

3/28/80 Friday

After 3½ months of boat building we're finally on our way to Alaska. And as with most everything else, we're behind schedule. A quick stop off at Pt. Defiance then over to Des Moines to pick up Glenn's dad, Louie. On the way over, we crossed close behind a 300+ freighter and ran through 3 nasty, steep 4' swells to test out the boat. Sent things flying around the house, but otherwise OK. Picked up Louie, and made it to Edmonds where we spent the night.

3/29/80 Saturday

Fueled up and headed for the eastside passage next to Whidby Island. Decided to stay inside because the wind switched to the north at 25+ knots and gusty. A rough ride bucking into a sloppy 4' wind chop. Pulled behind a point for protection to wait for it to come down a little and to seal some leaks that developed with all the water we were throwing around.

We headed back out after watching a few boats go bouncing by, and found out the ride was better at a higher speed. It also turned out to be drier because the water went over the windshield instead of into it. Made good time once we got further north into a more protected area and everything went smoothly until we got to Deception Pass. Found out the hard way why you don't want to go through there during full ebb flow. Just after going under the bridge, we encountered a whole line up of at least 6' standing waves, with the water churning and heaving for another 100 yards beyond. Sloshed over the first one and started to turn sideways, so Glenn finished the turn and we headed back the way we came (but not very fast against the roaring tide). Thank goodness for lots of spare power to get us out of that one. So we pulled into the public dock that is just east of the passage to wait for slack tide.

The run through the pass was a lot smoother the second time with us then turning north to go up the east side of Orcas Island. Clear skies, full moon and dying winds made for a fast, smooth ride.

3/30/80 Sunday

Around 1:00 AM, just after getting into Canadian waters, we hit some tide rips off Saturna Island. 150 yards of white choppy, swirling water in an otherwise calm area. Lots of whirlpool made steering difficult to say the least. My heart was really racing by the time I finally got us through it.

Really made good time after that, slipping up the inside toward Nanaimo. Just five minutes after going through a narrow spot with fast churning water, we ran out of gas. Fortunately we had a 5 gallon can along with us, just enough to make it into town.

Fueled up and headed north again, up the Straits of Georgia. Good sailing with a 10 knot tail wind, giving us a real nice afternoon. Tried to get fuel in Campbell River, but no luck late on a Sunday afternoon, so we continued on to Seymour Narrows. More swirling, eddying water but not as bad as last night. We're bucking a strong tide, though, so we ducked into Deepwater Bay to wait for the slack.

With the tide turning, we moved on again up Johnstone Strait for Kelsey Bay where we spent the night.

3/31/80, Monday

Morning dawned grey and wet but otherwise not too bad, except the fuel dock isn't open on Mondays. So it was another 10 miles to Port Neville for gas.

Port Neville turned out to be an extremely beautiful spot, with several log buildings dating back to the 20's and 30's. Had a nice chat with the proprietor, Olaf Olsen, a young fellow who has been there since 1916.

Wanted to go directly to Queen Charlotte Strait, but the weather wouldn't cooperate so we headed north east, staying inside.

A beautiful morning and afternoon of easy traveling and even a few hours off for fishing. Glenn and Louie caught a few flounder and a rock cod, not very much action. Planned to get fuel at Sullivan Bay but come to find out, when we got there, the tanks were being replaced so they had no fuel. So instead of heading 15 miles back to Echo Bay, we decided to shoot across the strait to Port Hardy. It turned out to be a rough ride with a 4-5' sea and wind out of the NW. Not the kind of weather I like traveling in but the boat handled it extremely well. We were quartering into the waves and sometimes would lean way over, but she'd always come right back up. A good test of the boat and she gets an A+. Made port around 11 PM, not a real good day but we are set up for the cape.

4/1 Tuesday

Fueled up and purchased a few supplies and headed out into the Strait by 11 AM. Clear and sunny, with the seas and wind down greatly from the night before. Had a 4-6' swell out of the NW but they were spaced out nicely, so we made real good time around Cap Caution. Glad to be around there because that's a big chunk of open water with no protection. Spent the afternoon back inside with smooth water and sun, arrived at Bela Bela about 9 PM, too late for fuel, so we spent the night.

4/2, Wednesday

Got our fuel first thing, then back to the trail. Another sunny, warm day; can't hardly believe it. Fortunately we just happened to hit the tides right so we could just push through Talmie Channel. Pulled into Swanson Bay around 2 PM with the tide change. Some old abandoned buildings at the head of the bay, so Louie, Abby and I went exploring. A large establishment probably built 1920-1940 (small beach logging operations) but not really sure what it was. One building had 40' shaker towers with two large forced air blowers. Another had three large, round kilns 30' tall by 20' around. And about 3 acres was built up on a false floor with water pipes and material handling chains underneath. On top of all this,

there was a beautiful waterfall. Sure was a satisfying trip off the boat, especially since the temp. was probably near 60°. At 7 PM with the tide change we headed back out.

I was running the boat around 10 PM and we had just passed Kingcome Point when I hit a log. It was dark as hell and didn't see it until the last minute. Almost got around it, but only a glancing blow, just enough to hit it with the prop. Didn't bend it too bad, so we just kept going. And of course the moon rose behind us about 15 min. later.

4/3, Thursday

Made good time running with the tide up Grenville Channel and I got up for watch around 4 AM. Not long after a 300'+ bulk carrier passed going in the other direction, right in a narrow spot so we kind of crashed through his waves. Not much else happened for the last 20 miles, except spotted a few whales, though they were a long ways off. Timing worked out well this time, once we got the prop changed, the fuel dock was open so we pumped up and were gone with little delay.

Another sunny day, with fairly smooth sailing even though some of it was exposed. Really like days like today because we're able to accomplish a lot of tasks on the boat. We might even get this thing finished yet! Pulled into Ketchikan about 6 PM so we missed the fuel docks. Went shopping for a few supplies, did wash, ate pizza (and called home), but were on the wrong end of town for Glenn's topless bar. We were going to get a taxi, but decided we had the fuel and the tides were just right so we left without delay for Petersburg. Wind is still out of the NW so it's coming straight at us, but fortunately is still staying below 15 knots.

4/4, Friday

Pulled into a little bay just south of Wrangle Narrows about 7 AM to wait for the tide to switch. So Glenn did some bottom fishing and darn if he didn't catch about a 50 lb. skate. Louie, not one for being out done, brought in a 60 pounder. Glenn heard somewhere that skate tasted like scallops, so I fried some up. Now if I could only get hold of that turkey who told Glenn that and make him eat some! So with not much further ado, we find ourselves in the Norwegian fishing village of Petersburg. I'll always have fond memories of the town as the first shower I got since leaving Seattle.

Bought a few more supplies and equipment and got out of town around 5 PM. Saw our first ice, fortunately most of it was on the far shore.

Took the wheel around 7:30 PM in Frederick Sound and ended up running almost 3 hours by the compass because the lights were too far away. And I sure was glad there weren't any logs in our path because it was darker than the other night. Turned the wheel over to Louie at midnight just as we were rounding Point Gardner.

4/5, Saturday

The clouds that formed last night are still around, but no rain (yet) Ran until noon and pulled into a little native village (Hoonah) for fuel. Traveling all night can be a pain and we've sure been burning up the fuel, but we've made good progress the last three days. Got a couple of good reports from boats out in the Gulf of Alaska, so with thoughts of continued good weather, we headed north around Cape Spencer.

Not bad traveling with a 3' swell coming off our port stern with some wind chop out of the NE. Ran all night, without much help from the moon. Don't like doing it because of poor visibility, but at least there aren't many rocks in the area. Unfortunately there aren't many navigational aids either so we usually didn't know exactly where we were. Glad the weather stayed down so we didn't have to try and find a bay to hide in.

4/6, Sunday

Made Yakatat around 10 AM after 21 hours straight running, But being Easter Sunday, we didn't have any luck getting fuel, so went dry on the grid to work on the outdrive. Just as good we got stuck here because about 3 PM the fog rolled in and the wind picked up. If we had been out there we might have had problems finding Icy Bay to hide in.

4/7, Monday

During the night the Alaska Standard pulled into the fuel dock and had been unloading all day, so we couldn't fuel up. Doesn't make much difference though, because the wind picked up even more. And the weather report doesn't sound very good, we might be stuck here for a few days. So Louie and I made up a skate of Halibut gear and set it out in the bay to see what we might catch.

Eureka! First catch of the season! The first time we pulled the gear we got a bullhead, a large skate (50 lb.) and about a 24" chicken. So we have halibut chunks in beer batter, fried to a golden brown for dinner. Real good stuff.

The Alaska Standard pulled out in the afternoon so we went over to fuel up, but the dock master informed us that we can't have any gas for at least 12 hours so any water has a chance to settle out.

Met a friend of Vern's, Collins, who is on the Colombian, a limit seiner bound for Seattle that's stuck in Yakatat waiting for weather too. So we went up to the local bar and had a few drinks and exchange stories. Collins bought a round for everyone in the bar during happy for \$11.50. A slow place. Louie came and rescued me and we went out to check the gear but got nothing.

4/8, Tuesday

Finally got fuel, but there was not, real hurry as the weather still isn't very good. So we spent the

day beachcombing and looking over an abandoned microwave installation. The weather started looking better by late afternoon and the power scow Fugarwe (of where-the-fuck-are-we?!) headed out. We off-loaded Vern's and Joan's bikes and they're taking them to Kodak for us.

Louie and I checked the gear a couple more times but got nothing else worthwhile so we pulled the gear in. Put the skiff back on deck and battened everything down so we could leave first thing in the morning.

4/9, Wednesday

We headed off before the sun came up. The Columbian heading south, where they're having 15' added to the boat, and us north. Sunny day with a 6-8' swell out of the SW and 10-15 knot winds out of the NE. An excellent traveling day as we made it to Kayak Island and Cape Duckling before dark. We intended to go to Cordova so to save time we decided to go between the island and the cape - a shallow area. Everything went fine until a couple of large swells followed us over a shallower spot. I was standing in the rigging looking for rocks ahead and glanced behind to see three big waves forming directly behind us, where we just were. Didn't look too bad until the middle one started breaking. The first one was about to roll under us when Glenn gave her full throttle. We stayed in front of that one and started surfing like you wouldn't believe. We just flew along, maybe reaching 20 knots before the wave finally died out. We were inside enough by then so no more waves could get at us. Thank goodness for lots of power once again!

It was dark by the time we stopped behind a little island just beyond the cape to pump fuel and eat dinner. Since we don't have a chart of the shallows to Cordova and it really isn't in the right direction, we decided to shoot for Seward instead. That took us out in the open gulf where we wouldn't have to worry about rocks. The only problems were we were a long way from cover and had to run all night by the compass. But things went well and by mid morning we could see Montague Island and Cape Cleare.

4/10, Thursday

The wind continued to blow out of the NE and started to build the seas up against the ground swell, so it started getting fairly sloppy by early afternoon. Finally got into Blying Sound and a little protection and by 4 PM we went by the entrance to Resurrection Bay. Arrived in Seward around 5:30 PM

We lucked out and were able to get someone to come down to the docks to give us fuel. He and Glenn were having such a nice chat, though, they almost filled up with diesel. But fortunately, Glenn said something about gas and the fuel man stopped him after pumping only a gallon.

The Iniskin and Miss Roxanna were in town and making final preparations to leave for Bristol

Bay next morning. The Iniskin already has a good start on the season, having already caught 150 tons of herring. So we got all ready to go so we could run with the two boats, perhaps as far as the Barren Islands.

4/11, Friday

Up at 4 AM and the three of us headed out of town. But about a mile out we switched to the port tank and went dead in the water. Finally figured out that the gallon of diesel must have been pushed up the fuel line when the tank was filled with gas. So after 10-15 minutes, I got the diesel worked out of the system and installed a new filter and we were off again. Fortunately we were still close enough to be able to see how to get through the rocks and we caught up after 3 hours.

A really fine day with sun and a little breeze out of the NE, just easy going. Coupled with the good weather report, we headed straight for Shuyak Island. But after about an hour, the wind came up out of the NW at 20-25 knots and seas began to build rapidly. I took the wheel at 2 and by 3 I was thinking about running for cover, having had to idle back to 1700 RPM. Not long after, I launched the boat into the air on two particularly large and steep waves that broke just as we got to them. So I immediately turned and headed back to the Kenai Peninsula with the Barren Island not too far off in the distance.

Took about two hours but finally got inside the Chugach Islands. We were going towards Chugach Bay but Glenn found an abandoned port around the corner, Port Chatham, so we turned and headed west. It was well protected and I turned the wheel over to Louie and the wind almost immediately died down. So Glenn and I went below to relight the stove and clean up a bit. After a little while, it started getting rougher, but that was to be expected as we were nearing the corner and losing our protection. Then all of a sudden it started building all around us very fast. We were standing by the front window watching but hardly believing how big the waves were getting. Glenn dressed up quickly to relieve Louie about the time we crashed into a couple of real big ones that launched stuff all over the cabin. I stowed a few things and got top side just in time to see about six of the steepest, nastiest waves I have ever seen directly in front of us with a bunch further behind. But fortunately there was just a little flat spot and Glenn turned her hard over and gave her full throttle and we started surfing with them, faster than at Cape Duckling. We were literally surrounded by these steep, breaking waves that weren't there just minutes before when we came in.

We're not sure why those waves built up so fast, but it was a shallow area. We must have picked a time just as tide, swell and wind combined to stack them up. What made it so bad was that there were at least two waves where there should have been only one. Once again the boat with all its power handled the situation well, but none the less we were glad to be out of there. One of the waves sent the stove top pieces on the floor so we have a round burn spot to remind us of Chugach Passage. So we headed into Chugach Bay and dropped the hook and spent a much needed peaceful night.

4/12, Saturday

Got a weather report first thing in the morning from Kodiak Coast Guard. Gale warnings from Gore Point to Shuyak Island, dropping to 30 knots on Sunday. So we quickly ruled out traveling and went to the beach to do some combing.

A full beach with lots of stuff. Many buoys and buckets; Louie and I each found a glass ball, his being sausage shaped. But the best find of all was a wrecked boat, the Angel Marie, a mid-sized-wood seiner. Must have gone up last year because there was a 1979 limited entry permit on the side of the house. It had already been salvaged but there were lots of things that interested us. We got 6 galvanized cleats, two hydraulic steering motors with wheels and a bunch of misc. house stuff and amazingly enough, a real nice compass. But the oddest thing of all, I took the red running light (though I didn't realize it until later) off the wrong side, starboard.

By 11 AM Glenn headed off hunting, Louie stayed on the beach and I went to the boat to read. By 2 PM, when Glenn got back, the wind was quickly picking up out of the SE, straight down our bay. So we moved up the bay a little to a small bite. And small it was, only 30-40 feet wide and 75 yards long. The wind kept coming up so that by 6 PM there were gusts throwing sheets of spray by us. To take some of the pressure off the anchor, we ran a second line off the bow to a tree. We then added a line off each side of the stern to keep it from swinging around. Fortunately we were protected from most of the swell and only surged on the anchor occasionally. By midnight it had blown itself out.

4/13, Sunday

Woke up early to listen to the weather report but were unable to pick it up. But shortly after, the Armageddon started talking with someone else, so we called him when they were done. He was ten miles off Gore Point heading for the Barren Islands and said it wasn't bad at all. So we crossed our fingers, loaded the skiff and headed out.

There were some big tide rips, but once out of them, we only had to deal with a 2-3' wind chop. So we zipped across to Shuyak Island and made Point Bank less than six hours later.

Slid through the narrows against the tide and up the inside by Big Fort. But the tide was real low and Glenn ground the prop in the gravel. We scraped the bottom a few times but finally made it through ok. And by 4 PM we were giving Wayne and Kay Treat a test run at Port Williams.

After we finished, it was Wayne's turn to show off, so we got the guided tour of his "new" cannery. What a place! Receiving space, processing areas, work rooms, unlimited freezer space, carpentry and machine shops, freezer plant and generators (300+ KW capacity) and even the ability to pull boats out of the water and store up to 15-20 at once. He must have living space for at least 50 people. But what really makes it nice is its beautiful location. Fired up the banya and had a relaxing

soak to finish up the day.

4/14, Monday

Up at 4 AM and off for the "Big Town"! An uneventful trip and pulled up to TT's at noon. The PG92 was right up front so we grabbed Dave Salzer and showed him the boat before anyone else. Then we slipped into the harbor to see Tom on the Rebel and let someone know that we made it into town. Found out where the Lady Patricia was and met her at the city dock. And within three hours we were loaded on her deck, with the Rebel and the Lucky Lady close behind. So it was the last minute rush before leaving for Bristol Bay.

4/15, Tuesday

Took the whole day spending more money and running around doing things but actually got a lot accomplished. So after 16 days at sea out of Seattle we're in Kodiak just over a day before hitting the trail again. Its scary how close we cut the time, an extra day here or there could have made us miss our ride. But all that is put behind as we head through Whale Pass bound for Togiak.

4/16, Wednesday

Spent the day running down the Shelikof Strait with the sun and wind behind us. The only rough water we encountered was as we just entered through Kupreanof Strait so it was mostly smooth sailing.

Pulled into Chignick about 5 PM and a supply barge tied up alongside and we took on the fish pumping equipment and 35 barrels of Avgas. So we sat on deck with 200 gallons of gas on board with another 3500 gallons all around us. Tends to make you careful with fire. Only took us three hours to load up so we were back on the trail by dusk.

4/17, Thursday

Took my first wheel watch on the Lady P. from 11 to 3 AM. Not very hard, though, with radar, autopilot and loran. For the 4 hours, I almost had to dodge some crab buoys once, but they passed by to starboard. So the only time I altered course was when we went around Seal Cape and then Mitrofanina Island.

Another calm day of traveling, so we continued accomplishing lots of things all around the boat. The temperature dropped overnight, though, so we didn't get too excited about doing anything on deck. So before we knew it we pulled into False Pass.

4/18, Friday

Woke up with gale force winds howling through the rigging and a bad weather report so Jim

decided to stay the day. Not much to do in a tiny dry village, so just tinkered around inside. While in the Fat Pat's wheel house, I watched the knot indicator hit 65 and rarely fall below 40. That, combined with snow and hail made it nice to be tied up at the dock.

4/19, Saturday

The day broke cloudy but calm with fairly good weather reports so we headed out by 9 AM. Ran into some good size waves after getting through the pass so Jim had to throttle back. But once outside, the seas subsided to about 5' so it wasn't very rough. It made for a bad ride though because we were running right down the trough and the Lady P. rolls a lot. So it was real quiet on deck because everyone was weathering it out in their bunk.

Around 3 in the afternoon, Vern grabbed the binoculars and pointed out a plane on the beach about 4 miles away. And sure enough, there was a good sized plane, probably a DC-3 or 4 sitting by the water. Vern said they were trying to take off last year and stood it up on its nose. So they salvaged it out and left the shell behind.

4/20, Sunday

Still ran along the trough, but the seas came down enough so the ride was much better. Not a lot of activity until we pulled into Naknek and everyone hurried to do what they hadn't finished so they could run to the tavern. Dave, Vern and I stayed behind for a while to work on the outdrive and seal a few leaks but caught up with everyone at the bar before long.

4/21, Monday

This was one of those days you wish was only a bad dream, but alas, things actually went that bad.

It started with a crane pulling up alongside us on the dock to lift the boats off the Lady P's deck. They started with the Lady Luck since they were on the stern and everything went fine until the operator started to lower it. The brake on the cable drum slipped, catching the rub rail on the port bow on a piling on the way down. It tore the rail and about 8 feet of the fore deck away from the ribs by 6 inches. From inside the boat, you could plainly see out. Needless to say, Randy and his crew were bummed out.

Tom wouldn't allow them to touch his boat, so it was our turn. But we don't weigh as much as Lady Luck so everything went smoothly. With a gallon of oil added to the outdrive, Dave and I headed out to test the new universal.

It ran well for about 10 minutes but while in a turn, it started to howl so I chopped the throttle down. I didn't do it soon enough, though and something seized up. So with very bad thoughts, we called for a skiff to give us a tow back.

The tide was just starting to go out so we put her up on the beach. We were surprised to find that the problem wasn't with the universals but that the rear top end bearing had not received any oil. So Dave and I pulled it apart and were glad to find that only the bearing was damaged. I was able to find a replacement part in Anchorage and made arrangements to have it delivered to King Salmon, a community 10 miles away with a good sized airport.

The last disaster that almost happened involved the plane. Harold, the pilot, and Kay, his girlfriend, were heading to King Salmon so I jumped on the nearest boat, the Rebel, and tried to call him on the VHF. I couldn't raise him and neither could Tom, so we sat there and watched him take off. Everything went fine until he just started to lift off the water. He pitched to the right, dragging the pontoon on that side in the water with the wing tip not far behind. Then suddenly he twisted to the left and almost put that wing into the water. He finally stabilized it though, and limped along for a few hundred yards before landing upstream. So Tom and I raced up in the skiff to see what the problem was. For some reason a lot of slack came into the aileron cables just as he was taking off and lost almost complete control. So he taxied back to the Lady P, readjusted the cables and headed off, after a few cigarettes to calm the nerves.

The close call with the plane sure makes you think about it and the pilot and how crucial a role they play. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in our combine, but without a plane we would be hard pressed to catch any real quantity of fish. It certainly represents the weak link in our effort and is cause for a certain amount of apprehension. All we can do is be careful and hope for good luck.

4/22, Tuesday

Dave and I headed into King Salmon with Jim to check our part and also to purchase our commercial fishing licenses which we both neglected to get in Kodiak. Of course, the part wasn't there so I had to start hunting it down, and found out that the salesman screwed up and sent it regular freight instead of ESP. So Jim jumped in and got some of his connections working on the problem and received promises of next day delivery.

Glenn was supposed to leave Kodiak in the morning, but the flight was postponed due to plane problems. But while in the airport he happened across someone who had room on a chartered flight to Dillingham that was willing to stop off; in King Salmon. So Glenn arrived in Naknek mid afternoon with another crewman for Jim.

4/23, Wednesday

Our luck must have returned because we received the part, installed it in the outdrive, put the outdrive on the boat and tested it out, all before 11 AM. So with a favorable weather report the four seiners (Frank with the Marina Kay arrived yesterday) long-lined off the Lady P's stern and she pulled

us off towards the fishing grounds.

4/24, Thursday

An uneventful trip; we only kept an occasional watch. By 5 AM we were heading into a bay that was filled with enough lights to represent the biggest city we've seen since Kodiak. It turned out to be no town but a flotilla of tenders that at the time must have outnumbered the seiners in the bay.

Not much to do so six of us headed to the beach to hunt ptarmigan. The general terrain reminded me of the Palouse area, with flat river valleys surrounded by treeless, rolling hills. Even the type and quantity of brush was similar. With the sun shining hot overhead maintaining the facade, only the ocean and tundra revealed our location. Saw several birds in their white plumage with black and red markings but we were unable to bring any back. Spent the rest of the day completing the few last tasks necessary to make us ready to fish.

4/25, Friday

Found a few more projects around the boat, but the big one was a lifting step to put the plane on the deck of the Lady P. during bad weather. So I cut some pieces and Glenn stuck them together and it was successfully tested, just in time to have the plane on deck as the wind picked up. So we untied and hung on the hook as the wind blew all night.

4/26, Saturday

A grey, windy, cold, snowy day so not much was accomplished. Nothing else to do other than wait for better weather so the plane could fly. But around 5 PM it quit snowing and raining so 12 of us took a bunch of building material to the beach and in three hours had the pilot's shack completed. An 8 x 12' plywood and 2 x 4' wonder with all the comforts of home and a good view to boot.

4/27, Sunday

Awoke to sunshine and blue skies with the wind variable to 15 knots out of the NE. Around 8 AM a few seiners started filtering out of the bay heading east, so Howard fueled up and headed east. Fish at last and herring at that so our four boats joined the increasing flow of boats.

There were 20 or so boats ahead of us by the time we left but were able to pass 10 on the way. Not blinding speed, but would slowly catch up and then slide on by. Only a handful of boats that really got a jump on us beat us to the set. So we slapped out our first big set and got a water haul.

Howard kept setting all of us until 11 AM when Frank wrapped up 3-4 tons that tested out immature, with Tom doing the same shortly after. We finally did catch some, three on our last set.

The Lady Luck didn't get anything either and as we found out we both had the same problem, the web was so new and covered with tar the trapped air couldn't allow the web to sink, so the leads didn't hit the bottom. Howard said we were getting around the fish, but they swam right back out.

To try and hasten the break-in process, we laid our seine along the beach to let it soak. Randy took theirs and put in a tote with some soap and diesel and they played "wine maker." It's basically a matter of time and use though, before they'll begin to fish. Finished the day off by rolling barrels of Avgas up the beach to Howard's shack in the calm, warm moonlight night.

4/28, Monday

A lazier day than yesterday with a few fish showing but no one pumping. We picked our seine off the shore and went outside to make a set. Made .a round haul, but brought it in over the stern when it snagged. We still caught 3 fish, doubling our season total and bring the average number per set up to one fish. At this rate, it would only take another 1994 sets to make a ton.

Added 8 feet of chain to the money bag end to try to make it sink faster. Also sprayed the seine with diesel to wash off some tar.

4/29, Thursday

Washed the diesel out of the seine before dawn without leaving much of a slick at all. It did soften up some but is still a matter of time before it will really loosen up.

Randy finished sewing 15 feet of chain between his purse straps over the whole length so we both headed out in the afternoon to see if we couldn't catch something. Both boats did well, probably 10 to 12 tons each; too bad they were still immature. But, at least we found out that they will fish.

4/30, Wednesday

Another beautiful morning, I can hardly believe how good the weather has been to us. Howard found some fish so we went towards Outlet Cape and made three sets. Scooped about 8 tons on the third try but still immature. So headed back to Nunavachak Bay and hung off the Lady P for the rest of the day

The Rebel pulled up late in the afternoon after spending the day artifacts digging on Summit Island. The four of them spent 8 hours at it and collected a wealth of walrus tusks and teeth, different tools, spear points and even a human skull. Tom got the best find - a biliken, an Eskimo good luck charm which is a face carved on ivory or bone.

5/1, Thursday

Another one of those beautiful days without any action so it was our turn to hunt artifacts. So

along with the crew of the Lady Luck, we took the middle of the day off. The spot is where the top layer is being eroded down a gradual bank to the beach. The best digging is in the top 2 or 3 feet but even that close to the surface, the permafrost limits the work. Lots of bones and shells but enough artifacts and ivory to keep your interest keen. Before having to leave to go fishing, we amassed a fair pile of ivory and trinkets plus three more bilikens, a small one each to Glenn and me, and a big one to Dave. Maybe with three good luck charms aboard we'll start doing better.

Ran into Togiak Bay and three of our boats made sets. We all caught some but they were still not ready, though some ripe ones were caught earlier in the day. Hope to start getting keepers soon and they keep spawning a while because our market softened and will only accept 40 tons a day. We're trying to set up alternative markets and Tom might already have one for 100 tons a day. Another boat joined our combine so that only makes the situation worse.

5/2, Friday

Grey, foggy morning with the ceiling varying between 100 to 400 feet. The plane couldn't do much so we slept in until noon. But shortly thereafter it started to lift and a couple boats made good sets. We were outside by Summit Island and couldn't really decide which way to go. Finally headed towards Tom because he got on to some ripe fish and was going to pump.

Howard found some fish in some rocks west of Kulnkak Bay and so directed us towards them. We slipped in and used the boat to herd them towards a little beach not far away. Then we went around in front of the school and Glenn cut me loose right on the beach. And what followed was a book perfect set, trapping the fish up against the shore. Once he got around the school, Glenn headed straight at me, skirting the water's edge by about 15 feet.

And what a set! The corks started going down in spots and pretty soon a good quarter of them started dipping. Tied some big king crab pot buoys on the cork line and some of them even went completely under. Mike came over from the Rebel to help hold corks and we called for the tender to come take a sample. With about half of the seine still out, it was filled with fish - 50-60 tons or maybe more. We'd have a better idea except we had to turn them loose. They tested out 11% roe, which is good, but only 7% mature, with 8% being the lowest they'll take. We made another set and scooped up 5-10 tons. Unfortunately, they tested out the same as the first one and so let them go, too. Tom made another set and came up with the same fish count so we called it off for the day.

5/3, Saturday

Our first day of fishing for keepers! Started off slowly because the plane was fogged in, but finally got up and found some fish by 7 AM. They were in the same spot as the day before, so we made the same set up against the beach. Got the bag all secure by 8:30 AM and took a sample ourselves that

showed they should be good.

Tom had made a set just before us so the Lady P pumped them first. So we didn't start until noon and finished around 2:30. Wasn't near as big as the set yesterday but still got 35-40 ton. We could have had as much except for about 5 minutes, 30 fathoms of corks were underwater and there was nothing we could do about it. Randy also made a set nearby and between the two of us, we plugged the Lady P.

By 5 PM we had gone out and made another good set and in exactly the same spot. The Arctic Fisher took what we had which was 15 ton, then they headed back to Tom, who also had made another good set. The new boat in the combine - the Tony Marie - also caught some as well as the Marina Kay. So the total for the combine for the day was almost 150 tons. Now if we could only do it a bunch more times, we might make some money, since the price is starting at \$200 - \$220. I guess I shouldn't complain though, because it could be \$150.

5/4, Sunday

Spent the night rocking and surging on the hook with the wind blowing 35-45 knots. Got tired of that so we went around the cap towards Nunavachak Bay into a little bite with some protection first thing in the morning.

The Lady P. tried, without result, to raise the cannery on the radio all day to start the unloading process. And they couldn't get into the dock because Togiak Bay is very shallow. So we headed down there, running with the wind, picked up the cannery representative and ran into the cannery. The wind never died down, so we didn't do any fishing. The wave action stirs up the bottom obscuring the fish and the gusts make it difficult for the pilot, at best.

5/5, Monday

Woke to a calm, sunny day with us located nearest to the lot of fish. So we headed west towards Tongue Point, but before going more than a couple of miles something went out in the outdrive. So I towed us back to the Lady P, thinking the old U-joint went out and we could be running again within an hour. Used a crane to lift the stern up and pulled the outdrive off, only to find out the problem was much worse. For some reason there was too much thrust against the rear bearing I had just replaced and the cast aluminum cover that held it in place broke. Subsequently, some gear teeth broke and made a real mess in the top portion of the unit. I feel responsible because if I had put enough oil in the unit in Naknek we probably would never have had any problems at all. I just wish we had more literature on the entire propulsion package.

So Glenn pumped on a plane for Anchorage to get parts and a complete new outdrive unit. If he can't get one there, he can get one in Soldotna that belongs to Frank.

Jim just brought in the extra lead line, so with the free time we had, we started hanging it on the

seine. All afternoon we had to listen to everyone else fishing, and it was real good at that. A couple times they'd get all bummed out because most of the school would get away, leaving them with only 40 or 50 tons! Fortunately, Jim had come up with some extra tender capacity, but they still didn't have any trouble filling everything, catching somewhere around 200 tons. Now we've got our work cut out for us if we hope to catch up with the other boats for total tonnage. Not that it makes any real difference because the money gets split evenly; it's just competition for the fun of it. The real value of a combine is that it's a form of insurance against problems, such as we're having. They can take up our slack now and, if necessary, we'll do the same for someone else later. And we can assist each other, as in holding up corks, without worrying about competing against each other. It's all for one and one for all - (all the fish we possibly can get our seines around!)

5/6, Tuesday

Took us till midday to finish hanging on the extra lead line. It should sink faster and fly less, but will probably snag more often. Timed the engine and did everything else we could think of to be ready and ran out of projects about the time it got dark. At least we didn't have to listen to everyone else having fun fishing because they filled all the tenders yesterday so there was no market. Even heard of someone who sat on a 200+ ton bag of fish all night and finally let them go because they couldn't sell them. Frank made a big set but wasn't able to sell them, so he held on to them, expecting the market to open a little bit in the morning. And, unfortunately, no word from Glenn.

5/7, Wednesday

A gloomy rainy day. Sure glad we finished our work with the good weather. Still no market available so all our boats sat idle. Plus this particular run seems to be coming to a close, some sets were completely spawned out. So once again we missed nothing. No news yet from Glenn.

5/8, Thursday

At last word from Glenn! He met Jim at Dillingham and so came back on the Lady P. And as we suspected, he encountered problems. He made it to Soldotna, picking up the outdrive, packed it up and headed back this way without any trouble. He would have been able to make the entire trip in two days except Wein lost the package and it took them almost 2 additional days to find. For some reason, they sent it back to Keni where he picked it up in the first place. So Glenn sat at Dillingham for two days waiting for it to catch up.

The Marina Kay dropped Glenn and the outdrive off, so we got a local tender to lift up the stern and we put the damn thing on. So once again, we're off on the wild herring chase, going west towards Tongue Point.

By the time we got there, we only had time for one set and did a tow haul. Got about 8-10 tons and might have gotten more if a limit seiner hadn't run down the cork line and almost run me down in the skiff. I really don't understand why he did that; it certainly isn't the way most of the fishermen act.

But, as it turned out, it didn't make any difference anyway, because we turned them loose. The wind was blowing us directly towards the spit and I was barely able to hold us off. In the half hour we did hold the herring, the seas doubled from 2 to 4 feet. So, with it getting dark and the tender 3 hours away, we decided it wasn't worth the hassle. So we ducked around the point to hide for the night.

#### 5/9 Friday

Sure glad we weren't outside trying to hold on to a bag, the way it blew all night. Had 40-50 knots with gusts to 60 and we even drug anchor. I had to tow the boat back up to the beach, because the tide was out and was too shallow to run the outdrive. Sure was wonderful having towing practice at 4 in the morning in that much wind.

As usual when it is this windy, nothing happened all day. Did listen in on the Fish and Game report and they're closing id all down at 6:30 tomorrow morning. They were only able to count 100,000 tons gross biomass (fish) and with the catch at 12,500 tons, it's close to the 10% catch guidelines dictated to them. So until they can spot a lot more fish, we won't be doing any fishing.

By late afternoon the wind changed to S so our protection wasn't so good. But we stayed for the night, rolling around a bit, but no other problems

#### 5/10 Saturday

With the forecast predicting the wind to continue shifting to SW, the Marina Kay and we decided to run over to the lee of Hagimeister Island. A bumpy ride, but worth it because it was a lot calmer in the new spot. Brock and Theo came over and we had a big old family breakfast.

Later on Glenn and I went beachcombing, but didn't find much. Came across three dead walrus, two without heads. Glenn was able to retrieve 3 teeth from the third one. Then we moved the boat down the beach almost to the end of the island, to be in better beachcombing position.

Dave and I went out at 7 for a quick look at the windward side of the Island. Came across 6 dead walrus and one of them had 9 teeth which we extracted. But what a stink! A ten foot long pile of decaying blubber! Don't know if the smell will ever leave my hands.

In addition to the 6 decaying animals, we saw countless numbers of sets of bones along the beach. It sure makes you mad to know that probably not one of them died from natural causes. It is no wonder they're getting so fanatic about protecting them.

#### 5/12 Sunday

Rain and wind all day. Sat around playing cards and reading - just passing the time. Tried to start the engine after putting water in the batteries but it wouldn't turn over. Fortunately the Lady P was going by so we went out to her and hooked up the charger for a while. She was down this way picking up additional Avgas off another tender, then headed back to her anchorage above ours.

By early evening the wind really started picking up. The Fat Pat called on their way across the bay and said they were encountering gusts up to 70 knots and spray was going clear over the house. We sat in our boat watching sheets of foam go whipping buy, illuminated in the crab lights of the tenders anchored behind us. It seems to be normal practice for them to leave their lights on when it's real nasty. It certainly makes it a lot safer, everyone can keep an eye on each other. And with so many boats it looked like a big city spring up out of the water.

5/12 Monday

The wind howled all night at the same pace and didn't ease up until late in the morning. Heard Howard talking to Jim, another couple planes flipped during the night, as well as a seiner. And he also said yesterday two planes collided head on, one taking off and the other landing on the strip behind his cabin. Fortunately no one has died in all these incidents; just the number of competitors has decreased.

This marked the fourth day of this blow and we're all getting restless. Fish and Game won't open it up again until they can spot more fish, which won't happen until a day or two after it stops blowing. And by that time the next wave of fish may have already come in and spawned. Keep hoping for a break in the weather but the forecast for tomorrow doesn't sound promising.

5/13 Tuesday

Headed west along Hagimeister Island, planning to go around the west end and do some beachcombing. But when we arrived, there were people ahead of us so we headed back. In the last bite there were these seiners and one airplane, which was upside down in 8-10 feet of water with only the floats showing. Scratch some more competition. The seas had laid down nicely so we headed across towards Togiak with the Marina Kay.

5/14 Wednesday

The Lady P showed up first thing, so we fueled up and made our boat ready. Then all the other board's crews came over and we build a corral on the tender's deck, enough to hold 50-100 tons. So if we get a chance to fish some more, Jim will be able to hold 300-350 tons on board to take to Kodiak to sell.

With the work done, everyone steamed out to Crocker Island to dig for artifacts and beachcombing with the lowest tides of the month. We jumped in the skiff and ran out to Twin Rocks

which lay southeast of Crocker Island a few miles. Glen found a tusk out there last year so we decided it might be a good place to start.

Eureka, a gold mine! There was a whole herd of walrus on the large rock, sleeping in the sun, somewhere between 200-300 of them. So we snuck up in the skiff for a better look and I finally know a lot more about them.

A few wander around and poke each other, and a few more were in the shallows feeding. We worked our way right up to the beach and occasionally one would notice us but they paid us no heed. So Glenn and Dave went ashore, while I tended the skiff.

They walked up to the herd and stood there talking for a long time before any of the walrus noticed them enough to start moving. But very few left the beach and there was even a few up against a cliff that didn't wake up. So Dave grabbed a rock and bounced it off the closest one. He lifted and turned his head, looked at Dave and lay back down. So they started using rocks more liberally and making lots of noise and were finally able to get them to start moving. About this time a skiff with three guys came around so I went out to them for a chat. They had a rifle in the boat, along with a big bow saw, a come-along, ropes, an axe and a few other suspicious tools.

When the herd finally left, there were several bodies left, so there was no doubt what those guys in the skiff were doing. But we must have gotten there just after they shot one because its head was still intact. So they started cutting it off, with the warm blood still flowing I was a little apprehensive, not knowing what those other guys would do when we took their ivory. They dropped one guy off and he started walking around the beach with the axe, making Glenn and Dave nervous too. But fortunately the first view he had of Dave and Glenn was Dave standing over the carcass with his 45. They were trying to sever the neck with a bullet, which didn't work but it could have prevented a bad scene. I beached the skiff and helped finish cutting the head, then we jumped in the skiff and made tracks away from the rock.

Dave and I spent the afternoon beachcombing, but without much results. Glenn ran into Tom and Pat who were heading out to the rock, so he went with them. There was no sign of the three men, but there was another dead walrus with his head and amazingly, a cut off head sitting on the beach by itself. So they finished cutting off the second head, removed two ospenis bones and got out of there.

Met back at the Lady P that night and viewed the day's find. Brock found a beautiful set still in the skull and quite a bit came out of the dig site. And Vern found a biliken, so now there are four of them on the boat.

5/15 Thursday

We headed around the north end of Crooked Island and I got off and walked the west side of the island. Found a glass ball and a tusk, about 13 inches long. Dave showed up in the skiff, so after a while

I let him do the walking. He wasn't on the beach more than 10 minutes and he found the biggest tusk found so far and another ospenis bone. So we traded places again and I found a small fragment of tusk before we reached the point where we stopped the day before.

After a couple hours rest, we went over to High Island and walked the north half of it. We took turns, two on the beach, and one in the skiff and did real well. Came up with a tusk, an ospenis bone and seven other good size pieces of ivory. We've now got a real nice selection to split between us.

5/16 Friday

Lazy day, finishing breakfast at 1 PM, then headed for the dig site. Found a beaver and a few other odds and ends, but Pat got a real haul. Went back to the boat when the wind continued picking up and by 8 it was really howling. Moved to a little more protected spot and spent the night surging on the hook next to the Rebel.

5/17 Saturday

Blew all day, probably gusting 80+ knots, sending high sheets of spray across the water. Definitely the hardest blow we've had thus far. Finally started slacking off late in the afternoon.

5/18 Sunday

Grey, wet day but did get a few hours in digging, though with little results. Most of the time we just laid around and read.

5/19 Monday

A fairly nice day so headed for Nunavachak Bay, washing and restacking the seine on the way. Ran into Dick and spent the night partying down with a bonfire on the beach and Tom shooting off his cannon.

After two days of improving reports from Fish and Game, today's sighting of fish was way down. And they've already said that they want to see lots of fish and some spawning before opening it again. The fleet, which has been steadily declining, started to shrink rapidly.

5/20 Tuesday

Another sunny day and another bad report from Fish and Game. Just waiting for the end and Jim to arrive.

5/21 Wednesday

The Lady P arrived early in the morning so we went over to Togiak Bay to meet her. Washed and

fueled up and ran back to Nunavachak Bay without the seine and the speed prop in place. Forgot how fast this thing will go without a load.

Went dry in the creek that empties the floatplane lake, with the Rebel. Went up to Howard's and convinced him to take me flying, so we buzzed around the area taking pictures.

#### 5/22 Thursday

Howard flew all morning and saw lots of fish, but to no avail. Fish and Game finally decided to call it all off, so we're let off the hook. So we spent the afternoon preparing for the trip to Naknek.

#### 5/23 Friday

Windy and wet, making it somewhat difficult to get Howard's stuff off the beach. But we finally got everything ready and take off for town; the Lady P towing the four seiners.

The weather kept picking up until by 2 it was getting rather choppy. The Lady Luck was taking it the worst, as usual, and took a wave over the bow, putting out their middle front window. We really jumped out of bed when Chuck yelled over the radio, "Slow Down! Slow down. We lost a front window!" You could tell just from the inflection of his voice they weren't doing very well. But what can you expect; being woke up by a crash and getting soaking wet. We pulled into some protection so they could repair the damage and wait for the weather to come down. Amazingly enough, the wind cooperated and we were on the move 4-5 hours later.

#### 5/24 Saturday

Pulled into Naknek early and spent the day getting the deck of the Lady P ready for us to be loaded. Jim went in to a cannery to line up the crane and found one without any problem, a brand new 20 ton that had been just unloaded that morning. He was just leaving in the skiff when they tried to lift a boat and the operator tipped the crane over. It fell over the end of the dock and rotated 180<sup>0</sup> down the dock, all without going into the water. The only thing that saved him was the boom stuck in the mud and two stabilizing pads hooked on the cap rail.

#### 5/25 Sunday

Didn't make any progress today because it was too windy to load. But Jim worked out a trade so it won't cost anything to get loaded. So he spent the evening tide playing tug to a barge, working it to a cannery dock. And with any luck at all, we'll load up tomorrow with the crane that's on the barge and be on our way.

#### 5/26 Monday

Grey but dry, over to the barge to begin loading by 10:30. Everything went well and we're headed out of Naknek, finally, by noon. Played Ace-Deuce and won about \$20.00

5/27 Tuesday

A good day of running, but not much else

5/28 Wednesday

Made False Pass at 2 AM, grabbed some water and back to the trail. My turn for watch just out of the narrows, from 4-6. Another \$10 in Ace-Deuce

5/29 Thursday

Another quiet watch from 2-4 AM. Late in the afternoon, Jim started chasing around a small school of whales for pictures. They cooperated, finning and flipping their tails.

5/30 Friday

Another 2-4 AM watch. I don't mind this time slot, as peaceful as it gets on the bridges by yourself. My only regret is the cloud cover of the past two days that obscured the sunrise. But can't complain, as I turned the wheel over to Jim as we came abreast of Cape Chiniak. Arrive in town at 6 with blue sky and the sun a shinnin'. A beautiful, sweet smelling spring morning to welcome the great herring fishermen "home." Come to find out, with a modification of a Fish and Game ruling, we can participate in a herring opening that's to occur in Olga Bay in 3 days. So we spent the day resupplying and preparing to unload.

5/31 Saturday

Did our last minute task and left town by 2, the Lady P towing the Lady Luck, as well as us and the Rebel an hour ahead on their own power.

By the time we reached Chiniak the wind started building up the water. That, combined with an altered, unfavorable forecast, Jim decided to turn and head for Whale Pass and thus to go down the west side. And since we were going right by Kodiak, Jim made up a list of groceries they missed the first time around. So we cut loose and ran into town. Caught up with the Lady P at Spruce Cape and after hooking up, cutting free to reclaim some lost taffy and hooking up again, we again embarked on our great travels.

6/1 Sunday

A little choppy running down the Shelikof Strait, just enough to slow our progress a little. Picked

up a distress call mid-morning from a disabled vessel, a 36 foot halibut boat that lost their engine. So after a brief stop to charge Lucky Lady's batteries, we ran on and picked them up, adding to the tow line. We dropped them off at Alitak and continued up into Olga Bay. Spent the night tied up with the Marina Kay, Sibel K, Nan D and the Rebel (who arrived a few hours ahead of us, after spending the night pounding down the east side)

6/2 Monday

Up early to complete a few last minute projects. Spotted an eagle's nest on the beach, so I went over looking for feathers. Didn't find any but did come across some beaver dams and a den, so I went back to the boat after my camera.

On the way back to the boat, I saw another nest not far off and went over to investigate. Got to within 30 feet when suddenly a bird jumped out of the nest, screaming and flying in a wide arc, then diving at me through the trees, clearing me by 5 feet. I set up my camera and tried to grab a shot from the hip as I dodged the next two dives. I then went back to the boat, not wanting to intimidate the bird, a Goshawk.

About 1½ hours before the opening, everyone went steaming towards the head of the bay That is, everyone but us. Howard spotted a school of fish in the next bay so we turned and went the other way. Howard stayed with the other boats for most of the opening and only got to us five minutes before it closed. We only made one set but didn't get anything as the fish were capeling. Tom was the only one to get anything, scooping up 3½ tons on his last set. So a little disappointed but not too surprised, we hooked up to the Lady P for a tow, up the West side again, back towards town.

6/3 Tuesday

Howard called early in the morning, having spotted some more fish in Manashka Bay, which is within an hour of town. So we steamed up to the head water and made three sets, quick and slick. Didn't catch much and what we did get was spawned-out; the only things of value were two large King salmon (20-30#). But the sun was shining and the air was still and warm and filled with wonders of spring. A glorious day, indeed, for the last hurrah of herring 1980