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Kingfisher is a project of Alsea High School ninth and eleventh grade English students who hope to capture the culture and history of the folks who live in the lush river valleys and on the timbered ridges of Oregon’s Coast Range.

Cover
The Kingfisher Magazine received a Cultural Excellence Award for 30+ years of recording oral history.

Adviser Patsy Jones

Kingfisher is “The name of a bird that depends on the ocean and river and mountains as we do. It flies up and down the rivers hunting for food, floating above the land and water.” (Vol. I, No. 1, Duane Miller)

Obtaining Copies
Magazines are available for $6 each, including postage. Back copies are available for many issues. Write for more information or to be added to our mailing list.

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Alsea High School
P.O. Box B
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Joan Pellett

“Just to keep living here and providing for ourselves.”

Joan Pellet was born in Missouri June 23, 1943, she lived there for about 2 years then came to Alsea, Oregon with her parents John and Ethel Ritchey. We lived in the old house my father built behind the grange. The house is presently owned by Gwen (Bruneau) Laudenbach. Joan remembers that she and her brother and sisters walked across the back field to get to the school and that they, “Got chased by a bull pretty much every day! One time we ended up in the river.” In school her best friend was Carla Carpenter. They spent the night with each other a lot.

When Joan was older, her folks bought the big old house on the hill that had been a hotel. Jeanie Ritchey has a mobile home on the site now. “We lived in the old house up on the hill. They’ve torn it down. Where Jean’s got her trailer now. That great big old hotel.” Joan’s family had a Myna bird there and it talked to welcome visitors.

The first work Joan had, was working in a restaurant in town with her sister-in-law, Evelyn. Joan’s main job later was working as a mail person on the O.S.U. campus.

Joan lived and worked in Alsea in its

“Everybody had a job. Everybody could work. A lot of farming and ranching, and logging. There wasn’t anybody that didn’t have a job. And now you hardly see anybody that has a job.”
heyday. She remembers the busy town. “Two stores, one feed store, two beauty parlors, three gas stations, two cafés, three churches, mills all over the place. Even up Honeygrove there was a little shingle and shake mill, and there was a mill up this road. Long before I was here. You can see the remnants, old houses and old car bodies and all kinds of stuff up there. But you can’t go there anymore.”

“And where Darrel and Shelly (Caldwell) lives, that was a hotel at one time. Pearl Earnest ran it. I remember her. She always had something wrong with her leg. It was just huge. I don’t know what it was. But she ran that. And we had the big house on the hill.”

“Where you (Tiffany Dixon) live, there was an old lady and I had to come over all the time and do her hair for her. I got paid 25 cents. Tiny Youtsey, that was her name. They owned that whole area through there. There was an Odd Fellows Hall that stood there. They tore that down. It had lockers in the back that you could rent by the month and keep your frozen food in. They all locked up and every-

thing. I don’t know why they tore that building down. It looked OK. And Jack’s mom and dad lived right beside that. They had a house there. They lived there for quite a long time. I think that one burned down.” On the other side there was a blacksmith shop. Mr. Daley owned it. I don’t remember him at all, but I heard of him.”

“Where the old library was, it started out as a bank, then it was an insurance office, then it became a telephone office, so it’s been a lot of things.”

“The town is just a total different place. I wish it was back to what it was then. You had somewhere to go and something to do. There’s not much left. Just John Boy that’s about it. There’s a service station and now they’ve got the one café going. I guess somebody in Corvallis bought that and Deb’s just running it.”

“Everybody had a job. Everybody could work. A lot of farming and ranching, and logging. There wasn’t anybody that didn’t have a job. And now you hardly see anybody that has a job. It’s bad, and I don’t know what
Jack and Joan bought property from the Forest Service and built a log home on Salmonberry Road in 1981.

“We built it just on our paycheck and when we got through we didn’t owe anything except for the land. That was all; this was paid for.”

did it other than just a different type of people moved in and took over and the loggers got shut down and the farms all shut down. It’s just a different place. It’s kind of a ghost town now—to what it was.”

We bought this place and we’ve been here for 30 years. We felled the trees and peeled the logs and built it. Jack was 44 and I was 39 when we bought it. Took him a year to build it, and he was working full time. We built it just on our paycheck and when we got through we didn’t owe anything except for the land. That was all; this was paid for. And he has built everything that’s here.”

Joan added some information about getting the logs for the house. “We logged them on the Missouri Tie Road and used a flat bed with a winch to haul them out. The brakes went out once on a hill. “A lot of sweat and muscle went into this place.”

Joan’s son, Mike told us that his folks built a huge root cellar. “Want to see it? It’s out back. Jack built it into the mountain back there. Dirt over it and around it. That’s all our potatoes that we grew last year. We’re going to have to replant. It stays warm in here when it’s cold outside and cool in here when it’s hot outside. All of these freezers are full of the beef that we grew. If we ever had a disaster we’d survive. I got my garden started in the window, all those little tomato plants.”

Jack and Joan have to keep deer and elk out of their gardens. “We have a fence all
“We don’t have a neighbor within half a mile. You don’t hear anything at all at night, less one of the cows hollers about something…”

An eight foot fence is necessary to keep the deer and elk out of the garden.

the way around the garden, eight feet tall so even the elk can’t get in there.”

Jack has added a large porch to the original log home and several out buildings that meet their needs.

“He’s got a (machine) shop there, and a woodworking shop there, and a chicken house out back, and a smokehouse, and a place with fence building tools in it. We don’t have a neighbor within half a mile. You don’t hear anything at all at night, less one of the cows hollers about something, but usually they don’t. They’re pretty good. We have two little newborn calves. Should have been 3 but one was born too early and didn’t make it.”

Joan answered questions about a boat under repair. “Yeah, he’s working on a boat. We had a perfectly good boat but he didn’t like the way that one was built so he bought another boat with a motor in it and took that motor out and put it in here. So he’s fixing that one up and then we’re going to sell the green one, I guess. It’s 19.5 feet. With the green one, when you’re out on the ocean the bow sticks up and you can’t see out very well. He’s

“Mike was two when Kenny and Kelly were born and those two were three when Donny was born.” She added, “I had my hands full!”

Jack uses an ATV with a trailer to bring firewood to a shed for storage.
always having to stick his head around the side, so he wanted something he could see out of better. I don’t know how he knows how to do that but he does.”

Joan and Jack raised four children. “I had four. Three boys and a girl. It was busy! Mike was 2 when Kenny and Kelly was born and they were 3 when Donny was born. I had my hands full.”

Joan said her mother is the person who influenced her most. Ethel Ritchey turned 99 years old this spring.

Joan wanted to teach her children a lesson similar to what her mom taught her. “How to take care of themselves like we do here. We grow just about everything we eat. Just about. We don’t buy very much.”

When asked if there were homesteads in the Salmonberry area, Joan explained, “There were homesteads. This was one of the main roads and it also went up onto Park Road or what used to be called Park Road. “

“There were places up there and up this road. There’s nothing there now. Starker logged most of it and wiped out most of the orchards and everything so you can’t find much of anything. I’ve been to all of them with my metal detector and stuff but I never could find much of anything. I don’t think people had very much money up here.”

Joan also knows of old schools in the area., “There was a school right where you first turned up our road (Salmonberry). It’s still standing. You can see it there on George Seitz’ place there. And this road went right on through (to Haines Road) Now it’s gated off. They open it in hunting season and that’s about it.”

*Our young interviewer asked many insightful questions but had the timeline wrong for one.*

Q. Did you have horses and carriages? Joan answered. “I’m not that old. We always had cars—but actually, when I was a kid my dad had a horse and a sled to fool around in the snow. Just for fun.”

Joan grew nostalgic looking at the old magazine. “All these people are gone. Even in my family. There’s only me and Joyce and Mom. Daddy died, then Junior died, then Evelyn died within a short time. It’s kind of spooky because it means you’re next. I’m the oldest except for Mom. Every day I try to get out and hike up this road and back, to keep everything working.”

—Tiffany Dixon

Tiffany and Joan pose at the end of the interview.

“Every day I try to get out and hike up this road and back, to keep everything working.”
It all started in 1978 when I had been teaching at Alsea for a couple of years.

We got information that a workshop was available to teach teachers how to start an oral history magazine.

You have to know a little about the 70s. Education was all about experiential learning.

A few years before I went to the brand-new Crescent Valley High School to do my student teaching. There were no walls! Groups of students and teachers were sitting on the floor in circles, ‘Getting to know each other.’ I was trying to be a hippy but that freaked me out! I changed to Lebanon High School where the
sophomores were tracked into 7 strands by ability—much more comfortable for me.

Back to Kingfisher... The workshop was being taught by people from the Foxfire Corporation from Rabun Gap, Georgia. I was so excited to hear about it because my husband Craig (Zafforoni) and I had been using their books to try all sorts of 'back to the land' skills such as raising and butchering pigs, splitting shakes, and making cheese. All skills we used on our hippy homestead in Lobster Valley. We didn’t have electricity for a year, no indoor plumbing or hot water until baby Greta was using heaps of cloth diapers. Anyway, I couldn’t believe I would get to meet the illustrious Elliot Wiggington who had started the project—which, by the way, still goes on and in-

They instilled a great respect for the process and the lore that would be passed on by the students—as they gained knowledge and appreciation of their

includes not only the Foxfire Magazine and books, but a music studio, furniture factory, and other businesses that promote the local heritage.

Marcia Corliss-Clark taught here at the time. She was excited to attend the workshop, too, so we went off for a week at Marylhurst College. Elliot Wiggington was there, along with students from Rabun Gap. They taught us the process of recording oral history from local folks. Questioning strategies, recording, transcribing, photography, article layout, and printing processes. They instilled in us a great respect for the process and the lore that would be passed on by the students—as they gained knowledge and appreciation of their own heritage.

So, it began. We started with a group of students who wanted to build basic skills as an alternative to a college prep. Literature-type course. Our first interview was with Lester Chilcote who kindly came into the classroom and answered student questions about building the family’s log home in Lobster Valley.

Yes! That’s Troy Strom, then Nikus Sapp, Jim Walter, Jim France, Rocky Grimm, Joe Calderon, Steve O’Brien, and yes again, Shorty Bowen with the high tech tape recorder. (unknown bus driver in the back)
At the awards presentation dinner in Astoria, I posed with Marcia Clark, Judy Juntunen and my sister, Cathy Phelps. I wanted to wear my ‘Award Winner’ ribbon to school but decided against it.

Our first on-site interview was with Nikus Sapp, famous local character, who was a trapper with amazing knowledge. His nephew, Larry Sapp helped us get a wide array of information about trapping in the area, and specifically, how a beaver hide was preserved.

Production of the magazine was quite a process in those days. No computers! Articles were typed, columns of print were cut out, wax was applied to the back, and the columns were stuck on to double page layout sheets. Titles and pulled text were peeled off letter-by-letter from alphabet sticker sheets, and black and white photos were shot, developed, and printed in the darkroom.

I hope readers have a new respect for those rough-looking early publications. They required an epic amount of student labor—and teacher reworking!

The magazine course went on until 1990 when belt tightening ended the Kingfisher Class. The magazine came back to life in 1998 when I was asked to teach English 9. The process seemed to fit requirements for an expository essay (where the writer researches a topic and explains it to readers), so we included into the mainstream English Curriculum where it has remained—and become a tradition.

The magazine started to receive wider attention as it continued. From the heaps of oral history projects started in the 1970’s only Kingfisher lasted in the western U.S.

One day as I was teaching, I had a call transferred to me from Matt Love, a writing instructor and author from Lincoln County. Being a lover of lore, Matt was browsing a used bookstore and found several old Kingfisher Magazines for sale. He loved them and called our school to see if the project was still going. He then came to visit a couple of times, took photos, bought more magazines, and generally became a friend of our project.

When Matt was giving a presentation at the Benton County Historical Museum he reminded past teacher, and historian Judy Juntunen that Kingfisher had achieved status for on-going oral history. Judy started work on nominating us for a Cultural Heritage Award—and here we are! Awarded!

Thanks to generations of local liars—I mean storytellers, we are a part of history. Last year when I was researching Rycraft family history for the magazine, I found an internet reference that referred me to...Kingfisher! We have become a source!

Honestly, I am so appreciative of the local folks who have opened their homes and shared their memories with the students and me. It really does take a lot of faith to share recollections and philosophy with the world. Maybe not the world...yet!

—Patsy Jones
Gary Strom

“If you can make the man money ..., he can’t afford to get rid of you.”

Gary shot a 250 pound black bear from the front porch of his home.

Gary Strom was born in Eugene October 13, 1943. One of the childhood memories that Gary remembers happened when running from his sister. He didn’t explain why she was angry, but he still remembers, “Getting my butt ripped open on the (barbed wire) fence when my sister was going to kick my butt.”

Gary went to school in Lobster Valley and Alsea High School. Gary’s friends in school were Joe Hendrix, Carl Hendrix, Richard Steeprow, and Les Steeprow. When they were in school they did probably everything you can think of together. One of the stories was “When me and Carl got caught at the fish hatchery. Carl took the fish and I got caught with the net. The cops didn’t believe that I was snipe hunting.”

“The cops didn’t believe that I was snipe hunting.”

One of Gary’s memories from school was, “When we was in study hall and George Marcus was the principal, and he came in and we was playing cards. He said, ‘If I come in again and you’re playing cards, I’m going to rip the deck in two.’ I said, ‘The whole deck at once?’ and he said, ‘Yep.’ So he left and we whipped the cards back out, and when he come back in, he just kind of smiled and said, ‘Alright boys, give me the cards.’ And he took
the deck in his hands and ripped the whole deck in two!”

Gary’s first work was when he was a junior in high school. “Other than haying, we went to work on the green chain for Alsea lumber company.”

Gary met his spouse at school because they went to school together. One memory that he had of his wife is she is so fast. That is why he calls her Speed.

“...I said, ‘Don’t do anything stupid,” and while I was walking down the road I could hear the pickup winding up…”

This is a memory that Gary had of his children “Well maybe the funniest story that I can think of, is when we was up the Vernon Road hunting, and Todd was about 15, and they dropped me off on the landing and I came down around through hunting and it was raining like hell and I said, ‘Don’t do anything stupid,” and while I was walking down the road I could hear the pickup winding up and they had tried to drive over one of those cougar humps and I was pissed, and Rick Sapp come up and he kind of laughed and said ‘Looks like something you would do.”’ What Gary wanted to teach his children was that he was dead against lying and stealing.

Gary’s goal is to retire. The best advice that Gary got was “Any job, you do the best you can do. If you can make the man money that you are working for, he can’t afford to get rid of you.”

The one day that Gary would relive is “When I had Troy up in the airplane and he wanted to play and I put the airplane in a spin and then when I did a loop, and when I pulled out of the spin he looked at me and said, ‘I think that is enough for awhile Dad.”’

“George Shroyer... I worked for him a long time...He co-signed for me to get the loan to buy the place.”

One of the lessons that Gary has learned in life is to “Treat others like you want to be treated.” The one person that greatly affected Gary’s life, “Well, there has been a bunch, but probably George Shroyer because I worked for him a long time and I ran shovel for him and cut timber for him and then when I started cutting I would have to go run shovel when someone was gone. He co-signed for me to get the loan to buy the place. I had a lot of respect for him.”

—Blake Strom

Gary had just finished bucking a log with a 52” saw and is ready to move on to the next.
Rodger Hendrix

“When the kids work for me I have way more fun.”

Rodger Hendrix was born in Corvallis, Oregon in 1954, at Good Samaritan Hospital. He comes from the German heritage. His parents are Marian Jean (Lowry, Hendrix) Russell and the late Harley Junior Hendrix. His dad was from Lobster Valley, Oregon and his mom was from Newport, Oregon.

Rodger’s first jobs included picking strawberries and beans. He went to Alsea High School. He and his friends did just about every sport in school, as well as swimming, fishing, hunting and just about anything outdoors.

He remembers growing up in Alsea as very nice, a real closeness. “If you weren’t related, you were really good friends with everybody. There was a great work ethic and pretty high moral standards.”

“If you weren’t related, you were really good friends with everybody. There was a great work ethic and pretty high moral standards.”

The one person who has greatly affected

Rodger celebrated his daughter Ricki’s graduation from Alsea High School in 2004. Ricki has worked for her dad in the office as well as on the job running equipment.
Rodger is Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille. He founded biblical research in teaching ministry. Roger has been more impressed with his genuine research than any class he had ever taken in high school or college.

“Just a lot of good memories and lots of good times from raising my children.”

The memories from raising his four children Seth, Tyson, Ricki, and Greg are endless. He remembers little things from different times. “Just a lot of good memories and lots of good times from raising my children.” He wanted to teach them the Bible and to think for themselves first.

Rodger worked at a sawmill during part of high school. He tried truck driving for a short time. Now he has been in the road construction business for 39 years. Lately he has been doing a bit of logging as well.

“It is hard to get time off...If you do get time off you need to cherish it because it doesn’t happen very often.”

Rodger has owned J. R. Hendrix Inc. for about 32 years. “Owning your own business is a lifestyle. It isn’t about the money. Hard work; hours are pretty much endless. It is hard to get time off because it is your money you are dealing with. If you do get time off you need to cherish it because it doesn’t happen very often.” He has had lots of employees but it just wasn’t the same as having the kids work for him. I remember Ricki had been working for him since she was probably twelve. They all know how to run the equipment and do pretty much all the aspects of the business from building roads to logging. “When the kids work for me I have way more fun.”
Jack Bowen

“It’s about living life to the fullest.”

Jack Bowen uses a favorite Stihl saw with a 54 inch bar to cut a huge tree. Jack is retired from a 40 year cutting career.

Jack Bowen was born in 1938 in Corvallis, at the old hospital. Jack’s parents were Casey and Lola Bowen. Jack’s childhood memories include, “Going to Grandma Sapp’s for Thanksgiving on our old sled when it snowed. I wasn’t very big. Our horse’s names were Doc and Fleet.” He also remembers going to his aunt Peg’s in Tidewater.

“Every time I went by that, I shot the tennis ball in to the can.”

Jack went to school in Lobster Valley and later went to Alsea High School. Jack’s friends in school included Dick Olsen, Gary and Jerry Strom, Carl and Joe Hendrix, and many more.

Jack always played sports. He started shooting a tennis ball in to a coffee can when he was little. “Every time I went by that, I shot the tennis ball in to the can. In football I played halfback. I packed the ball all the time. I was the center on punts and field goals.” The gear I had in football wasn’t very good, I tell you. We didn’t have face masks like you do now. The superintendent got a good buy on some rubber pads.”

“We had from about 60 to 80 head of cows to milk.”
The first job Jack had was milking cows. “We had from about 62 to 80 head of cows to milk every day. And then I went to work as a whistle punk in the brush and a logger ever since. And of course, I cut timber. Lots of trees. I cut trees for at least 40 years straight.”

Jack met Emma at school. “We were playing at the old Lobster School and I knew her even before she was in school.” There was a large Olsen family that lived in the Five Rivers and Lobster Valley area.

Jack has memories from raising his kids. “Well, the athletics and hunting and fishing and all of them.”

Jack’s goal for his future, “Well, it would be taking it easy. I’m done working real hard, other then just satisfying our own minds, in other words just playing. And watching our grandkids grow up and live. And watching my grandkids in sports and activities.”

One adventure Jack has had was “When we went to New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona. Now that was an adventure you might say. That was a good and bad adventure. we got to log at different places.

I’m done working real hard, other then just satisfying our own minds, in other words just playing. And watching our grandkids grow up and live. And watching my grandkids in sports and activities.”

What is a lesson you have learned in your life? The best lesson Jack has learned is “be honest with your parents and people, and do the right thing if you don’t you are going to pay the price right down the line.”

Jack says that his parents greatly affected his life. “Oh my parents, because they teach you how to be honest that’s the main thing.”

—Gage Hendrix

Jack and a coworker set up a tower on a landing.
Larry James Hendrix I

“The best thing about going to Alsea High School was playing football.”

Larry James Hendrix I was an old Alsea resident and was born December 31, 1956 at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Corvallis. He was born with the heritage of English and German. During most of his childhood he grew up and worked on his dad’s farm in Lobster Valley. “Growing up on the farm, feeding the cows, and, stuff like that.” In his spare time he and his best friend Raymond McDaniel’s rode motorcycles all up and down the Alsea region. “We road motorcycles all over Lobster and

“We road motorcycles all over Lobster and Five Rivers, up over all Prairie Mountain, all over the place. We lived on the motorcycles.”

Five Rivers, up over all Prairie Mountain, all over the place. We lived on the motorcycles.”

They rode every chance they got and had one or two races with each other. Then in their early twenties, James moved to California. A few years later Raymond moved to Texas and they went their own way.

Aside from Raymond, the farm and riding every where, a memory that James is fond of is from his school years playing on the Alsea High School Football Team and winning a state championship in his sophomore year.

The original Larry James Hendrix grew up in Lobster Valley. He is grandfather to Larry James Hendrix III.
“School? The best thing about going to Alsea high school was playing foot ball.”
“We were state champions. I made first string in my sophomore year and we took state.”

During his years in Alsea, James had a job at the old alder mill. He worked the great chain, trim saw, and hitcher.

“Back when I was young, I didn’t have any goals for a while but then I decided I wanted to play music. Just play guitar and join a band. I got to California—barely survived. It didn’t work out real good, but that’s the way it goes.”

When he was a kid he didn’t know what he wanted to do in the future. “Back when I was young, I didn’t have any goals for a while but then I decided I wanted to play music. So, just play guitar and join a band,. I got to California—barely survived. It didn’t work out real good. But that’s the way it goes though.”
James said the best advice he ever got was to give his heart to God. “I think that is some of the best advice anyone can really give also.”

“That would be the day I would change, and go back to if I ever could, but you can’t, so no use to dwell on it.”

If James could relive any one day of his life it would probably be, “...the day my mother got taken to the hospital before she died. Guess that would be the day.” James explained why.
“Well for one thing, to see her again, and maybe change it to make her live a little longer. Wish things would have played out different that day. That would be the day I would change, and go back to if I ever could, but you can’t, so no use to dwell on it.” Well it’s always nice to hope is what I think.

—James Hendrix (Larry James Hendrix III)
Jerry Walker

“I wanted to have my own private business.”

Jerry Walker was born in 1948 in Sacramento, California. His mom’s name was Ruth Vanderheiden. “That was my mom’s name, and my dad’s name was Jerry Walker. My mom was Swedish and she came from Pennsylvania. Dad was Irish and whatever and he came from Kentucky and Mexico.”

Early memories from his childhood center around working on his parent’s ranch. Memories from school include sports, and teachers, “Good times.”

“My first work was trimming trees on the ranch. The jobs that I did included raking cow *&&%, telephone work, and a lot of different work.”

“I met my spouse at a school concert.” Jerry explained and added that, “Every day is a good memory of my spouse.”

Memories from raising his children include camping, hunting, and fishing. One of the things that he wanted to teach his children was to be respectful to their peers and be hard workers.

“I met my spouse at a school concert.” Jerry explained and added that, “Every day is a good memory of my spouse.”

A goal that Jerry has for the future is to “just live a long and prosperous life.” Some of the best advice that he has ever gotten “…was to work hard and be respectful.” When asked if he could relive one day of his life over again he answered, “Well, every day has been a good day.” A thing that he has learned in life is to be respectful.

The one person that greatly affected him was his second step father. “He taught me how to
Jerry owns and runs Fisherman’s Corner in Philomath. He got started in the business when, “I just bought the place because I wanted to have my own private business.”

When asked what he likes about the business, he laughed and said, “Nothing, anymore, just the people.” One exciting event at the business was when, “We had a fire and almost lost the place.” Another time they had an attempted robbery. The business has an alarm system so the burglars were not successful.

“I had 13 takedowns (catches) and Bill had none!”

A favorite fishing story is about a time when he took his good friend, Bill, fishing. “I had 13 takedowns (catches) and Bill had none!”

At the Fisherman’s Corner, Jerry teaches lure making. Dakota and Jerry made these lures featured on his website.

Jerry grew up working on his parent’s ranch. His father’s name was also Jerry Walker. His mother was of Swedish descent.
Trudy Strom

“I want to watch my grandchildren … make the world a better place.”

Trudy (Ross) Strom was born in Lebanon, Oregon on July 11, 1947. Her heritage follows English and French lines and she isn’t really sure what else but there is probably something. Her favorite childhood memory was when the school bus picked her and her sister Judy up about a half a block away from the school. It was a pretty big deal to ride the school bus back then because they had never ridden on it before. The bus driver, Rusty Rinehart took them to the gym to watch a movie. The school sometimes showed movies.

It was a pretty big deal to ride the school bus back then because they had never ridden on it before. The bus driver, Rusty Rinehart took them to the gym to watch a movie.

She had many friends in school, and they did tons of things together. She mainly hung out with her twin sister Judy and Marilyn Sapp. They enjoyed riding horses, playing baseball and swimming in the summer. They attended sock-hops at the school. They always cheered their school on by attending all of the events for football, basketball, and track & field. She and her sister both traveled to California and spent a summer back east in Michigan and New York.

The first type of work she ever had was working as a dental assistant while she was still in high school, either one or two days a week. She was also a medical receptionist before she retired from the Corvallis Clinic.

The goals she has for her future are really inspiring. “I want to travel more. I want to be a lot more organized, and also I want to
watch my grandchildren turn into good citizens and make the world a better place.” There are so many things she would like to with the rest of her life but not enough time to do it all.

If she could relive any day of her whole it would be her wedding day. It was such a nerve racking day. “I would much rather have stayed at the reception longer and enjoyed the party and the people that were there”

“We have been married 47 happy years, and he has taught me many great roles in life, like to believe in myself and to become more and more independent…”

Someone that has greatly affected her in her life is her husband Gary Strom. “We have been married 47 happy years, and he has taught me many great roles in life, like to believe in myself and to become more and more independent throughout our years together.”

“Believe in yourself and don't sweat the small stuff.”

The best advice she has ever gotten is to believe in yourself and don’t sweat the small stuff. Also, a lesson she has learned throughout her life is to not take life too seriously, and to rejoice in the very small beauties that surround us everyday.

—Melanie Sisson
Donny Davis was born in Corvallis, Oregon in 1953. His parents were Don and Eunice. They came from Blodget. Donny’s early memory of his childhood was playing at the school and going fishing with his dad. “We caught a lot of steelhead and we would go over to the lakes in eastern Oregon and catch trout,” he said.

Donny started school in Alsea and then in fourth grade he went to Philomath. In school he and his friends mostly played sports. He played football, basketball, baseball, and swam.

His first work was picking beans, hauling hay for farmers around the Philomath area, “Plus my grandpa had a dairy farm. I helped him with hay occasionally.”

“When I got old enough to drive, I went to work for Ridenour Shell Station pumping gas, lubing cars, changing tires. I thought about going to college but I could never figure out what I wanted to be for sure. Still trying to figure it out I guess.

He met his spouse in high school. A fond memory is of going to drive-in movies. “I start working with Dad shortly out of high school. He tried to talk me out of it. He said there are a lot of other things to do that would have a better future but I was convinced that he had a pretty good lifestyle so I finally talked him into showing me the ropes. I started going to work with him, just packing his gas jugs around, and he’d give me tips on what he was doing and how to do it and occa-
sionally he’d give me the power saw and say, ‘Here, fall that tree there,’ and I’d do that. After a couple of weeks he turned me loose with an old power saw that he had. If I’d get in trouble I’d go get him and he’d saw me out

“Cutting down a tree sounds fairly simple but there’s a lot more involved to do it and learning to do it right…and I’m still learning.”

and tell me what I did wrong. It was a pretty good education.”

“Cutting down a tree sounds fairly simple but there’s a lot more involved to do it and learning to do it right…and I’m still learning.”

“Dad was always slow and steady. When I got out of high school, I thought I was in good shape. I thought I could run circles around my dad, but I soon found out that he wasn’t real fast but he was steady, and he didn’t make many mistakes so at the end of the day he got quite a bit more done than I did.”

“I started out with my dad and worked with him for probably 5 years or so, then I went to work with Steve Cantrell for Willamette Industries. We worked together for 8 years I think.”

When asked what a good day of timber falling was like, Donney explained, “Usually I’d go to work in the morning shortly after daylight. When I first started working we were up in the Valsetz area. On a rainfall map Valsetz is pretty much black. They get the most rain of any place in the state. It seemed like the winters were pretty dreary and wet. Later on we got to working in the Willamette Valley

Donny bucks a huge tree into lengths for hauling.
Donny poses next to a tree that has a face cut and awaits his final cut.

and here around Alsea and it didn’t seem like it rained nearly as much as it did over there.”

“It was always nice if it wasn’t raining and you didn’t have to wear rain gear because rain gear was kind of a pain. It slows you down and is cumbersome to work in. So a good day would be no rain and cloudy, not too hot either, about 65 degrees, and big trees and flat ground.”

Donny explained dangers of timber falling. “There are always lots of dangers: trees uprooted into other trees, working on steep ground, windfalls crossed up, having to fall trees across trees that are already down. Donny’s wife Billie added, “Hardly a day goes by that he doesn’t get slapped in the face or the ear by the salmon berry brush.”

Billie and Donny shared memories of raising their three daughters. Raised as outdoorswomen the girls have grown up fishing and hunting. A story of eldest daughter Toni involved deer. “Back before we had a deer fence, we had a garden and the deer were coming down and getting in the garden. I half jokingly asked Tony if she wanted to sleep out in the garden and she said, ‘Sure, I’ll do it.’ It kind of surprised me. She was only 7. She took a reclining lawn chair out there to sleep on. It just barely got dark and I heard a doe out there stomping her feet and snorting. I looked out and Toni was sound asleep. The doe wouldn’t come into the garden because Toni was sacked out there, on guard.”

“...Toni was sound asleep. The doe wouldn’t come into the garden because Toni was sacked out there, on guard.”

A memory of middle daughter, Tina was from Christmas time when she was four years old. “When Tina was little we had a

Favorite fishing trip.
Sears Christmas catalog and Tina was sitting there one night and she had a pen and she was scribbling in that book. I said, ‘What are you doing, Tina?’ She said, ‘Signing up.’ I went and looked and saw that anything she liked she put a circle around and wrote Tina by it. She was only about 4. I thought that was pretty amusing.”

“Look Mom, I’ve got pig kisses on my legs.’ She’d have little round muddy nose prints on her legs.”

Youngest daughter Jessie loved animals. “When Jessie was little we had pigs. A pen of wiener pigs out back. She would go out and get in with those pigs and come in and say, ‘Look Mom, I’ve got pig kisses on my legs.’ She’d have little round muddy nose prints on her legs.”

Donny loves fishing, and shared a favorite fishing story, “Oh, probably fishing out in the ocean with Toni and Tina. We went out and there was a lot of sea bass which are bottom fish, but they were up on the surface and we were throwing light jigs with spinning tackle. Back then the limit was 25 a piece and I knew that it was getting close and I didn’t want to count them so I called it a day. We went in to a filleting table and I started filleting fish and I had about 15 of them done and a charter boat came in and they probably had 300. Two professional filleters came out there and they did all their fish in 15 minutes. They saw that I was kind of lagging behind so they came over and gave me a few tips on how to fillet fish. That was a pretty good day on the ocean.”

When thinking about valuable advice he has received, Donny said that he ignored most advice he got in life, but he had learned the lesson that “hind sight is 20/20.”

- Kaylie Bennett

Donny and his cousin, Tony Davis, pose with some nice sized Alaskan fish.
Rick Zandofsky was born in Roseburg, Oregon on May 26, 1952. His parents names were John Zandofsky and Junette Risley. He went to Alsea High School. His friends were Dave Gammon, Rob Russell, Tim Shannon, Doug Culley, and Jeff Bray. When asked about their activities, he responded with “I probably couldn’t tell ya, but we played sports, hunted and fished, and we drank a few beers together.”

Rick has made a career of construction. “I have worked construction for most of my life, running heavy equipment I worked out of the International Union since 1972. I worked in Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Miami, Florida, and California. I had worked 5 jobs in three different states in one season.”

“*She was a pretty girl with long black hair. I asked her to dance.*”

Rick met his wife at a dance at Alsea High School, in 1970. When asked what attracted him to her he answered. “*She was a pretty girl with long black hair. I asked her to dance.*”

His favorite memories of raising his
daughters were of the days they both graduated from college, and knowing that they have to put up with their own kids. Advice for them? “My kids are about thirty years old, and they know what they can do.”

We asked him what goals he has for his future, and he responded with “To give interviews to high school students and to have a good time.”

Rick said he didn’t know a day he would want to relive, he just had a good time throughout life.

I asked him what lesson he had learned in life, and like a lot of other people he said “Do to others like you would like to be done to yourself.”

“Do to others as you would like to have done to yourself.”

Rick’s favorite hunting trip was “The time I killed the dream bull. Months before a hunting trip I had a dream of walking into this place where I have been to many times before, where this great big bull was, standing in a meadow. I told Smitty that I was going to walk into that same spot I had seen that bull in my dream, and there he was. There right in front of me stood the dream bull. I had shot him. It is one of my favorite hunting memories.”

Rick’s philosophy is not about competition. “It’s not about killing an animal that year. It’s about having a good time with your friends, even if you don’t kill an animal”.

—Zach Russell

“Months before a hunting trip I had a dream of walking into this place where I have been to many times before, where this great big bull was, standing in a meadow. I told Smitty that I was going to walk into that same spot I had seen that bull in my dream, and there he was.”
Poetry

Journey of the Fish

Just Like an Old Dream

Winter has come and I start upstream
Just like an old dream.
The water is cool as it flows through my gills
As I swim towards the rolling hills.
My fins get beat up when I hit the rocks
And I swim by men fishing off docks.
I juke and dodge those nasty hooks
In spite of all their tasty looks.
I finally reach my nesting bed
And lay my eggs that are small and red.
I float downstream weak and tired
Then comes the day when I’m expired.
—Brandon J. Leavitt

The journey of my life

The journey of my life has just begun.
Starting out as nothing but a pink blob
I was no bigger than a buckshot
Buried in gravel under a big oak tree,
Such a small thing trying to survive.
Now I am big, strong, and powerful.
Taking on a scary life heading to the sea.
I wait 5 days in the bay hoping nothing
happens to me
Fighting off fishermen and their wicked hooks.
Hoping I’m not the next meal they cook.
—Whitney Schreiber

Splish Splash

Splish splash up the creek I go at last.
Flip flop fisherman with a line to drop.
Bloop, blip, oh my gosh it’s stuck in my lip.
Twist-n-turn I am getting concerned.
Bump-n-jump I am wrapping the line around a stump.
Dip-n-dive! yes I am still alive!
Splish splash up the creek I go at last.
—Courtney Hendrix

Basted in wine

There was a fish
Who made a wish
To drink a bottle of wine

He took three swills
Was drunk to the gills
And was feeling mighty fine

He had one last chug
Saw a big bug
And ended up on a line.

The pole gave a jerk
The fish went berserk
And the reel began to wind

The fish almost cried
Before he was fried
But ended up tasting fine—
Because he was basted in wine!
—Emma Westlind
In Pursuit of the Beast

What a Great Feast!

The crisp leaves crunch under my feet
I let out a shiver because there’s no heat.

I look around
I see tracks on the ground.

I follow the tracks
Then I hear a crack.

Out of the brush runs a beast.
Pointing my gun I think,
“What a great feast!”
—Dakota Walker

A Nice Big Buck

Leaves fall on this muddy road.
You can hear a quail call if you listen well.
The wind is warm, not at all cold.
The Fresh fall air makes the lungs swell.
Only audible sounds are the wind in the trees.
The nice metallic click of the safety.
The soft huff when you breathe
Then out of the brush comes a CRACK
Emerging—a nice big buck
With quite a nice rack.
—Cody Valencia
Alone on the Range

Fit snug in an embroidered saddle,  
He rides on the back of a wild majestic animal.  
Off on a long ride across the rugged Montana territory,  
Hoping he is able to find all of the open ranged cattle.

Winter is on the verge of setting in,  
By late December there will be a fresh coat of snow.  
He moves fast with the help of a dear friend,  
A man’s best friend, a border collie, Winston.

He gets in the herd fast,  
Finding only heifers and calves.  
Not knowing where to find his bulls,  
There shouldn’t be a problem at last.

His uncontrolled herd in now gathered.  
The brisk wind blows in the direction of home,  
Pushing the bull and cows along.

He holds the reins in the palm of his calloused hands,  
His beast now knows to head for the homestead.  
The spurs of his boots spin in the wind,  
He’s made it home safe, even through Indian lands.  

—Courtney Hendrix

Lost in a Sea of grass

Lost in a sea of grass  
Floating through space  
No one knows, no one cares.  
Alone in this world  
Holding on by a thread  
As you lie there all alone.  
In the distance someone calls your name.  
Maybe, just maybe, you aren’t lost in the sea of grass.  

—Cody Valencia
A Day for a Logger

He wakes up before the sun  
Grabs his coffee and his lunch  
He climbs in his jacked up truck  
Lets that diesel engine roar  
Hoping to come back home once more.

He hits the washboard road up the hill again  
He turns the first corner, his danger begins  
On the landing lacing his corks  
His chaps on and his saw on his shoulder  
Heading down to the timber

His first pull and his saw comes alive  
He tears into the tree wood chips flying  
A sharp chain is always the best  
The back cut is finished, the wedge is in  
One last hit the tree gives and falls

The tree starts to fall inches at a time  
The whoosh of the air as the tree goes  
WHOMP! The tree hits  
The sound echoes through the land  
The brush settles and he starts back to work

He stops for lunch, a quick break  
A jug of tea and a bolbna sandwich  
One last bite and he’s done  
He slowly drinks one last gulp of water  
Then he sharpens his chain

Back to work in the sun  
He starts his saw one more time  
The growl of the motor as it starts to cut  
Wood chips flying in all directions  
One more tree to fall

He cuts the face  
He makes the back cut and CRACK!  
It barber chairs on him  
He runs for his life  
He barely escapes, thanks to his corks

He heads up the hill to his rig  
Down that old gravel road  
He walks in his house and sits at the table  
His wife asks, “How was your day?”  
He just grins and says, “Like any other day.”

—Cody Valencia

Uncle Dick

He was a great man.  
He logged all his life  
In his younger days he was a state champ  
The year was 1962 to be exact  
I have heard great stories about this man  
All of them from my dad  
None of which I can share  
He could always be heard in the gym  
He cheered us boys on at every home game  
In my last games he was not there...  
I guess it’s fair to say that life just ain’t fair.  
I miss this man every day  
I’m just glad to say that he was my uncle  
And that will never change.

—Trevor Olsen