



DONORS:

Muriel Stanke, Kenneth and Nancy Boyd, Steve Sherrod, Phillip and Lori Smith, P. Timothy Lawson, Barbara Whittington, Joan Minier, Raymond and Joan Folwell, Clifford and Janna Kellogg, Lawrence G. Ray, Bruce and Evelyn Haak, Brad Felger, Doug and Trish Pineo, Scott McNeff, Erik and Loreca Stauber, Washington Falconers Association, North American Falconers Association



In memory of
LES BOYD

My name is Clifford Kellogg; I am the North Pacific Director for the North American Falconers Association (NAFA), and the Secretary/historian for the Washington Falconers Association (WFA). On the behalf of NAFA and the WFA, I bring condolences and wishes for comfort and peace to all who are here.

I first met Les in the early 1970's, when Brian Sullivan and I travelled from Union Gap, WA, with Steve Layman to the Boyd residence in Pullman for a falcon propagation exchange. I was, at the time, a young falconer in my teens, with a red-tail. Les did not know me from the guy down the street. I will never forget that this man, internationally known and admired, treated me and my friend with the same respect that he afforded all.

So it was for the intervening years. Les was more than an ICON in the falconry and raptor propagation community: he was a naturalist; he was an innovator; he was a mentor for many falconers; he was a gentleman, and he was a friend.

In the early days (1960's) of falconry organizations in Washington, Les was instrumental in the Northwest Falconers Association, having served as Chairman among

other things. He also served as North Pacific Director for the North American Falconers Association (2010-11).

Les was the recipient of the Cade award (Raptor Research Foundation) in 1992. I was privileged to be at the meeting for that presentation. He was made an honorary NAFA member in 2004. He was made an honorary member of the Washington Falconers Association in 2010. Les published many papers on falconry and captive raptor propagation in multiple journals from the mid 1960's through 2011. While an accomplished falconer and raptor propagator, he remained one of the most humble men I have ever known.

At one of the recent gatherings of the North American Falconers Association Les and I had a lengthy conversation about life and what it is all about. We agreed, at the time, that giving to others was one of the most important things; in that, Les Boyd went the distance.



Les was an icon in the falconry and raptor propagation community. He was also a naturalist, innovator, a mentor for many falconers and he was a friend.



REMEMBRANCES OF LES BOYD by Larry Ray

Les and I made a few fishing forays to some of the lakes in the north-central Washington. At one of these, where we spent about a week camping, we noted that we were catching lots of fish. The discussion turned to how some guides will guarantee "30-fish days" and we wondered just how many fish we could catch in a day. So, while neither of us usually counted fish caught, we decided we would do so on this trip. Turned out, for three days, we each caught over fifty trout, or more than three-hundred over the three days during which we counted! This was catch and release fly-fishing for west slope cutthroats.

One evening, on that same trip, Les caught a bat on his fly! I was afraid of possible rabies and didn't want it in the boat, but Les proceeded to handle it like a pro, gently unhooking and holding it for a few minutes to allow the leathery wings to dry. All the while, he gave a quick dissertation on bat natural history and the varieties found in that part of the country. Turns out, Les had done a bat study for part of his graduate work. This is just one example of how wide-ranging Les's knowledge of wildlife biology really was. Fish species of the South Pacific, venomous snakes of Australia, raptor distribution and natural history in the Arctic – Les could teach on all those topics and more. Further, he would do so in that gentle, unassuming patient manner that was unique to Les.

At the end of the trip, Les told me that I "had worn him out" and that he had had enough and simply had to get back home. I was astounded – Les could leave me in the dust any time he wanted to (especially when searching for goshawk nest sites!), such was his endurance and physical condition. I had to confess to him that, in turn, he had indeed tired me out as well! To commemorate the trip, I wrote a Limerick that I shared with him later – I think he appreciated it, as it referred to me as much as to him:

*An ardent fly-fisher am I,
Could spend hours casting the fly,
But the older I get,
Spend more time in my tent,
Stealing a wink on the sly!*

