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This interview was conducted Bill and Dottie Butler on March 25, 2013, at their home in Cheney, Washington. The interviewers are Tamara Belts and Jerry McBride.

TB: Today is Monday, March 25, 2013. My name is Tamara Belts, and I'm here with Jerry McBride and Bill Butler. We are going to do an oral history with Mr. Butler, who is a fisherman, a hunter, a conservationist, and a longtime resident of Spokane, although as we're going to find out, he didn't start out here. He's just signed the *Informed Consent Agreement*, and so we're going to start our oral history. Our first question is how did you get started fly fishing?

BB: You know how to stretch a memory. My grandfather had six sons. All of them were fly fishermen so as a result, I never had to look for

someone to go fishing with. They used it as an excuse to leave and go fishing. Since I was the only grandson that was present—there was one that lived about 50 miles away, but in those days, 50 miles was like a thousand today. It was wonderful for me because I never lacked for a fishing partner. This included my grandfather.

So, at any rate, I was very young when I started. My father made fly rods, split bamboo, and he made one for me when I was about seven or eight years old. I thought that was pretty neat because I got my own rod, and I was taught early on that it was a fly rod. It wasn't a fly pole. My wife was always correcting people at the resort that we owned. They'd call it a fly pole. No, it's a fly rod.

TB: Why don't you tell us where you were born and what your earliest fly fishing experiences were?

BB: Pennsylvania. It was up at the northern border. It was only a matter of probably 20 miles from the New York state border, at the very northern end. I was very fortunate that I couldn't go two miles in any direction and there would be a fly stream, a fly fishing stream. It wasn't always the trout, because I had a lot fun fishing for smallmouth bass because they would take a fly. Looking back at it, your mind is flooded with memories of fly fishing.

My first one, I was trying down a blend, a brand new fly rod, and I think I was either seven or eight, at the most, years old. My father was in front of me. I can still see the stream. I can still see the pole. I couldn't tell you what the fly was, but it was big enough so that I could see it, and a trout took it. It was a brown trout. And not being at all experienced in what to do, he hooked himself probably. But I lifted him up and was flopping on the end of the line, and he seemed in my memory to be about 3 feet long, but he probably was far from that. My father was just downstream from me, and he said, "Nice fish." And I can still hear him say it. Of course the fish was flopping,

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013
Fly Fishing Collection

trying to get off, and he succeeded. And Dad said, “Well, that’s one way of releasing.” And that’s the end of that story, because he did get off.

TB: But you have always been very interested in catch and release.

BB: Catch and release was brought on—not at that time. You must remember this was the time of the Depression.

TB: Oh, right. I guess I was thinking of the story that you had about your grandfather.

BB: Yep, well, this is part of it.

TB: Okay.

BB: My grandfather came down--there’s actually two parts to this story. Gramps had always had a mustache. I had always known him as having a mustache. And it was probably the better part of a mile from my house to his house. This is country. And I was walking up the road, and this man was walking down the road, and he said, “Good morning, Bill.” (“That’s funny, how do you know who I am?”) But, at any rate, I got to my grandfather’s house, and my grandmother said, “What are you doing here?” “Gramps are I are going fishing.” She says, “But he went down to your house. You must have passed him” “No, Grammas, I only passed one man. I didn’t know him.” And she kind of chuckled and said, “Well, you better go back down to your house because he’ll be there now.” I went down there, and here’s that stranger, the person that I saw on the road, and he said, “Good morning, Bill.” Now I recognized his voice. And he says, “Well, I nicked it a little this morning when I was shaving, so I just shaved it off.”

So he and I went fishing. There was a trout that I call “the monster.” It was a brook trout, and it was big for a brook. The length of it I can’t tell you, but it probably was 15-16 inches, and I could be stretching it a little bit at 16. At any rate, we got up the stream a ways, and the stream was Asaph Run, A-S-A-P-H. And I moved ahead of Gramps, which I normally did, and got to the pool and I watched it very carefully, and fish were rising right down at the tail of the pool, that little spot of slick water that happens just before a ripple. And there was a fish taking flies, which in that country was noted for flies, and you’d better be ready to change, because they change. It would be a mayfly or something else. There were a lot of mayflies and they were different colors, anyhow, and sizes. At any rate, the big fish seemed to be working down at the tail of the pool, and I made a cast, and he took it. And this time for the very first time--

This pool, incidentally, was called the Beech Tree Pool. There was a Beech tree, and the water had washed underneath the roots and so they were bare. Before he’d always gone upstream, and he would tangle up, pop it, and there went my fly, and a piece of my leader, which incidentally was gut. (Most people don’t know what that is today, but that leader--and I have some in the original packages. Oh, I have, well-- Jerry, you’re pretty strong. You can go with me downstairs, because that’s where they are.)

The fish this time didn’t go upstream, he went downstream. And now, everything’s in my favor, and I fought him to a standstill. Or I should say he fought until he’d had all he wanted. I pounced on him and proceeded to bang his head because I wanted to take this home and brag. Well, we did it, and I want to go home.

So my grandfather and I started on the road. My father was a person that always had a story to tell you, a lot like me, or I’m a lot like him. And in the process of walking down the road, my grandfather was awfully quiet. And I said, “Gramps, are you alright?” And he says, “Yes.” And I said, “But you’re awfully quiet.” He said, “Well, it was kind of a sad day to me.” I said, “What’s wrong?” Well, he said, “For a long time, I watched you ignore probably a quarter or a half mile of one of the finest trout streams you will ever fish, just so you could fish for “the monster,” but you can never do that again. “Well, why not?” He said, “Because you killed him.” That changed the whole tone. So from that time on, including that day, I couldn’t eat that fish. And from that time one, I believed in catch and release. In fact, I think you will remember that when I was president of the club—that was my theme.

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

2

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JM: Yes, well, there were a number, I think, the Federation of Fly Fishers, and a number of organizations promoted that, and that flowed down to our club. So we still have those stickers—Limit your kill instead of killing your limit.

BB: I'm the one that started that.

JM: Were you? I didn't know that. I don't think I was in the club when you were president. I got in the club after that.

BB: Yes. Do you know Enos Bradner?

TB: I know the name.

JM: Yes, I know of him also.

BB: Yes, Enos thought I was crazy. He said, "Every fish you catch, they're going to die." And I can't recall, I see his face, but I can't remember his name. But we were attending an FFF meeting on the west coast, and he was the vice president of the club. I was the president. And we decided that we ought to tell them that we were starting to build these signs that say, *Limit your kill, don't kill your limits*, and put them at every launch area, every resort that would let us, and I think there were only one or two that said no. But we ran into Enos Bradner, and whoa he was so much against it. He called me every kind of a fool. It hurt but I stuck by my guns.

TB: Do you know what his main objection was? I mean, I understand everything's going to die, but did—

BB: He said that just catching them would kill them. I said, "That's strange. I've caught fish and released them and later on caught the same fish." He said, "How do you know?" So I guess I lost the argument.

JM: I don't know about that, because certainly that's a main theme nowadays.

BB: Yes, it is.

JM: And the reason why we have good fishing in places—where there's so many people fishing, like at St. Joe, and so on, if you didn't have catch and release, you wouldn't have any fishing at all.

BB: You wouldn't have any victory.

TB: So why don't you tell me a little bit about how you got out to the Spokane area and became involved in the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club.

BB: Well, I was in the service. I flew 51 missions and I ended up on the west coast. I'm one of those lucky fellows that I worked for General Arnold. I look back at it, I just can't believe that a little guy that came from the country of Pennsylvania met people like Arnold. In fact, I was at the end of his driveway, he was having a very formal dinner, and I was making sure that only those people that belonged there would be allowed to go up the driveway. And I'd been there probably half an hour, I don't know. I'd been there for a while, and the, oh, what did they call them? They still have them. He was the French consulate. And it started raining. And about that time, our walkie-talkies were about that long. I pulled mine out and the guy on the other end said, "The old man's on his way down." And I said, "Richards, he carries a radio too." I didn't say, "He heard what you just said. You called him an old man." But I think everyone knew what I had meant. And sure enough, General Arnold pulled right up beside me. He jumped out, and he says, "I couldn't get in your locker." I said, "It's not locked." He says, "Well, here," and he took his raincoat off and said, "Here, you get in this." It still had the five stars. I don't know whether anyone else had ever worn his coat with the stars on it, but I did. And I said to myself, and I wished that I had said to him, "I know now why you were considered so important." It's been instances like that throughout my entire life.

Back when the war was still on, I had--you'll have to excuse me.

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013
Fly Fishing Collection

3

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TB: It's okay.

BB: The war, well, it was getting along towards being over with, because I'd been promoted. I started out as a second lieutenant, and I don't remember what I was when this happened. I was in a little town called Midland, Texas, and I was dating a young lady that was a secretary at the Hughes Tool Company. At that time, Howard Hughes was the movie star. But to others, he was a lot of other things. I don't know whether you remember him or not.

TB: Oh yes.

JM: Oh yes, absolutely.

BB: Well I'm sitting there waiting because she told me we were going out to the officers' club for dinner. And she said, "We've got to wait, my boss is coming in and he always asks some questions," and I'm the one who has the answers. So I'm sitting there in the door just literally -- and in came the skinniest, tallest man I think I'd ever seen. And he took about two steps into the room, turned and looked at me, and of course my [flight] wings were there. I had medals, and some of them you only got them if you were a flyer. And he turned and came right over in front of me. I had stood up when he came in. And we stood there and talked for probably 10 or 15 minutes, maybe longer. And he finally said, "Is that your taxi out front?" And I said, "Yes, sir" And he turns to one of the men that were with him, and there must have been a half a dozen, and he said, "Go out and pay him off and send him off." And I'm thinking, "We're way out in the country. How am I going to get any place?" Then he turned to the other one and he says, "Go out and start up one of the cars. And they were all little grey Chevy Coupes, 1940s."

And there's another little side story there. When the young lady and I were coming back from the base, the lights went out. There was one tiny little curve, and that was where they went out. And because they did and there was a curve there, the moment I felt the wheel or felt the tires hit the berm, I just corrected a little bit, I stayed on the road. Finally, of course, we didn't go very fast in those days, and especially when it was somebody else's car, and finally I stopped, and after I got it stopped I got out. The hoods all raised from the sides, they didn't raise from the front like now, and no lights. I didn't have a flashlight. I felt around to see if a wire had come loose, couldn't find anything, and I slammed the hood down, and when the hood connected, the lights came on. And I very carefully drove all the way back, and they didn't go off again. But anyhow, that was my exposure to Mr. Hughes.

TB: So how did you get out to Spokane?

BB: Well, see Midland was in Texas, and shortly after that Mrs. Roosevelt decided that if you were single you could be sent back to combat. If you were married you couldn't. That's probably why I was being sent to the South Pacific. I got to the west coast and there were quite a few of us that were single, so there were quite a few boys there. One thing that kind of stood out was that there were not very many girls, but I found one, 67 years ago.

TB: Wow.

BB: Anyhow, the war ended maybe a couple months later, in three months, and I said, "Well, I just ran out of excuses," so that's when I proposed. It's quite a change. I don't know how she put up with me for all these years.

TB: So how did you get to Spokane and become involved in the fly fishing club?

BB: Well, that's a question I haven't been asked before. About that time, I better sneak up on this one, I carried my fly rod with me just about every place I went. When I said I was a lucky guy, when you've flown 25 missions they then send you to a rest camp, and usually it was, well, it had been Capri. I was fishing in Italy with the 15th. And by golly, when it came time for me to go to Capri and the guy behind the counter said, "Well they got another one now they've opened up." I said, "Where's that?" And they said, Villagio-Mancuso. That doesn't mean anything to me. And I said, "You know, the only thing's that out at Capri is girls and girls and girls, and I guess some swimming."

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

4

He says, "Well, this place is in the mountains. It's at the very end of the boot of Italy. It was Mussolini's getaway." I said, "Oh, any trout streams down there?" "Well yes, I think there is, because they mentioned that they had to get some fishing gear down there." I said, "I'll take that one." So I had a chance to fish the stream that came out of the lake, wasn't very big, and some place, well, those books are down there. There's a picture that I had impaled a trout on it, on a wire, and hung it over a fire. I should have dug that thing out. Maybe she knows where that is. She knows everything that was--anyhow, I got a chance to fish in Mussolini's private lake and trout stream.

While I'm on the subject of where I've fished, that place of course was kind of special. I was stationed in Germany two years, and the fishing was very good, trout fishing. However, there were many other things there that were very, very special, but I couldn't understand. Trout were considered a very delicate fish for the table. So I had a chance to fish there. I was stationed in Alaska, and of course there were all types of fly fishing waters up there. I'm sure both of you know what a Dolly Varden is, and I don't know why they called them Dolly Vardens because it looks like a brook trout to me, except it's an awful big one. There were many other places that I had the opportunity to fish. I fished across New York state and Pennsylvania, and I fished the northern part of Minnesota and a little bit of Wisconsin. It was while I was there that I was transferred into California, and I fished all over California.

Some of them that especially burrowed deep into my memory was a place called Desolation Valley. She would climb with me, and it was probably better than a mile, almost all uphill, into the crest, and then you dropped into Desolation Valley. The stream that came out of that--Desolation Valley, excuse me for interrupting myself. Desolation Valley had numerous lakes, and it seemed like there was a stream coming out of every one of them. The first time that I fished Lake of the Woods, I'm amazed-- I started, when I said that, I don't think I referred to Lake of the Woods for a long time. But I can remember her going with me between a pair of huge rocks and working up—and I endangered that young lady's life, so I realized that I'd better get below her, because you had to step up to climb into there. I got her down there, and I didn't expect her to fly fish, so I took the rod that she had, and I don't remember what I put on it, and it could even have been a fly. At any rate, I cast out from the shore and handed the rod to her, and she says, "Something is pulling on it." And I looked over and she caught the first fish. I guess you realize, you jingled my memory buttons something fierce here. At any rate, that's how I got into the west coast.

TB: How did you get to the west coast from Lake of the Woods?

BB: Lake of the Woods is the west coast.

TB: Oh, is it? I'm thinking of that place in Minnesota. Isn't there a little place by that name [in Minnesota?] Anyway, okay, good.

TB: So where is the little Lake of the Woods?

BB: It's in the High Sierras. And it probably—it would be, oh, a matter of probably 50 or 60 or more miles from Sacramento.

TB: Okay. But then how did you get to Spokane?

BB: Well from there, oh boy...

TB: Or just the year, just roughly, when did you come to Spokane and how'd you get involved in the Inland Fly Fishing Club?

JM: Were you stationed here when you were in the—

BB: Yep.

JM: Now was it the Army Air Corps or the Air Force?

BB: I think it was the Air Force.

JM: Okay. So you were stationed here, well, they didn't call it Fairchild then, it was something else, right? It was—

Editor's note: *Galena Field; renamed Spokane Air Depot in 1942, Spokane Air Force Base in 1948 and Fairchild Air Force Base, November 1, 1950].*

TB: Well in 1964, according to this bio, you returned from fishing West Medical Lake and—

BB: Oh, and drove by North Silver.

TB: Yes, so why don't you start telling us about that.

BB: Oh, alright. I had newly arrived in this part of Washington, and of course the first thing I did was look for a place to fish. And one of the men that worked for me said, "Well, let's go to West Medical" So we went to West Medical, and I caught, I don't know, I caught some fish, and had a good time. And it finally came to the time where we had to depart and go back to our homes, and on the way back we drove by North Silver, where it split the road. Everything south of the road was Silver Lake, everything north was called North Silver. As we were driving by, the guy that was driving says, "Well, when you get ready to catch big fish, we'll take you over there." And I said, "What are you talking about?" He said, "This lake is known for big fish." I said, "What were we doing over at West Medical?"

I don't even know if I called it West Medical. I think I just called it that other place. So the very next day, we went out to fish North Silver. There was a gentleman there that was the manager. It turned out that both North Silver and West Medical were owned by the same man. His name was Gene Hackney. Gene had, oh maybe, three or four boats on North Silver, and that's all. The bulk of his business was Medical. But the guy that drove me across there wasn't exaggerating. There were some big fish, and very well willing to do battle. I guess the word got around, but it's hard to take his fly because when he gets through with you, he'll release it, or release you. So, it was about then that I was getting close to retiring, and I decided that I may be a little lake but it's got big fish in it, people are going to want to fish it.

Do you want to look for another job, you can't live on the retired pay, so I decided that I would buy and run a resort. And I went in to talk to George, and George says, "You know, it's strange, but he says, Mr. Hackney's looking for someone to buy this." I said, "Well, I think he's found him, depends on what he wants for it." So he told me how much, and I said, "I think I can afford that amount." And so, I bought North Silver.

TB: Who was George?

BB: Dottie? What was George's last name?

DB: The one down at the lake? Mc- something, wasn't it?

TB: Was he just the person that kind of ran it? I just want to know where he fits into the picture. So he was kind of like the manager of it—

BB: He was the manager.

DB: But of that whole ring of family, he seems to come to mind right now. His daughter was—had a flower shop in Spokane.

BB: Anyhow, we're getting away from the story here. So anyhow, that's how I ended up with North Silver.

TB: Well then how'd you get started with the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club?

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013
Fly Fishing Collection

BB: Well, North Silver attracted a couple or three fly fishermen, and I think I asked, but I honestly can't remember.

DB: I wonder if that nursing home remembers his name. You know, over by the hospital.

BB: Kirkpatrick, Kirkpatrick. I've got it.

TB: George Kirkpatrick? Okay.

BB: And then, he stayed there and ran the place for me.

TB: Oh, okay. So you could go fishing.

BB: You figured that out, in a hurry. Yes, he stayed there for about a year. In fact, I think I was still in the service. I don't remember, but it seems like I was. At any rate, George ran it for at least a year. And it was about then that I met the man that—

TB: Well, how you got involved in the Inland Fly Fishing Club?

BB: Well, I had met some of the guys that belonged to the club, and they knew that I must be a fly fisherman because I had a table set up down there and I would tie flies and stick them in the counter and sell them. It finally got to the point where I would sit there and tie and tie and tie. I met a lot of wonderful people because of that pastime. I don't remember if it was about then that I met somebody that invited me to go down to the fly club. They didn't have very many members, and there was a limit to the number that were allowed because it was a dinner meeting, and there weren't very many restaurants that could handle a large crowd. But shortly after that, there was a guy by the name of Artie Cruz. You remember him, don't you?

JM: Oh, absolutely.

BB: It's too bad you don't have him.

JM: Yes, well he passed away a long time ago—and unfortunately his hearing went really bad, so I don't know that a person could even hardly converse with him, because his hearing was so bad.

BB: It was. Darn shame too. Anyhow, he invited me to go to the club, to the fly club, and I accepted it, and I joined it, and oh I guess maybe five years later, I was the president. So that was 1971 I think.

TB: You also taught fly fishing, or fly tying for many years at Spokane Community College?

BB: I did.

TB: Could you tell us how you got started doing that?

BB: Somebody asked me, but I honestly couldn't tell you who it was. I know they asked me to tie flies, or to teach fly tying, and I wish I could remember. I taught it for quite a few years.

TB: Could you also tell us a little bit more about—you did some fish hatchery tours and were involved with the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife, and some of those?

BB: Well, I went down to the hatchery, it was in the spring of the year, and they were taking eggs. There were three people, and the big tall fellow, by the name of Barrow (sp?), was standing there, and I said, "Where's the rest of your crew?" He said, "You're looking at it." "You take 50,000 eggs?" "Yes." I said, "I don't have any idea what you're doing, but if you think I could help, I'd be glad to do it." And the next thing I knew, that fellow was out of the pond, standing right beside me, saying, "Come on, I've got some boots." That's how I got started and I did it

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

7

for 26 years. I didn't know that I did, but they did. And I really enjoyed my years of working down there with them.

I'm waiting for more questions.

TB: Okay, no, I was just--We talked a little bit about the catch and release before, but do you want to tell us a little bit more about how you really implemented that and made that a focus of your presidency when you were the president of the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club?

BB: Well there was a guy by the name of Peter Pagnutti. Did you know Pete?

JM: Oh yes, very much so.

BB: And Pete liked the idea, and he says, Bill, I can—and I'm talking about the signs. He said, "We can make those signs and put them up." And I said, "Okay, if you come back to your friends that do those things, I'd appreciate it." So he did. And Pete was very deeply involved. We spent probably two or three years-- Did you ever see one of the signs?

TB: No.

BB: Now I know we got to go downstairs.

TB: Do you have any other stories too about your--?

BB: Fishing resort?

TB: Right, at North Silver Lake? It sounds like you had people coming from all over the world? I mean, as a popular place to come fishing?

BB: I did. I had people coming from South America, and some of them were repeat customers. They didn't just come once, they came numerous times. When I said I felt very fortunate in life, it was because of things like that. These people were not just somebody I knew, they were friends.

TB: So is that a native—the fish, or was that a stocked fish? I mean, you talked about how the north side, they had a much larger fish.

BB: It was the food.

TB: Okay.

BB: There were times it was 100 feet from the bank to the buoys. Dottie, could you get that picture for me? Will you get that picture, of the boathouse?

DB: Oh, up here?

BB: Yes.

TB: Oh, it's beautiful.

BB: Now that was where the boat buoys, as you can see, there were a lot of boats. I had forty, and they were on both sides of my dock for 100 feet.

TB: Nice.

JM: Oh, very much so. I went out there and fished—

BB: I was just going to say, you know that.

JM: But the fish were planted by Fish and Wildlife, right?

BB: That's right. That's how they got in there.

TB: So did that happen every year, or did they just plant it once and they have a natural---

BB: Oh no, they'd plant—

TB: They plant them every year.

BB: They planted every year. However, there was a little stream at the upper end, and every year—

DB: It was quite interesting.

BB: There were fish that actually spawned there, and all of a sudden we'd see trout this long, this long and this long, when they shouldn't be. Don Earnest, and you should do a story on him. He was a biologist that really brought the trout fishing in the bean, and I was very fortunate to be able to call Don a friend. We would frequently-- Do you remember Joe Miotke?

JM: Yes, and I knew his brother, Len.

BB: Len, yeah. And I knew the mother. It's a nice family. And Joe and Ting Baker, who was the hatchery manager up at Colville, and Don Earnest and I about once a month minimum, sometimes twice a month, we'd go up and spend three or four days at the bachelor quarters at the hatchery at Colville and fish. We were all fly fishermen. And it was something that you looked forward to. And Don, as I said, was the one that was really responsible. He—

DB: What was the name of the man who took over from him, and he was killed in automobile accident?

BB: Oh, Dick Simons. The guy ran a stop sign up at North Spokane and broadsided Dick's car, killed him.

DB: Oh, he would've built things up.

BB: Dick was also a dear friend, but he wasn't with us very long. That's the sad part.

TB: So were you very involved in the Federation of Fly Fishers?

BB: Yes.

TB: Did you serve on any committees or did you attend any of the early meetings, when it was getting started?

BB: I attended meetings, but I don't know, that was just something that I did, and I don't know why. I spent a lot of time working on projects. In fact, I think there's probably—there's a medal up there. It was given to me—it's on the third shelf down.

TB: That's from the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife.

BB: Nope, next one up. I'm sorry. Now look over in this corner.

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

9

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TB: Oh, this corner, right here, maybe?

BB: Yep.

TB: That looks like a war medal.

BB: Go ahead. That was given to me by the State of Pennsylvania.

TB: Oh, this is your early conservation award?

BB: That's right.

TB: Oh wow, nice.

BB: 1937.

TB: Yes, junior conservationist. Why don't you tell us about that, how you got this?

JM: Very nice.

TB: Could you tell us what led to your getting that?

BB: Yes. We had a deep snowfall.

JM: Very nice.

BB: It was like, oh, 2 feet, and it was, you know, if snow isn't disturbed and it gets cold, it forms a crust. While people can walk on it, the deer because their hooves are so sharp, they broke right through. And I had a little dog, his name was Fuzzy, and he was barking. Of course I could walk on top of the crust, and I got up there and there was a doe deer, and he was harassing her. So I spanked his little butt and said, "No." And that evening, you have to remember that in those days there was a gathering in every little community where the older men, because there was no such thing as—in fact even radio. We had to provide our own entertainment, and kids like myself, we were welcome but kept our mouth shut. In fact, there was an expression, "When the mouth's in gear, the ears can't hear."

TB: Good one.

BB: And as a consequence, after the meeting was over—not meeting; after the gathering, and it usually was only probably 9 o'clock or something. People didn't stay up. Dad and I started home and I said, "Dad, what can we do for those deer that are yarded up? When the food is gone, they die." And he says, "Well, you know, you can't feed them hay because they can fill their tummy up but they can't process it."

I said, "Well what do they eat?" He said, "Aspen, birch." They'll even eat maple trees that are real small. And I said, "Oh." So a kid by the name of Don Northrup and I; we had a horse called Molly, and we cut these trees down. And we knew where they were yarded up. We would put the chain around two or three of them, and you'd take her one time, she knew where to go from then on. And so, you would be amazed. The deer would be closer than you and I, but they were so hungry that they would stay right there and let you drag those trees right by them. And the word got around that we were doing it. This was northern Pennsylvania. And the game warden was Hugh Baker, and he passed the word around, so there were a lot of people doing basically the same thing. And it saved the deer; so each of us, Don and I, each got one of those medals.

TB: Nice, nice.

BB: Yes, Thirties, huh, that's a long time ago.

TB: So what are some other things that are your favorite stories of fly fishing or some of the things you're the most proud of that we haven't talked about?

BB: Oh boy.

DB: Did you tell them about the award that you got from the Fish and Game Department for the work you did up at the hatchery?

BB: Well, there're medals all over there. I don't know.

JM: I don't think he said anything about the award.

DB: Okay.

JM: He told us about what he had done out there, but it's obvious that they appreciated it with the award they gave you.

TB: There're two awards over here too.

BB: But there's more than two.

TB: Yes, there's a volunteer of the year award, and then there's also one recognizing excellence.

BB: Well, that recognizing excellence was given to me by the director of the game department. That's the one on this side; and there's a lot of others.

TB: What are some other things that you're most proud of that we haven't talked about? Don't be afraid to brag.

JM: Well, you were not only fly fishing, but you were heavily involved in waterfowl hunting and that sort of thing, I know that, and people say you're one hell of a shot. I never hunted with you or anything, but that's what people say about you.

BB: Well, yes well, you know when you went through cadets—

DB: Is this strictly a water article, because you were so involved with the quail.

BB: Yes, I trapped quail and banded them. In fact, I'm the one that got them to stop banding. I said, "We put that metal band on the quail in the wintertime, they'd pull that up underneath, and that cold band is against their bare breast." And I said, "That's terrible." And those bands, there was a thousand in a box, and I've used three boxes. That's how many quail I had caught. And I kept a record—where's—

DB: What are you looking for?

BB: --all those notebooks?

DB: The what?

BB: The notebooks that tell where the quail were planted?

DB: You mean the pictures?

BB: No.

DB: When you took a bunch of them down to the Snake River.

BB: Oh no. They're here, dear.

DB: I'm not sure what you're looking for.

BB: Well, they're just plain notebooks, and in it, it says, Quail male, and it has a number...

DB: Maybe I have them in that foot locker. I mean the file cabinet.

TB: It's probably okay.

JM: But you planted them a lot of different places, right?

BB: Yes, and the reason I kept them in the notebook is to where they came from, what they were, boy or girl. And the reason I did that was I would make sure that when I was planting the quail that if I got quail from you and I got them from you, I would make sure that if I got some more and I got them from you, that I didn't plant them at your place, I'd plant them at hers.

JM: So you'd—

BB: Mixed up the gene pool.

JM: Yes.

BB: And it worked. In fact, I was talking—the man that I started—I talked to him, oh maybe, oh, five, six, seven months ago, and he said that there are well over 800 quail in his yard. Someone tried to pull a dirty one there and they didn't realize that the man that owned the house would be well aware of what was going on, and they caught a bunch of cats and released them there.

TB: Oh dear.

BB: And he called me and he says, "What are we going to do?" The only thing we can do is trap them, get them out of there. So that's what we did. In fact, he bought a couple of traps, and I think I bought a total of ten. Anyway, on the first trip, I took seven cats to that—

JM: Humane society?

BB: The Humane society; the one down by the river. And by golly, I got a real surprise. I said, "They're in my car." He says, "That's alright, I'll take care of them." I saw him take out two traps, and I saw him go by the window and out, and there was a barrel there. He went out and put them in a barrel. And a few minutes later, he came by again, he had two more, and he took the other two out and went over and shook them like this over another barrel. I said, "Those cats have been in the water."

TB: Oh no. He just drowned them?

BB: He drowned them.

TB: Oh.

DB: You put some on Nordstrom's Ranch in Spokane. Remember that trip you took with your Dad?

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

12

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BB: Oh yes. I went back east and got my father. So many things, I try to keep them all straight.

TB: Well, we will transcribe this, and we will send it to Jerry. And maybe, if you think of another story that you haven't put in, or if you think of the name of someone that when we were talking about it now you couldn't think of, you'll have an opportunity to put that in.

BB: Oh.

JM: So she'll go ahead and send the transcript to me, and then I'll make an appointment with you to come out, and we can—

BB: You don't have to make an appointment.

JM: Well, I'll call you. I won't just show up at your door and bang on the door.

BB: That's right.

JM: Anyway, I'll come out, and we can go through it, and if there's something that needs to be fixed up—

BB: To add or subtract.

TB: Exactly.

JM: I'll take it back to my house and do it on the computer and then send it to her, and that way we'll get it all straightened out, and you'll end up with a copy of the finished transcript.

BB: Okay.

JM: And you'll be on the Internet. People will be able to get on there. If they want to learn about you, they just get on there and learn all about you.

DB: Maybe there are some things that I can jog his memory on.

TB: That's right, you'll be able—

DB: I didn't know what area you were interested in.

TB: Mainly the fly fishing. We don't mind expanding out because if you're involved in other kinds of outdoor sports, but mainly fly fishing.

DB: If I can remember a name, that reporter.

BB: Okay.

TB: Between the three of you, you'll get it all worked out.

DB: Right.

TB: Then when you're happy with the transcript, and if you agree, we put it on the Internet. Nothing happens until you are happy with the transcript. Jerry will also have another last one that's called a Deed of Gift form, which then gives us permission to put it on the Internet.

JM: Yes, once you're satisfied with what's going to be put out there, then you would sign that, and I think I witness it or something, and then I'll get that back to Tamara, and at that point now she's had your blessing, and it'll go on the Internet.

BB: Good.

JM: Now is that one of your grandchildren or something there that got married?

BB: Yes. I had just one granddaughter and one grandson. And that's when she got married.

JM: Well I'm sure they get on the Internet and so on, so they can look you up, or maybe find some things out about you that they haven't heard.

DB: That's quite a project that you—

TB: Yes, it's very fun, it's very fun.

BB: Very interesting.

TB: Okay, if we're all happy, I'll shut off the tape and I'll say thank you, and we'll go from there. Okay, and I want to remember to shut this off right away, so I don't end up with a dead battery for the next—

Recording ends; recording resumes.

TB: Okay.

BB: Dottie and I took a trip back to the east coast, oh,--

DB: Which one?

BB: Well, it was—

DB: We went quite a few times. Are you talking about the one in 1976 or 1978?

BB: Probably. In any rate, one of the stores that I used to frequent real often was owned by a guy by the name of Mitt Harmon, he was a doctor. And Mitt and I hunted together, we fished together, and there weren't any pheasant. And I said, "This bothers me." So I said, "See if we can get the local club to provide the labor, I'll provide the money, to build some pheasant rearing pens." He says, "No, you don't provide any money. We'll just take the idea." So we started raising pheasants and releasing them. And a lot of years had passed, Dottie and I were back there, and I decided that since we'd lived in Seneca Lake for so long--four years, wasn't it?

DB: Yes, we just lived on the base for quite a while, and it was right at the edge of Seneca Lake.

BB: Yes, anyhow, I stopped by the store. Now the man that managed this store was a guy by the name of Higgins. So, I walked in the front door, and Higgins, along with three, four or five or six guys were standing at the back of the store, and Higgins said, in a very loud voice, "My God, there he is." And he pointed at me, and I said, "What did I do, I just go here?" He says, "No, you got here a long time ago." He said, "There's the guy that is why we have such fantastic pheasant hunting—that's the guy responsible."

TB: Oh nice, nice.

BB: I thought it was pretty special.

JM: It certainly was.

DB: And in Pennsylvania, that wasn't the only thing. You were a tree starter.

BB: This was in New York.

DB: Fruit trees.

TB: Okay.

JM: Kind of like Johnny Appleseed, huh?

DB: Yes.

BB: Well you know, I had a wonderful bunch of tutors, my father, my grandfather, all of my uncles, which incidentally never married. One of them married much later in life, and he was a 104 pilot, in fact he was a commander out of Florida of all the 104s.

Another little side story; I came home from combat, and I was standing in my front yard, my dad's front yard, and my uncle that had married late, he was the last one, Uncle Rex—they called him Ex Bad Boy. He and his son were standing there. His son walked up and he was standing there, and that's all he could see was the wings. I said, "Oh, you like those." He couldn't talk, so I just reached up, took them off, he took them. I never realized what an impact it had on him. But that's what caused him to go into the cadet program and become a 104 pilot.

You asked me to think about things that make me kind of proud, and as you said it, I looked up there. There's a couple of them up there, but one is especially—it came from Tampa, Florida. It is that one that's shaped like so—it's made of glass.

TB: Shriner's Hospital for Children.

BB: Yes.

TB: Generous donation.

DB: There's two of those, one sitting there and one sitting on the cabinet, where he got an award for the money that we've donated to the hospital, the Shriner's hospital.

TB: Well, isn't that—that's what this one is.

JM: Well, she's saying, I think, there's another one over in here.

DB: Yes.

BB: It isn't necessary—

DB: Several of those, well, one of those awards—no, there's two clocks that they-- Who gave them to you, honey?

BB: We started the foundation.

DB: Oh yes.

JM: If you want to talk about it, you go ahead and talk about it. That sounds like you folks were very generous.

DB: The foundation was the pride of Jim Johnson and—

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

15

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BB: Vern Ziegler.

DB: Ziegler, and one other besides you.

BB: Yes. There were four of us involved.

DB: There was a James that's very active in it. They taught—they have a school in Spokane that teaches the youngsters—all kinds of things about birds and bees and fish and fishing and hunting, and let's see, I think there's three or four teachers there at that school now, isn't there?

BB: Yes. Anyhow—I went out to--

DB: And part of it, they raise money through that four day thing in the spring.

BB: Yes.

JM: She's talking about the big game—

BB: It's the Big Game Council.

JM: Yes, they just finished that up.

BB: They just finished it.

JM: Yes, in fact, I was out there tying flies the other day.

BB: And I started that.

JM: You did? I didn't know that.

BB: No, I told them, "Don't give credit to a single person."

JM: Yes, well that's quite an operation out there. Anyway, our fly club, a bunch of us went out there and tied, and it was very gratifying because we tied—exposed a lot of young kids to tying flies.

BB: That was the purpose.

JM: Exactly. And it was a lot of fun really to—other than my grandkids, I don't have much contact with young people, and it's kind of nice to spend some time with them in something that kind of gets them away from all these video games,--

BB: Take them away from that thing up there.

JM: --computers, cds, and so on, something that they can do and be creative and so on. I've got one of my grandsons, I think he's going to be a fly tier. I got him fairly well hooked on it.

BB: Incidentally, you know Dick Odell.

JM: Oh absolutely, I know he and Scott Fink come out to visit you once in a while.

BB: Yep. Well Scott has a very special place. Back in the days when I had the resort open, he was going to school. I called him one day, I saw him walking on a walk, and I called him in, and I had just finished tying a couple of flies

Clay Findlay Edited Transcript – March 26, 2013

Fly Fishing Collection

16

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that come out of my head. And I said, "Here, give them a try." And he was successful, and the fly was successful, and I was quite pleased. So from then on, any time I saw him come, I would give him a couple of flies.

JM: He's a very good fly fisherman. He and I fish quite a bit together, and he's a very good fly fisherman and a good tier, excellent tier. Anything he puts his mind to, he—

BB: Fantastic—

End of Recording