INSERT: This is the very first of Tape #1--the beginning of the Bob Bishop history--Page 1A.

Interviewers: We'd like to focus on your family's being up on the Unuk. Would you tell us first the names of your parents and where they came from?

B. Bishop: Well, my father's name was Preston--Bishop, a 'course--and my mother's maiden name was Farnsworth. She came from California, where they met; and then my Dad came from Maine. I guess he run away from home when he was 14 years old and never went back ag'in. Anyhow, he'd been in the service quite a while; and, when he got out, he met my mother. They got married and lived in Georgetown, California, fer some years. Her family was all there. It was a little mining town right in the forks of the American River. Dad did a lot of prospecting 'round in the hills there

INSERT FOR Page 1: TO BE PLACED AT THE VERY BEGINNING.

Oral History Project
Friends of the Ketchikan Public Library
Ketchikan, Alaska

Interview with: Bob Bishop
Date: October 26, 1993
Interviewers: Louise Harrington and Mary Smith
Transcriber: Joyce Carlson 247-2010

INSERT--Page 1A-- GOES HERE.

B. Bishop: before I was old enough to know much about what was goin' on.

Interviewers: What prompted them to come up to Alaska?

B. Bishop: Well, my brother came up here first. When he was going to college he was real friendly with a fellow by the name of Dale Large, who was a nephew of Herbert Hoover when Hoover was president. Because of my brother's being friendly with his nephew, President Hoover got Stanley a job with the Bureau of Fisheries for summer work while he was going to college. Stanley spent several summers up here before the rest of the family came up. During one of his periods of vacationing while he was working, he took a boat trip up the Behm Canal and ran into the Unuk River up the head of the canal. Harvey Matney had just moved in there to homestead; and, since my family had been kinda backwoods all their lives anyhow, he thought that was a great idea for us. So, when they closed the agency down, he talked my mother into bringing the other two of us children and coming up to homestead on the Unuk River. That's how we got to come up here. Before that we had lived in California most of the time and did several short moves to Oregon around Bend area. My mother and dad homesteaded on the high desert before I was born. Then Mom ran a boarding house in Bend, Oregon, for a friend of hers when she would get sick--so we did quite a bit of shuttling back and forth between Georgetown and Bend in those days. It was a long trip then.

Interviewers: Yes.

B. Bishop: Old Model-T Fords,you know, and highways weren't very good either. It was a four- or five-day trip just to go from Georgetown to Bend. Nowadays it's four or five hours.

Interviewers: What year was it that you came up here?

B. Bishop: It was 1932.If my memory is correct, we landed here on October 2nd, 1932. I can very distinctly remember the cliffs just this side of the tunnel, where the boardwalk went along around the cliffs there-- where the tunnel is now. I remember icicles hanging off those cliffs there in October.

Interviewers: In October? For heaven's sake.

Interviewers: They say the climate has changed.

B. Bishop: Yeah, it has. It's swinging back the other way now--tends to be cyclic, I think. It is probably reverting back to the old, long, cold winters and the warmer, drier summers. That is my opinion anyway.

Interviewers: Did you go immediately out to the Unuk?

B. Bishop: Yeah, Stanley had a boat here and met us when we got off the steamer from Seattle. We went right to Yes Bay first, where he had gathered up a bunch of small boats and furniture and such that people who had worked at the hatchery gave him when they left. When they closed the hatchery down everybody left, of course. The people who were working there had families and everything, and they gave him a lot of their household furniture and belongings and small boats they couldn't move and stuff like that. He had gathered all that stuff together, and so we had to go to Yes Bay first and stay there for a few days and get that all ready to take up to the Unuk. But we went right from there to the Unuk River that fall.

Interviewers: Did the Matneys have a house already built up there?

B. Bishop: Yeah. Well, they didn't build a house there. He took a house in. Matney had logged before he moved up to the Unuk. He had come up here from Washington and he had had a logging camp for several years and done some logging and fishing too. Of course, he

had most of the buildings from his logging camp, which were on floats, so he moved those in to where he was homesteading. He bought the house on Square Island, which had been a fox farm. I think he bought it from Harry Race. I think Harry Race had that fox farm on Square Island. Matney had put the house on a float and moved that in to the Unuk, and that was their residence. It was a pretty decent house. So he didn't actually build a home there--he moved it in on floats. All of his other buildings were brought on floats except for the barn that he put up later on for the livestock, and he built that on the spot.

Interviewers: This was right at the mouth of the Unuk?

B. Bishop: Yeah, it's right on the grass flats, which are tide-covered on extreme high tides. The rest of the valley was all heavily timbered with heavy spruce timber, and it would really have been quite a problem to clear any of it. So we who moved in there to homestead, of course, chose the grass flatlands because they were already cleared; and you could cut hay on it and cultivate it much easier. The fact that it was tide-covered didn't seem to bother it too much.

Interviewers: Was there a building then for you to move into?

B. Biship: The first winter we were there we lived in one of Matney's buildings. It was an old scowhouse that he had moved in, and there was a room in it that he wasn't using. We rented that from him and lived in that through the winter; because winter was on us by the time we got there, you know. About all we did that winter was cut wood and try to keep warm.

Interviewers: You were how old then?

B. Bishop: I was nine years old then, yeah.

Interviewers: You can remember quite well then.

B. Bishop: Yeah, I can remember going out with Stanley. He had a little, small outboard; and we'd go out on the flats there and cut a spruce tree that had floated out of the river. We'd cut the stump off of it and limb it and tow it in with the outboard for wood. Most of our occupation for the winter was trying to keep supplied with wet spruce wood. It was a hard

job just to keep warm in that old, drafty scowhouse with no dry wood, you know.

Interviewers: Was Stanley in his twenties then?

B. Bishop: Yes. He was born in 1912.

Interviewers: Betty would have been about 11 or so?

B. Bishop: Yes. She was two years older than I am.

Interviewers: What did you as young people do when you were kept busy working, helping with getting wood, etc.?

B. Bishop: Yeah, as near as I can remember, I went out with Stanley a lot when we were going out after wood. We salvaged some old lumber out of the Klahini River during the winter--some old buildings that had fallen down over there. We salvaged some of the boards out of them and moved them up to where we were going to build the next spring. As soon as the snow went off, my mother and sister and I were busy clearing a place for the house and buildings on the place we were going to homestead. Stanley and my Dad were working for the Forest Service, which had a crew out there clearing a couple of the log jams out of the river to make it easier for boats to go and come up and down the river. It was a WPA project--just kind of a make-work for the old, broken-down loggers around the country who didn't have any work to do, you know.

Interviewers: The Depression had started then, hadn't it?

B. Bishop: Well, it was pretty well over with at that time I think--that would have been 1932 or 1933. I dunno, I hear a lot about the depression but it doesn't really mean too much to me. We were poor for as long as I can remember, you know, so it wasn't much of a change. I can remember Dad's talking about workin' for a dollar a day and things like that. I can never remember being hungry, except when we got stormed on over in the Klahini one time that first winter. We didn't take enough food over with us, and we got pretty hungry before we got home. We were stuck about five days over there. We survived all right. A North wind came up, and we were in a rowboat and couldn't get back around to the main valley because the wind was blowing so hard. There was an old cabin we were stayin' in over there. We were comfortable enough but we didn't have enough

food with us.

Interviewers: I don't know where that is, the Klahini.

B. Bishop: It is right alongside the Unuk River Valley. It is separated by a little point of high ground, and it runs pretty much parallel to the Unuk River. It is a smaller river with a little tideflat of its own and a clearwater stream. Where the Unuk is muddy in the summer, the Klahini is clear water; and it is just right alongside the Unuk. You have to go out around a little point to get in to it.

Interviewers: Well, how long did it take to build a house?

B. Bishop: Well, it was pretty well completed by that fall. Stanley and Dad, while they were working, during their evenings would go along the riverbank and cut logs for the cabin. They cut 'em and peeled 'em and got 'em out to the riverbank. When they figured they had enough they slid 'em all into the river and rafted 'em and floated 'em down to where we were going to build. When everything was ready, the foreman of the crew that was takin' out the log jams up there brought his whole crew down on a weekend; and they had a log race. We had the whole crew working and the first half of the building went up that day, you might say. Then two of the old loggers, and I can't remember their names right offhand, came down every weekend for the rest of the summer and worked on it weekends with Stanley and my father. It was pretty well up before fall came. We were living in it that winter, although we still had some work to do inside of it.

Interviewers: How big a house was it?

B. Bishop: It wasn't very big. I think it was about 30 feet long by 24 feet wide, or something like that--about as large as you could build a log cabin without splicin' the logs, you know. They just built it with whatever logs they could find to fit.

Interviewers: Was it one story?

B. Bishop: Yeah, it was just a one-story cabin. They curtained off the back end of it for bedrooms. My sister had

a bedroom on one side, and Mom and Dad had a bedroom on the other side. Stanley was sleepin' on one of the boats that he had brought in and we had put up on the bank there when he was home. They ran a little loft in that end that they curtained off, and that was my room up there.

Interviewers: Then how did you start making a living? Did you start farming the next year?

B. Bishop: Stanley and Dad would get work with this river crew; and I don't remember how many years that went on--but it was a couple of years anyhow. We would trap in the winter for cash income, and they'd work through the summer with the river crew as long as there was work around there. Mom, Betty, and I would more or less tend to the homestead and try to get the garden in and hay cut and in for the livestock. First all we had was goats and that little pony that people here in town had given my sister. We had to put up hay for them. We had to cut it my hand and pack it in by hand, and everything else. We didn't have any equipment or machinery or anything. It really was hard work. Of course, Stanley and Dad would help weekends and evenings when there was something they could do.

Interviewers: Did you can things from your garden?

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, we canned everything. Mom was a great housekeeper, and she never wasted anything when it came to food. She knew how to make every ounce of food count.

Interviewers: You had a good life.

B. Bishop: She'd gardened a lot in California where I was born. We had a fine garden down there--we had to have because we just didn't have money enough to buy stuff, you know. She could make a penny squeal when it came to buying groceries, I'll tell you. She got so much in the habit of it, she wouldn't buy anything good or expensive if she had the money for it, you know. She got so much in the habit of skimping that she skimped all her life. She never did get over it.

Interviewers: I suppose you got venison when you could.

B. Bishop: Well yeah, there was no venison up there. We had to leave that part of the country and go further out toward here to get deer. We did get a moose occasionally but maybe once every 10 years or something like that.

It was a long way apart. We ate bear meat--usually go out in the Spring, when the first black bear'd come out of hibernation. We'd try to get the black bear for fresh meat because we would have been all winter without fresh meat. In the wintertime we couldn't get out to do any deer huntin'. Of course, they weren't any good anyhow durin' the wintertime; but we would go out occasionally. When I got old enough to hunt by myself, my brother'd take me out and drop me off when he was coming to town. I'd hunt, trying to get a deer, and he would pick me up on his way back again.

Up till that time we ate ducksand fish. We ate an awful lot of fish: I can't hardly look a piece of fried salmon in the face yet.

Interviewers: What about trout? Was there a lot of trout?

B. Bishop: Yeah, there was an awful lot of trout; but we preferred the salmon. We ate an awful lot of it--I know that. Most of our fresh meat was oddball stuff that other people wouldn't even consider eating, like beaver carcasses and things like that. We ate quite a few ducks and geese and bear. We didn't have too much good meat. That was one of the problems with living there. Moose was scarce as hen's teeth, you know, and hard to get. If you got one it was probably four or five miles upriver, and you had to pack it all downriver on your back. There was no other way to get around. We didn't have riverboats then that were too satisfactory on the river itself. We did have 'em, but we didn't use 'em unless we had some business with them. If we wanted to hunt moose there was usually a packing job, unless we accidentally got one close to home: that happened a couple times but not very often.

Interviewers: Is that river navigable for quite a way up?

B. Bishop: Yeah, at that time it was navigable clear to the border lake, which is about a mile or a mile-and-a-half above the Canadian-Alaska border. Now it's got a bad spot in it about 15 miles up, which more or less makes it impassable from there on. Some people do get over it all right, but there have been a lot of boats wrecked on it tryin' to get over it. The river keeps changing course, and the lava-flow out of Blue River had changed the course of the river for a long time. Then the river finally swung back over and ran across the lava, which formed a kind of a falls at the edge of it that is pretty difficult to navigate. At

the time we were up there outboards were the main thing, you know. We didn't have good outboards yet--the ones that we had were not dependable. They were hard-starting and heavy for the horsepower, so mostly riverboating was lining. They used the outboard in the quiet, deep water; but when you got in shallow water, they had to get the crew out on a long line and pull the boat up over the shallow spots. To get anything up river with a riverboat in those days was quite a chore. Now a couple hours'trip would be the same as three or four days at that time.

Interviewers: Did you get to town very often? How far is it from town?

B. Bishop: It's about 65 miles by water from Ketchikan. We came whenever we needed to. We got our mail at Bell Island. We made quite a few trips to Bell Island to get the mail--it came out there once a week. We only came into town when we needed supplies badly; because it took gas to get here, you know.

Interviewers: Where did you go--South?

B. Bishop: North--Behm Canal. No, not the South-end: the South-end trip was about 20 miles longer than the North-end. All we had was an old 23-foot lifeboat hull with a cabin on it and a Model-T Ford engine in it, and it wasn't too dependable or seaworthy or anything else. It was getting old too, and it would spring a leak every once in a while. Dad would have to put it up on the ground and rivet a patch onto it, so we didn't make too many trips to town.

Interviewers: Did you have many emergencies where you had to go in to the doctor's?

B. Bishop: Luckily, we were all pretty good that way. We did have an emergency on the trail crew when Stanley was working for the Forest Service mending part of the trail one year. The emergency happened to a fellow named Fred Neigle(we called him Blue River Shorty). He was a little German fellow who trapped up the Blue River. They were working on the trail in the summer, and Fred got the tree fallin' on him. He tried to duck under one when it was fallin', and he wasn't quite as fast as he thought he was. It threw his hip out of joint up on Thirteen-Mile Bluff, so we had to get him out and get him to town. That was about the only real emergency that I can remember. We took one

of the horses up and made a travois and hauled him out on that. It was a two-day job just gettin' him to the mouth of the river and then another day gettin' him to town. Matney brought him in on his boat. He had been alerted, and he had his boat all ready when we got down with Neigle. It was pretty painful for him being moved that way with his hip out of joint. He survived--he was a tough little bird.

Interviewers: You had horses too then?

B. Bishop: Yeah, Stanley got a couple of horses when they got the trail pretty well built up the Unuk. He went down to Hyder and got a couple of old packhorses and brought 'em up so that we could pack supplies up and down the trail for the people who wanted to go. We did a lot of packing for the trail crew itself; and the trappers and miners who wanted to go into Canada would have us pack stuff up for them. We did packing for anybody who had supplies they wanted to move that way, up till wintertime. We couldn'tdo anything in the wintertime with the snow on.

Interviewers: There were quite a few people passing through the area then?

B. Bishop: Yeah, there were mining interests up at the headwaters of the river in the Canadian part; and several of the old prospectors were still workin' up there and trying to find something that would pay. Even my brother and my Dad went up there a couple times and did some prospecting. The people who were mining or prospecting up there generally went back in the fall and trapped through the winter. They had trapping concessions from the Canadian government up there, so they had their registered traplines up there for them. We'd pack supplies up for them to as far as the boundary. In fact the trail eventually went clear through to Sulfide Cabin, which was just above where the South Fork enters the Unuk. It was about 15 miles altogether of trail, and we could pack that far eventually. There were always problems with the trail too. It was washing out in places and then windfalls on it all the time and bridges. There were hundreds of bridges across the sloughs and streams and stuff, and then they were washing out during high waters and floods. There were always problems trying to keep the trail so it was passable. You couldn't use the horses any place that there wasn't trail you know. We could get them out on the gravel bars and travel

the gravel bars in spots. But most of the country you couldn't even get a horse around--you had to have a trail for them. The horses got old and finally kicked the bucket on us. They were old horses when he got them, but they were experienced horses--they knew what they were doing. We had to cut hay for them too then, of course, after we got them. Really our biggest problem keeping livestock was getting winter feed for 'em. We couldn't afford to buy hay and come into town,and we had no way to haul it out there either. So it was quite a problem getting winter feed for 'em. We had a milk-cow by then. Later on my sister and I had my brother buy a milk-cow for us for the first proceeds of our trapline. We had a trapline when we got a little older; and the first fur that we got offa it Stanley sold,and bought a milk-cow from the Homestead Dairy for us.

Interviewers: That was what you wanted?

B. Bishop: Yeah, we were tired of goat's-milk. We wanted cow's-milk. Then we had to cut hay for the cow too and her calf--she had a calf shortly after we got her. The haying was a real problem, trying to get it dry enough to put in the barn. We didn't have enough ground on our homestead. We were on an island; so we had to go elsewhere to cut hay, and it had to be towed by barge with an outboard to the island.

Interviewers: The house was on an island?

B. Bishop: Yeah, our homestead was on an island. It's in the river--just the river went around both sides of it.

Interviewers: Did you raise chickens or ducks?

B. Bishop: We had quite a flock of chickens at one time. Stanley bought a whole bunch of chickens from a guy who had a farm over here on Gravina. He tried to raise chickens for awhile but then got disgusted with it; so he sold the whole flock to Stanley,who brought them out there. We had more chickens than we knew what to do with for a while. Of course it was too far to haul eggs to town, so it was kind of a wasted effort. That was Bill and Nickey--he had a farm over there. Remember, where the old sailship was on the ground over there? He bought the Meteor, an old sailing vessel. He sank it there on purpose for a breakwater, so he could have a float in behind it. He had a dairy farm over there

for awhile too, and raised cows.

Interviewers: On Gravina?

B. Bishop: Yeah. Stanley got those chickens from him, then he bought all Bill's dairystock there when he got ready to quit. He had a little store down in Newtown there--Bill, Nicky, and his wife. He was always into something, you know. He had that place over on Gravina, and he was experimenting with stuff over there. When he'd get through with it, he'd sell it to Stanley.

Interviewers: What else did he experiment with?

B. Bishop: Well, I don't know. He was a baker by trade and had quite a bakery there. The chickens and the cows were the only things I remember that he had in the way of livestock. Then, when he finally sold the property over there, some other people put a shingle mill on it and operated it for a while.

Interviewers: What about the Matney family? How many of them were there?

B. Bishop: Well, they moved in there the year before we did and were pretty well established by the time we got there. Mr. Matney, his wife, a son, and a daughter were there. He had some equipment and more open ground than we had, so he did a pretty fair job of gardening and farming. He built dikes and planted a lot of rutabagas, mainly. Our money crop was rutabagas. They grew the finest, big, tender, sweet rutabagas out there that you ever could imagine. You could eat 'em just like an apple. There were a lot of the old Norwegian fishermen in town then who really liked rutabagas. They'd buy a hundred-pound sack of rutabagas at a time, some of those old trollers, every time we'd come to town. We had root cellars to store 'em in, and we'd wash out and trim up a half-a-ton or a ton or a ton-and-a-half of rutabagas and sack 'em and bring those into town. We'd sell them to the grocery stores here or directly to the fishermen, in the little boat. That was more or less our money crop through the summer. Of course, Matney did a much better job of it than we did because he had so much more ground and had a tractor and equipment to garden with. Everything we did was done by hand, and we didn't have that big a garden. Though we did raise quite a few for market, we mostly raised a garden for our own use while we were there.

Interviewers: What was Matney's first name?

B. Bishop: His first name was Harvey and her name was Josephine.

The son's name was Arthur, and the daughter's name was Olive. Olive married a fellow by the name of Willy Goobser, who worked for Hamilton Plumbing before he met Olive. I don't know how they met, but anyhow he married her. He moved out there and built a house for them right close to where the old folks were livin'. At that time it was after the service, and Willy went in loggin' with Harvey and Arthur, who were loggin' offa the flats there. That was pretty much of a steady occupation for several years there. While there was timber available, all the income mostly was from logging then.

Interviewers: This David Goobser who lives on Prince of Wales now, is he the grandson?

B. Bishop: He is Harvey's grandson--Willy and Olive's son--David Goobser.

Interviewers: He is still around then?

B. Bishop: Well, they all moved South for awhile; but David and his wife moved back up here with their family. They wanted to raise their kids here--they didn't want to raise 'em down South there.

Interviewers: Where did the Matneys come from?

B. Bishop: They came from Washington, but I am not sure just what part of it. For some reason, Puyallup enters my mind. They had relatives down there who used to send up stuff to 'em. I remember they used to get honey by the five-gallon can from somebody down there. The Matney family always had lots of honey.

Interviewers: I suppose they baked their own bread?

B. Bishop: Yeah, they made their own bread. Out there with the Matney's, one of the staples of diet was homemade bread and honey. They'd buy wheat by the 100-pound sack and run it through a mill that kinda cracked it up a little bit. She made a lot of bread out of that cracked wheat. It had a lot of broken, whole grain wheat in it. Well, it was broken, you know, but not fine; it wasn't flour. It was real good bread--she was a whiz at makin' bread.

Interviewers: Did your Mother make bread?

B. Bishop: Yeah, we had to--we didn't have any other way to get it.

Interviewers: How about sourdough pancakes?

B. Bishop: We did a lot of experimenting with it, but we wasted an awful lot of flour with it too. I never could seem to get it right, you know. It was either too sour or it didn't raise at all. It'd turn yellow from too much soda in it. I don't think anybody really understood just what the process was. We used it all the time on the trapline, too, after I got older. My brother, my Dad, and I trapped the one side of the river on the trail side all the way to the border. Of course up on the trapline we had sourdough-pot in every cabin, and we'd use it when we stopped there.

Interviewers: Were you trapping mink?

B. Bishop: It was mostly marten. That was our money fur. Even in those days, even in depression years, a good marten was worth $35.00. That was what we bought that cow with. My sister and I got two marten off our trapline that one winter. We got $70.00 for the two marten, and Stanley pitched in five to buy that cow. So we bought our milk cow for $75.00 that we got from the two marten. The country had been trapped and poached so long that there was very little of snything in it then. We didn't make a lot at it, you know.

Interviewers: Had discoverers been up there for a long while?

B. Bishop: Well,it was a great country for old-timers to go poach in; because nobody wanted to chase 'em up that river, you know. It was too hard to get up and down there. So they would go in there and trap before season, and then they'd come out and trap there on trapline during season. We could date back about 20 years where it had been poached pretty near every year by somebody or other who'd been in there. It was just from talking to the old-timers, you know, who had known that this guy went in there that year or somebody else had gone in the year before. So it was a great country for the old-timers to go in and poach a little fur. Everybody trapped in the winter-time in those days. All of the fishermen were out on the trapline, it seemed like anyhow. There were two or three of them in every bay, and they divided the country up amongst themselves the best they could. There was some squabbling, but mostly it was pretty much gentlemen's agreement you know: "I'll trap this far and you can have from there on to the next guy." Then they just kinda divided up. Of course most of

that was mink trapping, where we didn't do much mink trapping up on the river--that was small marten. The mink were worth quite a bit then too, much more than they are now, but not as much as marten were.

Interviewers: Weren't there any mink there?

B. Bishop: There were at one time--an awful lot of mink came out of this country. Over 100,000 mink were taken, as I remember. Now, I could be wrong on these figures; but it seems that I remember seein' figures where the annual catch of mink in Southeastern Alaska was over 100,000 pieces of fur.

Interviewers: But it had been kind of depleting because of all that trapping?

B. Bishop: No, really, it's an arguable point. I say that when they took the bounty off the eagles, the eagles started feeding on the mink when they got hungry. They keep the mink down now--they're almost nonexistent. There are hardly any mink left in the country and there never have been since they took the bounty off the eagles. They got real thick real fast, you know, and they'll eat anything smaller than they are. They are so hungry now they will even eat each other.

Interviewers: When was that?

B. Bishop: When did they take the bounty off?

Interviewers: It was on in the forties, I know.

B. Bishop: Yeah, it must have been right after the Second World War. I remember huntin' 'em for bounty before I went in the service, and I don't remember hunting 'em for bounty after I got out of the service. I may have for a few years--I don't know.

Interviewers: For a few years after the war there was still a bounty. I can remember when that was. I came up in '46.

B. Bishop: They were pretty scarce by then. They weren't extinct by any means, you know, 'cause they lived in so many unapproachable areas where you couldn't hunt 'em. As soon as we stopped huntin' 'em they increased real fast. I think that's a lot what cut down on the mink population.

Interviewers: But the eagles wouldn't go after the marten?

B. Bishop: They couldn't catch 'em. You see, the marten were in the heavy timber--they're a heavy-timber animal. The mink get out on the beach at low tide; and they get their heads down in the kelp and go snufflin' along through the kelp lookin' for eels, crabs, and things like that. Well, they were duck soup for an eagle. I can catch 'em myself. If I can catch 'em, I know an eagle can catch 'em.

Interviewers: What other wildlife did you see out there? Did you see porcupines?

B. Biship: We had a lot of wolves around. Wolves would come down pretty close to the house there in the wintertime. They'd follow the ice down on the slough and sit there and howl all night at us. Yeah, there were a lot of porcupine and bear. There were a lot of brown bear on the river at that time and a few black bear around the lower part of the river. Now, they didn't go inland very far--it was all brown-bear country inland. There were ducks, geese, and beaver. Of course, there were a lot of fish and an occasional moose. Migratory birds landed on the flats there in the early days, and a lot of swans and cranes. I remember a lot of flocks of cranes used to land there. Matney put aluminum roofs on all of his buildings there, at one time, and forever after that the migratory birds wouldn't land anymore. I've read that aluminum roofs will scare them away. They don't like the looks of that real bright aluminum, I guess; so they kinda stopped landing on the flats there. I know when I was a kid, there used to be a lot of big flocks of long legged cranes--in the spring especially. I don't know just what kind they were--but sandhill crane mostly, and swan and different types of geese. You never see that anymore at all. We used to hunt goat too, some. When I got older I used to go up on the mountain behind the house there and get a goat occasionally for meat. There were a lot of goat on the mountain at that time. There are hardly any of them now: I don't know what happened to them.

Interviewers: Did any other families move in there?

B. Bishop: Well, there were other people came wanting to homestead. One family tried to homestead down in Grant Creek, but they didn't last more than a year or two. There was no way to make any money, you know. You couldn't afford to commute to make money in town, and there was no way to make any out there except trapping--so the people who had to make a living just had to stay out where there was a living to be made. We were so poor

when we went there, it didn't mean anything to us to be poorer.

Interviewers: Well, how long did you stay there?

B. Bishop: Oh I lived there for 18 to 20 years, something like that. Frances taught our first child, Dick, correspondence course. Then when we had two who were school age that was too much, so we moved into town then.

Interviewers: That would have been late in the forties?

B. Bishop: Yeah, it was in the fifties: 'cause the oldest boy was born in '48. Eva was the oldest girl, and I've got another girl here in town--Patty. I don't remember the year; but we just kind of gradually moved in, you know. We didn't have a place of our own out there. We had a little cabin that we lived in for a couple of years when we were at the mouth of the river, after I got out of the service. We were out loggin' part of the time then and livin' in a floathouse or a camp--then we were upriver trappin'. We had a trapline upriver, but I had to go up and stay 12 miles up in order to use it. I couldn't trap all the way to the mouth of the river and run from home, so we would go upriver and stay in the trap cabin up there during the trapping season. We were in and out. We started to homestead a piece of ground up there, but we kinda starved out on that. It was all further upriver in heavy timbered country where I couldn't clear, and the timber that was left on it held us up until we finally got discouraged and give it up. Then I bought the floathouse that we had been livin' in, when we were loggin', from my loggin' partner; so we moved around with that. We'd go out there and stay in the winter and come in here and stay in the summer. Then I started gill-netting to make a living, so we just kinda gradually moved in. We bought a little piece of ground on Gravina and moved the floathouse in there. Then we moved from there out here, and we have been here for over 30 years now in this place.

Interviewers: What about your folks--how long did they live?

B. Bishop: Well, they stuck it out out there for a couple more years than I did. The cabin that I was raised in burned down. Dad would get a job with the Department of Fish and Game stream-watchin' through the summer--that was the last that he did. Stanley stuck it out

the longest out there. He had a homestead up in Hooligan Valley, which was in Clearwater Valley. That's the one that Hank Aegerter and his partners own now. Stanley stayed there for several more years; but he was out most the time loggin' to make a livin'--loggin' on his own.

Interviewers: He had a family? Was he married?

B. Bishop: No family--just the wife.

Interviewers: Is his wife still living?

B. Bishop: Not that one. No, she died and he remarried. That one died and he married again, though, so he is on his third wife.

Interviewers: Is he in pretty good health?

B. Bishop: Yeah, I'll say--for his age, he really is. He is still out salvagin' logs and stuff.

Interviewers: Where does he live?

B. Bishop: He's got a floating camp out at Port Stewart, and he kind of oversees the storage area for the pulp mill out there. Then he salvages logs that get loose from them and sells 'em back to them. They put enough trust in him that they let him do that. Mostly they wouldn't even consider it, you know; but he does work for 'em and keeps the storages in shape so that they could tie their rafts up there. Every once in a while a boomstick'll break or something, you know, and a couple bundles will get loose. He's right there to keep too many from getting away. The ones that get away he'll bring 'em in and tie em up, and they pay him for those. So that's a pretty good deal for him. He doesn't make a lot at it, but it helps out some on his income.

Interviewers: About how old would he be now? Is he in his seventies?

B. Bishop: Well, he was born in 1912; he'd be 81 I guess--81 last January.

Interviewers: Pretty good to be still working like that.

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: Then you had the three children while you were still out there, or were some of them born after you moved to town?

Well, they were all born in town; but I guess Dick was the only one born while we were still actually living out. We were living out on Gravina when Eva was born, and I guess we were living there when Patty was born too. I had just put the floathouse up on the beach over there, and we lived there for quite a while. Then it got to be quite a hassle for Frances. I was always out trappin' in the wintertime, you know, or seal huntin' or something. She had to run back and forth to school with an outboard boat--dark goin' and dark comin'--in nasty winter weather. We didn't have a school ferry at the time. So, I sold the floathouse one spring; and we went back and visited with Frances' folks all that summer. When we came back we rented an apartment for a while, until we found this place to buy. But I sold the floathouse--kinda forced myself to do sump'm else, you know, to get outta there.

Interviewers: Was the house already built when you bought it?

B. Bishop: Yeah. That room there was the original house. (That was the highway then, it went by there--it didn't go in here.) A guy by the name of Al Evans lived here. You've probably heard of him. He used to pick blueberries and sell 'em on the street in town--quart jars full--old Al Evans. Well, when he passed away people got ahold of the property through the State. I guess he had signed it over to the State to get his old age pension, and they added on to it just for speculation. We bought it nearly as soon as they had completed it. They didn't attempt to live in it. They added on to it and then put it up for sale. MacMillan was the old guy who helped us get this place. He worked at the bank and then he went into real estate.

Interviewers: Yes, he just died.

B. Bishop: He was workin' for one of the real estate companies when we were trying to get this place. He was the one handling this house here, and he knew us. He used to come out and stay with us at the river for duck huntin' in the fall--he, George Beck, Bob Young, and Ralph Bartholomew (the old man). The four of them used to come out. Well, once in awhile Doc Wilson'd come with 'em too (the old man). They'd stay with us and Mom would cook for 'em. They'd hunt ducks around the mouth of the river there for a couple of weeks for just about every year. Anyhow, MacMillan'd brought me out my first dog. On one of their trips he brought a

pup along with him from his spaniel, so we knew him pretty well. When we wanted to get this place, we didn't have any money. I was just barely able to pay my bills once a year, seemed like, from my fishing effort. 'Course we'd spent pretty near everything we had going South to visit her folks and staying there all summer. But MacMillan kinda worked things around where we could handle this, you know, and helped us get it. I'm really obligated to him forever after that, because without his help we wouldn't have been able to have a decent house or a place to live. This turned out to be one of the more desirable pieces of property in the country, actually. It was the only flat ground you could find. The house is nothing extra; but it's dry, warm, and comfortable enough--good enough for us.

Interviewers: You said that your parents' cabin burned down?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: How did that happen?

B. Bishop: Oh, it had a shake roof on it, and we burned wood of course. It happened in the wintertime or early Spring, when they got one of those real dry strong North winds. There was no snow left on the roof, and everything was all dried out. I guess a spark from the woodstove caught on the roof. You know that wood would weather and get that wood fiber just like pulp. It'd get down the cracks between the shakes, and it was just like punk. You'd just drop a spark on it and blow on it, and it would eventually flare up. That's what happened, I think--got a spark in there and it sat there and smoldered until it got a gust of wind that got it hot enough to catch fire. Dad was workin' down in a ditch--just downwind away from the house. He didn't realize that anything was wrong until pieces of burning shakes started landing in the ditch alongside of him. He got up there and rushed back to the house. He managed to get in the back window and rescue some of the bedding--that was about it. They didn't get much of anything out of the house at all: everything burned.

Interviewers: Was your mother there too?

B. Bishop: No, she was in town at the time. I think she was stayin' with my sister over on Gravina. Dad was workin' on that Tom Durgan, the housescow that he was building up to live on, and was down in this kind of a

ditch. He had floated it in there; and he was down there workin' on it, tryin' to get it ready, so he could come out here. He loved to fish. He wanted some way to be on the water where he could fish all the time in his older years. But that was a hot fire, boy.

Interviewers: Were you there?

B. Bishop: No--I was there afterward. It melted down a cast-iron stove, with all that wind behind it and all those big logs in the cabin (they were bone-dry, you know). All that bone-dry wood with that wind behind it was just like a blast furnace. I bought mother a new stove from the first income I had after I left home. She was always complainin' about her stove: it was uneven on the top, and it didn't heat up good. So I bought a new Olympic wood range from Tongass for her. I went out and looked at that after the fire, and it'd melted that right down into a big puddle.

Interviewers: So what did they do then?

B. Bishop: We'd had a shop building there, and it all burned. It was full of wood. Dad moved into our little cabin. That was the little cabin, which had belonged to Fred Neigle, that Frances and I took over after he passed away. We lived in it for several years when we were there. Dad moved into it and finished up his Tom Durgan. He got the engine in it and finished buildin' it so that it was liveable. Then he'd come to town, and he and Mom lived on it forever after that. They'd tie up over at Gravina sometimes and then go out and fish. He used it to live on when he was stream-watching. So they were movin' around quite a bit too. But he never tried to rebuild or anything up there. That was the end of the homesteadin' for us.

Interviewers: How long did they live?

B. Bishop: I dunno. I can't really tell you, but Mom passed away the year of the Cuban crisis. It was right in the middle of that that she had gotten sick, and Betty and I had taken her down to the hospital in Seattle. We were there during that Cuban crisis, I can remember that. I was worried about her, and I was also worried about bein' away from my own family up here 'cause I thought things were gonna happen. I was really torn between my mother and my family at that time. I

wanted to get back, but I wanted her to get well too. She finally passed away. I don't remember when Dad passed away. Dad had been gone five or six years at least before she passed away.

Interviewers: Betty had married by that time?

B. Bishop: Betty and Lloyd married a year or two before we did. He was still in the service when they married, and 'course I was too. It was probably 1942--we were married in '44. Yeah, Bill was six months old when we were married. Lloyd's older too. He went into the service sooner than I did. I went in in January '42.

Interviewers: What branch of the service were you in?

B. Bishop: I was registered for the draft, of course, and I knew I was gonna be called pretty soon. At first I tried to get in the Coast Guard. I was used to boats, you know, in this part of the country; and I figured that was better service for me. One of my best buddies, one of the Stimson boys (who grew up with me, and we were like brothers) and I tried to get in the Coast Guard together. Well, they accepted him but they turned me down. So that split that party up. Then, when I found out I was going to be drafted anyhow, I heard a rumor that if you volunteered for induction you had a choice of where you wanted to go. There was an Air-Sea Rescue outfit being formed over at Annette, which was mostly boats. So I volunteered for induction in Annette to go into that Air-Sea Rescue outfit, and did. I was inducted at Annette Island and spent my first few months in the service over there. They put me right on one of the boats and taught me a little bit aboat seamanship and stuff like that. I never did get any basic training in the service. They showed me how to make a bunk army style and gave me Chaplain's Book of Small Boat Handling and Seamanship. They told me to study that and learn the Morse code. That was my training. I went from there down to Seattle and helped outfit some of the boats for the Aleutians, and I went up to the Aleutians with one of 'em. I spent most of the rest of the time in the service up in Adak. On the way back and forth we brought one of our older boats down and took it clear to Lake Washington and put it in mothballs. Then we went down to Wilmington, California, and got a new one (that had been brought around from Texas) and took it back up to the Aleutians. That was quite a lengthy

trip for us. That's when I met her, while in Wilmington gettin' this new boat ready to go North. She was workin' for Douglas Aircraft in Long Beach. My uncle from Oregon was living in Los Angeles at the time, and he had an old Model A Ford down there. He couldn't get gas for it, and he didn't have any use for it anyhow, so he told me to go ahead and use it if I could get gas for it. So I used to smuggle gas out in whiskey bottles under my uniform, and we'd go over to Long Beach whenever we'd get enough gas in the tank. We'd cruise over to Long Beach and celebrate on the pike there, you know, when they had that big amusement park there on the pike at Long Beach. We'd go over and spend our evenings at the amusement park, and that's where I met her. She was there.

Interviewers: Was it hard coming up and meeting him up here?

Frances Bishop: It was pretty hard. I still don't like rough water. That's the first thing I got was real rough water.

B. Bishop: Yeah she got broke in on small boats in rough water, and the first trip scared her pretty bad. She hasn't liked rough water ever since. Really, I don't like rough water--I don't really like the water period. I like rivers. I don't care much for salt water, but I made my living off of it. I've put up with it and used it all my life. It's the only way to get around here. I gill-netted for 28 years. Of course the family was with me a lot of the time--one and all.

Inverviewers: On the boat?

B. Bishop: Yeah, there was a time when my whole family was on the boat, and we'd go up in the Portland Canal and stay there all summer and never come out until the season was over. Then later on I got this place, and Frances and most of the kids would stay home. I'd take the oldest with me to fish for the summer, and I kinda worked through all them. Finally, they all left home; so Frances started going with me again till we quit. I think '74 was the last year I fished.

Interviewers: Well, they all learned to fish with you.

B. Bishop: Yeah, they all learned the business the hard way. I gave Dick and his sister one of my pickin' skiffs and a half-a-net and let 'em fish by themselves out on

Portland Canal. They were just big enough they could see over the side of the skiff. They'd go out in the morning and they'd set their net out and drift around with it all day and pick the fish out of it. They'd pull it up in the evening and come back to tie up alongside of my boat and go to bed. Dick and the girls made their own pocket money that way.

Interviewers: Eva's still doing it. What about Dick? What is he doing now?

B. Bishop: Well, he fished for quite a few years after he got outta college. He went to college and studied Geology, but he never worked at it really. He prospected around on his own for a couple of years after he got out of school, and then he went back to fishin'--gill-netting and long-lining both. He still halibut-fishes. Dick was one of the founding partners of Silver Lining Seafoods. That took more and more of his time as years went by, so he did less and less fishing and more work for Silver Lining.

Interviewers: Is he still connected with that?

B. Bishop: Not anymore. He still owns part of it, but he's not workin' for 'em anymore. He quit this Fall to do some other things. He's more of a semi-retired now, I guess.

Interviewers: Does he live in Ketchikan?

B. Bishop: Yeah, he lives out on South Point Higgins. He's married to Ellen. She was a clerk. She's a school teacher. They have one boy. They have a pretty nice home out there. He's still got his boat and still goes out halibut fishin'.

Interviewers: Does his wife teach at Point Higgins?

B. Bishop: Yeah, she did. She isn't teaching this year. She got kinda fouled up there. I guess she gave up her regular teachin' job. She thought she was going to get a kindergarten class and teach half-days. She wanted to spend more time with Stafford.

B. Bishop: She got aced outta that, so she's not teachin' at all this year. I doubt that she ever goes back to it.

Frances Bishop: She's going back next year.

B. Bishop: Yeah, that's what she says.

Interviewers: Patty is married and in Ketchikan?

B. Bishop: Yeah, she married Joe Williams first. They're a family who lives way out South of town there--not the native Williams, they were different Williams. Irene used to work at Tatsuda's, and she's union leader for the store workers. Anyhow, that's Patty's mother-in-law that she started with. Patty had two girls by him, and they got divorced. Then she married Dan Bates--the son of Don Bates, who used to work at the pulp mill. They live out North of town. They've got one boy now, so Patty's got three children.

Interviewers: I'd like to hear about Eva's family too, 'cause she's pretty enterprising.

B. Bishop: Yeah,Eva went to college in Fairbanks for one year; and she met a son of one of the men who used to pack fish for us out at Portland Canal. She had met him on the packer. He was working on the packer with his dad when they were younger. He was goin' to school there too, and she met him in college and married him the next year, in the Spring. Of course his dad and his family were livin' in Kodiak at that time and makin' their living out of Kodiak, so it was natural that Eva would move up to Kodiak with Oliver. They moved out of town and got this home-site on Whale Island, at the time when the state was allowing five acres of land apiece. The part of the ground that was open up there was available to whoever wanted it. So they both staked five acres on Whale Island and built a home for themselves there. They just barely got by, you know, for years too. They were pretty hard up, but they've had a good life. He finally rent, so he got better at fishing. She got to fishing too on her own. She started set-netting as soon as she could--I don't know what year. She had two girls, and she'd take them in the old boat that Fowler built first and go set-netting in the summer. He had a new boat that he'd go purse-seining with. They did that for several years. Then she tried to put the girls through school on the correspondence course; and it got to be too much,too,in their higher grades. She couldn't keep 'em at it, you know. It's pretty hard

to keep a kid studyin' like that. It's hard enough for a teacher, and it's even worse to keep the kids studyin' at home. But they had a pretty good system up there, and they had people who went around and checked on the kids to see how they were progressing. They were personal friends of Eva and Oliver's, so it worked for quite awhile for Eva. Eventually they had to move into Kodiak, and they still have the homestead--still go out there on holidays, and they go out there and stay and hunt deer. She used to plant garden out there every year, but I don't think she did this year. Anyhow, they've got a pretty nice home in Kodiak now.

Interviewers: What's the last name?

B. Bishop: Holm--H-O-L-M. Norman Holm was 'round Petersburg for years, and he had quite a fleet of packers. He had four or five that I can remember of, and through the years the business just kinda gradually faded away. He lost some of his packers in storms; some of the canneries they were workin' with went bankrupt and he had to find new contracts, and he just finally kind of faded out of the packing business.

Interviewers: He lost the last one in the earthquake.

B. Bishop: One of the last and best packers that he had he lost during that earthquake and tidal wave there in Kodiak. It put that big packer clear up on the shore and set it clear up on the storefront. So he sold it there and didn't try to refloat it. It sank at the cannery face of the dock, and somebody else refloated it. Anyhow, he went into working with the insurance adjuster out there, who was working for the insurance companies on all the marine insurance. He just got in with him good, and the old guy died. So Norman took over the whole business, and he was real busy there in his later years just on all the marine insurance. He had traveled all over the country--out to Dutch Harbor and up in the Bering Sea. There were a lot of boats being lost up there at that time, you know. Lloyd's of London was the main insurance company they were working for, and they insured a lot of those bigger crabber and freighter vessels. So Norman was real busy there until he passed away. Oliver just fishes. He doesn't do anything but fish. He likes to fish. He goes from one thing to another--he fishes herring, crab, halibut, and salmon (whatever there is to fish).

He's pretty busy all year.

Interviewers: How many children does he have?

B. Bishop: They've got three children--two girls and a boy. The boy is still pretty young, he's five.

Interviewers: I remember a little story about when they were moving and there were some little ducks that followed them. Can you tell me that story? They were moving their floathouse, and they had some ducks that just swam along behind them.

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, they were in the house half the time I think. They've always had livestock and still do--ducks, chickens, geese, and dogs. I don't remember just the instance that you're talking about, but they had this flock of ducks and they were towing lumber or something someplace. Anyhow, they couldn't catch the ducks and put 'em in cages. They didn't have any cages for 'em. The ducks just followed along till they got where they were going. They raised 'em just like they did kids; so they were part of the family, and they couldn't be separated.

Interviewers: There was a story not so long ago about this pet chicken that would come in the house. She liked to come in and set in the hallway there in amongst all the shoes and boots.

B. Bishop: Yeah, she took a notion to set right there in amongst the pile of shoes.

Frances Bishop: She finally hatched some chicks in there.

Interviewers: Eva really took to that outdoor life didn't she?

B. Bishop: Yeah, she's still outdoorish. She's still Eva, you know. Eva does a lot of daydreamin'--at least it looks like she's daydreamin'. She looks like she's dreamin' but she's thinkin'.

Interviewers: She was a good student too. She could have done anything.

B. Bishop: Yes she was. She was valedictorian her graduation year. She studied hard for it, but she's always thinkin' about things. You can't push her. You can't rush her into anything. The more you push, the more she balks; but she gets things done anyhow. She's quite artistic in a way. She and a group of

people up there make different sorts of things, mostly in regard to the fishing industry. They usually have a big sale every year--a kind of a fair type of thing that they put on--and they sell all the stuff that they've made at this sale.

Interviewers: In Kodiak?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: Does she have a special craft?

B. Bishop: She jumped from one thing to the other. She was doin' a lot of (what do they call it?) silkscreening, printing, and silk fish-printing. There's one of her fish-prints in there on the bathroom wall if you want to go look at it. It's a halibut that she did. She started out doing that pretty much at first. It was the main thing that she did first--then she jumped from that to something else. Now she's workin' with copper--cuttin' it out and dyeing it with designs (stuff like that) and making little hanging what they call dustcatchers.

Interviewers: She has a lot of talent.

Frances Bishop: Some of her etchings are hanging up there.

B. Bishop: Those were some that she did while she was still going' to school here.

Interviewers: What about her children? Are some of them in high school?

B. Bishop: Malina is a sophomore in high school. She's somewhat artistic, but I wouldn't say Salua ever was.

Frances Bishop: Salua is artistic a certain amount too.

B. Bishop: Salua is a big tomboy. She fishes with her dad, and she hunts deer and bear and everything else. She's just a big tomboy. She's a real strong girl--real strong-willed too, kinda independent type.

Interviewers: Seems like workin' outdoors goes through all the family.

B. Bishop: Malina's a little different from Salua. Malina's kind of quiet and shy, but she's got some artistic ability.

Interviewers: They have such interesting names.

B. Bishop: I don't know how Salua got her name. It's a Norwegian name of some sort. Malina got her name from one of the bays on Afognak Island. There's a Malina Bay there on Afognak Island.

Frances Bishop: Malina means "raspberry."

Interviewers: Have you gone up there to visit them sometimes?

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, we've been up there three times I guess. We went up one year, and I went elk huntin' with Oliver. We've spent quite a bit of time up there. We're about due for another trip now.

Interviewers: Do you go up the Unuk these days at all?

B. Bishop: I go up in the Spring after hooligan, and that's about all. It got to be such a rat race up there in the Fall with this moose season they have now up there. It sickens me to see it--all these drunks runnin' around with their noisy, high-powered, outboard jets. It's just a rat race. It's about like campin' in the middle of Tongass Narrows here, you know, for traffic. Ever'body's gotta go up there and hunt moose now. It seems like the thing to do. Of course they all have these big, noisy jets that are just worse'n a helicopter. They're all runnin' up- and downriver all the time with 'em. Some of them drink a lot and are bangin' away at everything that moves. I just don't go up in the Fall anymore at all.

Interviewers: Is there a resort up there now?

B. Bishop: Oh there's a couple of 'em--yeah, two or three of 'em. It's half fishermen up there mostly. There's several cabins up there that people have from town here. They go up and use 'em, mostly during moose season. There's a couple of fishing resorts that have people in there through the summer for fishing, but it's mostly during the silver salmon season. It's illegal to fish king salmon, you know, in fresh water like that; so all they've got is the trout and the silver salmon locally there. This year there weren't any silvers at all, so there was hardly any activity up there that way. There's a certain crowd that goes up there moose huntin' every fall--that's from the middle of September till the middle of October. I

used to like to go up in the Fall and take somebody up bear hunting', you know, and try to find a good bear. We were usually pretty quiet and refined about it. I had the cabin 12 miles upriver, and we'd go up and stay in the cabin and just hunt close to there. I hunted four different years with one of the skippers off the ferry just tryin' to get a decent bear. We finally did end up with a good bear, and we got a moose the same year just accidentally. Since then it's gotten to be a real rat race. I go up in the Spring and get the hooligan. I try to get enough for everybody I know who likes hooligan and give 'um away, you know, and enough for myself too. That's just a once-a-year deal. They run about the last of March-firsta April. I get five-hundred to a thousand pounds of 'em.

Interviewers: What kind of a boat do you have?

B. Bishop: I have a 38-foot cruiser fisherman now. We don't use it commercially anymore, but it's one I built myself here in the backyard. Oh, I bought the hull with the house on it and then finished it here. So we go out quite a bit now and just gather seafood--that's mostly what we do. We go out and get hooligan in the Spring. Then we go out, usually in July, and get our sockeye out of Yes Bay for canning; and we go out and fish rockfish when we need 'um.

Interviewers: You still live off the land a little bit.

B. Bishop: We'll go out and hunt deer, and I usually make at least one trip in the Fall for shrimp so we got shrimp for the winter. I like to go out and get enough at one time to do me for the rest of the year, you know, so I can do one thing at a time. I'm not much for combining things. When I go out after shrimp, I fish shrimp. If I go deer huntin', I hunt deer; but I don't kill ducks, I don't kill geese, I don't fish. I'm pretty much a one-track person.

Interviewers: Well, that keeps you pretty busy going out and doing these things. It occupies your time.

B. Bishop: It adds a lot to our food supply. We eat an awful lot of seafoods, and I like 'em and hate to buy 'em. I I can't stand payin' somebody else for 'em when I can go get 'um myself. It probably costs more to get 'um myself.

Interviewers: Do you smoke anything?

B. Bishop: A little, yeah. I haven't had a smoker until this Fall. I finally bought a smoker. I was gonna build a good smokehouse here for a long time and never got around to doin' it. I still have two buildings to go--a smokehouse and a greenhouse for her. I got a root cellar finally.

Interviewers: But you do raise a lot of vegetables?

B. Bishop: Yeah, we raise all of our own butatas; and we have carrots nearly all winter and beets and a few rutabagas sometimes. She cans and freezes an awful lotta stuff too. Mostly we freeze stuff now. We got the whole freezer full of vegetables out there--and greens and stuff out of the garden--and beans and peas. We always grow all of our own potatoes, never buy potatoes out of the store anymore.

Interviewers: These are really homesteading skills.

B. Bishop: Well, she likes to garden--she's a real gardener. 'Course she leans toward flowers, and I can't see any sense in flowers. I like the garden and the vegetables. She'd have every flower made if it'd grow here. It kinda comes naturally to both of us. I guess you can take the boy outta the farm, but you can't take the farm outta the boy--sump'm like that. We're puttin' in an orchard out here now. I've got a few trees, and I'm gonna put some more in next Spring, on a piece of ground I had to clear out here; gonna do a little more experimenting with fruit trees. That's about all we have left to do, you know, is play around in the yard here. It's fine--it's fun watchin' stuff grow. It's real satisfying when you succeed, you know. It was a wonderful summer for growin' things. We even had tomatoes this year, which we don't usually have. We both like to garden; so we raise part of our food, and we gather most of the rest of it. That's what keeps us busy.

Interviewers: I've heard that there's beautiful foliage in deciduous trees up the Unuk. Is there color in the Fall?

B. Bishop: Lotta yellows, that's about all. The cottonwoods, like these two big trees we have here, turn golden in the Fall. They're really beautiful, and there are a lot of 'em. In the Spring, you know, when they first start to bud out you get that odor from 'em. They're real perfumed, and there are so many of 'em the scent just covers the whole valley--even out into the

bay. Little drifts of breeze float over the saltwater estuary out there. You can smell 'em a couple of miles before you get there. It's really nice. I like those big cottonwood trees. They're messy but they're sure nice.

Interviewers: There aren't any birch there?

B. Bishop: No, there's no birch. The alder, of course, doesn't turn color very good. There's quite a bit of crab-apple that turns yellow, and some of it turns red. That's about all--it's mostly yellows--hardly any of our native trees here'll turn red. Crabapple, I think, is about the only one that will give you any red colors.

Interviewers: Crabapples are nice to make jelly with.

B. Bishop: In the brushier country you got the red willow that turns red in the Fall and the leaves on the highbush cranberry turn red, but it's pretty much obscured by everything else. You can't see much of it--along the riverbanks is something else.

Inverviewers: I've never thought about it before, but it must be lovely being around the Unuk when the buttercups are in bloom.

B. Bishop: It's purtiest along about near the end of June, when all the wildflowers out on the grassflats are blooming. There're dozens of different kinds, and it's just a carpet of bloom out there then. There may be all lupin one place, you know, and all blue; and next place may be all buttercups, and it'll be all yellow; and there'll be a big field of Indian Paintbrushes--just red. I've got a few colored pictures of it--but they don't do justice, of course, to it. It's really beautiful then, on a nice sunny day. There's a lot of grassflats out there. They're probably a mile deep and a couple of miles wide--just grassy flats where the wildflowers all bloom--so there's a lot of area. Then you can go up these little sloughs on the tide; and there'll be all the grass, and the brush'll be hangin' over the sides of the sloughs, and it's all colorful too. It's really nice then, except for the bugs. There's a lot of bitin' bugs out there in the summertime: great place for mosquitoes, no-see-ums, and everything else.

Interviewers: I'm curious how you got educated out there.

B. Bishop Well, I had gone through the 4th grade before we came up. Mom got books from the school here, and I had to study a certain amount at home. We went back to California for one summer and a winter. We had two houses there. We went back down there, and Dad did a lot of reconstruction on the houses to get 'em good for rental property. So I finished the 5th grade down there. I got down there just in time to catch the last two weeks of school, and I finished the 5th grade in two weeks. I went through the 6th grade that winter that we were there. We came back up here in 1938, I think it was. We came in to town, and I finished grade school in town here. I went through the 8th grade here in town, and I skipped the 7th altogether.

Interviewers: Did you stay in town?

B. Bishop: Yeah, we lived in Campbell Apartments up by the park there. In fact my brother, to get a little income and have sump'm to do, bought all the old roller skates that that guy had from that roller skatin' rink up in the old city warehouse there. The upstairs had a maple floor up there. I can't remember his name, but he'd started a roller skating rink in there and then give it up. Stanley bought all his stock, and we started up that skating rink again while we were stayin' there. We lived right there in the Campbell Apartments, which was right in the park. So I run the skatin' rink every evenin' after school--it was great sport. I went through the 8th grade there. I never did go to high school.

Interviewers: You didn't go to high school at all?

B. Bishop: No. My folks made me go through grade school, but they gave me a choice of whether I wanted to go to high school or not. If I could have gone to a vocational school at the time, I would have. But I couldn't see

BEGINNING OF SECOND TAPE WHERE THE LABEL IS

The one that was in the service with Lloyd. Lloyd was skipper on one of the Micky tugs that used to tow barges out to the Aleutians. Mike Raine was his engineer: I met him on the tug up at Adak. I knew Glen 'cause he worked in Tongass there for a long time.

I knew Bob 'cause he run the mailboat.

Interviewers: Well, they were quite a family. The father came to this country back in the 1890's, you know.

B. Bishop: They lived on a homestead out on Marsh Island or something. Yeah, I remember that.

Interviewers: She's 93 and she's bright as can be. We would like to see some of your pictures today too and have you talk about them too and bring up things that you may have missed. Do you have pictures of Stan?

B. Bishop: Yeah. Do you wanna mix the pictures with the tape?

Interviewers: Why don't you tell exactly where the Unuk River is?

B. Bishop: Well, it's the head of Behm Canal. Behm Canal circles Ketchikan Island; and part of it is classed as East Behm Canal, and part of it classed as West Behm Canal. Where they join, almost due North from here, is the extreme Northern corner of Ketchikan Island. That's where Burrough's Bay takes off from Behm Canal; and the Unuk River empties into Burrough's bay. So right in this locality, it's about as far inland as you can go to the mouth of the Unuk River.

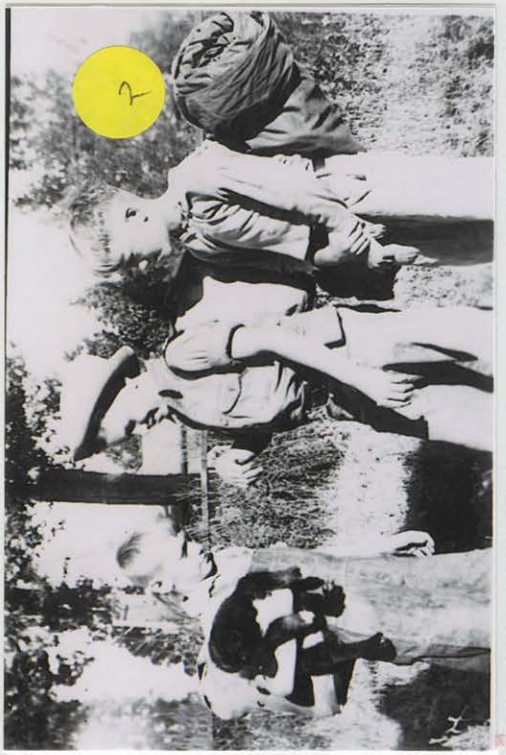
Interviewers: I would like to see that country sometime.

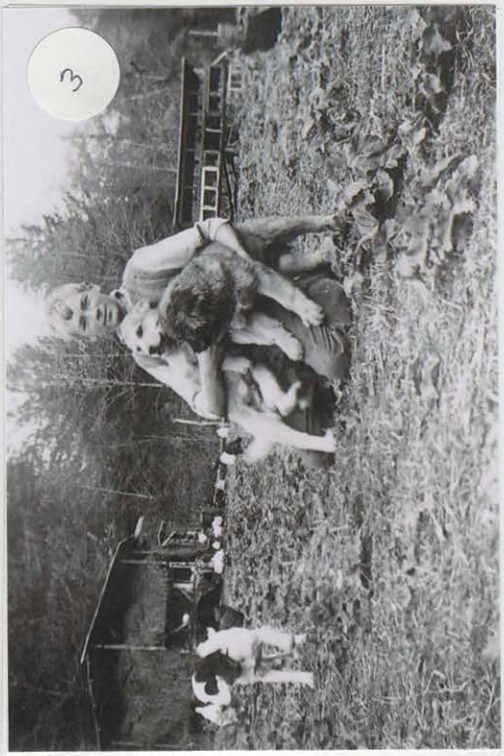
B. Bishop: That's California pictures right there. These pictures here, most of them, are pre-Alaskan pictures. These are pictures taken in Georgetown, California, where I was born. That's about eight miles from where gold was discovered in California. It's a small mining town about 250 population.

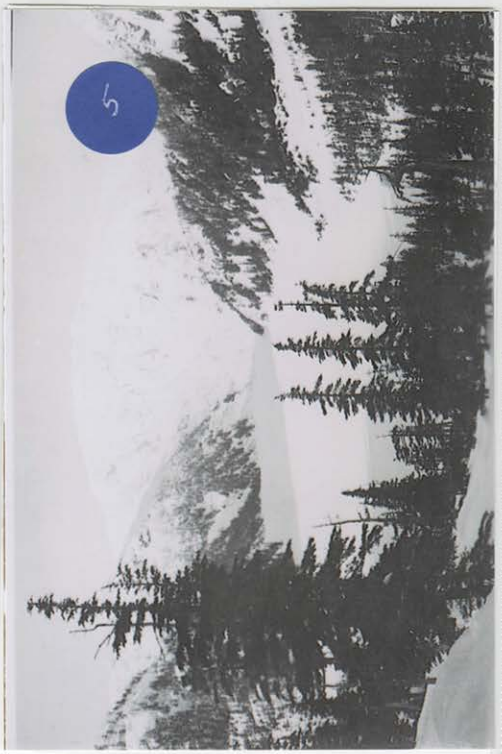
Interviewers: What city is it near?

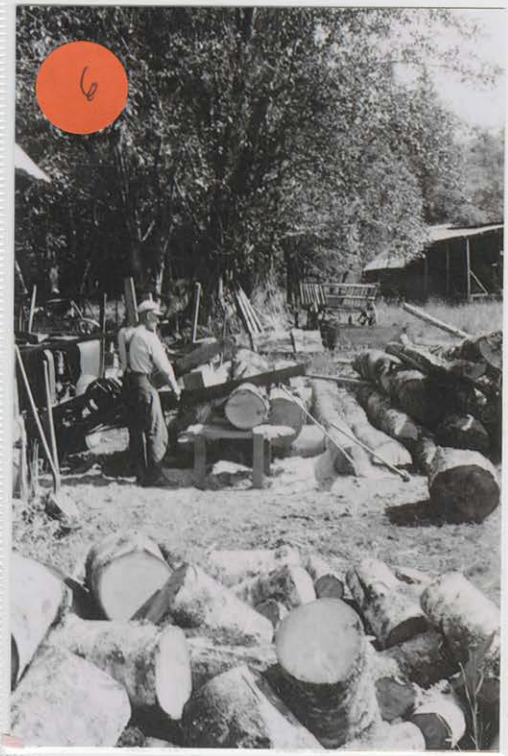
B. Bishop: Well, the closest big city is Sacramento. It was about 16 miles from Placerville, which you've probably heard of; and Auburn was about the same distance. In Auburn we were right in the forks of the American River. We had to cross one fork to go to Auburn, and we'd cross the other fork to go to Placerville. So we were right in on the mountain range--right in the forks of the American River. It was right in the heart of the '49 Gold Rush days. These are pictures of the cattle that I was telling you about on the other tape, about Stanley buying

Picture Start Here









Bill Nicky's cattle that he had left over on Gravina. These are pictures of them out on the Unuk. These are pictures of one of my camping trips with some of my buddies down in California. This is up on the Unuk--it's our hay barn and the rabbit hutch that I built to raise rabbits. This is the garden patch. It's late Fall, most of the garden has been harvested, and the barn's fulla hay. The cattle barn (stock barn) was right behind the hay barn--you can't see it, but it was made outta logs. The hay barn was kinda open. These are somma the dogs that Stanley was tryna raise for sled dogs.

Interviewers: Is that you?

B. Bishop: That's me, yeah. He was gonna have a dog team. This was my dog. This was the one from old man MacMillan (Mac)--he brought me a pup from his.

Interviewers: What was the dog's name?

B. Bishop: This one? "Happy."

Interviewers: Did you actually use them as sled dogs some?

B. Bishop: No, he never got 'em raised. Fast as he'd get a batch of dogs about half-raised, they'd get to barking in the middle of the night; and Dad'd get mad and go out with a shotgun and kill 'em all. It'd keep him from sleepin.' That happened about three times, and last time he killed the female too--so we didn't have any more sled dogs. This is one of the Canadian trappers came down through the Unuk from way up the Interior and had us bring him to town. He came to town with us.

Interviewers: Look at the icicles.

B. Bishop: Yeah, that was on the cabin. That's the cabin where I was raised.

Interviewers: Was it colder there than Ketchikan?

B. Bishop: This was way up in the mountains at one of the lakes. Dad and his wood cuttin' machine here. He had a frame that he used to bring his alder logs in, with the tractor, and then he rolled 'em up on this frame. He had a ole drag saw rigged up there he run with the hind wheels of the tractor, and he'd pull

the logs along and saw blocks off 'em.

Interviewers: Is that him?

B. Bisho[illegible] Yeah. That's my sister up at Stanley's. This is the area that my brother homesteaded up there. It's all grassland in the summer, and it's snow in the winter.

Interviewers: There must have been a lot more snow out there.

B. Bishop: Yeah, I can remember seven feet of settled, packed snow in the Spring out there on the flat.

Interviewers: Really?

B. Bishop: We had a seven-feet-high fence--you could snowshoe right over the top of it, and all you'd see was a little mound where the top of the fence post was. You could snowshoe right over a seven-foot-high fence.

Interviewers: So was that how you got around then?

B. Bishop: Snowshoes: yeah, in the wintertime we used snowshoes a lot. If there's anything you're particularly interested in, lemme know. This is the old marker out at the edge of the mud flats that somebody painted on those rocks. Now, we never did find out who put it on there or why for sure. There's different theories kickin' around, but nobody really takes the credit for it. But whatever it was, was awfully good paint; because it's still visible. We've been there 50 years, and it was there long before we came.

Interviewers: What did the sign say?

B. Bisho[illegible] It's just a kind of a starfish or sunburst design painted on a cliff, and it was right at the edge of where the mudflats started. Now when you go into Burroughs Bay, if the tide is high, it looks like you can keep right on goin,' you know--'cause you can't see any ground. But if you go beyond this thing you don't get very far before you start hittin' mud and go aground, because it's that shallow. It's four miles there that you could see water and you can't see anything else, so you think it's safe. This was a marker apparently put there so people could identify where the edge of the flats were so that they could stop and take a smaller boat in,

or something like that, or follow the river channel. At high tide you could follow the river channel with a small boat and get in there. We used to take our boats, like this one here, we'd just take 'em right up to the house on anything over a 12-foot tide. You had to have high tide, and you had to know where the channel was, so you could follow it to get in over the flats. It was about a four-mile trip across the flats--you had to wait for the tide.

Interviewers: So how long has that been there then?

B. Bishop: Well, at least 70 years, and I don't know how much longer. I've been here 60 years, and it was here when we came. Fact, it was showing signs of age at that time, so I'd estimate probably 20 years before we came--but it must have been awful good paint. I've often wanted to chip a little bit of it off and have it analyzed to find out what it was. It's still visible. It's fading a little more and more as the years go by, more weathering off than it is fading.

Interviewers: It's not a pictograph or anything like that?

B. Bishop: Well, it could be--we don't know.

Interviewers: It does look like that. You wonder.

B. Bishop: I don't think the natives or aborigines or whatever you want to call 'em would ever have anything that durable, that would last that long.

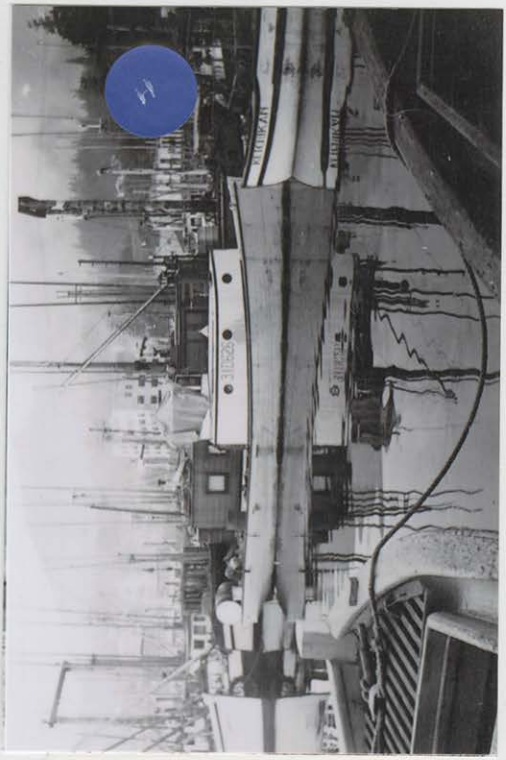
Interviewers: What are most of the pictographs? Are they carved?

B. Bishop: Well, they're painted; but they're in dry spots, you know, caves and the like where they don't get weather. This is right exposed to the southeast weather; and it looks like a dry cliff, but it gets an awful lot of water and weather on it. Nobody really knows just how it came to be there. I think just some old prospector or sump'm put it there to mark the edge of the mud flats so that he knew that he had to start being careful or anchor there (anchorage). This is some of the old gang that used to come out. There's Ralph Bartholomew, the old man. This is Etta Baygland I think, here. No, one of them is Etta Baygland. This is Mitz Fath, I don't remember who she was--the wife of one of 'em, and my mother.

Interviewers: Is this your house?

1

8



B. Bishc Yeah, that was the cabin, and this is the shop building back behind the cabin.

Interviewers: That eventually burned--is that right?

B. Bishop: Yeah, that's the one that burned. When the place was originally built, this front end here was just an open porch. Then we enclosed it with logs and divided it so that half of it was still porch, and then made a kitchen out of the other half to get the kitchen out of the main cabin. It extended the size of it a little bit. I did most of that work myself, when I was a kid; and I peeled all those logs flat on three sides. When I'd get one hewed, Stanley and Dad'd come help me put it in place. Then I'd drill it and pin it in place. I did most of the work right there in the yard in front of the cabin. This is the trap cabin I built about 12 miles up the Unuk. It's still standing--still being used. That was the boat we had. It wasn't the first one we had--it was one we had when I went in the service. It's to go back and forth to the Unuk with.

Interviewers: How big was it?

B. Bishop: It was 32 feet--a wooden boat--cost us $350.00. That was a terrible price: a lot of money!

Interviewers: Probably your life savings! Did it have a name?

B. Bishop: It was named "Octopus." It was named before we bought it. Bought it secondhand and had an old two-cylinder fisherman gas engine in it that went tuh-dut, tuh-dut, tuh-dut--two-bits, two-bits, two bits. The cabin leaked. As you can see, we've got a canvas over it. That's what we used to haul our vegetables to town with, and make our trips back and forth to town with. That's down in Thomas Basin.

Interviewers: Was this taken in the thirties?

B. Bishop: No, it woulda been the real late thirties and early forties; 'cause I went in service in '42.

Interviewers: Did the family still have the boat when you left?

B. Bishop: Yeah, but it got weighted down with snow and sunk, and then the log float come down on it when the

tide went out and crushed it. It's still sittin' out there on the bottom. There's the smokehouse fulla hooligan. Here's my sister and I and our first silver salmon that we caught outta the river there. We used to row around and hand-troll with a big old trollin' spoon and a big old cotton line and catch those silvers and can 'um. That was the first one we got. We were pretty proud of that one.

Interviewers: It's big as you are. Now, which float is this?

B. Bishop: This was the float in the river, right in front of the house where we lived. We went in and out on the tide, and tied the boat up to the float in the summertime. Now, in the winter we kept it out on what we call a roller float, which was about a mile-and-a-half out towards the bay and ice-free. Up here, it froze up. We couldn't get in or out, and the water went so low that we couldn't keep the boat floatin'--so we had to move it out to the roller float in the wintertime. This is the same thing. This is right at the upper end of this. This guidepost here holds the upper end of this log out. That was at flood stage. See the logs and stumps and stuff comin' down there? See, the water's clear up over the bank under these trees over here on this side.

Interviewers: So when it was at flood stage, did you have to worry about anything?

B. Bishop: Well, we worried about it; but it didn't do much good. Mostly what we did was wade around with hip boots and pick the chickens out of the willa trees and put 'em back in the chicken house. They'd get caught out, and they'd just roost up in the bushes. We'd have to wade around on the grassflat there and find the chickens and put 'em in. The chicken house was built high enough so the floods didn't flood it, but they didn't always get back to it before it was too late.

Interviewers: Did you worry about it coming up to your house?

B. Bishop: It came up over the floor once or twice; but the house was built pretty high off the ground because we knew that it was tide-covered, you know. Flood-covered or tide-covered were both the same built. The cabin had been built, you can tell by the picture here, with the floor almost

waist-high on Ralph; and he's standin' on the ground. The floor heighth was right at the heighth of the door there.

Interviewers: Was the house built on pilings?

B. Bishop: No, actually they just started up with logs from the ground; and they just barely notched 'em, so that there was a lot of space between them. They just kinda made a cribwork a logs underneath; and, when they got high enough, then they started notching the logs deeper so that it made the cabin. The floor timbers were notched into the last logs, of course, on the crib. It's more of a crib-type of foundation. It was just on the mudflats there--ground.

Interviewers: Are you smoking hooligan in that picture there? Was that a smokehouse?

back

Back to 12

B. Bishop: Yeah, that was one of my projects when I was younger. The folks used to turn me loose, and I'd smoke hooligan and try to get some smoked for whenever we'd come to town. I'd bring 'em into town and sell 'em in town for some pocket money. I got 50¢ a pound for 'em. That was a lot of money.

Interviewers: Sounds like they were good eating.

B. Bishop: I used to go into the old Tongass Hardware, and I'd have a box full of these hooligan. I'd go in there to get some bags from 'em so I could bag the hooligan. 'Course, I'd never get out of there. The guys that was workin' there all wanted hooligan; so I'd have to weigh out theirs in these little bags that they'd give me, and then use their scales there. 'Course people comin' and goin' would see me weighin' out the hooligan for the guys that worked in there, and they wanted some too. I could get rid of a couple boxes of hooligan right there in Tongass Hardware--usin' their bags and their scales.

Interviewers: That was a booming business.

B. Bishop: I was right in my glory there, weighin' out hooligan and sellin' 'em.

Interviewers: Can you buy them anywhere nowadays? Does anybody sell them?

B. Bishop: Nobody smokes 'em much anymore. I smoked some this

fall and got some more to smoke--but not on a large scale, not like that. That was a lotta hooligan there.

Interviewers: How much money did you make when you sold out that way?

B. Bishop: Oh, I don't know--I couldn't tell you. There was probably 60 pounds, after they'd been smoked, in there: maybe about $30.00 worth. It was pocket money for me. It was the only way I had of makin' any money, you know. That was before I started huntin' bounty. This is my dog bringin' a duck back, retrievin' a duck.

16 We were fishin' there. We used to go over to one a the salmon streams and pitchfork dog salmon outta the stream and can 'em for the dogs for winterfeed. We used a cannin' machine and canned 'em. Just put the salmon in the cans and seal it and cook it. Then we'd have that all winter. They were usually leftover cans that we had used once for ourselves, and we could reseal 'um a second time.

Interviewers: That was pretty good eating for the dogs.

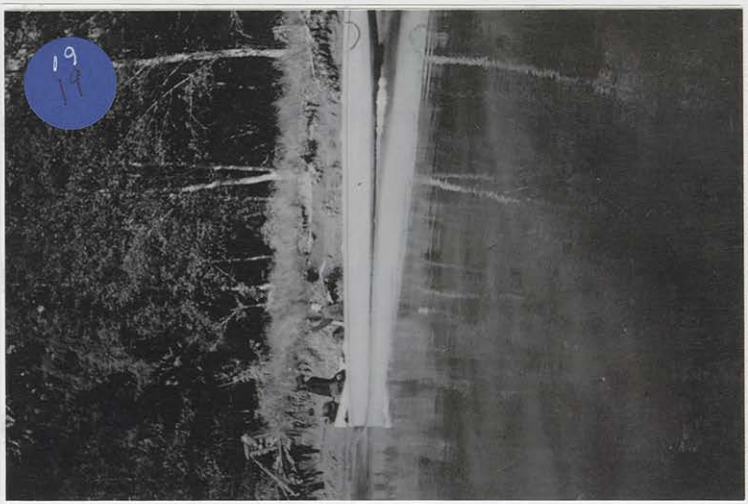
B. Bishop: Yeah, a little bitta dry dogfood and a canna fish--that's what they lived on. Once they get started eatin' that fish they won't eat anything else. They like that. There's my sister and some friend--

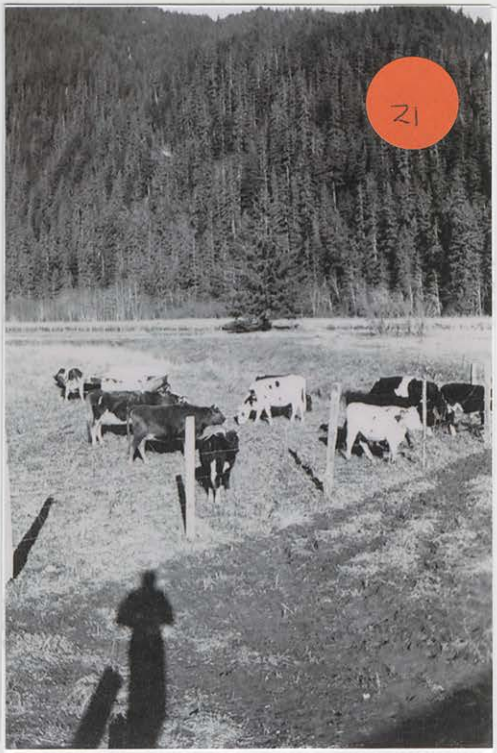
17 one a the Stensland girls, I guess, ridin' the horses there in the yard. I think this is the old rabbit hutches here.

Interviewers: Did you raise the rabbits for food?

B. Bishop: I tried raisin' rabbits for food and fur, but I didn't have very good luck with 'um. I didn't know what I was doin'. I could'nt afford to buy feed for 'um. I tried feedin' 'um green feed--and you can't

18 pen a rabbit up and feed him green feed--I found that out. It gives them a colic, and they die on you just about as fast as you can hatch 'um. So I lost an awful lotta rabbits. I never did know what was causin' it and finally give it up altogether. I was pretty young to be doin' anything like that anyhow, or astickin' to it very long at least. This is of one a my brother's loggin' operations here. This is our garden and the rabbit hutch. This is our home garden here on the island. The





cabin was right alongside of it here. That's one of the old riverboats that one of the Canadians had from up there--Tom ?McCowan?. This picture was taken up clear to the headwaters of the Unuk, where Stanley and I did a little placer mining up there. That's one a the glaciers at one a the forks of the river. One of his cows.

Interviewers: How many cows did you have at one time?

B. Bishop: I don't remember how many he had there--around 15, somethin' like that, when he bought those.

Interviewers: This was back in the thirties?

B. Bishop: Yeah, that would have been in the thirties, because I took care of 'em couple winters when Stanley came to town for periods of time. I was still home when he had 'um. He used to butcher one or two every year and bring 'em into town. He didn't have too gooda luck sellin' 'um because they were grass-fattened, and that made the fat yellow. When they fatten on green feed, the fat turns yellow instead of white-marbled fat like a grain-fed animal. Nobody liked 'um with that yellow fat; but it did have a nice, good flavor to it. It was really good meat, but it wasn't too popular in town. He usually sold it by the quarter; and there again our best customers were some of the old fishermen, trollers, that lived on the boats in the wintertime. You'd sell 'em beef and rutabagas, and they were pretty well fixed then for the winter. We ate a lot of it ourselves out in Burroughs Bay. Now, this is the North end of Ketchikan Island here, looking out from the Unuk out towards Bell Island--we'd be down this way.

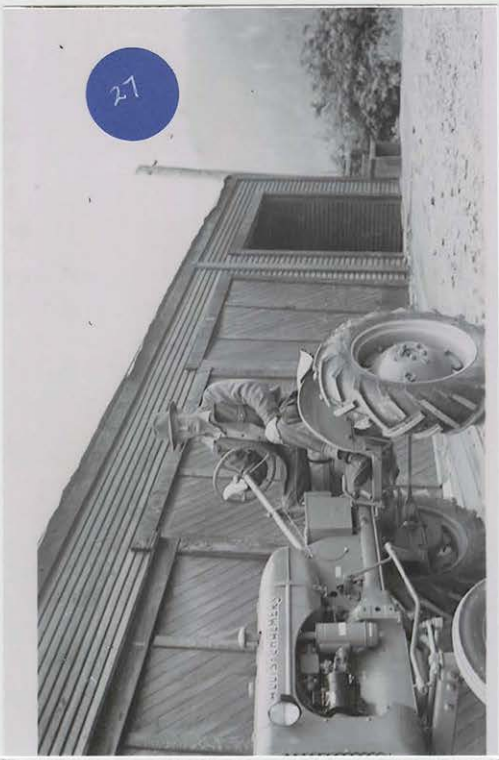
Interviewers: Did you can meat and so forth too?

B. Bishop: Yeah, we canned most everything that we kept except the root vegetables we tried to keep fresh. We didn't have any freezer or anything like that, so everything had to be canned. That's Stanley's first wife. That's my mother and Mrs. Binalkin there.

Interviewers: Oh, I remember Mrs. Binalkin.

B. Bishop: They were out there visiting. I don't remember what Harry was doin' out there, but he brought his wife out one time.

Interviewers: Did Stanley have any children?



B. Bishop: No.

Interviewers: Oh, I asked you that before.

B. Bish 

This is our packtrain on the way up with a pack a grub for the trail crew. These were two of the guys that were workin' on the trail crew. That's our old six-mile trap cabin there--the one that Dad used at six-mile.

Interviewers: So you had to pack stuff up to the top there?

B. Bishop: Well, we did. We had the pack horses, like I told ya last time. We had a little pony that somebody'd given us and the two big horses that Stanley'd gotten from Hyder. So we packed supplies for the trail crew several years when they were doin' maintenance work on the trail--not so much while it was being built, but later on when they were doin' the maintenance work. Now, here, this is the picture of the mouth of the Unuk. I'll get one of these toothpicks for a pointer. This is the Hooligan Valley here and the Hooligan River. It's a clearwater stream, and that's where my brother's homestead was. It was most of this grassy area along here. The buildings were right down close to this timbered point here.

Interviewers: How far away from your homestead?

B. Bishop: Well, where we first moved, this was one of the buildings on our homestead. It was on this island here. This is an island, and that was Dad's homestead. Some of these fields we used to cut hay off of. That was one here and one here and one up by the cabins here. So that was our homestead. This was Matney's homestead--this area here. He had a fence comin' across here to the slough and then followed the slough down, I think. He had a pretty good-sized piece of ground. This was his buildings here, and he floated all them in on the big tides. Well, this was the barn that he built; but the house, the big shop, the little machine shop--and one of these was the scowhouse that we stayed in the first winter we were out there--he had floated in there.

Interviewers: Is this the river?

B. Bishop: Well, this is what they call a slough. It's a part of

the river. It's partly made up of clearwater side streams like this and partly leakage from the main Unuk. The main Unuk come down the other side of the valley over here, but some of the water from it come through a logdam and come down this slough. At about five miles up the river is where it broke off from the main river and come down on the northwest side of the valley. The main river itself came down over on the south side of the Unuk Valley, so they called it a slough. It's called Landing Slough now because this area they could land airplanes in when the tide's in a little bit. Don Ross owns this now. He's got quite a installation there--several cabins and float and everything there. Then there are several cabins built along this part here on land that Terry Wills sold to various individuals for hunting cabins and stuff. But about here is where Willy, Matney's son-in-law, built his house; and he lived for several years out there while they were loggin'.

Interviewers: How long were the Matneys there--longer than you were or about the same?

B. Bishop: Well, they were about the same as where Frances and I were--I don't remember for sure, but they were all gone before Stanley moved out. Stanley was the last one to leave.

Interviewers: Oh. He was out there after he married?

B. Bisho[27] Stanley? Yeah, he was out there with his first wife. This was a tractor that he got durin' the war he had out there, and this picture was still in town.

Interviewers: Is that Stanley?

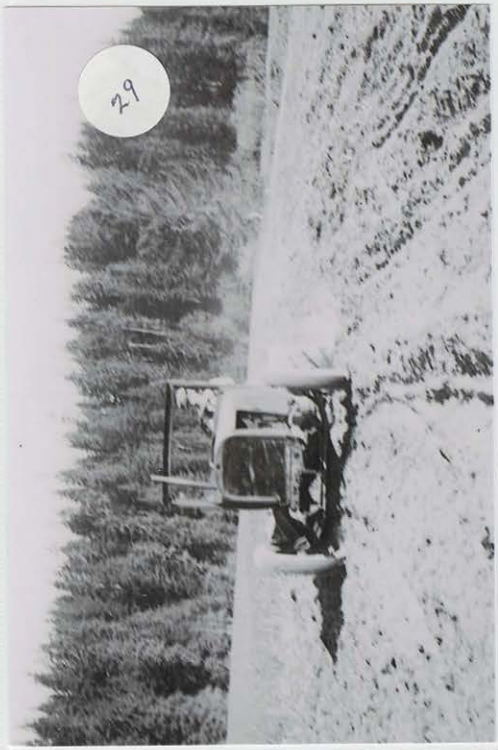
B. Bishop: Yeah, that's Stanley.

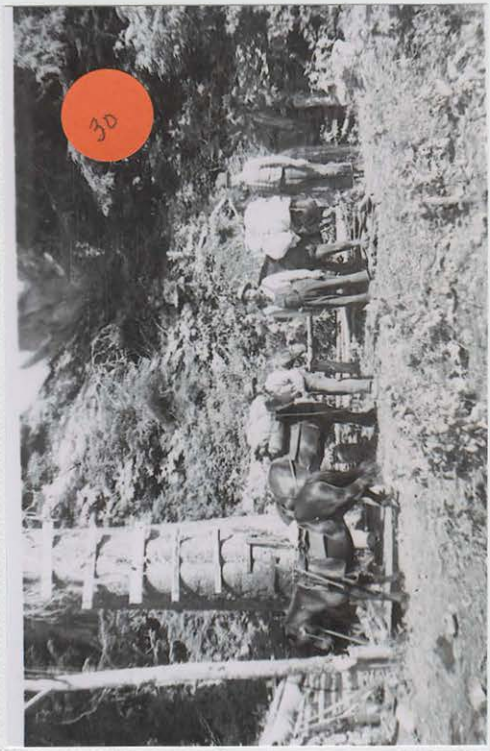
Interviewers: My mother thought he was real good-looking.

B. Bishop: Oh.

Interviewers: He is.

B. Bishop: That's part of the Stensland gang over on Gravina. This was the youngest Stensland girl from the old folks, and this is all grandkids of the old folks. This was Harriet's boy, Johnny, before she married Stensland. These two are Tilden's two boys, and [28]





Tilden is still alive. He's the second oldest.

Interviewers: Is he in the Pioneer Home?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: Is that Lloyd?

B. Bishop: No. Lloyd would've been the uncle to these. Lloyd was her older brother. She had a twin brother & then one brother that was a little older than she and the twin, and then Lloyd. I've got some pictures of Lloyd here someplace.

Interviewers: Is this the tractor?

B. Bishop: That was the first taxicab in Ketchikan. Matney bought it and made a tractor out of it. Then, when he got a fancy tractor, he got a Ford; so we bought the old Dodge from him. He made those tractor wheels to put on the back end of it, and it was pullin' the plow there. It was worn out to where, I'll tell yuh, it was really sump'm the amount of hours that that old machine put in. Dad, of course, was a pretty good mechanic; and he kept it runnin' and nursin' it along. We did a lot of work with that old tractor. It was an old '23 Dodge, I can remember, and Matney said it was the first taxicab in Ketchikan.

29

Interviewers: It had a long life.

B. Bishop: This is a picture of the packtrain, just taken from a different angle. This is some of Stanley's loggin' operation there at the beginnin' of the war, when he was tryin' to get some of that spruce outta there. This is on Stanley's homestead. This is that timbered point I was tellin' you about. This point here. This is it from looking from this side down. We were plowin' ground for a garden patch right up in there.

30

Interviewers: When you homesteaded that land, did that mean you could get actual ownership of it?

B. Bishop: Yeah, you had to cultivate one-sixteenth the first year and one-eighth of it for each year after that, and you had to live on it a certain length of time before you could apply for a patent. If you met all those criteria, then you could apply for a patent;

and the government surveyor'd come out and survey it, and they'd give you title to it. Dad didn't have to live on his homestead as long as Stanley did because he had service-time, and his service-time counted off of the time that he had to live on the homestead--so that he got his patent a lot earlier. Stanley got patent to his too.

Interviewers: So then, when you moved to town, you were able to sell the land or did you keep it?

B. Bishop: We just sold that homestead here last year to a guy who wanted to buy some ground up there so that he could trade it back into the reserve of the Misty Fjords Monument in exchange for land someplace else. So he made a deal with the Forest Service, and he bought the island from us. That's the reason we sold it to him; because, by sellin' it to him, we figured it would get put back into the reserve, instead of bein' another damn huntin' and fishin' lodge. So, we just closed that deal here last year or two years ago--something like that.

Interviewers: Does Stanley still have any land up there?

B. Bishop: No, he sold his quite a bit earlier than that to Hank Aegerter. He sold his homestead, and Hank had a couple partners--schoolteachers from down below, I guess. All three of 'em bought Stanley's homestead together; and, of course, they immediately built cabins and then started having fishin' and hunting guests up there. So it's kind of a tax-write-off deal.

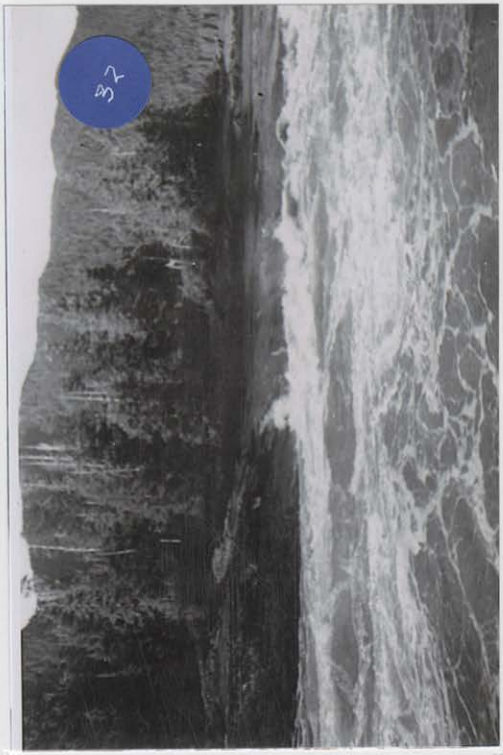
Interviewers: It's become quite a recreation area since you left?

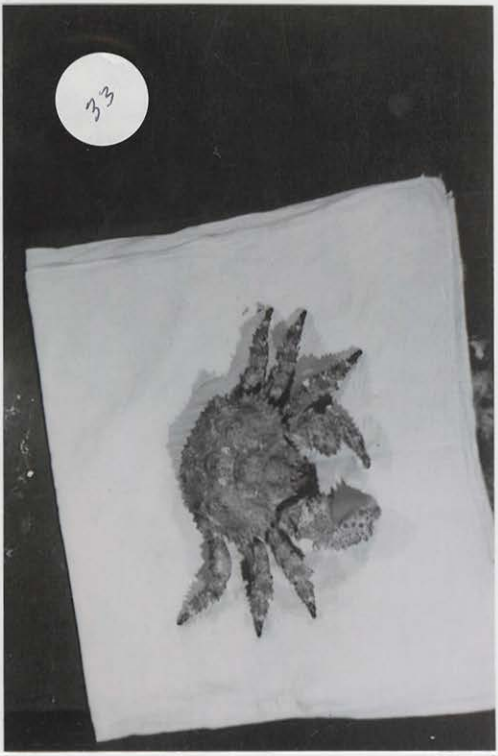
B. Bishop: Yeah, it's gettin' worse all the time. Like I say, I don't have any interest in it anymore. Just too much activity, and it's not so much the activity--it's the type of activity, you know: drunken parties, a lotta shootin' and bangin' and hollerin' and outboards runnin' back and forth.

Interviewers: That's too bad.

B. Bishop: It's really a disgrace that people act that way when they think they're out where nobody's gonna see or hear 'em, you know, so they just go nuts. This is a little pony with a bearhide on it. There's that fella I took bear huntin' just before I went in the service--the one that made a trip up the Unuk on a bear hunt.

31





He got that big bear, and put it on this little horse to get it back to the cabin. This is the Skookumchuck in Traitor's Cove. This is Froze-Over Lake--that's the one that I trap on there. Where my trap cabin was, was on this lake. There's a picture that Otto Schallerer took of me and my first beaver catch there--my first limit of beaver. At that time there was a limit of ten, and Otto Schallerer happened to come out just about the time I had these finished dryin' and was ready to take 'em to town and sell 'em. He had that on the slide and sold lots of copies of that picture down in his shop.

Interviewers: Is this you?

B. Bishop: Yeah. That was my first catch of beaver.

Interviewers: How old were you then, when you got those? You were just a kid then--a teenager?

B. Bishop: I think I was about 15. I'm not sure--14 or 15--sump'm like that. You can see here where we added this kitchen part on. This was the main old part of the cabin, and this was the add-on where we closed in that porch. You can see the difference in the ages of the logs.

Frances Bishop: That's a box crab. 33

Interviewers: That's something different from the crabs I've seen. Isn't it?

B. Bishop: Well, there are quite a few of 'em around, but they are different. When they are folded up, they're all just a ball--you can't hardly see any part of 'em. They really fold in real tight.

Interviewers: They good eating?

B. Bishop: They're edible. They're hard to eat because the shell is hard and they're spiney, with not too much meat in 'em. Those are pictures of my days in the service in the Aleutians.

Interviewers: Are these all in the Aleutians?

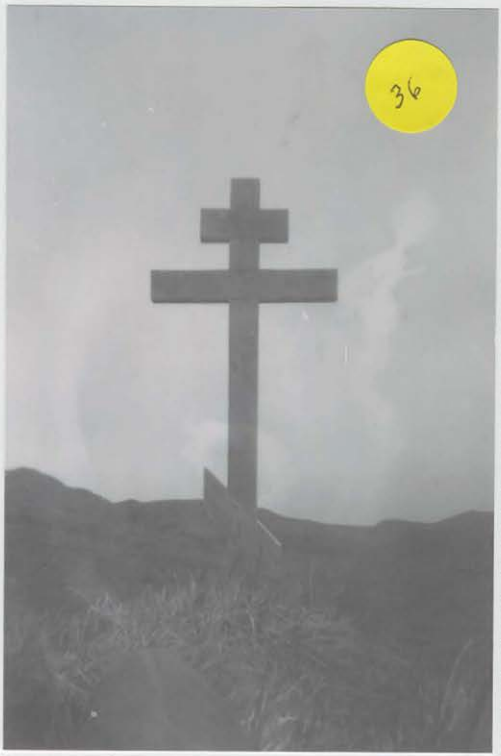
B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: What about Annette? Weren't you on Annette?

B. Bishop: I've got a few pictures of when I was on Annette

37

35



but not many.

Interviewers: You were on Adak, weren't you?

B. Bishop: Most of the time, yeah. This is a picture taken through a hole in the cliff at Seldovia. You're lookin' at Seldovia there. We were stationed there for a little while. That's an old Russian cross on a grave out on one of the islands close to Adak there. It's not on Adak, but it's an island right adjoining it nearest that. Here's a little house that was close to the cross. That's Lloyd there.

Interviewers: Were any of your friends also in the Aleutians, and did you know any of the people beforehand?

B. Bishop: Well, yeah, I knew a few that were in the outfit that I was in that were out there. Ralph Bartholomew, for one, was in the same outfit that I was in, and Al Feller. Do you know Al Feller?

Interviewers: I know his boys--I know Bob.

B. Bishop: He was the skipper on the first boat that I was on over at Annette. He was my first skipper when I got in service. There were several Wrangell boys and several big Petersburg boys that were in there.

Frances Bishop: Don't forget Art Kessler.

B. Bishop: Art Kessler taught manual training here, and he was the skipper on our big boat when I got off it. I got off one of these little ones and went on the big one. I was skipper on one of these 42-footers for a while up at Adak.

Interviewers: Your sea experience came in handy.

B. Bishop: That was the new boat that we went down to Wilmington to get. After we brought it up to Seattle, it had a trial run in Lake Washington. We took that all the way up; but I got off of it at Adak, and they went on out to Shimya or someplace with it.

Interviewers: Did you hit some bad weather up there?

B. Bishop: Oh, it was always bad weather up there--terrible, unholy weather.

Interviewers: Which one's you?

B. Bishop: I'm not in these pictures. They were taken before I got in that crew. This is a boat that I was skipper on for a while. I had a three-men crew on there. This is the crew of the big boat. This's one of the local boys, Shep Little. He was raised by people that had one a the liquor stores--it was down there close to where that carwash is. I can't remember the name of it. But, anyway, he was a local boy who was apparently orphaned or something. This is Art Kessler. He was manual training teacher here when I went to school in '38. The rest of these guys are all from Oregon, California, and some from Alaska. This guy was from Alaska. The cook here was from Alaska. This was the son of the guy that built the Matthews boats. He built a cruiser, a real nice cruiser--something like Chris Craft, famous like the name Chris Craft, only it was a Matthews. This was his son that was in our outfit.

Interviewers: Did most of them have some background of being on the water?

B. Bishop: Yeah, right, all but our second-system engineer here. He used to get so seasick, he'd just lay down on the deck in the engine room and he wouldn't move--you couldn't move him--he'd lay in his own puke down there, just wishin' he could die, he was so sick. He tried and tried to get transfer out of the outfit, and they wouldn't let him transfer out. He was the saddest guy there ever was when he would get out in rough water.

Interviewers: Which one is that?

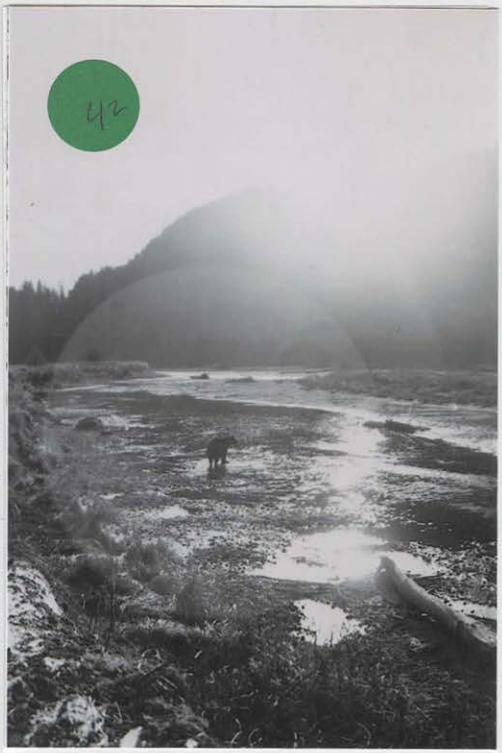
B. Bishop: This fella here. Leonard Sievertson should be in there someplace, but I don't see him. Leonard was our first engineer--he was chief. This guy was second-system, and I was third-system.

Frances Bishop: Wasn't there a Wakefield?

B. Bishop: Wakefield was on a different boat.

Interviewers: Was this when you met Frances?

B. Bishop: That's Frances at the time we were married. That's the best man and the maid of honor. One of her girlfriends came up from San Diego, that she'd worked with, and stood up with us when we got married. This is one of the boys from Kodiak (Larsher Bay, really)



that I had as our best man.

Interviewers: What year were you married?

B. Bishop: 'Forty-four, in the Baptist Church in Ballard.

Interviewers: Was this Frances?

B. Bishop: Yeah, that's Frances. This was one a the bridges on the trail. There was a lotta them.

41

Interviewers: Up the Unuk?

B. Bishop: Yeah. There's quite a falls back in here, a pretty-good-sized stream, and the bridge was built up high.

Interviewers: Was this a moose? 42

42

B. Bishop: It's a black bear--not a very good picture.

Interviewers: Were the bridges there when you came?

B. Bishop: No, that's what the trail crew was for. They built all the bridges so that they could get the pack horses back and forth across these streams and gullies 'n' stuff. They built a lotta bridges. They were all built outta logs with split puncheon deckin' on 'em. They split the spruce timber and nailed it down for a decking on 'em. We didn't have any sawed lumber then.

Interviewers: This was for the purpose of the prospectors or the loggers?

B. Bishop: Well, yeah, that was their excuse for building; it was to allow access to the headwaters of the Unuk for the prospectors and trappers, and so forth. Really, it was just a make-work program.

Interviewers: Was it like the C.C.C. or something like that?

B. Bishop: Well, it was more W.P.A. than it was C.C.C. It was Forest Service administered. It was kind of one of those programs to help make work for people that didn't have any jobs or any money, you know. They were mostly old loggers and miners an' stuff that worked on the trail crew.

Interviewers: But it helped people. It made it possible to get things done up on the Unuk.

B. Bishop: Well, not really, there wasn't that much need for it.

It supplied a lot of people with a job that wouldn't a had one otherwise. It was nice for us.

Interviewers: Yes.

B. Bishop: We used it as a trapline for years, you know, in the wintertime. Stanley and Dad worked on the trail crew every summer, which gave us an income.

Interviewers: How about the Matney family--did they work on the trail crew?

B. Bishop: No, they didn't work on the trail crew at all.

Interviewers: What are you doing in this one?

B. Bishop: I had my G.I. long johns on, and they reminded me of John L. Sullivan's boxing costume; so I had to pose like John L. Sullivan in my long johns there. That was when I first got in the service. That was at Annette. This is at Annette here--my new uniform.

43

Interviewers: Are these your children here?

B. Bishop: This is Willy and Olive's two children here--David and Sally Goobser. This is Frances. This is Frances and I.

Interviewers: Is this David?

B. Bishop: That's David, yeah. I don't know who the baby was.

Interviewers: Is this at your homestead? 44

B. Bishop: Yeah, that was at Dad and Mom's cabin. This baby in this picture?

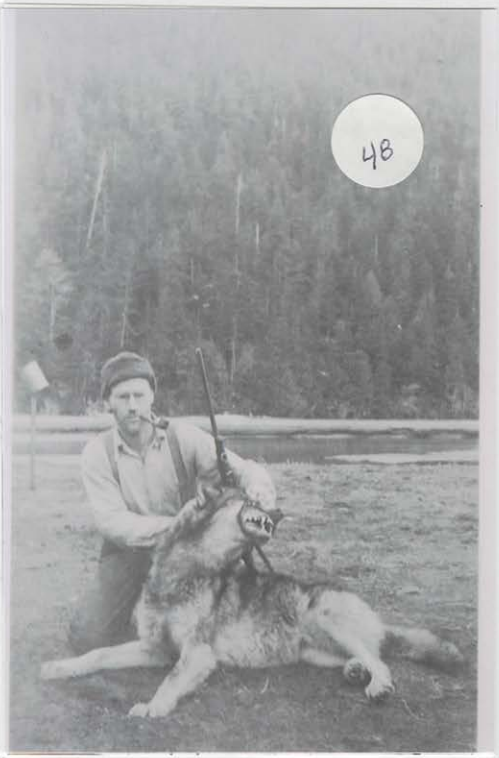
Frances Bishop: That's Dick.

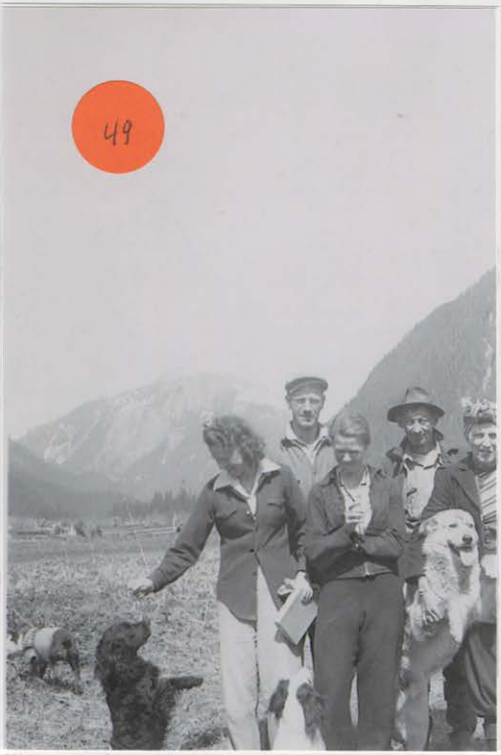
B. Bishop: Oh, that's Dick, O.K. That's our first one.

Interviewers: Oh, it's yours.

B. Bishop: Well, I wasn't around when these pictures were taken, so I didn't remember 'em. This is Frances and Dick here. This is still David and Sally, the older ones, there.

Interviewers: Now was this your float?





B. Bishop: Well that was the floathouse that we lived on and moved around the country in, for several years, where we were loggin' or trappin' or whatever we were doin'. It was a little house on the dock there by Talbot's, just this side of Talbot's. There was a little house there. I dunno if you were around here at that time or not. It was years and years ago, before Talbot's expanded, and they wanted to get rid of it. Who was the guy that run the cold storage?

45

Interviewers: Pinkerton.

B. Bishop: Pinkerton. He owned it

(Tape #2)

FOLLOWING IS THE REVERSE SIDE OF SECOND/90-MINUTE TAPE. THIS SIDE HAS NO LABEL ON IT--PART 3 OUT OF THE 4 PARTS---DOES HAVE A LABEL.

B. Bishop (Continued): several years. We moved out to the Unuk in the winter, and then we'd move into town or wherever we were loggin' during the summer. Sometimes--there was a couple summers that we spent--I'd just float it up on the flats there, someplace close to the water, till we got tired of that spot; and we'd go someplace else.

Interviewers: What a nice life!

46

B. Bishop: That was Stanley's first wife. That's Frances there.

Interviewers: Who shot the wolf?

B. Bishop: That was Stanley's first wife--she shot that big wolf right from the house there.

Interviewers: Why? There was a bounty on 'em.

B. Bish

47

Yeah. This is Stanley and the big husky he used to have. Is that Harry Binalkin? I think it is. I think that's when he was out there. I don't remember him much, because a lot of this stuff was done when I wasn't there. This is Stanley's homestead here. That's Old Baldy Mountain there at the headwaters of the Hooligan. This was Stanley's first wife. This was my sister here, Stanley, and my mother.

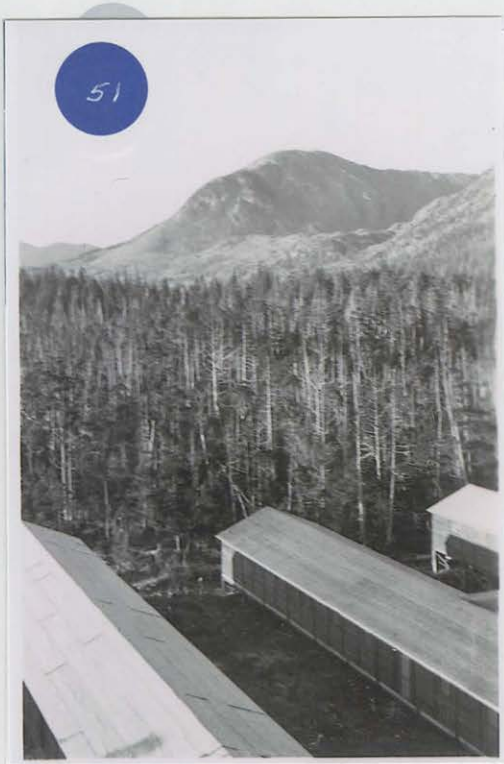
48

49

Interviewers: How old was Betty when she got married, about?

B. Bishop: How old? I don't remember. She was 20 or 21, I

15



think, somewhere around there anyhow.

Interviewers: Two years before you got married, she got married?

B. Bishop: Yeah. She was a coupla years older than I am, and she got married a couple of years before I did.

Interviewers: Is that your Mom?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

50

Interviewers: Did she like it out there?

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, she liked it wherever she was at; 'course she liked to garden and stuff like that too. She worked hard all the time.

Interviewers: Yes, it must have been a hard life for her.

B. Bishop: This is part of the old hatchery in Yes Bay here. One of Stanley's old pictures. Hatchery buildings in Lake McDonald. This is on the trail--a bunch of us were goin' up to Clear Creek or sump'm for a little picnic one day.

51

52

Interviewers: Would you say it was a fun childhood, or do you think of it as hard work? Was it a good place to live?

B. Bishop: Well, for me personally, it was a good way to grow up; 'cause I spent most of my time off huntin', fishin', or chasin' sump'm.

Interviewers: You had freedom to do what you wanted.

B. Bishop: There was a lotta hard work connected with it. We didn't have anything, you know. We got by with what we had--we never threw an old rusty nail or a piece of wire away, you know. Everything was saved, and we made use of everything. I didn't notice it because I didn't know the difference. I was born and raised to it. It wasn't any change for me, but it was a good way to grow up as far as I was concerned. I didn't have much company but my dog. I spent a lotta time on my own; and I learned a lot, of course, and become pretty self-sufficient because of it. That's Stanley's first wife taken up on the grass flat there in the snow with two of the dogs. That's Lloyd and I and Frances: we were on our way down from beaver trappin' one Spring. Lloyd and Betty

53

at Yes Bay Lodge

53

54

trapped with Frances and I the first couple years after we got outta the service. That's that trap cabin 12 miles upriver there. This is the boat we built up there. We had to go out on the river flats and get wood. So we'd go out there and saw wood and then float it down to where the cabin was. The cabin that we were stayin' in at the time had been built years before that, and people who'd used it had cut all the available woods around close to it. So we had to go out on the flat to get wood. I packed the boards 12 miles up on my back to build that boat. It was just built like a scow. We got two sideplanks offa one of Daly's old barges on the Unuk that had sunk up on Sawmill Slough. He was the old guy that had the mine up there. That was before World War I. He'd built some barges to ferry his wagons across Sawmill Slough on. One of 'em had turned turtle and sunk in Sawmill Slough. We could just see it in low-water stage, so we went up and pried two of the planks off of it and used 'em to build the boat. The crossplanks that we put on the bottom I carried up on the packboards.

Interviewers: Now was that Milton Daly's brother?

B. Bishop: No, no relationship whatsoever.

Interviewers: That boat was something just for use on the river?

B. Bishop: Yeah, that was something just to get across the river with--mostly 'cause we were trapping on the opposite side of the trail. So whenever we wanted to go up or down the trail, we had to cross the river to get to the trail so we could use the trail.

Intervie Is this Frances? She went trapping with you?

B. Bish No, that's Betty there I think. This is Frances here.

Interviewers: So she went trapping with you?

B. Bishop: We all four went up together. We would go up in the marten season--go up in the latter part of November--and catch the winter trappin' season for marten, and then we'd come home. Then we'd go back up again about the middle of April and trap beaver until we got our limit of beaver--and that was ten apiece. This is at the end of beaver season, we was comin' downriver, and that's another picture of us.

Interviewers: Was that before you had children?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: Did Lloyd have a family?

B. Bishop: Betty and Lloyd had a little girl. That's Dad's cabin. This is Mother and Dad here down on the road between Oregon and California someplace, on one of their trips down home. This is Mom and Dad here. I was home on furlough here and got a picture with my Mom and Dad there.

Interviewers: Your Dad was in the First World War?

B. Bishop: No, he was in the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion in China. I guess they must have come pretty close together. This is way up at the headwaters of the Unuk. That's the way it always ends, you know, it forks and forks and re-forks; and each fork ends in a glacier up there. This is about 70 miles inland, where that fork is there.

58

Interviewers: You took this from a plane?

B. Bishop: No, it's taken from a mountain. We were up goat-huntin' one time, tryin' to get some meat to eat.

Interviewers: Is Canada pretty close there?

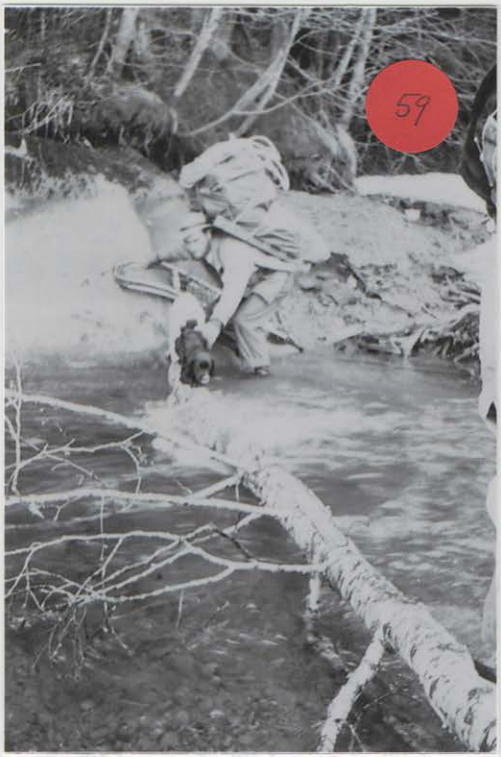
B. Bishop: Yeah--the Canadian border is about 26 miles.

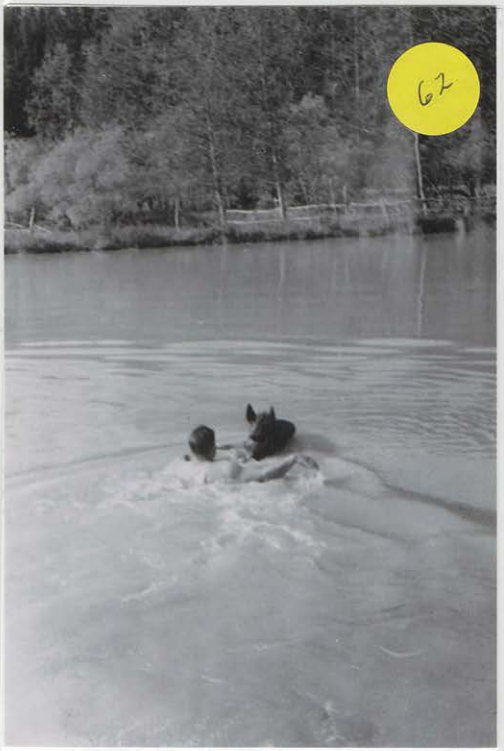
Interviewers: Twenty-six miles from...?

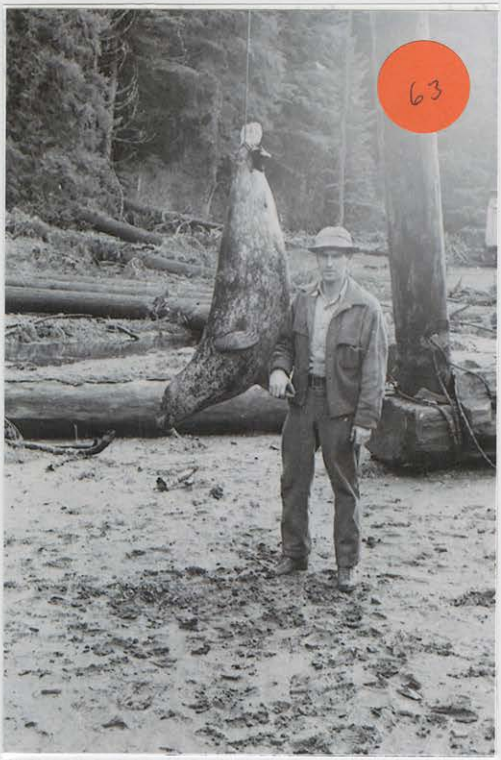
B. Bishop: ...from the mouth a the river. This was about 60 to 70 miles inland here.

Interviewers: That's in Canada?

B. Bishop: Yeah. We had a little prospect up there Stanley had found. It was placer gold, and we'd go up and dig at it a little bit once in a while, but it was so far inland it was hard to get to. We had to have a lot of spare time before we'd even tackle it--at the right time of the year. We didn't make anything much at it. This is the slough that run in front of our home. This was on the other side. Some of Daly's log cabins, horse barn, an' stuff were over on this flat over here--the Dalys that built the old wagon route up the Unuk. The trail went right by there on that side of the slough. That's the slough that come around in front







of the island there, that one side of the island. Anytime you guys get bored, just holler. That's down in B.C. on one of our trips up here. This is one of our footlogs here. We were just leavin' the cabin to come downriver at the end of beaver season. I was try'n a get the dogs to go across that footlog. They didn't like to get their feet wet.

Interviewers: These were hunting dogs?

B. Bisho

This is Frances and one of her beaver that she caught. She insisted on trappin' her own limit 'cause that's what the law said you had to do. We had Dick there that year, and he was nursin'; so I had to go around with her all the time and carry Dick around so that, when he got hungry, he could eat. But she did her own trap-settin' and everything. This is one of my relatives from California and a friend of hers. She's still alive, and livin' in Sacramento now. She was one I used to stay with in Oregon when we'd come up there, and her husband had a dairy farm there. This is Stanley's homestead here. That's Frances's brother from Missouri. He came back with us the first year that we went down there. Lloyd and I felled timber for Matney one Spring. That was part of that--good old Swedish Fiddle. There were no chain saws those days: it was push-pull.

Interviewers: What did you call it?

B. Bishop: Swedish Fiddle--cross-cut saw.

Interviewers: What a lot of work!

B. Bish

There's a porcupine there. That's the bear hunt that I took that guy on just 'fore I went in the service. I put the bear up on the stump there.

Interviewers: Were there quite a few porcupines around?

B. Bishop:

Yeah, there's always porcupine around--too many--the dogs would get into them all the time. We kept the horses on the island, and then the trail was over on that side. So, whenever we wanted to use the horses, we had to swim 'em across. This is swimmin' one of 'em across to go on that bear hunt. This is some of our loggin' on George Inlet, and a seal that we killed. This was up Tracy Arm or Endicott Arm someplace. That was one of my guided tours.

Interviewers: Could you raise enough food for the horses and cattle?

B. Bishop: We had to put up hay mostly, and then we fed 'em a lot of the smaller rutabagas that weren't good for market. We'd chop 'em up and feed 'em a bucket full of rutabagas every day.

Interviewers: Horses would eat that?

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, cows too, they loved 'um. We had to cut 'um up for 'em. They were so hard, they couldn't bite 'em themselves. We'd chop 'em up. It took a long time just to chop rutabagas.

Interviewers: Now this is up at George's Inlet? So how'd you get there?

B. Bishop: Yeah. Well, this is up in Bat Cove really. Lloyd and that fella from Gravina, Morley _____ (I can't remember his last name now, friend of Lloyd's), and I were still logging with our A-frame donkey machine that we had. Here, it went dry on the flat. We'd just shot a seal and hung him on the riggin' with the donkey there, just to take a picture--big seal. We moved around the country and took a few logs here and took a few logs there, and tried to make a livin' out of it for a couple years after we got outta the service. It only lasted for a couple of years, and we give it up. I went to fishin', and Lloyd went to work for the Forest Service. This was from one of them sidewalk photographers in Seattle. This was one of the boats we had in my outfit out at Adak. It was what we called a retriever. It was a salvage vessel for pickin' airplanes out of the water and somethin' boats or whatever--mostly for salvagin' airplanes. I didn't do much with it, it was part of the rescue service. Hmm, those are pictures of a friend of mine that I took huntin' up here. That's his wife and dad, and they come from Pennsylvania. I took him for a bear hunt just 'fore he went in the service. That was a whale, and glacier pictures.

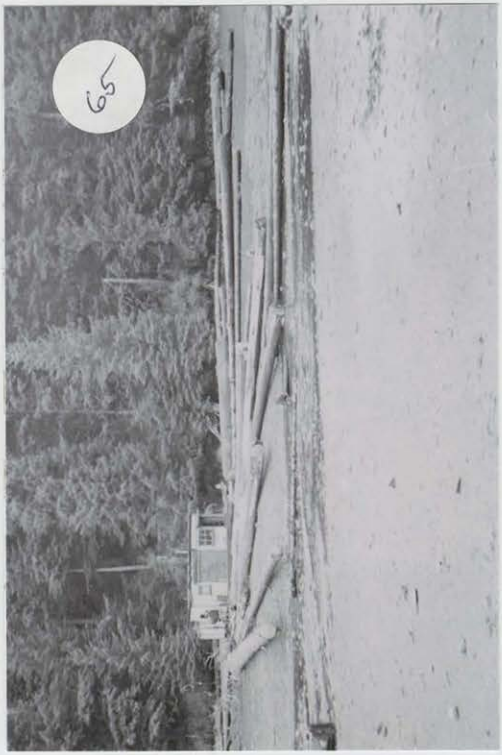
64

Interviewers: Where did you fish mostly?

B. Bishop: I started out fishin' in Burroughs Bay itself, and then they closed that and opened Portland Canal--so we spent several years fishin' in Portland Canal.

Interviewers: Gill-netting?

B. Bishop: Yeah. Along towards the end then we were fishin' out around Cape Fox and Tree Point there at the mouth of



Portland Canal for the summer. Then we'd move North clear to Haines and Skagway for the Fall season, and then come back home again when that was over. For five or six years there we went North every Fall to catch that run up there. These aren't very good pictures. When I first started guiding, I was usin' black-and-white film all the time because they didn't have any colored film that was fast enough.

Interviewers: Now, when did you start being a guide?

B. Bishop: I started guidin' '47, I think it was. I got tired a loggin'. I wasn't making anything logging actually, and guiding appealed to me. I always had plans of havin' people out to the Unuk and to take 'um bear hunting out there; 'cause, at that time, there was a lotta bear out there. So I kinda weaned away from the logging and started guiding; and, of course, it worked in good with the fishin' 'cause the fishing was in the middle of Summer when there wasn't any hunting to do anyhow. So I'd guide in the Spring and Fall for bear, fish in the Summer, then trap in the Winter, and hunt seal or sump'm else in-betweentimes. So I had a pretty good round of work that way, being self-employed. So the guiding worked in real good. We only logged for a couple years, and we didn't really make much of a dent in anything. It was just a kind of a break since the service.

Interviewers: It was all hand-logging?

B. Bishop: Well, we had a little machine that would pull logs into the water; but it wasn't very big, it wasn't very good, and we couldn't reach very far back in the woods with it. We got selective permit for just goin' along and pickin' a good tree here and a good tree there, you know. And, a 'course, at that time the only market was at the Ketchikan Spruce Mill; and they wanted perfect timber. Old Milton Daly'd really cry his eyes out if you brought him in a tree with too many knots in it or one that had a crosscrack in it or sump'm. If you didn't supply him with good timber he wouldn't buy any more from you, so we picked the timber pretty carefully. This is part of our operation here, and that's that little floathouse.

65

Interviewers: You were doing this with Lloyd?

B. Bishop: I was doin' it with Lloyd and another guy that was a friend of Lloyd's from over at Gravina there. Frances's brother worked with us one year, too, and he came

right up when he got outta high school.

Interviewers: So, you floated this floathouse around?

B. Bishop: Yeah, this was on the flats there in Bat Harbor up in George Inlet, and those are some of the trees that we put in the water there. We haven't gotten 'em into a raft yet. They were just tied to the floathouse. We stayed in the floathouse, used it for a bunkhouse, and go out from there loggin' during the day.

Interviewers: Did you tow with your boat?

B. Bishop: Yeah, Lloyd had a boat that we towed everything around with. This is Dick when he was just about a year old, he was out with his first beaver season. I got a kick out of that picture: I thought that was good.

66

Interviewers: Now what is he doing?

B. Bishop: He's settin' it. He's playin' with one of the big wolf traps that we used for catchin' beaver. Frances was down under the bank right along here someplace settin' a trap. He went everywhere Frances did at that time. This is one of the falls up the Unuk in the wintertime, when I had my trapline there. This is our loggin' camp that we had in Port Stewart at high tide.

67

68

Interviewers: Oh my!

B. Bish 69 We kinda miscalculated there. 'Bout every month we'd have to bail the stove out and start over. It'd get flooded out on the big tides. It was terrible. We finally moved out of there in February. That's just a scenic picture one trip I made way up the headaters of the Hooligan in the wintertime on skis.

70

Interviewers: Oh, you did use skis some of the time?

B. Bishop: More for just exploring when we didn't have a backpack. Most of the time we were carrying a heavy backpack, and a heavy backpack and skis don't work good.

Interviewers: Yeah.

B. Bishop: So, if we had a day or two that we wanted to go

someplace and see something, and didn't have to take a pack with us--then we'd play with skis if the snow conditions were right. Most of the time we used snowshoes. This is one a them big ole king salmon out of the Unuk there--a spawner king. This is our loggin' camp agin. This is a little shack offa one of the fish traps that Lloyd and Betty stayed in; and Frances and Ernest and I lived in the tent, which was right behind it there. It was a pretty wet camp: miserable.

71

Frances Bishop: You had to hurry up and bake the bread before the tide came in.

B. Bishop: This's towing some logs down the crick there at Port Stewart with the outboard, takin' 'em up the bay to raft 'um.

Interviewers: When were you up at Port Stewart?

B. Bishop: We spent pretty near a whole year in there. We moved in there one May and left the next year in February. We were loggin' what we could find and what we could git out of there is all. We finally worked out what we could git, and lost our market too. It was at the time when they were gonna start that plywood mill in Juneau. They went around and contracted with everybody that wanted to log to buy logs from 'em, so they'd have logs for their plywood mill. We made a deal with 'um for a certain amount of logs, and then they went bankrupt right in the middle of the season and pulled out. So the Forest Service had to allow rafting on all those logs that they'd contracted for, and they shipped 'um South--that was who we were loggin' for when we were in Port Stewart. We'd just put in a small raft; most of the time we were playin', you know. It was the first year out of the service. We spent a lot of time huntin' and fishin', and makin' home-made rootbeer, and sittin' around eatin' smoked fish and drinkin' rootbeer in the sunshine. Once in a while we'd go to work. This was a friend and I went seal-huntin' up North one time. We got a young unborn pup. My friend had a female lab, and she thought that was her pup. So every time the pup would go swimmin' and come back out of the water, she'd have to dry it off. She'd lick it dry. She'd go crazy when we'd throw it in the water--she couldn't quite figure that one out.

72

Interviewers: Oh I see the snowshoes.

B. Bishop: That was my brush hut way up in the pass above the main trap cabin. It was just a overnight shelter was all. I had a little woodstove in there. There's a marten hangin' there. I used to just overnight there on the trapline up the Unuk. There's a marten in the trap.

Interviewers: They have a beautiful fur.

B. Bishop: Yeah, they are nice fur. This is how I started out gill-nettin'--pullin' by hand and fishin' out of a skiff.

Interviewers: Did you ever troll?

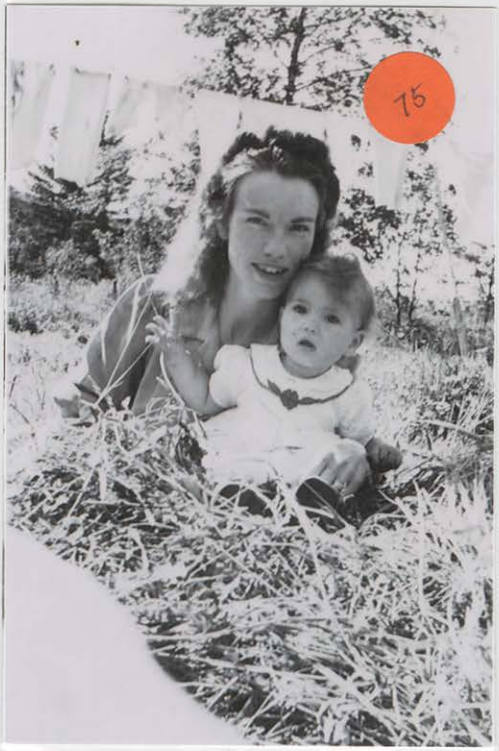
B. Bishop: No, never did. Here's Dick, and that's what I used to carry him around in. He's got a little papoose sack there on a packboard, with a roof over him, and just sits on a beaver trap when we were trappin' beaver. Frances was settin' a trap there someplace. This is one of our trap cabins. That one was on Sawmill Slough, about 15 miles upriver--one Dad and Stanley built.

Interviewers: About how many cabins were there on the river at that time?

B. Bishop: We had five on the trail side, at one time, that were all useable. Then, after I got out of the service, I moved over to the other side. Stanley didn't want me to trap with him anymore. He wanted that side--that was his trapline. So I moved over to the other side 'cause nobody was trappin' on it at that time. There was an old cabin over there.

Interviewers: The South side?

B. Bishop: Yeah, opposite the trail. We used that old cabin that was there for several years, and finally the snow broke it down; and I built that other one. This was the cliff that was hangin' right over the boundary cabin up at the boundary. That was our farthest-North cabin. See that rock? It was all cracked loose there, and it was right behind the cabin. Every time a tree'd fall or anything, or we'd hear any noise outside, we'd be out that door and out on the gravel bar, like grease out of a grease gun; 'cause we was afraid that rock was going to fall some day and roll right over the cabin. So every time we'd hear a little noise when we were in that cabin, we'd take off. It finally did fall. The last time I was up there, which was several years ago,



that rock was gone. The whole area where that cabin was, was just a big landslide--that rock finally broke out. It took the cabin all right. We couldn't find anything left of it at all.

Interviewers: Who's that?

B. Bishop: That's Bea Stensland--one of the youngest Stensland girls. I don't know who this is--one a her friends. These are mostly mining pictures. This is the upper waters of the river there. You don't have near as much timbered flats, it's mostly braided gravel bars when it gets up that far. The river's constantly changin' channel and movin' back and forth across the valley. It keeps all the timber washed out. That's a old husky we had. See that scar on his forehead?

Interviewers: Uh-huh.

B. Bishop: He jumped a cow-moose one time. She was layin' down, I guess, as near as I could figure out; and she kicked him. He was scalped right back on his head--knocked him goofy for a while. In fact, he never was quite the same afterwards.

Interviewers: To get kicked in the head by a moose!

B. Bishop: This is Stanley on the trapline.

Interviewers: This one's like Sue.

B. Bishop: That's Betty and their girl--yeah, Sue.

Interviewers: Is that Betty?

B. Bishop: Yeah.

Interviewers: That looks just like her daughter.

B. Bishop: Betty and Sue, yeah.

Interviewers: Betty looks just like Sue. Now what's goin' on?

B. Bishop: Yeah, this is Sue here. That's Stanley and Sue, I guess. That's Stanley towin' logs outta the Unuk. Here's Dad with the wood-cuttin' machine again. You can see the saw there cuttin' the block off.

Interviewers: He was pretty mechanically inclined?

B. Bisho Yeah. We had that old tractor, and he'd rigged it up to saw the wood for him. This is the first big brown bear I ever shot,there.

Interviewers: Oh, look at that! You shot this?

B. Bishop: Uh-huh. I've got another picture of it I'll show you.

Interviewers: How big was it?

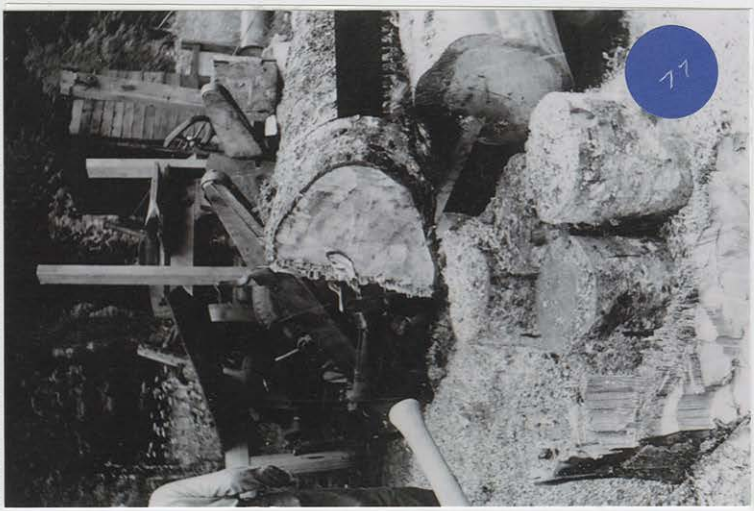
B. Bishop: I don't know. I weighed it--it was 950 pounds as near as I could weigh it. I weighed it in pieces. We salvaged the meat, and I lost the skin. It didn't get dried quick enough and spoiled, but it wasn't too good anyhow. That was one a the Spring hunts that I went on to get meat. I was lookin' for a black bear, but I run inta him--and he didn't want to leave, so I shot him.

Interviewers: Oh, this is a brown bear?

B. Bishop: Yeah, he come outta the brush chompin' his teeth out at me and scared me; so I shot 'im. I think I probably would a had trouble with him anyhow--but anyhow I got him. We salvaged the meat offa him, and it was pretty good eating really. We canned a lot of it for dog feed, and we ate some of it.

Interviewers: He was going to attack you?

B. Bishop: I think so, yeah. I'd scared him when I first went up t' this place; and I heard him when he run off and went up the hillside in the brush, and I could see the bushes wigglin'. Well I'd scared a black bear right in the same place two or three nights before that, and I thought it was the same bear. So I set down there and waited t' see whether he was gonna run off or he was gonna come back out and feed some more, 'cause he didn't act like he was too scared. I waited, I guess, maybe 20 minutes; and he finally come back down the hillside and come out on the grassflats. He was just across a little slough from me--that close--come right out from under the trees, and he was standin' there lookin' at me and dancin' back and forth on front legs you know, like they do, and chompin' his teeth. They clack their teeth together when they're mad, and so I figured, "Well..." He knew I was there; and if he knew I was there and came out, I figured that was enough reason to shoot him--so I shot him. I wasn't too acquainted with 'um at the time: that was my first



brown bear.

Interviewers: Did you often have encounters with the brown bear?

B. Bishop: No, we hardly ever had any problem with 'um. We'd run into a lotta 'um on the trail. Once in a while we'd run into a sow with cubs that would give us trouble. Most of the boars would, if you give 'um a chance, run off--they'd leave. We really didn't have much trouble with 'um. They chased the goats around the place there one time--run 'em right in close to the house--Betty went out and waved her apron at him and scared him off. This is our first boat that we had. This is Ketchikan in the old days, it doesn't show up enough to really identify anything. That was the old tin boat that we had--an old tin lifeboat hull--that Stanley had when we first came up here. That picture was probably taken not later than '34, because we took that cabin off and put a different cabin on it about that time.

Interviewers: I don't even recognize Ketchikan, hardly, at that time.

B. Bishop: Well, it's right around the City Float area there. I'm not sure--it's not too easy to pick out anything.

Interviewers: Is this Water Street goin' up over the hill?

B. Bishop: Yeah, I think so. I think City Float would have been right about in here someplace, and Talbot's would have been right in that area somewhere. I don't know. It's kind of a dull picture to get any detail out of it 'cause, as I say, it's not really that good.

Interviewers: Had the family had anything to do with boating before they came up here?

B. Bishop: Well, not boating, no: but Stanley had. In fact, when Mom and Betty and I got here, the first thing Stanley did when we got out to Yes Bay was he put my sister and I in the skiff with a pair of oars--tied us to a piling, and told us to learn how to row. So, we rowed around and around that piling on the end of the line until we learned how to row a boat. You had to row then to get around, you know. He had an outboard; but that was unusual to have an outboard, it was pretty rare. He run it--he wouldn't let anybody else run it. So, if we wanted to go anyplace, we had to row.

Interviewers: That was your first lesson wasn't it?

B. Bishop: That was the first thing he did, was make us learn how to row. We used to drop supplies at the trap cabin from airplane every once in a while when we was too late gettin' packed in, or sump'm like that, or too late for the riverboat. That's the plane up there droppin' supplies.

Interviewers: Now is this your folks' place?

B. Bishop: Yes, this is the place at the mouth of the river where I was raised. This is the little cabin that Frances and I lived in (the Blue River Shorty's cabin) that we took over and lived in for a few years after I got out of the service. This is upriver. That's that boat we built up there.

79

Interviewers: And these are---?

B. Bishop: That's our limit of beaver (Lloyd, Betty, Frances, and I) that one season we got $1,225.00 worth of beaver there. That was a lot of money--in those days anyhow. This is some of the beaver before we skinned 'um. This is right at in front of the trap cabin up there. We stayed at 12-mile and trapped till we had our limit, then packed and carried 'um downriver.

80

Interviewers: Was it pretty steep going up that trail?

B. Bishop: No, most of it's pretty level--there is a few places where you gotta go over a hill, or sump'm like that. Most of it was pretty level; but there was a lot of muddy spots in it where you'd sink in pretty badly--specially if the horses had been on it much, you know. They muddied it up pretty bad, the hooves would cut up the soft spots. This is all beaver-trappin'. This isn't--this one I was pullin' planks back to that little cabin to put a new floor in it--playin' jackass.

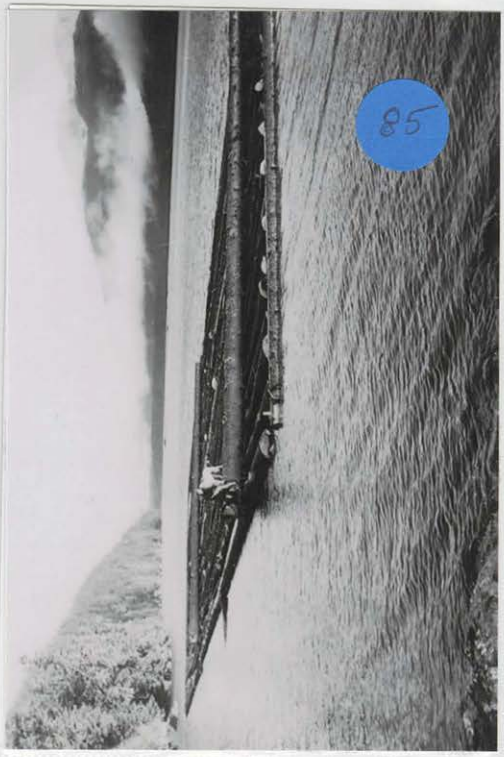
Interviewers: And this? Who's this?

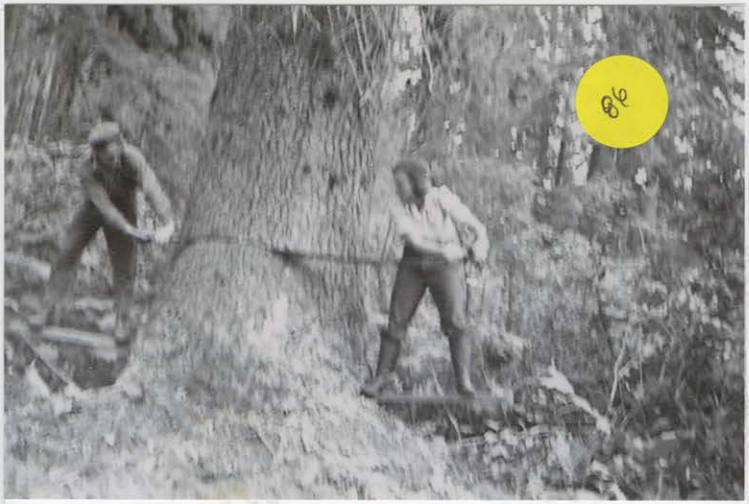
81

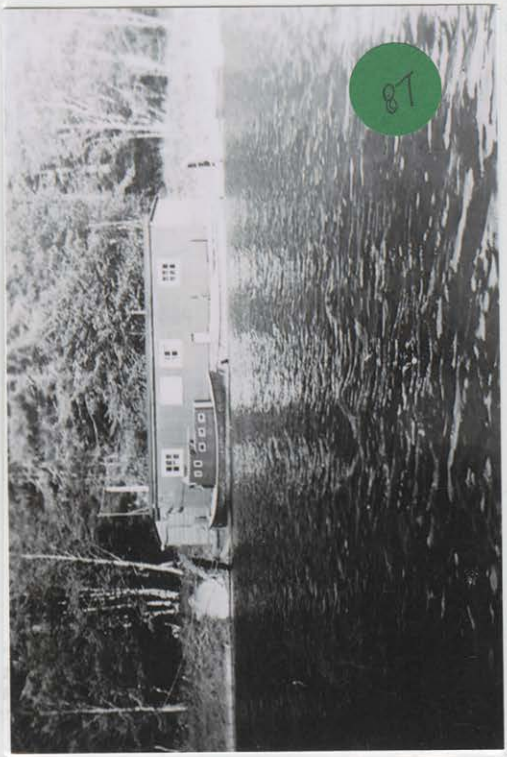
B. Bishop: That was Lloyd and I carryin' beaver up to the cabin after we'd been out on the line and took the beaver there. This is the skins when we were gettin' ready to pack 'em up. We'd divided 'em into 20 apiece, rolled 'em up, put 'em on the pack along with our other stuff; and we were just leavin' the trap cabin there to start downriver. The snow was pretty well gone then. There's some more beaver trappin' and a wolf I got when I was home on furlough.

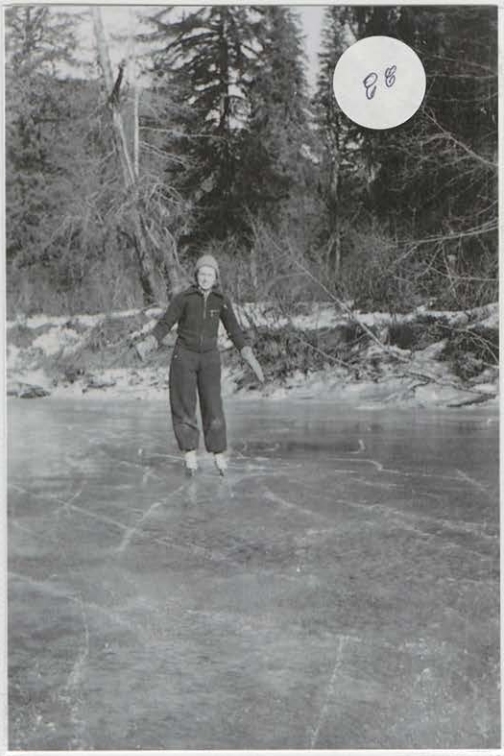
82

Interviewers: A wolf, huh?









B. Bish Yeah. This is givin' Frances a drink, and hangin' her boat up for safe-keepin' till the next year. You can see how it was built--it was just a plank on each side and dubbed off on the ends with an axe, and the cross-planks nailed onto it. She had quite a boat--with homemade oars and oarlocks. These are the oarlocks here. I whittled out oars with an axe.

Interviewers: How did you learn the trapping trade? Who learned it first? I mean, how to dry your skins and all that. Did Stan learn first?

B. Bishop: Well all of us were kind of green at it, you know. We just learned it as we went along. Matney taught us some. In fact, I learned quite a bit about takin' care of beaver hides from old man Matney. I skinned the first one I got out, and it didn't look right; so I went over and asked him how to do it and found out what I'd done wrong. Then I was all right from then on. I dunno, the rest of it just kinda come natural to me. But then I guess I'd learned from Stanley and Dad, and I suppose they learned from Matney. Stanley'd had a little experience--he was quite a woodsman down in California. He was always out chasin' around before we left California.

Interviewers: You always had good relations with the Matneys--they were good neighbors?

B. Bishop: Well, not really, no. We had our problems, but I'm not gonna elaborate on that.

Interviewers: Yeah. But they did help you some to get started?

B. Bishop: I'm goin' the wrong way there, I guess. I think we're back where we started. There's one a Stanley's log-rafts out in the bay. This is the mouth of the Unuk. You can see that level line of trees up there? That's above tide-water, but this is probably all mud flats from here clear up to those trees. So, if you went any further from where this raft was you'd run aground. But the water was muddy--you couldn't tell you was gonna run aground, though you actually were there.

Interviewers: So, did you run aground? You must have---.

B. Bishop: Oh yeah, every once in a while we'd miss the river channel or sump'm and put the boat up on the grass flat and have to wait until the next tide or a higher tide to git it off again.

Interviewers: So you'd just sit there and wait?

B. Bishop: Well, we'd just prop the boat up and go home--leave it till it'd float again. This is Stanley and Betty fallin' a spruce tree. Stanley had a all-girl loggin' crew there for a while.

Interviewers: Where is this?

B. Bishop: That's in Seldovia there--the cannery, and this is the boardwalk up in Seldovia. That was taken when I was stationed there.

Interviewers: Was Betty pretty much of an outdoor girl? I mean, she did all these things too.

B. Bishop: Yeah. She had to be, you know. She was a tomboy; she had to help with everything else and, bein' older than I was, she probably had to do more than I did. There was some of our hayin' operation. We'd load the hay in the riverboat on one side of the river and haul it around close to our haybarn, pitch it out of the riverboat up onto the bank, load it onto a litter and carry it over to the barn, and we'd throw it in the barn. We handled it about six times there, some of it, before we got it in the barn. It was a helluva job.

Interviewers: What's that?

B. Bishop: Oh it's a scowhouse that Stanley bought. This is that tin boat--that's the boat that he had when we came up here. He bought that and bought a bunch of provisions. He was gonna start a store on the Unuk River and have a store there for the prospectors an' the loggers an' the people goin' up- and downriver, but it never amounted to anything. We didn't have enough people there, and nobody could afford to stay there and tend it, you know. So, if anybody wanted anything out of it they'd have to come find one a us to go down there and git it for 'um. The store was just a flash in the pan--it never worked out at all.

Interviewers: Did the building stay there, though?

B. Bishop: Well, he used that for a home fer all the time that he was out there. He floated it up finally into the Hooligan. We dug down a place on the flat there, just where it would float in at real high tide, and then floated it in there. He and his first wife lived on it for years.

Interviewers: It looks like pretty good size.

B. Bisho[illegible] Yeah. I don't know where he got it. It was a pretty long building. It was probably, well I guess, about 18 feet wide and 40 feet long--somethin' like that.

Interviewers: But it was a floathouse?

B. Bishop: It was a scowhouse. It wasn't on logs, it was on a scow--a regular barge. That's Mom and Dad. Dad used to love to fish.

Interviewers: Did your Mom like to fish?

B. Bishop: She didn't do any fishin'. I don't remember even ever seein' Mom fish. She just cooked 'em.

Interviewers: Is this you?

B. Bishop: That's Mom out there doin' sump'm out in the front yard--got the laundry hangin' on the line.

Interviewers: Oh, I see. Was she contented to live out there?

B. Bishop: Well, as far as I know, she was--probably wouldn't a done her much good if she wasn't.

Interviewers: It worked out better to be contented.

B. Bishop: Oh, like I say, we were livin' in the sticks all the time. Livin' in Georgetown was not livin' in town. There was only about 250 people in the whole area, you know, and just a one-grocery-store town--one garage and one grocery store and one theater. They had an old hotel there, but it wasn't runnin'. There were two streets, and it was about two blocks long and two blocks wide. So, it was just livin' out in the sticks; and we were three-quarters of a mile from there. It was right up in the mountains in California.

Interviewers: It wasn't any drastic change to come to Alaska?

B. Bishop: No, she had her own garden down there and a big yard to take care of and everything. So, it was pretty much the same type of life--just a different place. That's a riverboat picture and this is loggin'. This is my sister on skates.

Interviewers: Where is that?

B. Bishop: She was born clubfooted--real bad. The Shriner's

Hospital in San Francisco I guess it was, kept her in there and took her back in every time. She was in casts almost continuously from the time she was born until she was 12-13 years old. They'd operate on her feet and put 'em in casts; and then, when that healed, they'd make another operation. The feet were twisted clear around and up against her ankles, around on the inside I guess, or sump'm; but it was really bad. They took this picture of her ice-skatin' to send to the Shriners to show how successful they had been in correcting it. Her feet to this day are only about that long--never did grow.

Interviewers: Yes, I know she has small feet.

B. Bishop: Here she is on skis.

Interviewers: ...and here she is on skates.

B. Bisho That's on ice skates there.

Interview Oh. That must have been a real struggle, moving out there and having casts on your feet.

B. Bishop: This was all done in California before we moved up here. She was over all a that by the time we moved up here. She's feedin' a kid goat.

Interviewers: Your mother?

B. Bishop: No. That's my sister, Betty.

Interviewers: Feeding a kid goat.

B. Bishop: Yeah. We used to take the kids away from the nanny so we could have the milk, and then we had to feed the kids. Am I goin' wrong ag'in here?

Interviewers: The goats were kinda pets like, were they?

B. Bishop: The kids always ended up that way, yeah, because we had to feed 'em. We had to keep 'em separated from their mother, so we could get the milk ourselves--and 'course, havin' to feed 'em all the time and take care of 'um, they ended up pets.

Interviewers: But goats can eat a lot of things. I mean, as they got older they ranged for themselves?

B. Bishop: Yeah--soon as they were weaned and they wouldn't take the milk from their mothers, then we turned 'em loose

with the rest of the herd. I don't remember how long we fed 'em on the bottle before we had to turn 'em loose with the herd. They ranged the whole island there, except in the garden. We had the garden fenced, and they were in there once in a while. A goat'll always go where you don't want him to go, you know.

Interviewers: Right.

B. Bishop: They ate willow and salmonberry brush and everything--grass, weeds. One of the first things to come up out there in the Spring would be wild parsnips; and 'course that was green, tender food. The goats would really hunt for that, you know, and eat a lot of it--the milk'd get so strong we couldn't drink it there for a period a time. It was terrible, just from that wild parsnip stuff that they ate.

Frances Bishop: Tell 'em how the goats ate a hole in the fence.

B. Bishop: This was a chicken-wire fence. If they thought we weren't lookin' they'd gang up and they'd all get in a row; and they'd walk around and they'd rub against that fence and come around in a circle--one behind the other. There was about ten or twelve of 'em, and each one'd come up and rub against that fence--and they'd actually wear a hole in it and get into the garden. They'd keep that up all day long, just bending the wire and then rubbin' on it like that enough, and they'd git a hole through it.

Interviewers: They were smart enough.

B. Bishop: We finally had to put strips of barbed wire around at that right heighth to keep 'um from doin' that. But they'd wear a hole in it and get into the garden--just because we didn't want 'um there. They wasn't anything in there any better than was outside. They found out they weren't supposed to be there, so that's where they were bound and determined to be. That's Dick, just before we started up beaver-trappin' in the Spring. Frances made him a pair of beaver pants out of a couple little kit-beaver hides, and we made that packboard frame for him.