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This interview was conducted with Kathleen Heilman Brown at her home near Pass Lake, Washington, on March 15th, 2010. The interviewer is Danny Beatty accompanied by Tamara Belts.

DB: Well my thoughts on doing an interview with you was because you grew up on Pass Lake.

KHB: That's right.

DB: And Pass Lake, in the Northwest, was one of the first, if not the first bodies of water that was made fly fishing only around 1940. So I thought it would be logical if we could get your ideas and thoughts and remembrances of growing up on Pass Lake, starting out with where your family was before and then what prompted your family to move here and so forth. So maybe you could just give us some background and start right in.

KHB: Well, my dad was a landscape architect and he was working in Seattle, he had a firm down there. During the 1930's he didn't have much work and so he went to work for the CCC. He was a foreman because he was well educated. Part of the time he was assigned to Deception Pass State Park and he knew that this piece of property that was owned by Mrs. Almond was for sale. He had recommended it to a wealthy client, Mrs. Kreielsheimer (I think her family now is the Kreielsheimer Foundation in Seattle). He suggested that she buy this. It was 540 acres made up of three or four homesteads. She declined to do that. But Mrs. Almond did offer it in 1935, approximately, to the State Parks. She went to the State Legislature to have them buy the property and add it to Deception Pass State Park. The legislature approved it, but the governor vetoed it. The sale price was \$10,000.

As time went on, my dad got very busy in Seattle, to the point where he had 28 draftsmen working for him. He decided to get out of this rat race. His grandfather had had a farm in Pennsylvania that he just loved. So I can remember driving on the weekends, going to Lynnwood and Edmonds, when Lynnwood was hardly a town and looking for a farm. Well then he couldn't find anything there that suited him so he branched out farther and came up here and bought this piece of property from Mrs. Almond for \$15,200 cash in 1942. Then he closed his office in Seattle and he came up here and had his brother come and join him.

They worked at selectively logging and Dad got one registered polled (hornless) Hereford cow, and got a pair of Percheron horses, because you could not buy a tractor during the war. [Then] he got a pair of Hampshire hogs, and so that's how he started his farm. We stayed in Seattle, but we would come up every summer.



There was a house down here on this side of the highway by the beach where we stayed. Then in about 1946 he decided to remodel the house here at Deception Pass. It had a little tiny bathroom and kitchen off on one side and the rest of the house was mostly a big room with two smaller rooms in the back. He tore off the old kitchen and the old bathroom and he was building a two-story addition to the house so that there would be room for all of us. Well we had electricity there but we didn't have a telephone and we didn't have running water; we had a thirty-foot well. So in order to cook he took the old woodstove and went into the back room and cut a hole in the ceiling and put the stovepipe up through it, and that was the cooking arrangement.

Kathleen Brown and Danny Beatty

Well one day I was down at the beach and I came up and I walked in the house while Dad and my brother were out working. I walked out to the kitchen area and I heard this strange noise. I walked back outside because my girlfriend had told me about her aunt's house burning down, that she'd heard the fire. So I went back outside and I looked up and sure enough there was smoke coming out of the roof. So I walked back in and told my mother that the house was on fire. Since we had no phone, and we only had one pan of water, we tried putting that on top of the roof and it ran down and didn't do much good. So we just started hauling everything out. When we got out as much of the stuff as we possibly thought we could, we looked for the car keys and they were in the grass in front of my sister. So we jumped in the car and we went up to where my dad and uncle and brother were working at Dad's saw mill that he had built, just a little saw mill on the south side of Pass Lake. They came back and rescued another little tiny building that was there and prevented the fire from going up the hill.

Of course there is no fire department at Dewey, it was only in Anacortes. The men saved the little building but the house burned to the ground, with just the foundation and the big chimney that was in the big room. There was the old farmhouse over at Pass Lake that hadn't been lived in for years. And in 1947, in May, we moved there to the old farmhouse. We had no electricity, no telephone, no indoor plumbing. The heat was a big wood stove in the dining room area that we also used as a living room because the rooms were big and [there was] an old woodstove in the kitchen. We did have cold running water into the house. That was right down in front of the lake on the north side. There was a huge cherry tree out in the front and there were huge cherry trees in the back and there was an apple orchard off to the east side. It was really a lovely spot.

That's when my brother got very interested in fishing, when we moved there. With all that property, we were property-rich and cash-poor. It got colder in those days than it does now and every year, almost every year, the lake would freeze over, and it was pretty thick. We went ice-skating on it all the time. One year my brother decided to provide us with some trout. He and his buddy went out and they cut a hole in the ice and they rigged up a little deal where if the fish would take the lure (what they used, I don't know, it probably was not a fly). Anyway, he did that and before they got up to the house they turned and looked and the flag was already up. So they went back to see if they had a catch. Well they got about three or four trout that, from nose to tail, kind of went into my mother's dish pan and back out the other side, they were huge. So he provided us with some nice fresh fish that winter. I don't remember him doing it more than once, but I do remember that one time. Then in the summer time he would go fishing—Dad had bought a really nice, big rowboat. It was made out of plywood and it was real easy to row and that's what we used until Russ Willis and Duane Genung came and put the boats out and made the dock and all that. So that's where we came from.

DB: So that's the background for moving there in the Forties.

KHB: Yes.

DB: And your dad had worked with the CCC group prior to that time, so he knew this country, he knew it well.

KHB: He knew it, he knew it.

DB: Alright.

KHB: He also worked at Mt. Rainier National Park and Riverside State Park in Spokane.

DB: Where did you live when your dad worked for the CCC—did you live on the Whidbey Island side?

KHB: Well that's what I was just going to say.

DB: Oh, sorry.

KHB: I was born in 1935, so I don't know where they lived when he was working in the CCC up here. I know that we moved to Spokane when he worked over there and I was just a baby then, so it was the summer of 1935 that he was over there. Then when I was two he worked at Mt. Rainier and we lived in a tent. They had a platform and then they had tents. [Mother] always had to keep mosquito netting over us so the mosquitoes didn't eat us up.

DB: You don't have much memory of that part of it?

KHB: No, none.

DB: Your brother was old enough to have remembered it?

KHB: Yes.

DB: But he never told you many stories about that?

KHB: No.

DB: Oh, okay. So during this time do you remember any of the fly fishers, other than Russ Willis that came and put up the boat rental system, any other fly fishers at that time?

KHB: I don't remember any, no.

DB: Okay.

KHB: If they came, they had to put in down at the park end of the lake. I just didn't pay that much attention.

DB: So [there] was never any association. Where was your dad's saw mill? You said it was on the south side, so it must have been fairly close to the boat ramp there.

KHB: Well the boat ramp is on the north side. The boats were kept on the north side.

DB: Oh, okay. I'm looking at it from another angle—okay, you're right.

KHB: So it was between the lake and the highway.

DB: Okay, so the sawmill was more between what is now the ranger's house and the boat ramp. Is that right?

KHB: No.

DB: Or even clear around in the field?

KHB: Way around farther. You know where that new sign is?

DB: Oh, I know, I know. It's been pointed out to me before, I should have remembered that.

KHB: Yes, they put up a new sign and its up—the entrance to the saw mill was a couple hundred feet east of that.

DB: Okay, I know now what you're talking about. But the logging was on both sides of the highway?

KHB: Primarily on the north side, but also on the south side. There was a group of huge trees, really, really big trees down close to Pass Lake and the park property on the south side of the highway and Dad would never cut those. Those were just too precious to cut down. He also kept a lot of the interesting trees around Pass Lake so it would preserve its character and all that. All but four of those big trees fell down during that December 28th storm in 1990, when that north wind came down at zero degrees at a hundred miles an hour.

DB: Yes, Highway 20 was closed for a period of time. Yes, that was a terrible storm. Between the boat ramp and your home, what was your home now, the rangers—they've developed a trail that goes all the way along the lake and if you hike that trail, it looks like there's old skid roads.

KHB: There are, that's what the trail is.

DB: Is that where your dad was pulling logs?

KHB: Yes.

DB: Now what did he use? Horses?

KHB: He used horses until he could buy a caterpillar tractor; he bought a used—about a D4 or something like that?

DB: And then a small cat or yarder?

KHB: No he just used the cat for a yarder. Then he used the horses, he bought a third one, so he had three Percherons, finally.

DB: Did he ever float the logs across?

KHB: No, no.

DB: It would have been a possibility though, almost.

KHB: Well I don't know how he would have gotten them over and back up off the ground.

DB: Okay. Why don't you tell a little about your parents from the middle Sixties? Have we pretty much covered this early part and through your growing up time and going to high school?

KHB: No, there were some interesting things that happened during that time, because that's when Russ and Duane had the boats. I think they had about 15 or 18 row boats to rent. They were made of cedar and they were all painted green. They were good rowing boats. And they built a dock; they used logs for buoyancy and put boards on it and all that. Then they pulled the boats up there and launched them up there. It was right near the house. The house was situated with that big cherry tree in front, then there was an apple tree and then there's a big willow tree down by the lake. The dock was right near that willow tree. So they—Russ would come out in the evening he would take care of the people who were renting the boats and they would also do the same thing. Well then after a time, they decided it was more hassle than it was worth and so they sold the boats to my dad. So then we took care of it.

Well we didn't take care of it very well. The fishermen would come down and they'd drive down to the house and they'd ask if they could rent a boat. Sure, they'd give us a little money and they'd go rent the boat and that was about it. We could even go on vacation—and we did go on vacation, to my grandmother's house in Oregon. When we came back, we came on to the porch that was kind of enclosed, but not entirely enclosed, and there was money sitting all over everywhere. So all the fisherman that would come that wanted to rent a boat and we weren't home, they'd leave their money. And so—you know, it was really neat.



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One day when I was home alone—oh I must have been 16, a guy came to rent a boat. I was very uncomfortable with this guy. He just didn't seem like a trustworthy guy to me. He wanted to know if I'd go fishing with him. Well, no! I wouldn't do that. So he [went] out and I went and got my dad's 22. The cherry tree was in bloom and I went out in the front and there was a little dicky bird sitting on a limb. So I raised the gun and took aim, pulled the trigger, and I managed to hit that little bird. I don't know how, because I'm left-eyed and I was trying to sight right-eyed. Anyway, I figured that took care of that. I blew the smoke out of the gun and turned around and walked back in the house. Well after a while, this guy comes back because he's done fishing. "Boy, you're quite a shot!" He says, "How old are you? Well how about I throw up some cans and you can shoot those!" —Oh couldn't do that; I'd be aiming out there by where the cattle are, I can't do that." So anyway, that was the only time I was ever uncomfortable there.

DB: Whoa. Have you seen the picture of you sitting on the dock with a bunch of fish and a fly rod?

KHB: Yes! You sent it to me.

DB: You did get that?

KHB: Yes.

DB: Have you read Russ's account of having that business?

KHB: No.

DB: Well, it's online.

KHB: Well I'll have to get with it and do that.

DB: Russ did an interview with me years ago and he told his story about he and Genung getting it all started.

KHB: Well Russ taught me how to fly fish, more or less too. I'd go back and forth with that thing and I've tried it a few times but I haven't really tried fly fishing.

DB: Russ is in a care center in Mesa now.

KHB: Is he?

DB: His son, Don, the younger of his two children lives nearby and kind of watches out for him.

KHB: Oh Russ was a great guy, yes.

DB: Kathy, his daughter Kathy, works for Dr. Bolton in town. And she lives in Sedro-Woolley. Do you remember Warren Erholm?

KHB: Oh yes.

DB: Coming out and fishing? Do you have any stories about him?

KHB: No, not really. My dear sweet husband has lots of stories about him—but it doesn't have to do with fly fishing, it has to do with automobiles.

DB: Oh, okay. So you graduated from high school about 1953 or 1954?

KHB: 1953.

DB: And you've continued to live in this area?

KHB: Right. We went back and forth to school a number of times.

DB: Okay. Do you recall the Department of Fish and Wildlife involved in any way with the lake?

KHB: Oh yes. I think that my father would be horrified to realize that his bringing all those cattle—and he ended up with 80, he had a herd of registered polled Hereford cattle. Bringing all those cattle to the outside of the basin of Pass Lake created a nitrogen-rich watershed. And the bloom on the lake was greater and greater as time went on. I'm sure it never occurred to him that the cattle would be polluting the lake. Because he did have fences that would go out in the lake far enough so the cattle could go out and drink but they couldn't get around the end of it.

There were times when there were some bad, well non-trout fish in there. And the Fisheries wanted to clear it out so they would put rotenone in the lake. When they did that, the prevailing wind was from the west, so all these dead fish would come to lay on the eastern shore. Most of them were crummy fish but some of them were nice looking trout, too, that were floating belly up.

DB: One of those rotenone treatments was not long after you moved there, I think.

KHB: I think you're right.

DB: Because Russ talked about changes in the specie of fish planted in the lake in the later Forties and early Fifties, so somewhere in that time. You've lived basically on where your family moved to in the Forties, you've lived either on the property or parts of the property ever since.

KHB: That's right.

DB: This home here was built on what was part of that.

KHB: Yes, they gave us this piece of property as a wedding present.

DB: So from the late Sixties and through the Seventies, your mom I know, and I think your dad too, got very involved with environmental issues. Is there anything you'd like to mention about that?

KHB: Well as I look out here, over Deception Pass to Cornet Bay and Hoypus Point all I see is forest. There was a time when that property over there belonged to the DNR, Department of Natural Resources. They were going to log it for support of the schools, and my mother heard about it and a number of other persons, primarily the ones on Whidbey Island. So they started a campaign to get the State Parks to take it over instead of the DNR. Somehow they managed to make that happen. That was wonderful—because there's great big, old second-growths over there. I don't know if there's old growth too, but it's a wonderful, wonderful legacy and it should have been in the state park and not logged.

DB: And was that when Claire and Amelia started Evergreen Islands?

KHB: It was after that.

DB: It was after that?

KHB: The Evergreen Islands started when they were going to sell Heart Lake and have a big development around Heart Lake. That's when she worked on Evergreen Islands. But even before that was when they were going to put the nuclear plant on Kiket Island and one on Bacus Hill, Snohomish PUD had plans in there. Well then they really got involved. And they got involved when the aluminum company wanted to put their thing on Guemes Island.

DB: Yes, well Amelia and I were teaching together in those years, and I remember going to their house and having meetings about all these things. And they were the spearhead of that—

KHB: Oh yes.

DB: They were the ones I thought that really put the—really pushed.

KHB: Well my mother was very bright and very energetic and very organized.

DB: Your brother was a forester and do you think that his childhood, working with your dad had any influence on him becoming a forester? —I think I'm right on that—

KHB: He was a forest soils scientist. He had a PhD in forestry, in forest soils.

DB: He worked in universities?

KHB: He worked for Washington State University in Puyallup at the Experiment Station.

DB: Do you think he got into that because of his background at home and your dad's interest in the logging?

KHB: Oh yes, absolutely! And he couldn't understand why my dad wouldn't fertilize his trees.

DB: Oh, okay.

KHB: But yes, Paul helped him log. When we came up here in the—well he was four years older than I am so he probably started helping his Dad log when he was probably about 14.

DB: Okay, so the family interest in preserving the timber and so forth; somewhere in the Seventies they were thinking about selling part of the property: you want to talk about that? Do you remember Steve Raymond (the fellow from the *Seattle Times* that wrote the article)?

KHB: No, I never met him that I know of.

DB: He's with our group; he's on our advisory committee for the Fly Fishing Collection.

KHB: Well what happened was that Dad had this farm and he had all this property down here, this half a mile of waterfront on the Deception Pass shore. There's 7,000 feet around the lake. The State Legislature decided that everything, all the property should be taxed at its highest and best use, instead of at the use it was. So his property became residential. And all of a sudden their taxes were more than their income. And that couldn't go on very long. So about that time, a fellow by the name of Elmer Hovik came to them and offered them a million dollars to buy their place and turn it into a planned unit development sort of thing with all kinds of stuff—a sewage system, a water system, possibly a school, lots of space to house a marina on this side with Deception Pass. They were kind of reluctant to do it but they didn't know what else to do because they had approached the state park about—

END OF SIDE A

KHB: [being] interested in buying their property. The deal [with] Mr. Hovik was looking not too bad. So they did sign an option with him to sell the property. When my mother got home from that meeting, she was sick about it. But she didn't know what else to do. Then when it was publicized that this was going to be happening around Pass Lake—Mr. Hovik, his idea was to preserve the perimeter of the lake and not have any houses or anything directly on the lake and kind of preserve the character of it. Nevertheless, it would have changed it a lot.

Well then the people on Fidalgo Island got wind of it and they said, —Ohwell, we don't want that to happen.” So they formed the Save the Pass Lake Committee. And that was the committee that put pressure on the state parks. And then the recession of the early Seventies happened so Mr. Hovik could not exercise the option and it fell through. That gave the parks an opportunity to be able to proceed to make a deal with the folks to buy the lake property. So they signed that with the state parks. I think it happened in 1972. They would have bought it first, but they were buying a piece of property on the falls out at Monroe or some place like that first, they were obligated to buy that first. Then they bought this property. But they didn't want the property on the south side of the highway. They were offered it but they turned it down. So they just bought what was on the north side of the property, or the north side of Highway 20.

DB: So I had hoped somehow, in this section maybe Tamara that we can get Steve's Pass Lake article attached to this interview (*Seattle Times*, November 9, 1969).

KHB: There were a lot of articles in the Seattle Times.

DB: Yes, it was the Seattle media, right.

KHB: Yes.

DB: Steve Raymond has written books about fly fishing—he is well known and was one of the people, who worked as an editor for the *Times*. And so—wouldn't that fit in and add to your story?

KHB: Oh yes, absolutely. Yes.

DB: Since that time the state parks have taken it over, do you have any other thoughts about the lake?

KB: Yes I do.

DB: Okay, that's good. That's what we want.

KHB: At the time, at some point the road from Cougar Gap and out of Bowman Bay was different than it is now. There was a big maple tree that was down there and there was also kind of a rockery right next to the highway, because this maple tree was on kind of a hill. The highway department started taking that apart. Well I wanted some rocks, so I went down there in my Nash station wagon and asked if I could have

the rocks they were taking out. And they said, “Well, sure.” So they’re out there, around my garden. I hauled them home, one station wagon load at a time. But then they went in and bulldozed that and they put a culvert under where the road is now. The only trouble is, it’s probably a foot higher than the original drainage of the lake. So the lake is higher now and that’s why the trees are out and so on.

DB: Okay.

KHB: I’ll keep going. Not only that, but then they’ve got kind of a mesh screen across in front of that so that a lot of things won’t go down it. Well then it gets plugged up with grass and that sort of thing so the water rises even higher.

DB: Okay, so you’ve been observant over the years.

KHB: And there used to be a trail. The CCC put in a trail along the lake. I would run that thing all the time. It was a lot closer to the water than the trail is now, but it wasn’t as nice of a trail as it is now. Because part of the trail was a log that they took and cut notches in it and they put it up against this rock so that you could get up and down it. Well, that got slippery and all.

DB: Yes, I’ve lived here long enough to remember those changes. Do you remember much about the pump house and the water supply to the hatchery research station down at Bowman Bay? Do you remember visiting that? Or any comments about that?

KHB: I remember the research station down at Bowman Bay. But I don’t remember them putting in a— there was no building at Pass Lake; it’s up the corner that I remember.

DB: There was a pump house, right there at the boat ramp. There’s still a concrete foundation for it. And there’s still some pipe out into the lake.

KHB: Is there? And is that the boat ramp down at the west end of the lake?

DB: Yes

KHB: I know that we had what we thought was a duck house.

DB: Oh, Russ said that where he kept some of his supplies in an old pump house that was in the field near where the boat rental was.

KHB: Yes, well that’s what we called the duck house because it was there when we moved in and we couldn’t figure out what it was other than a duck house.

DB: You called it the duck house?

KHB: Yes, we called it the duck house.

TB: Is that just because the ducks always hung out there?

KHB: No, we just couldn’t figure out any other reason why it would be there.

DB: But it had obviously been there for a long, long time.

KB: A long, long time, yes.

DB: Well Gilbert Hull, in his story, not the one at Western, but just in talking to me, said that that was built way back in the middle 1800’s as a telegraph station. Have you ever heard that story?

KHB: What we heard was the dining room/living room of our house at the lake was the telegraph station. It was made out of hewn logs and the windowsills were about a foot wide.

DB: So you'd heard stories about there being telegraph lines that went through there and on out to Telegraph Bight by Biz Point.

KHB: I don't know where it went. All I know is that the story I heard was that that part of the house, because it was all added on.

DB: I tried to get more information on that from Gilbert's wife, but she didn't seem to have any. So, anyway, that was back in the mid-1800's when they were having some sort of a race to get telegraph to Europe. One group was going across the Atlantic and the other group was coming across [the U.S.] and going over to Siberia; that was his story. And Pass Lake was one of the stations.

KHB: I have no idea as to the accuracy.

DB: You know, stories you hear. But there is a Telegraph Bight, down by Biz Point. He said that's where they dropped over the hill down into the bay. They went across to Lopez Island, a telegraph base somewhere over there, across to Vancouver Island and then back over to the mainland, quite a ways up Vancouver Island, and on up into Alaska. They got up somewhere in northern British Columbia and some cable had been laid across the Atlantic, so all the investors that put all this money into this system, lost. It was a good story. I'd like to find somebody to get at it a little tighter. So Pass Lake was supposedly part of that. You've confirmed that, that you heard there was this telegraph station in your family's original house on the lake.



KHB: Yes, that's right.

DB: Okay, good.

KHB: Because the little duck house is only what, six by six or something like that. So it wouldn't have been that, it would have been—

DB: What year did your folks build the newer house? When you left the more rustic place you started out with?

KHB: Well Dad used his saw mill and he cut a bunch of lumber. He started building that probably in 1951 or 1952. And he finished I would say in 1953 or 1954, around in there.

DB: About the time you graduated from high school.

KHB: Well, no, now let me think. No, actually it was later than that.

DB: I got the impression that it was later too.

KHB: It was later than that, because we were building our house at the same time they were finishing theirs. They finished theirs first and we moved in here in 1963.

DB: Okay. Tamara, did you come up with any thoughts, or further questions?

TB: No, I find it fascinating though, I love hearing these stories. And then you, yourself don't really fly fish then?

KHB: Well my brother took me fishing a couple times. He was a good fly fisherman; he learned to put that fly where he wanted it. But for me, he put a little Dicknite spoon on it, just a little tiny thing, about so big. I could catch a fish that way. But we would go swimming in the lake and there were salamanders. And the interesting thing to me, I don't know what has happened to them; we used to have so many toads. I have not seen a toad in thirty years. But we had toads everywhere. Not frogs, these were toads! They were mottled backed, they were kind of bumpy. I didn't see frogs. I know that my brother one time brought some bullfrogs and put them in the lake. And there were also, every now and then, you'd see a native turtle. And there would be wonderful big garter snakes that would be swimming in the water too.

DB: I remember seeing those pond turtles along the bank, on those logs that would go out into the water from the shoreline. They'd be sort of sunning themselves, along [there]. It's been years and years though since I've seen them. That's a good point; I don't remember them for a long time. But it would be from the house—going south along the southwest side there, there's a lot of rock.

KHB: Yes, yes.

DB: By the edge of the water. And there'd be logs that would be coming out into the lake. And they'd rest on those. Okay. Tamara asked about your family fishing and stuff. But I think, at least one of your sons liked to fly fish out there?

KHB: Michael.

DB: Okay, and what about your sister's boys?

KHB: Nope, they never fished.

DB: They never bothered either.

KHB: Nope, no.

DB: Okay.

TB: How about your parents?

KHB: No.

TB: Okay, so just your brother. And your brother's name is Paul?

KHB: Yes, he lived to fish.

DB: Oh did he?

KHB: I got sea sick several times going fishing with him out on the ocean or down along the Columbia River. I knew I would get seasick, I didn't care. I wanted the experience and went anyway and bless his soul, he always did the hooks and the bait and everything else. All I had to do was hold on to the pole and reel it in.

DB: Yes, I messed up two or three years ago, Matt told me he should have been interviewed.

KHB: Yes, yes.

DB: And I realize now, I wasn't involved with this program at that time. So I think we've got—it sounds like a pretty interesting story. It gives a personal account of Pass Lake, which as you know, was fly fishing only at about 1940. Did you ever meet Enos Bradner?

KHB: I'm sure I did, but I don't remember him.

DB: He was the sports editor for the *Seattle Times*.

KHB: And he was the game warden too.

DB: No, no. He was the outdoor editor for the *Seattle Times*.

KHB: Didn't he move up here and become the--?

DB: No.

KB: Oh, I thought he did. Well my facts are wrong.

DB: He retired and lived in Seattle, but he wrote a few books. There's a picture of him standing along the CCC rail rockwork at Pass Lake with a big trout. I should have brought that book.

TB: What does CCC stand for? I know I should know this.

KHB: Civilian Conservation Corps. It was a jobs program during the depression.

TB: Yes, because there's another name for that.

KHB: WPA.

TB: WPA. Is it sort of a sub-unit for WPA?

KHB: I think they were different. Because the WPA, they did, oh for instance, they did the mural. They hired [folks] to fill in the mural in the—

DB: That was the Works Progress Administration and they had guys out digging ditches on roads and yes, painting murals.

KHB: Yes.

DB: I'm a couple years older than you, but when I was a boy in 4-H we'd go down to the camp in the Forties and have a week's camp there. And it still had the old CCC beds and the cookhouse. And at that time, this would have been probably 1945 when I did that, somewhere in there. And it was still the old original camp.

KHB: Yes, well I'm sure that right there over at Cornet Bay, where those buildings are must have been where the CCC's were.

TB: So Cornet Bay was where the camp was?

KHB: That's my guess.

DB: Yes. The CCC camp was at Cornet Bay. But your family was left in Seattle when your dad was here?

KHB: That was before I was born, so I don't know.

TB: What was your father's name?

KHB: Edwin Clair [Heilman].

DB: Oh, we knew him as Clair though.

TB: And what was your mother's name?

KHB: Amelia.

TB: Okay. So there are how many children then? Because you had a sister and a brother.

KHB: Three. You know all this was still in the woods until that December 28th, 1990 storm. And then when all the trees blew down, they took down all the power lines with them and everything else. So we no longer had woods but now we have a view.

DB: When was this?

KHB: That 1990's storm, December 28th, 1990.

TB: So you didn't have this view until all the trees blew down.

KHB: Well we had this view, but up here we put a development in up here. My dad had wanted to develop this side, when the parks didn't want it.

TB: I think that's where I turned around to come back here. Because I drove by and saw the Quiet Cove and it was too late to turn in.

KHB: Yes, I did that development up there.

TB: Oh nice, okay.

DB: That was a terrible storm. My niece was teaching in Oak Harbor and her folks lived in Bellingham and she wanted to get home and she couldn't get home with all the trees across the road—it was terrible.

KHB: Oh, yes.

DB: We live just around the corner here over on Gibraltar. And you know, the wind just comes right through here really bad.

KHB: Yes we woke up during the night because we were cold, the furnace wasn't going on and it was cold. Since I grew up at the lake and knew how to start fires and all that and my dear sweet husband doesn't, I said, "Well I'll go outside and get the wood and we'll get the fire started downstairs." We have a space heater thing down there. And I went out to get some kindling and I heard this noise and it sounded like gunfire. And I came back in and I said, "What is happening? It sounds like gunfire out there!" Well it was as dark as a tomb, you know. So we got the fire going and we thought, as it started to get light, there was the strangest look out on the water out here. And we wondered, "What is going on?" It's like the wind was coming over and it would hit this water *schooo* like this, instead of coming across this way it was just *schooo* like that. And so as it got light, we thought let's walk up the road and see what's happening.

Well I hadn't gone very far and I looked up the hill and I could see daylight. And I knew something was wrong, because all the trees should have been there. And we got all the way up to the end of the road and started coming down where the entrance is and where that little gate is and the trees were all lying down and the power lines were all on the ground, these big cables were on the ground. And I just started to bawl.

DB: We normally get the south winds, but this was a north wind.

KHB: Yes, and because it was from the north, it came right over the house so we didn't even know the wind was blowing. We could only tell this weird stuff was happening out here. We had about a million board feet of timber on the ground.

TB: Wow, that's amazing.

DB: Yes, that was terrible.

KHB: The power crews were fantastic. They went out there and well it broke off one of their poles and it slammed into another one. They managed to put it all back together in two days.

TB: Wow.

KHB: But that's all the power to Whidbey Island.

TB: Wow.

DB: Yes, the main line runs right through.

KHB: Two lines.

DB: Two lines, yes. They were going to put another one over here but I don't know if it ever happened.

KHB: Yes, they were going to change them and run them from Gibraltar to Hoypus Point I think.

DB: We're just kind of visiting now, I think, but Tamara, in your walks have you ever gone to the top of what they call Goose Rock on the other side of the bridge?

TB: I don't think so; there's a couple that go through Deception Pass.

DB: Well anyway, there are power lines right on the top of the rock.

TB: Okay. We have walked over through there. One of the walks goes through the Bowman Bay area, right over there. Yes, I'm into Volkswalking.

So we only have about 5 minutes left, is there anything that we haven't asked you that you'd like to get on record?

KHB: Well, I'm trying to think.

TB: We've got a whole other tape, too. But we've got about five minutes on this one.

KHB: Well the fly fishermen decided that they would, because there was so much water coming down through the field that they thought that maybe the cutthroat trout would go up there to spawn. Well my dad had put in a cedar drain through all that area. And they dug that all up and they made this big ditch down through the field so that the cutthroat could go up there. Well the cutthroat never went up there. But what it did was it made it a place where instead of having that whole field as one, now you've got a field and you've got a ditch with alders and cedars growing up in it and then a pasture on the other side too.

DB: Now just a minute, I was involved with that. There were a few fish that did go up there, but very few. Then what happened was that the biologist that was interested in developing that idea left and the new biologist was not interested.

KHB: Yes.

DB: So we reached a point and never finished it. Did you know Louis Corbin?

KHB: Yes. Louis Corbin, I think maybe he's the game warden.

DB: Yes I think he's the one you were thinking of.

TB: Oh, Louis Corbin was a game warden?

DB: No, no.

KHB: Oh, he wasn't either?

DB: Not actually. I don't think he was ever actually deputized or anything as a game warden. I could be wrong, but I don't think so. But he was very interested in making sure that everybody followed the rules.

KHB: Well one of the things that distresses me is that the willow trees have all grown up on the east side of the lake, at the base of the field. You used to be able to look right straight down across the grass and right to the water. And now all those willow trees have grown up there so you've got a whole bunch of brush there instead.

DB: That's probably good now, in terms of the environment. It wasn't good, probably when you wanted to pasture that.

KHB: Well he didn't turn his cattle out there very often he mostly had hay out there.

DB: We even built a dam in that ditch/creek you mentioned the fly fishers dug out.

KHB: Did you?

DB: And put a notch—and Louis was one of the ones that did a lot of the going there and measuring the amount of water going over the notch. And somewhere, I don't know what happened to it, but we did have a picture of a couple of cutthroat that did spawn and we did find some eggs in there. But like I said, the department changed positions and they were no longer interested so that ended the whole business.

KHB: Well I don't think there was a steady stream of water either; it was too much of seep type drainage.

DB: Yes, it comes out of Taggart property above there.

KHB: Yes.

DB: Oh yes, so over the years there's probably been a number of people that had ideas for pasturing.

KHB: But my dad's idea was always to preserve the character of the lake.

DB: Yes, and that's the good part.

TB: Okay, well thank you very much. I'll shut this off.