


7-21-2011

Transcript of Damn Fool Kids

Clinton R. Bailey Jr.

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/dory_transcripts_all

 Part of the [Cultural History Commons](#), [Oral History Commons](#), [Speech and Rhetorical Studies Commons](#), and the [Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bailey, Clinton R. Jr., "Transcript of Damn Fool Kids" (2011). *All Story Transcripts*. Transcript. Submission 3.
http://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/dory_transcripts_all/3

This Transcript is brought to you for free via open access, courtesy of DigitalCommons@Linfield. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@linfield.edu.

Title: Damn Fool Kids

Storyteller: Clinton R. (Skip) Bailey, Jr.

Interviewer: Stephanie Raso

Interview Date: 2011-07-21

Collection: *Launching through the Surf: The Dory Fleet of Pacific City*

Repository: DigitalCommons@Linfield

Transcribers: Casee Clark, Andrea Snyder

CLINTON R. (SKIP) BAILEY, JR.: My real name is Clinton Robert Bailey, Jr., and I go by Skip.¹

Roger Reddekopp was 15, I was 17, and Lee Peterson was, uh, 17, my age, and he has, still has, *The Hustler*. We started commercial fishing all the same time together, we all lived, right close to each other. He lived in Milwaukie, Oregon, but they had a cabin over here and then he stayed with me during the summer with my folks.

The way it had—the way it worked was Roger wasn't old enough to drive so, what'd we do was all three of our dories sat across the street from my place. And I had the old Jeep hooked up to Roger's ri—his boat, and Lee was hooked up. We'd get up, 4:30 or whatever we'd take off, you know, it's a mile and a quarter, drive down the beach, and I'd launch Roger, pull up, drop his trailer on the beach, drive home, hook up to my, my rig, and drive back to the beach, and then, all three of us go out.

And back then, walkie-talkies were more, we didn't have a lot of 12—12-volt systems were pretty new—they were out there, but not everybody had the 12-volt systems with the, regular car type CB radio, like you saw out

there. We had a little hand-held walkie-talkie just sittin' there on this. When we're fishin', if uh, like let's say I wasn't feelin' good or Roger wasn't feelin' good or somebody had to do something, well we had to call, take—takes about 20 minutes to a half an hour to pull all your gear in. And uh, so you give warning, say “I need to go in, I'm not feelin' good” or whatever. “Okay,” so, I start cranking my stuff in so I could go ashore, take my boat home, come back, hook to Roger, and then, bring him home.

Well, Jack Gilman, he kinda, he was a janitor at the high school and that stuff, and we knew him, you know, we were like, kinda like, kids. And we were kids, and we'd go out when we shouldn't be out there. I mean, it, too rough. I would never, I, I look back at times I went out there it was just stupid. And, but, I mean I lost my dip net once tryin' to dip net a fish. It was so sloppy, that I almost fell out of the boat and my dip net floated off and I couldn't go get it cause it was too rough to turn around. I mean, why the heck we were out there, I'll tell you what—what happened. Pretty soon, old Jack Gilman, he's, givin' us heck, and he says, “Those damn fool kids don't know when to come in out of the rain!” Well, Roger Reddekopp's, name of his boat, was *DFK*. So that was, that was us three, the Damn Fool Kids. And Roger, he, that's what he named his boat, *DFK*.

NOTES:

¹ Skip began fishing on the ocean with his father in 1962 at the age of 13.