MR. RICHARD RODGERS AND HOPE RODGERS

…To provide a complete picture, it is necessary to go back some considerable distance in history. I need to go back and mention my father, and where I came from. My father grew up in North Dakota. His folk's homestead was just north of McKenzie, which is about eighteen miles east of Bismarck. They homesteaded there in 1882. My father naturally, grew up in that area. His parents were farmers, as was he for a long time. Then, in the early 1930's, 1934 to be specific, he was hired by an individual called M. O. Steen, who was involved in the early days of acquiring refuges from lands that had been returned to counties or states for taxes. 'Resettlement lands' I believe, was the correct terminology. My father was involved in the acquisition phase. Actually they were the evaluation of these wetlands that had potential to be part of the National Wildlife Refuge system. At that time it was the Bureau of Biological Survey of course. And Steen was charged with locating these lands. My father was involved with evaluating these lands for their potential as Wildlife Refuges. That was in 1934. A logical question of course would be 'why was my father involved?' with this. He had no formal education in the biological sciences, but he was an avid hunter, as were many of the people who grew up in North Dakota at that time. He was one of the best 'wing shots' I ever saw. He definitely knew what it took to constitute a waterfowl area, and that's why he was involved. For record, my father's name was Wilbert A. Rodgers. In the years that followed he and the family moved first to Billings, Montana. He had office up in Billings, which was involved with the construction phase of various works that were performed on the Refuges largely by WPA crews, The Works Progress Administration crews. My father was involved with these first at Billings, and then he was moved to the Regional Office, which was in Denver at the time. He was there for several years and them moved back to Billings, Montana. At about this time was when the two organizations; the old Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and the Bureau of Biological Survey were fused to form the new Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. As part of this, there was the move to Billings, and then a move to Roundup where he was involved with the management of some of these what are now called easement Refuges. There were a number of satellite Refuges. He was there for a number of years. Then he moved to Fort Peck, which is now Charlie Russell, where he was involved in the administration for several years. Then he moved as manager to the Deer Flat Refuge just outside of Napa, Idaho. Then finally to the Turnbull National Wildlife Refuge just outside of Spokane, Washington. This is where he retired in either 1966 or 1967.

I was born on the eighteenth of January 1928. So it's event that from about the age of six onward, I was directly involved with Refuges. Primarily living on them, or living with someone who was directly involved with Refuges in an administrative way, specifically, my father. So my involvement goes back a long, long way. Growing up as I did on Refuges, my interests were very much as to be expected. I thoroughly enjoyed

hunting and to a lesser degree, fishing. At a very early age I learned to operate such things as tractors and so forth that would be completely impossible to do in this day and age because there were Refuge tractors. I learned what it takes for equipment maintenance and how things were built. Many of the things that people learn later in life nowadays, I picked up simply because I grew up on the Refuges. I went to High School at Napa, Idaho. Napa was the town adjacent to the Deer Flat Refuge. I came of age, and when to High School there. That's where I met Hope. I finished High School in Napa in 1946. World War II was just over and the best way to get a college education was to go in the Service [military] even though the hostilities had just briefly ended. The GI Bill was still in force. This, I did. I graduated in June of 1946 and entered the Army in August of 1946. I spent two years as an enlisted person as an airplane engine mechanic with the Army. The Air Force has not been split off as of yet. It was an Army liaison unit. Then, I came and entered Utah State University. At that time it was Utah State Agricultural College. I entered into the Wildlife Department and spent four years there. I graduated in 1952. In the mean time, Hope and I were married. We had our first daughter while we were still in school. When I went into the Military, Hope went into Nurse's training. She completed her training in Napa at Mercy Hospital and various other locations where she took some special courses. When we moved to Logan, for school, she went to work as a R.N. That's when I was completing my schoolwork.

As the end of the senior year approached, the usual flurry of applications for jobs occurred. Mine was a small graduating class. There were something like sixteen or seventeen people. Those that had positive responses and accepted positions got ready to leave. And those that didn't largely stuck around and decided to go to graduate school or do something else. We had an offer for the Federal Entrance Examination, and squeezed by. I was offered a position at Fort Peck as a member of the Range Survey team. It was still Fort Peck. It hadn't been changed to Charlie Russell National Wildlife Refuge yet. In mid June Hope and I loaded up a horse trailer with all of our worldly goods. There was a horse trailer and our little Chevy sedan. With our daughter, we headed northward over the passes towards north eastern Montana, and the town of Fort Peck. We were lodged right in the old town of Fort Peck, which was constructed when the dam was being built in the mid 1930s. The houses were supposedly temporary houses at that point. But they had been patched and repatched, and were still being used, so we were assigned one and we moved in. It was somewhat primitive, but the basics were there. We were able to settle in and I settled into the routine of the Survey, which in the initial phases meant a week or so in the field, and back on the weekends. As it went on, the eight hundred thousand acres, or whatever it was, of the range; as we got out into distant areas we'd stay out for ten days, and come in for four. I settled into that routine. And Hope settled into the routine in the town. One of the positive aspects was that the Manager of Fort Peck at that time, was Frederick Staunton. He is a long time friend, and a personal friend of my fathers. We had known each other for a long time so it was fortuitous, and perhaps some special privilege was shown someplace along the line. But anyway, it was nice to be there with someone I knew on my first duty station. Then shortly thereafter, our

second daughter arrived on December 29, 1953. The temperature in Glasgow, where Hope was in the Hospital was forty-nine degrees below zero. It was a chilly welcome. We were there at Fort Peck until February of 1954. At that time I transferred to Red Rock Lakes, near Menida, Montana, a Trumpeter Swan area. Initially, I was the only one that moved up because our daughter was a bit too young to go there. Hope spent a few weeks with my parents at the Turnbull Refuge in Washington. The trip in was somewhat interesting. The household goods were transferred by commercial transport and they went from Fort Peck to Menida. At that time of the year everything beyond Menida out into the Centennial Valley is snowbound. There was no way that the commercial vehicle could make the trip, so our goods such as they were, and they were all we had, were offloaded and stored in a small garage adjacent to one of the saloons in Menida. That's about all there was in Menida. I think there were three saloons, and one grocery store. It was necessary to bring a V8 Cat from the Refuge which was twenty some miles up the valley into Medina. It was necessary to bring it cross-country because the roads in many places had simply disappeared under the snow. I walked the Cat into Menida followed by a two and a half ton truck. The household good were loaded onto the truck and we followed it back in. There was a snow, ground blizzard at the time and you had to keep the tractor in view because a short distance behind you the road was blown shut again. It was an interesting trip across country, over frozen streams etcetera, into the little town of Lake View. During the trip, our goods were fairly shaken of course, but only one thing was lost and never found again. That was a small desk of our daughters. It's still out there someplace in the wilds I assume. We arrived in Lake View, and moved into a private cabin; that's actually what it was. It was in on the north side of the one street that went down the middle of the old cow town, which is actually what it was. It was exactly what you see in the old western movies. At one time, the main activity in the valley had been cattle, in fact, it still was. This cabin had one room in front. It had been separated down the middle lengthwise with a partition. One side passed for the living room. The other side was the girls bedroom, and ours altogether. Along the back of the cabin another area was partitioned off, and this was our kitchen. The plumbing was out behind in a little shed a short distance away. The water supply was a roaring spring out in the other direction, outside of the house. Electricity had arrived in Lake View just a few months before. In fact, the previous fall. The power to this cabin via an armored cable. It was simply strung over the snow drifts into the house with a couple of bulbs hanging from the ceiling. That was it. It was somewhat primitive. We heated the cabin with a barrel heater in the front room, and a big old cook stove in the kitchen area. At night you would stoke the stove up with wood until it got red hot. There was a fire in the stove in the kitchen also, but not that warm. We'd go to bed, and on many nights we'd have to get up in the middle of the night and do the process all over again. The cabin was such that the logs on the inside were exactly the same logs that you would see on the outside. There was simply some chinking between the logs, but no insulation. It was right on the edge of being primitive. But we survived. That was with one daughter several years old. And when my wife was able to arrive and we got her into the valley, the youngster was young and Hope was having some health problems. We were up there

by ourselves. The Manager of the Refuge was "Win" Bankle, and his wife Connie and their sons. At the little town there was still a Ranch Headquarters. And there was a Ranch on one edge of the little town. The Headquarters held the Lewisons, and several ranch hands for the winter. There was also a small school on the edge of the town. They did have a schoolteacher. Several youngsters attended there. It was out in the country, definitely. The mail arrived by what was called 'snow plane' at the time. They were home built contraptions consisting of skis, usually two in the back. With an airplane engine mounted backwards with a pusher prop installed and some kind of very primitive cabin in front to keep out the coldest of the blast. That's the way mail arrived. And that's the way we got around in the wintertime to the degree that we had to. It was a Trumpeter Swan area, and there were some springs up at the upper end of the valley where the Trumpeters were fed grain. In the wintertime it was necessary to make the trip up there several times a week. This was done with Refuge snow planes. We had two at the time. They are also built by the Refuge. And they were interesting contraptions. Safety people would simply go away and hide these days to see something like that; with those huge, big engines and those big props with very little protection between the people running the machines and the parts rotating with great vigor a short distance behind. That was our station. We arrived there and there were many interesting occurrences. We were at Red Rock until October of 1956. At the urging of Refuge Supervisor McDonald, who said that one Rodgers in the Region, specifically my father, was probably all we really should have; I was encouraged to look at a different Region to spread things around a little bit. To was to take away any view that there might be undo favoritism, or that sort of thing. It was implied, but never really said that way. And it was for the good of the order. At the time I was not too happy with it. But anyway, I had the opportunity to go to Crystal Lake in Nebraska. We did this in October of 1956, and we stayed there for eight years. It was very interesting. I'll touch on that a little bit later. We left there in about 1964 when we had the opportunity to go to Arrowood in North Dakota. The address was Kentsel. The Refuge area and the associated wetlands were all part of the responsibility of Arrowood. I went there as the Manager. I had been the Manager at Crystal Lake. And I had been an Assistant Manager when I was at Red Rock. When I was at Arrowood it was interesting also. It was a different part of the world, and a different country. I was there until the summer of 1966. I then transferred to the William L. Finley National Wildlife Refuge complex located just south of Corvallis, Oregon. There, our daughters graduated from High School and started on to College. The oldest was married there. It is a fascinating area. I'll touch upon some of the details of that later. On June 22, 1977 I reported for work in the Portland Regional Office as one of the individuals involved in the BLHP program. At the stage I was also involved with the youth programs for a short time. Most of the time, I was in a staff position in Refuges in the Regional Office. I retired on the 3rd of January in 1988. The last six years that I was in the Regional Office, I was on collateral duty as the Director of the Refuge Management Training Academy. My direction came from the Washington office, but the actual duty station was still retained as Portland. It was the best of all worlds, but it did involve some commuting. After I retired, I was directly involved very heavily with the National

Wildlife Refuge Association. I had been a member since its inception. I became involved and went through the various officer positions and was with them for about nine years after I retired. The last four years of those, I was the President of the organization. That ended my direct involvement.

Now, we'll go back and have Hope give some recollections that she has from some of the various places and maybe I'll add a few more specific incidents that come to mind, as we went through a long and interesting career.

MR. RODGERS: When did we first meet?

MRS. RODGERS: We knew each other in High School. And Dick was the ornery guy in Biology class who argued with the teacher all of the time. I didn't like him at all. I guess we started dating when we were juniors in High School. He went into the Service. And I went into nurses training in 1946. I was in that for three years. He came back after two years and went to college at Utah State. When I graduated from nurses training I worked at the Hospital in Napa until we got married in December of 1949. Then, we moved to Logon, Utah where he was a student. He was, I believe a junior, and I got a job working nights in the Hospital on the Maternity ward, which was great in a college town. We were really busy. I worked there for a while and then I went to work in a Doctor's office, which I liked a lot more. Our oldest daughter was born September 9, 1951. When she was nine months old, Dick went to work for the Service. We moved from Logan to Fort Peck with all of our worldly goods in a trailer. It was pulled behind an old Chevy, which we stopped every few miles so we could put water in it. When we got to Fort Peck we lived in what had been government housing. While we were there we became very good friends with the people who were on the Survey with Dick. We played cards a lot with Bernadine and Casey Jones. They were real good to us. Any time we'd need a babysitter or anything like that, they were right there. Casey taught Sheila to swear. So when Dick's mother came, why, she could surprise Grandma. On December 29, 1953 or youngest daughter, Monica, was born in Glasgow, Montana. It was 49 degrees below zero. We had to go about twenty miles to the Hospital. Dick fired up that old Chevy, and just took us in there. I went home from the Hospital with Monica and about ten days later I became very ill and had to back to the Hospital. Dick's mother came to Fort Peck to help take care of me and the two children. I went back to Spokane with Grandma when Dick went to Red Rock. He was transferred to Red Rock. After about six weeks, I went to Red Rock with the two girls, a baby, and a three year old. We lived in a two-room cabin. Dick put the electricity in. He ran a wire from someplace into the cabin so we had one light bulb. We washed with a pitcher and basin. We hauled water in from the well. We had a big old stove. We had two stoves. There was a wood cook stove that I cooked on. And we had a heating stove that he used to fire up at night. It got very hot. I don't remember how long we lived there. Then we moved into the cook shack, which was a great big old house where they had cooked for the ranch hands. It had Bats in its belfry. It was a big house. That's where I got my first washing machine. I got an Easy Spin

Dry. It was my first washing machine. I still cooked on a wood stove, but I remember that that wood stove made the best cinnamon rolls and bread. I made bread every week in it. It cooked real well. We heated our water in a tank on the stove. One time, Dick's folks came to visit us. His dad was the Manager at Turnbull at that time. They came to visit and brought Dick's nephew who was six or eight years old. We were all sitting at the dinner table and Grandma was holding Monica. Bruce, the nephew, picked up his hat and a Bat flew out. Grandma screamed and jumped and almost dropped the baby! We lived there, and we waited and we waited. They were building a new house. Supposedly, we were supposed to get that new house when it was finished. Just before it was finished, why, Dick was transferred to Crescent Lake in Nebraska. Again, as usual, every place we went we made good friends with all of the Service people. The men worked of course, and the women got together for birthday parties and things like that. I remember one time; I took the baby and Sheila who was about two years old to a birthday party. I had to pull them in a sled. Dick had made a sled out of an old dynamite box. We went to the neighbor's house to the birthday party. I came home and asked Dick how cold it was. He said, "Oh, thirty-two below." Here, I had had those kids out in that weather of thirty-two below. That was our time when we met the Bancos. Wynn was a Manager there and Connie was God's blessing. Anything she could do to help us, she did. She was so good. Then the next stop was Crescent Lake.

I worked in Logan until Dick graduated. Then, I didn't get an opportunity to work. I worked at Fort Peck a little bit. I was working for the Corps of Engineers, and he was working for the Fish and Wildlife Service. Then, I didn't get another opportunity to work because we were so isolated, and I was also taking care of the girls. When we moved to Corvallis, I went back to school. I was not registered. I didn't have a license in Oregon. So I went back to school. I got my license for Oregon. I never did actually work for pay. I volunteered a lot. When we moved up to Portland I volunteered at the High Schools. And I was accredited as a High School Nurse. The girls both graduated from Corvallis High School. Sheila met her husband Ron, in Corvallis. He had lived in Corvallis all of his life. He was on the Track team. They didn't meet in high school. They met in college. I think Sheila was twenty-one when they got married. Monica graduated from Corvallis High School in 1972 and graduated from the University of Oregon. Then, she went to the University of Kansas in Russian Literature. We were in Corvallis for eleven years. That was a lot of time on the road. It seemed like I was always in the car going some place. I was taking the girls here and there, or something. We enjoyed Corvallis.

MR. RODGERS: We lived on the Refuge.

MRS. RODGERS: It was fifteen miles from the house to Corvallis. We used to go to concerts at Gill Coliseum. We went to all of the football and basketball games at Oregon State University. We became Oregon State fans and couldn't stand the University of

Oregon. Eleven years later, we moved to Portland and that was the first time I had ever lived in town.

After we moved to Gresham, we bought our first house in Gresham. It's a suburb of Portland. We had real nice neighbors. Dick was gone all of the time because he was commuting between; at first Corvallis and Portland. Then he had the training school in Nebraska. He was gone an awful lot. I started to play golf, and bowl, and a few things like that. Then we moved out here, where we live now. It's close to Sandy, Oregon.

MR. RODGERS: We're about twenty-two miles from downtown Portland.

MRS. RODGERS: I still bowl, but I don't golf any more. We now have three grandchildren. The oldest one is Casey. He is twenty-seven and lives in Corpus Christy, Texas. Shawn is twenty-three. She lives in Washington up near Bremerton. And Grace, the youngest one lives in Silverdale, Washington. Casey is an Assistant Manager for the car rental company Enterprise. The girls are still trying to find their way. We've been married for; it will be fifty-one years in December.

MR. RODGERS: Because this is for the record, I'll add a few thoughts that occurred to me about the various stations. Just some things that will give those who are interested the flavor of just what it was like to be on Refuges during that era. Starting with Fort Peck, which was our first duty station out of college; Fort Peck which is now Charlie Russell, of course. The game range stretched for something like one hundred and eighty miles along the Fort Peck Reservoir, which was formed in the mid 1930s when the Fort Peck Dam was constructed across the Missouri River. It had several reasons for being. It was actually built during the period when the government was trying to make any kind of job it could. It sounded like a good idea to dam the river and control some of the flood surges, etc. But it was a huge reservoir. It was very long. It was built in an area that had relatively little human population. The value as a Refuge was somewhat questionable. The original reason for its establishment was for something like Sharptails and Pronghorn Antelope. It did have waterfowl values in some of the bays. And there were other values later on such and Elk and Deer along the breaks. Actually, the reservoir was formed in what is called 'the Missouri River Breaks' which are the eroded lower area, which comes of the high lands. The surrounding highlands could be looked at as a pool table and then the various watercourses eroded down and made gullies and canyons that lead down to the river below. There were a whole series of these. It was wild and rugged country. There was grazing on the area that was assumed to be in conflict with some of the wildlife uses. But there was no real handle on it. Range survey mapping was in its infancy at that time; or range survey evaluation was. The range survey that I was assigned to when I arrived was an attempt to get some kind of a handle on just what was there as far as grazing potential as it related to wildlife and domestic cattle. The procedure was to use aerial photography with acetate overlays on the photographs. On these photographs we would find the reference marks, or the things we could identify on the photos. We would

'ground truth' them. The photo would then be used to walk the photo. It usually amounted to four square miles on each photo. We'd map the gross vegetation and communities. Of course we had to be able to identify the vegetation and those that were predominate where broken down into types. Then we'd get some idea of the density of the various types. It was an inexact science. We kind of learned, as we would go along. It was a rather huge undertaking. As I indicated earlier on, there was a crew chief, an assistant crew chief, and three of the rest of us who worked on the details. Everyone mapped, but that was kind of the breakdown. Our equipment in the field was a Dodge Power wagon. It was a successor to the old military M-37. There were also a couple of ex-GI ambulances, which we used to live in actually during the time when we were in the field. We were mobile. We didn't have any facilities to stay in because there simply weren't any. In that part of the country, any kind of resident ranch or anything else were few and far between. This is what we were doing. We'd work during the summer time and then during the nasty weather in the winter, and there was a lot of that, we'd pull in and do the mapping. We'd reduce the material that we gathered in the field to a form that was hopefully useful for evaluation. Most of the country was indeed very attractive. It would get very dry in the summer time. There were various wooded species in the 'draws' or in the gullies and the canyons leading down to the river. In many places there were very large, seldom disturbed Deer. The Prairie Grouse, or Sharp tailed Grouse were there. The smaller birds that you would find on the prairie were there in abundance. As a note of interest; on the south side of what is called the Hacksby Triangle, which is essentially south, across the reservoir from Fort Peck; a reputed character of ill will you might say, called Benny Binion lived. He was a large individual in Las Vegas at the time. He had a ranch on some private property. It was one of the ones that the gates were all guarded and they had their own airstrip, etc. We occasionally had to go through edges of his property to get where we needed to go. We had no problem on our survey, but we were treated with degree of suspicion. We had all kinds of fantasies about what was going on Benny Binion's ranch out there in the as near nowhere as possible to get. This area had been, in the time of antiquity one of the wintering areas for a migrating herd of Buffalo. During the winter the Buffalo would move into the more sheltered canyons and so forth to get out of the nasty prairie winds. Very often the lower part of the draws would be covered with snow, and the animals would simply fall through and be trapped. There were places where you could see Buffalo bones in the bottom of these draws for just as far as you could see. There were skulls and bones. They must have died in these areas in the hundreds of thousands over the many, many years. Also very interesting on some of the higher head lands which were part of that flat, 'pool table' that I talked about which hadn't been eroded away; if the light was just right, you could see teepee rings. There were just one after another for great lengths. They were obviously traditional camping areas for the Native Americans who called that part of the world their home for many thousands of years. The question that we had all of the time was; because these were teepee rings on the high flatlands where there was very little water, how in the world did the people get the water that they needed to simply live? Probably, they simply had to haul it up by whatever means, from the draws and canyons adjacent. It's probably

that they built on these uplands for security, so that they could see what was coming around. And also, to escape the insects because on the uplands, there were always breezes blowing across the prairie, which was certainly not that case down in these canyons. This was interesting. You would see the teepee rings, and if you looked very carefully you could find the fire pits in the middle and speculate on who had been there before.

Red Rock National Wildlife Refuge is located in the Centennial Valley, with an elevation of something like seven thousand feet. It's in the area immediately to the west of Yellowstone National Park, about fifty miles from the Park. It is a high valley with a series of lakes, leading eventually down the valleys to the west. This is the area where the remnant population of Trumpeter Swans was discovered in the mid 1930s. The Refuge was made specifically in an effort to save some of the habitat for the Trumpeters. It had been, and still is, I assume primarily a cattle grazing, with some sheep economy. There had been a number of small ranches in the homesteading days. These of course, as a general rule had been reduced to a comparatively few large ranches. By the time we were there, some of the old log ranch houses, which were falling down, were still visible. But the Trumpeters nested in and lived on the Red Rock lakes. During the winter they would go over one of the divides into Idaho and winter along one of the various branches of the Snake River, and sometime over on the Madison River. These areas would stay open during the very severe winters and kept running water. There was one pond, two ponds actually, on the Refuge itself that also had some warmth in them. They stayed open during the winter. A number of swans stayed on those. It was the policy at that time to feed grain to these birds to kind of help them. Because they are big birds, and they would rapidly go through the natural vegetation that existed on the ponds in the Refuge. Almost everything was frozen over, so they needed some kind of supplement, and that was provided. I suspect that that is no longer the case, doing that sort of thing. It was a harsh duty station, as far as living. It started to usually snow in late September. By late October the roads could be impassible and quite likely, they would stay that way until March or April in the spring. There were no track vehicles in use at that time. Snowmobiles or bombardier-type vehicles were not available. Home made air sleds were used. They were simply skis with an airplane engine prop turned around. And it was a real experience to run one of those over the snow and try to keep them controlled and prevent the torque from twisting you around in a circle, tipping you over, and many other things. There were many interesting rides. One of the problems with them was the icing of the carburetor because of the conditions. You'd end up with a stalled engine sitting in a minor blizzard, which was not the most pleasant experience. To my knowledge, no body was lost, just a lot of people got quite uncomfortable at times.

The normal staff complement at Red Rock at that time was a Manager, and an Assistant/Clerk, one or two maintenance people. Wynn Banco who was the Manager when I was there was working on what became the monograph of the Trumpeter Swan. This occupied the majority of his time. Consequently, I learned the intricacies of Refuge

administration in the field at that station because that sort of thing fell to me. There was everything from the correspondence, to keeping the books, etc. Those were the days when it was necessary to reconcile your financial records to the penny, even if it took days to find where you were off one penny. But I learned about the rules, regulations, manuals, etc, etc. It was a fine learning experience. And Wynn was a true jewel as far as being helpful and being the sort of person that you want to have when you are learning that sort of thing. One interesting little note: at that time it was quite common on isolated stations when you had visiting people, why, they stayed with someone on the staff. There were no other facilities. You didn't go running off into town. Town was a long ways away, over a nasty road. On one occasion, a private organization that has some leases on some phosphate land in a valley above the Refuge; it was necessary to cross the Refuge to get there, had been making noises about building a spur railroad into the valley to haul out the phosphate for processing for fertilizer. Salyer, in his way of course, often dealt with things directly. He showed to deal with this directly. He met with one of the representatives from Union Pacific and before the man from the railroad could even give his name, Mr. Salyer berated him and accused him of all sorts of things that people should never be accused of. The man simply left. Mr. Salyer was still there and he did not have a place to stay. At that time the Bancos had no extra room. Wynn Banco was the Manager and he had the only Refuge house. We, at that time were living in the Red Dog Saloon, which was the second place that we had lived in after we got to Red Rock. We first moved into the little cabin that Hope described. Then, we ended up living in the cookhouse that she described. In between, for a while we had lived in the Red Dog Saloon. And that's exactly what it was. Lakeview was what was originally called a 'cow town'. It was the place that had a store, a livery stable and a bar or two. That's what it was, an old 'cow town' much like you see in the movies. The place that we moved into which was privately owned, because there was no Refuge housing, had originally been a saloon. It consisted of a long room, with a "t" at the end. It was all made out of logs. The long room toward the front had been partitioned to make a bedroom. At the other end, there was the bedroom for Hope, I, and the kids. We had a kitchen. The decision was made to ask Mr. Salyer to stay with us. Hope cooked a meal. For those of us that knew Mr. Salyer, knew that he loved to eat. He indeed showed that that was true. Hope cooked a meal that he complemented her on greatly. Then it was time to go to bed. It happened to be in early fall. But up there in that part of the country, it gets cold early. The temperature started to drop, and as was our custom we built; there was also a barrel stove in the front room and a cook stove in the kitchen, we fired up the barrel stove and got it nice and popping hot. We all went to bed. An hour or so later we heard a rustling from the front part of the saloon, in Mr. Salyer's direction. It turned out that he felt like he was freezing to death. So we hunted up all of the extra blankets that we could find, re-stoked the fire, and were able to get through the rest of the evening without completely freezing our Chief. In the morning, he, in his conversations with Wynn Banco said, "I want to have, in that private dwelling, a hot water heater, and a new stove". In those days, that being a private dwelling not government property, that was a detail. We very shortly had a new stove and a hot water heater, which we had not had previously. That's

how things were done. It was a fascinating time, and one of several when I had the opportunity to meet and work with Mr. Salyer. That is one of the interesting incidents.

While at Red Rock, I was involved with the early stages of moving some Trumpeters to various places; specifically, to Malheur, in Oregon. We would capture and band the birds and then we moved, hopefully family groups to attempt to establish populations elsewhere. The ones at Malheur persisted for some time and then they moved on to the Summer Lake area in Oregon. While there, I helped developed a particular locking, stainless steel band for use on the Trumpeters. The normal aluminum bands were no problem for them [to get off]. They would simply reach down and spread them apart and take them off. It was an extremely interesting exercise. We lived the year round in the sort of thing that people now spend all year working so that they can spend two weeks in the same kind of location; if that makes any sense.

When we moved from Crescent Lake from Red Rock the change in scenery was quite dramatic. Crescent Lake National Wildlife Refuge is located in the Sand Hills of Nebraska, and they are exactly that. The sand is the material that was deposited over the geologic ages from the lands farther to the west in Wyoming. They are literally wind deposited material that had blown out of Wyoming and dropped in Nebraska. The areas closest to Wyoming are more course sand. As you get farther the east, they are a more fine material that floated longer before it settled out. It's quite that simple. But literally, there are several hundred thousand acres of rolling sand dunes. From the air, you can see them and they look like ripples on the beach. They were one of the last areas to be homesteaded in that part of the country because it was almost impossible to grow crops. Those were the provisions of the original homesteading laws. You had to grow crops to improve upon your land. You'd try to grow a crop there and it would simply blow away. There are very few watercourses in the Sand Hills because they are much like a large sponge. There is lots of water, but that water really is the ground water that appears in the low part between the sand dunes. So rather than having connected watercourses, usually, you would have isolated lakes much like the area farther north that were scowered by the glaciers. They were simply a series of potholes. They did at times attract very large numbers of waterfowl. This was especially the case before many of the lakes became fouled with carp, and other types of rough fish. But especially the carp that simply eliminated the native food supply and made it less attractive to waterfowl than it once was. But there was still a degree of nesting. They were located at a latitude that was located right on the edge of the northern nesting area. Many birds that attempted to nest there were late birds of the year before that had only made a short migration. All of this added up to a lesser production of waterfowl than would seem evident by looking at the land, which looked like it would be very attractive for waterfowl production. Over the years, after the initial homesteading, grazing was the common industry. And as often happens, it was abused. Heavy grazing simply took the native vegetation, the tall grass off. Once that was removed the sand would start to blow and there were great areas that were completely denuded and were moving sand dunes. Part of this unfortunately, was

the Refuge. That's one of the reasons that they were able to purchase it for a Refuge. It was about forty-six thousand acres of rolling sand dunes, much of it covered with grass, Yucca, the Spanish bayonet, and various other indigenous plants. The Refuge, because of the grazing still had a residue of grazing use on it. It was much in demand by ranchers. When I arrived, unfortunately, the grazing was completely out of control. It was more of a grazing refuge than any attempt at a waterfowl refuge. So there was some period of adjustment. One of these was an attempt to reduce the grazing down to a more manageable level, which resulted in an attempt to get me moved or fired, or whatever by the ranchers. This was forced, if you will, by the ranchers who contacted their local political types. There was a hearing at which I was in the "hot seat". But I was backed up very eagerly by Mr. Harvey Nelson. We got some unexpected help from another one of the Senators, other than Mr. Miller who was the one that called me. We were able to hold our ground, and make the reductions that we had indicated; up to between a half and a quarter of what the previous usage was. We got very much into the grazing management with the assistance of Dr. Donald Berzloff of the Soil Conservation Service. We developed a program of grazing which nowadays is called "rest-rotation". We worked on that, and put it in play before it even had a name. In fact, I gave a paper on it at the Range Society meeting in New Orleans shortly after we put it in force. It was an interesting time. From the ranchers, there was a degree of hostility early on, after the change in grazing rights. But once they saw that the "rest-rotation" grazing had some merit and that it did indeed, not put them out of business but helped to restore some of the overused pastures, they became friends. And to this day, many, many years later, we still hear from some of the folks back there at Christmas time. The ranks are getting very thin, but the point was made and rather than getting us moved, we stuck around for about eight years. Driving in the sand hills was something. And as Hope indicated in her discourse, she went over it lightly. But traveling over those sand hill trails with youngsters when most of the draws are covered with snow; and you don't know whether if you slow down you'll get stuck in the sand, or the snow, it's not something that's encountered very often in this day and age. At this time we can look back on it with fondness. That sort of thing simply doesn't exist any more.

Before we leave Crescent Lake, there is one other incident that perhaps gives an idea of the type of operation in those times, two others actually. One of them was that originally of course, Prairie Dogs were very common in the Sand Hills, but through the diligent efforts of our then Predator and Rodent Control Division and the ranchers they were completely eliminated from the area that was Crescent Lake. To me it seemed that they were a part of what was originally there. Therefore, they should be returned. So in the days before EIS or anything like that, I made a trip to the Fort Niobrara Refuge up near Valentine, Nebraska that still had a resident population of Prairie Dogs. Using a fire truck and hoses that were directed down into Prairie Dog burrows, we were able to flush out a number of the little critters. We caught them in sacks and transported them back to Crescent Lake. Here, I went to one of the meadow several miles east of headquarters and turned them loose. Before long, there were Prairie Dogs scattering in all directions. There

were calls made to the Regional office of this crazy individual who had been bringing Prairie Dogs back to the Sand Hills after the great effort to reduce them. Once in a while they would set in one of the burrows and hurt themselves. Therefore, they should all remain gone. [Prairie Dogs] I was instructed by our Regional office that this was not a good idea, and that I should take a necessary measures to see that the Prairie Dogs no longer existed. This was done by using direct methods. But it was one of those things that kind of illustrates that there is some merit in getting a second opinion when one has an impulse to do such a thing as this. Another incident: at that time it was very much encouraged to reestablish such things a Canada Geese, which at one time nested in the hills. We had a resident flock of Canada Geese as part of this effort. They were largely brailed birds that were brought in from the creek and several other places on the Refuge. They were kept in a flock, and were hoped to be the nucleus of a new flock. There were several instances when they were kept in a large, fenced pen immediately adjacent to headquarters. There were raccoon problems where they would get into the pen and run the geese up into a corner and dine on ones that they could catch. And a time or two, they escaped and being migratory critters, they started to migrate north, overland. They couldn't fly. Most of them had been wing clipped or brailed. They started to migrate simply by walking north. At one time our primary Lab [retriever dog] who was a fantastic animal retrieved almost the entire flock. I am not sure what the total number was, but it was something like fifty birds. She'd run them down, bowl them over and pick them up in her mouth, bring it back and go pick up the next one. So, we able to recover almost the entire flock of birds. As part of this, we experimented with various kinds of nesting structures for the geese. Perdition from Coyotes and Raccoons was a serious problem. Nesting highlands of various types were developed. These included structures built from sheet metal and 4'x4's, and a few old logs. There were very few trees in the Sand Hills, but sometimes there were few old Cottonwood trees that we used. We'd piled them up and make a nesting island. Also, one of the less esthetic efforts was that we simply obtained some wrecked automobiles and put them out on the ice. And when the ice melted, they settled in and formed the base for the geese nesting platforms. In connection with this; one time during the winter when we were building the islands we were using a dump truck. We made a form and used to truck to haul out the soil. The idea was that it would form an island in the spring. It seemed like a good idea, and worked reasonably well until a little bit later on in the spring when the ice started to melt. We had the unfortunate occurrence of dropping the rear end of a two and half ton truck through the ice. The lake was quite shallow, something like between two and three feet deep. There sat the truck with the rear end down on the bottom. Fortunately, it was empty, or we made it empty by raising the bed. With the front up on the ice, the question was how we would retrieve it? Again, fortunately it was pointed towards the shoreline, and after much cogitation, and scratching of heads we ended up employing a neighbors D-8 Cat. We had nothing of that side on the Refuge. The neighbors used the D-8 to move haystacks in the winter for feeding the cattle. We used the D-8. We took a long cable and hooked it to the front of the truck. Because we were afraid that we would pull the truck in two if we tried to pull it up on the ice, we took some dynamite that we

had in the shed and blew a path through the ice to the shoreline. We dropped the truck down on the bottom. There was a little problem getting the cable hooked to the truck but this was done. We dropped it down on the bottom and pulled it out. The only damage to the truck actually, was the bending of one of the front fenders where some of the ice was not cleared away as far as it should have been. Pictures of this were taken and duly recorded in the narrative. I later received a rather discreet note from Mr. Carpenter to the effect that; these sort of things happened and it looked as though we had solved our problem, but it probably was not the best thing in the world to record them photographically and report them in a narrative report. That's one of the things that happen over the years.

The Sand Hills are a very unique area where there are very few roads and you simply go across country. For instance, once when I got a long ways away from headquarters and dislocated a knee. There was nothing to do. That was in the days before radios. There was nothing to do but try to get the Jeep back and go through innumerable gates. This required one to get out of the vehicle, go open the gate, drive through, get out and shut the gate and drive to the next one; with a leg that was not functioning. I got it done, but at the time it seemed like a long process. From Crescent Lake, on to Arrowood and eastern central North Dakota. One thing more about Crescent Lake; the staff at Crescent Lake at that time was this, I was the Manager, there was Clerk and there were two maintenance people. That was the normal compliment of staff. At Arrowood, the staff compliment was as follows; I was the Manager and at that time Arnold Cruise was the Assistant Manager dealing primarily with the wetlands, which was a relatively new program at the time. There was a Clerk and two or sometimes three maintenance type individuals.

Arrowood was and old, established area on the James River. There were a series of impoundments along the river. Also under the responsibility of this area were the easement areas through the good part of North Dakota and the wetlands areas that had just been added. It was in the [sounds like] Coetoe country, the glaciated area of this part of the upper plains. From the air you see potholes all the way to the horizon where the glaciers had scoured out these low spots. This became the so-called pothole region. The efforts at Arrowood were again, the newer efforts where there was an attempt to use controlled burning. The Research Station at Jamestown was being built at the time when I was there. The Substation out at Woodward, which was west of the Refuge towards Chase Lake, which was also under the responsibility of the Refuge, was being built. The research into the controlled use of fire on the Prairie was under way. Things were being relearned. The Native Americans had known them long ago. The use of fire to attract various animals and to regenerate the Prairie was being documented. The wetland program was really new, and there were many, many things to be learned there. This was a time of learning also, as far as I was concerned. I was learning to deal more with the public and becoming more involved with diversity rather than simply one refuge area.

When the opportunity presented itself, we moved westward to the William L. Finley Complex. The Finley Refuge is located a few miles south of Corvallis in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. This particular also had responsibility for the Ankeny National Wildlife Refuge just south of Salem, which is about twenty-five miles north and east of the Finley Refuge. And the Basket Slough Refuge about thirty miles due north of Finley. All of these were in the Willamette Valley. Their primary purpose was the perpetuation of a subspecies of Canada goose, the Dusky Canada Goose. Before the refuges were established, almost all of this subspecies were wintering on a series of commercial hunting clubs. It was a small and not very bright subspecies and they were taking terrific losses to hunting because they were very susceptible to decoying. They were much easier than some of the other subspecies to take. So the refuges were established and I was the second Manager. The first was Phil Laenbougher. We arrived and there was a considerable amount of hostility because most all of the lands of the refuges had been farmlands. It was possible to establish the refuges because of the primary support of the academic types at Oregon State University just out of Corvallis. There was a very, very active wildlife program on campus there. The people there were extremely supportive of the effort and did a lot of work in spreading the word and pressing the right political buttons, etc., to insure that the areas would be established. The Finley Refuge is a relatively small area, some five thousand acres plus. But it sits in an absolutely unique area of the Valley. It is unique in that it was preserving a little piece of the Little Willamette Prairie. There was actually a piece that had never been plowed. That's all that exists any more. The rest of the valley is in heavy agricultural use. The Finley Refuge had been a hunting club that had been under the control of a prominent family out of Portland, the [sounds like] Phailling family. As a consequence, there had been cattle and sheep grazing, but no, or little intensive plowing or that type of agriculture. This little unique piece of what once was a vast prairie still remained. Even though it's a small refuge it runs from the foothills of the coast range that are on its western boundary, down through the transition zone and in to the Willamette Valley. For an ecological 'piece', it is a true jewel. There was intensive use of the area by geese. We went through many interesting transitions from one type of activity to another. It had a hunting program and we developed the very earliest computer selection programs. We worked very closely with the University on this. I was involved each year with at least three guest discussions in classes on Campus. I spent a lot of time on campus, and received some excellent assistance from any number of specialists who were on the staff at Oregon State for anything from Dendrology and the way to Entomology. We had a whole series of graduate students who used the Refuge for part of their fieldwork for their programs. It was an interesting experience. We also has responsibility for all of the coastal islands that extended from the mouth of the Columbia which marks the area between Washington and Oregon; all the way to the California border along the coast. There were huge numbers of sea birds on some of these islands. In most cases, the management consisted of protection to keep intrusions at a minimum to allow the birds to do their thing. For me the growing experience during this period was additional levels of outside involvement, outside of strictly Refuge activities. There were many additional

contacts outside of the Refuge. This was the period when the first real thrust of the environmental movement outside was occurring. There was must interest and activity in the areas that we were concerned with. One incident that remains in my memory was in the days before environmental impact statements, etc. Along the Oregon coast, in one of the large island areas was near one of the small towns on the coast. There was a considerable amount of trespass on the island. It was a large rock island just offshore from the little town of Cannon Beach. There was a lot of traffic by adventurous types climbing the rock, trying to get up as high as they could. Because the edges were very steep, it was simply a several hundred foot tall rock out there; often they would try to climb up and very often they couldn't get down. It was common to call assistance like a Coast Guard helicopter. It happened several times. When this occurred, the backwash from the helicopter would do huge damage to the nesting birds. The effort was made to make access to the top more difficult. Because there was really only one way to the top, I enlisted the assistance of a blasting specialist at Oregon State University. He was actually an expert in blasting stumps. We journeyed over to the coast and proceeded to make some loud noises and blow off pieces of rock that made it difficult to climb up. But, facing this, and only a few hundred yards away up and down this whole facing beach were many, many beach houses with huge windows. I am quite sure, to this day that we vibrated many of those windows. I never heard that we cracked any. But you would never dream of doing this sort of thing in this day and age. It would be like a sonic boom for miles. Again, it shows the wisdom of getting more than one opinion when you intend to do something. We were lucky in this instance, but perhaps things don't always go that way.

In 1977 we had the opportunity to move to the Regional office in Portland, to help with the BLHP, The Bicentennial Land Heritage Program. It was one of President Ford's ideas. I really don't know whose idea it was but it was one of the things that he promoted during the campaign. It is a program that provided a ….. [tape ends]