is bringing Kodiak along with her. She has a strong love for the people here, and I'm sure we all return it.



Huong's "Life of the Eskimo" print.



Huong's four kinds of postcards.



A rock print from China.



Mask Dancer, another of Huong's prints.

Story, photos, and layout by Brea Thomas

Bidarkis

Nina Olsen was born and raised on Afognak Island, and later moved to Kodiak. Nina has 8 children, and 16 grandchildren, and I am one of them.

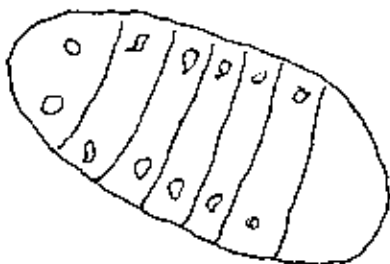
"Bidarki's are a sea-food that the natives used along the coast in their diets. It is found on the rocks at a low tide. This bidarki clings on the rocks. It is black in color. Along the back is a pearl appearance colored shell. They are usually two or three inches in size or up to five inches.

"The natives didn't have recipes so I don't know the amounts to say. First lets get them cleaned. You pour hot water over these and peel the black skin which peels off easily when hot water is poured over them. Then you clean the shells on the back, underneath the shell is the inerds which you clean and wash out. When your through with cleaning the bidarki it looks really nice. You don't keep this bidarki in hot water to long because it will cause it to be chewy. When your through with this process, you go ahead and grind the bidarki and mix it in with the rice, the cooked rice that is. Then you fry some bacon and onions, and then mix it in with this bidarki recipe.

"Another way of fixing this bidarki is a bidarki chowder. You put the same ingredients as you would do in a clam showder, last of all you put in the ground bidarki.

"Another way of eating bidarki is just the way it is after you haved cleaned them. You can also dunk them in sea-oil (grease), and eat them, that way they are really good. You can also dip them in whatever type of sauce you yourself would like."

Bidarki's are very tasty.



Credits: Roberta Dawson

Paddling My Own Kayak

I'd like to tell you what my brother, Larry, and I did last summer in our kayaks. Something that got us in trouble. It started when my brother and I went kayaking. First, we were in front of Sandy Beach in Ouzinkie. We were out for at least 15 minutes when I started rowing towards the cannery that is now burnt down. We went up the river which we call "The River", and came right back out, almost hitting the rocky ledges on the sides, I got there after Larry did, he was just sitting there waiting for me. When I got to him, I said, "Let's go back now." Larry said "No, let's stay here first." I kept on telling him to "Come on!" but he wouldn't so I went back over to him. Then he said something I didn't want to do at all. He said, "Let's go to the Delgodos," the town calls that place Corbett's Cove. that's it's C.B. name. Then I said "Just because we came this far, doesn't mean we should go that far." "Let's just go there." I kept telling him "Just because we came this far, doesn't mean we should go that far," over and over again. He kept bugging me and I just sat there telling him "No, that's too far to go in these kayaks, besides my kayak is filling up." We both just sat there for a few minutes, then I said "Come on, let's go to the Delgodos" On the way over, I almost hit some rocks that were just below the surface of the water. When we got there, I was ahead of Larry, I just paused for a moment to watch some ducks taking off until Larry reached me.

We went into the tiny bay, and stayed at about 75 feet away from the beach. Larry and I just sat there staring. Larry was talking while I was in the world of thought. I was disturbed by Duke Delgado's dog who just sat there barking. We sat there and listened to him bark, I was expecting to see somebody come out to see what he was barking at, but nobody came out, so Larry and I started out of the bay. We started toward Anderson beach right below Gene Anderson's house. Instead of going close inshore, we rowed right across the bay. We were pretty far out away from land, it made me feel sort of scared being out so far in a little tiny kayak, with my younger brother to boot. We got there and just sat for a few minutes. Then Larry said "Let's go to Cat island." Then again, I said "Just because we came this far, doesn't mean we should go that far." He kept on bugging me, and I kept on saying "No." Then I started along the shore toward Sourdoughs. When we got there, the sun was out and the water was just a tiny bit choppy from a breeze. What we didn't know though, was that our mom was up at our gram's house for her daily visit watching every single minute of our travels. We were getting closer to Cat Island. First I was going to circle the island, but that would have taken too long, so I didn't. I was ahead of Larry so I got around the island first, just to get caught in a strong current going through the two islands. I had to warn Larry about the current, but he didn't believe me, so he kept on coming and got pushed by the current very suddenly and quickly. The ocean

was almost completely covered with dead jellyfish and some guts and gurry pushed along in the ocean from canneries. My oar kept on sweeping past some jellyfish that were trying to surface. We got to the beach on Cat Island and got out to stretch for a few minutes, walked around, then got ready to get in our kayaks to go home.

Before Larry got in his kayak, I told him to hold mine steady, then push me out. My kayak is made of wood and a sort of silky cloth. I can't go over rocks and other stuff, if I do, they will tear a hole through the cloth. Larry doesn't have to worry because his kayak is made of fiberglass. I had to go first, before Larry.

"Let's go to Soldiers Bay," he said.

"That's too far, I'm going home." I said.

I didn't want to leave him alone when we were that far away from home, in two little kayaks, so I went with him. We started out slow then, we started going a little faster. There was a little swell out there, but they didn't do anything but make us go faster. I was thinking of the time when I heard Dave Kubiak say he was going faster than the waves, so I told Larry I was gonna try to go faster than the swells. Larry was behind me hollering that he seen little tiny fish jumping. He said they were big ones jumping at least 10 at a time, and they were. We stopped by a reef marker just to get a closer look at it. The top of the reef was sticking out of the water.

We just kept on rowing, rowing, rowing. Finally, we got to the mouth of the river where there were thousands of little baby salmon jumping, hundreds at a time. We went right into the middle of them. A few of them got real close to our kayaks. Just sat there for about 15 minutes just watching them jump. After watching them, we were going to start up the river when we heard a speedboat going by, I turned around to see who it was. It was Benny Lukin from Port Lions leaving Ouzinkie to go to Port Lions, his home town. I watched him till he was out of sight. Then, we started up the river. We had a hard time going up because the tide was dropping and the river was flowing out, so we went against the river. You could see the bottom and all the gross looking things that grew in a fresh water river. There were a few flounders and bullheads down there.

Larry said he was going to stay at the mouth of the river because he couldn't make it, but I told him to come on because I didn't want to go up there alone. So we kept on going against the current. about a quarter of the way up, I started going toward the side where the current pushed me. I tried to get back to the middle, but when I got back into the current, it pushed my bow the opposite way I wanted to go. I used my oar to turn myself back around, then started up the river again. on the way up, I ran into some mussels just below the surface of the water. I thought they would cut my cloth, but lucky for me, they didn't.

7

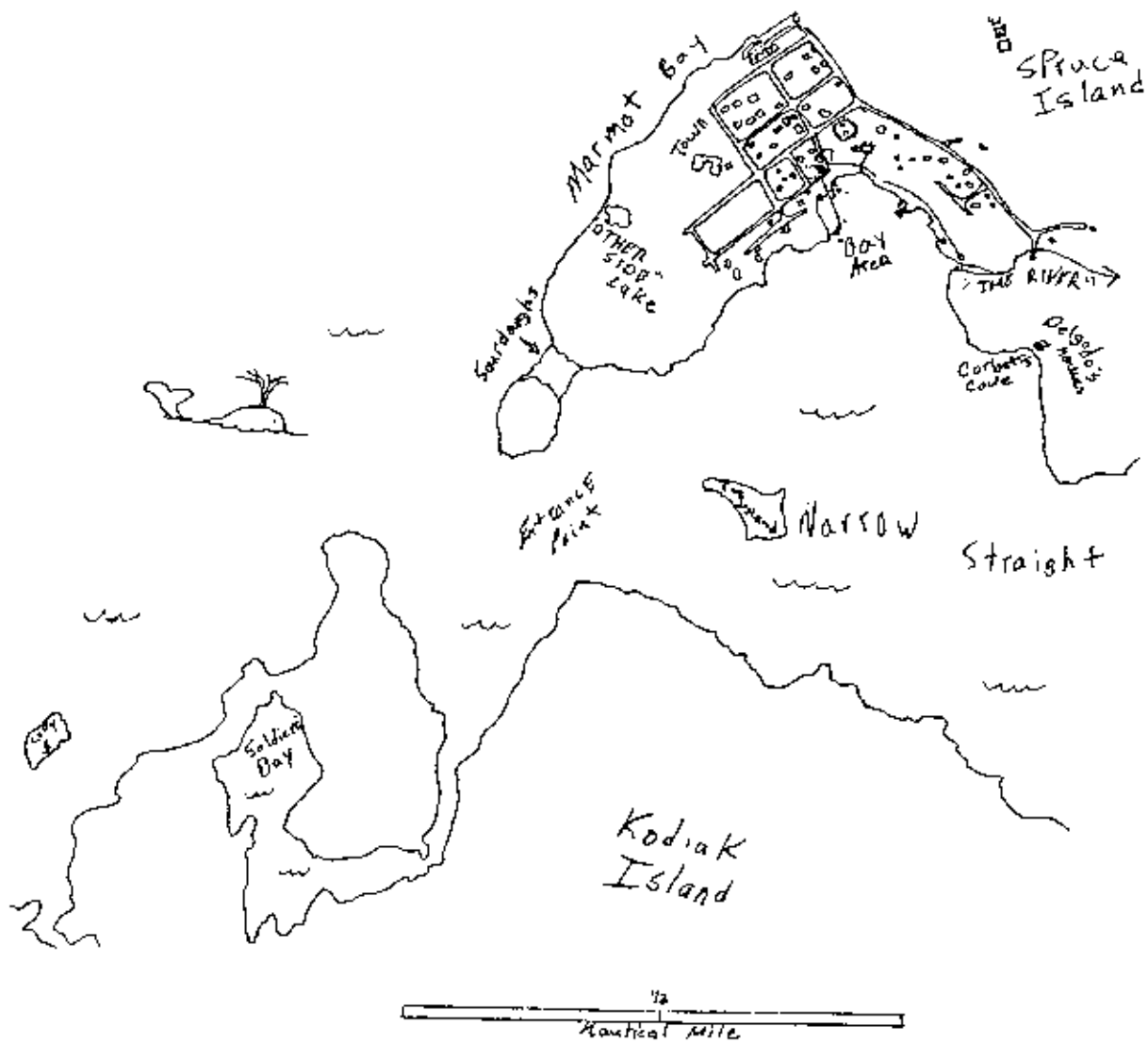
We got to the front of the first lake where it was sunny and hot. The bad part about that was that there were just millions of mosquitos everywhere. They didn't bug us at all though. There were a few good salmon, dungeness crabs, flounders, and bullheads at the bottom, I tried to get one of the crabs, but they were too deep down in the lake. We rowed to the next lake which is the main lake. Right as soon as we got there, I said, "Let's go home now!"

Larry said "okay" so we started down with the current. When I got to the lower lake, I was worried that I might hit any rocks when I go down the river. So I got to the middle and everything was fine, then I hit a rock nice and hard. Lucky for me it didn't do anything but scratch the paint. I didn't hit any other rocks. We just kept coasting, dodging rocks and having a good time. When we got to the mouth of the river, the fish weren't jumping anymore. It was peaceful, silent and lonely out there. Well, we started rowing. Larry kept on falling behind me, and I had to wait for him. He did that till we got to the end of the island.

We got between Cat Island and Kodiak Island going really slow, I was waiting for Larry to catch up to me. We didn't know that the Tustemena was coming our way, we could have been swamped by it's waves. We didn't know, so we weren't worried or scared so we kept on going. When we got to Sourdoughs, we saw a boat going to Ouzinkie. We thought it was the Voyager or Kingfisher. Then we saw it was too small for either. We said it was the Judy M. "Let's race it to home."

So we started speeding up a little, Larry kept falling behind and I had to wait for him. So I told him I myself would try to beat it while he went at his regular pace. I got in front of Andersons beach when it pulled into the dock. Seeing that I had lost the race, I slow down. The boat was the Cherokee. I got by the dock and it was calm and quiet, except for the generator. Our mom was on the dock to either meet the Cherokee or Larry and I. When I got there, our mom was steaming mad when she saw us. She told me and Larry to put the kayaks away right now. I told her I was waiting so both of us could put my kayak and Larry's kayak away. Mom told me that if I ever did that again, (go kayaking that far) she would chop my kayak up.





Here is a map of Ouzinkie to give you a better idea as to where we went in our kayaks. The reason our mom doesn't like us to go kayaking out too far, is because a few days before that, we heard of a shark right inside the dock, after that, she said she saw some killerwhales right in front of the bay. As far as we went, I guess I myself wouldn't blame her (our mom) for getting mad and worried.

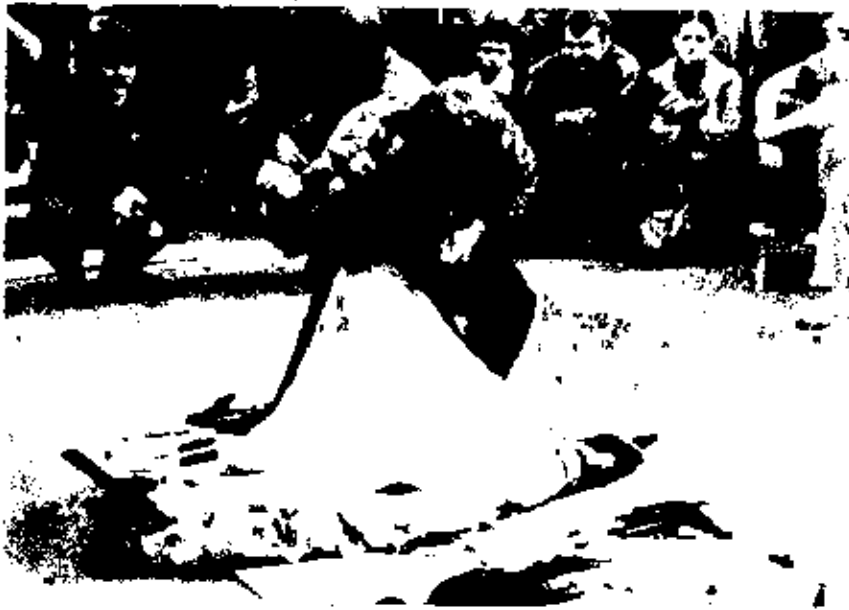
Larry Amox Seal Hunting

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&

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Seal Skinning



On October 2, 1981, I went over to Larry Amox's house on North Boulevard to interview him on his experience on hunting and skinning seal.

Larry asked me to come in with a polite and gentle manner, I sat at the table which was covered with papers and a few of his hand made seal skin articles. Almost all of his articles were lined with a type of leather or even some sheep wool. I sat on some home made benches and hesitantly set up for the interview, because it was my first interview I had ever done. This made it very difficult for me to sit relaxed in Larry's well decorated house. As we conversed before I turned on the tape recorder, I was taking short and quick glances at all the nice artifacts that just made the front room look as if the house could be a pleasant little museum. Larry was talking about the time I first saw him, and when we were to do our interview. He wanted to try and get to know me as well as he could in a short period before we talked about his long years as a seal hunter.

Larry Amox started hunting with a guy from Oklahoma and a guy from Tennessee, on Whale Island in November of 1963.

"I first started seal hunting in about November of 1963, I was living on Whale Island at the time. I started hunting right in Whale Pass, until about a week before the earthquake and tidal wave of 1964. After the earthquake, and tidal wave I stayed here in Kodiak until the summer of 1964, then I went back out to the North side of Afognak Island and started hunting seal pups."

Larry Amox and his partners had trouble trying to choose the type of rifle they wanted to use. Larry explained all the different types of rifles that were used. Larry and his partners also hunted out of the first Boston Whaler that ever came to Kodiak after hunting in a wooden, cabin cruiser.

"We started using a .243 caliber, and using a 18 foot type of cabin cruiser skiff with an 18 horse Johnson outboard motor. From there we graduated up to hunting out of the first Boston Whaler that ever hit Kodiak Island. As time went on and we did alot of experimenting in our hunting we gradually decided a .243 and a .222 caliber were too much for hunting seals, so we went down to the .22 Hornet which I personally like best for hunting seals."

Larry and his partners would cooperate when they were hunting the seals. Someone would be in the skiff, and one guy would be on the reef shooting seals. If a seal would start to swim away, the guy on the reef, would shoot it when it is in the water, and the skiff man would go pick it up.

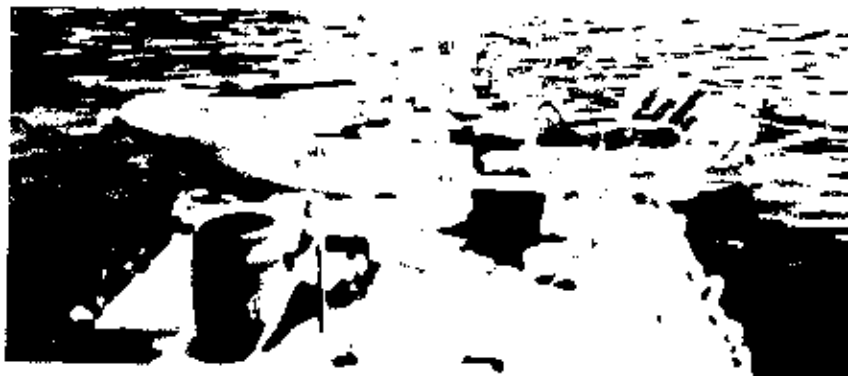
"We hunted by skiff traveling around and watching for seals either around the reefs or maybe there'll be some laying on a rock. The general rule is, there are two men, a shooter and a skiffman. The skiffman would drop the shooter off on the beach and then the skiffman would ride back out a ways and kill the engine. The skiffman would then set still and watch where the shooter was aiming the rifle and watch the water to see which seal the shooter was shooting.



"We had to do alot of experimenting in shooting the seal at different angles and after two years, we determined that the best way to shoot a seal was to shoot it in the side of the head or even in the back of the head, because if we shot the seal in the face, the seal would sink, because of the force hitting the face, and opening the lungs and letting the air out. So the skiffman watches the shooter and once he makes a hit he'll wave the skiffman on to get the seal, because if he just wounded the seal would get away because it can use the sea better than man can. Once you heard a shot you would go to where the rifle man motioned you and use a gaff hook to pull the seal into the boat. A lot of guys I understand, did this on one occasion and alot of other guys that hunted the south end of the island or around Tugidak, and down that area used to ride motorcycles or whatever they could find to go down to the beach and club seals. In the summer the terrain area where I always hunted was like that, in a whole season we might club a half dozen, but the rest of them were always shot with a rifle. Only one time that was in 1969, down Ugak Bay, where I was with Andy Nault we got the opportunity to pull in a beach like that had club a few seals. We used to take turns, one man would run the skiff one day, and the next man would run it the next day, so it wouldn't get so tiresome. It was to be my turn to bail out on the beach, that I was able to club fourteen seals before they could get off the beach, to me that was a tremendous amount of seal at that. When we got twenty-five seal, a day we were doing real good. With a rifle some times we average more but of course it all depends on the weather.

I attribute my success to three things:

#1- I had two good teachers, one of my teachers was of course Roy Randle. He was a famous seal hunter, and second but definately not least, Andy Nault, a well known trapper and hunter. He gave me a lot of pointers on skinning seal and #3, is my selection of knives that I've finally come upon after about three years of hunting I use a selection of five knives, one for making the initial ring. (making a cut around the head, the flippers, the tail, and opening up the stomach). I used another knife with a rounded tip on it, which is known as a fish sliming knife. People who worked in a cannery with salmon would know what I'm talking about. And then I used a five inch curved blade knife that I bought from my butcher here in Kodiak several years ago. The steel in their Swedish made knives was excellent. Another thing I guess you might tribute



to the fact that I did become good, because I enjoyed skinning seal. To me that was a great challenge to race against time, but yet to do a good job and not ruin the pelt, because we were doing it for the market and one hole might mean six or eight dollars off of one hide, so you had to be careful, but when your getting 25-30 seals a day sometimes seven days a week, you have to be first in order to keep up, because your not only hunting that day, your also skinning seal too. So you had to become good at it or give it to someone else. I was timed in the year 1969 for skinning a large adult seal at the King Crab Festival in 3 minutes and 18 seconds. I've also been timed on several occasions by different individuals at skinning the large pups, and when I say "large pups," I mean 50-60 pounds in 50 seconds flat, that of course was when things were right, like my knives were sharp.

"Thats something I should definitely say that as a seal hunter I learned how to sharpen my own knives and for a knife to be sharp enough to skin a seal you should be able to shave with it, in order for it to be sharp enough. After you get used to skinning with a sharp knife you can tell immediately when it starts getting dull. A lot of people would fight a dull knife in order to stop in time to sharpen it, thats the reason why I used three skinning knives layed side by side because the second that one starts getting dull I could reach down and pick up another knife and start skinning with it and just keep on going. The most I ever used in even a big seal is the three skinning knives, but when you're skinning pups you can do it with one knife very easily, but like if you get in a hurry and you don't want to stop to sharpen the one knife then you can skin maybe 3 of 4 pups with one knife before you could ever have to stop to sharpen it. Say you got three knives, so you can skin a dozen seals without having to stop and touch up your knives. We always sharpened our knives with what they call a butchers steel. You could hit it a few licks on that butchers steel and it puts another edge on it so your in good shape for a while longer.

"I started hunting a little earlier out on Whale Island in 1963 and 1964 after the earthquake and tidal wave. I went over to Afognak and I hunted off an old boat. For a while the boat was owned and operated by a master guide by the name of Harold Lane, the name of the boat was the Labalina. A lot of people probably seen it sitting out there in the boat harbor for a while, they finally tore it up but we used it as the mother ship and traveled around Afognak for one year hunting in all the bays.

"We set up a cabin over at Seal Bay and hunted out of it for several years. And in 1969 I hunted with Andy Mault. We hunted seal down around Old Harbor all up through Port Horburn up into Kiluida Bay, and Shearwater. As a matter of fact we stayed at Columbia Wards Fisheries Cannary, that is the remains of it, at Kiluida in Shearwater Bay. We hunted seals out of there in the spring. In May of 1969 we moved down to Ugak Bay, and set a camp on the beach out of what we called Little Portage. Around the bend from Portage Bay and hunted seal there for about six weeks.

And then in 1970 and 1971 I was in town most of the time but I just hunted pups in the summer. I hunted in Middle Bay, Kalsin Bay, and Chiniak, around Long Island a little bit, and then I hunted outside of Anton Larsen and Sharatin Bay. Like I said, that was just in the summer of 1970 and 1971. It was only those two years I hunted around here locally.

The most proficient operation that we had was with Roy Randle and myself out at Seal Bay on Afognak Island. We took probably at the most, 1700 seals in one year. Well it would actually be about two months worth of seals. We would quit hunting in the middle of March because alot of pregnant seals would start to come around.



If we had nothing else to do, we would look around and pick a few adult bulls. After you hunted for awhile you can just instinctively tell whether or not the seal is a male or a female, just by the shape of the seals head. You can tell whether they are young or old seals. you can also tell if the hides are half way decent by reflections on the the entire body as we found from experience.

Sometimes we would hunt the first part of April and then we would stop and take time off. The first pup would show up at about the sixth to the ninth of June. Then we'd start hunting seal pups till around the fifteenth of July. When the state took control and closed the season from the first of August till the fifteenth of October. It really didn't hurt our purpose for hunting seals because the adults were shedding their hides anyway. Then there was the yearlings or the young pups, which the hair would start to grow about the middle of August. So for two months we had nothing to hunt. We would start to hunt the first of November when the hides start to get a little better.

I started taking fewer and fewer seals because I started making hand made articles out of hides and getting seal hides tanned and making vests, jackets, purses, wallets, etc. The last three years that I hunted I only took as much as a hundred or probably even a hundred and fifty seals. Out of a hundred and fifty seals we sent all of them out to get them tanned. Then of course when we got them back, we would match them up for jackets, if people wanted to buy them.



We weren't depleting the population very much. Even before we didn't deplete the population very much because it seemed to remain stable year after year. But again like I said, what we would take in a years time didn't hurt the population at all.

"About the only natural enemy that the seal has, like around Afog-nak is the killer whale. And on occasion the eagle down in Tagiduk, eagles used to kill a lot of pups down there. I never been there to see it. I doubt the whale took very many, possibly the sealion would take a few."

Larry once felt a lot of animosity toward people who clubbed seals. "I felt they were being unsportsman like, and not giving the animal a chance. That's the reason why I chose the seal hunting lifestyle that I did. After meeting these guys and talking with a majority of them, I became hunting partners and trapping partners with Andy Nault. I found that the general public and I misconceived the idea of clubbing seals. There is no quicker death to a seal then having his head bashed. Unless you used a high powered rifle and getting it's head blown off very, very quickly. Really the guys were trying, like me to go out and make a living the best way they knew how."

Larry Amox had a few people that he hunted with, so I asked him about it. " Some of the people that I hunted with were the Moore Brothers. Dale Moore was one I believe. I also hunted with the McClinns and the Nault Brothers. Andy and his brother Norm. These guys were the only guys that I actually knew that went out and clubbed seals.

"The guys that did the hunting with a rifle. Mainly from the beginning were the Kengary Brothers from up in Anchorage. I believe the names were Jerry and Ralph Kengary. They used to hunt from a boat, from a mother ship like we did, and traveled around. They also have a small tannery in Anchorage. Roy Randell and myself were also the ones who hunted with a rifle."

Larry Amox had to stop seal hunting in 1972 because of the Sea Mammals Act that was passed. I asked him what he felt about it and he mentioned that he wanted to file a law suit against the Federal Government.

"I really resent the new law that they came out with in 1972, because very few natives here hunted seals. When I say native, I mean anyone that was $\frac{1}{2}$ blood Alaskan which include, Aleut, Athapascan, Tlingits, and Eskimos. But because I am a whiteman hunting seal, basically for the majority of my living. And the Federal Government turns around and says, "You can't hunt anymore because your white." I really think its a discriminatory law, it discriminates against me and any other whiteman that's ever hunted seal or wants to hunt seals.

"I have been searching since 1973 to find an attorney to file a law suit for me through the courts against the Federal Government. For violating what I consider my civil rights and my constitutional Rights by stopping me from hunting seal. I've yet to find an attorney to do so, however I have been in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union. And if they so accept the case, I intend to file the suit against the Federal Government and against the state, for not allowing me and other caucasians to hunt seals these last ten years."

I've got four children that are $\frac{1}{2}$ breed and for a while the National Marine Fisheries wouldn't allow me to take my children out on a fishing trip or on hunting grounds and let them shoot seals, because they said I would be assisting them in the taking of sea mammals which would be a violation of the Sea Mammals Act. After about three years of letter writing and agreements, they agreed to let me assist any natives in the taking of seals as long I don't do the actual killing. I am now the Federal Receiving Agent for the Sea Mammals hides in this part of the state. When a native brings his hides to them, but yet he can not turn around and give me one of those hides as a gift because again I am caucasian. He has to make that hide into a hand-made article then he can give the hand-made article to me.

I found Larry to be a very nice person. During the interview he made me feel comfortable. He was very generous with his information on seals and seal skinning.

Blueberry Syrup

Edna Vinberg



I met Edna Vinberg through her daughter several years ago. It seems like everytime I ever went over to her house she was busy making something or cleaning berries. She picks berries and makes many different things with them, one of which is blueberry syrup.

Ingredients:

2 cups blueberries
1/4 cup lemon juice
2 cups sugar
1 package Certo
1 16 oz. bottle of white Karo syrup



First of all you have to juice the berries. This can be done in a strainer or by using cheesecloth. Next, in a saucepan, heat to boiling the berry juice, sugar, lemon juice and Certo. Boil for three minutes, stirring constantly. Next add the Karo syrup, bring to boil again for 1 to 2 minutes.

Pour into bottles.

Edna warns that while you are cooking the syrup, be sure and stir it constantly, it will burn easily and spoil the taste.

I recently found out that Breta Erickson made great venison jerky. It just so happened that Breta is a good friend of our family. So I asked her if she would share her recipe with us, and here it is.

Venison Jerky

3 pounds of venison
½t of liquid smoke in
2T of salt,
2T of pepper, &
2T of water

Slice the meat ¼ in. thick, after removing all fat. Lay out in single strips on a flat surface. Then dab each piece with a brush dipped in the liquid smoke and water. Salt very generously, but don't use iodized salt.

Place strips, layer on layer in a large bowl. Put a plate, or some kind of weight on the top of the bowl. This keeps most of the moisture off the meat. Let the strips set overnight, or at least six hours. Then remove meat strips from the bowl and dry.

Remove the oven racks and clean thoroughly. Stretch the meat strips across the racks. Make sure to allow edges to touch, but not overlap. Do not cover entire rack, allow air circulation in the oven. Arrange racks so that the top rack is not more than four inches from the top source of heat. The bottom rack needs to be closer than four inches from the top source of heat.

Set the oven temperature at 150 f and let dry for about eleven hours. If there is repeated dripping, catch it in aluminum foil near the bottom of the oven. Lower the temperature until the oven feels warm. Make sure the temperature does not cook the meat. Remove the strips from the racks and cool it. Then place the jerky in a airtight container. And there you have venison jerky.

Special Credits: Breta Erickson

Credits by: Kriss Mack

Earning Her Green Thumb

- Betty Doyle



Since Betty was 17 years old she's been dealing with flowers. In fact, she has loved flowers and gardening all her life.

Betty Doyle has been working hard for six years in this particular flower garden earning her green thumb. She's nursed several gardens in the past, but none as beautiful as this jungle. In full bloom her arrangement is like taking a trip off Kodiak Island, to the tropics.

In March Betty plants most of the seeds of the various flowers in her house, then in June she plants them outside in an irresistible arrangement; which she adds to each spring.

As Betty said, "Then work like hell for four months."

When fall sets in Betty takes all the ornaments and decorations out of her garden, that really added to the arrangement, and stores them for the winter.

One of my favorite attractions are the two bird houses, which usually attract several visitors. Another addition I admire is "The Cabin." Betty's husband and son built it; it's simply the final touch.

After winter dies off and things begin to thaw out, the cycle starts all over. Betty has plenty of work to do. She works all year round on her creation; the proof's in the beauty of her garden.

I simply adore her fabulous flower garden, and I envy her ability to create such beauty.

*Cared for blossoms
liven up the porch
side.*



*Betty doing her daily
rounds.*

*The garden's focal
point is the cabin.*

*Credits:
Dorothy Waage*



real fond memories of
have living in
I Afognak



Nina Olsen is a sweet little lady that always greets you with her lasting smile. She is constantly on the go traveling down south at times to visit with some of her 8 children. They are all raised and most of them married. They have given their mother the pleasure of a great many grandchildren. She loves to sit and talk about Old Afognak and the things she used to do. Chatting with Nina was very enjoyable because she shared with me her experiences in Afognak.

Nina started by telling me a little of her childhood days in living in Afognak.



"As far back as I can remember I have real fond memories of living in Afognak and I really cherish the days that I had lived there.

"I was naturally born and raised in Afognak and my mom and dad were Mr. and Mrs. Afonie Lukin.

"We lived in a little house that I loved very much. It was very simple but it was always home there. There was 6 of us children that lived in this house. I remember my mom working hard to keep the house clean, the washing going, cooking and just everything that goes with living.

"I was the oldest one in the family so I learned to cook, wash clothes, make bread, and clean house when I was 10 years old. Our washing was done by a scrub board. Those years I had to do all that, but I enjoyed doing it. We hung our clothes out to dry, that is when there was nice weather. For drying clothes in the house, when the weather was bad, most of the homes had wire strung about, usually over the woodstove.

"For making bread we made our own yeast which was usually potato yeast. We had stoves those years with ovens in them so we baked our bread in the oven of the woodstove. I remember we had the woodstove that dad had bought and the color was gray enamel on the outside of it. The stove had shelves on it with doors which they called the warming oven. On the side of the stove there was a big tank attached to the stove which we could fill up with water, so we would have hot water when we needed it. Our starting of bread was done usually at night before we went to bed, then when we got up in the morning we baked it. I always remember we usually made aladuks that morning for breakfast, aladuks are fried bread. I remember when we didn't have oil to make the fried bread, we would cook it on top of the stove, they were just like English muffins, like we have today.

"We carried our own water from the creek, that was the boys chore, most of the time. I remember we had big barrels outside the house which we caught the rain water to use for household purposes.

^For bathing purposes we had a banya which we grew up in and loved it.

^Our village had three stores as far back as I can remember. We had a Post Office which was in one of the stores, and we got mail once a month.

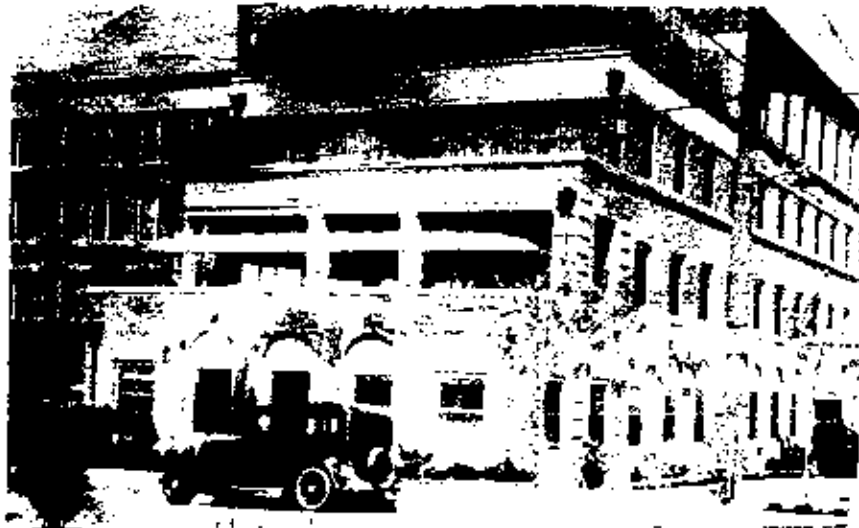
^We had a school which I started off going to when I was 6 or 7 I can't just remember what age. I had to walk a mile to the school from what I can remember. I believe that this school went from first grade on to the 10th or 12th. Later on they built another school which was closer to our house. I finished going to school there. I went as far as the 7th grade. Those that wanted to go further on to school were at that time sent to Wrangel, or Chamawa Oregon where they went on to high school. I didn't want to leave home so I never went on to high school

^Naturally we had to take our lunches with us, which alot of the time consisted of homemade bread and smoked salmon. We never knew what lunchpails were but we did have one those years. They were 4 pound buckets of lard which the people used, so we saved these and used them for our lunchpails.

^We had our time of playing. We sometimes made up our own games but I remember the one I liked to play was hopscotch and whenever I had a chance I played hopscotch with some of my neighbor friends. The kids played ball the one ball game they called lapturee or laptok. Today some of our people call it the Aleut baseball. I couldn't play to many of those games because of my handicap, which I could not do much running but I had fun watching them play. We also went swimming in the summer time. My friends and I would go to some little beach where nobody would come around and we would do our swimming right in the ocean water. Most of the children learned to swim there. In the winter time we played in the snow and went sledding. Those years you couldn't buy sleds, at least I never saw one. We had homemade sleds which served the purpose and I think they were even better then the one's we have today. We had a good sized lake right in our village so we went skating when there was ice on the lake. I learned to skate a little in spite of my handicap.

^I have to tell you a little about what I mean by my handicap. I was born with dislocated hips and when I started walking, my mother noticed a limp and she just thought that I inherited from my grandmother. My grandmother had a limp like that. The more walking I did the more my leg started bothering me, so she sought out people who would know what to do for me or where to send me. She got in contact with people that were able to tell her about a Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, so she made arrangements for me to go there. I remember she brought me to Kodiak and I was 11 years old then, and at that time there was a government boat named the North Star that used to come around to different villages. This boat arrived in Kodiak and she put me on it, here I was on this big old boat all by myself and didn't know anybody, but I soon got acquainted and it was alright. I remember we stopped in every port here along Kodiak and

right along the coast of Alaska up to Seattle. I enjoyed getting to the ports, at this time the boat was my home. I was on this boat for a month. I remember reaching Seattle and I didn't want to get off the boat because that had been my home for a month. Here we arrived in Seattle and it was pouring rain. I remember it was the lady that was looking after me put me in a taxi cab and this taxi cab took me to this big old building and it was supposed to be my home for the next 11 months; the Orthopedic Hospital. There the doctors at the time, these were bone specialists for that area the name was LaCoque. When I arrived at the hospital they put me in the childrens ward and I remember being lonesome. I think I cried my eyes out for several days. Then the doctors started coming around and checking me, giving tests and all that, then after being in the hospital for several weeks I had surgery on one of my hips. My first surgery was on my right hip. I remember being sick for over a week after coming out of surgery, I couldn't eat, or I couldn't drink any water or any of that. After I came out of either I was in this big old cast which was from my waist down to my toes. I was in this cast for three months. Then 4 1/2 months after that first surgery I had another surgery on my left hip, which I repeated the same thing that was done the first



Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle Wash

time. The one thing I do remember after my first surgery I behaved myself and layed still and didn't hardly move on my cast until they took it off. By that time I got pretty well acquainted with the other girls in the ward and we had some good times and did some crazy things, like on my second surgery the girls use to dare me to get up and stand up on my cast and I did it. As a result of my goofing around my second surgery and being in a cast I ended up with my left leg being weaker then the other and as a result of it I suffer from it today. When I got over being homesick in this hospital, we had some real good times, we had people, real neat people, who used to come see me at least once a week. We girls in the ward had a sewing teacher who taught us to sew and when we were able to we left our rooms and went to the sewing room where she taught us more sewing. She taught me to cross stich, that was my favorite. I also learned to weave with the weaving machine. I remember weaving a basket there also. There were people that came in on Sundays to give us our Sunday school lessons at the hospital. I remember I heard my first

hymns from the little old lady that used to come and teach us some hymns. I had a Bible teacher who came around telling us Bible stories and we also had to memorize verses, that is where I first learned my Bible.

"Then after getting out of my cast they had what you call a childrens convalescent home and I was sent there and stayed there for quite awhile, I don't remember just how long. There were many children there, and during this time we could go like to a park and they took us out on a picnic, that's where I first saw a park. They took us to the zoo, I think it was called Woodland Park Zoo, and that's where I first saw a Kodiak Bear. After 11 months of being in this hospital they put me on another boat that was headed to Kodiak, it didn't take quite so long as it did going down because they dropped me off in Seward and placed me in a children's home, there for awhile, to await another boat from Seward to Kodiak. I don't remember just how long I was there but they finally placed me on a boat from Seward and I came on it to Kodiak. Then from Kodiak I had to catch another little boat to Afognak. One thing I forgot to mention was when I headed back from this hospital I was on crutches, I had to use my crutches for quite awhile until my legs got stronger so that I was able to walk without them.

"I remember when I was about 6 years old dad took us to Noisey Island where there was a fox farm. We started off real early one morning in a skiff, he and another fellow rowed this boat on to Noisey Island, which was about 28 miles away from Afognak. I don't remember too much about our trip on the skiff, but I do remember getting to this place and there was a two room house sort of on a hill, that's where we stayed. There were times it blew so hard we didn't know if we were safe in this little house so we would go down to a barabra (a place under ground, house which is warm with only the roof sticking out. Many people used these in their travels for shelter because they were very warm. I remember my mother baking bread in what they call a Petchka. This is built with rocks and shaped into a oven. They built a fire inside of these rocks and when the coals went down they would stick the bread in and bake it.

"Being the first grandchild my grandfather, I remember, he used to come and see me all the time and take me to his house. Whenever he could he would buy me a little something. I remember him buying me a real nice coat with a muff and hat. I also remember him buying me a pretty blanket and I had my first little chair, it was a red colored chair that he had bought for me, I'm sure there are other things that he had bought. I loved my grandfather very much, but he couldn't speak English so when I started talking I talked to him in Aleut which he had taught me to speak, in order to communicate I had to learn the Aleut language. I am real grateful today that I had a grandpa that taught me this. Since I spent a lot of time at my grandfathers house.

"I remember when the first elk were planted on Afognak, I don't know if it was a year or so later but the elk started coming right into the village. One day this big old animal came right in front of the house and had big horns, I didn't really know what it was and one of my aunts told me it was an elk. My grandfather went out and fed

the elk with I believe it was some oats. These elk were very tame when they were first placed on Afognak, but later on I don't know what happened when they would come down to the village they would run after people and scare people to death. I remember one time there was a group of us girls and we were walking along on this path and here comes this big old elk and he started running after us and we all ran as fast as we could. I guess I could run at the time and I remember we came to a two story building that had stairways to it, we all went up the stairs real fast and stayed there till the elk went away.

At fifteen years of age I went to a cannery to work, that was my first experience working in the cannery and they gave me the job of slimming the fish. I learned to do it real well so they kept me in that. This is the cannery where I first met my husband Pete Olsen.

He and his brother were there and they had the job of pitching fish from the boat to the elevator. Pete was very bashful when I first met him, he didn't seem to like girls to well. He wasn't to anxious to meet any of us girls that were there. Some how I managed to get to know him and pretty soon we were going together. I went to the same cannery the next year and Pete came to the same cannery and put a ring on my finger, which was my engagement ring. When that summer was over Pete came to Kodiak, and at that time they were building the base so he got a job out there doing construction. I came to town and found a job working as a maid for a lady whose name was Mrs. Watkinson. A year later Pete was drafted into the army, he had to go home to Cordova to get in the service, so I followed him and we planned to get married in Cordova, but however the army didn't see it that way, they shipped him right on to Valdez, so I followed him to Valdez and we got married there."



Credits: Roberta Dawson

FATHER JOSEPH KRETA

THERE'S MORE

TO A

PRIEST

THAN MEETS

THE EYE



"I think the longer I lived here the more I like it and it was an instant love affair. As soon as we came we really fell in love with Kodiak and felt that it was home." Father Joseph Kreta is one of many who have come to Alaska and made it a home. He is originally from Clifton, New Jersey, and has been a priest for almost thirty years, nine of which he has spent in Kodiak with his wife and four children. Although he has lived in many different places, he favors Kodiak, and Kodiak's people the most.

"I was trained to be a priest in a seminary in South Canaan Pennsylvania called Saint Tikhons. There was a monastery involved with it, and after I was discharged from the Navy I was looking for a place to get away from it all, so I went to the monastery. One thing led to another, and that is how I got started in the priesthood. Before I went to the monastery, I had held several jobs, I worked in a steel mill, drove my truck, worked in a dry cleaners, set up pins in a bowling alley, was a short order cook, not a very good one, but still a short order cook, and was like a little M.C. in a program. I really wasn't sure what I wanted out of life, so I went to the monastery, and I found what I had been searching for in all these other jobs.

"I decided not to be a priest at first because everybody kept telling me, "oh, boy, son, when you grow up you're going to be a good priest," and I didn't want to be a priest, or go to church, I was just rebelling against what everybody thought was natural. My father was a wise and good man, and he gave me a present on my seventeenth birthday, his signature on my papers to join the Navy. While I was in the Navy I started to take a different view on life and it was then that I considered leading a life with God. A priest first of all has to be a servant of God. I think that unless a person goes into the priesthood with the idea that he's going to serve God and God is first in his life, he should never consider going into the priesthood. With the desire to serve God there has to be a love of people. Sometimes I don't get out of the house for 2 days, 3 days in a row because there are phone calls, people are calling, things have to be done, letters have to be written, people want different things, it can never become boring. You can always find something to do that has to get done, everyday it changes. The dealings with people and every person is different, we cannot pigeon hole people. I can go out be at the boat harbor, talk to people, talk to fishermen, just enjoy people in life and speak with them and have service, and prayers and of course guiding people along the path of life that would be part of it. And just lead a normal life. Besides being a priest in the parish I'm also the Chancellor of the Diocese, underneath the bishop, I deal with all of the churches in Alaska where I was involved in doing a survey of Russian Orthodox Churches in Alaska. I visited about 136 different sites and villages in Alaska. I've been as far out as, Attu, the Kuskokwim River, the Yukon River, the Nushagak River, South East of the peninsulas, the Kenai area, and all around Kodiak Island. I've been blessed with an opportunity to do a lot of traveling, I really enjoyed it.

"In addition to that I'm involved with the St. Hermans Seminary, which is a school to train priests. Since I have been a priest some very interesting things have happened. When I was in New York, I received a sick call about 1:30 or 2:00 in the morning. I took a taxi to the address, and as I stepped out, a neighborhood policeman came and said, "Father, what are you doing in this neighborhood at this hour". I told him that I had received a sick call from this address, and he said to wait and he would go in and really find out if there was anybody sick. Well, he went in and when he finally came out, he told me to forget it, nobody is sick, some people don't like priests or the church. Someone had tried to set me up and made a call from a house of prostitution, where there was a photographer. They were going to take a picture of me going into a house of prostitution at 1:30 a.m., and if it wasn't for the policeman, I don't know what would have happened. Another time, I got a sick call, and I had to go a long ways, on a rainy night, with no car, and I had to take subways to get to the hospital, where I was going. And only to find out there was no such person! One call, in particular, that I remember was in New York. Someone called up, and it sounded so fake, so unlikely but you have to go. The woman that called said that if I didn't come she was going to commit suicide. So I went to the house and the lady was really frantic. It was one of those things where the family didn't care. I

came in and they said, "Oh, she's in there." So I went in and she was in bed, she was sick, she was ill, she was considering suicide, and after spending a long time that night, I feel I had helped her. That night when I got home, my poor matushka, my poor wife was all upset, because I had left about 1:00 in the morning, and didn't get back until about 6:00 a.m. She didn't know what to do. But in dealing with the woman and convincing her to go to the hospital, we found out that she had a tumor on her brain, and that it was effecting her thinking. Because of this she did have suicidal tendencies. So she got operated on and she is now a happily married woman, with children and everything.

"And so you have both the good and the bad. There's really no retirement to my job, but let me tell you, we do have one retirement plan, that's just out of this world, literally, it is called the kingdom of Heaven, and there are some terrific benefits that never end, they're for all eternity."

Story by: Carol Katelnikoff and Brea Thomas

Silver or Red Salmon Steak Recipe



Preheat oven to 350 degrees

Ingredients

2 fish steaks
1 onion
1 lemon
2 T lemon juice
real fried bacon
parsley

Recipe by: Brea Thomas

Take the steaks and place them in a dish, preferably glass, so that there is room about 1 inch from the fish to the side of the dish. Make sure your fish steaks are thoroughly washed. Cut the onion in slices and place them on and around the steaks. Use as much onion as you like. Do the same with the lemon. Take approximately 2 tablespoons of bacon bits and sprinkle them mostly on the fish. Take the pre-fried bacon, and put around the steaks, do the same with the parsley. Finally, the lemon juice should be sprinkled around until 2 tablespoons (or more) is used up. Bake about 10 minutes or how ever long it takes your fish to turn solid, and flakey. Make sure you cover the dish with tin foil before putting in oven. Serves four.

SHUSHOK

(ALUTIIQ ICE CREAM)

This recipe is the courtesy of Marina Waselie. Marina is 69 years old, but if you were to meet her you would think she was in her early fiftys, the energy in her is that of a young person. I should know. Marina is my grandmother, and boy does she make the most of her life. And on behalf of Iluani and myself, Thank You Grandma for one of your many fine recipes.

SHUSHOK (Alutiiq Ice Cream)

This recipe has two steps, step one consists of fermented fish eggs.

Part I Ingredients needed:

fresh eggs from a silver or pink salmon
1 medium jar with cover

Wash eggs first, then separate from the long white stringy stuff that holds the eggs together. Do not wash after separation, for it makes the eggs sticky and milky. Then put them in a bowl and mash up real good. After this put them in the jar and cover tight. Store the jar in a cool place, but do not freeze. They should be ready to use in a month and a half.

Part II Ingredients needed:

6 medium potatoes
1/4 cup Wesson oil
sugar to suit taste
2 T fermented fish eggs
1 1/2 cup of any of the following berries: blue, black or sour

Dice and boil potatoes until tender. When done drain and cool. When cool enough mash them up, then add the fermented fish eggs and whip up (better when whipped with portable electric mixer), then add oil and sugar, whip some more, add the berries and stir. Serve as is or with baked, boiled, or fried fish, or better yet with dried fish. Serves 6.

By: Carol Katelnikoff

Wine Making in Kodiak



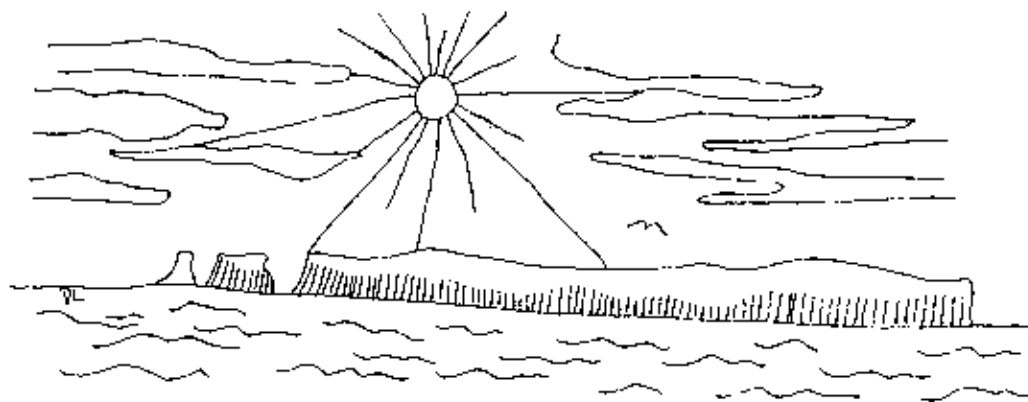
It was getting close to another deadline to get another interview together. We were sitting in class trying to think of something to write about. We came up with an idea of wine making. There's always a large supply of salmonberries in the summer and more and more people are making wine.

The first person we interviewed was Mary Jo Simmons. We interviewed her in her office where she works. The phone rang a few times and we had some interruptions, but we found her to be very friendly and cooperative.

A week after interviewing Mary Jo we went to Ruth Hansen. She knew a lot about wine making, and we got a lot of information from her interview.

A few days after interviewing Ruth we drove out to Chiniak to interview Helena Schwrite. Since she does live out in Chiniak she has plenty of room to make wine and work on her garden. She made us feel very much at home.

We very much appreciate the time and the information that Mary Jo, Ruth, and Helena gave us. We hope you will enjoy reading our article as much as we enjoyed doing it.





Mary Jo Simmons

Salmonberry Wine

3 lbs. berries
3 lbs. sugar
1 gal. water
1 cup lemon juice
1 pkg. yeast
1 tbs. nutrient
camden tablets: used
for cleaning utensils
and fermentation locks.

Bring to a boil, sugar, water, and berries. Once it has cooled down add the lemon juice, this helps to keep the wine dry. Once cooled to about room temperature add 1 package of yeast to every 5 gallons. Next, add the nutrient, this helps to get things working. Stir once every day to make sure everything is mixed in.

Allow room in your bucket for expansion because of the yeast working. After one week of stirring, strain the berries off and put them into containers or fermentation locks. It usually takes 5 months for the wine to quite working, or until you see no more bubbles. Then I rack it.

Leave all the sediment in the bottom of the containers, and wait for another month to give it a final clearing process in bottling.



Lolena Schwrite

What is your process of making wine?

First, I pick my berries. I usually freeze them, simply because they seem to have more flavor. I have made them both ways, and the frozen berries help the flavor.

I use 5 gallon plastic white buckets. I saw a hole in the lid and set my fermentation lock into the lid. These things are cheaper and easier to clean. The secret to making wine is keeping the air out of it. It's a very simple process once you learn what is wrong with your different wines.

I freeze my berries in 3 gallon buckets, that makes 12 gallons of wine. So I take the berries and put them in 6 gallon buckets with my camden tablets. Then I put two pounds of sugar and yeast in.

I make a yeast culture with boiled orange juice. This keeps the yeast working. Through trial and error I've decided that all purpose wine yeast works the best. Let the mixture ferment for a day and the berries will move to the top. The next morning, the second morning I start stirring them. I have 2 gallons of sugar in another bucket. I let the seeds work with the sugar and water mixture. I mix the two buckets together and then I split it into two buckets. In 3 processes I add my sugar. First, I check the juice content of my berries to see what the alcohol level is in the juice. Then I scale it to how much sugar I'm going to add. You have to have a minimum of 10%-10½% at the least, so I don't have to worry about the wine going bad. I put the sugar in it and let it sit for 30 days. Then, I rack it off 3 times a month 30 days in between and the last time I may not rack it off if I'm in a hurry to get it out of my way, and I'll rack it off later.

What is your process of making wine?

Well, the first thing to do is to get your equipment ready and decide if your going to make wine. Then you pick your berries unless your going to freeze them.

I would say a hydrometer is a must. A hydrometer tells you how much sugar is contained in the berries. Another important instrument is a scale for weighing your berries. Most recipes call for mainly three pounds of berries, and three pounds of sugar. It's kind of hard to measure berries when they're all packed down.

Now, we'll start making the wine. You need a large container, depending on how much wine you plan on making. For 5 gallons, you can use an 8 gallon container. It can't be metal, unless it's stainless steel. Bring so a boil slightly over 5 gallons of water, and boil for 10 minutes. Then, measure the sugar into the water, depending on how much you need. Now pour the water onto the fruit to sterilize it. Let this cool down to about room temperature before you add the yeast. Now, stir the water, berries, sugar, and yeast up real well. At this stage it should be in a warm room. The wine needs air at this time, but keep it covered with a cloth so flies and other substances don't get into it. This is the initial fermentation. All the substances rise to the top. This is called the cap. Several times a day stir it down. When it stops working so vigorously, the initial fermentation is done. Now it goes into air tight containers, with fermentation locks on it. Fermentation locks allow the gasses to escape, without lettinn any air in. This process can take months. At this stage your wine should be in a warm place but out of the sunlight, because sunlight changes the color of the wine. Let it sit until it quits bubbling. Now it's time to rack it off, into a clear container. Racking it off means to siphon from one container to another, without disturbing the sediment in the bottom. This is done about 4 times. After you have racked it off the sediment in the bottom is strained through a collander and a couple thicknesses of cheesecloth. Now it is ready to be bottled. Store it in a cool dark room until you decide it's drinkable. It will be ready in about 6 months.

Free Catalogues

Sources for Large Containers

Boxer-Marcus
438 N. W. Broadway
Portland, Oregon
97209

Nichols Garden Nursery
1190 North Pacific Hwy.
Albany, Oregon
97321

Catalogue--\$1.00

Sources for Wine Supplies

Great Fermentations
87 Larkspur
San Rafael, California
94901

Herter's, Inc.
Route 1
Waseca, Minnesota
56093

Credits:

*Jeannine Jensen
Sherry Suryan
Karen Strahle
Kris Hansen*

Special Credits:

*Mary Jo Simmons
Ruth Hansen
Helena Schwrite*

"I've had a full life"

Mary Chya

It took a lot of fast talking and sweet persuading to get this interview from Mary. She repeatedly told me she didn't want to brag about her life. When that excuse stopped working with me she quickly found a new one, which was, "I never did anything important in my life." That remark made me all the more determined to get the interview.

I met Mary through her youngest son Eddie, who is now 19 years old. The first time I met her, I thought she was a doll, I couldn't stay away from her, I never felt more invited to a place in my life, than her home.

She has lived in Kodiak all her life. She raised all of her children in the same small home. All the love she has given her family and friends has not been wasted, she has been continuously repayed. Most of her children have moved, but have never failed to keep in touch, and those that have stayed close to home, although raising their own families, have still remained a close and loving family. She has 28 grandchildren of which 25 are living, 1 great grandchild, and one more to be added in March.

Her husband John (see Elwani #6) lives in the resthome in the hospital here, because he has been ill for sometime. It's too hard for Mary to take care of him at home, but she visits him constantly and brings him home for the day and for dinner a few times a week.



When giving me the interview, Mary patiently explained things to me that I didn't understand about her past. Although she did not elaborate on her life, she did tell about her past and the feelings she has about it today.

Mary was born January 5, 1921, in Kodiak, Alaska. She had 6 brothers and 1 sister from her father's first marriage, and 9 step brothers and sisters. Her father, Walter Shuravaloff, was also from Kodiak.

Her times as a child, she explains, "Well, in a way they were nice and in a way they were hard times. We didn't have too much of anything; my father was a fisherman and we used to go out at times and fish with him. This was commercial fishing and we used to help him salt salmon, things like that. He used to go out and hunt ducks and his wife would go with him, and I'd stay home and take care of the house because I knew how to make bread and everything. We weren't completely out of things, ya know, we got along. We put up our fish and different things like that, we lived a lot off the land. We were raised strictly under the Russian Orthodox church and it wasn't too bad, I think I liked it.

"My mother died when I was five and my father remarried when I was about ten years old. We lived in Afognak for maybe three or four years, which was my stepmother's home. We had our own home here and when they started having family of their own we all moved back to Kodiak."

Mary thought times were better then, "We could buy things a lot cheaper than we do now, and the place was a lot more quiet. We were able to walk around more safely and do things more safely than we do now. We could go out of a house and leave our doors unlocked without worrying about somebody walking in. That's why I think that in a sense it was better.

"Well, I didn't do too much as a child. Like on Sundays we had visits, you know, the children would visit each other. We had like play jacks or just walk around. When I got old enough to go to dances, we had a dance hall here, that would put on dances where everybody would go, and we used to have a good time. We'd find something to do, like sliding in the winter time, play dolls, but we didn't have the things they have now like a swimming pool or things like bowling. We never had anything like that but we had a lot of fun.

"I used to like to dance, sometimes we'd get together and sing a lot you know, we'd harmonize, this was a lot of fun for us. We'd find things to do, but for my favorite I think I used to like to dance.

"As far as advice," she says, "I think it's advice that most any parent would tell their child, to stay out of trouble or explain different things to them.

"We had our little chores to do after school, we had the wood stoves and had to chop wood. We had kerosene lamps we had to clean their glass chimneys. Then on Saturday we'd have to clean house so our homes would be cleaned for Sunday, because Saturday evening was our church services and then after church we wouldn't have to do any kind of work, which is an old tradition, the Sabbath is kept holy. Those were our little chores, we'd have to pack wood and sometimes water, but, I didn't have to pack the water too much, because we had running water after we moved to our own home.

"When I got married I knew what a house wife had to do, you know, keep the house in order, keep it clean. I knew how to cook, which is something that I felt my parents taught me. This is something that I tried to teach my own daughters, at the time that I had my older daughters home, which is something they talk about now, they say 'well mom made us do this and she made us do that,' and at the time that I made them do it, they thought that maybe I was pushing them, but now when they stop to think about it, it was my way of teaching them how to do these things."

When she left home, she explained, "I really wasn't out on my own, I went out and worked, but, I lived with my brother. I mean it wasn't like they do now, the children go out on their own and they have to rent their own apartment, but I didn't, I lived with my brother until I got married. I worked cannery work, housework, cleaning house and even after I was married I did laundry, house cleaning."

She married John Chya, September 29, 1938. "I met him at my brother's, he was a friend of my brother. He used to come and visit and then at one time he asked me to go for a walk or whatever, then we were engaged for two years, and then I decided to marry him."



An early picture of Mary and John.

Religion has been a large part of her life. "Like I said before we were raised very strictly Russian Orthodox and from there on it's been a big part of my life and it still is. It's something that I live for, especially now that John is sick. I go to church a lot, in fact I look forward to it. In anyway that I can work around the church, I donate my services, so it's a very big part of my life."

God has shown himself to Mary, many times, she tells, "He has helped me a lot, especially since my husbands been sick, I've been very fortunate, I've always had food on my table and it seems like out of no where I get assistance. If I'm feeling low somebody will knock on my door or something and come along and help me out. I feel that this is part of God's help."

"We had 13 children, 10 girls, and 3 boys, I had 8 girls before I had my first boy. I always told John that I'd have the boy for him, if it took my life.



Mary bathing her oldest son John Jr.

"Each one of them had their own little chore to do, like one would clean house, while one would help me with the cooking, and then the other one would do the ironing.

"Raising 13 isn't too easy but, it wasn't that bad as long as you've got a system to it. We didn't have the disposable diapers and things they have now for babies, we had to wash our diapers, cloth diapers. I used to make them fresh orange juice every morning, you know, squeeze the oranges and strain it, we didn't open a can and pour it into a bottle. We did have baby food and sometimes we'd make our own, you know, mash up some potatoes and gravy and feed that to them when they were small, but as far as baby food we didn't buy too much of it. I used to sew a lot of the girls' clothes. I used to collect the old coats and then I'd rip'em apart, turn'em inside out, clean'em up, press'em, the other side looks like it's brand new, then I'd make the coats like that. I didn't have an electric sewing machine, it's like a little portable sewing machine they have now, now you step on a peddle, but we had a wheel on the side where you turn it by hand and you work with the other hand.

"John used to take the kids fishing or picnics, I myself am not too fond of picnics, if I want to eat sand I'll sit home and grab a cup full, ha, ha, ha! I used to go out with them occasionally, but he used to take them out riding, you know, driving around, and we used to play a lot of cards, or, they used to bring their friends over and we'd join in and have fun with them."

She wouldn't change much of her life, "Maybe a little bit, but not too much of it, I think I'd change it more toward my children. I've never been too strict with them and I think if I went back I'd put my foot down a little bit more than I had. What I mean by that is toward religion, like my parents raised me. John often said the same thing, he didn't go to church too much and now when he looks back he wishes he had."

Life today is different, she exclaimed, "Very different! I think that parents have to watch over their children more, what they do and where they go, which is something I don't think our parents had to do. The things they have here now we didn't have. Like drinking, we never thought of those things, and smoking pot, things like that we never even knew existed. So, therefore, I think that now the parents have a much bigger problem, than our parents had. Another thing is that if children feel like going to church they'll go, which is very seldom. This is something that we could never say, 'Should we go?', because it was always a fact that we had to go. They didn't have to ask us, 'Will you go to church?', or, 'Do we have to go to church?', you go or else!"

Life's been good, she said, "I can't say it was bad, I mean, like I always say, 'I've had a full life.' I had a lot of children and I'm thankful for it, because now I really appreciate my children. They're a lot of company to me and they help me a lot. I don't think I'd want anymore than I have now. I haven't traveled much, but, I don't think that means too much. I think I've had a pretty good life."

Recipes

From

Lena

Metrokín

Perok

1 reg. pie crust (flour pastry)
1 med. Salmon (skinned, boned, and fileted)
1½ cups rice (cooked)
1 lg. onion
1 cup celery (chopped)
1 rutabaga (chopped or grated)
1 large baking pan (13x9x2)

First, make a regular pie crust, line the bottom of the pan, then cook the rice, not fully, because it will finish cooking in the oven. Using about ½ the rice, spread it over the crust. Fry the vegetables together, then spread ½ of them over the rice, adding salt and pepper to taste. Next, lay the salmon on the top of the vegetables, about 1 inch thick, using all of it. Then, repeat with the rice and vegetables. Now you are ready to put the final crust on. Pinch the edges together, puncture holes on the top of the crust, and put melted butter on top.

Cook at 400° for about ½ hour. Then at 350° for about 1 hour. If using a glass pan reduce cooking time by 5 minutes.

Badarki Salad (chitons)

badarkis (grated)
celery (diced)
hard boiled eggs (sliced)
mayonnaise
relish
seasoning (salt, pepper, garlic)



First, scald the badarkis with boiling water, twice to make it easier to peel. Peel off the backs, or little shells and also peel off the black covering. Rinse the badarkis with water and put them through a grinder. Put the badarkis in a bowl and add other ingredients. Mix well, then refrigerate.

You can find badarkis clinging to rocks in low tide, almost anywhere in Kodiak. Badarkis are little sea animals with black covering.

"I Looked Up and Saw Red and Bubbles"

— MIKE DOYLE



"As I swam upward and struggled, I could see red and bubbles where the prop was turning. All I could think is that I'm going to make it; I was mad at the world, which gave me a splurge of energy to make it."

Mike Doyle, now 23, went overboard on the 78 ft. crabber, the F/V Epic, five years ago. He was inside a crab pot as it plunged into the white caps. Memories about this experience are painful for Mike to recall. He said his whole outlook on life changed after that brush with death. That was one cold February morning that Mike hasn't forgotten. He was one of more fortunate fishermen, considering the fact that many young men have been lost while crabbing in the bitter cold weather.

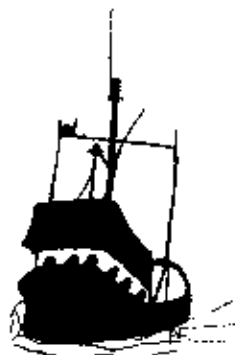
Now Mike is presently driving an oil truck for Thompson Transfer which he enjoys much more than fishing.

The interview with Mike was very moving because he told such an emotion filled story. I hope you enjoy his story as much as I did.

"The weather started picking up that morning. The wind was blowing about 40 to 50 in the Northeast. We were riding the swells and the boat was rocking a little bit. While picking the gear we were all kind of leary of the weather, so we were fishing a little slower than usual. A pot came up and I began to change the bait after shaking out the crab. I had one knee in and one out on deck. We took a roll to the starboard side, and a wave crashed on the other side of the boat, washing the pot with me inside overboard. The door was forced closed as I hit the water. I didn't know it at this time, but also Tom Theison was drug over with the pot, tangled in a coil of line. As I was going down inside the pot I realized this was really happening to me, and I instinctively began to find my way out. I braced myself on the rubber straps that held the tunnels together and pushed my way

out with everything I had in me. I was mad at the world for this happening; but somehow I knew I was going to make it. At this time I was very scared, but didn't panic. I was a certified diver so I really used my head, and estimated things here and there. I was at least 40 or 50 ft. below water before I got out of the pot; I began heading up and I was caught in a swell and struck my head on the keel on the bottom of the boat and got a slight concussion and was trapped there for a short time. Then a wave lurched the boat the other way and I finally had an escape route, so I took it. By this time the prop had stopped and I was in no danger. When I hit the surface that first breath of air hurt more than I can explain, the wind chill factor must of been 25-30 below, my lungs felt frozen. Waves began splashing over my head, that's when I saw Tom and he saw me. We started to swim for each other, he meant safety to me, but something came over us, I don't believe we spoke any words, we just instinctively turned around and went our separate ways, which probably accounts for both of us living to this day. The crew by this time was trying to figure out how to get Tom and I out of the water. The crew was throwing buoys to us but the wind would catch them and blow them off the other direction. One finally got to Tom and they pulled him aboard, he was in the water approximately five to ten minutes. Finally I swam next to a buoy and clung to it, I had it in my clutches. I was very happy to have that buoy, and figured I had made it then. I remember later when they retrieved that buoy I could see my initial finger nail marks in it. Then I began to go into panic. I used my head and tried to calm myself. Todd Hiner, the skipper, was trying to maneuver the boat over my way. The pot I went overboard in was still hanging in the crab block by it's line. I came next to the boat, which was on top of a swell and when it came back down I was in between that pot line and the boat. I got slammed up against the hull and pinned there. Dale Christopherson, another crew member, reached over the side and grabbed my arms. There was a terrific strain which caused sore arms on Dale's part from not letting go, and my ribs were badly bruised from the pressure between the pot and boat. By this time I'd began screaming, and that's about as far as I can remember because I went into a state of shock. I finally got back on deck; still thinking I was overboard I was screaming, Help! Help! I said some things I don't remember at all. After the crew took my gear off and wrapped me up in sleeping bags, I started thinking how nice it was to be back on board after 15 or 20 minutes in that water. I had a very happy sensation, but also I was still frightened by it all. There was a will to live; I guess it wasn't my time.

"A Coast Guard helicopter was called, but they couldn't fly in that type of weather. We traveled 14 hours back into town. I climbed off the boat; Tom needed some help because his legs were lacerated so badly. We went to the hospital together and were treated in the same room. We were really close after that. There was a real strong friendship between Tom and I. As I laid in the hospital bed I got simple pleasures out of just seeing birds and trees outside the hospital window."



*Credits:
Dorothy Waage*

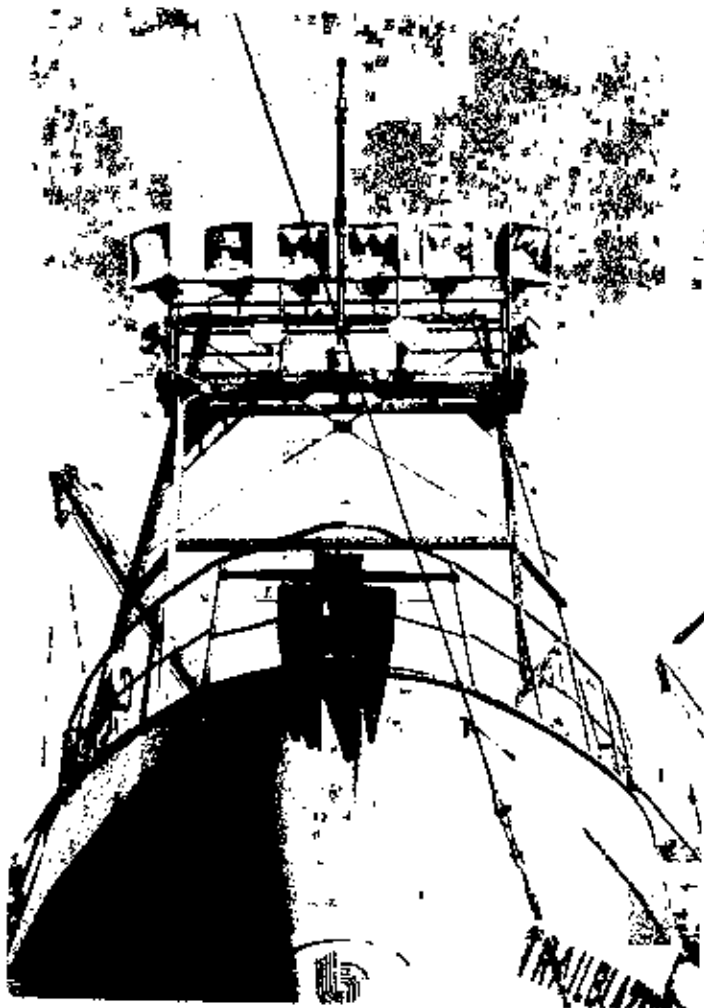
Harbor Views

Boats around Kodiak



The 91-foot Determined, owned by Paul Duffey.

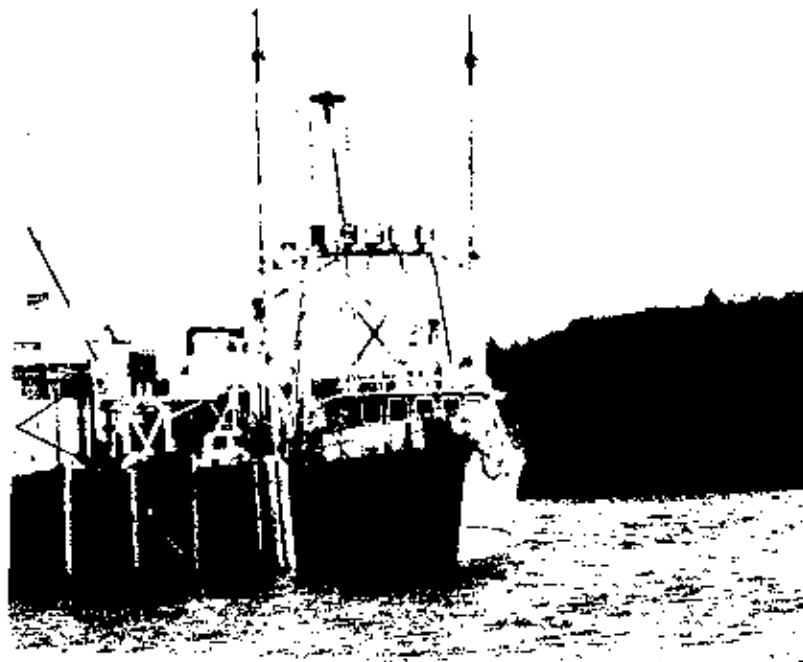
This article is different than any others in this magazine. It is a picture article, showing some of the boats around Kodiak. There are pictures of crabbers, tenders, and bottom fish boats. Fishing is a very big part of Kodiak, and boats are a very big part of fishing. I hope you enjoy the pictures as I enjoyed taking them.

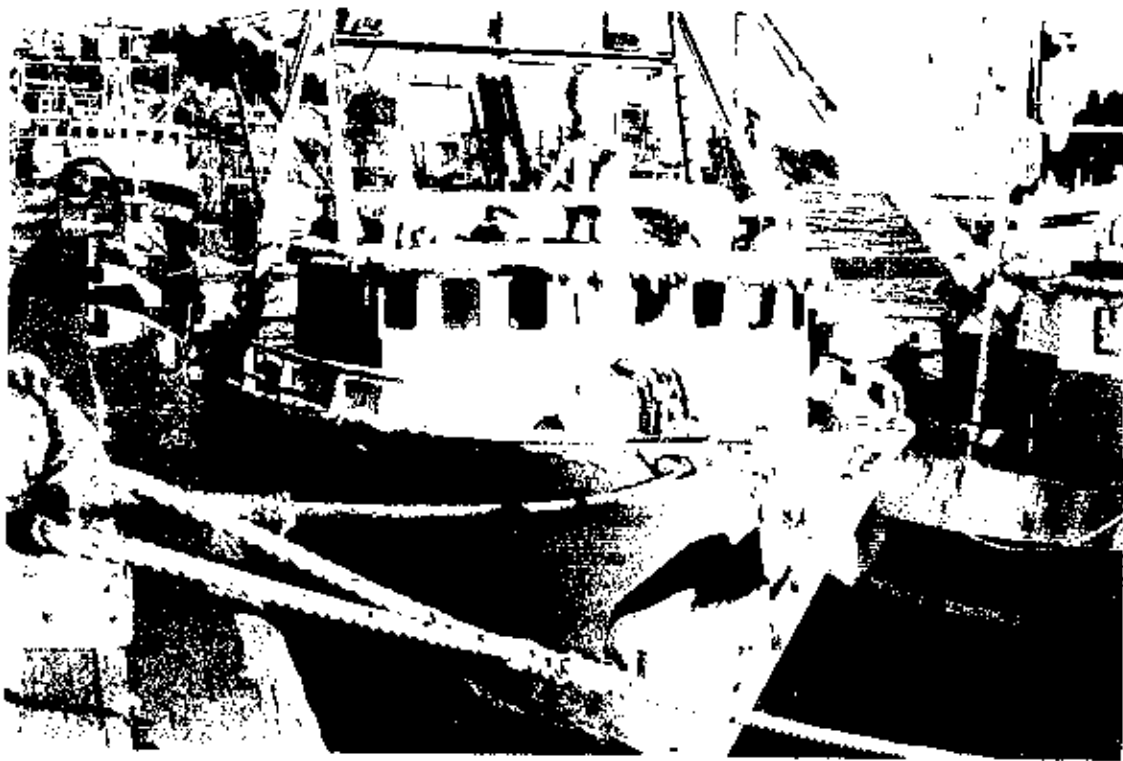


The 107-foot Trail Blazer is used year round, crabbing in the fall and tendering salmon in the summer.



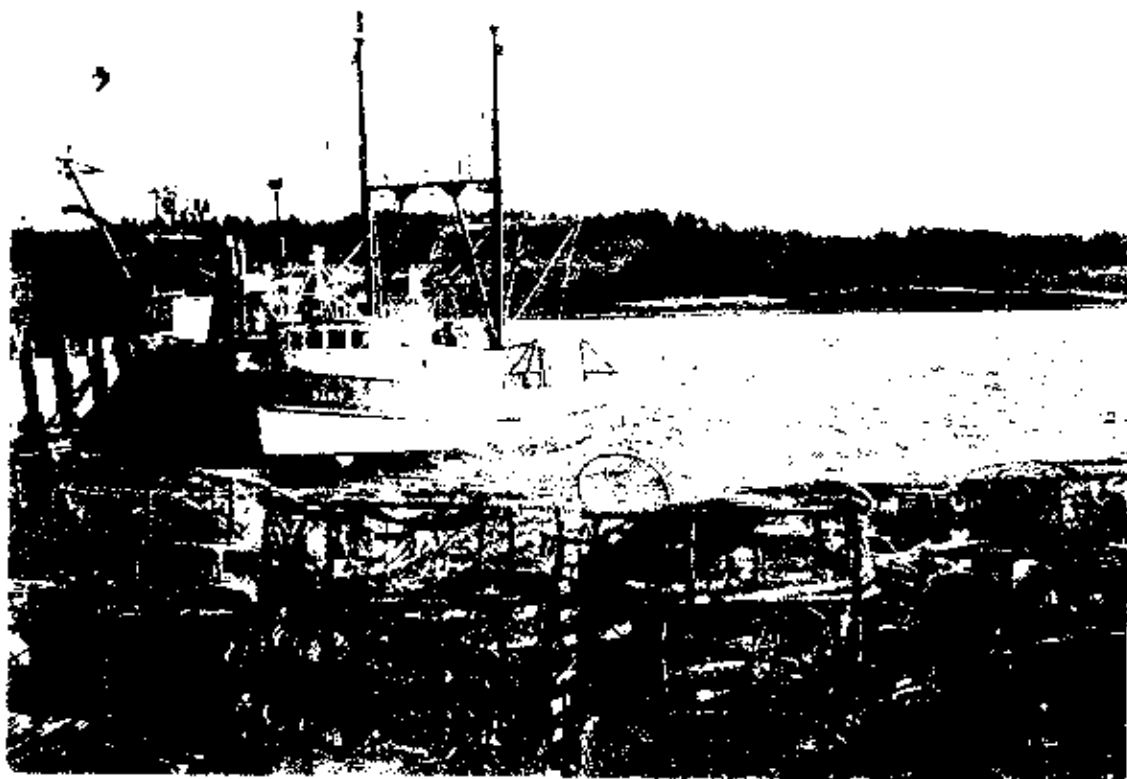
The New Venture is a 90-foot combination vessel.

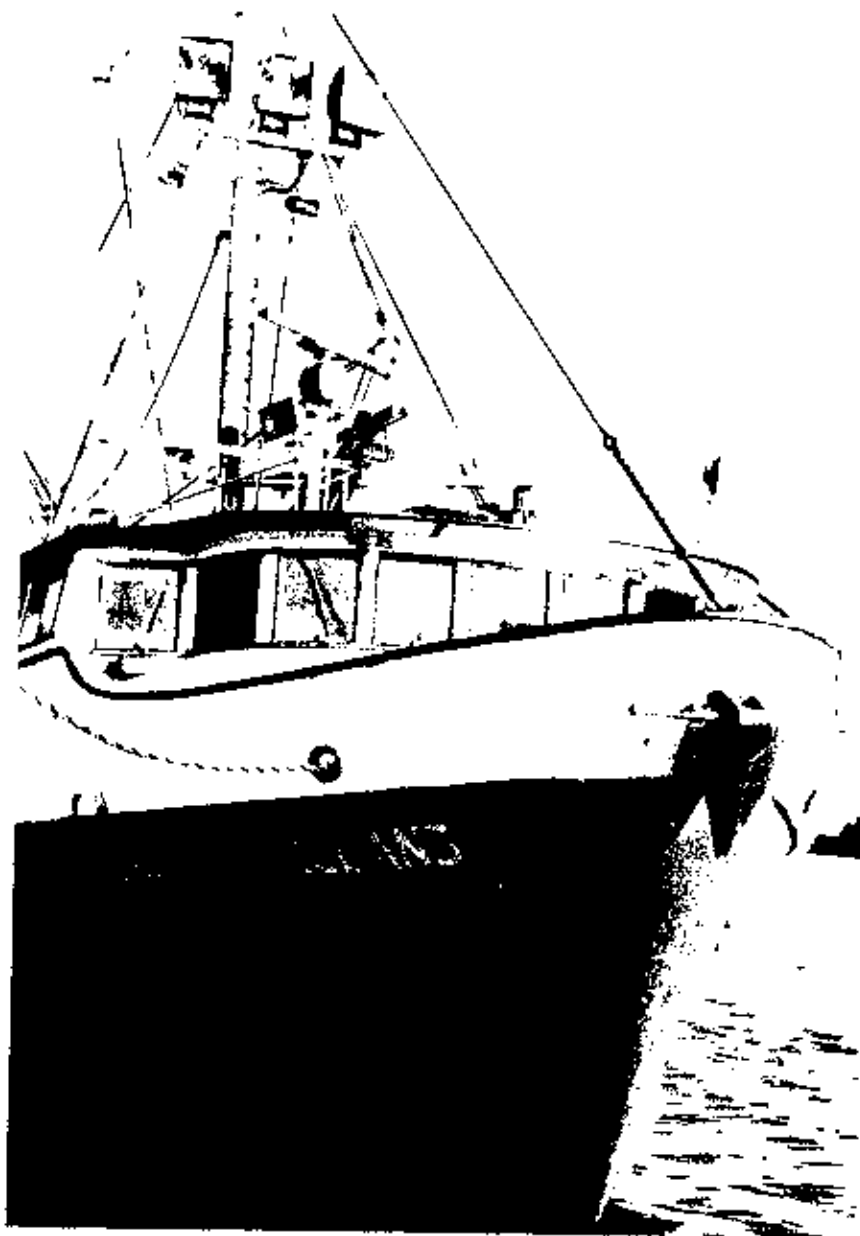




The Big Blue (shown here iced up at the ferry dock) is a 88-foot crabber/tender.

The Saint Joseph, a 90-foot combination fishing vessel, shown here at Western Alaska Fisheries.





The 87-foot Emerald Island.

These are just a few of the boats around Kodiak. It was really enjoyable for me to do this article. I had a chance to see a lot of boats up close and meet a lot of interesting people!

"We lead

a pretty unique life..."

Cathy Lindsey



*Cathy, Burnie, and her youngest daughter
Christy in their home on Spruce Cape.*

"I was born on November 6, 1928, in Snowqualmie Falls, Washington and moved to a neighboring town, Fall City, and grew up there on a little farm. My parents had immigrated from Canada and became American citizens. They always appreciated the United States and instilled a strong love in my brother and I for the U.S. Fall City is a beautiful farming community with the Carnation Milk farm nearby. It is an especially friendly town, where people were evenly divided into working either in the lumbering or dairy farming. My dad ran a big crane for the Weyerhouser Mill. (Ours wasn't an affluent family...probably average for Fall city...but one summer, my mother, brother, and I earned enough money picking beans to pay for indoor plumbing). Fall City is beautifully situated beneath Snowqualmie Falls and is surrounded by huge Douglas firs, cedar, and maple trees. We always had good strong trees in our yard for swings.

"I had a beautiful family life; one brother was 2 years older than me. We were always a pretty active family, dad was a Boy

Scout leader and taught Sunday school. My mother was a 4-H leader, PTA president and a Sunday school teacher. My brother and I were pretty active in the clubs and I felt I learned much in 4-H that helped later on. For the cooking requirements we had to serve a \$1.00 breakfast for four people (25¢ each). We had sausage, eggs, and muffins. All was going well, until my partner wiped the wood stove off with the dirty broom!

"In the summer we would get into our model A, and drive up to Canada where my grandparents lived. My mother had seven brothers and sisters and they weren't much older - in fact one uncle was a year younger than me. We had delightful summers because they lived where it was woodsey and beautiful, they had horses to ride and interesting places to explore, life always seemed more fun there and I think I decided that a big family was the best life.

"We moved to Seattle in 1942. It was during the war years. There was an absense of Japanese children in the schools, because they were taken to camps. They had made up a large part of the enrollment where I went to school. Because their parents were involved in the farming there, the feeling was pretty anti-Japanese, of course, because of the attack of Pearl Harbor. It was a busy time of expanding our Armed Service and building ships, planes and all the weapons of war. We had to practice blackouts, when all lights would be off, and people would check to make sure they were all off, everyone was complying with the rules.

"Because it was such a time of accelerated growth in the industries around us, my family became a working family. My brother, then a junior in high school, worked a full time, eight hour shift in the shipyard, but still carried a full load at high school. My mother worked at the Sheet metal shop, and my dad was steam fitter at the shipyard. I wasn't old enough for that, so I helped keep house and worked in the summer at a department store in Seattle. I stayed with my friend, Katherine. We had to abide by gas rationing and we had to use coupons along with money. The feeling of war going on influenced us greatly. My brother joined the Navy as soon as he graduated, and we became aware that there were serious things going on. He was stationed at Luzon Island, in the Philipines.

"It was a wonderful feeling when the war ended, the big celebration and the good feeling of families being together again. Things hadn't been expressed, but they were there.

"I worked at a department store and at Western Union. I went to Edison Vocational School, to take a business course and while ther, I met the fellow that I married 33 years ago and am still married to. That happened to be the same place his father and mother had met only then it was called Broadway High School. I went to Seattle College, a catholic college, which is now called Seattle University. Then worked as an IBM proof machine operator for a year and a half at Federal Reserve. Burnie, my husband, finished navigation school after we were married. He already had his first mates papers. Then he went to work for his uncle, Lowell Wakefield, on the first king crab processor up in the Bering Sea. This was in 1947-1948. Then he joined the Army Transport Service

and came to Kodiak to work on a tugboat. I came in April and my first impression of Kodiak was "Yuk!" However my first summer here changed that. I found that it is one of the most beautiful places on God's earth.

"The family has been the most important part of my life. We've had lots of changes in our life and I believe it's the way God had it planned. In 1956, because of what we thought were reversals in our life...we became Christians. That was a real change in the way we lived and a different purpose for living. Soon after Burnie lost his boat *The Quadra* the King's Garden Bible School started. The insurance money from the boat helped us go there. After two years we came back to Kodiak, and we helped start the Berean Baptist Church. Also we felt God worked it out that we got our property here. It was a homesite, and our name got "picked" in the veteran's preference drawing, that was 30 years ago. We certainly enjoy living close to the ocean; but it's meant more work than most people could understand. Not just days or months but years of work. When we first got the property, it was woodsey and beautiful, but the land sunk 5 feet after the earthquake, and tidal wave, and we lost 30 feet of land from the front of our property. So it's been a steady battle for Burnie and he is certainly knowledgeable about building breakwaters.

"We lead a pretty unique life like most Alaskans.. in the summer we fish salmon. I've gone along fishing for about five years. My husband has been very firm in his conviction about no girls or women being on his boat. I'm just not too sure I'm cut out for that line of work. I'm usually standing on the rope they need or if I'm asked to throw a line they'd have to swim for it! But they don't need me in the actual fishing operation. I'm just the cook and cleaning lady.



This is the jitney, Falcon, that they fish with in the summer.

"We are kind of a motley crew. Once we were fishing and anchored at Uganik next to the *Norman J.*, and their crew visited our boat out of curiosity. Bill McCloskley, author of "Highliners", was working on that boat, he was really intrigued at all the people involved in our operation. I guess it seemed as if people were coming out of the walls!

"In towing the jitney we sometimes get involved in problems-one bad stormy night it got away, there were huge waves and the storm caused the jitney to pass us by. If it had been up to me, I'd have let it be lost. It's good they don't rely on my advice. But we sped up and passed the jitney and then our boy Rob and crewman Jack Ibach jumped onto it and put a line on it.

"We have a comfortable boat, 42' *Remark*, (it had been a charter pleasure boat), that we had converted. We bought it in San Diego, and brought it up in March of 1979, to Seattle. Then Burnie and a crew brought it to Kodiak. The trip from San Diego to Seattle was exciting and we had some narrow escapes, but God took care of us. It was a life long dream to see California, and the San Diego Zoo, Disneyland, and San Francisco. We live on the *Remark* in the summer, and I'm the cook so I'm there most of the time. The rest of the family fish on the jitney *The Wilcon*.



This is the boat the family lives on during the summer salmon fishing.

"The summers on a fishing boat are refreshing. I get to enjoy the benefits without the work; as we are usually anchored in a beautiful bay and surrounded by cliffs that are covered with roses, bluebells, and other wild flowers, and beautiful Spruce trees. Often I can watch bears and beavers, otters, deer, and whales.

"We've appreciated the challenge and excitement of living in Alaska. I think all of us Lindseys feel the enthusiasm of living here. The quote from Marva Carver says so well what I tried to put in words, "Enthusiasm is the mainspring of the soul, keep it wound up and you will never lack, for the power to get what you really need." Life is so beautiful and has so much to offer." This quote from King George V also has influenced my philosophy. "It's not doing what you like; but learning to like what you do." I like what I do. I have a small bookkeeping service and work often for Marine Welding Service. I have a lot of interests, I sew, knit and bake almost all our bread. I've had Brownies and Cub Scouts and have been room mother often. I've taught Sunday school, and worked in Christian Women's Fellowship and I'm on the Board of Young Life. It's exciting to find out what each day will bring and I'm thankful that God has it planned for me."



Cathy posing in front of the house, the breakwater is in the background.

*Credits: Charlene Lekanoff
Gwen Sargent*

Special Credits: Cathy Lindsey

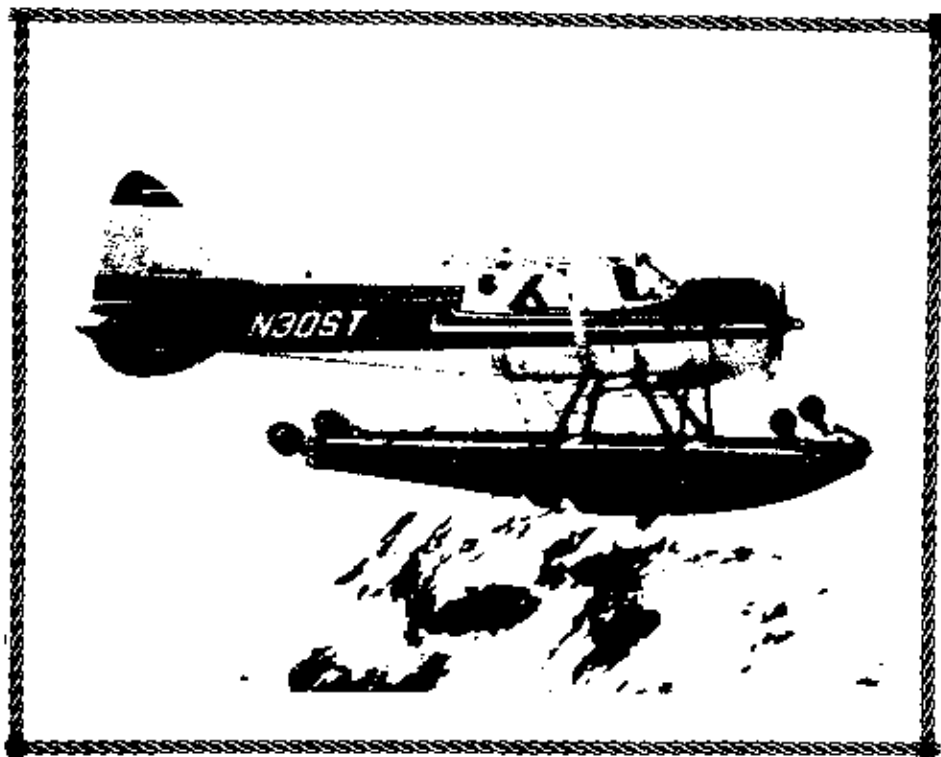
All About Flying

with Riley Morton



*Riley Morton and his daughter,
Teresa Marie, with his beaver
float plane.*

Riley Morton has been flying for eighteen years. He was introduced to flying by his dad, who has been flying since World War II. Riley first started flying in Kodiak then he went to Missouri to get his private pilots license. He came back to Kodiak because he had to wait four-hundred hours before he could get a private pilots license. Then he finally got caught by the F.A.A. for not having a license. So he went back to Missouri and became a licensed pilot. Riley took twenty hours of acrobatic flying which was considered a freebie from the Veterans Administration. It was said, if you could control a airplane in any element and every condition, whether it's right side up or up side down makes a better pilot of you.



Riley flying in his Amphib Beaver.

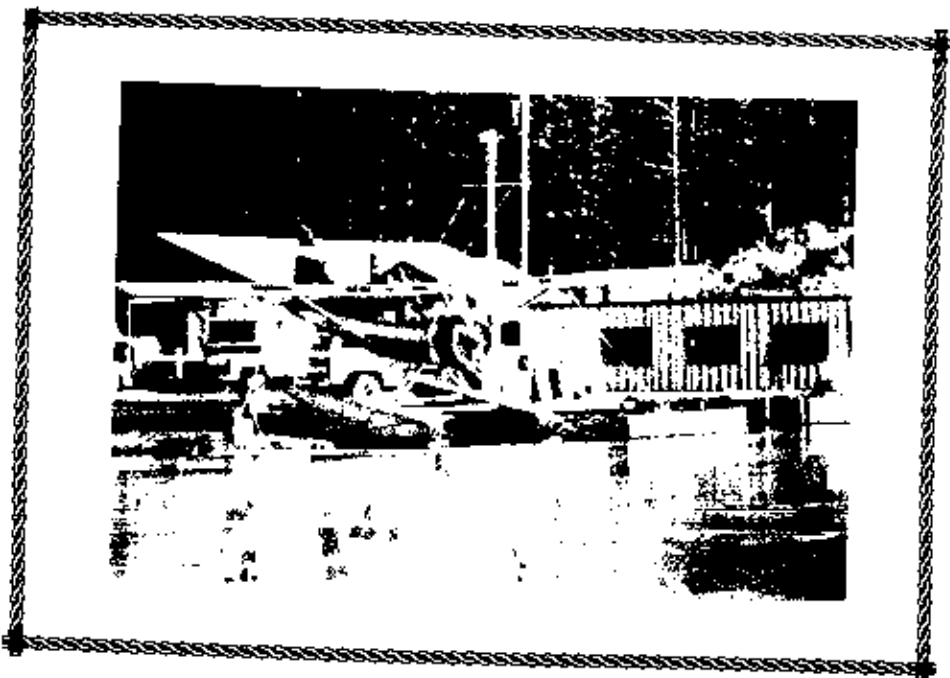
Riley replied that he really likes acrobatics, he said, if he has a good herring season he is going to buy a Pitts Airplane, which is fully equiped for acrobatics (with smoke).



*Riley and his friends going to Anchorage
in their Twin Engine Piper Aztec.*

One of Riley's most interesting experiences flying was seeing a U.F.O. Riley, his co-pilot and a sleeping passenger named Bidli were flying back from Seattle to Kodiak in a beaver, January three years ago. They had just refueled at Sullivens Bay off Annette Island going to Ketchikan. Half an hour before they reached Ketchikan they sighted a U.F.O. It was about two hours after dark and snowing when a weird light came right up in front of their aircraft. At first they thought it was another plane, but when they climbed up a thousand feet, the light climbed with them, now they began to wonder. They dove down five or six hundred feet and the light stayed right along with them. Then all of a sudden the light moved to the side of the aircraft and changed from one blinking light to five blinking lights. By this time everyone was very excited, the instruments in the plane were goofy and the radio wouldn't work. The compass was just spinning around and around out of control. The automatic pilot direction finder was also going around. Things stayed like this for about five minutes. "Boy, were we getting excited now!" Then Riley yelled back to Bidli, "grab the camera". But there was about nine hundred pounds of stuff in the back of the plane and Bidli couldn't find the camera. Then in a matter of seconds the light disappeared heading toward Ketchikan. After reaching Kodiak, Riley talked to the commanding officer of Annette Island, who couldn't explain what they had experienced, the Air Force could not explain this either. After doing some research, Riley found out that theirs was just one of many sightings recorded that day.

Riley's idea of an airplane is a Super Cub, but he couldn't afford one a long time ago. He said, "the price was so far out of the picture, it would be like me wanting a jet right now." But later on in the years he got a Super Cub, which is good for spotting fish. It only carries two people, (the pilot and the passenger). Then he got interested in the Dehavollin Beaver, he said, "all the rest of these airplanes around here are a cheap imitation of an airplane, but the Beaver is a real airplane, with the exception of a Hal-Dierich's Goose, which is a rough, tough airplane." A Beaver runs from eighty to one hundred and forty thousand dollars. Just the pontoons alone cost fifty-one thousand dollars, and they'll carry two hundred pounds of what a Goose will carry on one engine.



Riley's beaver sitting at Viking Air.

He said, "the people that started flying around Kodiak, when he started, have either quit flying or are dead." Generally speaking, the people that have been killed around here, is all weather related, pilot error, or they just flat don't know. Like Warren Zehe and his passenger died from exposure at the bottom of the Karluk Lake last year, and in the summer when they raised the plane, they couldn't actually put their finger on it. They say, "well he got into bad weather, got into clouds, he flew into the water, or like our plane, they've gotten in inner balance and icing condition, that's the reason it went down." It was four years ago a plane flown by Jamie Madsen went down and they never found the pilot or the passengers. Their last radio contact lasted five seconds, they were at eleven thousand feet and the tail of the plane came off. He had the fanciest airplane that ever hit Kodiak, it had radar, and all kinds of de-icing equipment. Marian Parker was on that airplane also.

Riley says, "if you push the weather it's gonna get you, whether you're in an airplane, boat, or racing down an icy road. Sooner or later it's gonna catch up with you, and with an airplane it's more drastic than on a boat. You've got more of a chance on a boat." He says that pilots have got a lot of responsibility, when flying a passenger. There is a law, you can't fly drunks, and the law is for their protection, like if something were to happen, they'd have to be able to take care of themselves, the pilot can't do everything.



*Riley, age two, getting to fly
with his father in a Military
Surplus BT-13 Bomber .*

Crab Enchiladas

Darlene Kosoff is originally from Newport, Oregon. She and her family moved to Kodiak in 1978. Darlene has supplied us with one of her favorite crab recipes.

"The recipe says you make the sauce, shred the cheese, and you have the crabmeat, and you put a tablespoon of each on the tortilla and roll it up. After that you put the sauce all over it.

"Another way you can do it is to mix the cheese, sauce, and crab together, fill the tortillas, roll them up and pour the remaining mix over the top of them. When it's mixed together it makes less work."

This recipe is perfect for a crab feed:

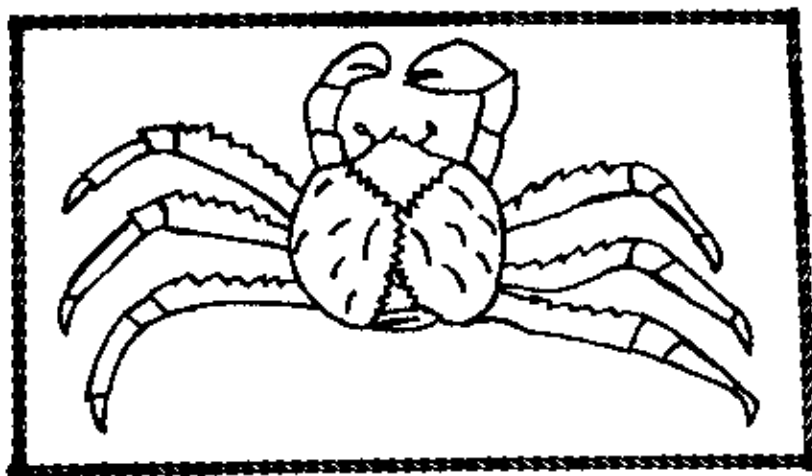
1 chopped onion
2 Tbsp. oil
2 Tbsp. flour
2-2½ cups milk
1-4 oz. can chopped green chilies
½ or 1 cup grated monterey cheese
½ or 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
1 doz. tortillas
oil (cover bottom of pan)
1 cup crabmeat
salt and pepper to taste

Sauté onion in oil. Add flour, milk, chilies, and a little cheese, salt, and pepper. Cook until medium thick.

Dip each tortilla in hot oil for a few seconds until limp. Put 1 Tbsp. of each: crab, cheese, (above) sauce, in tortilla and roll up.

Place in shallow dish and pour remaining sauce on top. Bake 10-15 minutes at 250 degrees F.

Serves 5.



Credits: Anna Cross