Oral History

of

Jerry C. Grover

Retired 1997
Deputy Assistant Regional Director
Ecological Services and California / Klamath Ecoregion
Portland Regional Office, Oregon

Oral History Program
U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service
National Conservation Training Center
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Oral History
of
JERRY C. GROVER

Date of Interview: November 20, 2000
Final Edit: January 25, 2017

Location of Interview: Tigard, Oregon

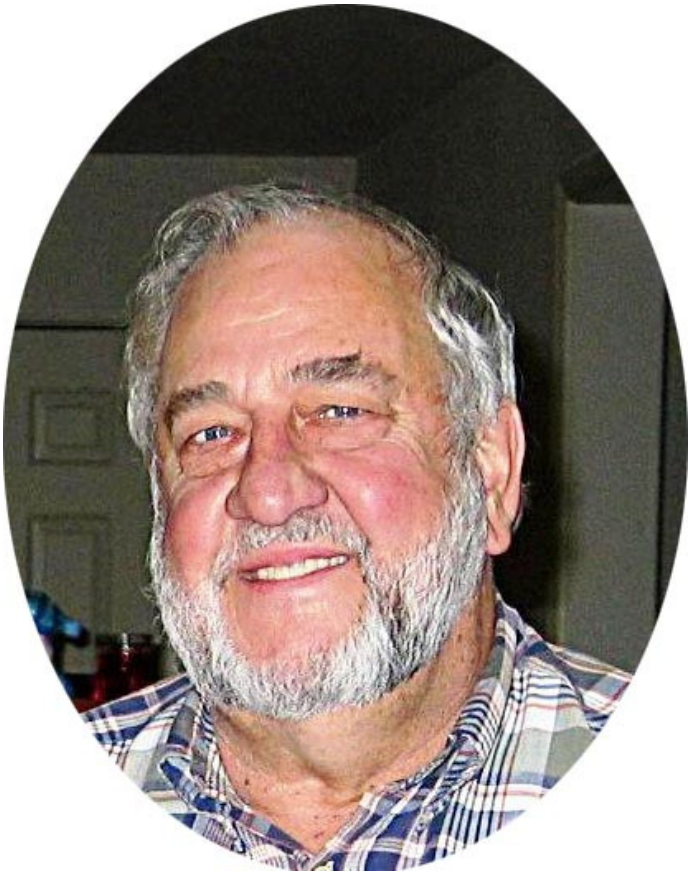
Years worked for Fish and Wildlife Service: 36 years from 1961-1997

Offices and Field Stations Worked, Positions Held: Fisheries Mgt. Biologist GS-482-5 thru 11 at National Fish Hatcheries at White Sulphur Springs, WV; Leetown, WV; Craig Brook, ME; Cortland, NY; Winthrop, WA; Ennis, MT; Coleman, CA; Dept Mgt, Training Prog, Washington, D.C. GS-11; Manager, Carson NFH, WA. DS-11; Ass't. Area Mgr GS-12/13 Jacksonville, FL; Division Mgr Columbia River Fishery Offices GS-13; Chief NFH System, Washington D.C GM-14.; Fishery Supervisor CA / Klamath R. Basin / Western WA. GM-14; Deputy Ass't. Regional Dir. Eco Services and Supervisor CA-Klamath Basin GM-14

Colleagues and Mentors: George Balzer, Ray Vaughn, Paul Handy, Tom Luken, Wally Steucke, Howard Larsen, Marv Plenert, Dale Hall, Judy Grover

Most Important Issues: Completing the 'user pay' funding agreements with Bur of Recl; implementing a comprehensive salmon evaluation program; implementing the Klamath River F & W Restoration Act; maintaining a coherent family setting and getting 3 sons thru the university with degrees.

Brief Summary of Interview: A southern California farm boy completes his university education and begins a career spanning over 36 years with the Service. He was first with a number of National Fish Hatcheries that eventually led to the position as Chief of the National Fish Hatchery System. With 14 job transfers, 6 times transcontinental, working in a number of reorganization configurations, a wide range of experience was gained. The last 20 years before retirement, he was a supervisor of field operations in both the Fishery program and Ecological Services program Deputy mostly on the West coast dealing with a wide range of contentious issues in fish husbandry of anadromous fishes and their habitats and basin-wide restoration programs. He did this as a vital part of multiple organizational changes and configurations.



Jerry C. Grover

TABLE of CONTENTS

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW: JERRY C. GROVER PORTLAND, OREGON 11/20/00

INTRODUCTION

Good morning, this is Jerry C. Grover dictating my interview for the Oral History Project. I'm recording the interview myself. The purpose of this interview is part of a program to preserve the history, heritage and culture of the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service (FWS) through the eyes of its employees. This effort is supported by the *Association of Retired Fish & Wildlife Service Employees* and the Service's *Heritage Committee.* I am an Association Board member and a member of the Committee.

My name is Jerry Carlton Grover. I was born in Pasadena, California on July 19, 1936. My father was Carlton O. Grover, an Iowa farm boy that moved to California right after high school and worked in a number of jobs. Mostly, he began as a meat cutter, but later on mostly as a rigger dealing with cranes and cables and so on. My mother was Bernice Stratford, [born in Chicago]. She was a real rounder. In her younger days she danced in the ballet in the New York theatre in a chorus line. Their marriages, this was both their second marriages. I wasn't born until she was thirty-six years old. In 1936 this was kind of rather old to be having children. She would go on to have two more children, giving birth to the last when she was forty-two.

When I was growing up she taught ballet. She had a small studio in Alta Loma, California, (now Rancho Cucamonga) on an orange grove. It was her desire growing up in Chicago that when she moved west she wanted to live on a ranch or a farm and have all the critters. We had horses, cows, goats, pheasants, turkeys, ducks, plus the routine dogs and cats.

EARLY YEARS

I lived on an orange grove. We lived at the last developed place & paved road going up the mountain hillside. Everything else was dirt roads, sagebrush. As a young boy I did a lot of hunting, and when the opportunity and season presented itself I did a lot of fishing. My other leisure time was exploring in the pucker brush on my horse. A lot of my off time was spent doing farm chores, milking the cow and the never ending task of irrigating the orange grove and while going to school.

I went to a little grade school. There were fourteen of us in eighth grade. This class went to a consolidated high school, Chaffey High School that represented the entire west-end of San Bernardino County in Southern California. The school had nearly four thousand students. There was nearly a thousand in my graduating class, so taking fourteen young people from a little country school for a 1 hour bus ride and throwing them into this was something that was really an eye opener. It did have its advantages. With the large number of students they had advanced and specialty classes. Not only did you have English, but you had English Lit., Composition, etc. and you could get into report, technical writing, chemistry; not only inorganic but organic chemistry, and so you had a wide array, many of which were pre-university level classes. The shops, they had all kinds of woodworking shops, metal shops and automotive shops so it was a pretty good background for high school.

From there, I went to junior college. Chaffey Junior College was adjacent to the Chaffey High School that I attended. I went there for two years and during that time I was working intermittently in a gas station. I'd work after hours and on weekends and that provided the money to keep my car going and the other things I wanted to do. Then it was to Utah State University, Logan Utah, where I completed a B. S. degree in *Fisheries Management Biology*.

By the time I transferred to Utah State University, I had met Judy Moffitt who would turn out to be my wife. We attended Utah State together the first year, my junior year. By our senior year we were married and she dropped out of school and to work for *Thiokol Corporation*, [a maker of solid fuel rocket engines] clear on the north end of the Great Salt Lake, near Brigham City. I'd take her downtown at six in the morning to catch the bus and pick her up at six at night. It was kind of a long stint.

I wasn't a particularly good student until right after I met Judy and got to Utah State. I kind of calmed down and became focused. My junior and senior year I really re-knuckled down, with the course work getting greatly more interesting. Rather than taking English 101 and Political Science 101 and all those other basic courses that are required, I started getting into the fisheries and wildlife management and the ecological kind of courses that were much more interesting. I made the Dean's List for the last two years. I did apply for grad school and was accepted, but by that time I was getting schooled out and was looking for an opportunity to go to work. Also at those times, it seemed advanced degrees were headed toward a career in teaching or research, neither of which perked my interest.

During the summer's, before & after my junior year and after my senior year I worked for the State of California as a fisheries seasonal aide out of Chino, California. Immediately upon graduation I went to work for California Department of Fish and Game again on a seasonal appointment. Even though a native Californian, I had no desire make my career there. In the mean time I had applied through the Federal Service Entrance Examination for any number of jobs, whether it was with the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries or the Fish and Wildlife Service. I kind of just threw my applications out, along with a number of select state agencies. Ultimately, I was to get offers at the Federal level that interested me and I finally accepted my first job which was with the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, later to become the Fish and Wildlife Service at the National Fish Hatchery in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

BEGINNING WITH THE FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

When I reported to work at White Sulphur Springs it was in February 1961. I came on as a GS-482-5 Fisheries Management Biologist expecting to do typical fieldwork I did with the State of California. When I was hired to go there I was told that, "your job would be the same." I felt, 'Well, here we're going to little old backwards West Virginia with all the coal mining problems and acid mine waste issues," and things like that. I'd be working out of a fish hatchery. Well, when I got there my first job was scrubbing ponds and sweeping fish shit out of ponds, feeding fish and high-tech mowing grass [powered lawn mower]. This was a little disappointing, but it took every nickel that we had to get back there and so there was no turning around. Then as I got going with my job, it was pretty interesting work. It was different than what I had expected, but I grew up on a farm learning how to raise and care for things, so fish culture was un-different and interesting work. I met folks in another hatchery and saw where they were going in their careers and I began to see the opportunities that were there over all. It wasn't a bad job.

It was an entry-level job at GS-5, and the guy I worked for was George Eisenlore. George, I would come to find out later, had the reputation of being one of the "unholy three." There were three managers that were absolute bearcats to work for. They were just tough old goats. The experience I had with George is that he didn't particularly care for college graduates. He knew everything, and you know you were here to learn, and so he told you what you needed to know. I was just another worker on the place, but beginning to become acquainted with the Fish and Wildlife Service.

One thing about George, he kept scrupulous books. Smaller staffed stations generally did not have a clerk to do the payroll, pay bills, order supplies, and answer correspondence. George filled this role at White Sulphur Springs and which he threw me into. I wasn't quite his right hand man; I was his 'pinky' and had to learn the current operations and budgeting systems and besides, I could type better than him. This later would be greatly appreciated and gave me an advantage in other jobs.

After a year and a half there, I transferred to Leetown, West Virginia, over on the Eastern panhandle. It was a hatchery co-located with the Eastern Fuish Disease Laoratory. I was acting assistant manager as a GS-7. Both these hatcheries, White Sulphur Springs and Leetown, were what are called 'combination hatcheries'. They raised trout as well as warm water fishes: bass, blue gill, and catfish. The trout were generally stocked into state managed waters, mostly on national forest lands, while the warm water fish were part of the Federal Farm Pond Program.

I wasn't very long at Leetown, West Virginia when I was transferred to Craig Brook, Maine. This was an Atlantic salmon hatchery, and it was involved in a program that President Kennedy had just started - the *Accelerated Public Works Program (APW).* It was to help counter the high unemployment in Hancock County, Maine, a high unemployment area. The assistant manager had retired, so I went up there as a GS-7 and worked at that hatchery in the GS-9 position. We had a lot of APW make work projects where we could hire lots of labor. Mostly we were thinning out the forest, the land the hatchery was on. But the focus there was Atlantic salmon, the fish culture work was focused on the culture of this species, trying to get them up to size, and getting good migration and survival rates once they were released to the ocean.

From there I went to Cortland, New York to the Fish Husbandry In-Service Training School. It was a research station, the *Eastern Fish Nutrition Laboratory* in upstate New York between Syracuse and Cornell. The Lab developed the Cortland #6 trout diet universally used throughout all the trout hatchery systems. It was compounded on-station. It was 50% ground meat – liver and spleen, either pork or beef – and 50% dry meals such as wheat middling's, distiller solubles, cotton seed meal and similar products.

The focus of the school was nutrition, husbandry and disease. Basically, it was the Fish and Wildlife Service's effort to professionalize their fish culturists, fish husbandry and provide some technical training specific to the needs of fish husbandry. When I was hired into the Fish and Wildlife Service I was part of a wave, a vanguard of folks that came in with college degrees. Here-to-fore, hatchery managers were generally selected from the ranks. You started out as GS-1. If you showed promise, kept your nose clean and could work hard and all that, you could end up as a hatchery manager. Well, in the professionalizing they were wanting to keep pace with the states with the monies that the Dingell Johnson Act was providing to the states. It was a general professionalization of the Fish and Wildlife Service. I was in this vanguard group of folks that came in about that time with college degrees and while we knew the good biology of things, we were grounded in the university education. The more practical aspects of raising salmonids were accomplished through this school in Cortland, New York.

By this time we'd had two children. One was born at White Sulphur Springs when we were there, our oldest son Jeff, and our second son Joel was born in Craig Brook Maine. After completing the course in Cortland, New York, we were heading off and going west. Here I am a western person finally getting an assignment in the west.

I was assigned to the Winthrop NFH, Washington in 1966 where I was introduced to the culture of Pacific salmon. This was a hatchery on the Methow River, just below the Canadian border by about thirty miles. I was there not too long when a GS-9 Assistant Manager job at Ennis NFH, Montana, came up. I applied and was selected. This hatchery was on the Madison River in the heart of the Madison Valley just outside Yellowstone National Park. It was an important rainbow trout broodstock station. Here I not only got back into trout, entirely trout, but I got into a different aspect of it. The Ennis strain of trout was a major egg source for other National Fish Hatcheries, state hatcheries, and if we had any left over, for the commercial trout farms. We even shipped eggs to South America – Chile. They could get eggs from the Feds at that time.

Some stories that you remember were humorous. I meant to mention that certain things that happen to you, stick with you, and this is all part of the learning process. I was ordering supplies for the Ennis National Fish Hatchery. It wasn't very big. We only had a staff of six or seven people there, and you know, GSA, you could buy writing tablets, pens, typing paper, tools and whatever you needed from the GSA, the General Supply Schedule. It was really much cheaper than what you could get out in the boondocks like at Ennis and the quality was excellent. So I'm at work preparing a routine order through the GSA catalog. They had these standard issues, these standard packs. I looked at them and said well…here's a standard packet…it was a pack of one hundred and forty-four, and I said well, one hundred and forty-four writing tablets, they'll probably last about a year. So I order one hundred and forty-four. Going to typewriter paper…we don't type that much. You know, with carbon paper and stuff…maybe twelve. Well, being out in the boondocks, thirteen miles from town down a dirt road, whenever the GSA supplies came in, they were usually dropped off at the hardware store or somewhere and they let us know so when we were in town to pick up the mail we picked up the supplies. But, I knew we were in trouble one day when all of a sudden I saw a delivery truck heading out our road. When he backed up at the station, those one hundred and forty-four tablets I ordered actually were one hundred and forty-four cases. It filled up our coffee room and then we had to back the truck up to the garage. I had ordered more damn paper, I had ordered more of this and that…it was an embarrassment. The Manager, Bill Baker was so embarrassed that he wasn't going send it back and get his money back. So what we did, we started packing this stuff up and putting labels on it. We sent them to every fish hatchery that we knew and kind of got rid of it that way. When I left there we still had gobs of paper and their probably still using it. But, that's what happens when you're still learning if you don't have your wits about you and when you take a look at a standard pack.

It was in June 1968 that my third son Jared was born. It wasn't very long after that another job opened up and I applied. I was selected as a GS-11 and went to Coleman NFH, California as the Assistant Hatchery Manager. We packed up in September 1968 and headed for California, our home state. Coleman National Fish Hatchery is on the Sacramento River in northern California between Red Bluff and Redding. It was there that I again got reacquainted with Pacific salmonids. They had basically three, four stocks of fish that they were raising. One was the regular fall Chinook, they had a late fall Chinook, as well as the steelhead trout and then there

was a big effort to establish a Kamloops fishery into Shasta Lake. This latter fish is a landlocked variety of Sockeye salmon.

Coleman NFH was the largest hatchery in the National Fish Hatchery System. It was a Central Valley Project mitigation hatchery associated with the construction of Shasta Dam and one of the most important program responsibilities in the Fish & Wildlife Service.

WASHINGTON D.C. - DMDP

After 3 years there I was selected for the Departmental Management Development Training program in Washington DC in 1971. So in September I reported as a DMDP trainee as a GS-11 at that time. There were twelve of us from the Fish and Wildlife Service. I think there was like thirty over all from the Department of Interior representing the Park Service, BIA, Mines and others. During this yearlong orientation and training program there was an opportunity for a number of work assignments.

As a Departmental Management Development Program (DMDP) trainee I had two assignments I thought were quite notable. I had a stint with the National Park Service. I worked for Bernie Hartzog who was the Director of the National Park Service. The focus of my effort at that time was assisting in addressing the people problems in Yosemite Park in California. Plans were being developed there that would ultimately lead to fewer cars, fewer camp grounds, and what they would do is have a tram or a bus system that would take people into the park. This was in 1971, and it wasn't until November of year 2000 that there was finally a plan that had been introduced and that the Secretary was expected to sign off on. This plan would encompass many of the same ideas that were being floated around and developed during this training assignment. And here it is, twenty-eight years later, twenty-nine years later that this is finally a plan. That was my first lesson that things don't always move quickly in Washington, no matter who the power is behind it.

One of the things I remember about Bernie Hartzog is a story that he relayed it to me, so I believe it was factual. He had a pretty steadfast policy. He told his national park superintendents, "Any of you guys fib on a performance evaluation or a recommendation…," you know recommending a turkey to one of your fellow park superintendents. If he found out about it that person would be coming back and "he'd be working for you for the rest of your career." No matter where you went the guy was gonna transfer with you. And I think he put the fear of God in them -- he did have a fairly open performance evaluation. I don't know of anybody that ever ended up with one of these people. If you got a problem you don't transfer him. Bernie Hartzog's motto was "You take care of it." "You hired him, you take care of it, but you don't pass him on to someone else."

Another assignment as a DMDP, I thought was really a good one. I worked up on the Hill for about forty-five days. I worked on the Senate Interior Subcommittee. I worked on Allen Bible's staff…he was a senator from Nevada at that time. That was really kind of exciting, working with the Congress, and seeing the Senate at work. It was a very interesting assignment. Two big issues that we were working on - - one was the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, and the other one was expanding rivers and having hearings on adding river systems to The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. One of the river systems was in Northern Maine, I think it was the Allagash, and then up in Northern Minnesota that ultimately did end up in it. I got to work part of the hearings with the transcripts and put the stuff together, but there was also a number of other hearings on just regular business things from budget, you know, other committee things that was all very interesting.

MANAGER, CARSON NATIONAL FISH HATCHERY

From there I was transferred. After that assignment I was still a GS-11. I was selected as the manager at the Carson National Fish Hatchery in the state of Washington on the Wind River. This was my first job being a hatchery manager. By then I was a thirty-five years old and it was kind of on track with about, seems like everyone else. You didn't get to make hatchery manager much before thirty, thirty-five. It was a very interesting experience. The one event I remember was on the very first day I come to work, the secretary / clerk that who was there was the wife of a Forest Service employee, informed me that she was quitting, that her husband was being transferred. So the first thing I had to do was figure out how to get a secretary / clerk to pay all the bills and do things of that sort, just carry on the administrative functions. With my previous experiences it would have been no problem to do that work myself but the Regional Office felt it was not a good use of my time to do work graded at a GS-3.

During the first week I was at work it was one of those absolutely beautiful, glorious days in the latter part of June that you can only experience in the Cascades. The day was warm, and a light breeze. It was daylight until almost ten o'clock, and after work, here's

the social part, we come up to the grass commons area of the housing and they invite…they say well "let's have a beer". It was the opportunity for people living at the hatchery to meet their new neighbor. So everybody goes in the house and grabs a beer. We go out and sit on the lawn, the wives, the staff at the hatchery plus this particular hatchery had three duplexes of which five of the units at that time were occupied by U.S. Forest Service people. Anyway, we were all sitting out there on the lawn just have a good visit. All a sudden I feel something warm on my back. My foreman's dog Fido, had taken a pee on me. That poor guy, he thought right then and there that I'd come undone, have fit and fall in it and that he'd be fired, but we had a good laugh about it. It kind of brings you down to earth. You may think you're a hatchery manager, big, important and all that stuff, but the dog really didn't care.

At that hatchery our goal was to raise fish successfully to get them to survive in the ocean. One of the big 'bugaboos' that we had at that time was bacterial kidney disease for which there was no known cure despite trials of a wide range of antibiotics. We began a fairly organized effort to evaluate pond loading densities at various water flows and different feeds to see whether we could limit or curtail the incidence, the severity of the bacterial kidney disease. Fish hatcheries in general were getting ravaged by hatchery opponents at this time that hatcheries were just nothing but disease holes. Fish hatcheries did not invent fish disease. These fish had it, it came from the wild, it was in the water supply, they brought it in when they returned, was in / on their eggs and it's just that hatcheries served as an incubator, an enhancer that exacerbated the disease situation through crowding, through poor nutrition or other health practices, through stress. What we were trying to do was find out what this limit was. With the salmon not returning until three or four or five years old, this was a long term project before any data could be analyzed. Beginning this thing I was never able to follow the results entirely at that particular stint.

Something to note about biology and anadromous fish is that:

1. When it comes to salmon biology, the first rule is that there is an exception to the rule. How else to explain the total occupation of existing suitable habitat if, "salmon always return to the place they were hatched." They don't! Some returnees always wonders in its pea-size fish brain, "what is around that next bend or I wonder what is up this little tributary?" And you have fish in new habitat.
2. Mother Nature uses volume rather than efficiency in salmon reproduction. To wit; A large 4-year old Chinook salmon yields about 4,000 eggs. If only 2 adults return from this mating, you have zero population growth. Get 4, 5, or 6 to return and you have a growing population. A top-notch hatchery program will get survival of 90% + of the eggs to a migratory size fish with the number of surviving to adults at 30 or more. Really good, huh! No, not good! Suddenly you are in danger of overwhelming a homogenous genetic variable stock with the genetics of a single mating.

However, that hatchery had been doing something right. The 1972 Spring Chinook broodstock return was the largest ever recorded - over 6,000 adults. Handling and spawning all these fish overwhelmed the staff and nearby hatcheries lent assistance. It was a breakthrough year as similar good returns were realized in ensuing years. These returns also began providing the clues on how to proceed with the fish husbandry program. It was just the beginning of a long program to critically evaluate just what the different rearing regimens and what to incorporate in the rearing program.

This then meant evaluation. To do that you had to be able to differentiate the rearing regimens and that meant marking or tagging the fish before release. The common method was to fin-clip the little guys which was grossly harmful (I referred to it as the annual maiming program). To excise a fin, except for the fleshy adipose on the back, and then expect the migrant to survive predators or catch its dinner for 4 years in the ocean was a little too hopeful - but marking a least a few was judged to be worth while.

Two events change this maiming program - the discovery that you could permanently mark a fish without handling was a major break through in evaluation and a coded magnetic wire tags. When Oxytetracycline (terramycine), an antibiotic, was added to the diet it would deposit in the bone and fluoresce under UV light. Clever Service biologist also discovered that if it was fed in intervals separated by 20 or so days, you could deposit concentric fluorescent rings in the bones. Credit this discovery to the Service's Western Fish Health Lab in Seattle the Salmon Technology Center in Abernathy, Washington. With the sequestering of the adipose fin to indicate a secondary mark, a major advance in hatchery product evaluation was initiated in groups of fish.

The coded wire tag (CWT) took fish evaluation one giant step further, These tags where coming into use to i.d. railroad cars and household pets and could be activated

and read with a magnetic scanner some distance away. They were the size of a grain of rice and innumerable data could be inscribed with binary code. While you had to handle the fish to implant the CWT, you didn't have to kill it to read the information meaning fish sampled in the ocean or swimming up fish ladders could provide real time information.

The Carson strain of Spring Chinook was unique in that the Wind River never had a natural run of salmonids - just a few of very able Steelhead trout that could make it past a natural barrier at Shippard Falls. The preponderance of data from studies indicated that fish migrating past Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River in mid-June on their brood run originated from the headwaters area of the Columbia Basin, an area decimated by habitat loss and other human activities and a resulting crash of salmon stocks. In a cooperative effort with the Columbia Basin states, migrating fish were trapped at Bonneville Dam and transported to Carson NFH for maturation and spawning. These trapped fish would serve as an egg source to kick start recovery of upriver Spring Chinook. The State of Washington eventually installed a fish ladder at Shippard Falls so stocks could voluntarily return to the Wind River and Carson NFH. We had the beginning, now the challenge was to get survival and returns.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA AREA OFFICE

One of the reasons I was selected to participate in the DMDP program, was that at that time there was a new organization being proposed for the Fish and Wildlife Service in which there would be Area Offices. There was a test region developed; pieces of a new Region 6 was carved out of states in Regions 1, 2, & 3. Merwin Marsten, who was the new Regional Director in Denver, was 'gonna ground truth' this organization. Offices were established in 3 of the states, given program operations authority here-to-forth done in a Regional Office. It was to be a small cadre of effective managers bringing the programs closer to the states and to current Service field offices. After the trial period, the Fish and Wildlife Service would be going in to it nationwide. So they established Area Offices - 13 in all. I was to be part of the contingent that would be going into this new organization. I left Washington D.C. in 72', and it wasn't until 1977 that the rest of the Service was finally in the program.

I applied for a job in the Area Offices. The rules were, you apply for one fishery job, job you apply for all the fishery jobs. I wanted to be in Boise, Sacramento or Olympia. I was selected for Jacksonville, Florida; kind of drafted I guess. I don't know if I was disappointed or not by not getting a preferred choice. But after a call from an early mentor, Ray Vaughn, that I was clearly a first choice for the job by him and what would be my new boss, I agreed. So in April of 1977 we headed to Florida with the family – three boys, an Irish Setter and an old cat. I was selected as the Fisheries Assistant Area Manager, but I also ended up with responsibilities for the Endangered Species Program. This program had not at this time been merged with the Habitat Conservation Program, so there were two ecological program entities there. My main responsibility was supervising the fish hatcheries and fishery management offices in Florida and Georgia.

Rather than just fish a fish hatchery I was now dealing with the whole Fishery Resources Program with multiple hatcheries rearing both trout and warm water fishes, areas of Fish Health, and with the Fishery Resources Offices. I even had the Region Aquarium Coordinator, Herb Reichelt, in my area to supervise. The Fishery office in Panama City was heading up investigations on the Apalachicola River and the Gulf Coast race of striped bass - a management and recovery program. The Gulf Coast race of striped bass was in serious jeopardy from water development on the Apalachicola. The Service was trying to manage and provide the information to recover this particular species. It was a good program.

This was the first time I felt I became a *Fish and Wildlife Service employee* rather than just a fishery employee. It was a small office. There were like nine people in there; Don Hankla the Area Manager, John Oberheu and Sam Drake supervising the National Wildlife Refuges; Larry Goldman and Lynn Childers managing the Habitat Conservation Program, Dave Peterson the biologist on the Florida Cross-State Barge Canal and Miami Jetport; myself, Peggy Dixon a super capable Administrative Officer who began at the nearby Okefenokee NWR and worked her way up to Washington Office Legislative Services branch and a secretary. This was a pretty small office. When you had a staff meeting you had to aware of what the issues were for <u>all</u> the activities the Fish and Wildlife Service was engaged in. It wasn't long before the office was joined by Dr. Jim Baker, a NWR Biologist and the Team Leader for the Dusky Seaside Sparrow recovery group and his wife Dr. Gail Baker a Habitat Ascertainment Biologist. Then along came the YACC Program and Ben Chio +secretary joined our group.

Florida was something special. It seemed every species was threatened or endangered, controversial projects up the kazoo - Miami Jetport, Cross State Barge Canal, Georgia Coastal Submarine base, the Keys waterline, and so and so on, just wouldn't stop. It was

issue after issue that kept us on our toes. And then just to make matters worse, a brush fire at the Kennedy Space Flight Center and the Merritt Island NWR killed a couple of our employees. On top of that, the small office of 9 folks had swollen to 13 and invited the Congress to look at us. Part of the increase was due to the new YACC program to train and provide young adults job experience. For 5 years we survived, were generally accepted and effective, our major decisions and / or recommendations accepted. We made headway. It was really a top-notch, extremely proactive office and it used the new found authority to the limit. And it was supported with funding, if you needed it, buy it or do it -- and because of the YACC program virtually an unlimited budget which we promptly overspent.

One of the things that happened there, one of the stories that I always tell that I think was really kind of fun, but Don Hankla was the Area Manager. Don was a well-meaning, caring person. He and his wife Millie were good Christian folks and lived the life to go with it. They would give you the shirt off their back if you wanted it, and if they only had one to give you. When this wayward bunch from the west coast arrived, it was like a long, lost family get together.

But Don was also thrifty and he never could pass up a good deal. We carpooled regularly up, but this one morning he had to go pick up the Regional Director. They had a meeting with the Corps of Engineers, were going to meet with the Colonel, so Don drove by himself. He was going go meet the Regional Director at the airport in his own car. As he was going up the boulevard, he stopped at this one gas station. He always went to it because with a fill up you got a free car wash. Don couldn't pass up anything that was free cause that was just a darn good price. He was headed to the airport in the car instead of his pickup, all dressed up, ready to go meet the Colonel. He goes in, gets filled up and they gave him this little token, and he drives around the back to the wash entrance. Everything was automatic, you drive up on a track, you stick the token in the machine. The thing is all whirls and it reaches up and grabs your tires and away you go through the car wash. Well, just as Don was beginning to go through the car wash and he was cranking up the window after putting the token in, the window crank broke off. And here he goes right into the car wash, here he is in his suit, and here's that thing is not just squirtin' in water and blowin' in there - its a hurricane. First it's the soap, then rinse water before the drying blower kicks in. He is soaked to the skin, the car interior sopping. He was madder than a wet hen because he was wet, he was sure angry. I get this frantic call, "Grover, you gotta go up the airport and pick up the Regional Director and I'll be up shortly and I'll meet you in my office." Anyway, he went home. He didn't even have a dry car in which to get the R.D. in, and so he had to use his pickup truck. Old thrifty Don and having something like that happen to him. I still get a good chuckle out of that.

Here's another little story that I had fun telling. It had to deal with Ed Crateau, who was a Project Leader at Panama City, Florida at the time and later headed up the Lower Snake River Compensation Plan. During one of my regular routine visits…I drove over there one afternoon and we went out for dinner that evening. I told Ed, 'Well, before the meeting tomorrow I really need to do an impress fund audit. I'll come over there at eight o'clock and I'll do that, and then we can go over to our meeting.' I get there the next morning and Ed's sitting in the office waiting and so I do my impress fund audit, and 'damn,' I count things again and it's thirty-four dollars more in the impress fund than what all the tally sheets show. So, I told Ed, 'that's a good deal. All the rules are if there is more money, then I get to keep it.' So, I put thirty-four dollars in my wallet and signed off on the forms. A couple of hours later Ed said, " Dammit Grover, that's my money!" He said, "I came down here earlier to make sure that impress fund was correct and so we wouldn't have any problems. I added those receipts up and it was thirty-four dollars short and I had to go down to an ATM and get thirty-four dollars, and that's my thirty-four dollars." I looked at Ed and said, "That's the way it goes Ed. Tough luck." Naaaaa! I gave it back to him, but it was an interesting lesson.

The same organization that organized into Area Offices also reorganized. And so again it was reorganization, reorganization again from Area Offices. They were going do away with Area Offices, returning to the former Regional organization. I thought it was really a good system. We were appreciated down there being able to deal closely with the state people. They never had anybody on their doorsteps as regular as we were. Puerto Rico had always been ignored, but we made regular visits there and established an office. Our constituency that we were dealing with, the environmental folks and NGO's in Florida were more than happy to see us, but it was a system that wasn't to be. When they selected the Area Office concept, they gave the line of authority to the Area Manager, and the people that used to be the supervisors in the Regions were still left in the Regional Offices and they became staff. That just didn't work out quite that well.

Some of the Area Offices worked better than others because of the power or the direction of the Regional Director. Ken Black was the Regional Director in Atlanta at this time. He believed in the system. He just made it work, but the minute he left and took his thumb off of it then it began to fall apart. It was similar to other regions. Some of the other regions made the mistake of putting their flotsam out in the Area Offices; figuring it

wasn't really going to work, so some of the Area Offices really were not staffed with the best that were available in that Region. They just stuck some people out there, cannon fodder, figuring you know, in a year that thing will go and then they could cut these people lose. Well, they had to live with it for five years and that became just too much of a burden.

When they closed the Jacksonville Area Office I was offered a position to head up a new office to address the ecological issues. I declined in order to accept a job in the Portland Regional Office in 1982. In the fall of 82' we reported to Portland, and I became the Division Manager of the Fisheries Resources Program for the lower Columbia River, everything from the mouth of the Snake River in Idaho downstream. The focus here got me back into the Pacific salmon program, which by then had become my first love, and the focus was on connecting the fish hatchery production and evaluation. Fish production had always been kind of independent of evaluation, We were raising fish, literally by the tens of millions, we were not sure precisely what the contributions were or what factors lead to the contribution of a certain stocks and why. We were looking at everything from the nutrition, the time and size at release, flow and water exchange rates in the rearing pods versus volume, the fish health aspects of it (evaluating disease loads). This meant a massive marking program. This was at a time, even with limited funding, the Service began funding evaluation and tying the Fisheries Offices tying them hand in hand directly to the hatcheries. One slight change had a dramatic impact in this marriage approach. Heretofore, the Fishery offices went by Fishery Assistant Office, not exactly promoting a connotation of leadership but serving in some subservient way. I re-named the Red Bluff FAO as a Fishery Resources Office, which for a reason I fail to completely understand, was accepted as a highly knowledgeable office of biologist. Eventually the rest of the Region followed suite as it did nationally. The ability to at least get some fish marked out and then begin the evaluation process, to see where something purposefully done had particular action, would lead to survival and ultimately to survival and contribution. That was the main focus that was going on.

This effort is now recognized as the beginning of scientific fish husbandry, advancing from just raising fish but evaluating the total effort ongoing at the hatchery during the fish's lifetime there. When discussing fish health, it became inclusive that you're addressing not only a disease aspect, but proper diet and nutrition, and stock genetics. This was a major departure from the conventional but was recognized by the states and supported by the Tribes. The name of the game was survival and it didn't take a genius to point out that spending a million dollars to return a paltry number of surviving fish that were not worth $10,000 each wasn't cost effective by anyone's accounting.

Here again bacterial kidney disease was our big 'bugaboo,' and we worked closely with our research compatriots, particularly those folks in Seattle at the Western Fish Health Laboratory trying to find a cure or at least some way to suppress the effects and the impact of this disease.

WASHINGTON D.C. AGAIN

In 1984, I'm now a GS-13. I got my 13 when I was in Jacksonville, as a result of taking on some of the endangered species activities, and the things that we were dealing with there. I applied for and was selected as the GS-14 Chief of the National Fish Hatchery System in Washington DC. That was not at all a famous all-time move for my wife. We'd just had a house built and kind of got ourselves settled in, and here we go, we head back to Washington DC. After looking at prospective applicants I just felt I was equipped with a superior skill set and with the encouragement of Wally Steucke, the Fisheries ARD and a promise I would always have a job here if I did well, my hat went into the ring. I had the vision that I'd be able to go do something back there that would really help the fish hatchery system. I was in the operations again. That included directing all the Service's National Fish Hatcheries, Fish Health Laboratories, and Fish Technology centers. Fish Hatcheries was a Branch function overseen by a Division at that time called Program Operation Fisheries (POF) that was supervised by John Brown. A comparable part to it that was a development staff for fisheries, the PDF staff [(Program Development Fisheries)], and they did the budget kind of things and was supervised by Bill Atcheson.

I was in charge of the National Fish Hatchery System throughout the United States and it was mainly just getting the operations things done, the reporting requirements, that the money was going out. I was here again staff, which I guess I didn't fully appreciate. Other than providing guidance I had no real say as to whether they did it or not. Sometimes they – the Regions - took the money, and instead of cyclical maintenance money that we told the Congress we were going replace a roof, they would decided they needed it to meet a short coming in regular operating expense, to buy fish food, to pay salaries. It was kind of a frustrating.

During this time there was a major effort to down-size the government. Government employees were just feeding at the public trough, was the attitude. This was

the mind set at that time. The administration was sure to make an effort to down size government. They were going to close some fish hatcheries. The fish hatcheries they were choosing supported the popular Farm Pond Program. This was viewed as a Government give-a-way program. This is where bass and blue gill were provided to private landowners who had ponds. If they built these ponds with certain restrictions and in conformance with what the Soil Conservation Service in its water conservation program wanted (at least a minimum of a quarter acre in size and at least six foot deep and have a drain and that sort of stuff) it was an effort to conserve water and to provide recreational fishing and offset pressure to public fishing areas. Anyway, they'd say, "We know the guys who work in Fish and Wildlife. We'll get you some fish to stock your pond." Well, that was just viewed as "so what," so the focus was on eliminating the program. From a system of some hundred and twenty hatcheries, it was quickly whacked down to seventy-some hatcheries. These mostly warm water hatcheries that were gone from the System were offered to the state for operation, and the idea would be that we could recover the money and use it to better fund the remaining hatcheries, by the process of elimination, a higher Federal priority.

Which ones did we keep and why? This was another major effort at that time to definitively answer that question. It lead to the development of a *Statement of Roles and Responsibility* by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. This was an effort by the Fisheries Resources Program to more clearly define what its specific *Federal* role was in fisheries. Basically it focused on program responsibilities restricted to Federal lands, like on Forest Service or National Parks or where mitigation was involved with Federal projects that had been funded to construct water projects, either through the Corps of Engineers or by the Bureau of Reclamation. Where mitigation was involved there was a clear role for the Fish and Wildlife Service. There was also a clear role in what we addressed as leadership, particularly the ability for research, where states for example, or the private sector simply did not have the ability to put a massive effort towards research. Not only in nutrition, but in fish husbandry or fisheries practices, disease and those kinds of things perceived as a priority role for the Fish and Wildlife Service.

This is what the Fishery Resources Program going shift to and take the money from these hatcheries that we turned over for state operation so that we could more readily be able to operate the existing higher priority hatcheries. Written into this, particularly Federal role, particularly in the effort on mitigation, was this concept of beneficiary pays. This simply stated that the beneficiaries of a Federal water project should be the ones that pay for mitigation, not the general taxpayer. Why would somebody in Kansas have an interest in the water and power project of the CVP on the Sacramento River, Shasta Dam? It should be the beneficiaries of the Shasta Dam Project that should pay. What this meant then is that the water users that get irrigation water from the Bureau of Reclamation should be collecting a price or a fee in the billing of the water to pay for mitigation. They shouldn't be going to Congress. Same thing with the electricity. The people that were using electricity should have a penny or something added to their kilowatt price, and that money recovered to pay for mitigation. The effort to actively collect was a newer concept. Even though it had been around and specific in many water project authorizations, it hadn't been enforced. With the solicitor's opinion that said that "yes," that was proper and right to do, we proceeded. But, there were a lot of the Congressman that didn't like that. They thought that no, their constituency was already paying enough for water, they were already paying enough for electricity and this was just another way for this dreaded Federal bureaucracy to be getting more money without accountability.

Another effort that was ongoing at that time was with these warm water hatcheries that we did retain and where we did have a responsibility, we made a concerted effort towards the Chesapeake Bay. This was a major issue at that time, where the striped bass fishery had literally collapsed. On the Chesapeake Bay it was a major catastrophe when the overall fishery crashed. The Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission took an unheard of step and closed all harvest of the Chesapeake Bay origin stock of striped bass for a period of …I can't remember the time period…to allow these fish to recover.

The problem that they had in the Chesapeake was similar at that time that we would experience elsewhere, is that the natural production of striped bass had declined dramatically over the years because of habitat loss or degradation, and non-point source pollution from the watersheds entering into Chesapeake Bay, direct contaminants. The ultimate impact though was simply that it was over fishing for what the remaining habitat could sustain. Over the years, fishing techniques got better. Even though there was a lower population they were still harvesting fish at levels as in the past, and suddenly what it amounted to is that the population crashed. In an effort to recover, to give it a boost, not only did they stop all fishing for Chesapeake origin stock, the Service began to redirect some production from our National Fish Hatcheries that had the capability, that were within a days drive of Chesapeake Bay to begin giving a it kick start by raising striped bass, Chesapeake Bay origin striped bass from the different river systems.

And here is one of the good things I did in my whole career. I hired a young man in Panama City dealing in striped bass by the name of Charlie Wooley. I was able

to convince Joe Kutkuhn, Assistant Director of the Fisheries Program, that if we wanted a guy up on the Chesapeake Bay, we should convince Region 5, even without having line authority, if there ever was a guy that could really do the job it was Charlie Wooley. I was able to carry that position. Charlie Wooley came on board and he led that program until he went on to bigger and better things, but he really was a good choice. He was one of the bright young guys in the Fish and Wildlife Service. He had the personality, he had the brains, he was just, I think, an all around top hand. I think he is clearly RD material. He is a GS-15 now and should be going to charm school. I hope he will be challenged and that the Fish and Wildlife Service will recognize what a talent this man is.

The other issue at that time that pushed my button as Chief of National Fish Hatcheries was updating the fish health regulations. We had a number of import regulations governing import and transfer of eggs and fish that simply needed to be updated to reflect current research results. An example was whirling disease that was not the dreaded disease that we thought it was. It originated in Europe and was really a parasite and did not travel with egg shipments when the disinfecting protocol for egg shipping was followed. It had already broken out in the U.S., (in Nevada, Pennsylvania) and control now was eliminating the source (the fish) and sterilizing the hatchery.

Now, there were some viruses on this list too. The regulations focused on preventing entry or import of unprocessed fish and fish eggs into the U.S. It was also what we did and how we interacted with the states, and it just needed to be updated. Man that thing, I never believed it would cause such turmoil, not only at the commercial sector because they thought they would have to come under regulations, and basically they were. A commercial fish hatchery could not take sick or disease containing fish and dump them out into some fish-out pond somewhere, a commercial venture and have the effluent from that water be draining into natural systems.

But at this time, (here we go again) the word reorganize. How many times have I used it already? In 1986, we had a new director on board, a guy by the name of Frank Dunkle. He took a meat cleaver approach…the idea was that there was going be a smaller government, which hadn't yet materialized from the earlier efforts. He began putting restrictions on the number of Washington Office based GS-14's and GS-15's, and allocating these positions to the Regions. They were going to cut down the size of the Washington Office because obviously they didn't do anything. It was just a bureaucracy that was unresponsive to the needs of the Region's, was the mantra. Well, he reorganized. Frank Dunkle with the meat axe approach: fired people, he transferred people 'willy nilly,' he scared off others. The trouble with Frank: he had no vision of what came next. That's what he was gonna do to and how he was gonna do business. He was a terrible director. He was probably one of the worst things that happened.

I ended up in a created position and reorganized office as the Chief of Anadromous Fisheries -- the first, one, and only incumbent of that position. They wanted to focus on anadromous fish, whether they were striped bass or salmon. They wanted someone to head that up. It divided the organization, the continuity of the fish hatchery system, which would rely on this, and our fisheries office's. It split responsibilities, making in my view, a totally unmanageable organization. I could see that writing on the wall and I worked to eliminate myself. And with the help of a Director all to willing to shed W.O. positions, I did!

I do have some thoughts on DC. It was exciting. You know it is the most important city in the world. Regularly, I was the sixth person in a five-person car pool. Usually I commuted independently, but on those days when my schedule allowed or when one of the other car pool people were traveling, it was three BLM people and three fish, er two Fish and Wildlife Service folks. And if somebody was sick that day or on travel schedule and there was a spot in the car and my schedule allowed, I could car pool. More than often, at 7:00 o'clock in the morning we'd see Vice President Bush in the back of his limousine headed to work. And I worked just half a block from the new OMB office building.

I guess I was disappointed more than anything that I was not as effective as I thought I could be. In a staff position I was not line to anything, I had an immediate staff on hand. The bureaucracy was such that it just thwarted…and it made it kind of frustrating, and I was ready to leave even though I liked many of the people. The situation was just not good. The Assistant Director for Fisheries was a guy by the name of [Dr.] Joe Kutkuhn. He was totally ineffective in my view. He came out of the Research Division (the Great Lakes program) and there wasn't a thing that could be done. He was hands on to the N^{th} degree. There wasn't anything that left the Fisheries Program that he didn't review, and when he reviewed it he usually re-wrote it, and if he didn't have time, it didn't get out. So it was analysis by paralysis. You couldn't get anything done because he had to have everything in it and understand the whole issues. He delegated no responsibilities to anyone, whether you were a Chief of Fish Hatcheries or F.R.O. system, the Budget Office. If it was anything that was under his fishery umbrella that you couldn't get it through. His deputy, Gary Edwards, at that time wasn't a whole lot better. Gary could basically juggle about one thing, one

shoe at a time. This was at a time when we needed to juggle a grapefruit, a bowling ball and a running chainsaw. So again, it was frustrating, but it was still exciting just being around and associating with that.

I did develop a philosophy here, my 80/20 philosophy. I came to the conclusion that about eighty percent of the stuff that I did in Washington didn't amount to a hill of beans. It could just as easily not been done, but there was somebody up there that had a check off list. Also with this 80/20, if it's not worth doing then it wasn't important doing a good job on it. And so, those things I tried to identify. Now, the other twenty percent of things that were good stuff and actually the program that helped the Fish and Wildlife Service, it assisted the Regions, it did everything you expected good work to do. The problem was trying to identify which twenty percent to spend your time on and give the short shift to the eighty percent.

PORTLAND REGIONAL OFFICE

I succeeded in eliminating my job, citing irreconcilable administrative obstacles which under the guise of de-staffing and an opening in a Region met with success. From Washington, DC, I transferred back to Portland. I was more than happy to get rid of my job and abolish myself. I ended up in Portland, Oregon in the Regional Office as a Fisheries Division Manager for Oregon, California and Nevada. This reorganization eventually would include another downsizing trying to further limit the number of positions and deputies. The coastal Washington area & Puget Sound was added to my knapsack. There was a limit on the number of GS-14's even in Regional Offices. This current reorganization now has shifted from the Washington office down to the Regions. They got rid of the folks in Washington that they wanted, now they had too many of these high grades from Washington that went out to the Regions, and with the number of deputies and supervision.

I think the goal at that time was to try to shoot for around fourteen or fifteen direct reports for each supervisor. You know the management thing I went through…the supervisor courses generally said seven is a manageable number. Well, they wanted it doubled up to fourteen or fifteen and the other folks would be staff. I ended up supervising the Fisheries Program in California, Nevada, Oregon, and all but the Columbia Basin in Washington, which was basically coastal Washington and the Puget Sound area.

The focus at this time began to take a little different approach. Bill Shake was the ARD for Fisheries. What we began was a visioning process. This was to position ourselves for future…anyway, let's step back for a minute. Anyway, we kept 'futzing' around, we didn't seem to do well on budget, we're getting beat up on our fish hatchery operations, ah, this whole issue of wild fish vs hatchery fish. Let's sit back and get the best heads available because we have them out here, we've got some really good people. Let's sit back and take a look and try to predict, try to get a vision of where we want to be in the future, where the future was going to lead us and where we wanted to be and a strategy on how to get there. This was a visioning process. And there was hope that this effort would lead to an understandable and a justified budget, something that would have some strength; something that when it hit Washington and hit the Congress that they could buy off on it, cause they could understand where we were going, what the vision was, what we wanted to do and the successful result and outcome - what the dollar was going to buy. And it worked! When the dollar allocations were made to this Region in D.C. we fared a good bit better than the other Regions. We simply had the Program - Anadromous fish- and we had solidly justified cyclical maintenance proposals.

Another area that we still continued was the user pay initiative, and this is primarily with the Bureau of Reclamation in Region 1. This was something I began in 1986 as Chief of Hatcheries. I was asked to push this effort forward throughout the whole Region for the Fishery Resources Program. It was really kind of a hornet's nest. The Bureau of Reclamation was not necessarily our friend, particularly in California on the Sacramento Project. They didn't care what the solicitor said. They said, "Well that was just an opinion." You know, everyone has an opinion, but they didn't have the money to do it, and it was hard trying to get through to them that "no, we don't want you to go back to D.C. and Interior and lobby for a bigger budget on behalf of the Fish and Wildlife Service to cover the operations. We don't want you to go back and put it in *your* budget. What we want you to do is develop the regulations, and just like you do to pick up the costs for the light, heat and phone in your offices and dams, we want a price to be charged to the users of the water and the power, to be recovered - and transferred to us." That's money collected and the paying for mitigation. It was classic beneficiary pay! Eventually, something that began in 1986, it was to take until 1994 before it finally got settled, and it was just endless. It was a major effort but oh so rewarding to do that because it was right and under the law. And it was not without precedence. When the *Lower Snake River Compensation Plan* was authorized, it identified the Corps of Engineers as the construction agency and with the

Bonneville Administration administering the power sully from the Corps Dams on the Columbia and Snake Rivers, Bonneville was directed to collect and fund all costs from the rate payers.

I think one of the high points in my career that I probably get more satisfaction out of, and probably did more good things for the Service and for our operations was being able to negotiate the contract with the Bureau of Reclamation to fund our National Fish Hatcheries that were attached directly associated as mitigation features for Federal water & power development projects. I speak specifically of the CVP, the Shasta Project, the Coleman Hatchery; I speak again for the upper Columbia River Development Program and for the three hatcheries at Leavenworth, Entiat and Winthrop that were Bureau of Reclamation mitigation features as part of the Grand Coulee project. It was worth and freed up literally a 10's of million offset to the Service budget. Getting the message across; it took years; it took me like eight years that I recall. Really what we were looking for is not a Bureau budget item, but we wanted the Bureau to rightly charge, as part of the cost of doing business, the beneficiaries of the water and power projects. We did!

Some of the things that were so very difficult early on that the Bureau…from their position…well, if they're going to pay then they wanted to run the damn thing. I said, 'No! In the organization of the Department of the Interior the operator of fish hatcheries is the Fish and Wildlife Service, just like we operate refuges. And it's the Bureau of Reclamation in charge of Federal water & power projects – not Fish & Wildlife." I told the "We're not going have Bureau of Reclamation Fish Hatcheries or Bureau of Reclamation Refuges just because you pay. We are the organizations designees', we are the experts."

"Well, we really need to look" they replied. "We think maybe your employee grades are too high…we want to look at what you're paying."

I said, "No! The administration, hiring and firing, establishing the grade levels will go through the classification of the Fish and Wildlife Service with the guidance of OPM just like all the other Bureaus in the government, not Reclamation."

And they replied, "Well, we could probably save you a lot of money and buy fish feed in bulk because we're funding California state hatcheries too, and we'll contract and we'll buy your fish food cheaper."

Again I said, 'No! Buying cheap fish food is not what the goal is. Buying fish food is buying the proper specified formulation for the species of fish we're raising at the specific time of the year."

Then they wanted to know, "What are you going to raise? We're not going to pay you to raise fish that California should be doing"

I said, "It's the same fish that was in the mitigation report when the project was authorized."

Anyway, I think that effort probably yielded substantial more benefits for fishery operations in the Fish and Wildlife Service than other multiple on-going initiatives, and I think it was the absolute right, and legal thing to do. When I did negotiate it, it was a full meal deal; it was a total contract. It not only included the A – Z funding of administering the total hatchery operations and maintenance for raising the fish but also the evaluation conducted by our Fishery Resources Office and Fish Health Center operations. We agreed on what the scope of the program was to be. I think that was probably one of the bigger successes that I've had.

Also, while I was in DC there was a new effort, it was a restoration effort. This was the Klamath Act. It was the *Klamath River Fish and Wildlife Restoration Act of 1986.* This essentially established a Task Force and an advisory Council to guide the Secretary of the Interior in the restoration of the Fish and Wildlife resources and their habitats in the Oregon and California Klamath River Basin. The Klamath River was one of the major producers of salmon and it still had a lot of wild areas. But, at the headwaters in Southern Oregon's Klamath Basin, there was a major conflict between Basin's agriculture and the irrigators. They were essentially, using more water for irrigation purposes at the expense of fish. They were taking out more water and not leaving enough to support the anadromous fish populations in the Klamath River or for the endangered suckers in Klamath Lake nor was the very important Pacific flyway Klamath National Wildlife Refuge getting adequate water.

The Fish and Wildlife Service was given the lead for implementing the Act and established an office in Yreka, California. Dr. Ron Iverson was selected to head up that office and to organize and provide support to the Task Force and Advisory Council. This is one of the areas that I was assigned to -- the Task Force which was basically responsible for coordinating the operations of the 13 entities for developing a Basin-wide restoration plan. This would step down to the annual work projects. There was a million dollars year authorized through the Service for twenty years on this program to do restoration projects. Plus there was other money. California had agreed to and

signed off on the Klamath Act that they would also contribute funding.

The Council which was essentially an advisory body, via the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of Commerce who's advice would trickle down via NMFS to the Pacific Marine Fisheries Commission and its Fisheries Council. This latter Council regulates annual ocean harvest. The Klamath Council was to advise this group to assure that the ocean harvest regulations promulgated by NMFS through this Council would not adversely harm or conflict with the restoration effort and stocks in the Klamath River. So this was a very interesting concept, the first in the country. While organizationally the line of authority was Secretary to Secretary with the recommendations working its way through the organizational ladders to the worker level, in the real World the folks involved in all this sat chair by chair at the meetings.

The clinker in this was that the advisory decisions, to advise the Secretary of the Interior to pass on to the Secretary of Commerce, were to be done on a consensus basis. In other words, all the folks would have to agree on a proposal. There was thirteen representatives, representatives of irrigators, Tribes, off-shore fishermen as well as the local county, and the state entities and one Interior vote to represent Fish & Wildlife, Reclamation, BLM, & BIA that sat around the table. They were to agree on how restoration was to occur and which items we were going to be funded. We must have been eight years into this restoration program and had made substantial progress but suddenly it was just, just not getting anything done. It was just like pulling teeth from a chicken. Conflict and nobody could compromise and agree and essentially you got one person on one issue, whether it be the Tribes, irrigators, state or whomever, they would just balk at it. This amounted to a defacto veto. Sometimes it was the water users or it was the fisherman in the ocean. Trying to get any consensus was extremely difficult.

But, on one issue, at one time on the Task Force we had been arguing over what work we were going to do that year. This was like the third meeting on a proposed project as to how we were going spend $40,000 and try to follow the plan that we had. The plan identified what the next logical sequence in research or investigation would be. Well a water user in southern Oregon was just not going be a part of it, and he in fact made a defacto [veto] decision. We tried to compromise. And then we had the Tribes. Anyway, one night I didn't sleep. I sat down and wrote a note to the Task Force for the next morning. I was the Secretary's representative, I was dully appointed as representing the Secretary of the Interior on this Task Force. I took it upon myself…on his behalf…to say that the Secretary said, "guys, the decision is thus," and I made the decision that we would go ahead and do it. Why even the members that had basically agreed to this action, it just undid them, I mean they were just aghast. Then they said, "It's by consensus, you can't do that." I said, "No, if you go back and read the Act. The Act says that, "*the Secretary shall develop a program to restore the Fish and Wildlife resources of the Klamath River Basin.*" While he is to be advised by consensus, the fact that Task Force can't reach consensus and he isn't advised does not mean that the Secretary has to stop the restoration effort. He is directed, *"to take action to restore."* In a clear voice I said, "and therefore, we're going to go forward with it, and the Secretary is going forward with his responsibility." Man oh Man, you should have heard the call for my neck on that one. Anyway, it did establish a newer more congenial arena that led to more open discussions. Getting consensus was a lot easier, because if you were going to let the Secretary's rep. do it, these folks decided they would rather do it themselves.

With the phone lines burning up, the Secretary was silent, Regional Director Marv Plenert took several hits to address his insubordinate staff person but essentially said, it was my decision on behalf of the Secretary to make and since the Secretary (it was Bruce Babbitt) was silent, matter closed.

Also at that time, I did another action which caused a bit of turmoil. I closed the Tehama-Colusa Spawning Channel. This was a new concept back in the early sixties when spawning channels were believed to be an effective way to really let fish spawn naturally. What you did to create habitat was by digging a channel parallel to the river, and with a water control structure, regulate the water flows so you didn't have flooding that would scour the redds. You would allow only the proper number of fish in there so you couldn't get superimposed spawning. You could get the densities more correct so you didn't have the stress or disease and things like that. The fish would have natural food to eat. It was a concept that had some use and had some success in Canada. So what could go wrong? It was perfect environment, albeit artificial but no one checked with the fish.

Well, the Bureau of Reclamation with support of California delegation had built the *Tehama-Colusa Canal Water Project,* "Grand Daddy of All" - to provide irrigation water to the heretofore dry West side of the Sacramento Valley. It was a great big cement lined channel that they then lined one mile of the upper portion (dual purpose canal) with perfect size spawning gravel in the bottom. A single-purpose channel for fish only then returned water and any fish produced to the River. It was just not having the anticipated results. It was costing gobs

of money, and the evidence began to show that it was costing the resource as well, that these fish would be better off left in the river rather than forced into this channel and forced into this situation which was really artificial and an imitation. I closed it and accommodated the staff to other Service offices. But, that for some this was another item …you just don't do things like that!

Another area that I was focused on at that time was dealing with the rebuilding of the Coleman National Fish Hatchery. This is one of the most important hatcheries on the West Coast, contributing to the California – Southern Oregon sport and commercial ocean fishery and the inland California sport fishery of Chinook salmon. This hatchery was wildly successful even though complicated fighting bacterial kidney disease and the Sacramento River Chinook Virus during the hatchery rearing cycle. It had not had anything substantially done since it was constructed in 1941, and it was really getting run down. The reconstruction of Coleman would last until the time of my retirement. It was a long process. We got substantial increases in construction budget via Bureau of Reclamation and the now 'user pay' initiative.. We had good support from the State Fish & Game, the California Water Commission and the private sector to get the budget to rebuild this and to kind of pay back and catch up from the neglect from earlier years.

At the same time we were going to incorporate the latest and best of the scientific knowledge that we had. So the first thing was to build a modern source of clean water. Battle Creek was the hatchery water source. It had populations of wild fish plus some of the returning hatchery fish were able to pass a barrier dam and there was a State hatchery some miles upstream. Reconstruction was to use the first principle of fish husbandry - clean water with clean eggs = clean fish, i.e. no disease. Some years back a break through technique to disinfect eggs at the time of spawning became standard operating procedures at brood stock hatcheries. We could disinfect the eggs, now the clean water.

Ozone is the word! The state of the art is ozone water purification. It is costly but 100% effective. It uses large amounts of electricity but with Reclamation now paying the operations cost from the massive Shasta Dam Project, the amount of electricity was no more a ding to the Project then flipping a switch to turn on the lights at the Dam. The size of the plant we built would probably almost provide clean water (drinking water quality) to a city the size of Sacramento. It was miraculous. Fish being raised in clean water. And it was re-conditioned and used several times in the rearing ponds. And, with other health practices, they didn't get sick, they didn't get diseased, they grew faster and when they migrated they survived a lot better too. Incorporated into this effort was a full measure evaluation program meaning all the fish reared on this system would be marked. A successful rearing program with miniscule losses, a higher survival in migration and in the ocean would mean fewer broodstock would be needed for the hatchery program meaning further, a larger number of adults could be available for harvest - a win-win for all.

Another area that I was working in is the Service's supervisor for Nevada fisheries was dealing with the Cui-ui sucker and Pyramid Lake, the only place in the world that they are at, and also Lahontan Cutthroat trout. These fish were historically important to the Pyramid Lake Tribe. The issue there again was just simply water, water use, and it was more water being diverted then could support a tiny population of Cui-ui. The Cui-ui issue was kind of coming to a head at that time because it is a very long lived fish, and they'll spawn for thirty years. Historically, they do not spawn every year. They have adopted a survival technique that they only need to spawn on those infrequent good years of water. When they did spawn it would just be wall to wall fish. The recruitment into the population would be just massive. And when you start looking at age classes of fish you'd be looking at the ages and numbers and you would see practically no recruitment. All of a sudden there would be this great big spike, a dominant year class. Essentially the population is supported by these dominant year classes; a forty-year-old population probably is supported by no more than seven, eight dominant year classes. But, as these fish were getting older, dominant year classes were getting fewer and smaller, meaning fewer to support the total population. The major effort was to try to get water and work to get water down the river through Reno and down into Pyramid Lake to support the successful spawning of these fish at least occasionally.

As 1994 rolled around I was detailed to the vacant Deputy Assistant Regional Director (ARD) position in the Ecological Services Program (ES). This was the Region's busiest program with multiple issues ringing the Secretary's bell and largest budget and just couldn't afford leaving this key position vacant. Very shortly after that, another reorganization and my detail was made permanent when the Service decided to go into the geographic river basin approach to managing resources - to be referred to as Eco-Regions. I now had dual responsibilities: 1) I continued my role as the Deputy in the ES Program, 2) I was again the supervisor of the fisheries projects for Oregon's Klamath Basin and for California (basically I had been doing this all along). My boss now was Dale Hall. He was the ARD [Assistant Regional Director], and he basically had the responsibility for line supervision for the Eco-Region, line supervisor authority over all the

programs in the Klamath Basin and all of California, except for Law Enforcement and Federal Aid. That meant refuges were under a single Program supervisor in Portland, as well as an operational supervisor as well as it was for the ES, and fisheries, and the special projects like the Klamath restoration, Bay-Delta or on the San Joaquin River.

The second part of this deal was that Dale Hall retained total programmatic responsibility for the Ecological Services Program. This included Endangered Species, Habitat Conservation, Contaminants and the National Wetland Inventory program as well as the administrative support. As his Deputy, I had a staff of seventy-five people in the Regional Office that I directly supervised in the above programs. It's was the first time I had a lawyer on my staff as well as people to conduct public meetings. The ES Program had about 65% of the Region's total budget being administered by Dale and me.

This dual role of Programmatic and Operational responsibilities was a real shake-up in developing a budget. Mike Spear was now the Regional Director and wanted an Eco-Region orientated developed budget initiative, one that would reflect the total resource needs. It meant, for example, that to examine the outstanding issues in the San Francisco Bay-Delta the each of the programs would get their heads together and identify what issues were FWS responsibility and what to do about it, not to be a program turf battle but what was needed. The whom to be sorted out later if the dollars arrived. I was tasked to put together teams, Law Enforcement also sat it, to develop the proposals. Gatherings were held throughout California with reps from our offices put together this information.

Over all, within this organization now there was five hundred and forty one people located in thirty-one offices and stations in the Klamath Basin and California. But the big issues that we were dealing with at the time, less so on my part, was of course the spotted owl. The spotted owl had heated up something fierce. It was such a big issue that there was separate staff that was co-located with the Forest Service. They kind of ran independently and responded to a coordinator down there. Essentially, they got their direction from Washington, DC. We'd have to call up and find out what was going on because we certainly weren't that much involved with it at that time.

The other issue was of course the Klamath again. Particularly Klamath Basin, the water for the National Wildlife Refuge down there was in competition with water that was being diverted for irrigation in the farming area. Not having senior water rights at the NWR meant there was not enough water for the habitat needs nor for the Klamath River for the fisheries. This was still a major issue at that time. During this time we established an office in Klamath Falls that was kind of multi-program that we were trying to bring all together and represent the Fish & Wildlife Service. This program not only dealt with the refuge, but the fisheries effort, the irrigators and the Bureau of Reclamation.

Another issue that was big at the time was the restoration on the Trinity River in California. That was a ten-year program that was coming to an end. There was suppose to be a report on the measures needed to restore the fishery in the Trinity River a major tributary to the Klamath River. Essentially, this revolved around a flow study. This program was somewhat unique in that a very bright young engineer by the name of Clair Hill, founder of CM^2H Hill, back in the thirties envisioned that the water from the Trinity River Dam could be dropped [1st generation], collected immediately below, and shuttled through a big tunnel in the mountain – an inter-basin water transfer. It would then be dropped again for 2nd generation into a lake called Whiskeytown, which would be glorified as a great recreational facility, dropped again and generated [3rd time] into the Sacramento River above Keswick Dam. Then it would go through Keswick Dam again and be generated – 4th time. It would also supply additional water to the Central Valley Project. This was part of the CVP. It would be a miraculous engineering decision. The effect was that it had taken all the water out of the Trinity River and the fisheries just…well, basic biology says fish and water go together. No water no fish. The flow study was trying to determine just how much, minimally according to the water users, how little water needed to go down the river to restore the fisheries. Well, the channel had changed and overgrown. It was a big deal at the time, and it still is.

Along about this time the CVPIA came into play. This was the *Central Valley Project Improvement Act*. This would provided the authority for massive restoration and recovery of the Central Valley Project area, which included the San Joaquin Valley all the way down to Bakersfield in the south and from Sacramento Valley to Shasta Dam north. It would be administered by the Bureau of Reclamation with copious advice and participation from the Service. We opened a new CVPIA Service office and selected Jim McKevitt in the Sacramento ES Office as the Project Leader. It would have reps from each of the Service programs, reflecting truly the eco-region approach, to interact with the Bureau.

The other issue that we were busy with was getting dollars for National Wildlife Refuge. They had been suffering for lack of adequate funding, particularly on the cyclical maintenance project. We were working to try to develop a budget thrust that would cover that,

particularly in California where the waterfowl and the flyway are so important.

Another big issue was winter-run Chinook salmon that was listed as endangered. Because of the short numbers, we began a program at the Coleman National Fish Hatchery, in coordination with the Bureau of Reclamation, to develop a captive broodstock to forego the extinction of the species, and try to develop an initiative that we could recover that species through the limited judicious use of captive broodstock (hatchery reared fish) to regain natural spawning in the river. In a totally innovative effort, we began using genetic testing to assure that we indeed did have a 'winter-run' Chinook and that further, when it came to mating that we would genetically pre-screen prospective adults to get the widest variety of genetic material. In cooperation with the University of California – Davis, we used their Marine Lab at Bodega Bay to rear the salt water phase of the Winter-run to maturation. Eggs collected were then reared at Coleman in its new clean water supply until release as smolts at which time suitable genetic representative fish would be returned to Bodega Bay for salt water rearing.

I wanted to mention that the Department of the Interior…one of the things that I've learned…I think, the Department of the Interior is one of the most diverse, its got to be the most difficult Department in all government to operate. You look at the mission of the thirteen Bureaus and there are some whose purpose and mission are in direct conflict. For many years the Fish and Wildlife Service was in direct conflict with the policies and the mission of the Bureau of Reclamation. They were water developers for power; they were big; they were powerful. The Fish and Wildlife Service was for conservation. BLM, their goal was for grazing [and] forestry. We had BIA [essentially for the] health, education and welfare [of Native Americans]. We had Geological Survey, which is more of a science area; we had all of these outfits, but particularly with the Bureau of Reclamation and Fish and Wildlife Service for many years the Bureau was viewed as an adversary. They were not our friends and even though they were in the Department of the Interior there was never this camaraderie, there was never a partnership or never part of the family. They were independent and at times arrogant, the 400 pound gorilla in the room.

One of the things that changed, and it changed with the negotiations with the Bureau of Reclamation, was getting this user pay funding for the operation of the Coleman National Fish Hatchery. There was a miraculous new person there and his name was Roger Paterson. He was a Regional Director in Sacramento for the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureaus most important region. He was really a breath of fresh air. He came from a different school and we were able to make a lot of headway and a lot of success. He still had to deal with his own staff, but this man was really a godsend.

Hatchery Housing

I was involved in hatchery housing and ensuing issues my entire career. First living in them and then supervising NFH's. It was never quiet, always something, things you couldn't believe. A little known benefit at the time was that since you were being forced to occupy Government quarters, a court ruling - the Boykin decision - held you could exclude the amount paid from your income tax, not a deduction but an *exclusion* from your gross income figure. Of course everyone claimed the exclusion if you had housing deducted from your pay whether you were in the standby rotation or not. Then California ruled that occupants of Government quarters had a 'possessory interest' which under California law, was taxable. When property tax bills arrived on the occupants doorstep, a firestorm erupted. A bunch of us including Forest Service, BLM, BIA got a court hearing, made our case and lost. California stood firm! After 36 years, retirement brought relief on this issue.

Coleman Hatchery (talk about the social aspect)…Coleman was a large hatchery. It always had a staff usually about eighteen to twenty people there that were full-time, plus we always had a number of temporaries, whether they were maintenance workers or temporary fish culturists or regular laborers. We always had a big staff. It was kind of a village out there. The houses that we had on the hatchery had ten houses, ten families. I can remember having Halloween parties. We'd clear out the visitor's center and set up the tables and bring in a record player. We'd dance and visit. A lot of times it was the chance to get seldom seen spouses that lived off the station, and invite friends…it was a fun ol' time.

We had one, it got so big we ended up going down in the employee's room and cleared out what we called the "boot room" where the lockers were and we had a "Reno" night. We got some paper-topped things from one of the party stores and covered the tables so that it looked like a blackjack table and a craps table. We got some chips, poker chips…we were having a Reno night and sitting there and playing games, dancing…it was high old time. After one of those times, I know one morning we went back in after Halloween and we found a pair of panties out in the lube rack area. We tried to figure out,

"now who in the world left these?" That puzzlement kept us pretty busy for a while.

Carson Hatchery, where I was Manager, was another one that had more houses than it needed. About the time when the Fish and Wildlife Service was doing away with the meat rooms, which was labor intensive, where the hatchery used to prepare all its own diets. We used to have to trim the liver and spleens and mix the feed and keep it. It was a constant job because we had to feed it fresh. About the time that we were going to buying commercial products, buying pelleted food already made, and we didn't need all that labor. But as un-luck would have, there was a little economy building work project there and the Service ended up building three duplexes in addition to the three single family houses we had there.

The U.S. Forest Service just down the road from us was expanding while we were decreasing in staff. They had a big nursery down there. They were hard up for houses and it was just a small kind of community without a lot of choice. It couldn't take a whole lot of new people coming in, and so under the Economy in Government Act we were able to rent those houses to the Forest Service. The rental receipts that we got from that were used for paying the maintenance, the painting, and that sort of stuff, maintaining the cable TV and the water and all other things that you need for living. I can remember at one time, it was at Christmas time. It was one of those beautiful snowy evenings and we had a "traveling dinner." We worked around the hatchery with the nine families. We went to one place and had our hor d'oeuvres and some drinks, and the next one for the salad course. Then on to the main entrée, then dessert then on to drinks and dancing and cavorting. Meanwhile, there were enough kids around that they kind of kept shuffling around ahead of us too and we ended up with the older kids as baby sitters. So the adults could have a really nice evening, kind of like out on the town without having to leave. It was lightly snowing the whole time. It was just one of those beautiful kind of evenings. It was colder than the devil. That Carson Hatchery was one place that could snow. It averaged right at one hundred inches of moisture a year and was right at an elevation that some years you get it all as rain, but then others years you had snow. So much, plywood boards were stored to cover the window so built-up snow sliding off the metal roofs wouldn't slide into the house. They didn't measure it by the inch; they measured it in feet.

After having noted earlier the camaraderie with the folks occupying hatchery housing I cannot omit the role of Government quarters on National Fish Hatcheries. From day 1 in fish culture it was recognized fish culture is a 24/7/365 job. Therefore quarters were included as essential in the construction and of the same priority as the hatchery building, ponds or whatever. A lot of things can happen after normal work hours - mostly all bad to catastrophic where the possibility of interruptible water supplies was concerned. Also, a quick dip into a pond with a hand net would reward the poachers. To make it work however, certain positions were identified as 'required occupants'. Usually the Manager, Assistant and lead fish culturist or other knowledgeable staff had to live in this housing as, 'a condition of employment.' Occupants paid rent. Rental surveys were conducted by the Service's Realty Division to establish rent based on prevailing rate of local similar rentals and most often an 'isolation rate factor' was included for those hatcheries out in the boondocks. The basically vacant modest house was always in good repair had as included a modern stove, refrigerator and a good working heating system. Of course, it was expected if the alarm went off in the middle of the night, you respond. It wasn't hard to convince folks that if there were no fish, there would be no need for employees.

You'd expect all was happy - not so! Some of the older occupants thought renting was pouring money down a rat hole and complained that they were unable to invest in there own home for retirement. This raised a review and the issue of 'engaged to wait' reared its head. It was judged as illegal to force a person to occupy a quarters and not pay them. After a snarling review it was decided 'standby pay' would be instituted. A rotating duty schedule would be drawn up and the person designated would be confined to station to 'standby' for that night and would be compensataed a minimal amount based on his pay scale to answer the call. If the call did come and actual work occurred then overtime pay provisions would kick in.

Whew! Settled? Not yet. A later review to evaluate how things were going determined the Service couldn't pay hourly Wage Grade employees a paltry standby sum - it had to be time and half overtime for the whole 15½ hour non-work period. This was going to break the bank if implemented and with no personnel ceilings, hiring night watchman was also out.. So with the wisdom of the Service kicking in, it was decided to re-classify the hourly rate positions to GS grade equivalents which meant business could continue as usual. You should have heard the grousing of folks claiming 'screwed.

At my retirement (I've been retired for a couple of years) I think I had one of the best careers. I didn't really aspire; I didn't want to be a Regional Director. I thought I could be more effective dealing at the lower level, dealing in the more hands-on operations area that I did rather that policy. I never really look back on that decision. I felt I could be more effective and I think that I was, and I really enjoyed doing it. My

timing was that facing another reorganization, my position would probably have been to Sacramento with the new Region 8 and Mike Spear. Nope! It was time to go

And it hasn't ended. Just before I retired, Dale Hall said to me, "Grover you're going to need something to do in retirement once you re-arrange the kitchen. I want you to be the R-1 rep to the Service's new Heritage Committee and help guide its development." So I did and by 1999 I helped form the *FWS Retirees Association*, became it first Chairman and on its Board of Directors. So 40 years later and counting, I am still actively associated in some capacity with the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service

REMINISCING

The Fish and Wildlife Service is loaded with great people, and as I looked at the people they were hiring when I retired, they were better educated, they're smarter. I look at some of what the high school curriculum is today, and I'm thinking, 'My goodness.' It's way ahead of when I was going to school. It's the same thing with the universities. We've really got some good young people, and I think the Fish and Wildlife Service is going be in good hands with continued development, training and work experience. I think the Fish and Wildlife Service has got nothing to worry about. They'll be able to accommodate, they'll be able to proceed forward and still make the good word for conservation.

Many of these people I worked with over the years across the United States (I had fourteen moves in thirty-six and a half years)…some of them were repeats. I left Portland three times and made it back each time…, but many of the people become life long friends. We still visit regularly, and I am very pleased with the way things went. Some of the folks when they retired, literally, they had a red-ass. They went out angry, they went out frustrated and as far as they were concerned they didn't care if they ever saw the Fish and Wildlife Service ever again. I'm just totally the opposite. It's still part of the extended family, but it was my time to leave.

One of the biggest changes I think I've seen in the Fish and Wildlife Service…the biggest change has to be this whole attitude, and it's the participation of the public. When I first came into the Fish and Wildlife Service the biologists were almost revered, never questioned. I mean, you met in a public setting and with a attitude you said, "Hey, I'm the biologist, this is the way it is now get out of my way and let me do it." Over the years some folks began asking, "Tell me again how you're going do this," and you tell them and they say, "Why?" Now it's the participation by the public. This is one of the biggest changes, that we do things very openly, we do it in a public forum. We have councils and task forces which sometimes make it very difficult to operate, but it was participation by the citizenry and I think this was a major change and you have to learn how to deal with it.

I see another big change and I'm not sure it's for the best, but I see our young people coming in and they come in at an entry level and they want to work their way up to RD without ever going on a job rotation or other assignments. When I came in I think it was explicit that if you moved that there were things different in New York and Florida than they were in California or Oregon, and so you took jobs and you moved around. It was sometimes hard on the family, but the two income families that we have now, where the spouse has a career of their own, you don't see the job rotation. The people want to come and then get promoted right in place without ever having any experience, and I think there's a little shortcoming. Now, there's some things that can be done by training, but the training is simply more…going into a management course on supervision or taking a technical course on how to develop 'reg's' for the endangered species program or how to run a certain computer program, but it's not the experience that you get in dealing with the folks in other states. Endangered species in Florida is different than it is on the West Coast. You have a different constituency, you have a different element that you are involved with and I think this all develops and it's all a part of job growth.

Another major change happened during my career and that had to do with diversity. The professional and management work force of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife when I came in was essentially a white ol' boys club. Anyone with a biological degree of some sort, was guy. Except for Lucile Stickle in Research and very few others, no women. No people of color, no native Americans or any of the other groups on the countable list. But that soon began to change with yeoman efforts by the Bureau and what would become the Fish & Wildlife Service, to actively pursue candidates in historic black colleges for example. It was difficult to convince a black college student that there was more then teaching and preaching and look to biology. But we did have successes. Then it was to get them the advance training and valuable experience for positions of leadership. And the change in diversity didn't end here. By the time I retired not only were there numerous very responsible position being lead by women and people of color but there were also people

with all manner of other college degrees in responsible positions. It wasn't just the racial and gender diversity that changed in the workforce but the intellectual diversity as well. And I think the Service is better off for it.

But it didn't come easy and I'm still haunted in the end with the effort to see a Native American women with a degree I mentored. She was single and the primary caregiver of a retarded brother – what an extra load to bear. Then my sponsoring her to attend the Hatchery Management Training at Spearfish, SD, work hard to see to her proper work experience and qualify her to be selected as Hatchery Manager at the Quinault NFH on her Tribal reservation in Washington. And she was overall doing a good job as supervisor and as a Service emissary, a positive example to her people and with the locals. I'm still sickened when I learned she was beaten to death in the parking lot at a local bar - what a waste and what a loss!

Some of the people that I've worked with that I really think were exemplary… . . . Lynn Greenwalt, he was the last of the career Fish and Wildlife Service employees to make it to the Director's job in my time. He really did a good job. I thought at the time he was O.K., but in retrospect seeing what he dealt with I thought his work was truly exemplary. Since that time we've had a series of political appointees as Director for the Fish and Wildlife Service, and I think they've been less than exemplary. Some of them are just non-person persons that were sitting in there, and others were extremely evil and detrimental…James Watt as Secretary, I've already mentioned.

Marv Plenart, a Regional Director in Region 1, I learned to appreciate Marv, and one lesson I learned from him is that there's always another side to the story. Marv was decisive. He was a pretty good Regional Director. He would ask for the question, but he would want to know the other side of the issue. I thought he was really good about that and that's another lesson I learned from him.

Dale Hall was the supervisor that I directly reported to when I retired. He's a Deputy Regional Director now in Atlanta. He was another one that could make a decision; he had a good grasp of things and he had the right kind of sense that when he made the decision that it wasn't off on some tangent. He could always keep on track, which I think is really good. I thought he was a good supervisor and he did give you room to fail. He allowed the decision and he backed you and I admire him a lot.

I think besides the most disappointing, besides James Watt, I'm disappointed in Babbitt too. I think his staff was far too meddling. He's too political. He's just had a big mouth that he couldn't cash in his promises, and two that come to mind were the grazing issue, grazing fee issue and the spotted owl that he was going take care of. I think he's just simply too political of an animal to be the real one. He didn't define what his role could be. And then he did the un-thinkable - he placed the Service's World leading renown, exemplary Research function with Geological Survey. What a dumb move and I'm the one with a red-ass on this issue.

Molly Beattie and Jamie Clark (that's two women Directors), while they were nice, they were personable, friendly, I liked them; they are just nice ladies that were in over their heads. Without management experience they had no way, had no concept…they just lacked the managerial skill I think is necessary to lead an organization as difficult and large as the Service is getting.

There's lots of memories Some of the things I've recounted have been kind of dry, but a career with the Fish and Wildlife Service…there are a lot of memories. Thirty-six and a half years, a lot of things are forgotten, but you remember a lot of things. I've always had a positive outlook with the Fish and Wildlife Service. I've always thought I had one of the better jobs no matter what I was doing. The Fish and Wildlife Service provided an opportunity for my wife and I, and eventually my children to live literally in the four corners of the United States. It's really thanks to Uncle Sam that on these official transfers that we got to live and experience wonderful new things, meet new people, have a new geography just living in different parts of the country. We felt that was really rewarding. We really enjoyed that. We got so that when we had the children and they were growing up, we'd pile them up in the back of the station wagon with the dog and cat; across the country we'd go. We literally had six Trans-continental moves; we transferred from California to Washington DC/Virginia area, from Oregon to Florida and then coming back. Our very first trip we went to West Virginia. We took these opportunities; we didn't try to kill ourselves and drive there in two or three days. We drove the minimum; I think it was like three hundred and sixty miles constituted a driving day. We'd get up at the regular time and do our three hundred sixty miles a day and get to a town. We'd look for an event, look for a place, get a motel. The kids would go swimming. If we had to do a load of laundry, we would do a load of laundry. So we worked it in as a paid vacation.

Those are pretty good memories. But, I also remember all the moving. After fourteen times, the thought of moving again from out of the house we're in now is almost unfathomable. In those early moves – 7 or so, you had to do all your own packing. You were provided an allowance based on weight but the actual

shipping costs took it all. You even had to scrounge boxes. Many times when I called a mover to arrange a shipment cost estimate they would want to charge for new boxes; my answer what about used boxes, if some show up on my doorstep, I'll sign with you. I had quite a collection of boxes; and any really good ones I saved form move to move.

What I also remembered was the first job, the first paycheck. I started out earning $3975 and it went to $4040, I think in a year. It's the same time that some of my college mates that were in other career areas where their starting salary was $10,000 a year. I guess that was O.K. I'd like to have had more money like a lot of folks. We weren't rich, but it was adequate, and I think we've got a pretty good life. We got our three sons through college. This was a goal that we had. We were able to work and do that. Now we have three grown men and my baby is thirty-two years old. I'm too young to have a baby thirty-two. They're leading a good life on fish hatcheries. They too have learned to appreciate the moving. They've got a very broad outlook. They always had something to talk about in show and tell when they were going to school living somewhere else.

The oldest one, he's just made major in the Army. Probably going to be career, and thanks to the Army he's got an MBA from the University of Texas. He's over on the contracting side of it. He was an economics major in college.

Our middle son Joel is the general manager of a series of bike stores here in the Portland area. He spends money like crazy buying bicycles. He buys literally millions of dollars…they sell more bicycles like you can't believe, but he's very successful in his own right.

Our youngest would love to work for the Fish and Wildlife Service. He was a graduate of the University of Portland and wanted to get into law enforcement, but he's ended up in computers now. They're just paying him too much. The competition getting into the law enforcement with the Fish and Wildlife Service was too difficult for a white male that was competing against people from California that are policemen on the forces in Fresno or Sacramento or L.A. or somewhere or just out of the military. So that didn't work out for him. He's doing well and he's a computer engineer with a medical technology firm and doing software development and trouble shooting for doctors offices for keeping records. They are all married to three wonderful women. We've got one grandson. We think that the memories that we have growing up and where we've ended up, we think these memories are all part of leading the life that we have.

When we left Carson we went to Florida, and that was really across country. Here we traded steelhead rods and chucker hunting for largemouth bass rods and swimming with manatees.. We turned in skis for snorkeling and salt water fishing equipment. It was really a change from living in the Cascades and up in the mountains up in the Gifford Pinchot and on the Wind River. To be down on the St. John's River in Florida and have access to the Keys. This was our first opportunity to buy a home. We'd been living in hatchery housing all that time or rentals when we were going to school, when we weren't on a hatchery. This was big time for us. I've always been appreciative of hatchery housing. That's one of the things that made the moves easy was that you knew that leaving one station to another that when you got to the new spot that you never saw before, that the house was going to be well maintained and in good condition. It would have a good refrigerator and range and everything would work. It may not be large, but it was clean, good repair and adequate.

Here was a chance to buy our own house. This was in 1977. I'd been working seventeen years and this was the first time we'd buy a house. We bought a house on Hibernia Island in Florida, and there we had a lot of personal growth. The kids were into school, beginning just into high school, the oldest one. The other one was of course in grammar school. They were big enough to appreciate a lot of these things in that the community, not living out in the…fourteen miles from town. We had a lot of personal growth out there. The kids grew up; we grew up too. We lived in a neighborhood that was heavy in military officers. We had Naval Academy graduates; it was a big navy town. We had a lot of people that were in the military and having transferred around the world and then having Fish and Wildlife Service in the transfer, heck they didn't bat on eye on that. It was the way they were. They always had good welcoming parties for the people that came into the neighborhood and goodbye parties as well. We also had our church life and our church group. My wife, Judy, played the organ and I was on the vestry. By the time I left there I was the senior warden for our little church on Hibernia. It was really personal growth. We remembered that and we remembered those things well.

Those are some of my thoughts and memories that sticks with you after thirty-six years in the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.