Narrator: Joe Brignone
Interviewer: Katrine Barber
Also present: Makenzie Moore
Date: November 5, 2011
Location: Bay Center, Washington
Transcribed by Donna Sinclair, November 9 – 26, 2011
Audited by Makenzie Moore, December 26-28, 2011

Time Code	Transcription
0:00 – Maternal Grandmother Hope Wilson played piano for local theater	JB: Have you heard the one the museum has of my grandma, Hope Wilson, when they interviewed her about playing piano for silent movies at the theaters over here? KB: No! JB: Oh, it is, she tells the whole thing. She started doing that when she was still in high school. I'll show you, look right here. This picture right here of her, and that's the only picture we have of her when she was a teenager. Everything else we have of her is when she was just a little girl in school or when she was full grown. KB: That's a beautiful photograph of her sitting in the [?]. JB: That was taken at the old Raymond theater that's still over here. She played for the Tokay Theater and this was the Tokay Theater where she played. And then they used to have a Tokay Theater down here [in Raymond, WA]. And I also have a recording that my brother went down and talked to her, oh, I think it might have been in the '80s he went down there and she was getting pretty old then, her fingers were pretty stiff and so they coaxed her to play the piano. So she played some ragtime and some stuff like that and then was talking and stuff, you know. So I've got that. There's about three songs she did and I think I've got that on tape. Yeah. So, I'm trying to collect as much of it as I can. KB: It sounds like you've done a lot to collect that material. JB: Well, you know when you're young and growing up you don't think about this stuff. You're part of it, but you don't think about it. It's not until you get to be my age that, and
Collecting recordings	

	the sad part of it is, is that the people that really know have already died. But I have a good memory, so, a lot of the stuff that I was told about by my great aunt and stuff like that, I remember it, you know. I really remember my past. The first thing I can remember—my mother left when I was a year and a half old, yeah.
	KB: And tell us your mother's name.
Mary Bakke Parents' marriage	JB: Mary. Mary Bakke was her maiden name, Bakke, B-a-k-k-e, and she married my dad and there was a big fuss about them getting married because they were second cousins. Well, you couldn't hardly marry anybody in Bay Center those days you weren't related to, because the families were just like, well like a bramble bush. Most family trees, they go like this. Ours goes like this. And you look at it, and I got to the point where I was color coding my family tree. I had to because then you could tell where the lines were crossing and all this kind of stuff. And it's absolutely amazing.
	KB: So, does your family have a long history in this, I mean—?
Maternal Family History Brown Rhoades Wilson	JB: My family, on my mother's side, were the first permanent white settlers in Bay Center. There were two families came in before, Joel Brown, I think was the first family and then there was a doctor came down. Joel Brown left after a few years and the doctor only stayed for a[indistinct]. But one of them died fairly soon. And then the Rhoades' and the Wilsons, Rhoades and the Wilsons came in and parts of them are still here, so they were the first permanent white settlers.
Terry Rhoades Randy Rhoades Keith Rhoades Gary Rhoads (half-brother)	KB: There's a Rhoades Road in Bay Center, so that must be after the Rhoades.
	JB: Yeah, yeah the Rhoades', yeah Terry and Randy Rhoades are still living in Bay Center. And I think Keith Rhoades is there and Gary Rhoades, who was two years younger than me—the Rhoades family had about nine kids, I think, and I grew up with him, thinking he was my cousin. I found out a couple of years ago he was a half brother. He died, he doesn't, I don't, somebody told me that he knew it, but I didn't know. I saw him after I got out of the Navy, he came up and stayed, he graduated from high school and he stayed with us for—I was in an apartment with my stepbrother in Seattle and we were working at Boeing, and he

	came up and stayed with us for a while and he met this girl, young gal, who I'd been giving guitar lessons to and her name was Taska Habich [sp?], and she's played all over this area. She was really a super entertainer. But she just, she's still playing. She wasn't twenty-one when I was teaching her, back in the, oh like '62, '63, and she still plays music. I don't know how she's got the fortitude to do it, but she does, you know. But Gary eventually married her. They didn't have any kids and it didn't last very long, and then he married a girl from Valley and they had a child. Well, that's how I found out that he probably knew. His mom must have told him or something about her and my dad, see, because. But I didn't know that because I hadn't been in touch with him. I wasn't even in the area when he died. I never went to his funeral or anything, see, but I happened to be dating a lady out in Valley, who knows everybody out in Valley and she knows his wife really well. And they mentioned, When they found out that she was going with me, then they started putting all the pieces together and so I've gotten part of that story that I didn't have. JB: But I went back and looked at one of my old school pictures and we were sitting, we took a school picture in Bay Center and all the kids out, and he's there and he looks more like me than my brother does. KB: Oh, how interesting. JB: Yeah, so.
5:18	KB: Perhaps we could back up just a little. JB: Okay. You gotta watch me 'cause I'll get going and man I'm like I'm on the racetrack. KB: That's okay; I'll tell you when I have a question. Makenzie's going to ask some questions too. But one of the things that we need to make sure of is that we get on the recording that we're interviewing Joe Brignone, and we're interviewing him at his home in South Bend, and it's November 5th 2011. And I'm Katy Barber. MM: And I'm Makenzie Moore.

	KB: All right. JB: Is that going to pick all that up? KB: It will. It's a good mic. JB: Good. [brief discussion about the microphone] KB: So, tell us a little bit about your parents and your grandparents.
Family Background	JB: Well, my mother [pause]. I'm going to tell it all. And some of it you might not want to put down, you know, but that's the way it is and that's the way I lived it, you know. They were young, my mother and dad were really young when they got married and both families didn't think they should be. Now my mother's side of the family, they were more adamant about it because they were a much more aristocratic family than my dad's side. My dad was the Indian side, you know. But they came from lineage way, way back, clear to Eng—all that kind of stuff, so they were more aware of where they, you know, and the fact that they were second cousins, which was legal to marry, but they did not approve of it. Now there might be more to it than that that I haven't found out.
Bay Center	But another thing about Bay Center in those days was, if somebody did something wrong the people that were old money, you know, they kept it quiet. Other people, it went around town like wildfire, because you know, that's where tipi creeping came in, you know.
Parents unhappy marriage	[laughing] Everybody was doing it. So, the parents were not happy. I don't think my dad's mom and them were unhappy, but they could have been. I don't know, see. But when we were born. When I was born, I was a year and a half old, my brother was six months old. My dad was out working and my mother, Mary, took us kids out to my grandmother's—I'm talking, my grandmother on my dad's side, because that's who I, when I talk about my grandmother, living with them, that's the ones that I'm living with, not my Grandma Hope.
Mother leaves	And they took us up there and she said to my grandmother, "I'm sick and tired of changing these kids' diapers and I'm leaving." And away she went. And we never saw her for seven years. She worked in a shipyard in Bremerton for a while. Then she went to Alaska. We think she might have been married at one time up there, but we're not sure. But she was pregnant when she left and we didn't know, I didn't find that out till a few years ago. And

Howard Wilson (Maternal great-grandfather) Forrest Holmes (step-father) Diane (half-sister)	so, we don't know if it was my dad's or somebody else's. My dad never ever talked about it. Maybe he didn't even know. See, I don't know. See, I don't know the circumstances, because he was pretty closed mouth about everything that went on in the town. He was just pretty closed, I mean he was part of a bit of it, but he was pretty closed mouth about it. And later as he got older he said, "You know," especially when my brother married his wife Peggy, who was Mormon and they started asking questions, you know, for the history. He, he would only tell certain things, you know. Well, the town also was kind of the same way, because people were illegitimate and they didn't, some people they didn't talk about it, if it was a nice girl they just kept it quiet, things like that, see, so that's the way it was in those days. And some of it would happen to somebody and man it was all over, you know, in an instant. So anyway, I found out about oh, four or five, maybe five, six years ago, that my mother was pregnant when she left. And we tried to find something out over like in Bremerton, Kitsap County and we couldn't find anything. But her, let's see, it would be her Grandpa Howard Wilson would be, okay that would be her grandfather and he would be my great-grandfather. He was a county commissioner, his name's on the courthouse down here when they built the courthouse and he kind of hushed stuff up of what happened. So we can't find any records on what happened. We don't know what name she gave the baby, we don't even know what name she gave at the hospital. We have no—he's gone through everything, King County records, everything over in that area, we can't find a thing about it. But we do know, we know that she was pregnant because she told, when she got married later, she moved back here and married Forrest Holmes, she told her daughter, which is my half sister, Diane—they moved down to Oregon here just this last year, or down to Colorado this last year—she told her that she was pregnant when she left my dad. But that's all she said about it. She never gave her details about it. Diane was the one that told me. Otherwise, I would never have known, because we can't find anything on it.
11:29 Childhood Dewey (brother) Eva (great-aunt)	KB: Did you live with your grandmother then for those seven years? JB: This is going to be a tough one for me to remember, because when we first, when she first left my grandmother had us for a while and then, because it was too much for one person, two little babies like that, Dewey my brother came to live with my great aunt, Eva, lived in Raymond and her husband was Parcell and he was a policeman. Well, I thought he

from Raymond World War II Nemah Cannery Bay Center	might have been chief of police, but he could have been just a policeman. And the house is still over there in Raymond, you know where they lived. Pretty old dilapidated house, but people still live in it. And I lived with my grandparents during the early parts of the war. And then, during that time we moved up, we went up to—my grandfather was helping run the cannery, or basically running the cannery up in Nemah where the Japanese had their cannery there, and so we lived up there and worked out on the bay in the station house. I was just a little kid so I wasn't working or anything. My grandfather if I remember right, he used to go, if they had a blackout he'd go out and extinguish some of the channel lights. I think he was in, maybe the Coast Guard Auxiliary, something like that. So, then we came back to Bay Center. The war was still going on, and then we lived for a while with my great-grandmother, and I don't know, maybe, maybe my grandmother was still living at the cannery and they might have still been working there and they moved us back down to Bay Center with my great-grandmother, which was her mother. And we lived there, and she was a cook at the school and we'd take our tricycles, ride around the gym, and this was the old school, which was the gymnasium and started out as the community, started out as the old Bay Center grade school up on the hill. Because see, the town of Bay Center was twice burned down when it was clear down by the water, burned down twice. Then they finally built it up on the hill. That's the town that I remember. When I was a kid you could still see remnants of the pilings going out on the dock and things down there. I can remember some of that, the high sidewalks, wood sidewalks that were down there. You couldn't walk on them, but they were still there, and I can remember wooden streets out in front of the house. One of the houses we lived in in Bay Center was, now I think is probably the oldest house in Bay Center. Randy Rhoades lives there, I think, now. And we lived during part of the war there. And they had the wooden streets out in front and stuff like that. KB: And that was with your great-grandmother? JB: That was with my grandmother when I lived there. So I bounced back and forth. And Dewey lived with, we both lived with my grandmother for a while, and then the lady, my dad had a lady—the house, that old house that's still in Bay Center, and that's got kind of a record because it was one of the first—they had a company here in South Bend, I think it was the [Koldors?] and they had, they were building a brand new type of a pre-fab house. And Bay Center was one of the first places that had one of these houses. That house is still
Stepmother (Flo)	

	there. You come up the hill past the graveyard and there's one house, I think, and then that little teeny house that's kind of a square box house, that's that house. We lived in there. And my dad, that lady that was there was babysitting for us kids for a while and my dad ended up marrying her. Now she had two daughters and they were not too much younger than my dad. So, she got kind of, she just didn't handle having kids this young, see, after she had already raised her kids. So, she was pretty mean to us. I mean she would lie to my dad so we would get a lickin' and stuff like that and she got us in so much trouble. I mean we did mischievous things that kids do, but she would lie to him about, that we didn't come home from school or things like that, to get us in trouble and then we'd get a whippin', you know. He'd go out there and take his old belt off, you know, but as I got a little bit older I realized that that whippin' only lasted for a short time, see. His arm got tired real quick. And I have a fairly high pain tolerance and I could bear the whippin', so pretty soon I'm thinking, just grit your teeth and it'll be over, and then you're home free. That's the end of the punishment, you know. You go down, play ball or whatever. Well, he finally realized that the whippin' wasn't doing any good with me, and I wasn't doing anything bad but I just was maybe, I wasn't supposed to go down to the dock because I couldn't swim and I'd be down at the dock and playing around and stuff, you know things like that. So, finally he started making me stay in my room for the day. Well that almost killed me. My buddies are out there throwing the ball up and down, saying, "Come on and play catch, Joe," and I'm looking out the window and that was a real killer for me. So, that's how we handled that.
16:35 Matilda "Tilly" Rashman (paternal grandmother)	JB: Anyway, in about 1950, either '49 or '50, Flo wanted to go back—that was my first stepmother—and she wanted to go back to St. Joe, Missouri, which is where her folks and all lived. So they were going to take a trip and Dad, by this time I was really sick and tired of her overbearing way and everything, so I said, "I don't want to go. I'll go stay with my Grandma Tilly," which was Matilda [Rashman?], with my grandmother, my dad's mom. And so, Dewey he went along. Well, they got about halfway back there and Flo had a nervous breakdown. So they took her to Western State Hospital, and she was in there for several years. I have one letter from her after she started getting well, where she apologized for everything and after I got out of the Navy there, I went to Seattle, I went and found her. We became good friends. She was still apologizing for that. So she, they had straightened her out, but she just, I think she was just overloaded and so—I was on the road playing

	music when she died, so I never got to go to her funeral, and I only saw her a couple of times, I think, because my life had changed so much and I was moving around and
Second Stepmother	everything, you know. So then, when she went, then Dewey came, my brother came back and lived with me with my Grandma Tilly again, and then my dad met my second stepmother and she was a friend of the Petits, who I'm related to, the Petits.
The Petits	So, they ended up getting married. Well, she had two kids and they were Seattle people, so they were used to doing things a lot different than my dad. My dad was pretty much of a disciplinarian and stuff, you know, and I remember we got our Schwinn bikes, he bought our Schwinn bikes and he says, "Now you can't ride those things until you can sit on it and your foot will hit the pedal when it's all the way down," which you know, it's good thinking you know. But, if we took off and rode it then we had to stop someplace to climb up on a fence or a box where you could get on the thing, you know. And we had to be back, and Flo, our evil stepmother, that's what I call her, she, she says fifteen minutes, "You have to be back in fifteen minutes." Well, by the time we got on the thing and got started and you got halfway across town, if you got off of it, took you another five minutes to get back on, you had to turn around and come back. Well, later on, after they realized we were going to be paying attention, then you got to go, pretty soon you got the run of the town. That's just the way it was in Bay Center. You know, it didn't make any difference. But, little things like that.
Father's third marriage	But anyway, we stayed there for awhile, and then when my dad married my second stepmother then we both moved home. But she, [Pause] now this part, I don't want to ruffle family feathers, so you can keep that, but I kind of did anyway because I forgot about that and when I first got my computer they had a website where you could tell your family history and all your people would come into it and everything, and I told the whole thing. Well, I haven't been invited to some people's houses since then. It's starting to smooth over a little bit now but I told it like it was!
Family dynamics	So my second stepmother, she treated her kids different than she treated my dad's kids. So he wouldn't let us drive the car or anything like that. Well, she would take—her oldest daughter was the same age as I was, and then my brother was a year younger and then her youngest son was two years younger than me. So, but she would go to town and she'd take my sister and stop at the bridge and after they got of town, let her drive the car, things like—well, I found out about stuff like that. So I didn't like that double standard. And my brother, Dewey was much easier going than I was. He just kind of went with the flow, you

	know. And I wasn't. I was just, I was very independent, and I never did anything bad, but I was just independent and I did not like that double standard. So I told my dad, I said, "I'm going to move back to my grandmother's." So I did. And he came over one night and he wanted to know why I moved back and so I told him. And he says, "Well, I'll tell you what." He says, "This is my third marriage and I'm going to do everything I have to do to make this one work, and if somebody gets hurt, which could be you kids, that's the way it's going to have to be." And I said, "Okay, then I'm staying here." And he said, "Okay." So I stayed there until a little after, we'd gotten into high school for a little while and I kind of, I missed my brother, see, so then I moved back home and spent the rest of the time at home until I graduated. And then when I left to go, after I graduated, especially after I left to go in the Navy, they moved to South Bend. So I never ever went back to Bay Center, as far as living there again. My grandmother had already died. She died in the '50s, and my grandfather, he wanted me to come back and work with him but I had seen enough of the world then that I thought, oystering is not for me. I want to do something else, you know. So I never went back. But, um—questions or?
22:10 Matilda Beriko (ne Gibbons) Frank Beriko Bay Center	KB: Well, you mentioned your great-grandmother and I was hoping that you'd let us know what her name was so we have that. JB: My great-grandmother on my dad's side was Matilda [Beriko?]. Her maiden name was Gibbons, and her husband was Frank Beriko. And, well she was just a grand, grand lady. Everybody in town really liked Gram Beriko and everybody called her Gram. She just was that, just a super nice person. So. KB: And you've talked a lot about growing up in Bay Center and a little bit about what you could see in terms of the wooden sidewalks and streets. Was it the same size as it is now? JB: Bay Center can't get any bigger. There were people up the road, you know, but they—what's included in the population—but the town about that time was close to 250 people and my dad, as we got older he told us, he says, "This town has about 250 people and you're related to probably all of them, either by blood or by marriage," he said, "and some of them you won't find out about until you start getting older or the people either start dying

Margie Horn (nee Rhoades)	or they're old enough that their tongues start wagging and then you'll starting finding [out]." And that's when I found out. But I'm still finding it out. See, and I'm enjoying the heck out of it because I didn't cause any of it, but it's sure fun to find out about it. So when I go to funerals- I went to Margie [Horn's?] funeral here a few years ago, and she was related to me. She was a Rhoades girl, and she babysat me when I was a little kid, her and her sisters did. She opened oysters alongside my dad. I mean everybody was close. But she knew everything, she knew everybody. She was just a gregarious person, you know. So, when they asked at the funeral for people to get up and talk about Margie and stuff, you know, well nobody said anything about her Bay Center life, because most people were talking about her later up in Valley, see. So I thought, well we gotta mention Bay Center here. So I got up and started talking. I started talking about tipi creeping and things like that and I heard people saying, "Yeah, that's right. I know people that tipi creeped." Well, my dad was a tipi creeper, you know, I mean, so—he was a good looking guy when he was young and he didn't let any grass grow under his feet. And he lived just down, probably maybe not even a hundred feet from the Rhoades family, clear out on the bluff see, at that time, when my mother first left. And we figured during that time; let's see, I was a year and a half so that would have been halfway, let's see, July '38, it would have been around the end of '39, see, when she left. And so, Dad was one of the few single guys. You know the war wasn't starting but when the war did start then single guys moved on and a lot of the older guys were out working in oyster beds. Those guys around town that were single; you know, you've probably heard the story talking to other people down here where there were some, some of the females would go down to the tavern and throw their keys on the bar and whoever picked them up, that's who they went home with. KB: I had not heard that story. JB: That happened. I've heard that from many people, you know, and Bay Center—I tell everybody, I say I think Grace Metalious of Payton Place spent some time in Bay Center getting back around the [?] because Bay Center was a little Peyton Place in those days and that's how everybody got related to everybody else. I mean people slept around. KB: Was there much of a division between the whites in Bay Center and the—

	JB: No, no. KB: the Chinooks? JB: I never had, I never had, no. I never noticed any. The Indian kids were part of that thing down there from the very beginning. But my Grandma Hope had Indian friends when the town was first being built, like that you know, her family did and stuff like that, that she tells that in Bay Center. Have you ever seen the Bay Center story that she wrote? KB: I don't think so. JB: Oh yeah, I've got a copy of it here. Yeah, she's well known for that Bay Center story. She wrote about the early history of the town and the whole thing. She's well documented, everything that happened.
26:44 Bay Center History Charles Summers Bone River Oyster Cannery	JB: Because the town burnt—the town was down at the lower end of the—the town, it burned down twice. Damn, we had a hotel down there, women's dress shops, really quite a settlement down below and twice it burned down. I don't know if that was the reason that they—I think the reason they built it up on the hill, because they had more room. More people were starting to live there, see, and I've got a couple of pictures here. Well, yeah I've got one over here of the shacks, the old shacks downtown in Bay Center and stuff. Yeah, I got these from the museum, and Charles Summers down here, right down below me, he takes these old pictures and fixes 'em up and cleans 'em up for people. So I get some of that stuff from him, you know. But yeah, Bay Center was, it was quite a metropolis. And this is long before they even had roads. You had to get there by boat, you know. It was quite a little town. They had big plans for it, but it never materialized. But it was quite an oystering place. I mean they had one, two, they had four canneries, well two canneries in Bay Center, and then they had two at the Palix and they had, no they had three canneries in, no they had two canneries in Bay Center and two at the Palix and one at Niawaukum and one at Bone River. And I went down in the '60s and Bone River, we go up here where Bone River is, when you go across Bone River, you don't go over to the [right?] if you're going south. You'll see some shell on the

Ships coming into the bay	bank on the low tide and there was a cannery there at one time. And I took video in the '70s and I think part of the old building is still in the video. So, I was happy with the video I managed to get in the late '60s, early '70s down there, just specifically to shoot that kind of stuff. But this one that Cox has, it's showing us all the oyster seed when the Japanese boats came in. Now the video that I took, they still had boats coming in here and I got a picture of one Japanese boat going out, a sea boat, and a picture of a lumber ship coming in. I never forget the name, the *Edgar F. Luckenbach* from New York. I don't know why I still remember that name of that ship, because I only saw it once, you know.
WWII bombing target	And I'll tell you, when you live in this area, when you saw a big ship come up this river down here that was really something, especially when it goes to the Ekland Park gap over there. People just can't believe it, and I thought with my view up here wouldn't it be wonderful when this river all fogs in and I'm taking a video and all of a sudden this big ship materializes [laughing], how did that feel? You almost think—well, yeah it'll never happen again because they stopped dredging the bar. But I can remember things like, during the war they had a bombing target over on the peninsula, end of Long Beach. And we could sit on the beach and watch planes drive off and bomb this target. It was a big pyramid shaped thing. And I've got the museum down here, the historical museum, looking, trying to find out information on that and even if there are any pictures. But in the '60s, I think it was the '60s they went out and they tore the thing down because people were climbing on it and stuff and I think there was a liability thing, because the government might have still owned the property, I don't know. And I think the only thing's left out there now might be some of the concrete foundation or something to it. But I can remember that out there, yeah. Because my brother and I, when he was living with my great aunt in Raymond and I was living with my grandmother, we didn't see each other very much, see. So when we got together we swapped stories. Well, I had a lot more activity going on in Bay Center that had to do with the war, and like the bombing target, than he did. So I would tell him a story, well and he didn't want to be beaten, so he'd say, "Well, yeah, we had Japanese planes bombing us in Raymond." And we're young kids, you know we're just little kids and I'd say, "Yeah, the ships were coming into the bay down here." And then he said, "And the tanks were," and the persons were fighting World War II, [laughing] in Raymond and Bay Center. And now we sit and talk about it and we're just

	laughing like mad about the stories that we swapped with each other that weren't true. But we did both, eventually, you know we saw the planes bomb the target down there and things like that.
31:13 Japanese population Prejudice in the Navy, the Philippines	MM: Was there a large Japanese American population before the war in this area? JB: Oh yeah, we had the Kowishima's were down there on this hill going down to Johnson's Beach and, just *super nice* people. I don't know of anybody that had animosity towards the Japanese people that lived in the area, the ones at the Nemah or anything. I've never heard of any animosity toward them. They were just really good people. You know, they were Americans as far as we were concerned, you know, and as far as they were concerned. The thing about Bay Center that I really noticed was the fact that, like I said, I was never prejudiced against because I was part Indian. I didn't notice any prejudice and the first time I saw prejudice was when I got in the military. And the Blacks were being prejudiced against. And the first time I saw that happen was when I got to the Philippines and I was aboard my ship and I was going to go out in town and I looked along the [pole?] and I [wanted to go to the section?] had a friend, a black guy who was a friend of mine aboard the ship and we went on liberties and things together, a bunch of other guys and stuff. And I said, "Let's go down this section of town." And he says, "No, I don't think you'd better go down there." And that was a section of town where most of the Blacks went and the whites didn't go and that was the first time that I had ever experienced any kind of prejudice. Now, we didn't, when I went to high school we didn't have any black kids in Bay Center. We didn't have any black kids in high school in South Bend. They had an old black guy in Raymond. He was a shoeshine guy, nicest guy you ever want to meet, easy going guy and everything you know. But I don't know that he ever had any kids and if he did they probably went to Raymond, see. And when I got to college there were some black kids in college, not very many. I went to college at Central [Washington] for just a half a year and the ones I met, you know, I had not prejudice against them or anything. I didn't know anything about prejudice, I probably never even heard the word prejudice the whole time I lived in Bay Center and grew up there. It just wasn't, it just was not a [word]. But we heard the thing, I guess you heard it a little bit from the main tribe, like the Quinalt when they would say, "You gotta leave the reservation, go out in the white man's

Intertribal fighting	world and make your way; otherwise, you're just gonna be a poor Indian," see. And a lot of people did. A lot of people picked up and left the reservation, went out and lived in the white man's world. Well then the tribe does what most Indian tribes do, they're fighting with each other and all this kind of stuff and that's really a sad thing. Ever since I've been with this tribe I've tried to tell people, the tribes need to find some way to get together, just follow Sitting Bull. He got everybody together and they whipped the heck out of whoever was going to come against them. But all the tribes now they got their own little enclave and they want to do this and they're worried about somebody else is going to get something. And if they would just all band together and approach the government or whoever they have to approach as one big unit, they would get so much more done. But people get in these things, they build their own little empires. And that's what happened. And I know that about Bay Center, because I had relatives that were living on the reservation and relatives that weren't and the two factions were battling over reservation rights and stuff, see. And I didn't understand that; you know, if you're an Indian you got Indian blood. And if you don't want to be Indian go live in a white man's world but you're still Indian. See. Some t people, they didn't want to be Indian. But I didn't see it, it was not a prejudice thing, it was just what was going on, kind of the turmoil between families and where they wanted to live and what kind of work there was and stuff like that, see. But I do know that the agency or the tribal people, they kind of said, you know, if you want to make a good living you've got to get out in the white man's world and do it. And people went out and got educations and stuff, you know, and did it.
35:32 Lost blue card at Goose Point	KB: You told me yesterday that your dad had an allotment on the Quinalt. JB: He had an allotment, yeah, yeah. We all had blue cards, you know, and I lost my billfold down to—I bet you I spent weeks combing the brush down there at Goose Point, trying to find that billfold because it had my blue card in it. I've still got the paperwork that I got, signed by everybody when I got my blue card, I got that and it's pretty folding-worn and everything, but yeah, once you got it they didn't issue them again see. KB: And did it list your tribal affiliation on the blue card? JB: Yeah, mine said Quinalt/Chinook.

Visits to reservations	KB: Did you ever spend time at the Quinalt Reservation or the Shoalwater? JB: Only to go down to visit relatives and stuff, you know. I always liked it because there was only one Brignone family and I can't remember, I don't think I ever knew his first name but they called him Tom-tom. Well then he married a Squaxin Indian, which is up by Shelton and that area there and her nickname was Bubbles. So now my relatives on the reservation is Tom-tom and Bubbles. [all laugh] So if I go down, and then later in years when I wanted to go down there and see if anybody was still [all right?], I didn't know their names so I had to say Tom-tom and Bubbles. Well, because the reservation isn't that big at the Quinalt you know, they'd know exactly who I was talking about and everything. They're dead now, you know. So, yeah, but the reservation, we didn't spend much time at the reservation, except we'd go down to the Tahola area and go clam digging and stuff like that, see. But, because we only had that one relative down there.
Trouble finding Indian relatives	We might've had more that I didn't know about. We could have, we probably did. Then I had relatives that were Indian relatives that were down in the Chinook area, Cathlamet and places like that. It's a lot harder to, it's a lot harder to find your Indian heritage than it is your white heritage because so much stuff is not documented. We got our names in some of the Indian books and stuff like that, that people put out in that period back there, pictures and stuff like that. But when you start looking, especially when the old timers start dying. Now my grandmother's half sister, she was really, I mean she really knew everything. She just knew everything about everything. And boy, I tell you, you know, when she passed away if you hadn't written down the stuff that she told you, I mean it was gone. I mean she just could recall everything. And she liked doing that, you know. I loved to go down and listen to her talk about stuff. But when you're young, you only retain the things that are interesting you right now. You know, you don't think about the future and how it's going to impact you or anything like that, see. So it's really kind of sad that, you know, people that come from Europe—and my mother's side did come from Europe, but I, I was more, I guess I affiliated more with my Indian side of my family. I always have, my Indian side of my family. I did when I was a kid. I was proud to be a Native American, very proud to be a Native American. And the white side was just, it was just part of me. And I didn't pay attention. Now my brother, he pursued the white side in genealogy because it was easier to pursue

	it. Boy, everything was documented, everything's written down, it's easy to get birth certificates. A lot harder to do it on the Indian side. Sometimes the Indian families, as you probably know by doing this research, is the dad and the son have the same name and— KB: Yes.
39:24 Children's community in Bay Center	JB: And you're looking at one and all of the sudden you start looking at offspring and stuff and you're trying to figure out how they fit together, you know. I've had that problem with my family and stuff, you know. So. And then my grandfather was part Indian, but he was also part Sicilian. So, we've got that line to follow back into Sicily and stuff, too, see. [laughs] But I'll tell you, for a kid growing up at the time that I grew up you could not have found a better place to grow up than Bay Center, Washington. There was plenty of work; you know, the late '30s, early '40s, people were still recovering from the Depression. But the fishing and the canneries and everything was running, they were running really great and everything. And you had the beaches down there. Virtually no crime or anything like that. No drugs at all, not even all the way through high school I never heard the word drugs, see. So this whole area, and Bay Center I go down there now and I go out to the ball park, Bush Park. When we were kids we had trails through that whole park. I mean there was no underbrush in the park hardly at all because we had it all beat down. There were kids running down there playing war and cowboys and Indians and pine cone fights, and all the time, we lived out of it and there really, in the early days especially we didn't have television. And ball games, I mean you rode your bike around town, you got a mitt hanging on your bike because if anybody said we're going to have a game of 500 you got half a dozen kids out there, they're ready to play it, you know. Just an absolutely fantastic place to go. I go down there now on a nice sunny day in the summertime, there's not a kid out in the ball park. The trails that we all had out there, the whole undergrowth is all grown over. It's just amazing. You go down to the beach, there's no kids down there with their trucks playing in the sand and their toy bulldozers. None of that stuff. They just don't do it. They're home twiddling their thumbs on a video game. That might be fun for them now and it's high tech, but when they get to be my age and look back at their past, is the only thing they're going to remember is a video game? And television, a wasteland, which is basically, it's getting to become that, instead of the kind of things that we did. I have got so many

	memories. And even the bad ones, you know, the spankings that we got, they paled compared to what the good times were down there, you know. If a kid wanted to work there was plenty of work, and they were looking for the kids to work. Now half the kids don't want to work. The oyster beds people, the people that run the businesses have a hard time getting local kids to work.
42:27 Adult community in Bay Center	KB: I do want to ask you more about the oystering. But one of the things that occurred to me is you're describing this really wonderful community of kids that were playing. Was there also a community of adults that would put you in line if you were--? [laughs] JB: No, no, the thing about the adults was, especially before television, it was a community. The town was a community. People played cards. Their doors were unlocked. I don't know how many times I came home and the lady across the street, the [Woolridges?], there would be a note on the counter saying, "I borrowed a cup of sugar. See you tonight." You know, "come over and have a piece of cake," something like that. And Canasta and Pinochle, just run rampant through the town and stuff.
Methodist Church – NYF group	And the Methodist Church had a NYF group and the kids, whether you were Methodist or whatever you belonged to NYF because it was a recreational type thing and you know, there was a little bit of religion thrown in, but it was a way for kids to take a bus trip and go skating in Aberdeen, things like that together, you know. So it was all that kind of stuff. Now I understand some of the new people in Bay Center are trying, they've got community clubs and they're doing things like that but they don't have the history of the town and the history of the families together and stuff. I mean that was a *wonderful* place to grow up. Just, I can't say, I can't say anything bad about it.
Alcohol and drugs	There was a lot of drinking going on, you know. But anyplace you go there's a lot of drinking going on, even in the rich places. They're just able to hide it a little bit better. I worked for the people at Boeing when drugs were first coming in. Their engineers that were handling it at that time. I don't know whatever happened to them now. They might have gotten off it. A lot of people started it in the '60s and got off of it as they got a little bit older. Because I know when I first went to work for the Sheriff's Department, you could never have done any drugs, even marijuana, and later on, by the time I left they were saying, "Okay, when's the last time you did do drugs and what kind did you do and how often?" And if you met a certain criteria then they could say okay, because they found out that there

Stringing Oyster Shells	was a lot of people had done it and got over it and became really good citizens and they were losing some of these people to get them into the department and stuff. So, the thing changed a little bit you know. We didn't have *any* of that kind of stuff when I was a kid. The worst thing you could have, going down there I heard about was a kegger party, and those were South Bend kids come down to have a kegger party at [Rodisha or Rodicia?] Beach or something; you know, things like that. Oh God, I've got good memories. I mean, the spankings and the times I had to stay in my room are nothing compared to the good times. And you went out, you peeled Cascara bark, you strung oyster shells. Everybody, half the people in town had an oyster shell pile in their yard and the strings were almost six feet long, about maybe five feet, five to six feet. And you tied a loop in one end and then you'd put a block of wood there and you'd have a little thing with a point on it and you'd punch a hole in these shells, and then you'd string 'em on these strings and you'd have a big stack of strings and a truck from whatever company had given you the shells would come and pick them up and then they. in the bay they had these big racks out there, and at low tide, you know the oysters would be hanging, they'd put them on these racks. And at high tide they were off the ground and everything. Now, they do something kind of similar. I think they call it long-lining or high-lining or something. They put stakes in the ground, they run a thing with a rope across it now and they've got oysters stuck in these ropes. It keeps them off the bottom and everything, you know, which is kind of a good thing but it's labor intensive. But the kids, you know they made money stringing these strings. And the town smelled like rotten oysters. There's no doubt about. You don't get everything out of an oyster shell when you open it. Part of that muscle's still there, you know, and the flies were all over the place. But you didn't feel bad because everybody else had the same problem, see. They had piles of shell up the road and if you didn't have shells in your yard you found out who had the pile up the road, on the dike road and you went up there and sat there, rode your bike up there and strung shells. And they paid you ten cents a string and then it went to twelve cents. I think the last time I ever strung oysters it was fifteen cents a string, you know. It was just, it was a great way to earn a living. KB: So, I'm sorry, I'm a city girl. What do you do with the strung oysters? JB: The oysters, when you're trying to catch what they call a natural set in the bay, there's

	oyster larvae swimming in the bay and they need something rough to attach themselves to. And one of the things they used to do also out there, they had what they call lathe. They'd use piece of wood so tall and they'd dip it in concrete and it would make a rough surface on them, and they would use those. Anything for the oysters, the little oysters to grab, because when we bought seed from Japan, we'd get a piece of shell about that big and it would have eight or ten little baby oysters and you look really close to see them and their shape is like an oyster. They're round and the little shells on them, you know, about the size of your little fingernail.
47:38 Grandfather's start in oyster industry Environment effect on oyster growth	KB: So the seeds were always attached to something. JB: Yeah they have to attach to something and then they grow. My grandfather, when he left, when the Japanese came back to their cannery up the Nemah, he did such a good job for them that they gave him some oyster ground up there. And that's how he got his start in the oyster business, was that piece of ground up there. And the Nemah is really rich growing ground, and the lower bay is better fattening ground. So, the oysters would grow up there and then after two years we'd bring them down to the lower bay and they'd grow for two more years and we'd harvest them. Now they've got some places where they've speeded it up and they can harvest them in about three years. But, and another thing about up there, they grew so fast that they would grow in piles, maybe three, four feet across and they would grow up like this and they would be long, maybe six, eight inches long and really, and only about three inches wide and only really very thin. You had to be careful you didn't, it was easy to break them. And when you'd go to pick them they'd come up in a big clump, maybe eight or ten oysters, and they'd stand up like flowers, and you'd just bang them on the edge, on the top of the tub and they'd break in a cluster, you know, because you didn't want to have to handle them that way because it was easy to break them and stuff. And picking up the bait was really hard on your boots because these oysters are standing up like this and the bottom of your boots are pretty tough but the sides, you'd cut holes in the sides of your boots. You could go through more than one pair of boots in a season of oyster picking up there. But they grew really fast. And then that same oyster when you brought it down the bay and bedded it out and it grew two more years, the shell size changed and pretty soon you got an oyster that's like this.

	KB: Huh. JB: Many people don't know that. KB: A round oyster. JB: That oyster changes shape. KB: Wow. JB: Yeah, just amazing, absolutely amazing. Sometimes up there the oysters would be so thick in those piles, you couldn't dredge them because you'd break them all up, so they'd take a little, like a quarter stick of dynamite, put it under there and just boost the ground up a little bit so they'd come loose, then you could pick 'em. But they'd still come out in, they'd call them clusters, you know. KB: Wow.
Picking oysters on Scows Father's oyster picking skill	JB: Yeah. And in the early days when I first started picking, you were picking on scows. So the mud up the bay is really, really soft, it's not sandy like it is down here, see. So you were walking in your boots and you're carrying a bushel basket full of oysters and you're walking, and you take one step and the next thing you know your boot's back there; you know, and then when you get to the scow, you gotta lift that pile up on the scow, that basket. And then you gotta climb up there, 'cause you gotta dump into the middle, so you don't build it up on the sides and you can't get to the middle. So I mean, picking on scows is for the birds! [laughs] As far as I'm concerned, especially in soft mud and then you're a little kid, you know. But my dad was a world champion oysterer for almost seven years. He opened, the best he said he ever did, he opened a full bushel basket full of oysters in under seven minutes with no cuts. He was a fast opener. A lot of people are fast openers but they cut the oysters, because they get in there with that knife and flay them open. He learned to open during the war when the government was buying oysters and they did not want cuts. You had to open a clean oyster, or otherwise as far as they were concerned it was trash. Later on, I think they

	tried saying, well maybe we'll take stuff and make stew. I don't know what they were doing with the whole oysters. If they were going to make stew, you know, it didn't make any difference if they're cutting—I hate to see them cutting whole oysters up to make stew but maybe, I don't know because I was pretty young then. But he said he learned to open under government regulations, you know, and they did not want cuts.
51:21 Women oyster workers Openers Collecting pearls	JB: And another thing, when you talk about discrimination, the women worked opening the oysters just like the men, because it depended how good you were, 'cause that's how you made your money. It was by the gallon. It wasn't hourly work. Some people on the counter worked by the hour depending on what you were doing, but the people that opened they were working by the gallon, see. And the openers, the people who go around and check when you're opening, they take random buckets, random colanders and buckets and stuff, to check and see what the count was, how many oysters to the thing. So, openers loved it when my dad was opening. No, the cannery didn't like it when my dad opened—I can't remember how it works but when he opened he didn't get as many oysters in the colander because he didn't cut any of them. See, so when they counted, if he had say a hundred oysters, just a round figure. Okay, if somebody was cutting the oysters they're going to have more oysters in there. And so the count would be, if you had a hundred and forty oysters they're going to pay you so much for a hundred and forty oysters or something like that, see. So I think the openers liked it better when they counted my dad's bucket because he didn't have to have as many oysters to get the count for getting paid for, whatever it was for—I think that's the way it worked. But anyway, he always told us, he said—and I can't remember who it was but I think it was, one of them didn't like the way he opened, which could have been the cannery, but they liked it 'cause he didn't cut 'em but just the idea of that count thing was a thing. Another of these times when he used to open, my dad was a—he smoked Camels all of his life, unfiltered Camels all of his life. And he used to wear a t-shirt that had a pocket so you could put your cigarettes in there. Well, he wanted to make a pearl necklace for my mother. We used to find a lot of pearls in oysters. Most of them weren't good quality pearls but I've found many pearls and I've found two of them that were probably the size of my little fingernail and weren't totally round but they were round enough that I could make tie tacks out of them, see, things like that. But he had a whole quart jar that he had these different pearls and he was trying to get enough to get a good pearl necklace. Well, they don't have

	the luster like a cultured pearl or anything, you know. But he wanted to do that. So, when he'd find a pearl he'd stick it in his pocket. Well, in those days they used to have the, with tuberculosis these guys would come down, the county who'd come down with these x-ray machines and they'd x-ray people. Well, he got x-rayed and everything, and he was always concerned because he was a smoker, you know. But anyway, they called him back a couple weeks later and they said, "You gotta come up and see us, you got a spot on your lung." So he goes up, he's just scared to death. He went up there and they, well then they x-rayed him again, there was no spot. Then he remembered [laughing] he had put a pearl in his pocket, see, his cigarette pocket. [all laugh] JB: So, you got some more questions?
54:46 Grandfather's experience in oystering Jimmy Roder Lawrence	KB: When your grandfather took over for the Japanese that were interned, he had been oystering before that? JB: He had been working for people in the oystering. And he was a hard worker, very industrious, you know. And he could have been working for them at the time, because they had a really going operation up there at the Nemah. The cannery's still there but some company bought it but they're not using it for a cannery or anything else. There were several other people in the county that helped run that cannery up there, and I just know the time that we were up there. But I know that they gave him some oyster land because of that and he, that's how he got his start, you know. It was really funny, in this, oh late '50s he had a sister that lived down in California and her husband was a chief torpedo man for submarines during World War II. Well, they had a boy named Jimmy Roder. He was an obnoxious little kid. I think his dad even thought he was [laughs]. But then he'd come up. Well, North River was a fun place to go in the summer time, and my uncle, my grandfather's brother, Lawrence, he had a floating float house over there and boy I tell ya, I don't know how many times I rode my grandfather's skiff over to North [Cove?] just to go over there. Then later he got a twelve horse Scott outboard, and I could get over there are little faster. But I didn't think anything about putting my stuff, fishing gear and everything, and my brother's and we would get in that damn skiff and we'd head for North River, you know. But I remember one time when Jimmy Roder was over there, and we liked to play on the river. We'd run around doing stuff

Prank on Jimmy Roder	and Jimmy, when he was there, "Oh, I want to do that." He was just all over the place, you know. And we saw this log coming down the river one time. We were quite a ways up the river, maybe half a mile, quarter mile up the river or something, where the cabin was. It was a pretty good sized log, you know, nice big float, like a float log, big enough to be that. Well, the Japanese were looking for a float log at the Nemah, and so I said, "Jeez, that looks like a good float log. We could take that back." We had the dredge over there, so we could tow it back, see. So I said-Well, it had an axe in it so it had gotten loose from someplace up the river. So we chopped the axe off and the butt end of it kind of flared out and it was big enough so that one person could get on there, you know, and sit on it. So we said, "We gotta capture this log," and we'll run down and somebody can sit on there and guard this log and we'll run down there to the cabin and tell Grandpa and we can snag it when it comes by. So, guess who the candidate was that we were going to put on there, was Jimmy Roder, so we put him on this log. And he's, as soon as we left he, you know, we said, "Oh yeah, just sit there. The log's not going to turn over and we're just going to run down and get it and we're going to come back up and get you," you know. So we're smoozing him over really good. Well as soon as we started that motor up and started going down the river he started screaming and he's just screaming bloody murder, so we came down and pulled up to the floathouse and got out and ran in and called for Blackie and before we could even say that we have this log up there his dad, Jess, says, "Where's Jimmy at?" And my grandfather says, "Yeah, where's Jimmy?" We said, "Well, he's coming by right now," and he's screaming bloody murder as this log started to float down. So they ran out there and I said—the first—my grandfather didn't laugh a whole lot. He was kind of a seemingly gruff guy but he was really good hearted, and even Jess had this big grin on his face, and Jimmy's out there howling like mad and we go out there and snag that log. And as far as I know that log is still on the float over there at the Japanese cannery, because I went over there about two years ago when I first moved down here to take some pictures of the old cannery and stuff, where I'd spent some time at, and that float is still there, and I'll betcha that same log is still underneath of it. You know, Jimmy Roder on that log. [laughs]
Grandfather burnt holes in his pockets	And my grandfather was well known [for], he always wore plaid shirts and suspenders, and smoked a pipe and sometimes he'd smoke a cigar. But most time he's smoking a pipe, and he had those long kitchen matches. And he'd be working in the dredge and brush up

"Blackie"	against and all of a sudden he's got smoke, you know, the matches went off. [laughs] And all his flannel shirts have burn marks in there. And people that were working on their boats down at the harbor would say, "Oh, looks like Blackie's got his fire going again!" You know, and he's got smoke and he's standing there going like this. [laughing] So finally my grandmother, they came out with a pipe lighter that you could pull it apart like this and light it and you could suck through it and all that. They might still have them, I didn't know, and he got that, but he still carried matches in there. He liked those old matches and stuff. He could strike them on anything, you know. Oh yeah, yeah. [KB laughs]
1:00 Living with Grandparents Work ethic Contributing to the community	JB: When I moved over there, when I decided that my second stepmother, with the favoritism with the kids and stuff, I thought, I'm not going to put up with this, so I moved over there. And my grandfather said—and I'd already been working for him. I started working for him when I was, oh about twelve and a half, I think, doing stuff you know, picking a little bit of oysters but mostly doing stuff when the dredge was in port, helping him do this, helping him do that and stuff. And as soon as I got old enough to lift the baskets up me and my brother started working for him, you know, on the summertime and it was a full time job for us. But he told me when I moved in over there, he said, "Okay," he said, "I'm going to give you as much responsibility as you can handle, plus a little bit more." Because he was a hard working guy. But he was fair. And he paid decent money, you know, and everything, and he did. And I learned my work ethic from that. And I worked hard at every job I ever had, you know. And I include the music. When I decided to play music full time on the road, my dedication to that thing was just about all consuming. I owe it all to the work ethic that I got from him. And I remember, a lot of people in town, because he had quite a bit of money—and he worked hard for every dollar. He didn't come from a rich family. It was a large family. The [Ratchfords? Rashlinds?] were a large family. And he, he put his money back into his business and he kept his equipment up, you know, and stuff like that. And when the power would go out—he had a gillnet boat—had a light plant in it, or a generator in it, and we'd take that thing, put it on a trailer and take it around town to charge up people's freezers. And when their pipes would freeze, we'd get his welder and go crawl underneath these houses and thaw out their pipes and stuff, you know. And my grandmother, when she baked pies she baked twenty apple pies at a time. They had a pantry at the back of the house that was built onto the back of the big old house in Bay

	Center. Now do you know where they lived? KB: Nhh-hh. JB: Okay, do you know where the Lorton's house still is in Bay Center? Okay, you go up to Bush Park and you know where the tribe is. KB: Mm-hmm. JB: Okay, you take a right and go down. The Lortons are on the last house at the end of the block. KB: Okay. JB: And that great big old house that sits, as the next block starts. KB: Yes. JB: That's my grandparents. But it's really deteriorated. That was just one of the most beautiful houses in Bay Center back in the '50s, all painted. It was really a nice, beautiful house, big house. And so, I forgot what I was saying.
Grandmother's pies	KB: Twenty pies. [laughs] JB: He built an extra pantry on the back of this house, and it had two bins. Each one could hold a fifty pound sack of sugar, a fifty pound sack of flour, and the countertops were metal, and that was a pie production line. And, I mean they were pretty simple, straightforward apple pies. And they all had a dip in them because you stacked them up when you put them in the freezer. But she had a reputation that nobody, no matter who he brought home she always had enough something to feed them. And there always was something to feed that, you know, and he was a kind of funny guy when he ate. I've watched him many times. We'd have roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy and peaches for dessert. He'd throw the mashed potatoes on top of the roast beef and take his peach and dump it on top and just

	start eating. He says, "I haven't got time to separate everything. I gotta get back to work." [KB laughs] I had a good work ethic but it wasn't to the point where I'm going to start putting my peaches on top of my mashed potatoes and gravy. [all laugh]
Working as a kid	KB: Well, that sounds like it would be a good thing for a kid too. You talked about Bay Center being a good place to grow up, but the relationship that you had with your grandparents.
Winter picking	JB: Well, and another thing, the town, most of the kids worked, most of the kids. I mean summertime, picking oysters in the summertime; you know, 'cause you only picked in the summertime. Or, you picked if you were working up the bay. If people had oysters down below, they might have did stuff, they might have separated them out and went out and worked on the beds. But when you had 'em up the bay, the summertime is when you moved the stuff. That's during the spawning season but that's also the time you moved them. The tides were low and long low tides for picking and stuff. And I hated picking in the wintertime. We'd work down the bay and pick and stuff like that. You're out there, it's storming like mad. You've got your rain clothes on and you bend down, you're picking like this and water's coming up underneath [laughing] and the wind's blowing and everything. Yeah, I hated working on the beds in the wintertime. It's just lousy work, I mean that's just all there is to it and the loggers go through the same thing out there in the forest and everything, you know, and the crab fishermen. Winters are rough around here, you know.
The *Eva R.*	
Radio communication	But I remember times, because he had this dredge, the *Eva R.*, the Coast Guard at that time had a Coast Guard station over across the bay in Tokeland. And they don't have it over there now. It went to either Westport or Astoria, or both of them, you know. But there would be a crab boat would go aground on one of the spits down here and we, everybody in town in those days, radios between boats, communication was short wave radio. Now it's all FM, but in those days it was short wave. If you had a good antennae, a good radio, my grandfather had a hundred watt radio and he could talk to people in California, he could talk to people in Alaska and everything else. I mean, and you knew, because of the radios, where they reached, you not only knew the people from your local boats but you knew all the drag boats that were working in Astoria. All up and down the coast you knew all these guys.

	You talked to them all the time. You'd talk about the weather. How's the fish and what's going on, all this kind of stuff, see. So it was really a community. Now, because FM doesn't carry that far, it's more, it's a communication thing but it's not the same as it used to be, you know.
The Mary Jo	In fact, if the winter conditions were right, and you could hear the New Orleans marine operator on your short wave, you knew within twenty-four hours you probably were going to have a storm down here. The weather conditions, it was bouncing off the atmosphere, see, and you were probably going to have a storm come in here, a fairly good storm. I mean it was just amazing. I have one of the regular telephone books that was from about 1960 when they still had short waves and it lists the name of the boat, the captain of the boat and the call letters. And I can still remember the *Eva R.'s* call letters, WB48OY[9?], and the little *Mary Jo*, which was his bow picker, WE3915. Now why I can still remember those numbers. I can even remember my brother's serial number when he was in the service, and I probably only wrote him four times, you know, 3897308. Mine's 3896524. [KB and MM laugh] I don't know why I even remember his. He doesn't remember it. [KB laughs]
	KB: That's a great memory.
	JB: I have a really good memory. Now, I can't remember half the guys I worked with for fourteen years in the Sheriff's Department. I can't remember their names. So the short term memory, I guess, is, you know—but boy my memories of Bay Center. And now since I moved back down here, they're getting even better, you know.
	KB: Yes.
Astoria for parts	JB: Even after I left here and got out of the Navy and was living in Seattle, I would take my zenith trans-oceanic radio and I'd go sit up by the Ballard Rocks in Seattle and listen to the boats, they were still talking on short wave then, and I would listen to these guys. I couldn't talk to them. But I could listen to them, and these guys like on the foss tugs, we knew half the skippers on the f tugs and I would listen to them, and all that kind of stuff. I went down to Astoria. We probably spent more time in Astoria in those days than you did in Aberdeen because you got a lot of diesel parts and stuff for your boats in Astoria, you know, but we knew a lot of the drag boat captains, big deep sea draggers and stuff,

	you know. And I went down there in the '60s and took pictures of everyone that I could still find. And I even go down there now and there are very few of them left. So I don't know if they've gone someplace else. You don't see people changing the name on a boat very often. It used to be really hard, almost impossible to do. Now it's probably a little bit easier. But you don't see those big boats down there anymore, so I don't know if they—just, it's been a long time, you know. Sixty years. So, they might have all—some of them are lost in a storm, some of them on fire or whatever, some of them up on the beach someplace. Some of them might have went someplace else but I don't know that the dragging, deep sea dragging, how that's doing. See I'm not in touch with that kind of stuff. But yeah, I knew all the skippers and everything down there, by working with my grandfather.
1:09 Using the Dredge radio	JB: Well the first time we went up we used the radio on the dredge, and I'd been watching him and know how to do it and everything. And the first time I called, the Coast Guard answers back and says, "You're on the wrong band. This is the United States Coast Guard." Well, he'd been listening to the Coast Guard and we forgot to—he took part of the blame for that. I should have checked to make sure it was on the right band. But he'd been listening to them on the Coast Guard thing and he might have even been talking to them probably, because he had the transmitter thing switched over and I didn't check that switch. Boy, I'll tell you I checked it after that, with the Coast Guard guy! [all laugh] MM: What was working on the dredge like? JB: It was, it was hard work. But you had riding time. Up the bay you know, you pick the tubs, it was really interesting because when I became old enough to be, oh like a crew boss. I was old enough to drive and I'd go around and pick up the crew in the pick-up truck and take 'em up the bay. And we had the gillnetter up the bay, it was stationed up there at the Japanese cannery up there, because it was a pretty short run down to Nemah to get out there where the beds were. So, when we pick, we might have two days picking up there, and you know, depending on how big a crew we had, maybe thirty tubs or something like that, you know. And they were eight-bushel tubs, and ten-bushel tubs we had. And then when we were getting close to the end, I'd go around and spot where we wanted the next bunch of tubs to be dumped when we picked these up. Well, we'd come back down the bay when we picked up tubs. and I would go up with
Working on the dredge	

	my grandfather sometimes, and sometimes it would just be me and him. Sometimes we'd have another person go up with us, depending on how many tubs we were going to get. We'd pick up the tubs, dump them on the deck. Then we'd come down the bay and we'd [?] an area down called the Shell Ridge on the other side of the river from Goose Point. Very productive area down here. And that's where we'd spread them out and fatten them up down there. So we'd shovel off, you know, four hundred, five hundred bushel oysters. So, you'd get up at two thirty in the morning, a summer morning you know, you'd go up and pick oysters all day and if it was the second day and you were going to pick up two sets of tubs or whatever day it was, but you were going to have to haul it—then you'd come, you could sleep on the way back down the bay. But by that time I was old enough to drive the dredge, to run the dredge. So I'm running that half the time, although we had, I think he might have been one of the first guys to have automatic steering put in on the thing. Then you'd point it down the bay and it would just, it was steered by the compass, you know, and that thing's going back and forth always keeping the wheels going like this all the time. Then we'd come down to the shell reefs and I'd have to shovel, you know, four or five hundred bushel oysters off. So by the time I got home at night, you know, it could be five o'clock the way the tides were and stuff. So during the run of tides, maybe eight to ten days, whatever the run of tides were, you worked your can off; you know, you really did. And you didn't have time to go play baseball and stuff like that. So you miss that part of the stuff you know. But you got a good paycheck at the end of the month. Sometimes my brothers, they didn't want to work the whole summer, you know, so they'd only work part of it. But while I was living with my grandparents, why I worked the whole damn time, because that's what he told me I was going to have to do, you know. So I didn't have much choice. But it was a good work [ethic]. It was good clean work! I mean it was dirty in the sense that you get muddy and dirty and stuff, but it's out there, it's healthy, fresh air and everything. The nature's around. You see deer on the shore. It's really, it's hard, it's backbreaking work. I would not want to do it now at my [age], I wouldn't want to do anything like [it]. I don't want to do anything now that I'm retired! [laughs] Except enjoy myself, take pictures and stuff.
1:13 Other jobs in Bay Center	JB: But that's what kids did. And on the time when there weren't tides you were peeling cascara bark, you were picking blackberries, or you hung a couple of gunny sacks on the handle bars of your bike and you went all the way to Nemah picking up beer bottles and pop

	bottles on the road. You took 'em down to the tavern and he knew, the guy at the tavern knew that if he put that candy shelf right by the door that when you got your money you were going to spend most of it right there in the tavern. But one of the things I noticed about that tavern down there was, you know we couldn't go into the thing, but you could see in there from the back door. And I could see those people in there, I could hear 'em, watch 'em play pool, I'd hear those balls click and I could hear Hank Williams on that juke box and that guitar and stuff playing, you know, and I said, "Boy, someday I want to be able to do
Taught himself guitar	that." And I had no idea, I did so many things. But I taught myself how to play guitar and I used to go over and sit on the schoolhouse, in the swings at the schoolhouse, and there's one of those songbooks, right up [there], the cowboy songs. And I've got another one right [there]. That's the two songbooks that I learned how to play guitar. Not because they had notes in them, which they did, but they had the chord diagrams. Tell you where to put your fingers.
Paper records	In those days, country music only had about three chords to it, maybe four you know. So I'd learned all these songs and I had the old records. and in those days, during the war, they didn't use vinyl. They had these, they were paper, like a cardboard but not thick like a—they were kind of like this, maybe a little thicker, probably about the thickness of this, and then they had a paper, thin vinyl cover on the top. They were just one-sided, and that's what the needle went into. And they put it with that. And then, of course they didn't last very long because the needles in the phonographs, the old gramophones, were just a plain needle and they just chewed things up pretty fast, you know. But those records would, they would bow because of the way the vinyl was on just one side. It wasn't vinyl, it was more like plastic, see. So I have a feeling that if somebody could find some of those things they'd probably be worth a lot of money, because they've just gone by the wayside, you know. But we had *tons* of them in there, stuck in the drawers, plus the regular old vinyl, regular vinyl.
	And I had one of my grandmother's spools, thread spools that she was done with, and I fixed it so that it would fit on the spindle really tight on the spindle that came up, so that it would hold this thing down flat enough, and the song went naa-aa-naa, all the way through. But that's what you listened to. And all these old songs, I've got tons of sheet music out there from the old country songs—*Pistol Packing Mama*, you know, with all the original artists and stuff, with pictures on them. And I'd go sit at that schoolhouse and I'd have those little song books with me and I'd be strumming that guitar and singing, and people would come by and they'd sit and listen. If it was a song they knew some other kids would join in

	and sing and then they'd go off and "Are you going to go?" "No, I'm going to sing something," and I'd play, and sometimes I'd be there all day long. And my grandfather would come over and say, "Your grandma has got dinner ready. Come on home." And by that time my fingers would be bleeding. Then I'd dip them in Epsom Salts and then have to wait a couple days. Then they'd get toughened up a little bit and I'd go back and I'd sing. I learned to play the guitar so that I could sing the songs and accompany myself. But later on when I got to the point where I could play the guitar proficiently I didn't want to sing because I didn't like the sound of my voice, so I became a lead guitar player, and that's what I was later known, most all the years, as a lead guitar player. And it wasn't until the last nine years where I played that I did a single, where I had to sing all of it, that I became known also as a singer, got booked as a singer, and performer, you know, basically a performer. KB: When did you get your first guitar? How did that happen?
1:17 Fort Columbia event	JB: First one I had; I'll show you the first one I got. In fact, I've got some stuff for you ladies right here. [sound of moving across the floor] You might have seen it. Have you seen the video I did for the Chinook Tribe? Of the event they had on Fort Columbia, down here. KB: No, I haven't. JB: I thought there were three of you coming, so here's one for each one of you. MM: Oh, thank you. KB: Oh wonderful. JB: They had the tall ships off of Fort Columbia, and they ran after the hundred and fifty, two hundred year old trading thing. And they had three tribes, and they all went out there. And I filmed that from the shore. And most of the people that were standing on the beach, unless you had binoculars or a spotting scope, once the canoes got out there you could hardly see the ships! They were about a half mile off shore. But this lens I've got, you can't

	even get the whole ship in the picture. And I could see the people crawling out of the canoes and on the thing. It's really a good video. KB: I've heard about this event a lot, so I'm really looking forward to seeing it. JB: And here's one of the ones that I have on there now, on the TV now. KB: Yeah, wonderful. JB: And here's my first guitar. Those are both DVD's and this is a CD, and that's my first guitar. KB & MM: Oh!! KB: Oh, that's wonderful. Oh my gosh, you're so small. JB: It's called "Down Through the Years," and it has me on the front, as a little kid on my grandmother's porch. And then the next one inside, I'm singing in the '60s, I've got a flat top, and on the cover I'm sitting in a recording studio in Vancouver [B.C?] in the late '70s and I've got a head full of hair. And now it's all gray. KB: So, it looks like you might have been four when you got this guitar? In this picture. JB: No, no I wasn't playing the guitar then. KB: But you have one in your lap. JB: That's the one I learned on. MM: Whose guitar was it? JB: I don't know. I think it might have been my aunt's, but it was at my grandmother's house. And I only found out about probably five or six years ago, how this picture was

Margie and Pat Horn babysitting Learning the guitar	taken. Remember I talked about Margie Horn? Well her sister, I can't remember if it was Pat or which one, on her thirteenth birthday, somebody took a picture of her—and they babysat me a lot—somebody took a picture of her and I've got the picture, on her thirteenth birthday, and she's holding this guitar and she's got that hat on her head. So I'm thinking what they did is they said, "Let's put this on little Joey and we'll set him on the porch and we'll take a picture of him." And I've had that picture all these years, I never knew exactly the circumstances of that. And I know, I can remember that hat and I don't remember what happened to that hat, but the guitar I played until it just practically fell apart. And it was a hard guitar to play because the strings were set kind of high compared to a good guitar; you know, it was a beat-up old guitar. So, I learned on a really hard guitar to play. I developed good calluses. In fact, after I got playing and did full time playing, my calluses would get so thick I'd take razor blade and I'd shave 'em, because I couldn't feel the strings they got so thick I couldn't feel the strings, you know.
1:20 Barbara McVeigh Playing music in Bay Center Carolyn Loveless Playing music Professionally	KB: So when did you start playing the guitar, or teaching yourself how to play it? JB: Okay, when I was in high school I was still playing it and I remember, one of the things about then , Barbara McVeigh [Begay?] was a gal, family that lived semi across the street from where my grandparents lived, and she played accordion, and when we'd go around singing Christmas carols, and my [?] F-Wood , she played her accordion. AndI could hardly wait until I could play that guitar enough to play the chords. And then another thing, they had a little church in Bay Center. Sometimes, before they had the church they celebrated their services, it was one of these little non-denominational churches, and they'd do it at the Lorton house. And I would go over there because there was a gal named Carolyn Lobliss, Loveless [sp?], who was probably three to four years older than me, I think, played accordion. And I played my guitar over there and some of the songs I couldn't play because they had too many chords, and I'd sit there and play along with that you know. And this was really good, because all of a sudden now I'm playing music instead of just sitting there strumming this thing, you know. And then, the first time I played guitar professionally was in the Philippines. I bought an old beat up guitar when I got aboard the aircraft carrier, and I played, strummed along with the guys; we'd sit around and strum when we were off duty and stuff like that, and play. And then, when I left the carrier, the *Midway*, then I went to the Philippines and I was

stationed there for two years, and that's when I was playing out in the nightclubs. So, that was my first paying job to play the guitar. And then when I got done playing, when I got done out of the service I moved to Seattle and I was working at Boeing, and I got married the first time, and she had a cousin or something, or half sister or something. She was married to a guy that was a old country singer. He wasn't that old but he sang old country songs and he really had a country voice. And she got us together, and he liked my [guitar]- by that time I'd taught myself how to play some lead. And most of that I learned in the Philippines, because I've got a tape recording of my buddy Roming Roman, who lives in Minnesota now, but we both had Philippine Del Rosario[?]guitars were over there. We'd sit there in that place and we'd flap our flowers, here's Roman strumming his guitar—after we'd come back off liberty. Well, it's two or three o'clock in the morning, and in the Philippines the barracks don't have any windows on them. They've got windows but they've got just slats and screens on 'em 'cause it was so hot.

Well, the Marine barracks was next door. All these young grunt Marines there, "Shut that damn music off. We're gonna come over you damn swabbies!" You know, they're just cussing at us like that, so we'd have to turn it all down you know, and so I was learning how to play lead. I got back and I met up with a guy in Seattle that was living on Capitol Hill, and he played guitar. So then I come down and I got some tapes of that, of him and us playing together, learned things like "HonkyTonk" and stuff; instrumental songs mostly, you know.

And then, when this friend of my wife's, he heard my guitar picking and he said, "Yeah, you can play the kind of lead that I want to sing to." So we didn't have a drummer. We had a guy that wanted to be a steel, he was a wanna-be steel player. He was a buddy. And [laughs], God, and I got a recording of this, at Beanie's 's Tavern, in Georgetown in Seattle. And I'm telling you, that's where it belonged. That's where that music belonged [all laugh]. And I'm singing, "When it's tooth picking time in false teeth valley," and boy I tell ya, if I want to humble myself I go back and listen to that.

But anyway, this Beanie's Tavern was an old fight referee. He could have been a fighter in his early days, he had this tavern in Georgetown, and it was right across from the Parker Paint Company and that's where this buddy of mine worked, that wanted me to play. He said, "I can get us a job at Beanie's Tavern."

Well, Beanie's Tavern never had had music before, but this guy knew Beanie well enough, and he says, "Yeah," he says, "you can just set up. We got some booths here, so

	just set up halfway between the bar and the john." So we did. Well, every drunk that was on his way to get sick to the john, puked on our shoes. We had puke on our shoes, I don't know how many times. These guys would just stumble into the bandstand, but I got it recorded. And the steel player—pedal steels were just coming in, where you could change the pitch by pushing on the pedals. Well he had plain straight steel. So he decided he wanted to pedal steel, so he drilled a hole in a rod, he hooked it onto a pedal on the floor that he made, and he put it on the wrong end of the neck, down on this end. Well, the string's really tight there, see. If he'd a put it—pedals are made to pull from this end, see they pull this way. This was just the string going through it. Well he didn't burnish the hole good enough and he could play about a minute and a half and then he'd cut the straight. So we got—one of the songs, I think, or two of the songs, you get twiiing! The string goes off, and the rest of the song you can hear him tuning up in the background. He never did finish a song, I don't think. [all laugh] But I got recordings of it, so if anybody was to ever tell me in the music business, did you pay your dues? I got proof that I paid my dues in the music business. Man, I'm telling you! Because I got recordings of a real high percentage of all the bands I worked with, the different styles I played and everything.
1:25:45 Different styles of playing, influence	KB: So what were some of those different styles? I mean you've mentioned some of the country sounds and I heard you singing "Crazy." JB: Yeah. KB: So. JB: In the early days it was country because every tavern around had country music. KB: And was it like Hank Williams? JB: Hank Williams type stuff, and in the early days, though, Hank Thompson and later on Meryl Haggard and Buck Owens and stuff like that. So I just grew with the music that was being played. But I also, because I like music so much, I like all k[inds], when I was in the service I learned to like, like Ray Conniff and Percy Faith and the Big Bands, and I loved Glenn Miller. I loved Big Band music. I went to college for that half a year, I played the

	drums in a fifteen piece swing band, because I was a drummer in the high school band here. We had one heck of a drum section. Earl Nelson from this area taught me how to lay drums, and I was fortunate because I was a quick learner and I loved it, and he didn't like playing for like pep assemblies and stuff like that. So I got to play the whole time, and sometimes I'd even, when the instructor would say, "You guys gotta take turns," I'd say, "I'll trade you out of it Earl." Because I just liked to get up there and just beat the crap out of them drums. And I was a really good drummer. Then when I went to boot camp in California, boot camp was nine weeks long.
Navy Boot Camp	When you got to your fifth week, that's the service week, when you have to go to the galley and you learn how to do all that stuff. Well, I didn't want to go to the galley but I knew I was going to have to. Well I found out that if you join the Drummer Bugle Corps,
Drum and Bugle Corps	that's when you go to work with them. You have to do your first original part of your basic drilling stuff first; you know, the basics. Then you go to the Drum Bugle Corps, but you have to stay two weeks longer in boot camp. Well I had such a good time playing the Drum Bugle Corps, because you got liberty both days every weekend after you had your parade thing, where the regular companies they got maybe one day off, if they were lucky. They didn't get that till after—I mean it was just, I liked it so much I stayed an extra month in boot camp so I could play drums in the Drum Bugle Corps. I got to play for the East and West Shrine game in the Los Angeles Coliseum. We were playing in all these fancy parades and everything, you know. And I had learned some good drum cadences when I was in college. Bert Christensen was our drum teacher over there and he was a great band director. Wayne Hertz was the musical director, and oh God the choir was just, the Central Singers were just, they toured all over the whole area, you know. But I left before I become a member of the Central Singers. Plus, I never learned how to read music. KB: Wow. JB: Never. So, when I first started at college—I'm jumping all over the place. KB: That's okay. JB: I get so excited. When I first started at college; you know, the first thing you have to

Decision to leave college	learn if you're going to be a music teacher is how to play the piano. So, I had learned, I could play Chopsticks pretty good, different method; you know. But I got over there and the first songs you were supposed to learn were really simple. So, my ear, I'd have to just hear them once and I could sound them out on a piano. So I'm jumping to the head of the class. Well after about a month and a half, the stuff's getting tougher and all of a sudden I'm falling behind. And Christensen says, "You know, you started out really good, Brignone." He says, "What's happening?" And I finally had to tell him. I said, I says, "I can't learn the notes." And I said, "Before," I says, " I was just memorizing the feeling, I was hearing the music. And now it's getting too complicated. I can't do that." So, by the time the end of the, the first semester ended at Christmas time you know, I had finally realized I wasn't that great of a student. What am I doing in college? And I was in the Armed Forces ROTC. I was playing in their ROTC band and everything, but I wanted to get in the Navy and I wanted to go overseas. I wanted to see the Orient and I wanted to see where World War II naval history was made. So I joined the Navy. And that's when I dropped the drums and went back to the guitar and I've been guitar ever since.
1:29 Years in the Navy	KB: How many years did you spend in the Navy? JB: I spent twenty years in the Navy, but I spent four and a half years of active duty and five years of active Reserve, and then the rest was inactive Reserve because I was traveling on the road and I couldn't drill. But I wanted to keep it up just in case I came back home and could drill. I went to the Navy, I said, "If you'll give me my service jacket, I'll take it with me and wherever I'm playing music, if there's a place where I can—" because a lot of places have Reserve trainings that didn't have a Navy base, you know. And they said, "Nah, that's too much paperwork for us." And I said, "I'm going to have to drop out." And they were really looking for petty officers like I was, because they were in that middle management area where you could teach and stuff. I was on the admiral's staff when I was, well I was in [weather?], and I was on the admiral's staff when I was at Sandpoint after I'd just been Reserve and stuff. Well then they moved the thing to Whidbey Island, where I'd have to be up there for a whole weekend but I was playing music on the weekend so I couldn't do it. So I'm working a day

	job, play music on the weekends and doing Reserves whenever I was—and I couldn't do it, so I had to drop out. So the last ten years were inactive. So that's why I don't ever draw retirement from the military, but I got my twenty year retirement card, discharge from them, see. KB: So you were doing a day job and then doing music on the weekends for a period of time. What was your day job?
Working at Boeing	JB: Working at Boeing. Also, I was draftsman. I started out being a draftsman and I worked at Boeing. That was aircraft drafting. I had to go to drafting school for that, because their whole technology's different than regular drafting, the way they do stuff, the terminology and everything. So, then when my first wife and I, we got a divorce, but we'd moved to Oregon and so I went drafting for an architectural firm there for a while. And then that company went bankrupt, so I started playing music with a buddy of mine down there. And we were down there for almost two years, and we had a really hot country band. We opened for George Jones at the coliseum down there, and we had a really good band. It wasn't good music compared to what I ended up doing, but it was really good music for the time that we were doing it. That's the style of music that was being played and I was really coming on strong as a guitar player, and I've got recordings of all that and everything, you know.
Move to Oregon	
Move back to Washington	And then I came back up here, went to work again for Boeing for a while, as draftsman, and was playing music on the weekends, clear up in Snohomish. I mean I was all over the place playing, wherever there was a band. And then I got married the second time, and so the gal that I married, my family had been trying to get me together with her when I was still in high school. But every time she'd come down—she was a sister to a lady that we'd met—you can't believe it. It's practically a Bay Center thing. The people—you talked about the Anderson house in Bay Center. Did I talk to you on the phone? Oh, that was Margaret Payne, yeah. Okay, we lived right next door to that Anderson house in Bay Center. I don't know if you know where that's at.
Second marriage	
Margaret Payne	
The Anderson house	KB: Nuh-uh. JB: Okay, when you first come up the hill, instead of going past the cemetery you take a right there. That's Rhoades Street, and then you go up and then you take a left, and there's a

Devlings	big house right on the corner there. That's the old Anderson house. KB: [to MM] Is that the house we're staying in? MM: It might be the house we're staying in. KB: It might be the house we're staying in. JB: Yeah, I think that's where it is. KB: [laughing] Okay, all right. JB: Yeah, the old Anderson house. KB: Yeah, okay. JB: And at that time, Anderson's had moved out and the [Devlings?] were in there, and he was a school teacher. And his wife was a sister, she had a sister, several sisters, and they came down to visit. Well, this one family, the sister that came down, they became really good friends—Devling was kind of a hard guy to get along with. He was just an overbearing type guy, you know. His wife was really nice, but everybody though Devling was an ass. You know, he wanted to be a big shot. I remember one time, we thought—oh here I go again—I've got so many stories. Are you getting bored yet? KB: No. [laughing] JB: We had a garage door with a tongue and groove, old thin tongue and groove, and he imagined himself as a big league pitcher, which he never had been, but he was a pretty good sized guy. So, he says, "Okay, you catch and I'm gonna throw you a couple." Throw the first couple, he warms up and he throws them. And then he all of a sudden, I could tell he's really going to burn one in and so, I thought, you know, if I can't get my glove to where this ball's going, I could get my head knocked off. So as soon as he let go I stepped outside to hit that thing and just splintered that tongue and—and I said, "I don't' think I'm gonna catch

First Wife leaves	for you anymore." But anyway, so this other sister that came down, and her husband, they became good friends with my folks. So, then they saw me, this couple came down and then they thought they'd bring the younger sister down and they'd meet. Well, every time she came down I was either working someplace or I was over at North River, or in Oregon someplace at a lake friend. I was always—we never met. Then when I came back from Oregon, after I got divorced down there, the wife she decided she didn't want to be married. She was a young gal and didn't want to be married, and that's when my son was born. She was pregnant when she left, and I never saw him for five years. She just kept him away. It was a nasty divorce, and they kept wanting me to pay this and pay that, and I didn't ask for—I tried to go to counseling. We weren't even supposed to get pregnant! I said we're going to be a couple years before we have kids or anything, and she got pregnant, and then she wouldn't go to counseling. And so I gave up a really good job in Seattle to go down there. And the guy told me, he said, "You know, you've got a really good future with this company." And he says, "I think you're going down there for the wrong reason." She said if we go down to Salem—her folks lived in Medford, she said, "We'll go down to Salem, then we'll be halfway between your family and mine and we can make everything work." And she was just, she was just playing me, see. We're really good friends now. Very good friends. We talk on the phone quite often and stuff, you know, and she still lives down in Medford. But anyway, so I went ahead and left, and he says, "I'll tell you one thing, though," he says, "if it doesn't work out," he says, "you will not have a job here when you come back." So I really had a tough decision to make. But I wanted the marriage to work, so I went down there. I was supposed to have a job in her uncle's steel mill in Salem. Well, as soon as I got down there, I was down there for a couple of months and I had this job—the job wasn't ready for me. So I started getting suspicious. Well, all of the sudden she showed up—I showed up at the house one day, because I was working with a company, drafting, and in the blueprint room they used ether on the blue prints and stuff, for whatever reason. Anyway, I got some in my eye so they sent me home. I came home and here's the Sheriff Department and moving, they gotta move stuff out of the duplex we're living in. And I said, "Wait a minute." See I'd sold my '57 Chevy up here and she had a fairly brand new car when we got married, so mine was starting to cost money. So we said, "We only need one car." We were both working at Boeing, well then we moved down there. So I'm using her

Decides to move back to Seattle	car to go to work and everything and then she wasn't there, and the sheriff's there with the moving van. I said, "Nobody's going to take anything out of this house until I see my wife." She shows up with her mother and they said, "Yeah, here's the papers." And she's got the sheriff there and everything, see, and he serves me the papers. So she took everything that she had, furniture and everything, took the car, and I'm left there with the place. The rent was paid up to the end of the month, and I lived almost a month on pilot bread and rye krisp and peanut butter and Kool-Aid and popcorn. I just, the company I was working with went bankrupt, went out of business. So finally I went down one time to a jam session that this guy Don was playing at a club, and he heard me play. I got up and played guitar. I wasn't singing, you know, at the time. And he says, "Boy, I like your guitar playing." So he says, "Would you like to get a band together?" And I liked his signing. So we had two years together down there till he had to quit because he wanted to raise his kids. He wanted to get his kids from his wife and he had to have a better job than playing music, so he went to management. So I thought I'd move back home, back up to Seattle.
1:38 Surveying Job Soil testing Job Building inspecting	JB: So I started playing music again at nights and stuff in different bands. And I got recordings of all these bands, different, and my guitar playing was getting better and better. Different, changing my style a little bit, getting more polished sound, you know, rather than a raw country sound. And then, after I left Boeing I got a job drafting with a survey company. Then I went out doing surveying, stuff like that. And then, and that wasn't paying that great, so I got a job with a company that, soil testing firm. They went around testing soil for buildings and stuff like that, and but also inspected structural steel. So I took the building inspector's course from Seattle. Enrolled in the course and passed it and everything, became a building inspector. For four years I did that, and I got my mark on some big buildings up in Tacoma, I mean when they were building the Kaiser pot plant, I did the inspection work up there, some of the schools, and really nice big buildings and stuff that I had my mark on it. And the Purdy Prison for Women, the state prison for women in Purdy, that was my job from the first shovel full until the last brick was laid. I told 'em, I says, "My God, I ought to get a key out of this," you know. [laughter] I was just joking with them. Yeah, I was up there for almost nine months. And when they repaired the capitol dome in Olympia, after an earthquake, they finally decided to work and they were going to clean the whole thing and repair it, I was inspector,

	I had an office in the legislative building for six months. and I climbed all over that dome like a monkey. I got video. My wife came down and took video of me up on the dome climbing around, you know. They got a steel thing on the top, a cupola with a big spike on it, and I had to get up, I had to inspect everything that they cleaned. And I'm up there and you could see the marks, the blue burn marks in the stainless steel where lightning had hit that building up there. [laughter] We used to sit up there and eat lunch. We'd have our safety harness. We'd sit there and the dome kind of goes like this, you know, we'd just sit out there watching, "Jeez, hope we don't drop an orange on those people down there." [laughter] Yeah, I was all over that thing like a monkey, you know. I've done a lot of things.
Met/Married second wife	So then I went to work then, Sharon and I, well anyway I met Sharon. The families got us together and so they thought we should get married. Well, we did, but we got married for the wrong reasons. She'd never been married and I had been married and it was a family thing and so we got married. But I didn't want kids, after having my son Jeff, you know. And she didn't ever want kids. So we didn't have any kids and it lasted about nine years and we finally decided that, you know it's not going to go anyplace. And she had her career, she was getting more enmeshed in her career and I was in my music career and on the road. So
Second divorce	we got an amicable divorce. It was very amicable. The guy told us- We decided to both get the same lawyer because we both knew what we wanted and everything. And they say you're not supposed to do that, and he says, "Well, the least I have to talk to you," he says, "the cheaper it's going to be." He said, "It's going to cost you two hundred and fifty dollars to get this thing started." And that was quite a bit of money in those days. So we paid the two hundred and fifty dollars, and the thing got over really quick. He owed me seven dollars. [laughter] That's how much we figured everything out. Went our separate ways and everything, you know. And I'm still friends with her sisters and her family. Most of them are dead, but the kids they still call me Uncle Joe; you know, they still invite me to their family reunion and everything you know. But I haven't seen my ex-wife. She married some guy about a year later and she moved out of the area and I've never seen her again. Yeah.
Playing music full time	So then, by that time I'm on the road playing music full time.
	KB: Okay.
Begins photography buisness	JB: And I never looked back from there. But then I started the photography business.

1:43	KB: How did you do that?
Early photography	JB: Well, I always took a lot of pictures. In fact, when I was really young, when I got back from the Navy I bought and eight millimeter video camera, and I was taking all kinds of close ups and different kinds of things. Even when I was a kid with that old Brownie camera, I'd take—like when we were down in Oregon, we'd catch a fish and it would only be that big, and I'd hang it up from a tree on a string and I'd go close to the fish and I'd have my brother hold his hand out and the fish looked like it was this big, to tell our friends. And we'd pick up pumice down there and you'd get a piece of pumice that big, you know, and you're holding it up like this. And we're just skinnier than hell, you know, and I'm holding this pumice up and he's taking a picture and it looks like we're holding-all that kind of stuff. I've got some pictures in here. I climbed the tallest tree that I could find. I'd take a picture of the town, pretend I'm taking pictures out of an airplane and stuff. All that kind of stuff! So then I started watching *Walt Disney True Life Adventures*, when he started doing the nature films and stuff. And then I started doing close-up photography and I finally, I bought a movie camera, eight millimeter, it had time lapse on it. And I've got tapes of time lapse of whole days of clouds going by Mt. Rainier, a storm's coming in. I mean people weren't doing that, amateurs weren't doing it, you know. And then I got a good thirty-five
Begins selling work	millimeter camera and started taking pictures. I sent to Hong Kong to get it, and ordered this Konica camera and started taking pictures and people started wanting copies of my pictures. So I thought-They said, "Why don't you sell this stuff?" So, I took 'em down to a lady that was doing these art shows and stuff and they had photography and all kinds of crafts and stuff, and at malls and stuff. And she says, "I really like your stuff," she says. "Can you put enough of it together to do a show?" Well you should have seen—I've got pictures there, I got pictures of everything—my first show! [laughing] Everything's in cardboard boxes and an old card table and one piece of a funny looking booth and I got probably fifteen pictures hanging up there, you know. Well, by the time I got done I still got the rest of my stuff, why I've got great big four-foot section booths and all the lights and the tables and the bins for matting, I do my own matting and shrinking and all that, shrink-wrap, everything, you know. And I was doing that while I was playing music. So whenever I had a show, I knew I was going to

Married again	have a photography show, I would try to book into town. Sometimes I couldn't, but most of the time I could. So by that time I got married again and my wife, I would work the booth all day long and she would come down in time for me to go to work and she'd close the booth up, and I'd play music till the end of the night. Then I'd come back and I'd mount pictures up the rest of the night for the show. And the shows were five days long. Then I'd get whatever sleep I could, get up in the morning, go down to the show, do the show all day, then go down and work at night. I was trying to build two businesses up because I didn't know—I knew I didn't want to play music for the rest of my life, you know, so I thought the
Mall shows	photography, I could turn that into something. Well then the mall showed up. I did it for eight years, then finally quit. They put those kiosks and they don't do much of that stuff anymore, see, and so that dried up. But I made
Magazine covers	good money doing the mall shows. And then I had things with some gift shops and things like that. Covers on a [magazine]. That one behind you is the Oregon Coast. And there's one on the other side over there, the big moon and the dome that was on the cover of
Music career	*Performance Magazine*, stuff like that. And so, I did that. And then when the music business—I played like the El Dorado in Reno, Harvey's in Tahoe, Ormsby House, Carson City, all of the resorts on the Oregon Coast, the Inn at Spanish Head, all over the place. Down into California, and as far east as Bismarck, North Dakota. And then the agent is telling me-I had several agents and I did probably toward the later years, I did about fifty percent of the booking myself, because the agents, they were really screwing us over. It started out ten percent, you know, then it went to fifteen percent. And this is when the gas prices were really getting a big crunch, you know, in the late '70s and in that period. And they said, "Well, it costs us more to go out and get the job." I said, "How much do you think it costs us to travel to these jobs?" And what they were doing, they weren't paying as much as we really could make because they were trying to undercut some other agent, you know. So I told the agent, I says, "Well, then you should have the club paying your commission instead of taking it out of my wage." So I started doing more of my own booking. And I was getting not only that amount back, but half again as much as he was booking the club for because they liked the music. By that time I was doing a duo, and then later on, we did a duo for nine years. The two piece band only lasted for about six months I said, because the two younger guys wanted to do something else, you know. But we did a duo for nine years, and then the last nine years I did a single. So then when I finally, the last job I had on the road was Bismarck and people would ask me where

Decided to stop touring Sheriff Department Job	I'm from and I'd say, "Washington." "Oh, do you ever get to see the president?" And I thought, if that's the only Washington those people have ever heard of, I know I'm too far from home! [laughter] So I called the wife and I said, "I've got to find me something else." And I was getting to the point where I realized that I didn't—I was fifty years old and I thought, I don't want to be an old time musician that can't lift his amp on the back of his truck, in a diminishing market. Because the agent would say, "I can book you in Kansas." Well, I don't want to go to Kansas, you know. The good jobs are out there, the good paying jobs are there but I was starting to have to travel more. So I gave it up, and when I gave it up and hired on with the Sheriff's Department, boy I didn't look back. I just said, "I'm done with music." And I'd sit in the studio and piddle around and stuff. And I took some of my old recordings and I had a cassette player built right into my console, you know, and I could record and record right off the mixing board. So I had really good stereo sound and everything, and the micing technique you couldn't hardly ever hear the audience unless somebody yelled really loud or they clapped at the end. You know, otherwise my music was clean and everything, you know. The only difference was that the ambience, I had to set the system up for the ambience of the room and sometimes that wasn't some of the best ambience for a listening recording, see. And so some of the recordings were not as good as others. Some were so incredibly clean it was like they were done in a studio. And some of the stuff, I've gone back into my studio. I've got, I think the first, well it was eight track then when I put it out. The first one I did. I mean I recorded on these other bands, you know, on reel to reel but that's old stuff, I don't use that for anything except memories, you know.
1:50 Recording success Pappy Boyington	JB: But when I first got my first commercial 8-track, Paul and I, the one that did the duo, we put one out together and we sold, we just sold the fire out of that thing! They really liked our music; in fact, I gave a CD to Pappy Boyington, you know from Marine Corps fame. We were playing at McChord and he was doing some kind of a lecture and he had been retired for years, and drinking really heavily. And he came in to listen to us, he liked country music, and he heard us and we started talking. I told him I'd been on the *Midway* and stuff like that, and we got talking and I gave him one of our CD's, and he says, "What are you doing tomorrow?" And I said, "Nothing." He says, "Well, I gotta come down to the state museum down there on Pacific Avenue in

	Tacoma," he says, "I'm supposed to be down there at noon." He said, "Why don't you come down at eleven o'clock," he said. "We're going to talk about old Navy buddies and Marine Corps people. And I went down there and he found out that the skipper on my ship had also flown corsairs like he did, had a squadron in the Solomon Islands, and actually my skipper's squad shot down more planes than Boington's squad did during the war. My skipper was a fighting skipper aboard that carrier I was on. I tell you, he was a sailor's skipper, and he was just—come down and sit and ate with the crew at night, walked around, talked to 'em and everything, you know, all that kind of stuff. And so, Pappy Boington wrote me a really nice letter, from California after he got home and he says, "My wife and I and a guest are listening to your tape. We just love it," and everything you know. So I got my book autographed by him and I got that letter from him and everything. And then my skipper, when he retired from the Navy, he was living in Fort Lauderdale. And I knew him because I'd give him weather briefings and stuff, you know. So, I contacted him down there. And I bought his book and he had a video out, The [?] Squadron , and while I was with the Sheriff's Department I had written a song one night on graveyard. I'm not a prolific songwriter. I've written several songs but they're very sporadic, you know, but I wrote this song when Desert Storm was on, and troops were getting ready to come home. And I thought, I remember what it was like when those people came back from Vietnam and they were spitting on them, and they just didn't get welcomed home for what they did. And I thought, even if you don't agree with the fact that they were over there, we should be welcoming them home, you know. So I wrote this song called *When Desert Storm is Over*, and it's the first song on that CD you've got. And I never released it. We had to borrow five thousand dollars to get these 45's printed, and I sent them to radio stations. Isn't it on the first one?
Desert Storm	
	KB: Yeah.
General Schwarzkopf	JB: And I sent them to radio stations, and it was never for sale. I kept a hundred and fifty copies to give to, like VFW's for their juke boxes and stuff like that, and it was played all over the United States. And the break I got was they played it on Armed Forces Radio station and they played it all over the world. And I got a letter from General Schwarzkopf saying it was one of the best patriotic songs he'd ever heard. So it really touched him. That was worth more than any money I would have made off the thing, you know. So I've got
Love for Navy	

Patriotism Invited to decommissioning of *Midway* Sanitizing history	those letters—my ship's skipper, he wrote a really nice letter saying that people like you made our Air & Navy what it is today. I mean, God, I just loved the Navy and I'm very, very patriotic, very patriotic. Boy I tell you, when the flag goes by my eyes are watering. I've just always been that way. I don't know if that was from World War II, you know, welcoming these friends of mine home, people that were older than me and everything you know. And the time I spent in the Navy. I'm very patriotic, and so I was really happy that that song was so well received. And I got letters from ship's captains and invite [?] in Seattle to come aboard ship. And when they *Midway*, they brought it up here to decommission it, they brought it up here first, and I got invited over! I had dinner with the skipper and everything. And yeah, they said to contact anytime you're in there, and I'm welcome to come aboard and I did, you know. Now it's a museum. Now they gotta make a special trip to go down there in San Diego and see my ship. MM: That's the boat you served on? JB: Yeah, yeah. So, yeah, and this is all, all those books have to do with Naval history and World War II. KB: Wow. JB: I had some originals that are leather bound, that were written in like 1942 and '43, telling about the early battles, and I'm telling you, if you read one of those about a certain battle and you read about that battle today, you would swear it's not even in the same war, because they have sanitized everything so much today so they gotta be politically correct and you can't ruffle any feathers. Well, back there they told it like it was, and the pictures were graphic and everything, see. So yeah, I don't like the way our country sanitizes everything.
1:55	JB: Just like when they had the *Enola Gay*, they tried to put that exhibit back, they had the people protesting it. Well it happened, You can't change history! But people want to, they want to sanitize it. The history of this whole country is raw! I mean here I'm Native American and I'm white, but the whole time in the early history of this country the white

people were, what do you call it when you take a people and you want to eradicate them?

KB: Oh, genocide?

JB: Genocide. That's what they did on the Indians, because they said, "When you go to a village, kill every woman, kill everything." See, in a lot of battles that's what happened. You know, but I don't have any animosity towards that. I don't have animosity, because I'm part white also. But I just want history to be told the way it was. And they only tell the Indian side as being brutal. They don't tell about what happened, and I've got some books telling about what happened. The white man, for the most part, in the books that I've read, taught the Indians how to scalp because they, the Indians used to do what they call "take a coup," you just hit him with something and that was their sign of courage and stuff. The white man started paying the Indians for scalps, friendly tribes for scalps from other tribes and stuff. So I don't like the way the country is changing and they're sanitizing our history and everything. Because this country was a raw country, building this country. And the people in it should be proud of, they shouldn't be proud of what their ancestors did, but it happened, and you shouldn't be ashamed of the fact that you should—because now the schools, there's things that really happened, the schools won't even teach it, see. And I don't believe in that. I'm just a home grown, meat and potatoes type of a guy and the country is what it is, and it's growing but it's sanitizing everything. And I don't think that's right. I think that's a detriment to our country, that we don't tell our true history. Because if you sanitize everything, pretty soon you don't have a history. You've sanitized all the toughness out of it and I don't like that.

KB: We really appreciate your being as open as you have been.

JB: I tell you, I'm very outspoken. Yeah, they had some guy on face book, I think it was, and I finally quit subscribing to face book because there was too much, just idle chatter on there and stuff. But I had subscribed to it because it was a way to get my pictures and stuff out to people that might have been friends of mine, you know. But this guy, he said something about the troops, about the Navy, when they announced that they were going to build, a carrier was someplace you know. And he just lambasted them. And I just went after him tooth and nail. I didn't know who he was, you know, he used a pseudo-name. But

Third divorce	I got letters from people saying, "That a way to go." One of them was a classmate of mine from Bay Center. She saw my name on there and she saw that comment and she said, "Way to go, Joe." I hadn't seen her for forty years! I hadn't talked to her or anything. Yeah, but I don't like people bad mouthing our country and tearing it down and stuff like that. I mean, this is a great country and we're just, we're letting it go to hell and I don't like that. I didn't grow up in the big city, although I've lived in a city long enough to know what happens in a city and with the Sheriff's Department we battled those gangs up there. We got them beat down, and then what happens? Meth comes in and they all come right back again. So when I got my divorce up there, the wife decided, she went through terrible things. In eight years, we lost, between our two families, in eight years we lost eighteen people, between our two families—cousins, aunts, uncles. KB: Oh my word. JB: Everything. Both sets of our parents, my son. Everything. I mean it was just one after another. I handle that stuff a lot better than she did. I mean, I knew, all the pilots that got killed on our ship, I knew every one of them. And when Paula's family, when she was playing with me I was the one that put the mirror over her dad's lips when he died in bed. They couldn't go into the bed. stuff like that, I mean I handle that stuff better than a lot of people do. And I'm not faulting the other people, but my wife couldn't handle all this stuff. She just had to be totally involved. She mothered her kids and she just had to be totally involved. I said, "You know, if you don't back off of some of this stuff, there's not going to be anything left for you and me." And that's what happened. She also was going through the change of life and she almost had a nervous breakdown and she got Parvo, which we didn't, nobody knew that humans could catch it. A form of Parvo, it started deteriorating her muscles and stuff. She's recovering very well now. And we get along just fine, we talk on the phone and everything and I worry about her and everything. But she just, she wanted to be alone. So she did, so we split up everything there and I moved down here and started a new life and everything and she's up there doing whatever she's doing with her life and everything, you know.
2:01	JB: So I don't have any animosity with anybody in my family that I've hard times or hard feelings with, on my first stepmother and all that kind of stuff. All I think about is if you

Bay Center now compared to how it was	worry and think negatively it just tears you down. I've always thought, try to think very positively about everything. I think negatively about the way the country's going. I think that's a sad thing. I don't like to see Bay Center deteriorate, but I see people that are trying to build it up again, trying to do something with it. But it's never going to have the industry. I've got a booklet—they had a big celebration here in 1947, it was a county-wide thing and they had it in Bay Center because we had the room and everything. And Bay Center was really thriving then, right after the war. And I've got this booklet that was put out. It was about a four day celebration over fourth of July. And the telephone numbers would be 1623 or something like that, you know. Yeah, it's really something. But you can look at the size of the fishing fleet, the number of boats and the number of dredges and all that stuff. And it's nothing! Nothing like it was, and it probably never will be again, even though the bay, this bay is probably the, it's definitely the cleanest and the best oyster producing bay probably in the whole United States. It's definitely the cleanest. It's never had hard industry on it, and it flushes it, and it's a shallow bay. Most people don't realize it, this bay at high tide, unless you're standing in a slough, is only about ten feet deep. You know, they just see this big expanse of water. But it completely empties out twice a day, expect on a tide that's not a really low tide, you know, you got the rivers and inlets and stuff. But this whole bay changes water twice a day and it's got all this fresh water, lots of rain down there, and the fresh water rivers coming into it. Man, you couldn't have a cleaner bay. So this is a wonderful place, but it's turned into a tourist place. And like South Bend is a old folks place. And it's a nice place for old folks, but you know prices are high. You have to shop the sales and everything. But I feel sorry for Bay Center, because they've lost their store now again. They've lost the gas station that was there when the country store was there. They used to have a good hardware store up the road and everything. God, I don't know how many, every spring us kids went up there and spent a fortune, buying all the new bass plugs and everything like that. In fact, OldDunham used to have a old pop machine, one of those kinds where you pull the bottle out, you know. And something was broken in it so you could get a bottle out without paying the money. Well, we used to spend a lot, Rodessa beach[sp?] Have you been up to the beach and seen up the road from Bay Center? KB: Yeah. JB: Yeah, okay, that used to be half again as big as it is. Out where the breakwater is,

Environmental problems	where the house is, I used to go all the way straight across. There was dunes out there, a road out there and everything. Somebody from the county decided they wanted to take a bunch of sand out to the far end and the old timers said if you do that, erosion's going to start. Well it's never quit, you know. But people don't listen to the old timers, you know, the "experts" think they know everything. Well they don't. They decided to flood this thing down here. Said well, "You can't have mosquitoes in salt water." Well, evidently they didn't find out that there are salt water mosquitoes that live in brackish water. So now we have to have the town sprayed twice a year, and all that kind of crap. Experts don't impress me very much. But anyway, so we'd go up to [Rodisha?] Beach, we'd ride our bikes or we'd walk up, you know, and spend the whole night up there, with a campfire and we'd swim and everything, you know. And you'd go by Dunham's Store and sometimes you'd get a couple bottles of pop out of there. And you'd be really quiet and everything. Well then back in the '60s, before Dunham retired, I came back one time and I went up to visit the old guy. He was really getting pretty old then. And we started talking about old times and I said, I said, "You know," I says, "I've got a confession to make," I said, "When we were kids, we got quite a bit of pop from you we didn't pay for."
Dunham's Store	He says, "Hell, I know that." He says, "You guys spent so much money up here on fish and tackle," he said, "I figured what's a few bottles of pop for a couple of—" he said, "you never did any damage," he said. "You were all good kids," you know, stuff like that.
Pranks	On Halloween we never tore up the town. We'd go soap windows. But then we'd tell, and we soaped old people's windows, see, so then we'd tell the teachers that well, "We want to confess, we soaped," and then they'd let us off school to go clean the windows and we'd spend half a day cleaning windows that we'd soaped. [laughter] And then stuff like that, you know. Yeah we did, good pranks you know, tip over outhouses and things like that, and stuff like that you know. But you never—nowadays they slash police car tires, put sugar in gas tanks of fire trucks and things like that, you know. We didn't do that. Because we were scared of our parents, way more than anything.
Lack of crime in Bay Center	We never saw, hardly ever saw a policeman in Bay Center, see. But I tell you, because everybody had grown up in Bay Center, the parents and everything, everybody knew everybody and if they saw you doing something wrong, they would tell you in the first place and if it wasn't too bad they'd say, "I don't want to see you doing it again or I'm going to tell your dad." Well that was enough that you didn't do it again. But if it was something that your dad needed to be told, they told your dad and by the time you got home he already

Respect of elders	knew about it. But when somebody would address you, you said, "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," and "Mister" and "Missus." Kids never called their grandparents by their first name, you know. The reverence for the old people is really disappearing in this young age. They have this kind of a freedom age type atmosphere that, they want everything now. People, kids that start out now want a house as big as what their parents have worked forty years for. They want to start out that way, and all of us-I mean I started out in an apartment, the bed came out of the wall, the ironing board came out of the wall and everything; you know, you start out small and you just work yourself until you get it. And then it means more to you, it really means more to you.
2:07 Guitar class Margaret Payne Sonny Moore	JB: But this town, the Indian kids in this town, there was only one family that I would consider, and I'm not going to name them but everybody would know who they are, that were considered probably a dysfunctional family. The kids were in trouble quite a bit, not all of them but some of them were, and they're no longer there. And there were a couple of them, there was one family where when we were doing 4-H and we'd have to go to somebody's different house every time you went, you know, and they're going to bake cookies or whatever. Well, this kid baked cookies that, the dough got darker as he was doing it, so we always found some excuse to leave because he never washed his hands, you know, so you'd find some excuse, "Well we have to go home early," you'd leave before the cookies came out of the oven but you saw what the dough looked like when it went in. He's gone now too, but [laughs]. And also I played—they had a guy came down from Olympia. A guy came down from Olympia and he set up this guitar class, and it was for people to learn how to play steel guitar. KB: This was at Bay Center? JB: Yeah, at Bay Center. And they played by numbers. And later on they were going to teach you to play by notes, but most of the kids dropped out. He brought a recorder down after we'd been practicing—there were about thirteen kids—and Margaret Payne was one of them, started in that class. And when the class was all done, there were only two of us left: me and a kid named Sonny Moore. He lives down in Castle Rock, I think, and I talk to him on the phone every once in a while, and he continued taking lessons from somebody else.

Mike Horn Make first record	And I went on to playing regular guitar, because I was teaching myself regular guitar too. But this guy after we'd been playing for a while and the class had cut down to maybe four or five of us, me and my buddy Mike Horn decided [to make a record]. This guy brought this recorder down, and it recorded in a metal disk and it was just like a regular 45 record, but it recorded from the center out, instead of, you know, which was fine for that, because we played it on one of those old gramophones that you just pick the arm up. But on a regular electric one, as soon as you get it on over to the center the thing wants to eject you know, and start over again, see. But I've got two of those records that we made and both of them were stored with my stuff when I went in the Navy, so they got stuff on top and they got kind of bent. Well, I managed to put a piece of wood there and pound them until I got 'em, you can play 'em. They kind of go like this when they play. But you can hear me in the background dedicating the song to my grandmother. And you can hear everybody saying, "Grandma Tillie, now we're going to play drowsy lullabies." We'd start strumming and playing and everything. And then a guy in Bay Center had a wire recorder and he recorded me singing songs back when I was just a little kid, on my flat-top guitar. KB: Wow. JB: And I'm singing songs, you know, *Pistol Packing Mama* and just popular songs from that era and stuff, you know. And my guitar's not quite tuned right. And my voice is really, really high you know. And I'm just strumming away and singing them songs, you know. So I went down in the '60s and he told me about this recording, so I put it on a cassette, dubbed it to a cassette. Now, those people are dead now, you know, the people that did that, they're all dead. The whole family's gone from Bay Center. The kids that we run around with, his son, he's been dead for years and years. But anyway, I'm glad I got that. So I've got that little recording of about five or six songs, I think, of me singing. And boy I tell you I never would have, if I'd listened to those I never would have thought I would have become, accomplished nothing, that people were going to buy my CD's and stuff like that you know. Because you just never know how you're going to turn out. And when you're doing it at that time you're proud of yourself, because you think you're doing something that you've never done before.

2:11 First band	JB: And well the first band I was in was called a rhythm band and that was in grade school and you know, it was just sticks and drums and things you bang on. It was pretty good for the teacher to get the whole class to get the same beat at the same time. And then when I went to high school, you know I started playing in the school band. And then they'd have these shows, maybe once a month for something, sometimes it was just a pep rally and they'd have somebody get up and do acts and stuff. So we got together four guys to do—we called ourselves the Oyster Pickers—that was the only time we ever performed. Somebody took a picture of it and they put it in the annual, and I'm playing guitar and our pants were rolled up to about here and stuff, you know, we're standing up there in jeans and t-shirts and stuff, you know, and Norman Lynn and Terry Scott, and Kenny Rinks and old Joe Brignone. And I think, I think I'm the only one left out of that four. We didn't get paid for that. [laughs]
The Oyster Pickers Norman Lynn Terry Scott Kenny Rinks	
	KB: Oh. [laughs]
No remembrance of discrimination	JB: But the Indian kids in Bay Center were all close to everybody. There was no, I didn't ever see anybody picking on a kid because he was an Indian kid. And I didn't see Indian kids ganging up against any white kid or anything. I mean everybody had fights, you know, boys, school ground brawls and stuff. But there was nothing where people ganged up. I remember having this one kid—I fell out of a tree and broke both my wrists. And I was in plum tree trying to pick apples and I was reaching too far out of the plum tree to the apple tree and the branch broke. So they didn't break, they just got compressed. Well, the doctor thought they were—this one was a really bad sprain and this one he didn't do anything to. And so, the smartest thing he did, he put this one in just a splint brace, you know, a sprain thing. He sent the x-rays up to the orthopedic hospital. This was bout 1952, and they sent him back and they said they didn't break but they're so compressed that his hands have already stopped growing. So we've got to pull them out and you've got to cast them. So I was the first guy, the doctor told me I was the first guy in Pacific County to use one of the new fiberglass casts, where they, and then they wrap it. He says, "Now you can get it wet on the outside but don't get it went on the inside because then it will get itchy and start smelling," and everything, you know. But that was one heck of a tough cast. So I went, a good portion of my way through eighth grade I'm wearing these two casts. Well, there's this one kid—he's dead now too—but he used to pick on me. He was a bigger kid than me, and
Broke wrists	

	he used to pick on little—I was really a small little shrimp. When I graduated from high school I weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds and went into the Navy. And you know, I'm just a short little, you know. Margaret, you know, have you seen Margaret? KB: Yes, I have. JB: Okay, she's—I've got a picture, she gave me a copy of it and we're standing out in front of her folks place on our graduation day from the eighth grade and she's a whole head taller than me. And now I'm this much taller than her. KB: Yeah. [laughing] JB: Yeah, so she didn't grow anymore and I grew a whole lot, I guess. I don't know. But anyway, this kid, he used to pick on me. Well, one day you know, I had these casts on and he started pushing me around and I hit him upside the head with the casts. And he fell down. And all of the sudden—and I got on top of him and I'm just beating on him like this. And here comes the principal and he pulls me off, "Joey!" I can always tell when I'm talking to somebody from Bay Center, even though I don't recognize them because they call me Joey. Nobody else has ever called me Joey, except the people from Bay Center. So, he got up and he's got a bruise on the back of his head and everything, and we became really good friends and we never had a fight after that. [KB laughs] I guess he finally got out of me what he wanted, whatever it was. [laughing]
2:16 Principal Ivan Ginther Milk truck	JB: Here we had a principal named Ivan Ginther. He was a mayor of South Bend at one time and he was a principal down there. He was on *Ripley's Believe it or Not* for pitching the most continuous softball games in a sanctioned thing. Yeah, oh Ivan Ginther. He drank really heavily. They owned a dairy right down here. The building is still there but it's in pretty much disrepair. And his wife was a really nice lady and very strict about the business, but old Ivan, boy he just liked the drinking. So he come to Bay Center in a milk truck, and he wanted to stop at the tavern and get a few brews, see. So he'd stop at the tavern and then he'd tell us what time he'd call or we'd know what time he's going to be down there, whatever. I can't remember how he got a hold of us, because in those early days, you know

	you had the party lines and stuff. Maybe he told us he'd be down at ten o'clock in the morning or whatever it was, you know. So we'd be down there and we'd get on the truck and he'd have this big box of donuts, and he'd stop and we'd just run on this truck from all directions and everybody'd putting milk on everybody's porch, get back in. We could do that milk thing in Bay Center so fast. He could spend his half an hour at the tavern, still get back in town, and if he didn't have to go out and talk to her directly, she couldn't smell the liquor on his breath, see. But he could get back in town, so she figured he wasn't drinking. I don't know how well he fooled her.
Children's games	But when he was principal, one time we were on the school grounds and we played this game called Pick-up Sticks, and it was kind of Prisoner's Base, but you'd run down and try to grab these sticks that were in the ground and run them back and when you got all the sticks off the opposing side then you won the game. And if somebody caught you, then you had to stand in a prisoner place and somebody had to come by from the other team and touch you to get you out. Well, he was chasing me one time and I grabbed a stick. And I was a little kid and could flit around and dodge him and he slipped and he fell and got all muddy and everything, and I thought I was going to be in trouble, and he says, "You run around like a little skeeter!" He says, and from that point on my name was Skeeter. That carried me all the way through grade school. It kind of died away when I came to high school up here. But he wrote a paper called *The Weekly* and I've got a whole bunch of them in there. It talked about, any gossip that went on it went into this paper. He would tame it down if it was personal, but he told about everything. Both South Bend and Bay Center, and he's got a couple things that, "Joe Skeeter Brignone came down to visit me and brought me a tape" and this would be clear into the '60s you know, and he was really getting old. Yeah, that name really stuck.
Nickname "Skeeter"	
	KB: [laughs] That's great. Well, Mr. Brignone, we're so glad that you—
	JB: I figured I could wear you out!
	KB: [laughs] Yes.
	JB: I knew I would, I knew I would!

	KB: [laughing] Well, it actually makes me think that this might not be the only interview that we do with you. We're going to be leaving tomorrow but we'll come back. JB: Was there anything else that you needed to ask me just quickly about the Indian thing down there that I can tell you right now, that I haven't covered. KB: I don't think so. It will probably come up. I mean one of the things that I realized when you mentioned something about Margaret—we have another person in our group who's interviewing Margaret, I thought, oh, I need to tell her about that little piece so she can ask about that. Because like you say the family tree goes out like this. What we're looking at is this, and of course that's part of what we're documenting is all of those ways that people are connected.
2:19 Absent during start of the Chinook Tribe Enrollment with the Chinook	JB: Right. And one of the things I missed out on was once the Chinook Tribe first started to really, started to get members and find out the people and everything, by that time I'd left the area, because I left in '56. And I really, and I'd only come back once in a while to see a relative, and pretty soon that relative would die, you know. And pretty soon I don't have that much reason to come back except maybe a class reunion. So I lost touch that way, and then finally I thought, you know, somebody told me about the tribe starting to really get enrollment, so that's when I really got enrolled again with the Chinook Tribe, because before the thing had been with the Quinalt Tribe, see. And that, when I tried to get back into them after all that stuff happened in Everett [?], they wouldn't let me get back in, see, even though I had a blue card. That didn't count. KB: So, when you enrolled with the Chinook about what period was that? JB: That must have been— KB: The '60s or the '70s? JB: No, no, that was clear like in '80s or early '90s. Yeah.

	KB: So it was later.
Mugs Petit Gary Johnson	JB: I came down and Mugs Petit was there and the Johnsons, Gary Johnson and them were all there. I think Gary might have still been the head of the tribe at that time. It might have been just before Ray Gardner took, or just after he took over, yeah. So, I'm a newcomer to the new stuff that's going on. I'm trying to get involved in some of this stuff, but you know, I'm still trying to put this place together.
	KB: Did you recall very many, like, Chinook council meetings or things like that that were happening at Bay Center when you were growing up?
Goose Point Shaker Church	JB: One thing I can kind of remember, they used to have an old Shaker Church down, going towards Goose Point.
	KB: Oh, really?
	JB: And I remember the old people went down to that. But I was really young when that was happening. It seems like I went to one of those things and I think my dad took me, but I was awfully young. It's either that or he told me about it in such detail that it's sticking in my mind. But it seems like I can remember the old guys getting out there and just moving around a whole bunch, and you didn't think about—you thought it was kind of funny then. But then when you got older and you knew the fact that they were old you thought, where? They looked crippled before they got out there and how did they have that much energy and stuff like that? How were they able to do that? But by that time most of them were dead, you know, the older people were dead and stuff, see.
	KB: Yeah. Do you remember Myrtle Woodcock?
	JB: I only remember her more through my dad. I have a picture of her in here.
	KB: Oh, do you?
	JB: I'm going to show you this picture. You might have seen it. I was looking through

	some stuff this morning and I wanted to see if there's any of it you'd be interested in looking at. [pause] Yeah, I've got a really good picture of Myrtle. She's with Nina [?] and two of the Calhoun girls. Here you go. KB: Oh, my gosh. JB: She's on the right hand side. KB: Yes. Wow! JB: We spent a lot of time with the Calhoun girls, but I don't remember—I know we spent time with Myrtle, but not that much. The Calhouns, I think we're kind of shirt-tail relations of the Calhouns, see, probably by marriage. KB: Are you available tomorrow? We're going to scan photographs in Bay Center. JB: Oh yeah, yeah, Margaret was telling me about that. I don't know if I'm going to be here tomorrow, but I told Margaret that I could scan all of this stuff and put it on a disk for you. KB: Okay. I mean, the other thing that I'm thinking is that I'd live to sit down with you and actually hear the stories about the photographs. JB: Yeah, well see like this one—see I don't even know where I got these photographs. I've tried to collect them from different people, of my relatives and stuff, and some of them my aunt gave me, some of them my grandmother gave me, and you know, some I got from my dad. KB: This is a postcard. JB: Yeah, that's what they, they did a lot of that, see, in those days. They'd go to Astoria and get the postcard. My grandma, I've got a whole bunch of them they sent. My grandma, she was, she was probably almost three hundred pounds. She was just the nicest person.
Picture postcards Grandma Tillie	

	Everybody just absolutely loved her, and even when she was young, she wasn't a really attractive person. She had kind of coarse features, but she was just a wonderful—everybody just loved her. She was just so easygoing and so her friends would go to Astoria, because they would take the boat over—that was a big thing then, you know—and then they'd get a picture taken and they'd put it in postcards and they'd send them to these people. I've got all kinds of these old postcards, sending to different people. That was a big popular thing in those days, see. Like this one here [identifies grandfather, the Gracey's in pictures]. Most of these guys have got quite a bit of Italian, or Sicilian in them. KB: Yeah, they look it.
2:24 Henry Franklin Grandpa Blackie Nickname from boat-real name Leonard Rashman -	JB: Yeah. [talks about pictures] This is an old timer, Henry Franklin. You might hear people talk about him from Bay Center. But I never knew him until he was an old guy, a little short guy. He used to work on a floathouse down at the dock. [picture taken in 1919] And then here's my uncle, Dewey Bearcrow. [talks about pictures that include Native Americans, maybe a Lorton.] This is my dad's mom and my dad's dad. But he died when my dad was seven years old, see. So my dad really never grew up with him. He grew up with my Grandpa Blackie as being his stepdad, see. [picture of the Anderson house; canneries; shell plant; dredges; more discussion of photos] He had a boat called the Blackie. His name was really Leonard Rashman. Everybody called him Blackie. [more discussion of photos; a picture named after daughter Eva; mentions remembering Danny Stephan being big in sports; picture of Long Island; Rhoades house; Bay Center school; grandparent's house; 1949 snowstorm; and others.] [audio recording ends at 2:35:47]