



Linda Lindberg

Transcript of an Oral History
Conducted by
Anjuli Grantham
at
Village Islands, Alaska
On June 22, 2015
(With subsequent corrections and additions)

Kodiak Historical Society

About West Side Stories

This oral history is part of the West Side Stories project of the Kodiak Historical Society. West Side Stories is a public humanities and art project that intended to document the history of the west side of Kodiak Island through oral history, photography, and art. The oral histories chart the personal stories of individuals with a longtime connection to the west side of Kodiak Island, defined for the scope of this project as the area buffeted by the Shelikof Strait that stretches from Kupreanof Strait south to the village of Karluk. The project endeavored to create historical primary source material for a region that lacks substantive documentation and engage west side individuals in the creation of that material.

The original audio recording of this interview is available by contacting the Kodiak Historical Society. Additional associated content is available at the Kodiak Historical Society/ Baranov Museum, including photographs of interview subjects and west side places taken during the summer of 2015, archival collections related to the west side, and journals and art projects created by west side residents in 2015.

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Note on Transcription

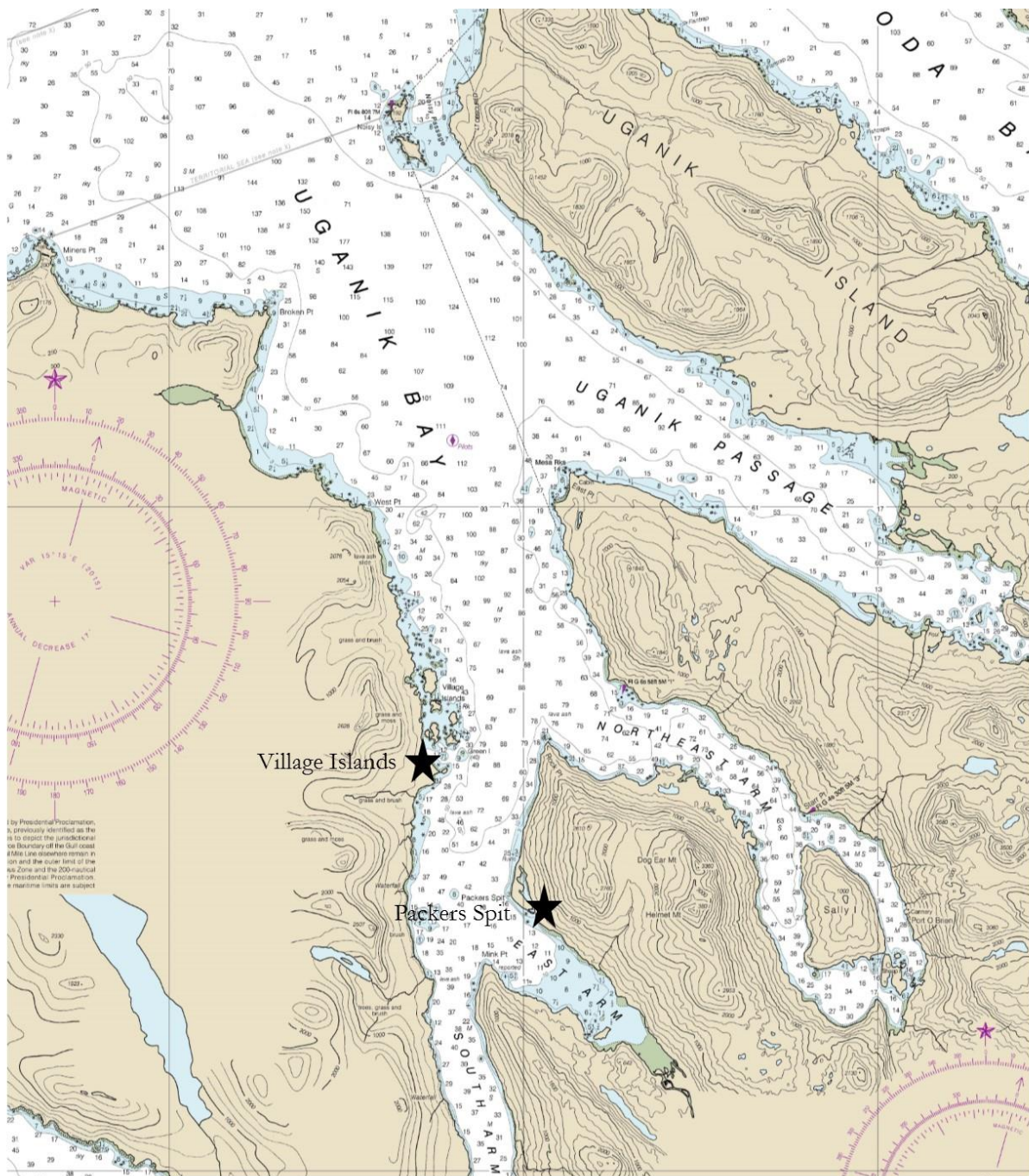
After the initial transcription was completed, a second transcriber performed an audit/edit by listening to the oral history recording and verifying the transcription. The following transcript is nearly a word-for-word transcription of the oral history interview. Editing is intended to make the interview easier to understand. Bracketed words indicate they were added after the interview. The use of [...] indicates that something that was spoken does not appear in the transcription. Often, these are false starts. In some cases, it is information that the interview subject retracted later. The original audio file is available for listening.

Citation

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Cover Photo: Linda Lindberg, at Village Islands, on June 22, 2015. Photographed by Breanna Peterson for West Side Stories. P-1000-6-320.



Select locations within Uganik Bay mentioned in the interview.

Oral History of Linda Lindberg

AG: It is now June 22, 2015. I'm sitting at the Lindberg's house in Village Islands with Linda Lindberg. This is Anjuli Grantham and this is for the West Side Stories project. [...] Linda, when and where were you born?

LL: Vancouver, Washington.

AG: When?

LL: 1943.

AG: You know that Cliff [Trueman; Grantham's stepfather] was also born in Vancouver.

LL: I know. He lived not too far from where we did, but we didn't know each other.

AG: That's so funny. When was it that you moved to Alaska?

LL: 1957, August.

AG: Why?

LL: Well, logging was pretty much done down where we lived. My dad was a logger. A friend of ours, Wild Bill Winecoop, I don't know if you ever heard of him, but he's another character (*laughing*). Anyways, he [Winecoop] talked to him about coming up here to better ourselves, I guess, because we were going nowhere down there. So he came up with him in early part of the year, I don't know, April maybe, and went to Port Williams. That's where Bill fished out of. And he was a mechanic and whatever all he did, I don't know, but he worked there for the summer. And my brother, Mike, who is just a year older than myself, was real upset because my dad had asked our oldest brother to go, and Joe said no, he didn't want to go. He didn't tell him like that. My dad would have probably knocked him down. But Mike wanted to go and he wasn't asked, of course. So we got on the bus that morning and he [Mike] didn't get on the bus that night. And we got home and my mom said, "Where's Mike?" "I don't know." And so, what he did we found out a couple of days later. She got a card in the mail from him saying don't worry about him. He was on his way to Alaska (*laughing*). He hitchhiked up to Seattle, went to the docks and got on one of the tenders going to Port Williams and worked his way up and he was 15. I thought, "Man, you traitor! You run out and left me!" 'Cause we was best friends back then, but once he got up here then he didn't even know me anymore. He had all these other interests (*laughing*). Then after the season was done, then my dad got a job with Dal Valley and we went over to Sawmill. I guess he was in the works to get a job. I mean, he already had the job, but went over, moved us out there. And Coogan Pederson, who had the boat it's called the *Uranus*, or something like that, and he took half of us. There was eight kids and my mom and dad, so he took half of us and Bill took the boys. So kind of made it better. Otherwise, it would have been crowded, you know. It was only a couple hour trip, and none of us had ever been on the water or on a boat. So it was like, I guess, like going to another planet or something, really. We'd never been on a plane. Only time we ever seen a plane down where we lived was once in a while a little plane would fly over and that was it. We lived up in the hills away from towns and stuff even. Our first time on a plane, we're taking off from Portland like 2:30 in the morning, we're going down the runway and one of the engines is on fire. We had to go back and course we got on another plane later, but we missed the flight from Anchorage to Kodiak, which was eight hour layover back then, and got to Kodiak, real nice day. It was when the road, the Kodiak town-base road what they called, went up along the mountaintop, up by the top of the mountain there? Not where it goes now but way up high. It was really scary. I don't know. It was just a whole



Dal Valley's sawmill in Afognak, 1959. P-496-5.

different thing for us. And it was the end of fishing season so my brother says to me, "Come with me. I want to show you something." So we walked over by where the B&B used to be, and the Belmont was just across the street from it. And (*laughing*) these people, they was so busy ringing the bell. They'd ring the bell in the B&B and all these people in the Belmont would run across the street, and before they'd get all the way across somebody'd ring the bell in the Belmont. It was like a huge circus (*laughing*). [...] Some of 'em fell down and they just laid there in the road. Nobody run over 'em, but they'd stop traffic quite a ways. You know it was just like, "Okay." And then after we went out to the mill, it was pretty quiet out there. There were seven families. And it was still a new experience because we hadn't lived around people. We had neighbors five or six miles away, but we never lived around families like that. Each one was [...] different, like we was different. I don't know. Had a schoolhouse that was probably about, oh, from the counter here over around like that. It was just a little one room school with eight grades. It was a mix. [...] I don't know how we learned anything because you're listening to this class and this class and everybody's supposed to be doing their work. Only reason I got to go was because I made the tenth kid. I had to be a correspondence kid, but I could go to school. That didn't work out either because nobody really helped me.

AG: How old were you?

LL: Fourteen.

AG: What's your maiden name?

LL: Descloux.

AG: Okay. And what were your parents' names?

LL: Helga and Mitch.

AG: Helga and Mitch. And your siblings?

LL: Okay. There was Joe, Mike, me, Janice, Dave, Donna, Steve and Cliff.

AG: Okay, the whole brood (*laughing*).

LL: Yeah.

AG: Did you go to Port Williams?

LL: No.

AG: Okay. And what was it that your father did at the mill?

LL: He [...] run the Cat or he was just like different jobs. Kept the machinery working and run the Cat for hauling the logs down. It was totally different back then. There was no big road going to Afognak or anything. We had a little trail that we walked on, and it was not until after we was gone for a few years that they made the road, I guess. But it changed everything. It wasn't like when we first came. Statehood hadn't even happened when we came. So we were kind of like pioneers, I guess.

AG: [...] Did you call it the logging camp or what did you call the place where you lived?

LL: It was just called Dal's Camp.

AG: Dal's Camp, huh? Could you describe Dal's Camp?

LL: Well, like I say, there was seven families, and they was [...] seven houses, eight houses. One was empty 'til our friends came up from down below and then they lived right next door to us. [...] I mean for the most part everybody got along except when they started drinking. I don't know. The women did their thing in their houses, and once a week the generator was run so they could do their laundry, stuff that they needed to do with electricity. And then the house we was living in, [there] was one of those old Wurlitzer, I think, jukebox. So when the generator came on we could play that. It's got all the records on it and everything.

AG: Do you remember what your favorite records were?

LL: No, it's too long ago, but it was fun. We could dance or whatever, and the kids would come over from the other houses and we'd just have fun.

AG: It sounds like it. Do you remember the names of the families that were out there with you.

LL: [...] Let's start over at the end by the log boom. There was Shaws, and then there was Whites, and Shepherds, and then the school teacher had the one house next to Dal's. Dal had his house there that he stayed at when he came out, and then the schoolteacher had the other house there. And the first schoolteachers that we had, that was my very favorite, and they're still my friends, called Ro Toothacher. [...] We called him Mr. Toothacher, and he said, "Don't call me that, just call me Too." (*laughing*) So we did. And his wife's name was Sarah, but because they had met at or gone to a Sadie Hawkins— .You know what that is, a Sadie Hawkins dance? They called her Sadie. I still write to her. Really nice folks. They was from Maine. I loved to listen to them talk. I got relatives back there, too. But then there was the schoolhouse. Then us. And then Niensens lived next door to us, people that came up from down below. So there was a few, you know.

AG: With so many children in the house was it quite crowded?

LL: No, everybody was in and out so much it didn't appear to be. And for lunch, shoot, it was so close I just could have climbed in my bedroom window and been home for lunch. I didn't, but you know. And it was fine to go home for lunch and go back to school.

AG: Would you walk to Afognak [Village] frequently?

LL: I did because once I wasn't allowed to go to school anymore, because the next teacher we got said, "It ain't going to work out in here. You're not listening to what I say." Well, we had gone to the village this one day, and she didn't say we couldn't go through the inside trail which was shorter, so we went. She went around the outside. And [...] I got in big trouble for it for leading the little ones astray. So anyway, [...] that's fine. "I don't want you in my classroom. You don't listen." I said, "That's fine." And so I went home and I told my mom and she said, "Well it's okay, there's other things to do." And so then I started going to the village everyday either to get the mail or I'd pick up groceries or stuff for the others. That pack got awful heavy, you know. Walk through the swamp. Never thought about bears or nothing. Just, you know, ignorant.

AG: How long of a walk was it?

LL: Eh, it was over a mile. So it took, oh, probably forty-five minutes or an hour. Because the way you had to go, once you got to Back Bay, the trail inside was a lot of swamp. And there was a few places where they'd put corduroy road. You know what that is? It's where it's so boggy that they put cut trees and lay them across this way [perpendicular] so you could walk on those. But there were places. There was one place in particular and I found it and fell in. I got clear up to here and I couldn't get out. I was stuck and there was no bottom. There was no way to get any, you know, perches on anything. And I was wondering, "What am I going to do?" I'd broke my glasses, so I couldn't see very well. And I seen this black thing off in the distance there. "Oh, it's probably a bear. Nothing I can do about it." And I couldn't take the pack off. Probably if I had of I would have sunk because it was sitting right on the ground behind me. And the thing kept coming closer and closer. Then I realized it was this guy's in the village, his big old black lab, and he liked us kids for some reason. So he run up to me and he's licking my face. "Oh Spiegel, quit it." Grabbed ahold of his skin on his neck right here and held on and he backed up and pulled me out even with that big pack! I mean he was a good sized dog, but I was still heavy. Course then I think I weighed a hundred pounds (*laughing*). He came home with me and he didn't want to go back to the village. He wanted to stay there, and he did for a while until his owner came and got him. He figured where he was. But we had to be really careful going by that spot. It was only about this big, like that. But if you fell in with both feet, you was in. You weren't going to get out. And we had heard about this from probably people in the village and didn't pay no attention 'cause, you know, "Nah, not going to [happen]," but after that, yeah (*laughing*). And so, it was just everyday thing for me whether it was sunshiny or rainy or snowing, and I'd go to the village because that is what I did.

AG: Did you go back to school?

LL: No. No, we went to town and nobody would help me. I had no clue about any of the classes. I did go to school in town for a couple of months, but I was so far behind I was just like out in Mars or somewhere. I finally just quit. I just didn't go back. I figured I ain't going to use it anyway. Then I ended up doing correspondence for my kids, you know. (*laughing*). What I didn't know, we guessed at. And they did their GEDs, all of them except one, I think, that never went back to finish it out. But they all got nineties and better score. They weren't dumb, you know. So people that said they were dumb, they're the dumb ones. My kids had the practical knowledge of living out and how to

survive. I lived that way pretty much myself before we came to Alaska living on what my dad called his stump ranch. We lived eight miles from town and up in the mountains. We just did stuff and we survived.

AG: Did you grow your own food?

LL: Oh, my mom had a huge garden. She canned and she picked berries. She liked to go berry picking because she could get away from us kids for a while (*laughing*). But basically, I guess, we just survived. We didn't have a lot of money. Nobody did back then because we were just getting out of the Depression and the war again. And we didn't suffer, you know, we made it.

AG: Did you garden in Afognak or at the mill, as well?

LL: No. Well, my mom and Mary Shepherd had a little garden. I don't know how well it done. I don't remember. But they cleared a place for it and got it going, you know, and stuff. My garden here, I've had them here, but Shawna [Rittenhouse, Lindberg's daughter], she had gardens when we lived over at [Packers] Spit over there. She had this greenhouse that was probably a 8x10 or 8x12. Anyway, just made out of 2x4s and Visqueen, and she started growing stuff in there and I didn't really pay any attention to it. I was so busy with kids that I didn't have times to be messing with gardens. They were off fall fishing or something. It was like October, and I went in there just to see what is in here. Oh my gosh, you wouldn't believe it! There was tomato plants. They had tomatoes all over them, and nobody had tended that thing forever. And peppers, green peppers, and it was just from stuff that they threw in there when I got through cleaning up [...] the remains. It grew without any attention. I should try that with mine. (*laughing*)

AG: What do you remember of Dal Valley?



Dal Valley and Fred Katelnikoff, 1938. P-496-4.

LL: Well, he was tall. Seemed to be even tempered. I don't know, maybe he wasn't. I really didn't know him that well. We was so shy back in those days that, you know, somebody looked at us you're

more apt to bawl than laugh 'cause we just wasn't used to people. I do remember that he was never mean to us or anything and always had a good word for us. Anne, his wife, she did, too, and she had, oh gosh, how many kids did they have? They had seven, so it was okay.

AG: And was it considered a good work for your dad?

LL: Yeah, 'til he started making his moonshine again, and then he got fired because he had the whole male population of the camp drunk.

AG: Was that something that he'd done in Washington?

LL: Sad to say, yeah. He was a moonshiner. He didn't sell it because that was against the law, but he could make it. But he was only supposed to have a certain amount for his own personal use. It was a lot more than his personal use. I know because we helped run it off (*laughing*). I mean, back then you didn't consider it anything really horribly bad and I still don't. It was just the way it was.

AG: How did your dad make his moonshine?

LL: Oh my gosh. He made it very good. I mean, he didn't mess around with stuff that might harm anybody or anything. [...] I guess it was top-notch. I do remember he browned white sugar in a skillet very carefully and when it was right he put it in there, shook it up, and it looked just like whiskey.

AG: What did he use as like for the base for it? Was it potatoes or?

LL: Wheat maybe? I don't know. Something. I know it tasted okay. We did sample it (*laughing*). But you know, I thought I would remember stuff like that, I don't. But I know that he took great pride in making it. And it was very touchy because one time he was just getting ready to run off a batch, bottle it, and the deputy sheriff came. He [Linda's father] went up there, he told us, "You run this off. You stay down in the basement. Don't come up here." 'Cause it was just kind of an open basement under there. Said, "You stay down here and run this off. I'll be back in a few minutes." Well, his few minutes was like an hour. So we are down there juggling his whiskey, and the way I heard it later was that the deputy sheriff said, "Huh, smells like your [...] wife's making bread or something." Really strong bread (*laughing*).

AG: Was that in Washington?

LL: Yeah. Yeah. And then he had a batch going at the mill there quite often. Set up his barrel and stuff. I don't know how long it was before Dal discovered what he was doing. We was there from, let's see, we was there from August '57, it wasn't very long really, 'til the first part of April of '58. I guess it wasn't that long. It seemed like a long time, or maybe it was '59. But anyway, we ended up moving to town because he messed it up.

AG: Could you describe Afognak, the village?

LL: You know, I never did see all of Afognak. [...] We usually went as far as the post office, and then back to the store, and then visited with people. They was very friendly. I never knew why because we're strangers, but they always treated us good. Invited us in for chai and goodies. That's their tea and cookies or whatever. It was fine. It was really nice. Because we never'd been around people that much to where we really knew that that was acceptable. But we'd go to their house and, of course, we'd been taught our manners and stuff, so we knew to behave ourselves. But [...] well, let's see, maybe I'm lying. Maybe we went, yeah, we went to the church. I think that was past the post office a ways. We got to go there, and I think we spent a week, like summer thing, you know. It was fun. It was really fun. [...] We started out Catholic. My dad was so mad at my mother because she let us go. She said, "Well, what is the harm of it? They can't go to their own church. You don't

go to your own church." And she said, "It's not hurtin' nothin'!" We got to sing, and we got to make things, and it was just a lot of fun.

AG: Was that the Orthodox Church or the?

LL: No, it was the Baptist maybe. I don't remember. Anyway, it was a lot fun. All the other kids that were there and stuff, we got to know quite a few of the kids and the pastor and his wife and it was good.

AG: Do you remember who they were?

LL: No. No, I have no recollection whatsoever.

AG: Is there anything about Afognak Village that left an impression with you?

LL: The cows (*laughing*).

AG: Tell me more.

LL: Well, I think they like shared the cows. Everybody owned them. And there was always, always seemed like every time we went to the village, especially in the summer, these two bulls would start bellowing and charging at each other. And it was always right down the middle of the road, right where we was at. I knew that we didn't like going there because of that reason. But, ah, nobody got hurt. I don't know why. One time there was, let's see, there was like five cows killed over at Back Bay on the other trail, the outside trail. And course we didn't know it. We walked the inside trail, and we heard about it next time we went to the village, that the bears had been busy. Shoot, we never even seen a bear over there. We knew they was there. Same like when I moved out of town, everybody thought that I was taking my kids out of town so that they could be killed by the bears. It was ten years before we ever saw a bear. So, you know, one way or the other.

AG: Did people in Afognak speak English or Russian or Alutiiq? Do you remember?

LL: They spoke English. They could talk their own lingo, too. But mostly it was just, when they talked to us, loved to listen to them talk because they had that broken sound to their words. I still like to hear that. Every chance I get I like to hear that. Yeah, I feel like I grew up there for the most part for even a short time.

(A sizzling sound from a cook stove has been going on during this interview and LL invites AG to eat. The recording stops).

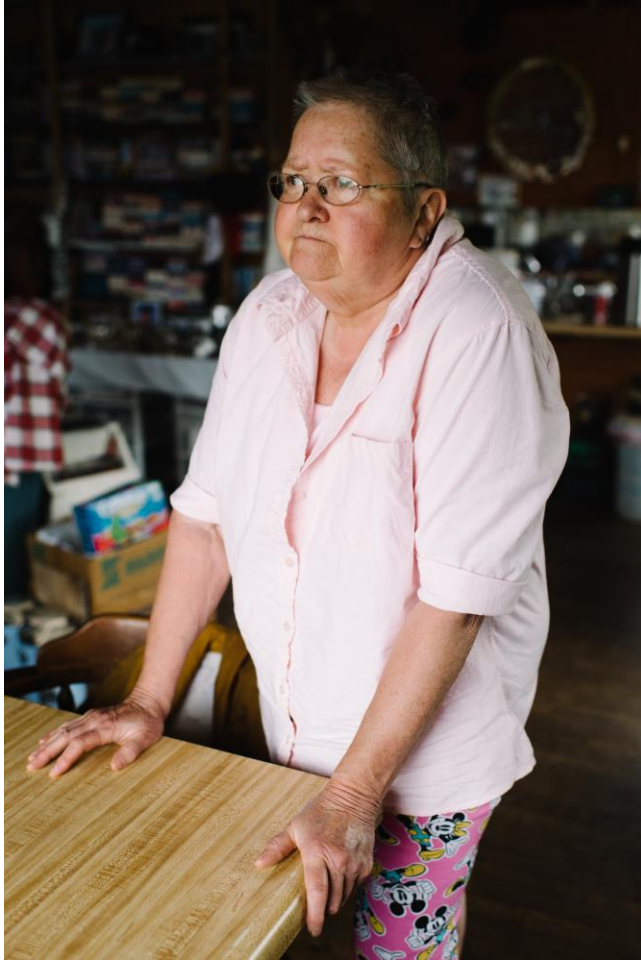
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AG: What was the character of your mother?

LL: She was very sweet-natured and quiet. She could be fun, but she's still reserved. She wouldn't take any crap off anybody. All she had to do was look at them and say in a quiet voice, "That's not acceptable." They got the message. I wished for years I could be like that, and I learned I could be like that.

AG: Quiet authority?



Linda Lindberg. P-1000-6-305.

LL: Yeah, especially like when [Ron] Dunlop comes over here drunk or something and he knows he's not supposed to. I just tell him, "There's the door." "Oh, I guess that means that you don't want me here?" "You got it." *(laughing)*

AG: So after a couple of years in Afognak your family moved to town, huh?

LL: Um-huh.

AG: What did your father do in town?

LL: Boat mechanic. And he was a good one as long as he didn't drink. But it seemed like everybody in town drank. If it hadn't been for my mom, I don't think any of us kids would have survived.

AG: Why is that?

LL: Well because she kept us together. There was so many people that drank that had kids, and those kids ran the streets day and night. They had nowhere—. They didn't know what to do.

AG: So that's how it's been in Kodiak for a long time, huh?

LL: Oh-oh-oh. It was that way when we first moved there. It was probably that way long before even. It's just sad.

AG: What did your mom do? Did she do work on the side?

LL: Homemaker. She believed she should be home with her kids.

AG: Where did you live?

LL: In town? Well, first place we lived was Pinch Apartments. That's where the KI [Best Western] is now. And then there was a big house over across from the Catholic and Russian— this way from the Russian Church and straight across from the Catholic Church, that they was renting. It was a big house. Course with all of us it didn't look very big. I'm trying to think what they called that house. That was one of the names of the people that had been in that town forever. Anyway, after that I can't even remember why we had to move. Probably because of Dad's drinking. I don't know. Went up on the Carlson Hill. What was up there besides us? I think there used to be a ball park or something up there. Maybe it's still up there. I don't know. But anyway, you went up the hill.

AG: Up from the Aleutian Homes?

LL: Um-huh. I mean it was bad in the wintertime, hard to get up and down it. Had to go clear around and then up and then make your way up the trail. And then after that they got a place over on Mill Bay across from the ball park, and that's where they stayed until my mom's brother died. In his will it said that she was to have his place. So she just packed right up and she's gone.

AG: And your dad, as well?

LL: No, he refused to go. "I ain't going! I'm staying here!" Well he stayed and drank and drank and drank and finally he went. I don't know how he managed to get the money to go, but he did go. And then he was, I don't know, if it had been me I probably would have killed him a long time before that. I asked my mom, I said, "How can you just keep doing this? Putting up with everyday everyday everyday." She said, "Well he's not always that way." And I said, "Most of the time." And then he dies and my brother Joe, the oldest of us, he moves in on her and he's worse than my dad. Ahhh. Is there ever an end?

AG: Where were they living?

LL: Down in Washington. Back where —, pretty close to where I was raised. That was my mom's valley. She was born and raised in that valley. It was just up the road a ways from where she had been born and raised. And it was okay by her that she could be there and she could be with her siblings and family, friends, whoever. It was better for her. All the promises that were made when they came to Alaska. Okay, you know where Port Bailey is, right? Okay, Bear Island there? That whole island was for sale for \$2500. And my dad and my brothers were going to buy it for my mom. Well, Dad drank up his share of it, and Joe put his share in the pinball machines, and Mike finally just took his and went to Southeastern. It would have been ideal, but things don't work that way just 'cause you want 'em to.

AG: What did you think of Kodiak after having lived for a spell out on Afognak? What was it like to transition?

LL: Well, I went to school in a town, so it was basically about the same. It was just like going to school every day only you lived there. And it was not real big then, but people were friendly and nice so it was okay. It was hard, too, because being around all those people all the time, I guess. And I'm not anti-social. I can get along with people, but back then I was bashful. And what do you say? Just charge through town, do what you gotta do, and go back to the house (*laughing*).

AG: What did you do?

LL: What did I do? Well, I babysat for people, and I worked in the cannery for a while. I was a dispatcher for the cab company, Ace Mecca. No, it was before it was Ace Mecca, it was Ace. And babysat. Basically, that was it.

AG: Which cannery did you work for?

LL: King Crab.

AG: What sort of work did you do?

LL: Well, back then I think we was doing crab and maybe shrimp. I don't think shrimp. Crab, yeah.

AG: So were you picking the crab? What sort of work do you remember doing?

LL: First off I was a packer. That means you're packin' the crab meat in cans. And then after a while they didn't want me out there because I was too slow, so I was sent out on what they called the blow line. It was where they had this kind of faucet like thing. You push the crab leg up on it and the water pressure would push the meat out. It was fun. It was a lot better for me than working in there [packing]. We'd get way ahead and the floor lady would come and she'd tell us to hold off 'cause we was getting too far ahead. So we'd just start messing around, shootin' each other with empty crab legs and gettin' all wet. It was fun, but it didn't last a long time. It was done.

AG: Because it was just seasonal?

LL: Yeah, pretty much, and then it was back to babysitting or whatever I could find.

AG: Tell me about being a dispatcher. How did that work?

LL: It was okay, I guess, but it was so slow. It was back when hardly anybody took a cab. They walked or they had their own vehicle. It was slow, and I think I got paid ten cents on a dollar. I didn't make hardly anything. Never made tips. After a while I just said, "I don't think this is what I want to do." So I just quit. But—, I liked all the cab drivers and stuff were fine, but it wasn't even that. It was just it wasn't going anywhere.

AG: What did you want to do?

LL: Hell, I don't know. Nothing in particular, I guess. (*laughter*)

AG: So what ended up happening?

LL: Well, we just lived in that town for quite awhile. The best thing that happened was I had gone Outside, out in the lower 48 a couple of times. And the last time I went, I came back in '69, and I swore that I would never leave again except maybe to visit somebody. There wasn't anything out there for me. By the time I got back to Kodiak, I had been staying with my uncle and his sister, and I didn't have money to take care of my kids. My youngest sister Donna, she got me back up here. And I just said I'm not ever leaving again.

AG: Did you get married when you were in Kodiak?

LL: Oh yeah.

AG: Who did you marry?

LL: A Seabee. You know what that is? And so I traveled a bit then. You talk about Texas, Tex-ass. People were pretty nice and stuff, but it wasn't for me, you know. It was nothing like what I was used to at all and I was basically by myself.

AG: Navy wife, huh?

LL: He was gone. He was over in Guam for a year, and I didn't know anybody. When I had my first baby, I didn't know anything. Nobody talked about stuff like that. And the hospital at Port Hueneme said they were full, they couldn't take me in. But they referred me to a doctor that lived not too far from where I was living in Oxnard beaches. I mean, just living in a house.

AG: In California?

LL: Yeah. So I went to him and I'm so glad I did. So glad they didn't have room for me because he was so kind and so nice. He was an old guy and he owned the hospital, and it was like a block from where I was living. And he just helped me out a lot. He said, "Nobody ever talked to you, huh?" and I said, "No, not really." He said, "Well, here's the way it'll be." He said, "You'll be fine." And you know, stuff like that. And it made a lot of difference to me. Robin was born six weeks premature which meant that she should have been in the hospital for at least another week or two till she gained some weight. But he said, "Be it that you live so close," he said, "you can go home. And being that you live so close, just call me or come back over here." It was fine with me, you know. I'd taken care of enough kids, I guess I knew how to take care of a baby (*laughing*). Being the third in line I took care of all my younger siblings, you know.

AG: How old were you?

LL: How old was I when Robin was born? Seventeen.

AG: So young, huh?

LL: Um-huh.

AG: Was your husband overseas at that time?

LL: Oh yeah. Yeah. Just me and Robin. (*laughter*)

AG: How old was she when he made it home?

LL: Well he didn't come directly home. She was nearly two.

AG: Wow. Did you have more children with him?

LL: No. Well, yeah, I did. Michael.

AG: And then after that did you get divorced and come back to Kodiak?

LL: Um-huh.

AG: So what had changed when you came back to town after your time away?

LL: Well, it was a new town from the tidal wave. I went to work in the cannery again. I'd get up really early in the morning and go traipse all the way down to King Crab [Cannery] to be on hand in case of. Thankfully, my mom took care of my kids, and I got a job. It was so cold in that building, I'm telling you. This was like, it had to be in May, early May. It was so cold in there I couldn't hardly stand up even. I was just cold. So I'd go up to the Anchor Bar, it's not there anymore, it's been gone for quite some time. And I would go there and just have a hot drink because I needed to warm up. And the guy that owned the bar, Slim Owens, told me—. I went in to cash my check one day and he looked at it and said, "How are you going to be able to take care of your kids on this?" And I said, "Well, I'm just gonna have to." And he said, "Why don't you go to work for me?" I thought he was kidding. I said, "I never worked on that side of the bar before." He just said, "Well, come and see me tonight about seven o'clock." So I went and seen him and he gave me a job. And it was \$5 an hour versus \$3 something to work in the cannery. And I learned a lot. I learned that there are kind people. I mean I was so far down the rung of the ladder that I couldn't even see the bottom rung. It was just like nowhere, and him and his wife picked me up and trusted me. They didn't know me, but they trusted me. Gave me a break and I really needed it. It taught me a lot.

AG: Like what?

LL: Well, that I wasn't worthless. That I could do stuff (*laughing*). Slim and Jo, his wife, they wanted to go out to their cabin. They had a cabin out at Deadman's, out towards Chiniak, and he said, "Well, you can lock up tonight." I said, "What am I supposed to do with the money?" "Take it home." "You'll trust me to take it home?" "We know where you're at. You do it." Boy, did that give me a lift. Just because he didn't know me.

AG: What year was this?

LL: I started out in '69, and I worked for him until '71, early '71. And then he sold the bar and that was it. I didn't go back. The guy that bought it was a real jerk. All of us that tended bar for Slim [Owens] just quit.

AG: Tell me about some of the clientele?

LL: Oh, they were fine (*laughter*) once we weeded out the guys that weren't fine. But the others, you know, it was like a family gathering. Most of 'em worked across the street at one of the canneries, and they'd come over for a sandwich or hot drink or something. And then there were the fishermen that came. And then after my shift was over, then Bobbie, who was Slim's stepdaughter, she would

have the Coast Guard guys. And we had so much fun in there (*laughter*). I mean nothing bad, you know, just good old fun. A lot of laughing, a lot of pranks. It was good.

AG: So it wasn't really a fisherman bar?

LL: Yeah, it was. I mean it was cannery, fishermen and Coast Guard. And the Coast Guard guys got so tired of going uptown, trying to have a few drinks with their wives or stuff. And the fishermen can be really jerks. They didn't stop to think that these guys are putting their lives on the line to save theirs. You know, think about it. So they found out about the Anchor down there, it was a quiet place, nice. And they started bringing their wives and especially on Friday night. Bobbie would go bowling and I would take her shift. I had a lot of fun.

AG: Where was the Anchor?

LL: Okay, it's down on [...] past Sutliffs.

AG: Shelikof.

LL: Down past where NAPA and all that was. A little kind of alcove place there. I don't know why it was torn down, but it was. After Slim died, there was nothing left.

AG: So after 1971, what did you do after leaving the Anchor Bar?

LL: Moved to Blue Fox [Blue Fox Bay, Afognak Island] (*laughter*).

AG: Hmm, moved to Blue Fox. How did that come about?

LL: Joey Ann was four months old when I took all the kids up there.

AG: So you had another child at this point, huh?

LL: Joey is my 5th child. And then there's Dusty, who is my baby. I'm not going into that. I'm not gonna go into that. But I was married to Joe Tarabochia, if you know who he is.

AG: Huh-uh. Tarabochia?



Matrona and Slim Trueman. P-962-14.

LL: Well, you're just as well off. Anyway, he talked to Slim [Trueman] and got it so we could, "Yeah, come on." So we went, and it was the best thing that I had done for my kids was get 'em out of town. They had no place to play even, and I worked. So once we got set up there, I was home with them. We'd walk around the island or do stuff, you know. It was good. It was good.

AG: So this is a different Slim than the one that owned the bar.

LL: Slim, your grandpa.

AG: Okay. And how did you get to know him?

LL: Well, my folks knew him. And I think I met him a time or two or something when I was in town. But I didn't really know him until we moved up there.

AG: What year did you move up there?

LL: '71

AG: '71. What was Slim doing? Was he at that point setnetting here?

LL: Um-huh [Yes]

AG: Do you know when he started setnetting out here?

LL: You'd have to ask David [Lindberg] stuff like that 'cause I don't know. But David, he fished with him different sites. But I don't know.

AG: Describe Blue Fox when you arrived.

LL: Blue Fox actually is the bay. The island where Slim and Jackie lived is called Hogg Island. It's about three miles around, and to get off of it you gotta either wear awful high boots or take a skiff over to the main part. I don't know. It didn't bother me at first because I was busy with the kids and the house and stuff, and after a time though it kind of wears on you that you can't go nowhere. You know? So when we got this place built down here, we moved down here and it was great. The kids could get in the skiff and come over here to get the mail, or we could walk up the lagoon when the tide was out on that sand bar there. It was better. It was a lot better.

AG: Who was living at Blue Fox at that time?

LL: Slim and Jackie.

AG: Okay. What was Jackie like?

LL: She was mostly quiet. She could be fun. Very gullible. Slim was always, oh my gosh that man (*laughing*). I don't know, they got on okay. I don't know.

AG: What was Slim like?

LL: Fun. He was fun. I used to get kind of aggravated at him though. And I swear he manufactured these black jelly beans. The kids would take Joey Anne over to see him. Especially after I made her a new outfit of something, they'd take her over to show her off. And every time she'd come back, she was a drooler, she'd come back, she'd have this black crap all down the front of her. My gosh, you know! Slim! "Well, I didn't know she was going to drool." (*laughing*) I mean I could change a bib on that kid probably forty times a day and always with the black black jelly beans. And I mean there wouldn't be any candy around and he always came out with black jelly beans. I think he just kept them on purpose (*laughing*).

AG: What was out there?

LL: Out at Blue Fox?

AG: Um-huh.

LL: At the place? Not much. There was the log cabin that we lived in. There was a warehouse. Water—. I think they had herring there at one time or something that they kept in those tanks. And then we built a banya. And then their place. That's all there was there.

AG: What did you find out about the history of it?

LL: Nothing.

AG: So you don't know how long Slim had really been going up there?

LL: David have to tell you. He can tell you. He can tell you some great stories, I'm telling you, get a chance to interview him. I just have to sit here and keep him on the straight and narrow because sometimes he forgets. He gets wandering off.

AG: And your kids were being home schooled up there at that point? How did that go for you?

LL: Not very good. Not at first. It was a whole new experience for me. Like I said, I hadn't even had most of the stuff that they were learning. But we got through it. I don't know how. And Chester Cantly was the school supervisor at that time. He'd come up every once in a while. Mostly they just talked though.

AG: What would you and the kids do? What was a kind of a day in the life of Blue Fox?

LL: Oh, get up and have breakfast. They'd go out and do their chores. Haul water, wood, whatever else we needed, and then they'd play. Usually they had couple of hours of schooling and then they'd play outside. It was pretty quiet.

AG: And then why did you guys decide to move out to the west side?

LL: It was more open over here. Blue Fox was like, to me, it was like being in a bad dream. It was okay for the time, but kids and Shawna and I would go walking sometimes. And it was just like there was something there back in the trees that shouldn't have been there. It was eerie. I don't know. I thought it was just me and she thought it was just her. We got talking about it one day and, no, it's something. So moving down here was a good thing for all of us. Much better. Nothing against Slim and Jackie, it was just that we needed to get someplace else.

AG: And why did you decide on the Spit?

LL: Well, we had our cabin right on the Spit for summertime fishing. Couldn't stay there in the winter 'cause, shoot, you'd be beat to death. So they built that up on the hill there when I was in town having Dusty.

AG: So you would live in Blue Fox in the winter and come then out here in the summers?

LL: Just that one time.

AG: Okay. What sort of fishing did you do that one time?

LL: Beach seining.

AG: Who was out here?

LL: You mean who was beach seining? Well, let's see. There was Speedo Bob, and Robert Garner and us, and after a time there was Mick [McCrea], or maybe Mick was there, he was already there. And after a time there was Coyote [Brian Bowers] and Fat Ray. That's about it.

AG: That's a lot of people though, really.

LL: Yeah, and they had their crews too, you know. There was like seven places on the Spit which all got burnt with their drunken parties over there.

AG: Were you there for those?

LL: No. No. We was out of it.

AG: So how would you describe the people and the characters of Packers Spit when you first arrived?

LL: Well, Speedo Bob [Green], I didn't even know him. Hadn't heard of him. But I took an instant dislike to him because he was just pushy. He was that way for two years, and I got to where I disliked the sight of him even. And then one day he came over to the house not long after Dusty was born, and he wanted to have a look at the new one. Mmm. He said, "Where's she at?" I said, "In there." And he went in the bedroom where she was at. It seemed like he was in there a long time. What is he doing? Pretty soon he come back out and he's kind of wiping at his eye, and he said, "One thing about a baby," and I, "Oh here it comes," "is that they smell so nice." I knew he was a phony then. And then Joey Anne and my niece, Elise Buckley, they climbed all over him digging in his pockets and stuff. They wasn't scared of him. I found out he was an okay guy. Well, the others, basically, I guess you already know about Coyote and Mick. I don't know about Fat Ray, but that's where Dianne [Herman] came from. Good grief. You know for years and years and years we tried to get along from that woman. Each year she came back we thought, "Well, maybe she learned something this time." She'd bring these dogs out here and turn them loose and they'd kill chickens or people's cats, and she couldn't understand why we was so mad at her. I got no time for her no more. She wants to bring those dogs out here, she should keep them in her yard like other people do, you know. So fine. She'd better stay off my property and I told her that. If she can't remember I'll remind her quickly. But she came with Fat Ray when the year that Dusty was born. She just kind of stuck to the place, I guess. And like I said, we tried to be neighbors with her, but you can't be neighbors with somebody who won't let you. And I don't care really.

AG: What was your place like at Packers Spit?

LL: Oh, it was three bedrooms. Kitchen. Kind of like a dining room off to the side of that, and then a long room in the middle. It was comfortable. It was okay. Damn cold in the wintertime, but it was comfortable mostly.

AG: What year was it that you moved out to Packers Spit?

LL: '73. It was the year Dusty was born.

AG: And how long did you live there?

LL: Well, we lived there over seven years, and then the guy from [...] Land Management came out there. He's standing across the lagoon over there, and he's shouting at my brother, Steve, and I just happened to be going down to the beach when that was going on. And I said, "What's going on?" And he said, "Guy over there says that you better get off of here." Okay. I hollered across at him and I said, "Why should we get off of here?" He said, "You're on Refuge property." He said, "You can't build here and live here." I said, "For crying out loud, man, we've been here almost eight years!" No, no, no, he just—he wouldn't listen. He wouldn't listen, and he wouldn't come across the lagoon which he could of but he wouldn't. Alaska Packers had said, they gave us a lease for a dollar a year that we could stay there. Well, their lease was on Jeanne's [Shepherd] property up the bay [Mush Bay]. It wasn't on Packers Spit where we was at. We ended up having to move. Well, Ivan [Fox] had given David a job as the herring plant watchman. This was before [Andy] Pelto shot Freddy Sullivan. Well, when he shot Freddy Sullivan, we just moved over. That was in '80. The first part of '80.

AG: What happened to Freddy Sullivan?

LL: Well, him and Andy was drinking together and Andy just decided to shoot him and shot him. And as he said, he wasn't the first one and probably wouldn't be the last one. So we was glad when we heard he died. Finally (*laughing*). There's been a lot of violence in this bay. And people like us who was trying to mind our own business and raise our family always got involved in some way. It didn't

matter. I mentioned it to one of the State Troopers one time and he said, "Well, it's because they know that they can count on you to get help for whatever reason." "Oh jeez, that's great." It was true, I guess. We minded our own business and we didn't mix in their drinking or wild parties or whatever. Like when the Nickersons were killed out there. Oh my gosh. That was a trying time, it was.

AG: Why?

LL: Well because people were coming to us to find out what we didn't know. And all these other guys that had been hanging around that summer were involved in it one way or another. And they [people who wanted to find out about the Nickersons] kept coming over to our place and finally I asked David, I said, "Why are they still coming here?" And he said, "Well they want some of that web?" And I said, "Everyday? Tell them to take it and get. Tell them to take the whole thing and get out." Which they did. But before they left— I mean it was pretty scary. I couldn't even let the kids go very far from the house because who knew what was going to happen.

AG: Was this after they'd been killed?

LL: No, it was before. And the Nickersons hadn't been here, but they'd been over to our place over there when we lived across right over there where that shelf is. We lived over there for a while [elsewhere in Village Islands]. They'd come around with Ron [Dunlop] and I told David, "I don't know who those guys are, but I don't want them here." And he said, "Oh, it's just the Nickersons." I said, "I don't care who it is. I don't want them here." They were all involved in the drinking and whatever they were doing. Drugs I suppose at that time even, and I just wanted to be left alone, you know. Don't mess with me. After all that happened I was so glad when it finally settled down.

AG: So in 1980 then, how was it to have to leave your home at Packers Spit?

LL: Well, we moved because we had been told we had to move off that land. So we moved over to herring plant. We wasn't there very long before the Kodiak group bought the canneries and kicked us out for no reason. Just didn't like us. Okay, fine. So we talked to Land Management, and they said we could stay over at the Spit until we could get established again which was just a few months. So we did. And then we got the place over there [elsewhere in Village Islands]. Sonny Pederson and Natalie Simeonoff agreed they didn't want us to leave the bay, so we could pick a place to settle.

AG: Were they living out here at that time?

LL: Natalie and Sonny? Sonny's brother, Kelly, was Natalie's husband. They had a place over here.

AG: Packers Spit?

LL: No, just around the— over that way. They had a sizable chunk over there, 160 acres I believe. And Sonny lived in town, but he got a piece of property when the Native claim thing went through. He built a place over here for him and Barb, and then the kids all picked their piece and everything. So we took that piece down there. They said it was fine. Pick a piece, but 2.5 acres, and they said maybe lease with option to buy. Well, it went along fine, but Richard Simeonoff, who was Natalie's son and Sonny's nephew, he was self-appointed president of the Uganik Native Asses, as I call them. His mother died, so he just jumped in and took it. It was a sorry day for all of us. He was so horrible. I mean, he didn't like himself, so he couldn't like anybody. He made it a point to do every dirty thing he could think of to us. For Christmas that one year we got a thing from his lawyer. It said that we would pay all this rent for living on that property. It was a sorry piece of property anyway. But I just told David, I said, "Why does he think that we're going to pay him anything? They think we're just going to move off of here and he's going to get our buildings? Not a chance."



The Lindbergs' home at Village Islands. P-1000-6-271.

I said, "I'll burn every one of them right to the ground." He said, "You can't do that." I said, "I can. They're mine. They belong to you and me." So anyway, this piece of property came up. Ronnie and Justine Fadaoff had their place up there. They had chosen this as their piece of property, and so they had their house and everything right up there on the hill. Richard worked it around with this other guy, who was one of the jerks who had been out here when Nickersons was killed, that this guy was born on this piece of property right up there. But what he did is he used Ronnie and Justine's improvements, buildings and everything, for his. And they had to move, so they did like we did. We just started moving buildings. Boy, we got good at that (*laughing*). Well, we found out that this guy that claimed this property, and Richard, had it figured out pretty close, I guess, but this guy was David's best friend's wife's cousin. Well, he found out what was going on. He used to have that lumber place out there. I can't think of the name of it right off hand. He told David about it and he said, "If you can, you got some cash money," he said, [...] "you can pick that piece of property up pretty cheap and it's like 6.5 acres."

AG: This one?

LL: Yeah. (*Tells cat to get down*). So anyway, David talked to Ronny because we wasn't gonna just step on them 'cause they were good friends. Ronny said, "I'd rather see you guys have it than Richard," or the other guy. I can't even think of the other guy's name. Incidental. Torsen? Yeah, Ron Torsen. He said, "Go ahead. If you can buy it, buy it." So David had just been fishing over there at Rocky Point all summer with the little *SJ*, and he had the money. He just paid the guy \$36,000 straight across and got the title. Boy, was Richard mad (*laughing*).

AG: When was that?

LL: Let's see. That was in '86.

AG: So after thirteen years in Uganik you finally had a place that you could stay.

LL: Well actually it was towards the end of '86 because '87 we built the house and then my brothers died in '88 and we moved over here herring fishing time. April of '88.

AG: What happened to your brothers?

LL: They was on a boat that went down [...] at the south end. They died, and the skipper died, and two other guys died. It was pointless. [...] They'd given their word that they would go with this guy even though none of us liked him. He was just a—. He was a user. I mean he was like, "For me. For me I can do this." But they'd given their word that they would go and that was it. They never came back. Well, they did in a sense I guess.

AG: What do you mean?

LL: Well, they brought them back to town to bury them and stuff. But it was just too—. The *Cape Karluk* went just before them, went down with five guys on it. Bad weather. Very bad weather. People talk about how bad the weather has been and this and that, but that was bad weather. All winter. I didn't even have a clue what boat they had gone out on. And I heard it on the radio that along with the *Cape Karluk* they was looking for a boat called the *Wayward Wind*. Oh my gosh. I didn't know and I told David and he said, "Your brothers are on that boat." Very hard. Very hard.

AG: Yeah. That's a really rough time because I know that's also the year that the Nickersons died and then right after that was the Exxon.

LL: Yep, '89. Sally's year.

AG: Why is that?

LL: She was born that year. (*Laughing*)

AG: I see.

LL: April of that year.

AG: So something good.



Jeanne Shepherd. P-1000-8-90.

LL: Yeah (*laughing*). Definitely. Yeah, there's been a lot of strange stuff goes on around here. [...] There's just been a lot of killings in this bay.

AG: Who else?

LL: Well, let's see. [...] Coyote almost died and his son stabbed him like two or three times in the back. He was dead and they still saved him.

AG: How did you find out about that?

LL: Well, Jeanne [Shepherd]. Somebody called her or something. I can't remember exactly how it was 'cause we were sitting here watching a movie and

Steve [Rittenhouse], I think, Shawna's husband, [...] he called and said Coyote had been stabbed. [...] And the Coast Guard was called and Richard [Bowers] wasn't even going to let them on the beach. He was going to shoot them. And Noreen, his girlfriend or whatever, had been to town and she came back that day and she brought some pretty high powered drugs with her, evidently, because they were whacked out. I mean it was, yeah, "Coyote fell on his knife." Well, it had to jump out of the scabbard and stab him in the back a couple times and then get back in the scabbard again. Finally, the Coast Guard got Coyote into the chopper, and then the State Troopers came the next day, I believe, and hauled him [Richard] into town. But nothing was ever done because Coyote didn't press charges. He should have but he didn't. That's pretty harsh. Be stabbed by your own kid. I mean it happens, but I didn't even want Richard coming in my house again after that.

AG: Did he live out there for a while after?

LL: Yeah, him and Noreen stayed over there on the Spit one whole winter in that shack. I don't know how they did it. And then he fished with David on the SJ, him and Michael John, our kid. He'd come here periodically to get their mail, and stink, oh my gosh, he stunk. He was trapping so he would do furs, skin the carcasses in the cabin and throw the carcasses in a corner, wipe the fat and stuff off on his clothes. He just really stunk. He stunk really bad. And [...] we're all clear over at that end of the house and he's over here, you know, oh yuck, how could he even stand himself. And finally they moved to town again. Ahh. Sometimes, you know. Toshwak. That's who I was trying to think of. Okay, there's a place over there, Toshwak, and the cabin that David had built his tent frame against, it was just a little 8 x 8 or just a little tiny thing over on the Spit. And Toshwak would come from Afognak to trap down here. Okay. So he brought one of his kids with him this one time, and he went nuts and chopped him up with an ax.

AG: Who went nuts?

LL: Old man Toshwak.

AG: And did that to his own son?

LL: Yes. So he goes back to the village, finally, and people there already knew he was nuts. He was just plain crazy. They knew about him a little bit, but didn't know what happened to the kid. So they're having this dance this one night, and he's blabbing his lips and saying all of this stuff that he did. These guys took him outside and kind of beat him up and went back in and went to the dance. Well, the next day he was out there froze stiff. So retribution or something like that. But he wasn't a nice man. He was not a nice man.

AG: You knew him?

LL: No. Thankfully, I didn't. It was before me. And David swears up and down that he was living in his place over on the Spit there this one winter and this strange stuff going on. I mean like he got up this one night he heard something walking around the cabin, so he grabbed his ax and went out there. He'd have to tell you himself 'cause he could tell it better than me, but went outside to look around because he knew he heard somebody and there wasn't anybody there. And so he goes back in and he put the ax down by his bed where he was sleeping, and he got up in the morning and the ax was outside. And he said a few incidents like that, and he didn't feel too comfortable about being there. But the guy could have killed him, too, if he wanted to. Obviously, he wasn't an unfriendly spirit. He was just an upset one, or something (*laughing*). "Where's my head?"

AG: How did limited entry change things out here?

LL: I don't know. It was just different from what we was used to. We just had to get used to it. I don't think that it really changed a lot. You went from being a license holder to being a permit holder. And back when we was beach seining, we picked the hardest thing to start with. We didn't have any better sense. But the kids—. Back then they had a creek watchman up the river up there, and he would come down every day to see how we was doing. I think he really wanted to help us, but he wasn't allowed 'cause he was by himself. And so the kids, we found out, that any of them that touched that seine, it didn't matter if they were twenty or if they was two, they had to have a license. So we had to get licenses for Joey and Dusty who were little. Little little. Fish were bigger than they were. I think it was like \$10 or something for a license then which was still a lot for then. Then they could kick the fish or pick them up or whatever if they felt like it, but they had to have it. So every year we had to get 'em a license which was no big thing then because we had the cannery over there and it was our town. It was like we had our store, had washing-drying facilities, had the office where you could go and chat or whatever, get your business done. It was just, it was our town. And when [...] it closed down it was just like it left a big empty spot because we didn't have that any more. Could get fuel there all winter, you know, anything. Groceries we got. If you didn't have the money they just put it on the books for next year. It was nice because a lot of times we didn't have any money. Period.

AG: How were you able to afford to live out here?

LL: By guess and by gosh (*laughing*), pretty much. [...] I guess at the time we just didn't think about it. We knew we was okay because we had the cannery, our town over there. They carried us and stuff wasn't that expensive then. It was still expensive enough, but shoot, back then you could get a case of dried fruit like this for a couple of bucks. Of course, a lot of the people, like your grandpa [Slim Trueman], would get that stuff to make makoola which is a potent, potent drink. But stuff like that. We didn't have any problem. We managed. And we had wild game and we had seafood. Back then it was plentiful. [...] A crab boat would come in the bay, for instance, and they'd go over by the Spit over there, and Joe and the kids would jump in the skiff and run out there. They'd trade 'em king crab, more than what the hind quarter of venison was worth, and lots of it to us for giving them the hindquarter and for visiting. But that happened a lot. And then there was the shrimp draggers and scallops and we had good stuff. You didn't have to worry that it wasn't good because it was good, fresh, right out of the water. And the king crab, oh my gosh. There'd be so much of it we'd eat until we was practically puking, but we could only eat so much. And so the animals got their share, too. The dogs and the cats they had plenty. We couldn't do anything else with it because there was no way to keep it, so we shared and hoped that we'd get some more sometime (*laughing*).

AG: Did you have a generator?

LL: No, back then we didn't. We had Coleman lanterns and kerosene lights.

AG: How did you cook?

LL: I did have a propane stove. I cooked for all the guys this one year. Bob Green was still alive then, and Slim and all of them. I cooked for everybody because they was busy with fishing. I just told them, "Well, come up here and eat so you don't have to stop to cook." Well, at the time, I had a little three burner propane stove, just a table top style that belonged to Tom Dooley, my brother-in-law. And he said, well here, you use this until you can get you a stove. And so, okay, alright. So because I was cooking for them, Bob made sure I got a check for I think \$150 or something like that, or \$200, but it was enough to buy a stove, a full size stove, and tank of propane. I was so happy. And I cooked for them the next year, too, so it worked out. It did work out. But it was so nice. And then I cooked on those Coleman camp stoves if you know what they're like. You have to

stop and pump them up every once in a while to keep the fire going. Cooked on those and cooked on oil stoves. I still like my propane stove.

AG: What was a treat for you all?

LL: A treat? Well, the kids helped Bob down in the lagoon. They was down there cutting up all these salmon that they'd caught. They had to take the eggs out of them. They wasn't cutting them up, but they was taking the eggs out of them or something. And then this friend of Bob's, because the guy that was running the cannery was just a real jerk and he wouldn't take our fish, but we had to do something with them. So he goes to town and he hires all these Canadian fishermen. At the time they were allowed to fish in our waters, and they were friends of his. So they came out and they paid them off in large bundles of hundred dollar bills for the fish because they needed it for bait. They were halibut fishermen. And the eggs were given back, brined and everything. I mean the crewmen done the work. They just, you know, say, "You just get out of the way and we'll do this." They did that work and paid them off in crisp, brand new hundred dollar bills. Some of them still had the bands on it. Nice. So your grandpa [Slim], him and the kids are around the table counting out. They had this money in a paper bag (*laughing*). Anyway, he's sitting there, he says, "I gonna make sure these kids get paid." 'Cause Joe wouldn't have paid them. He would have just kept it all. So he's paying the kids off and I took a picture of him. They got that bag there like Uncle Scrooge or something like that (*laughing*). All this money here, smiling. Somewhere I got that picture. I don't know where, but I'll see if I can find it. But it was great. Hey, he was fair. He was definitely fair, and so was Bob.

AG: Who was Bob?

LL: Speedo Bob. Speedo Bob Green. A lot of people hated his guts. He was a rough guy. He didn't like hippies, but he hired 'em for his crew, and he wasn't very nice to them, either. I told my kid, "You keep Joey Ann down at this end of the beach. I don't want her going over there." Because he had crew members that had little kids over there, he was always shooting over their heads or stuff. It was pretty scary. Well, one day the kids are out playing in the field and I just walked over the hill to see what they were doing, and I said, "Where's Joey?" "Well, I don't know, she was here a minute ago." She was only like a year old, but she was walking. She started walking when she was seven months old, so she could get around. I said, "You go find her. Now." So they spread out and they start looking around. Well, she's over at Bob Green's eating goodies with him (*laughing*) and they brought her back and I said, "Don't you ever leave like that again! You savvy?" She didn't know what I was talking about. But I tell the kids 'cause I didn't know, this is my first encounter with him, and I said, "I don't want her going over there." Who knows what will happen. And nothing would have happened to her. He'd have made sure of that. He was aggravating me one morning. Every morning he came over to the cabin, and I wasn't even out of the bed. I was just barely awake. He would come over, come in for coffee, and he and Joe would sit there and have coffee. And one morning I just had enough. I said, "You guys get out of here. I gotta get up." They wandered outside and then he came back in after a bit and he said something to me and I said, "You mess with me and I'll knock you in the head with this frying pan. I don't care." He just laughed and walked out. Cast iron skillet. I said, "You wanna mess with me." He came back a few days later and he had a whole handful of my teaspoons. "Oh, that's where they've been going." He said, "Well, I didn't mean to do it." He said, "I just have this habit of when I have a cup of coffee at the cannery or something I stick a spoon in my pocket." I said, "Well this isn't the cannery and I need every spoon I got." He said, "Well, I know. I brought them back." (*laughing*) So he was honest at least. The ones that you think are the worst are not so bad at all.

AG: How did Slim's operation work with all of his gilnetters out here?

LL: Beats the heck out of me. He just appointed different [people], just okay, you run that camp, you run that camp. [...] Whoever he had at each site just ran it the way they thought they should, I guess.

AG: How did he make money?

LL: Well, they had to pay him a percentage for using the site. But I don't know. You have to ask David this because I have no clue. I've heard him tell stories and stuff, but I really don't know.

AG: What did you know about Slim, his life before Alaska? Anything?

LL: Only thing he said was that he just walked off one day and came up here. I didn't know he had other family and then I found out about it later, and I said, "Did you ever think you'd want to go back?" and he said, "For what?" So evidently it wasn't a happy time. I just dropped it. Figured it was none of my business.

AG: But he was a fair dealing man up here, it seemed?

LL: I think so. I think so. I don't recall anybody saying anything derogatory about him except he was a horrible drunk. Well, there was a lot of horrible drunks. That's just the way it was. A lot people, men and women, walked away from their families and came up here. So it wasn't just him. It was just the way it was.

AG: Why do you think that this was a place that attracted such people?

LL: It wasn't just this place. It's just called Alaska, the Last Frontier. It sounded appealing. They wanted to be someplace where somebody else hadn't been. Or maybe they would fit in there. Like during the Gold Rush times when everybody flocked and then they just kind of dispersed. They found their own diggings or shot somebody that had something they wanted or whatever.

AG: What sort of people were attracted to the west side living and fishing here?

LL: Oh gosh, I don't know. I don't know why. We came because Slim outfitted us for fishing and said, "Come on. Let's go." So he outfitted us with a big skiff and a seine and here we are. It's just the way he was.

AG: What was your relationship with the cannery in those days back in the early '70s?

LL: Good. It was good. 'Cause that was when Ivan and Jodi, his wife, she worked in the office and he run the cannery. He was the superintendent. Fair people, nice people. We got on with everybody okay. We didn't have a problem.

AG: What was Ivan like?

LL: Well, he was mostly [...] pretty quiet. He looked kind of grim, but he was pretty quiet. But if he had a couple of drinks he'd open up and start blabbing (*laughing*). It didn't have to be a lot, just a few drinks. I guess that's true with a lot of people. Just open your lips (*laughing*).

AG: When you first started coming out here, did they have their own fishing fleet at the time or were they mostly using other purse seiners?

LL: Well, there was other fishermen then. When we first came it was other fishermen. And the *SJ-11* was the only one of the fleet, the original fleet that was still over on the ways there. And the *-16* had been bought by somebody else. I don't remember who got it, but they were the only two left. [...] We were fortunate, we were. And Ivan was good to us. Said take it.

AG: So you just got the boat?

LL: Well, yeah, that year, and then David bought it from him. I think couple thousand dollars or something, the history. And yeah, it was good.

AG: Could you describe the boat and some memories with the *SJ-11*?



Herring plant, Uganik.

LL: Oh my gosh (*laughing*). It's a little green boat, about that big. [...] It was white and green and they painted it. When they fiber glassed it, then it was gray and green, dark colors. I remember times they came in with so many fish that the back deck was awarsh. It was underwater. And they had to just lay to until the tender came. And they'd come right to the dock. It was when we were living over at the herring plant, and they'd come right to the dock to pick up his fish. That was nice, too, because all of them were worried about whether he

was gonna make it or they were gonna sink (*laughing*). There was one tender I think followed him around all summer to make sure they was okay. Doing their job still, but just keeping track of 'em. It was good years. Fun. And the people were nice, you know, the tender people. I'm not saying that they're not nice now. It's just that they were different then. It was a different time. People cared about people for the most part. There were jerks, of course.

AG: For how long did you have and fish on the *SJ-11*?

LL: Well, let's see. David got the boat in the early part of summer of '80 and we had it still working until, see if I can remember. Around the first part of 2000, I think.

AG: That's a long stretch.

LL: Yeah, and it sat at the dock out there for years until finally come a storm and drug it and some of the other boats off over onto the island over there. That's where it sits.

AG: It's over there still?

LL: Yeah. Shawna said she was over there not too long ago and [...] the rudder was bent and water was getting inside of it then. She went over to get something off of it. I said get everything off of it. It's done for. I wanted it in my yard. David said it's too heavy. You can't put it in the yard.

AG: It would be a nice playhouse.

LL: It would. I said, "This could be your dog house." (*laughing*) Spent a lot of years on that boat.

AG: What was it like to live at the herring plant?

LL: Different. It was okay, but there was really no place to go. There was no beach. You could walk on the dock, but you had to be very careful because it was rotten. [...] I think the first year we was there people would come down there. I just told them at the cannery, I said, "You know, there's bears around." And there are bears around because that's where they dumped their damaged cans and stuff. I said, "I've got little kids. I'm gonna carry my shotgun." And I said, "If anybody comes down here after a certain hour and does not call me to let me know that they're coming, I'll be walking on the dock with my shotgun. I don't care." [...] Hugh then, he was the superintendent after Ivan, and he just said, "Carry your shotgun." I said, "I will." And so people got to know that if they didn't call me they was not gonna tie up to the dock. [...] Even though Ivan hired David, because he [David] was gone all the time, David told me, "You're the boss." And I look it literally. And I was the boss. If they didn't oblige me, they wasn't gonna get in the warehouse to get their stuff. Sometimes people would come in there and get somebody else's stuff, and I said, "If you do that you're gonna have to deal with whoever it belongs to because it's not right." I said, "If they come back on me they're gonna come back on you."

AG: So how was the cannery using the herring plant at that point?

LL: Well, they used it for seine storage and gear, fishermen's gear. 'Cause it was a non-working cannery, but it was a good place to store stuff. So that's what we was hired to maintain order here. It worked. And if they didn't like it, head out. Go.

AG: Where did you live?

LL: There was a house there. It's gone now. It's burned down. It was a two bedroom.

AG: How many kids did you have at that point?

LL: Well there was Joey and Dusty and Michael. He had a room down in the web loft. Then Shawna and Pam had a room over across the walkway from the house. There was a little cabin that was big enough for them. They fixed it up and moved in. So it was kind of spread out but we was okay.

AG: And what sort of work would you do as the watchman?

LL: Basically, I just done what I usually did. I done my housework and cooked and stuff, but if anybody wanted anything from the web loft they better call me. If they didn't call me, or they'd tell Hugh to tell me or to ask me if I would open the door for them, he'd call me. Just maintain the radio, mostly, and told them we're okay.

AG: So was the place the radio call sign the herring plant or what was it called?

LL: Yeah, it was just the herring plant.

AG: What sort of neighbors did you have at that point?

LL: Nobody. Just the people at the cannery.

AG: Because across the way was Fred Sullivan's place, but he'd already died, huh?

LL: Well, Sally Island, [...] was between where his place was and kind of like the herring plant, I guess.

AG: [...] How were you involved or your family involved or impacted by the Exxon Valdez Oil Spill?

LL: All of them that fished on the boat were signed up for response. Shoot. They never got anything except a final notice that they were released. Well, they'd never been hired even. They

didn't put them on. And we got some of their gooey tarry stuff off the beach down here and dead birds and stuff. It was like so.

AG: It wasn't a big impact out here, you don't think?

LL: No, it was in the bay. You could see it. We was going to town one day on the boat, Shawna and the kids and I, and there was like this oily sheen all over the water and when we got to town it was stuck on the sides of the boat. It was ugly. It wasn't thick or anything, it was just like oil when it gets on stuff. Nasty.

AG: And so everyone was going to participate in the cleanup but ended up not being called to do so?

LL: Yeah, well it was like favoritism or something. It was not like it was supposed to be. And for our area right here, we were supposed to be in on that and we were not. I forget who I finally had to get a hold of, one of the setnetters, the gilnetters around here that was doing that, and had them pick up these buckets of yucky waste oil, or the globs of oil and the dead birds and stuff. 'Cause nobody'd come to the beach and get 'em. They were supposed to but they wouldn't do it. They, right out there, anchored right off our beach, but they wouldn't come in and pick up our stuff.

AG: So was it lots of activity in the bay then?

LL: Not really. [...] People were doing what they could do, but they couldn't fish, obviously. [...] I think the whole year was just spent sitting back waiting.

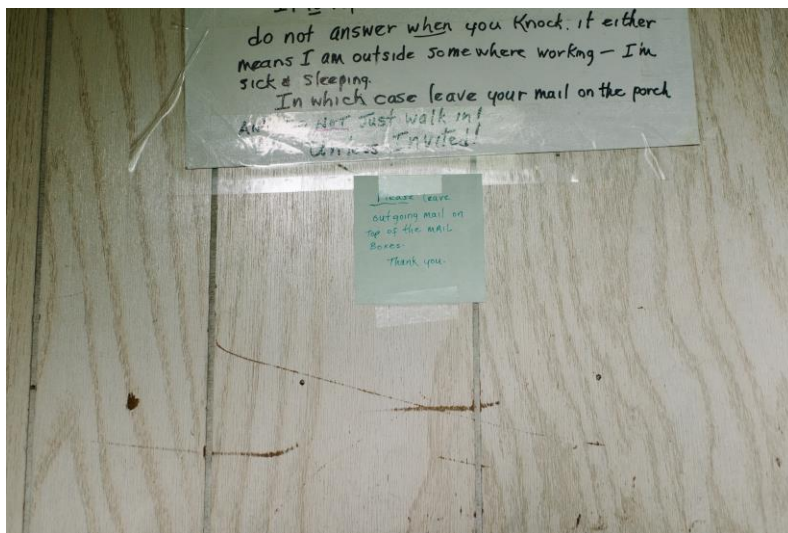
AG: When was it that you became the mail plane person?

LL: Oh my gosh, that was in 1984 when we was building the cabin over there.

AG: How did that come to be?

LL: Well, if you want to know (*laughing*). Ron Dunlop's wife decided she was gonna be the one that took care of the mail, but she would take the mail and she'd get her mail out and leave the rest of it laying on the beach. And when the kids told me that, I said, "Well, I guess we better change that." And so when we got moved over here I just started taking over the mail thing.

AG: So how does that work?



Notes on the mailboxes. P-1000-6-287.

LL: Only reason I did it besides that was the fact that everybody else fished and I didn't. At that point I was done with fishing. And so since I was here I would do it. I didn't mind. Over the years it's gotten to be more of a pain in the butt than anything else. Because it's not so much doing it for the people that live around here, it's for the people that come out in the summertime and they don't tell you, like the mail out there on the box. They don't have a gillnet owner's name on there or the name of the site. And I tell them,



Readying the mail for the mail plane. P-1000-6-303.

if you don't put them on there, I don't know who it goes to. It goes back to town.

AG: So what's your responsibility then as the postal center of Village Islands?

LL: Nothing. I'm just me. I'm not recognized as anybody. This is just where people get their mail and send their mail out. [...] There was some big deal about it some years ago that I should get paid for doing this. Somebody went to the post office and said this to the postmaster. She got so mad she wrote me this really nasty letter. I called her a postmistress, not a postmaster. She wrote me this nasty

letter and she said, "I don't know what you think you're trying to do out there, but your mail has to [...] pass through the Kodiak post office in order to get to you. Why should you get paid for something we're doing?" I just wrote her back, I said, "I don't know what the heck you're talking about woman, but have your job and you know what you can do with it." And I didn't write to her again. Never heard anymore about it. But I don't feel like I should get paid for it. I'm here. I don't mind doing it. But now, mostly for the last few years because I've been sick a lot and stuff, Steve has come over and he takes care of the mail. And now I have so many helpers I just stay out of the way and watch. There's David [Little], Steve, and Jason and Ron. They all want to help. That's fine. I said, "I don't care. I don't care as long as you get 'em in the right piles." So everybody gets their mail and I don't have to hear about this, "I don't know what this is doing in my mail. This isn't my mail." Lay it off on you guys.

AG: So you just sort it into different piles when it comes?

LL: Yeah, and then out on the porch out there is the mail box out there. That's where they get their mail.



Mail boxes at the Lindbergs'. P-1000-6-289.



Mail plane arrival. P-1000-6-312.



Incoming and outgoing mail. P-1000-6-318.

AG: What changes have there been over time with the mail plane?

LL: Not much. It's still basically the same. We get it one time in the winter and twice in the summer, a week. The twice a week in the summer is kind of a pain in the butt really. If I'm down there running my machine, my lawn mower, and they [the pilots] just come in without circling over and I don't hear 'em, then I don't get the mail. I've yelled at 'em a [...] time or two about that because all you have to do is just buzz [over]. I got something

running and I can't hear you. Most of them are pretty good about it. One time [...] I think Steve finally got here just before the plane took off, but he got the mail and I never heard nothing. Did not even know they'd been here. I knew when I came up to the house that he had gotten the mail.

AG: Have you had to call the Coast Guard out here before?

LL: I haven't, no. Anytime my kids get

hurt or I get hurt or something, somebody's always quick to help. Like couple of years ago, down there hanging up clothes [...] and I turned and I stepped on a patch of snow, little bit of snow. There was a little patch of ice under it and I broke my ankle. I had to crawl up to the house because there's nobody around but me. And I got up to the deck here and I started to crawl up. "Why in the heck does my knee hurt? I hurt my ankle not me knee." Which my ankle never hurt at all. And I stopped and I pulled my pants leg up and there was a piece of gravel embedded in my knee. I pulled that out and then I came in and I saw Shawna. Her and Tollef [Monson] was out just on the other side of the island there, but I saw them. I called her up and I said, "Are you coming in?" and she said, "No, why? We're just kind of prospecting here." I said, "Well, I broke my ankle." She said, "Are you lying?" I said, "No." (*laughing*) No, I did really." And she said, "Well, let me get off here a way so I can use my sat phone." Get out away from the islands. Okay, alright. So while she was doing that, I crawled down to the bedroom. My bedroom's down. Crawled down there and got my clothes

together that I would need and threw them on the bed. I figured she could at least pack them, but I'd know I at least had them. I got my meds and just crawled around doing stuff with my ankle up in the air (*laughing*). Incidentally, it was the same one I broke a few years before that. Totally every bone busted off. I fell right straight down on it. A rock rolled under my foot that I didn't see, right on there. Busted them all. So it was still weak from that, I think, and why it broke so easy. But it didn't hurt. It never hurt at all. [...] I found out that she called Kevin Bundy. He was fishing over around East Point over there, and the Fish and Game boat was up inside by the Passage. And he heard 'em talking that a plane on the beach, you know, at the beach. He heard them saying that they were going to town. So he called and asked them if maybe they could stop over and pick me up. Shoot, [...] I didn't hardly have time to turn around and they was here and they hauled me into town. And Tollef, him and all of them, they was great. They just carried me down to the beach crying and trying to get me into the plane without hurting my foot. And then Shawna had called Dusty, and Dusty got hold of David, so they were at the floats down at Trident Basin waiting for us, and they got me pried out of the plane again. And Dusty ran up at the top of the ramp up there and got one of those luggage carrier carts. They loaded me in that and I just laid back and put my foot up in the air (*laughing*). Went up like that. So we didn't need the Coast Guard.

AG: Were any of your children seriously injured out here when you were raising them?

LL: Seriously? I don't think so. They got cuts and some pretty nasty looking things. This one time though, Slim (*laughing*)—. Okay, Joey and Dusty and I were home alone over at the Spit. We were just there. So we'd decided this one day we'd go over to the Spit and visit with Slim 'cause he's over there by himself. We got over there and [...] the kids wanted to play in this big pool out in the field that the tide had left. I said, "That's fine but keep your shoes on," because there's broken glass everywhere and whiskey bottles and all that. "Keep your shoes on." Well, obviously Dusty decided she didn't have to listen or something. She took her shoes off. Joey told me, she said, "I tried to tell her you said to keep our shoes on and she wouldn't listen." And she came packing her back over to the cabin. I mean Dusty's near as big as Joey. And she packed her over there and she said, "Mom. Mom. Can you help me?" And I open the door and here's Joey standing there holding onto Dusty and so we got her down. She said she got a bad cut in her foot. So okay. Well, we took her over to bed and laid her on Slim's bed and he says, "Okay. I'll be the nurse." Said, "I'll take care of her." Okay. Well, I'd got a glimpse of that cut, and it was like a triangle shape like that and the meat was pooched out. It wasn't a fun thing to look at. So Slim he's gonna fix Dusty. "What do you want to drink? Can I get you anything in particular?" He said, "Let me have a look at that foot." He picked it up and looked at it and he turned around and he said, [...] "I don't think I will make a good nurse today." He looked kind of green (*laughing*). We got her back over to the house. I don't even remember how we did 'cause we didn't have a skiff. Must have packed her. She was probably six years old, maybe. Somewhere in there. And I just knew that heat up some salt water from the lagoon and make sure it's clean and have her soak it. And then when [...] she got done soaking it I dried it good and put a piece of tape across that to push the meat back in. [...] About twice a day we'd have her soak it and change the piece of tape and it wasn't very long. We went to town for before winter and I took her to the doctor just to make sure it was okay. He looked at it and said, "You must have known what to do. It looks fine to me. Hardly a scar even. What'd you do?" I told him and he said, "That's a good thing to remember." He said, "There are a lot of minerals and stuff in salt water and provided it's clean." I did the same for Shawna [...]. We was there by ourselves as usual, and Tex, this friend of ours, was staying with us. He sharpened tools and he sharpened them very good so that they worked. Well this ax that he had sharpened he was gonna use it himself. He had planned on using it, but he knew it had a short handle. He knew how far to stand from it and what to do.

Shawna decided she was gonna cut the wood. Tex just told her, he said, "Now you be careful." He said, "That's really sharp." And he said, "It's got a short handle." And she swung that thing and (*sighs*). She was wearing a pair of sneakers. White sneakers. It didn't look like anything happened. I had her sit down, and Tex lifted her foot up and I just reached over and her sneaker just kind of pulled apart right there. So I took her shoe off and there's her sock doing the same thing. Just pulling back back back. No blood. I thought maybe it just got the top part of the sock and the shoe. So I took her sock off and I took ahold of her two toes like that, and they just kept coming apart. Oh yuck! It was like right between here [two toes] clear back into there. Never hit a bone. Never busted a blood vessel. It was a clean cut, but I made her soak that foot twice a day in salt water and made her stay off of it which she liked immensely. And Tex made her a crutch so she could get around. She said, "I really liked that." She told me later, she said, "I enjoyed that a lot being babied that way."

AG: Did you stitch her up at all?

LL: No. Only time I ever tried to do that is Dusty decided one day she's out here cutting wood, but she was cutting it right in the trail. It was frozen there. I said, "Well, move it over on the grass and maybe it'll be easier to cut." Well, she didn't want me telling her what to do, so she just snarled something at me, "I'll just do it the way I want to do it." Okay. I went down to the banya and when I came back up, here is the sledgehammer laying there and the wedge. No Dusty. Then I find little trails of blood into the house. Well, she did it. She came out of the bathroom with a big wad of toilet paper stuck on her hand. I said, "Let me see." "Oh it's nothing." I said, "Let me see!" So she finally hold—and I said, "You wouldn't listen, would you? What happened?" She said, "You knew what was going to happen." That wedge bounced up in the air and it came down and it cut her right across there really deep, bones and all. It didn't hurt the bones, but it just pooched the flesh right out. I said, "Well, that looks like we might need to try to get a couple of stitches in it and see if we can hold the meat back anyway." And she said, "Okay." So we sat down on the couch together and I tried. I got one stitch in but I was shaking so bad and sweating, and she was doing the same. And I said, "Dusty, I can't do this." She said, "Mom, I don't want you to do this." (*laughing*) I said, "I'll tell you what. I'll just get some tape and you can hold the meat in and I'll just tape it so that it stays together. So that's what we did and it worked fine. She's got a little scar there but it's not bad, not like it looked at first." (*laughing*)

AG: So it sounds like the secrets of bush first aid are salt water and tape.

LL: Pretty much, yeah (*laughing*). And Shawna [...] was down at the lagoon when we was living at the Spit and she came up, and I was hanging up clothes, and she came up and she was kind of looking all, I'm not sure what she was looking like, but I knew something was wrong. I said, "Okay, what'd you do?" She said, "Nothing." I said, "Shawna, I know the look. What did you do?" "Oh, I cut myself a little bit." She wasn't gonna show me and I made her show me and it was in between her fingers. It was like that, just kept spreading out. Oh you're so funny. But it was bleeding, so we fixed her up. The only time that we ever had to get a plane for one of the kids was I had my nephews out there. Not by choice, but because their folks wanted to get rid of them so they sent them out to me. And they were all fightin' and arguing and stuff and I said, "Okay. I've had it." I said, "Here's what we're gonna do and you better listen. Don't even think that you're not gonna pay attention." I said, "I want you to take that hoe and go down by the warehouse," and I just spread 'em out with tools. I said, "Don't even be near each other and don't say anything to each other. Get out there." So they did, grumbling, of course, but they didn't say anything to each other. And then after a while I was doing something in the other room and one of the boys came in and he was carrying Dusty and bawling his head off. "What did you do?" He said, "I think I killed her." I said, "What?" He said, "I

didn't mean to. She just got in my way. She stopped right in front of me." And he was swinging the hoe and he was mad, and that blade coming, it hit her right here [on the head] and there was blood on her cheek and in her eye. And I thought, "Oh my gosh, he's put her eye out." So I took her and carried her in. She was five or six years old. She wasn't very old. I took her, laid her down on the counter and got a washcloth and cleaned it up and it wasn't so bad looking, but there were bone chips all along where he cut her. And I didn't know how bad it was, so I thought, well, I better see about getting her to town. And back in those days, I don't know if it's still the same now, but any plane that was in the vicinity when there was a call put in like that came right to wherever if they were the nearest one. And anyway, Shawna and Joe, Little Joe, nephew, they [...] jumped in the skiff and took off to get to the cannery to call a plane. Well, somewhere between there and the cannery, they seen somebody they knew and they called. The plane was here just within a few minutes. They hardly had time to get back to the house. My biggest thing was I didn't want to leave them there alone. I just told them, I said, "If I come back and I find out there's been any trouble, I'll kill you. There's not going to be any question about it, so you better behave yourself." I said, "Shawna is in charge." (*Laughing*) I don't know how she thought about that, but that's how it was. I said, "Go to work and don't mess around." And so, shoot, it was no time at all the plane was there and we took off and Warren, who was the pilot, he was the brother of my good friend Chicky. He's flying along there and he said, "Uh, I can't hardly stand to look at that." And I said, "You fly and I'll take care of this." You know, I don't need him passing out or something. Sad to say he died the next winter. Hit something in one of the lakes back here.

AG: How was Dusty?

LL: She was fine. I got her into the doctor and we went in this room. You go in the room there and he's kind of wiping it up a little bit, and he took this needle and started poking in there. Needles don't bother me but that did. He's poked it in that cut. I said, "I think I'll just go outside and wait." He said, "You do that. You go on outside and wait." (*Laughing*) She was fine. He put some stitches in it and closed it up, picked all the bone splinters out he could find. I think that's the only time she had stitches and that was only like three, something, not many.

AG: And then you went back out and how was everything at home?

LL: Well, it was a couple of days before I got back out because I had to wait until they could make sure she was okay because they thought concussion or whatever. I got back out there and it was just fine. Very quiet and kids were real polite. They said, "We done what you said. We did work and we didn't fight." It's a good thing because I was coming back with murder on my mind (*laughing*).

AG: How old was Shawna?

LL: She was probably 12, 13. She was responsible. I don't remember where Robin was at. She must have been around. Maybe she was in town. I don't know. I can't bring her into focus there. [...] She had to have been gone. Maybe she wasn't. Maybe I just put Shawna in charge because I knew that she was more apt to be the one, you know, (*laughing*), the responsible one.

AG: Did you have a lot of other kids around like your nephews, frequently?

LL: Anytime that Joe and Sandy decided to send them out. Until I got tired of it one day and I just said, "If you guys don't toe the mark," I said, "you're goin' back to town. You ain't coming back out, period." 'Cause I already had six kids of my own there and sometimes Pam. And they'd just send them out, no food, no nothing, just send them out. This is crap. And then one time I got their stepbrother along with him, and he ate like a pig. I didn't have enough groceries to see that through. "This is it. Goodbye." And David would take them over and put them on the plane.

AG: Were there a lot of other children on the Spit at that time?

LL: No. No, just ours.

AG: When I was a kid sometimes the McCreas would be out there.

LL: Oh yeah, yeah. They were fine. Yeah.

AG: [...] I know that we've talked a lot about some injuries, but what are some other moments of tragedy in Uganik.

LL: Well aside from knifings and murders, I don't know. There was the incident with Danny Bowers that Ron [Dunlop] shot him. But Edson [Fadaoff] brought him [Danny Bowers] out here. He wasn't even supposed to be in the bay because he'd knifed the watchman over at the cannery repeatedly because it felt good. So he's hauled off to town for that, and the judge told him he was not at any point for any reason to set foot in this bay again. So Edson comes out and he's got him [Danny] with him. Edson comes over here to get his mail and I said, "What the hell is the matter with you?" I said, "You're not supposed to have him out here." I said, "That's a threat against all of us that live here because he's nuts. He's plain nuts." He said, "I'll do whatever I please." I said, "Obviously, you think so. Get out of my house." So he goes over there and I knew without a doubt that Edson would kick him out within a couple days because that's the way he did anybody. And so it happened. Anyway, Ron seen Danny walking around the beach and he stopped to talk to him and he said, "How's things going?" or something like that and Danny said, "Well I got kicked out." Ron said [...], "You can come over and stay with me till you can get back to town. But he said, "We're gonna have to have an understanding that there is going to be a division of labor here." He said, "I'm not gonna do everything. So you can do the wood, and I'll do the cooking and the dishes." You know, that's fair, that's fair. Okay, it went along for a while and pretty soon Danny started getting obnoxious about the fact that he was being worked too hard. Hey, you're eatin' Ron's grub. You're living in his house, you know. [...] So anyway, Danny comes over here to use my radio which he's not even allowed on the place because he'd been over here one day shooting. He didn't shoot the gun, but he was waving it around. I had all these little kids. My grandkids were here. And I said, "Well, what do you want?" I just happened to notice him. I was doing dishes and I'd seen him there trying to get the door open. He looked like he was drunk all weaving around and stuff. I went to the door and I said, "What do you want, Danny?" "I need to use your radio." I said, "I'll tell you what. My radio quit working this morning." Which it had. It really had. I didn't have a radio. And he said, "You don't like me much, do you?" And I said, "No." He had his gun. He could have shot me, you know. And he said, "I don't know what's the matter with people in this bay. Nobody likes me." I said, "Well, maybe there's a reason." He said, "Everybody is always trying to push me around." I said, "Everybody's got choices. You got choices just like the rest of us do. Fix it up." Boy, did I ever put my foot in that one. He said, "Well, I'm getting tired of being pushed around, that's for sure. I guess I'll go take care of it." I never thought anything of it. I just figured okay, he's going off. So I watched him until he went up around the point there so that I knew he left. David and our friend, Lynn, had gone to the cannery that morning and they came back and came to the house. First thing they did, they're practically falling over each other trying to get in here to see who could tell me this first. Said, "Did you know Dunlop shot Danny? I said, "Oh, get out of here. Danny was just here." And he said, "No, really, he's calling Ronny over at the cannery to have the State Troopers come in 'cause he just shot Danny Bowers." (*Sigh*) Okay. Gulp. Ron did call to say what he did and that they could come and get him. Okay. So the State Troopers came out and Danny's laying out on the ground there. Well, Ron shot him right through the door. He [Danny] was trying to get through the door chopping it with an axe, and so he [Ron Dunlop] shot him right through the door. Well, Ron's a

felon so he shouldn't even have a gun, right? And other stories surfaced in the meantime while they were out here. They took him to town, and then two or three troopers stayed over there, and they're looking for Edson. Well, he's hiding out in the woods. He's not coming out, and he sure as heck's not going to be opening his door to them, weasel that he is. And so one of the troopers came over here and said, "Well, what do you know about this?" And I told them exactly what happened from the time that I saw Danny out there. And I said, "You're not gonna put Ron in jail for that, are you?" I said, "Danny's the one that's crazy. He's always threatening somebody." I said, "The way he waves that gun around, it could be anybody." And then Morene, Dave [Little] and Lisa's [Frederik] friend, she was walking on the trail and she told me that she was just walking along, I think she was coming over here or something, and she sees this guy coming along the trail. And she says, "Oh no." She recognized who it was. And I said, "Did he look like Beaky Buzzard?" (*laughing*) That's terrible. You know, the cartoon. She said, "Yep." She said, "I knew when you said that I knew I would recognize him because that's what he looked like." Head hunched forward, you know, and his whole expression and everything. She said, "He [Danny] walked right up to me with that gun and he just said, 'I know who you are and I know where to find you, too.' He said, 'I don't know why you people are so set against me. I never done nothin' to anybody.'" And she said she was just cringing inside because she knew he was gonna shoot her. And he just stood there, kind of turned off to the side like that, mumbling to himself, and she said she picked up her heels and she ran like the blazes back to Dave and Lisa's and ran upstairs and got under the bed and she stayed there until they came home because she was afraid that he was gonna follow her and shoot her. He didn't really know her, but he was just gonna get her. So I tell the cops all of this and I said, "You know, he's been a problem ever since he ever came out here." [...] Well, he came over here one morning and he sits on the couch, and he tells me he's waiting for the mail plane. Well, the mail plane isn't gonna be here for three or four more hours, so he sits there and pretends like he's asleep. Pretty soon, Julie and Will [...] Rogers, they came over to get the mail and visit for a little bit. And we was standing outside the door there talking and I said, "I know I hate to ask you guys this," but I said, "but when you leave, will you take him back with you?" I said, "I don't know how he got here." They said, "Well, we brought him earlier." I said, "I don't like him being here at all." And Will said, "Yeah, well," thought about it a little bit and said, "Yeah, we'll take him back." And then they told me what had happened. Will's standing in the cabin minding his own business. Danny walks in with his .22 and stuck it up against his head and pulled the trigger. It didn't fire. So he said, "Well, I'll fix that." He cocked it and pulled the trigger again. Still nothing. I don't know. God's hand was on his shoulder, boy, I'll tell you. On Will's shoulder.

AG: So Danny was gonna shoot Will in the head?

LL: Yeah, 'cause he was tired of people treating him that. It was always somebody else that was treating him so bad. Nobody was treating him bad. Will said they was getting ready to come over and he said, "I'll take you over there." He didn't say he would get here, but he said he'd take him over there. Evidently they dropped him off back at the back beach and went back and then came back later. Because I didn't know how he had gotten here. I asked them if they would please take him. "Yeah, sure, we'll take him. But I don't guarantee he'll get back over there." I said, "Well, I don't want to know that part. I said, "I just want him away from here and away from all of these little kids." I had like five of my granddaughters here. I said, "I just don't need him at all." And I just told all this stuff to the Troopers. I said, "It can go on and on and on all this stuff that he's done and will keep doing." I said, "Now he won't. I hope that you're not gonna put Ron in jail for it." Well, Ron had to go in and fess up to his crime and they kept him over night and let him go. Which was fine. And then Coyote is gonna shoot Ron 'cause he killed Danny. And everybody is trying to tell

him, "You know, Danny brought that on himself." But he didn't want to listen. It was his brother. It didn't matter. He could have killed somebody else, who knows. And then after all this was said and done, their dad called Dave Shuckman and wanted to know what he knew about it. So he told him. And he [Danny's father] said, "Well, I'm glad it's done. It's being going on for years and years and years and it's always just hatin' to pick up the phone 'cause somebody might say that he killed somebody." He got hit in the head when he was a kid or something. Should have hit him harder, I guess. But what do you do?

AG: Seems like the Bowers had some bad, I don't know, not a lot of good things happen to them out here.

LL: The only one that really amounted to anything and was really likable—. I liked Coyote, too, alright, but I didn't really put much, I don't know (*sigh*). [...] I liked him okay, got along with him okay. There was just something about him that maybe it was because he was lazy. But he'd do anything I asked him to do, but he didn't really. David let him use our beach seine and kicker and stuff and he just left them laying on the beaches. Irresponsible, you know, didn't take care of nothing. The only one that really amounted to anything was Mike, one of the brothers.

AG: I didn't know him.

LL: Well, we met him. He was out there one summer, but never heard anything more about him other than he did real well for himself. So. Had to be one.

AG: Yeah. Lots of families have been out here, huh? I guess.

LL: Yeah well, they follow, you know. They follow along. It was so sad about Mick's [McCrea] family. I just can't hardly even stand to think about it [the sinking of the *Deep Sea*].

AG: Were you out here then?

LL: Oh yeah. We was all out here.

AG: At the Spit, too?

LL: Yeah. Val [McCrea] just went off her nut. She was doing drugs, and she got a wild hair that she was going to ride the tender in. David said he was the last one to deliver fish to the tender. It didn't look very good as far as balance. [...] She decided they was going and told Mick's sisters, his only two sisters, they was going. And had John Roger's little boy, Cy, was five, Heather, who was not even two. She was pregnant again. All dead because she decided that she had all this money and she was gonna do what she damned well pleased. And the girls had made enough money that season. They came up here purposely to make money so they could go to college. They had enough money to go. They never got to spend it. It was terrible. It was really terrible.

AG: Yeah, it's a wonder that Mick survived.

LL: Mick didn't go.

AG: Well, just the grief!

LL: Oh yeah, yeah, well yeah. I think he kind of went haywire for about a year. Eddy, his brother that was here, he stayed right by him. (*Sighs*) Yep. The weather was so horrible. It was bad, even clear in by the Spit it was bad. It was blowing. It was like north east and it was really blowing. I said, "They're not really gonna go, are they?" They said, "Yeah, well they have to 'cause they gotta take those fish in, but he can anchor up along the way." Right, sure. But at that point I didn't know that Val and the kids had gotten on that boat.

AG: Why would they have to take the fish into town?

LL: It was a tender.

AG: But the cannery is just around the corner.

LL: No, it's different. Different. No, they was closing down over here, that's why they took them to town. It was the same outfit. What a horrible thing. And there was like three other boats that followed the tender and they got to—. It was just too damn bad to go on so they anchored up. The Andersons from Ouzinkie, they said, "No, we wasn't gonna go through that." Well, we didn't know about the *Deep Sea* until it was too late." They couldn't have done anything anyway. And the *Tustumena* heard the mayday call. It was coming from Port Lions, but said it was so horribly rough that they couldn't even think about going into the passage there.

AG: They didn't find anything really, did they?

LL: No, they found Val. She was in her life jacket, nobody else. They found the top house to the *Deep Sea* clear up on Shuyak.

AG: That has to be one of the biggest tragedies in recent maritime [history] for Kodiak.

LL: Not only that, John Nichols, who was the skipper, left a wife and six kids. Little kids.

AG: So just devastating to so many families.

LL: I know. I know.

AG: What year was that?

LL: That was in '77, I think, '78. Purely awful. And then the stories that went around was that Val was just off her nut for practically the whole damn season. She was just crazy. And her mom, who was no help, was a nurse and had access to these drugs, was sending her Valium. Of course, she was taking more than she was supposed to be taking. Why do people get such a kick out of that stuff for? I am so thankful that no, I don't do drugs and I quit smoking and I quit drinking. Does that make me bad?

AG: Nope.

LL: I'm proud of myself that I don't. Most all my kids don't either, so I'm really thankful. And those that do they smoke pot. [...] Couple of my granddaughters, well three of my granddaughters got into drugs pretty heavy. You know what that does to an unborn baby? That's what Michelle and Aaron had these kids, that they're what would you call it? They're damaged from drugs and drinking and whatever else.

AG: Why do you think that there's such a problem with drugs and alcohol around here?

LL: They just fall into it so easy, and Kodiak is known to be the worst place, I think in the world, for drugs. It's got everything and more stuff coming. Somebody knows somebody, here try this, you know. Next, you know, you got 'em hooked up. [...]

AG: How did life change out here after the cannery closed?

LL: (*Laughing*) It was kind of bleak. David still went to town, got our groceries and stuff. It just [...] didn't feel the same even. It just felt like we was cut off from that over there altogether.

AG: Yeah, it's sad that that was over.

LL: Well, so many of them closed down about the same time. It was just like hammer blows. Port Bailey and Larsen Bay. Everybody but down at the southend at Alitak, I guess.

AG: Larsen Bay's still operating.

LL: But they weren't for a while. They didn't know if they ever would be. I had heard from somebody that it was operating. I hear so little of the news right over the hill over there [Uyak Bay]. Not so far away (*laughing*).

AG: It's true. It's interesting how Uganik and Uyak are kind of a world apart, even though so close.

LL: Yeah, Dusty was working over at [...] Telrod. She was working for the hatchery over there. She said, "It'd only take me probably an hour and a half to hike over to the house." But she said, "There's quite a few bears in between here and there, so." (*laughing*) It's not so far, really. When you look at a chart or a map, you can look at it and you say, "Oh, well that's only that far away."

AG: It's true. It's just right over there. Well, Linda, is there anything else you wanted to share about the history out here or your experiences on the west side?

LL: Oh gosh, I can't even think. There's so many things. It's all garbled. It's all run together. Like I said, you're just gonna have to separate it. But I think I'm just about talked out (*laughing*).

AG: It's been a long talking. Thank you so much.

LL: You're welcome. I hope it helps you.

AG: Oh my goodness, it's been so fascinating and such good information.

LL: Like I said, if you talk to David he can give you a lot more about this area over here.

AG: Great, I will.

[...]

[End of interview]



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