BELJEAN & DUKE – Pickup Boats, Cannery Tenders

CATHLMET RECEIVING STATION
Pete Anthony receiving fish

"Beljean"
Ed Johnson - Captain

"Duke"
Garney Brecke - Captain

![Boat Images]

Duke Boat working setting grounds in earlier years.

Duke Boat on a "Fish Pickup" trip. Pillar Rock in background.

Salmon in the Columbia River, as a food fish, are intended by our creator for equal use and consumption among ALL peoples.

"I have been here to see it all."
Columbia River Gillnetter

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FORWARD
This paper is being published for the purpose of keeping the public and fishermen informed of the facts and happenings in regard to the Columbia River Fishing Industry and people connected with it. Historical articles and pictures will also be emphasized. The advertisements which appear within make it financially possible to publish this paper and we hope you will in return patronize and thank the business people who contribute to this cause. Anyone who wishes to contribute articles, pictures, stories, or ads, please contact the editor at:
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Please make your contributions to: Columbia River Gillnetter, P.O. Box 627, Astoria, OR 97103
Congratulations to Governor Kate Brown

With a new governor in Oregon and new Directors of Fish and Wildlife in both Oregon and Washington, we can now get back to thinking and operating more cooperatively towards Columbia River Fish Management. Now, if Washington’s relatively new governor will join us, we can work with our Native American friends upriver, and again use the Bi State Compact to return to a more cooperative and equal participation in salmon harvest decisions.

The migratory salmon stocks in the Columbia River belong not just to one group, but rather to all of us. We look forward to verdict’s being made that help equally all user groups involved in catching salmon for use as a food fish. This means equal opportunities and shares for tribal, recreational, and commercial fishers alike.

We don’t need people who are looking for the dominant catch quantity for themselves and their friends only. The voters of Oregon indicated at the polls just last Fall that they did not want to change the system in that way. We must accept the results of that election.

As has been pointed out before, moving to a seine fishery and forcing that kind of a harvest program upon the commercial fishery on the Columbia River is wrong and will not work. We encourage the Governors and new directors of both states to move back to more use of gillnets in proposing equal catch opportunities in the future.

With respect to the previous governor and his partner, we need to expose any communications they may have had with the Sport Fishing Institute representative from Portland. Their only goal is to shut down commercial gillnet fishing on the main stem of the Columbia River, and we need to identify any inappropriate lobbying that may have occurred. At the same time, we encourage the new administration to close the gap between urban and rural Oregon. We need to create a new equality in job opportunities across the state. This would include fishing on the Coast and along the Columbia River, and in our farming and forestry industries.

Let’s keep a close eye on the Oregon LNG project in Young’s Bay, and lower Columbia areas. The proposed pipeline and use of tankers to move export LNG could become a very dangerous situation. The US Army Corps of Engineers, and the Oregon Dept. of Fish and Game need to be constantly alert for these types of projects, and we can help in that effort.

We continue to accept recycle nylon gillnet web at Pier 3 Port of Astoria Docks, properly cut from lines and put in plastic bags. This program of the CRPFA dates back a number of years, and gives gillnetters and others a place to properly dispose of their used web. Let’s keep up our efforts to keep the river clean of old netting and fishing debris.

It is with great enthusiasm that we join the upriver Tribal Councils in a movement to work towards restoring fish passage past the Upper Columbia River dams including Grand Coulee. The June Giant ‘hogs’ of the past may be gone, but wouldn’t restoring fish passage to Canada be a great thing to pass on to future generations of all peoples of the Pacific Northwest? With a little sacrifice by all of us, it is possible. We need to change the old attitudes toward fish that once existed during the era of dam building by the Corps of Engineers, the Dept. of Reclamation, and the Bonneville Power Administration.

Times have changed – Let’s join the movement!

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing this winter of our photographer and close friend, Jim Allen. His loss was especially difficult as we missed his input while putting together this 2015 Gilnetter.

Editor - Jon Westerbolm

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Jack Marincovich
Executive Secretary Report

Large Runs Less Harvest

The three major harvest groups of Commercial fishermen, Treaty fisherman, and Sport fishermen have had to sit back and watch record runs pass over the dams for these last four years. The Commercial fishermen have had to give up the two major producing months of August and September in Zones 1-3. The reason given is to protect the stocks in the Lews systems. Is this the real reason? Or is it more honest to admit it is to give the lower zones to the Guide Boats and the everyday sportsman?

Now the leaders of Oregon and Washington are headed in the direction of replacing their oldest industry with Sports Fishing Only on the main stem of the Columbia River. They also would bring back fixed gear, which was voted illegal in 1948 and has been illegal in Oregon and Washington since 1948!

With our new Governor Brown replacing Kitzhaber, is she going to carry on with his plan or come up with a plan of her own?

Let us remember that most of the people in Oregon, the consumers, do not sport or commercial fish. Who is going to take care of their right to enjoy Columbia River Salmon?

Nearly one million voters from Oregon in 2012 voted NO against the Governor's plan that would take our fishermen off the main stem of the Columbia and push us into the small streams that branch off the main Columbia River.

The Fish and Wildlife Commissioners over ruled all of those votes! What happened to the words Fair and Justice?

Jack Marincovich
Executive Secretary
Columbia River Fisherman's Protective Union (1884-2015)
Join your Union

The CRFPU board has authorized lessor membership price of $100.00 or $50.00 per year for those who want to help out. The yearly voting membership remains at $150.00. A Union card and receipt will be issued in each case. Send Dues checks to: Jack Marinovich, CRFPU P. O. Box 627 Astoria, OR 97103

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Guest Editorial

by John Jovanovich

Dear Legislators,

Don’t miss out on the opportunity to help the state get millions of dollars in revenue from a source that presently is untaxed. Please read on to learn what is taking place regarding the commercial gill net fishery on the Columbia River and how the state has been losing millions in revenue.

At some point in time, during the current legislative session, you may have the opportunity to vote on whether or not the commercial fishing industry as it pertains to the harvesting of salmon by commercial gill net fishermen, should be regulated to a point where the sport fishing industry will continue to be prioritized for the taking of salmon on the main stem of the Columbia river. What is happening at the present time in Washington State and in Oregon as well, started during Governor Gregoire’s administration when she indicated she wanted to see that sport fishermen have increased fishing opportunities and that commercial fishing should be done in select areas. It is important to note that two sport sponsored initiatives that would ban commercial fishing in Washington State were voted down by the public. In Oregon two sport sponsored initiatives that would have banned commercial gill net fishing on the Columbia River completely were also rejected by the voters.

After the last Oregon initiative failure, Governor Kitzhaber indicated he had a plan that would enable gill net fishermen to keep fishing. He submitted his plan just after the Oregon voters rejected the sport sponsored initiative. It is incredible that he could make such a statement that his plan would enable gill net fishermen to keep fishing.

His plan was to restrict gill net fishermen to areas off of the main stem of the Columbia River. The Kitzhaber plan would effectively starve the gill net fishermen out of business. Washington’s Governor thinslee indicated his support for the Kitzhaber plan. To the gill net fishermen who have harvested salmon on the Columbia River for many decades, this means double trouble.

The main channel of the river is where the bulk of the salmon are to be found and where gill nets can be successfully deployed. The Kitzhaber plan reserves the main stem of the river for sport fishers only and makes it impossible for gill net fishermen to harvest enough salmon to make the salmon harvesting system work properly. Restricting gill net fishermen to fish in poor off river areas is costing the states of Washington and Oregon millions of dollars in revenue.

Data has shown it is not possible for sport fishers to harvest the number of salmon needed to prevent many thousands of salmon to go unharvested. Unharvested surplus salmon are costing the states of Washington and Oregon millions in lost revenue. For instance in Washington State the revenue loss from non-harvested salmon are:

- 5.6 catch tax on the value of the many thousands of fish that gill net fishers could have caught if they had been allowed to harvest more salmon to prevent a huge surplus of fish.

- The state loses the unemployment and labor and industry tax, paid by fish processors on their employee’s.

- Much of the fish that should have been caught and sold to out of state buyers would have had a positive impact on the state economy.

- More jobs could be created if the fishery had been properly managed. The loss of income and jobs to the commercial gill net fleet on both sides of the Columbia River has been devastating.

It is important to note that the vast majority of people that legislators represent do not sport fish for salmon and rely on commercial fishermen to make salmon available for them at retail outlets.

Legislators should consider raising revenue by requiring sport fishers to pay for the fish that they catch. They should be charged the same rate that commercial fishermen receive for the fish they catch. Sport fishers have always taken salmon for free. This could generate a substantial amount of revenue.

For the price of a salmon fishing license, sport fishers can go fishing unlimited times. There is no annual limit on how many fish they can catch. This needs to be carefully examined. It is not unreasonable to ask sport fishers to pay for the fish they catch.

There is one more action the legislature should consider that would generate revenues immediately. Reject the so called Kitzhaber plan and return to how the Columbia River salmon resource was previously managed. It is important that the gill net fishermen be fishing on the main stem of the river again to keep the surplus fish problem under control. This should be done immediately since the early spring run will soon be starting. Doing this will bring sanity back to fishery management.

The salmon resource is at a crossroads at the present time. Those who have killed the commercial fishing industry on the East Coast and in the Gulf of Mexico from Texas to Florida, are now working hard to kill the commercial fishing industry on the Pacific Coast and Alaska as well. As legislators, you have the power to put a stop to what is happening. PUT THE COMMERCIAL FISHING INDUSTRY BACK ON THE RIGHT ROAD!

John Jovanovich
Burlien, WA
206-242-2979

This open letter was recently sent to all Legislators of Washington State Legislature and is the equality of harvest and spirit of positive thinking that we adhere to at the Gillnetter.

Editor- Jon Westerbom
Coastal Conservation Association: Putting the “Con” in Conservation
An open letter to all Legislators and people they represent

by Pete Knutson

The Coastal Conservation Association (CCA) was founded in 1977 on the Gulf Coast of Texas. The CCA’s founder and president is Walter Fondren III, heir to the Humble Oil fortune. Humble Oil, a Texas Corporation, has evolved into today’s ExxonMobil Corporation. ExxonMobile, BP, reliant Energy, and Mr. Fondren’s own Fondren Foundation are the principal funders of the national Coastal Conservation Association.


“Mr. Fitchey drew on his background as a commercial fisherman and his impressive skills as a researcher to put together this compelling story behind the story of the so-called fish conservation movement that’s become so popular with the mass media today. In Wetland Riders he’s exposed this blatant resource grab for what it really is: a well-coordinated and well-financed assault on the U.S. consumer’s right to fisheries resources that belong to us all. From consumer to commercial fisherman to someone who enjoys the ambiance of coastal communities without boardwalks and amusement parks and tee shirt shops, you have any connection to the seafood industry at all you owe it to yourself to read this book.”

In 2007, the CCA was invited to form new chapters in the Pacific Northwest by Gary Loomis of graphite sport fishing rod fame. Loomis also bankrolled the effort with $30,000 of his own money. For months thereafter Loomis traveled all over the Northwest making a standard stump speech relating how Fish First, an organization he founded, had restored a run of Coho salmon in Cedar Creek, a small tributary of the Lewis River in southwest Washington state, only to have them targeted and wiped out by Columbia River gillnetters. However, no matter how attractive his pitch may have been to average sport fisherman, his claims simply weren’t true. (See “State says fish tales don’t quite right true,” by reporter Cassandra Profiti for the Daily Astoria, published on Wednesday, February 6, 2008.)

As Wetland Riders reveals, using underhanded political tactics is nothing new for the CCA. The national campaign of the CCAQ to eliminate commercial fisheries follows a standard script to create crises in fish management by trumpeting the collapse of fish stocks – even when they’re healthy – as a result of overfishing by commercial “netters,” while downplaying considerably greater impacts on fishery resources by uncontrolled recreational fisheries. Another well-known tactic is to inflate the economic importance of sport fisheries vs. commercial fisheries by making exaggerated claims concerning the value of recreation fishing, using what academic economists recognize as spurious methodologies (but which might seem plausible to laymen). Also common is hyping the non-selectivity and deadliness of commercial gear, while suppressing information about hooking mortalities in recreational fisheries. The end result of these efforts often has been to put out of business commercial fishermen who actually were stewards of coastal habitats and resources, thus opening sensitive coastal wetland habitats to unwise development that leads to genuine decline of fishery resources. This agenda truly does put the “con” in conservation.

Courtesy of: John Jovanovic and Bill Gardner

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Stuart Haas P. O. Box 156 Clatskanie, OR 97016
Redd Zone Launches Space Age Incubators
by Tod Jones

Roger Warren (formerly hatchery manager at Gnat Creek) and Tod Jones (former Manager of Clatsop County Fisheries) joined forces after their respective retirements six years ago to form a company Redd Zone, LLC. Both investors, they used their decades of hatchery management and fish culture expertise to focus on ways of making hatcheries more environmentally friendly and to produce healthier fry that are closer to wild fry. Together they have several inventions related to fisheries. Roger with “Warren Water Broom” sells to hatcheries all over North America and Tod’s “Salmon Egg Planter” has clients from Northern Alaska to California.

One of their major focuses was on furthering the idea of using the minimal amount of water to incubate eggs. Both helped in the development of the “Mist Incubator” sold by ARED, Inc. of Alaska, but aware of its limitations, they chose to look into complete different technology. The US Patent Office recently issued a patent to them for their “Cold Fog Incubator”, which operates on about a gallon of water a day compared to over 20,000 gallons for a comparable number of eggs in standard vertical tray incubation. And it is capable of either chilling or warming eggs so that their development can be programmed down to the day when they will be ready to handle. Using the Peltier Chip system to cool the incubation box and the fog in it, it is miserly in its power use and in the event of a power outage the system can set for many hours without egg loss.

Another incubation system that Jones used as a hatchery manager in Alaska was the “Deep Matrix” system often referred to as the “Kitoi Box”. With the improvements Redd Zone has made to the design, it now has many features the original Alaskan version does not. Tod and Roger have their own fabrication shop where they assemble prototypes then contract with fabricators to make the final product. The new version of the Alaskan Kitoi box is called the “Best Fry” incubator as it produces a much heavier and healthier fry than tray or trough incubators, common in many hatcheries around the world.

These two inventors worked together to test and eventually install oxygen at Gnat Creek Hatchery several years ago, which now allows that facility to hold the spring Chinook pre-smolts until mid-November before bringing them to the net pens. Prior to using oxygen, they would frequently have to bring the fish to the net-pens when the estuary was too warm and the fish would break with diseases. This would result in expensive medicated feed and much poorer health of the fish released later in the spring.

“We can fabricate Low Head Oxygen systems to meet any need from small STEP facilities to multiple raceway hatcheries”, says Warren. “The Gnat Creek oxygen project opened our eyes to the value of adding oxygen to get healthier fry/smolts and better survival on them when they are released.”

Jones and Warren invite anyone interested in seeing their equipment to give them a call.
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Early Memories of Nehalem Bay - Cont’d
By Diane DeRossitt-Finucane

Continued memories from 2014 Gillnetter issue of the Fishing Industry in Wheeler on Nehalem Bay in pictures, presented and remembered by Diane DeRossitt Finucane.

~ Jon Westerholm, Editor

- Smoke is from Lewis Shingle Mill.
- What is left of Point Adams Fish Station – building where fish were handled.
- Dock that held net racks and “blueing” wooden tubs for linen nets.
- (Aunt Margaret used to make nets for fishers).
- CEO Haugreal, (Fish Manager) Office Building area that ship ??? worked on boats and where they stored company boats in ‘off season’.
- Aunt Margaret lived (in late 40’s & 50’s) in the two story building upstairs with great view, 2 bedroom, long front and dining room, big kitchen. Gay & Oscar Kline below.
- Little house was John Bell’s old place made going to “Pot”.
- Mill was next to go.
- Point Adams Fish Co. Dock, etc. are slowly going to go to pieces. Everything closed after river closed to gillnetting.

Wheeler 1962

cont. on pg. 11
Early Memories of Nehalem Bay
(Continued)

Mid 1920's –

- The back of Hotel Rector in foreground, became Rinehart Clinic.
- The house in the distance up on the Hill (Millhill) is the original Rinehart Hospital Clinic.
- Dr. Harvey Rinehart came to be the doctor for the Wheeler Mill.
- See the White Mill Store on the left, which became the “White Apartments” where I lived.
- There is a Steam Train going through Wheeler town.
- When this picture was taken, mid 20's, buildings for Point Adams are not there yet.
- Not sure when CRPA went to Wheeler. These buildings are in location of ones I knew in late 40's & 50's.
Early Memories of Nehalem Bay
(Continued)

I was 14 years old and next day I was 15, when I took this picture on June 11, 1953. This was a few years before Nehalem River closed to Gillnetters.

Wheeler, Oregon,
taken by Diane Finucane.
Salmon For All News

As I write, the long, bizarre tale of John Kitzhaber and Sylvia Hayes is unfolding. The Governor’s bad judgment has been his undoing, leading to him submitting his resignation on Friday, February 13, 2015, to be effective at 10:00 am. Wednesday, February 18. Secretary of State Kate Brown is to be the next Governor of Oregon. Where that leaves us is yet to be determined, but a neutral party would be a big improvement over what we have had with Kitzhaber. The Markees, our lobbyists in Salem, report they’ve had a good relationship with Ms. Brown. So there’s a positive response already.

A news report filed several weeks ago by Hillary Borrud of the Capital Bureau intimated that Sylvia Hayes and Liz Hamilton of the Northwest Sportfishing Industry Association were quite close, and that it would be interesting to see what their email correspondence indicated. It has been clear all along that the “SAFE for Salmon” plan hatched by Liz and her NSIA cronies was the model for the Kitzhaber plan. But did Liz have an agent in the Governor’s bed? Attorney General Ellen Rosenblum stated recently that Ms. Hayes’ emails were public documents, and ordered her to turn them over for her ongoing investigation of Hayes and Governor Kitzhaber. Whether she will or not is another question. But it seems unlikely that she will cooperate.

But the plain truth of the matter is that Governor Kitzhaber probably doesn’t care about any of this. He’s mismanaging most of the rest of the state. Why should he care about our fishermen? He doesn’t seem to care about much of anything except his reelection.

As events unfold in Oregon, there is also a lot going on in Olympia on the legislative level. SB 5844, sponsored by the Coastal Conservation Association, is a sport priority bill that would allow commercial fisheries only after sport fishing objectives have been met. But, as we know only too well, sport fishing objectives are never met. Fortunately for us, the CCA’s pet legislation is a case of massive overreach, going after all species, and not just salmon. That certainly woke up Washington’s commercial fishing interests. It’s companion bill in the House, HB 1660, has been assigned to the House Agriculture and Natural Resources Committee, chaired by Representative Brian Blake (D-Aberdeen), who does not intend to give the bill a hearing. SB 5844 is getting a hearing in the Senate Natural Resources and Parks Committee, chaired by Senator Kirk Pearson (R-Snohomish). But Senator Pearson has indicated he supports priority for neither sport nor commercial user groups. It is doubtful to gain much traction there, either.

SB 5372 is a bill that works in the other direction, requiring that any policy adopted by the Fish & Wildlife Commission comply with the Washington Administrative Procedure Act, which nothing done by the Commission for the past several years would. Further, emergency rules adopted by the Commission could be abrogated by executive order of the Governor, or by resolution of either house of the state legislature. Yet another bill in preparation would make the Director of the Department of Fish & Wildlife a cabinet level position, and reduce the Commission to an advisory council.

Could 2015 bring a reversal in our fortunes? It will be interesting to see how it all turns out.

by Secretary, Hobe Kytr

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"Duke"

The Duke is used as a fishing pickup launch around the Catblamet, Skomakowa and Clifton areas by Andrew Marinovich, Curt Nielsen, Marcel Blix and Dennis Blix

Johane Ostervold was the first permanent settler on Puget Island along with his wife and son. Mr. Ostervold, a sea captain from Norway, established a farm on the west end of Puget Island in September 1882, besides being a farmer he was also a gillnet fisherman.

In 1884 he began clearing a portion of his land for buildings for his seining grounds which included a cook house, a bunk house, a net house, and a horse barn. He began his seining business with a boat powered with steam called the James B. Stephan. In 1902 he had Wilson Shipyards in Astoria build the Duke, which was also steam powered.

In 1921 Ostervold sold his seining grounds and his boats, the Duke and the Grenay, to the Columbia River Packers Association (C.R.P.A.). In the 1930's the original steam engine in the Duke was replaced with a two cylinder Troy Fox engine built in Astoria, Oregon and the C.R.P.A. used the Duke at the seining grounds until it was retired for a pick up boat.

Sometime in the 1940's the C.R.P.A. installed a Chrysler Crown six cylinder engine and the Duke was then used as a cannery tender serving the Clifton Cannery in Oregon for approximately 40 years.

In 1974 Andrew Marinovich bought the Duke from the C.R.P.A. for pleasure and for towing cattle barges to Tenasillah Island. In 1983 Andrew gave the Duke to Marvel Blix to restore or dismantle. In 1984 Marvel, with the help of son Dennis and grandson Bart, tore the house and decks off leaving a canoe shaped hull. Once this was done and they saw what they had, a decision was made to save and rebuild the Duke under Marvel's direction. Dennis and Bart scrapped the inch thick oil caked timbers and ribs down. They cut boards from cedar and other logs on a portable sawmill as they were in need of clear boards which the Local mills did not produce anymore.

With help from friends and neighbors, Dale Walker, who furnished cedar, James Gorley, who did a wiring, Olaf Thomason's, who painted the boat name on the bow, and Louis Jaspers, who donated the running lights the Duke was finally in 1987, the Duke was slid down the ways into the river and was once again a beautiful sea worthy vessel! For a number of years Marvel and Dennis used the Duke successfully as a pickup boat.

Marvel Blix - Puget Island
“Duke”
(Continued)

The Duke was bought by Curt Nielsen and again was used by Curt as a pickup boat. Sometimes in season he would run the Duke fully loaded, he was well noted on the river.

After Curt’s passing Olaf Thomason Sr. bought the Duke from Curt’s widow in 2003 along with spare engine and parts. Olaf took the Duke to the Astoria old port dock boatyard for caulking and paint, afterwards he used the Duke for cruising and taking part in many Elochoman Marina wooden boat show over the years. In an effort to preserve the Duke, Mr. Thomason contacted the Astoria Maritime Museum curator in August 2014 and on October 8, 2014 the Duke was officially donated to the Astoria Maritime Museum.
At Home on Tenasillahe Island

by Jessie Jones

In the restless wheeler and dealer first decade of the 20th century, the Brown Diking Company, owned and operated by Portland-based business partners and civil engineers, W.G. Brown and W.N. Jones, was working night and day in the lower Columbia reclaiming "a large marshy island near the middle of the river", that was subject to high tides and seasonal flooding. Back in Portland, this latest land settlement model was all the rage. In the reclamation of these tidelands, investors banked on profiting from brokering new agricultural territory as well as profiting from an increased demand for commodities in the expanding Portland markets. At the same time, the federal government wanted these lands opened up to help small farmers settle the West.

Dredging the river at the water's edge all around Tenasillahe Island and diking approximately 1700 acres of the original 1950 acres was a massive undertaking. The island was fringed with a steep rock dike that reached high into the sky. As progress continued on that front, W.N. Jones bought the island outright from his partners in 1908. Of all the holdings of W.N. Jones in the lower Columbia, Tenasillahe Island became personal. The island had captured the heart of the capitalist. Ever the businessman, however, "Mr. Jones intended to develop [Tenasillahe Island] into the finest stock and dairy farm in the West". He had tide boxes installed at the large arterial sloughs that flowed throughout the island and then, on the Oregon side, he built a landing dock, ten bunkhouses, three big barns, a manager's house, the cook's house and mess hall, a dairy operation, and a cheese factory. The arts and crafts-style bungalow, built by Mr. Brown to serve as a home away from home while the dredging work in the lower Columbia was being conducted, would become the Jones family residence, a retreat and business operation combined.

W.N. Jones had hundreds of acres of the island's rich alluvial soil cleared and seeded with mostly rye and clover and then, in amazement, pride, and business savvy, he invited Addison Bennett of the Sunday Oregonian to come down and take a look at these lush fields, which, he said, "he could barely keep pastured down". In another article that year of 1915, the Oregonian extolled the opportunities that these newly reclaimed lands on the lower Columbia offered, promising that "when all the rich, luxuriant clover are developed, that cow that is fortunate to find herself on the former overflow lands of the Columbia will learn that her life has been placed in a bovine paradise". These promotional endorsements seemed to especially resonate in the dairy-producing countries of Holland and Scandinavia, as well as in the American Midwest, and a new wave of settlers soon arrived in the lower Columbia in the 1910s. "Several farm families in Northwestern Oregon got their start on the Jones farm at Tenasillahe" before staking out their own dairy farms across the channel, where railroad tracks now conveniently ran along the banks of the river.

Each morning, 10-gallon milk containers, embossed with the Tenas Illiehe brand, crossed the Clifton Channel by way of the island's service boat, the Doris, and were loaded up on the train heading to Astoria and the creamery there. There were problems galore with the milkers before the milk machines came in. In the early 1910s, a cheese factory was getting established on the island. Master cheesemaker James Beach "was the cheesemaker for the Jones family on Tenasillahe Island" through 1915. Mr. Beach's daughter, Maxine, lived on the island as a child and attended the one-room schoolhouse at Clifton, as did other children who resided on the island, and the Doris doubled as a school bus each morning.

River transportation, understandably, played a major role in the success of the island farm. W.N. Jones, Jr. remembered the legendary yields of produce grown on the island being "loaded up on the Doris and taken to Cathlamet to get aboard the Georgiana, a fancy passenger ship that went every night back to Portland, to get fresh produce to market there. The Georgiana did not stop at the island but
there was a grocery boat from Cathlamet that did stop at the island." He also recalled the Efín Freight docking regularly at the island, hauling equipment and produce and providing supplies, services, and passengers and a ship with cold storage capability would periodically stop at the island, too. And, of course, barges transported cattle and lumber.

The dairy farm on Tenasillale Island gave way to a beef cattle ranch operated by Robert L. Jones, who took ownership of the island from his father in 1924. With the assistance of long-time manager Bill Fick, he converted the dairy farm into a cattle ranch starting in the mid-1930s and from 1940 until 1961, these award-winning Hereford cattle free-roamed the meticulously maintained grassy fields, from field to field, some 1200 acres in all. Ducks and geese gathered in big numbers to scavenge these plowed fields. Island-harvested hay and island-grown and produced ensilage would be fed to the cattle in winter. There were around 1000 head of cattle on the place following calving time in the spring, according to a Farm-Market report in the 1940s. Jack Marinovich remembers Bob Jones coming across to Clifton and soldiering up to the potbellied stove at the Clifton post office/store, rubbing his hands to the warmth. "How's the grass growing?" Jack would ask. "Pretty good", answered Bob in typical laconic Jones-speak. "If they cut the horns off, he'd have blood covered all over", Jack recalled. On hot days, you would find the cattle standing in the sloughs to cool off.

The island's two-legged residents would likewise be cooling off at the old swimming hole near the dock during the hot summer days, taking a break from working the fields or retreating from the hustle and bustle of Portland city life. The Chinookan groups of the lower Columbia River referred to their seasonal residence and fishing base as Tenasillale, meaning simultaneously "little land" and "little home". For the Jones family and the island community, Tenasillale was a farm and home surrounded by and infused with nature and wilderness.

The "sweet cottonwood smell" commingled with the fragrance of the planted pastures. The well-worn paths were left natural except for some wooden foot bridges set down near the houses and barns.

Since 1971, Tenasillale Island has been a part of the Julia Butler Hansen Refuge for the Columbian White-tailed Deer, which is managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, headquartered two miles west of Cathlamet. The levees that WN Jones built and which were maintained by the Wabitaum Diking District and the federal government since, can be walked on still, on paths that are traversed by deer, coyote, and any number of abundant wildlife that Tenasillale Island is home to. There is a natural restlessness now, evidenced by a Northern Harrier gliding low over the remnant and still redolent fields while a Red-tailed Hawk shrieks and soars high above heart-shaped Tenasillale Island.
GOING NORTH

by Pat Van Ross

David decided there was nothing for it but we should go fishing in Alaska. He grew up there and was homesick. "Come with me," he said. "You'll love it!" He said. "We'll just go up for the summer, and if you don't like it we'll come back." He said.

Well now, I'd known David for a long time, since high school, in fact, but we had gone our separate ways, or I would have known once he got back to Alaska it would take an act of God to pry him out! Of course, he meant what he said at the time. Well, maybe not, but he figured his powers of persuasion and the idea that I just had to love Alaska as much as he did would make all the difference in the world.

I dished for almost a year with David and had fished before on other boats, but only for a few months. I still considered myself a greenhorn, not a green greenhorn, but maybe a medium greenhorn. I came from a long line of fishermen and that was good enough for David. He said it was in the blood. Yeah right! I'd survived a few harrowing adventures with David and his old wood boat so I'd had crash courses in seamanship. In retrospect I was actually a pretty good crewman by the time we left for Alaska. David had spent a lot of quality time fine-tuning my seamanship by trying to give me an exciting winter dragging bottom fish on the Jenny F Decker and fishing crab on the Sunapee.

The Sunapee was a 79' wood east coast scallop boat built in 1918. She was a mere youngster compared to the 99-year-old Jenny F Decker. David had found her laying derekt in Seattle fell in love with her schooner lines and just had to have her. She looked like a pirate boat when he was finished refitting her. Well, a lot of people think David looks like a pirate himself so they were a pretty good match. She was a great sea boat, needed a little more work on the inside of the house but David said that was small potatoes. I was to learn that he didn't think much of small potatoes. Well, stick talker that he is, I was finally convinced that I just had to go to Alaska.

We loaded up the boat with 300 Dungeness crab pots that David had traded his house for. We loaded our stores aboard and our three dogs. We couldn't leave them behind. We had David's 9-year-old son, Skeeter, aboard for the summer. We also had two deckhands, Mike Hubbard, and a more seasoned hand, Ron La Chapell. And my mother! She wasn't actually going to Alaska with us. David had invited her to ride down-river and we would drop her off in Ilwaco where my sister, Kathy, would pick her up. She needed no second invitation; she was down the ladder and on the boat before I knew it. David helped her aboard and across the tops of the huge stack of Dungeness pots while I watch through my fingers. I think my mother had a much bigger sense of adventure than I ever did! She really liked David; she thought he was such a tough guy! I think she would have gone if I'd stayed home! Once we dropped Mama off, with many calls of farewell and waving, we were off to Alaska! My big summer adventure, or so I thought.

We headed out of the river and swung north. David was already feeling happier! I was already feeling homesick! We rolled up the Washington coast past Vancouver Island then headed into the Inside Passage and stopped for fuel in the Canadian port of Prince Rupert. We arrived about down and tied up to the local fuel float. David warned that we couldn't go up town until we were cleared by Customs. He radioed the agency and they would send someone down to inspect the boat. Then, he said, "The dock isn't really on land so you and Skeeter can go have a shower." It was just a few feet from the boat after all. He was wrong. The agent was aboard when we got out of the shower and she informed us the boat was seized! The woman was new and, of course, adhering to the letter of the law. So Skeeter and I were in trouble. She said she couldn't let that pass and fined us $100 for being ashore. She said the fuel float was tied to land so it was part of Canada. Then she asked to see the health certificates of the three dogs. Opps! No, we didn't have any. So now she said the dogs were seized too. We couldn't leave until we got them health certificates. We hadn't planned on taking them ashore to begin with, but since we didn't have their papers we had to take them ashore to get the certificates and shots! That was another $150 from our meager funds. On a good note, we did get a walking tour of Prince Rupert. We finally got everything straightened out, got our fuel, and headed out again. David teased us for months about our $0 showers in Canada.

We continued on our way up the inside passage through places so narrow, the current so fast, the long passageways were called races. It was close passing on-coming traffic, especially in the dark. There were large rafts of loose logs to navigate through because of recent high tides. We had to be careful not to hit any. Some had huge root wads too. Occasionally we passed a cruise ship loaded with happy tourists. David tried to convince me we were having a much better time on our boat. At least the captain, him, let me steer the boat once in a while, like every 8 hours! We each had a 2-hour wheel watch though David usually kept the wheel during most of the day. It was fun seeing all the new country, even when I was on wheel watch, a challenge at night following the charts and changing course at each buoy.

We didn't stop again until we pulled into Ketchikan, Alaska. We needed fuel again and groceries. We took some time to see old Ketchikan and a few of the sights. There were two huge cruise ships tied up there and towered over the town. It was the first time I had seen one up close and standing still. The ones we had passed were usually running at night lit up like a city on the move.

Once out of Ketchikan we traveled in a northwesterly arc to Icy Strait and then into Lisinski Inlet and swung down to Pelican. Pelican is a small fishing village where we spent our last night on the eastern side of the Gulf of Alaska. I really
Going North, continued from pg. 18

liked Pelican, with its wooden boardwalks and neat old buildings. The harbor master didn’t like our dogs. He bade us keep them on a leash and clean up after them! We hadn’t even finished tying up the boat! They had enough dogs, he’d said, like we were going to leave them there.

We spent the night then headed out again up the narrow Lisinski Inlet and into an even narrower strait of the same name. It was raining and a little windy and I looked back as we headed off-shore across the Gulf of Alaska, wondering if I would ever come back.

It took us four days to cross the Gulf, the weather settled down and it came glassy calm and sunny. We passed the Fairweather grounds with the snowy mainland mountains to the north of us. We saw a sunfish and I got my first look at a sea otter. It was floating on its back with its big back feet sticking up in the air and cradled a clam with its front feet. It floated lazily in the water and watched us go by.

It was evening of the 9th day when we sighted Kodiak. There was a wonderful sunset as we neared the island. We pulled into Kodiak town about sun down; it was midnight, but still daylight, the 15th of June. It was the beginning of a 14-year adventure.

— Pat Van Ross

“The adventures of Pat Van Ross and her Commercial Fishing Trip north to Alaska with Dave.

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Salmon Soufflé
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Ingredients:
- 2 T margarine or butter
- ½ c. milk
- 4 slices bread, torn into pieces
- 2 cans red salmon, flaked and drained
- 2 eggs, separated
- 3 T lemon juice
- 2 t minced onions
- 1 t salt
- ¼ t pepper
- Paprika

Mix butter, milk and bread. Stir in salmon, egg yolks, lemon juice, onions, salt and pepper. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into salmon mixture. Pour into greased 1 ½ qt. casserole. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, 1 hour at 325° F or until knife inserted comes out clean.

Salmon Loaf
by Mary Adams


Baked Canned Salmon Casserole

Instructions:
Flake one can of salmon, retaining juice. Butter a casserole and put in one layer of salmon. Sprinkle a little flour over this and dot with butter. Add a layer of thinly sliced onions and one of thinly sliced raw potatoes. Then add another layer of salmon. Add enough milk to salmon juice to cover the layers. Season to taste. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and sprinkle paprika. Bake for 1 hour at 325° degrees. Garnish with lemon.

Salmon Steaks with Spinach

Ingredients:
- 4 salmon steaks (1” thick)
- 2 pounds fresh spinach
- Salt & Pepper
- 1 t dill weed
- ¼ c butter
- ¼ t paprika
- Lemon wedges

Wash spinach and shake off water. Cut into one inch wide strips and set aside. Turn on broiler and preheat broiler pan. Wash fish and damp cloth. Remove broiler and grease lightly. Arrange fish in single layer on pan. Broil about 4 inches from heat for 5 min.

Remove pan from broiler; turn fish and season to taste with salt and pepper. Sprinkle evenly with dill weed and dot with about 1 T butter. Return pan to broiler and broil for about 5 minutes more.

Meanwhile, in side frying pan, melt 3 tablespoons butter over medium heat and saute onion and garlicuntil soft. Stir in spinach and cook. Cover pan for about 3 minutes until spinach is cooked and bright green. Spoon onto heated platter, topped with salmon steaks, garnish with lemon wedges.

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A Wave Goodbye

Jeff C.J.R. Taylor, Jr.
July 24, 1940 - May 20, 2014

Lifelong area resident Jeff C. Taylor Jr., 73, passed away May 20, 2014, at the Hospice Care Center surrounded by his family.

J.R. was born July 24, 1940, in Clatskanie to Jeff and Bernice (McChung) Taylor. He was a gentle giant who always offered a helping hand and had a joke to tell.

J.R. began commercial fishing in Larsen Bay on Kodiak Island, Alaska, at the age of 14 with his father aboard the "Blue Jay." He continued to pursue seine out of Larsen Bay, Alaska, aboard his own fishing vessel, the "Dec Dec," until 2003 and Gill-netted on his fishing vessel the "Leander" on the Columbia River until 2012. His fishing career lasted 58 years and he loved every day of it.

He served in the Army as a lab technician and sharpshooter from 1959 to 1961 and was awarded a Good Conduct Medal. He remained active in the local American Legion.

On May 22, 1979, J.R. married Deo Norman of Las Vegas. They had three children, Alicia, Andrea and Ashley. J.R. loved having his family around him and was always planning a family trip. He was an avid card player and enjoyed discussing politics and current events, clam digging, cooking and hunting. He will be remembered for his sense of humor and big heart.

J.R. is survived by his wife, Deo Taylor; three daughters, Alicia Taylor, Andrea Holke and Ashley Brandt; four grandchildren, Braeden, Madeline, Trenton and Elia; two sisters, Carolyn Dounit and Jillie Jean Hurst; a brother, Jon Taylor; two aunts, Rosanna Scott and Bertha Huntington; and numerous cousins, nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Janice Ogle.

Francis Hall Bagley
Svensen
July 11, 1926 - June 13, 2014

Francis Bagley, 87, of Svensen, died June 13, 2014. Born in Astoria, Oregon, July 11, 1926, to Lewiston and Dorothy (Butler) Bagley, he was raised on the Bagley homestead in Knappa, Oregon.

He attended Knappa-Svensen School, and served in the U.S. Navy before graduating. Francis obtained his Knappa High School certificate in 2009.

Francis was a repairman for the telephone company while employed at Big Creek Fish Hatchery in the 1940s-50s. He took full employment with Knappa Telephone Company in 1956 for 35 years. He retired in 1990 from Century Link. He then worked for Hubbard's in Medford, Oregon.

Francis belonged to the Knappa Dads Club, which installed the lighting on the Knappa High School football field. Francis climbed all the high poles and secured power for the lights. Being Santa was a joy he shared with children. He was a chaperone and traveled with the Immanuel Lutheran Youth Group in the 1960s.

He belonged to the Astoria Elks Club, and was also a member of the American Legion. His hobbies were gardening, yard work, woodworking and collecting items from the past.

In 1953, Francis married Eileen (Barendse)...

Cont. on pg. 23
Chevron whom he divorced in 1972. They had daughters, Suzanne Martin and Tootsie Bagley Rush, and adopted Lewis, Bill and Steve Bagley.

On the Bagley homestead, Francis built onto the 2-room home a 6-room 2-story home to accommodate foster children. George Koljen, Carl Parker, Fred Broberg and Ed Broberg. Jennie Pong came from Hong Kong to be part of the U.S. family for 1½ years. He has two stepchildren, Gary Aho and Maria McGregor. From Francis’ families there are 19 grandchildren, 25 great-grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

In 1973, he married Carla Landcaster, who preceded Francis’ death. They had girls, Amy Martinez and Allison Bagley.

In 2004, he moved back to Svensen, Oregon, and married Betty Aho Bagley. She resides in Svensen. He is also survived by his brothers Eldred Bagley and Richard Bagley and many nieces and nephews and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his father Lewiston Bagley and mother Dorothy Bagley, sisters Gwendolyn Dooms and Anable Kent, and brother Jim Bagley.

Graveside services will be June 21, 2014, at Knappa Prairie Cemetery at 1:00 p.m., followed by a memorial at 3:00 p.m. at Knappa High School Commons.

Memorial contributions may be made to Knappa Athletics or the Cancer Society, in care of Caldwell’s Luce-Layton Mortuary, 1165 Franklin Ave., Astoria, Oregon 97103.

An online guest book may be signed at:
www.caldwellsmortuary.com

**Pernelia Kay ‘Perky’ Collman Rasmussen**

**Portland**

October 30, 1951 - July 2, 2014

Pernelia was born in Astoria at St. Mary’s Hospital the day before Halloween in 1951, the first of five children of Lila Haggen and Ronald Collman. Her mother said she looked like a little Eskimo baby when she was born because of her red face and long dark hair. She earned her nickname “Perky”, a combination of her first and middle name, and because she had such a perky personality. She attended Lewis and Clark Elementary School at Miles Crossing and graduated from Astoria High School in 1969. She attended Oregon College of Education, now Western Oregon University.

On April 25, 1982, she married John Rasmussen and they lived in the Rasmussen family home in Portland until his death. On July 2, she passed away at home after battling lung cancer for six months. She spent 27 enjoyable years at Portland Opportunity Industrial Center - Rosemary Anderson High School, as bookkeeper and fiscal officer.

She was preceded in death by her mother, who died of pancreatic cancer on March 18, 2008. She is survived by her husband, John, of Portland; father Ronald Collman of Warrenton; siblings Rodney of Boring, Dr. Rebecca Collman McMahen of Colchester, VT, Jennifer Warren of Benicia, Calif., and Benjamin of Juneau, Alaska; 10 nephews and eight grand-nephews and nieces.

She was proud of her Finnish heritage and served Portland Lodge No. 23 of the United Finnish Kaleva Brothers and Sisters many years as secretary. In 2012, she was elected vice president of the Grand Lodge of UFKB. She was also very active in and served as secretary of the Finnish American Historical Society of the West.

She and husband John were usually the cooks for the annual Fina-Nic at the Lindgren pioneer cabin at Callaby Lake each year in August. Memorial service will be held at 2 p.m. Thursday at Eastrose Fellowship Unitarian Church at 1133 N.E. 181st Ave., Portland.

**Michael Wirckala**

Long Beach


Mike grew up in Ilwaco where he attended Ilwaco Grade and High School, graduating in 1967. Mike played basketball in grade school, through high school, and for Clark College in Vancouver. Many of the town’s teams were basketball with “Wirckala Mechanics” followed.

Mike worked for Pacific County Public Utility No. 2, starting as an apprentice lineman in 1968, moving up the ladder to lineewoman, engineering, and finally as operations manager in 1984. He retired in 1999 after 30 years of service.

Mike enjoyed basketball, the beach, woodcutting, and harvesting cranberries. He joined the Western Amputee Golf Association in 1990 and was hooked on the game of golf. He was recognized for his golf game at several amputee tournaments.

Mike also enjoyed the time spent with family and friends at his children were growing: high school sports, picnics, camping, trips to Bend and golf vacations.

Mike married Janice Bittner in 1969, divorcing in 2000. Mike is survived by Janice; his daughter, Kristine and husband Brent; and grandchildren Bryanna and Michelle Milwaukie, Ore.; his son, James and wife Hope and grandson James of Owensville, Calif.; his sister, Linnce and companion Steve of Toledo, Wash.; his sister Lisa Carr of Bellevue; and a sister Mary Wirckala of Centralia; his brother Wayne and wife Renee of Vancouver; along with several nieces and nephews. Mike also includes Ed and Linda Bittner, Carol and Frank Woodward as family.

Having received excellent care and compassion from nurses Donna, Terri and Jackie, Mike requests rememberances be made of Harbor Home Health and Hospice in care of Penttila’s Chapel, P.O. Box 417, Long Beach, WA 98631.

A celebration of Mike’s life will be held on Sept. 28 from 1 p.m. until 4 p.m. at the Cove at the Peninsula Golf Course in Long Beach. Appetizers will be provided. His guest book is available at www.penttilascarple.com

**Tronni Petersen**

Astoria

Dec 3, 1955 - August 14, 2014

Born to Margaret and Richard Thompson, Tronni attended Capt. Robert Gray School and graduated from Astoria High in 1974. She attended Pacific University where she received her degree in Psychology in 1978. She spied Butch Petersen from across the room at a mutual friend’s wedding in 1977. He had an empy seat next to him and as she was making her way over to introduce herself, someone sat in her spot. So, boldly and out character, she went and sat on his lap. The rest is history as the two married on August 5, 1978. She was always felt that they were soulmates and loved him fiercely. She and Butch lived in Astoria and had two kids. First Kate in 1980, then Adam in 1982. Tronni loved being a mom and often volunteered at her kids’ schools, coached their teams, and attended every sporting event.

Tronni passed away in Astoria on August 14, 2014 after a long battle with MS. She made her family laugh until the end and will be remembered fondly as the sweet, amusing woman she was. She will be greatly missed. Tronni was preceded in death by her father in 2009. She is survived by her husband, Butch of Scappoose, Mother, Margaret Thompson of Astoria. Sisters,
Claudia and Layne DeLoft of Svensen and Cindy and Jef Daly of Seaside. Children, Kate and Alex Wood of Portland and Adam Peterson of Portland. Granddaughter Nora Wood.

Trommi loved Astoria and her Finnish heritage. She was the 1991 Scandinavian Festival Junior Court Chairperson, which she got to do with her aunt Frankie Thompson, who served as Senior Court Chairperson. Her main job was being a stay-at-home mom but for a time in the 80's worked for Clatsop County, a job she enjoyed. In 1995, the family moved to Scappoose where the community fully welcomed them. Trommi made many lasting friendships in Scappoose and loved the town.

Trommi wished her memorial to be a party, rather than a somber affair so, a party in Trommi's honor was thrown on September 26th at the Astoria Elks Lodge. In lieu of flowers, her family wishes donations to be made to Astoria Clatsop Care Center Activities Department and to Lower Columbia Hospice.

**Edmund Goddard Fearney, Jr.**
*Astoria*
March 1, 1921 - September 30, 2014

Ed Fearney, a longtime Astoria businessman, passed away September 30th, 2014 after a brief illness. He was 93 years old. He was born Edmund Goddard Fearney Jr. on March 1st, 1921 at Valley View Farm near Newberg, OR. The family moved to Astoria in 1928 where his father, Edmund Fearney Sr., took over an insurance agency. His mother, Margaret Frederick Fearney, was a homemaker and avid gardener.

Ed attended Lewis and Clark School and was active in Sea Scouts, where he learned to sail on their boat, The Flying Cloud. He would enjoy sailing for the rest of his life. He also became a Life Scout and attended the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington, DC.

Ed graduated from Astoria High School in 1939, and enrolled at Oregon State College, (now University), where he became a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. In December 1941, he and several friends enlisted in the Navy, but were allowed to finish school as they were majoring in Engineering. Ed graduated in 1943 and was sent to New York City for officer's training.

That fall, at a dance at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he met Ann Marie Gebel. They were engaged three weeks later, before Ed's destroyer escort, the Richard S. Bull, left for the South Pacific. He was in charge of the engine room, and made life-long friends before the war ended. He returned to Astoria to marry Ann on November 17, 1944. After finishing his service, they settled in Astoria, where Ed began working at his father's insurance agency.

Ed worked to improve the business, Ed Fearney & Co., and added Service Company in 1964. He served as Harbormaster, was an active member of the Lions Club, the First Presbyterian, the Astoria Christian Churches and many other clubs and organizations. He was the oldest and longest-standing member of the Yacht Club. Ed also worked on many charitable projects, and served on the Columbia Hospital Board.

Ed and Ann raised three children; Ross, Charlotte (Cherie), and Lois, and together designed and built four houses. Ed had a wood working shop and enjoyed furniture making, as well as sailing. After retiring, Ed and Ann enjoyed traveling and visiting their grandchildren. Ann passed away in 2003 at age 80. The next year on Valentine's Day 2004, Ed married a long-time friend, Charlotte Harrison Hallak. They spent ten happy years together. Charlotte survives him at home.

Also surviving are his children, Ross (Jo Ann) Fearney, Cherie (Barry) Miller, and Lois Barnum (Tom Laughman); eight grandchildren and spouses, Megan (Erik) Rhodes, Joe Fearney, Chris Miller (Robyn Murgio), Amanda and Katie Miller, and Jonathan (J.T.), Alex and Schuyler Barnum; as well as three great-grandchildren; Finn, Graham and Cora Miller.

Services will be Saturday, October 11th, 2014 at 2 p.m. at the Astoria Christian Church, 1151 Harrison Ave., Astoria.

Contributions may be sent to the Clatsop County Historical Society or the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

**Morris L. Wirkkala**
*Naselle*
March 2, 1948 - Oct. 1, 2014

Phillip L. Wirkkala, 66, died peacefully on October 1, 2014 at his Naselle residence. Born March 2, 1948, in Ilwaco, he was the son of Naselle pioneer residents Lauri and Martha (Keiski) Wirkkala. Phillip attended Naselle grade school and was a 1966 graduate of Naselle High School. He played varsity golf and football for the Comets and was captain of the basketball team.

Phillip graduated from the University of Washington. He taught history and was an athletic coach at Ilwaco High School for several years. Returning to his family heritage as a logger, he worked as a timber faller the remainder of his career. He was a lifelong resident of Naselle.

Phillip loved working on the family farm his entire life, and particularly enjoyed hanging season. An avid golfer and American history buff, he especially enjoyed spending time with his extended family and friends during stories and laughter. He was a devoted husband, father and grandfather, a kind and gentle man, very much is own person.

He and Nancy Mercer were married in 1984 and she survives, residing at the family residence. Also surviving are daughters Michelle (Steve) Josephsen of Bothell, Wash., and Monica (Brian) Patridge of Ashland, Ore.; sister Mary (Brian) West of Tulsa, Okla.; brothers Victor (Judy) Wirkkala of Chino, Calif., and Lorne (Marcie) Wirkkala of Gary (Elaine) Wirkkala, both of Naselle; grandchildren Aleah Josephsen, and Theron and Kyler Patridge; and numerous members of his extended family.

At his request, a graveside service will be held Saturday, October 11, 2014, at 1:00 p.m. at Peaceful Hill Cemetery in Naselle. A reception follows at the Naselle Community Congregation Church.

His casket will be open Friday, October 10, 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. at Penttila's Chapel by the Sea in Long Beach.

Memorials may be made to Naselle Ambulance and Fire District or Peaceful Hill Cemetery Association in care of Penttila's Chapel, PO Box 417, Long Beach, WA 98631.

His guest book is available at: www.penttilaschapel.com

**Morris G. Lillich**
*Clatskanie*
March 10, 1922 - Oct. 6, 2014

Morris Godfrey Lillich, longtime resident of Clatskanie, grandchild of Richard Andrew Lillich, a pioneer from Wisconsin who settled on his homestead new Quincy, Oregon in 1882 passed away October 6, 2014. Morris was born in Portland on March 10, 1922 to parents John Christian Godfrey and Eleanor Elizabeth (Fusberg) Lillich.

Morris had one other brother, Richard Andrew Lillich who preceded him in death in 2006. Morris attended grade school in Skamokawa, Washington and graduated from Clatskanie High School in 1940. Morris joined the U.S. Navy in May of 1940 and was immediately sent to San Diego Naval Training School. He was four months in Navigation School and then served on the USS Indianapolis, a heavy cruiser, in the Pacific Theater until July 1942, when to the USS Indianapolis, a heavy cruiser, in the Pacific Theater until July 1942,
when to the USS Card an escort aircraft carrier in the North Atlantic Anti-Submarine Campaign until 1945 and WWII war's end. The USS Card and her task group earned the Presidential Citation for its successful destruction of the Nazi "U" boat fleet. He and Shirley Ruth Van were married April 18, 1948 and to this union John Godfrey Lillich was born.

Morris was employed by Santiam Lumber Company as a site supervisor in the construction of the mill in Sweet Home, Oregon. They then moved to New Zealand where he worked in the construction of another mill. During the 1950's they made numerous trips back and forth updating the installation of machinery in these mills. Morris and Shirley moved to the island of Waiheke, New Zealand in 1965 where he built many beach cottages until their return to Clatskanie in 1972 when he semiretired. In Clatskanie he helped build the police station, the library building and the High School.

In 1974 he and Shirley began the construction of their home, which was completed in 1976 where Morris currently resided. Morris and Shirley had lived in 26 different homes during the course of their married lives. Shirley preceded him in death on December 14, 1992. Morris and Carol Ideen (Jones) Lewis were friends in school and always remained friends over the years, uniting in marriage on August 29, 1993 on Sweettown Road at the home of a close friend who was a retired Minister. Carol preceded in death January 24, 2011.

Morris has had a great interest in raising sheep over the years on his small farm in Clatskanie, a town he dearly loved.

Morris held memberships in The American Legion Louis Larsen Post #68 and Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Morris is survived by: his son and daughter-in-law; John and wife Kristin Lillich of Clatskanie; one granddaughter; Jasmine Rose Lillich of Ashland, Oregon and several cousins.

Memorials are suggested to: The Clatskanie Presbyterian Church Building Fund, P.O. Box 448, Clatskanie, Oregon 97016.

A celebration of life service will be held on Saturday, Oct. 18, at 11:00 a.m. at the Clatskanie Presbyterian Church, 215 S. Nehalem Street, Clatskanie, Oregon with Pastor Erik Huget officiating.

Groulx Family Mortuary of Rainier, Oregon is in charge of arrangements.

Gladys Ann (Goska) Halsan
Knappa
June 1, 1934 - Oct. 21, 2014

Gladys Ann (Goska) Halsan, 80, passed away in Astoria on July 22, 2014, after a long illness.

Gladys was born June 1, 1934, and grew up on the Knappa waterfront with her parents, Joseph Goska and Hulda Pierson in the family's float house. Her father was a commercial gillnetter and Gladys learned this, as well, with many stories of time spend in the net loft, mending the gillnets.

She enjoyed waterskiing and swimming with friends.

She later attended Oregon College of Education and graduated with a major in education and a minor in art. She worked as a primary school teacher at Happy Valley, then in Warrenton Grade School, a position which was her greatest passion and enjoyment.

Living in Knappa, she enjoyed fishing and was an avid duck hunter. She was also involved with gardening, crafts and crocheting, and spending time with her grandchildren.

Gladys was preceded in death by her brother Gene, and her husband of 50 years, Robert L. Halsan. She is survived by daughter, Dena; son, Mark; and grandchildren Madison and Thomas IV. There will be a Celebration of Life and a potluck in her memory at the Knappa Assembly of God Church 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Saturday, Aug. 9. Her ashes were scattered in the river near her family home.

Contributions in her memory may be made to the Knappa School Foundation Scholarship, 42915A Old Hwy. 30, Astoria.

Wave Goodbye Cont. on pg. 26
June Christensen
Bend
June 9, 1927 - Oct. 21, 2014

Alice June Elizabeth (Seeberg-Taylor) Christensen, 87, passed peacefully in her sleep on Oct. 21, 2014, in Bend, Ore., surrounded in her last hours by all of her children.

She was born in Astoria, Ore., on June 9, 1927, to William V. and Alice (Apsford) Seeberg. Her younger brother, Donald Seeberg, and sister, Joyce Eide, survive her.

Because her mother died due to complications during childbirth, she was raised as a “sister” with the children of her grandparents, Victor and Fannie Seeberg, in the “Big House” in Astoria.

She was preceded in death by her parents, grandparents and all of those aunts and uncles with whom she was raised as a sister, except Judith Walker, who also survives her.

June graduated from Astoria High School and became a beautician. She married Marvin R. Taylor, and they had six children. The family lived in Astoria, Roseburg and Yakima, Wash.

After a divorce, June and her girls moved to Eugene, Ore., where her older children were already attending the University of Oregon.

In Eugene, she worked at McKenzie-Willamette Hospital, and later at Eugene Water and Electric Board, from which she retired. She traveled the world during those years, and provided a home base in Eugene to which her children and their families returned often.

While in Eugene, she met and married Christian (Christ) Christensen, with whom she enjoyed many happy years of marriage before his death.

June later moved to Bend to be near her daughters, Barbara and Lynn, and lived there happily until her death. According to her wishes, she will rest in Eugene at the Rest Haven cemetery with Chris.

June was known and remembered by everyone she met for her kindness and grace under any conditions, regardless of what came her way. A more loving mother has not existed.

She is survived by all of her 6 children and 10 grandchildren, Rob (Bonnie, Alex, Jon) Taylor, Loren (Roberta, Michelle, Selina) Taylor, Barbara (Amanda) Taylor, Lynn (Louie, Karlee, Marlowe) Hoffman, Susan (Bill, Dustin, Riley) Combs, and Jodi (Bill, Otis) Taylor-Hepp, and numerous spouses, great-grandchildren, cousins, nieces and nephews.

The immediate family has celebrated her life and all that they learned from her in a private gathering.

June taught by example. Her children are proud to try to carry on her legacy - a rather high bar.

Eldon Korpela
Astoria
March 17, 1927 - October 28, 2014

Eldon was born in Astoria, Ore. He was a commercial fisherman in both Oregon and Alaska and a teacher. He graduated from Oregon State University in 1950 with a fisheries degree. He received his Master’s degree in marine biology from the University of New Mexico in 1964.

Eldon taught biology at Astoria High School until his retirement in 1985, while continuing to fish during the summers. He started a fish hatchery program at the high school, gathering support and funding from local industry, friends and the community. In 2010, he was honored for his dedication to the hatchery program with the renaming of the building now known as the Eldon Korpela Applied Science Center.

Eldon and his wife, Betty, moved to West Linn in 1994 to be closer to their two grandchildren, Kelly and Matthew Glaser. They were devoted to the kids and their activities both educational and sports. Eldon never missed a Laker football game or practice until Matt graduated in 2002. He was also a Beaver supporter and lifetime alumni member.

Eldon also enjoyed golf – his claim to fame was three-holes-in-one in one year. He and Betty traveled with friends and family both in the U.S. and internationally. They were also active at the West Linn Adult Community Center. Betty died in 2003, after 52 years of marriage.

Eldon is survived by daughters Kathy Glaser of Lake Oswego and Susan Korpela of Astoria; grandchildren Kelly Glaser Shreiner of Olympia and Mathew Glaser of Los Angeles; great-grandchildren Lydia and Levi Shreiner.

Dad spent the last four years of his life in memory care at The Pearl in Lake Oswego. The family wishes to thank their staff for the loving care he received.

Agnes C. Rusinovich
Swenson
April 18, 1932 - Nov. 2, 2014

Agnes Clara McNulty Rusinovich passed away peacefully in her sleep with her family by her side on Sunday, Nov. 2, 2014, in Astoria, Oregon, at 82 years of age. Aggie was born in Toquamoxic, Kan., on April 18, 1932 to Peter and Agnes Devine McNulty.

Her family moved to Clatsop County as a young child. She married Nicholas Rusinovich, Sr. on Feb. 12, 1949, in Astoria. They had four children, Nickie, Elaine, Shirley and Vince. She loved living in Clatsop County and called it God’s Country.

She devoted her life to her family, and loved them very much nearby. When her grandkids visited with her she always had them laughing.

Many young people’s lives were touched by Grandma Aggie. She loved being with children.

She leaves behind her six grandchildren, Michael Pass (Renee), Brad Pass, Nicole Rusinovich Storc (Ryan, Ryan Rusinovich (Abby), Chase and Nikk Rusinovich. She also has four great-grandkids, Nicholas and Aubrey Rusinovich, Taylor Pass, Ian and London Storc.

Aggie is survived by her daughters, Elaine Rusinovich and Shirley (Rick) Pass; son Vince (Katie Rusinovich); daughter-in-law, Sherry Rusinovich; brother, Walt McNulty; sisters, Opal and Anna; sister-in-law, Katie Skipper; and numerous nieces and nephews.

She was preceded by her Husband, Nick, whose son Nickie; grandson, Dominic Rusinovich; brothers, Joe, Dick; and sister, Rose.

Aggie will be missed by her friend since childhood, Barbara Begleries. While reuniting with friends, Vivienne Maley, in heaven, she will also be missed by her close friend Nancy Donovan.

Our mom’s goodness is "higher than the mountains, and deeper than the sea. Forever in our hearts. Love you mom! Memorial gifts may be made to the Columbia River Gilhette, c/o Jon Westerholm, PO Box 627, Astoria, OR 97103 and/or Lower Columbia Hospi, 2111 Exchange St., Astoria, OR 97103.

June Cecile Moskova
St. Helens
June 11, 1918 - Dec. 2, 2014

June Cecile Moskova, who lived most of her life in Astoria, Ore., died on Dec. 2, 2014, in St. Helens, Ore. She was 96.

June was born on June 11, 1918, in Moorhead, Minn., to Morris and Ingeborg Berg. The family moved to Astoria, Ore., when she was 2 years old with her two older brothers, William and Kenneth.

Her childhood years were spent on 38th Street. She graduated from Astoria High School and worked as a telephone operator in Astoria and Bellingham. In 1943, she married George Moskova. He was a commercial fisherman and pioneered the bottom fishing industry in Astoria. They were married for 61 years and had four daughters: Georgene Swenson, Gig Harbor, Wash.; Joy Johnson, Rosburg, Wash.; Jo Ann Williams, Scappoose, Ore.; and Kathleen Orcutt, Bellingham, Wash. They had 12 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.
June was preceded in death by her husband, George Moskowitz; brothers, William Berg and Kenneth Berg, both of Warrenton, Ore.; a daughter Georgene Swenson, Gig Harbor, Wash.; and a granddaughter, Randall Swenson, Scaview, Wash.; and a son-in-law, Clayton Johnson, Rosburg, Wash.

June’s foremost priorities were being a wife, mother and homemaker. Being a fisherman’s wife, June ran the “home front” while George was at sea, sometimes for weeks at a time. June knew when George was coming up the Columbia River because she knew the sound of the boat’s engine! She put up the engine parts from sunken boats drying out in her oven and family vacations in December, which included stopping at most of the docks on the way to San Pedro, Calif., to visit George’s relatives.

June also had part-time jobs. She worked in the local fish plant, Sebastian Stuart. She worked for a time as the Welcome Wagon hostess, welcoming newcomers to Astoria, and she also gillnetted with her husband in Puget Sound.

She was a member of First Lutheran Church and the Daughters of Norway. She loved traveling, crocheting, and shopping. She was a very generous person who gave so much to her family and friends, and was greatly loved by her family.

There will be a memorial service on Jan. 9, 2015, at First Lutheran Church in Astoria at 2 p.m.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to your favorite charity, if desired.

**Albert E. Lokan**

Milwaukie, OR

Former Astorian, Albert E. Lokan, age 94, passed away peacefully on December 10, 2013, at his home in Milwaukie surrounded by his loving family.

Albert was born in Clatskanie on September 14, 1919 to Albert (“Mike”) and Marie (Hennala) Lokan, an immigrant from Finland. At this time, Mike worked at the old Hume salmon cannery located at Eagle Cliff, Washington, a few miles downriver from Oak Point.

The second of six children, Albert grew up in Astoria, graduating from Astoria High School in 1937. He was on the A.H.S. track team, played City League baseball, and was a strong swimmer and hiker.

The Lokan family’s roots in Astoria began with Albert’s grandparents who built the family home in Uppertown in the early 1900’s. They had moved from the Scow Bay area after the hill went down in a huge mud slide and took a number of dwellings with it.

Mike Lokan’s employment with the fishing industry led his four sons to be involved in gillnetting and canning work to help fund college and other needs. Albert worked at the Columbia River Packers Assn. cooking tuna, and boat-pulling with a commercial fisherman in a sternpicker with no cabin and a 1-4 cylinder engine. His brothers gillnetted with various fishermen: Milton fished with John Dahl; Gerald working for Jack Stanovich, Pete Diklich, John Kustura, and others; Claude (“Whitney”) recalled a “corking match” during his boat-pulling experience, as sometimes happened when laying out the gillnets. Albert’s sister, Naomi, also became closely involved in Astoria fishing when she married Arvid North, station manager at the Scandinavian cannery.

Following high school and a sheet metal training course, Albert was hired by Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank, California to build P-38 fighter planes for World War II. By 1942 he was missing his Astoria sweetheart, and on February 14, 1942, Albert married Jane Crandall in North Hollywood, CA. Jane and her two brothers, George and Clifford of A.H.S./Oregon State basketball fame, are the children of George and Hilja (Simi) Crandall. George Sr. will be remembered by old-timers as managing the H&H Seining Ground on the Columbia River near Quincy for many years. The Crandall family made their home in Astoria in 1921.

In 1944 Albert joined the Navy and attained the rating of Aviation Electronics Technician First Class. After discharge in 1946, the family moved to Portland where Albert was employed for brief periods by former Astorian, Wilt Paulson, at an airport in Beaverton. This preceded over 35 years as a diesel mechanic for International Harvester Company.

Albert and Jane raised six children. Their many activities in school, sports and church helped their parents busy. Albert was a devoted and supportive husband and father who enjoyed coaching his kids in sports, helping with schoolwork, and urging them to do their best. And when Jane became a State Representative 1995-2001, he was the “Sign Man Extraordinaire” for her 1000-plus campaign signs. But Albert’s most “fun times” were the big, noisy family celebrations—and then he enjoyed the quiet after everyone went home. Albert was the avid reader who enjoyed a good discussion. He cared deeply about his country and held a strong Christian faith. But one thing he never failed to talk about was Astoria and salmon fishing on the Columbia.

Al and Jane celebrated their 71st wedding anniversary on February 14, 2013. Besides his wife, Jan, Albert is survived by five children, Judith Schwartzkopf of Manmoth Lakes, CA; Dennis Lokan and wife Sheila, of Milwaukee; Keith Lokan of Portland; Sara Lokan of San Diego; and Chris Lokan and wife Jill, of Sierra Madre, CA.; and his brother Gerald Lokan and wife, Donna of Roseburg; five grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; and ten nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents; brothers Milton and Claude; sister Martha Johnson of Seattle and Naomi North of Astoria and her husband Arvid North. Alert’s oldest son, Ronald died December 28, 2013, ten days after his father.

Many friends gathered for a memorial service at Milwaukie Lutheran Church, with gifts made to the church Endowment Fund. Interment was at a Willamette National Cemetery in Portland with military honors.
Leonard James 'Jim' Allen
Knappa
Dec. 3, 1931 - Dec. 18, 2014

Jim was born Dec. 3, 1931, in Astoria, Ore., to Leonard D. Allen and Eugenia Barnes Butler Allen. He was raised in Brownsmead, attending school in Brownsmead and graduating from Knappa High School in 1949.

Jim started working for the Auto Company in Brownsmead for a few months, feeding milk and various other jobs. He then enlisted into the Navy in March of 1951, and served during the Korean War on the USS Philipine Sea until March of 1955.

On Aug. 12, 1955, he married Mary Beth Rogers at Immanuel Lutheran Church in Brownsmead. Jim enrolled in the Oregon Institute of Technology in Klamath Falls, Ore., for a year in their carpentry program. They then moved to California, and he attended a union carpentry school in Los Angeles.

Jim and Mary lived in Inglewood, Calif., for four years. They moved to Buena Park, Calif., and lived for eight years. Jim worked for the Walt Disney Company, building several different attractions at Disneyland.

In 1968, they moved back to Brownsmead, and then eventually built a home in Knappa. Jim started his own company, L.J. Allen Construction Company, Inc., and he and his sons have built several spec homes and custom homes in Clatsop County. His hobbies included making videos, gardening, fishing, boating, raising corn, and he loved being with his family and many friends.

Survivors include his wife, Mary Allen of Knappa; two daughters and sons-in-law, Susan and Steve Hansell of Astoria and Sandra and Ken Pearson of Knappa; two sons and a daughter-in-law, Robert and Dana Allen of Knappa and Brian Allen of Knappa; grandchildren: Greg Vison of Beaverton, Ore., grandson and his wife, David and Natasha Pearson of Astoria, Granddaughter and her husband, Kris and Chad Arnold of Knappa, and granddaughter and fiancé, Carleta Lewis Allen and Jason Hippert of Astoria, Brett Lewis Allen of Knappa, and Devin Lewis Allen of Knappa; great-grandsons, Bryce Pearson of Astoria and Taylain Arnold of Knappa; and sister Carolyn Bartlett of Knappa. Numerous nieces and nephews also survive.

Visitation will be held Friday, Dec. 26, 2014, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Caldwell’s Luce-Layton Mortuary, 1167 Franklin Ave., Astoria, Ore.

Graveside services will be held Saturday, Dec. 27, 2014, at 11 a.m. at Immanuel Lutheran Church in Knappa, 42417 Valley Creek Lane, Astoria, Ore.

Graveside services will follow at Knappa Prairie Cemetery. A reception will follow the graveside services at the Svensen Grange.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be given to the Knappa Schools Foundation, 51535 Old Hwy 30, Astoria, OR 97103; Lower Columbia Hospice, 2111 Exchange St., Astoria, OR 97103; or First Lutheran Church, 725 33rd St., Astoria, OR 97103.

Caldwell’s Luce-Layton Mortuary is in charge of the arrangements. Please sign our online guest book at: www.caldwellsmortuary.com

Roger Burgoyne Bowman
Westport
July 14, 1932 - Dec. 24, 2014

Roger Burgoyne Bowman, 82, passed away on Dec. 24, 2014 at the Clatsop Care Center in Astoria, Ore.

Roger lived in the Westport, Ore. area for the majority of his life and was well known by everyone in the area. He was born on July 14, 1932, in Portland, Ore., to Eugene Field and Florence Maybel (May) Bugoyne Bowman.

Roger married Joyce Oris Prestegard on Dec. 19, 1953, at the Westport Community Church.

From 1952 to 1956 he proudly served in the U.S. Coast Guard, where he served on the Cutter Klamath based out of Seattle, Wash. He later transferred to the Buoy Tender Mallow based out of Astoria, Ore., for the remainder of his service career.

After the Coast Guard he worked at the Wauna and Bradwood saw mills. In addition, Roger was a deckhand on the “Duke” for Garnie Brecke, picking up salmon from commercial fisherman on the Columbia River. Later he was employed as a deckhand on the “CRPA” for Bumble Bee in Astoria, Ore., until he obtained employment at the Wauna Mill. After 28 years working in the Converting Department, he retired from the James River Wauna Mill, never missing a single day of work during all those years.

Feisty, stubborn and funny are a few of the words known to describe him. Always had a joke (usually a bit off-colored) and it was his mission to make you laugh. His love for music was passed on to his children, especially listening to Johnny Cash, his favorite singer, along with Merle Haggard and Marty Robbins.

In his earlier years, Roger enjoyed deer hunting, target shooting, boating, traveling and camping with his family. During the shift rotations at the mill, he started reading military books when he couldn’t sleep after swing-shift. He accumulated quite a stockpile of reading material over the years, and was extremely knowledgeable on military history.


He was preceded in death by his wife Joyce O. Bowman; his parents Eugene F. and May Bowman; and his granddaughter Kristina D. Fikowski.

Visitation is scheduled today, Monday, Dec. 29, 2014, at Groulx Family Mortuary, from 2 to 5 p.m. A service will be held Tuesday, Dec. 30, 2014, at 11 a.m. at Groulx Family Mortuary, 25381 Wonderly Road, Rainier.

Remembrances are suggested to Wounded Warrior Project, 4890 Belfort Rd. Ste. 300, Jacksonville, FL 32256.

Arrangements are being handled by Groulx Family Mortuary.

Robert Edwin Van Osdol
Astoria
April 25, 1924 - Dec. 30, 2014

Beloved husband, father, grandfather and friend. Bob is survived by his wife, Rita Helmersen-Van Osdol; daughters, Rebecca Bugarsky (Ray), Elizabeth Van Osdol, Bonny Mattison (Dave), Cara Van Osdol (Terry McGottigian), Rosie Van Osdol-Burton (Ray) and Roberta Thompson; sons, Brian (Lorraine), Ed (Joyce) and Mark (Leah); two stepdaughters, Ann Marie Ramirez (Patrick) and Joanne Peterson (Shane); 15 grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

Bob’s parents were James “Ros” Van Osdol and Anna Sophie Van Osdol. He was born in Astoria and graduated from Knappa High School in 1942. He served in the U.S. Army from 1943 to 1946 as a staff sergeant with the Americal Division in the Solomon Islands and the Southern Philippines.

He married Mary Katherine Carlson on June 3, 1946. Mary passed away in October 1987.

In 1954, he joined the Oregon State Police and was stationed in Astoria his entire career. He attained the rank of senior trooper before retiring after 26 years of service in 1980. After OSP, Bob
Donald Oman died January 1, 2015, at the age of 64. He was born at Ocean Beach Hospital in Ilwaco on August 8, 1950 at 12:34 p.m. His parents were Esther (Nau) Oman and Oliver Fredrick Oman. He joined two older brothers in the family. His first home was in Long Beach on Boulevard and 3rd Streets. He lived in the Long Beach area all of his life. Don attended Long Beach Grade School and Mowaukie Grade School (second grade), Ilwaco High School, and graduated from Cloverdale High School when he lived with his brother in 1968.

Donald was a commercial fisherman on several "high liner" boats along the Alaska, California, Oregon and Washington Coasts. He also had a gill-net operation on the Columbia River and Willapa Bay. Later he drove dump truck and ran heavy equipment for his father's company, Ollie Oman Construction.

Don got the nickname of "Duck" early on in the first or second grade. He favored an Oregon Duck T-shirt and wore it often. Later his moniker of "Duck" was attributed to Donald Duck the cartoon character. He loved animals and nearly always had a cat, dog or both. He liked to name his doves "Lucky" and his cats "Sticky". It was easier to remember the names that way. Donald was married and divorced when he was in his 20's.

Don had heart bypass surgery in 2009. His recovery was not a healthy one and he ended up with several more ailments. He passed away at Ocean Beach Hospital after a month's stay at the Long Beach Retirement home. We will miss his smile and gentle character. He had many friends who he visited with on his beachcombing forays.

It was a gayous trip and will be fondly remembered by her children and grandchildren.

Eileen loved Astoria and involved herself with many local organizations that were important to her. She was involved with the Regatta Association, the UnionsTown Association, volunteered as a CASA advocate, acted as a chaperone for the Junior and Senior Scandinavian Courts for different years, was Liberty Theater docent, participated in Astor Street Opry plays, participated as a Cruise Ship Host, was a 50 year member of Beta Sigma Phi, and was a proud member of the United Finnish Kaiela Brotherhood and Sisterhood (Suomi Hall). Yes, Eileen was an avid and passionate volunteer.

Eileen is survived by her two daughters, Lynn Thompson of Astoria, Ore., and Leslie Long of Astoria, Ore.; her son Alex Thompson of Soldotna, Alaska; her grandchildren, Charlotte Heard of Tigard, Ore., Austin Long of Hillsboro, Ore., and Corbin Schoefel of Charlotte, N.C.; her nieces, Nancy and Daydre Turpen of Astoria, Ore., Christine Jackson of Escondido, Calif., Joann Atkinson of Winnetka, Calif., and Becky Bachart of Arlington, Wash. She was preceded in death by her husband Joe, and their son, Max, along with her parents and siblings, and including her brother Ruben.

Eileen will be greatly missed and fondly remembered by her family. There will be a Celebration of Life Party at the Astoria Elks on Saturday, Feb. 7, 2015, from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., where Eileen's SISU of LIFE will be shared. In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Sunnyside Building Fund, PO Box 201, Astoria, OR 97103 would honor Eileen's member as she would have wished.

Gary L. Gilbertson
Puget Island

He was born in Westport, Ore., to Fritz and Ina Gilbertson on February 22, 1934 and grew up on Puget Island. He graduated from Wahkiakum High School and the University of Washington and taught in Portland high schools before returning to Puget Island in 1970.

He leaves his wife Kayrene; sons Karlton (Melissa) Gilbertson of Castle Rock, and Bjorn Gilbertson of Portland; daughter Gabrielle (Brad) DeWitt of Chicago; brother Neal (Deirdre) Gilbertson of Juneau; sister Nadine (Jan) Zackrisson of Whidbey Island; brother-in-law Rick (Maarje) Carlsen of Sunnyside and four grandchildren.

He was a dignified and caring man who loved his family, commercial fishing and arguing politics. He built his own scne boat and home on Puget Island. He was a great cook and a voracious reader.

A Celebration of Life will be held in the Spring. In lieu of flowers, please contribute to the First Aid Division, PO Box 142, Cathlamet, WA 98612.
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BOATS

by Dave Densmore

I guess a boat’s a funny thing,
Around which to build your life,
Some chase money and power,
Others live for family and wife.

Now, I’ll be the first to admit,
I love all the above.
But there’s something about a pure-white boat,
Shining like a dove.

A pretty salmon-seiner,
All decked out just right,
Slipping across a glassy bay,
Lord, makes my throat feel tight.

And a graceful little troller,
Quietly working at it’s trade,
Is such a thing of beauty,
It always makes my day.

Or, how about the gillnet boat,
Planning, up on step,
Charging in with a box in her teeth,
To slap out another set.

And, of course, those flashy schooners,
No one can quibble there.
To watch one slip along,
Will just wipe out your cares.

Well I guess I love them all,
They’ve given me a life of bliss.
But you want to know the awful truth?
They’re all just built to haul dead fish!

THE LIFE OF A FISHERMAN

by Stuart McIntyre

It’s the time to reminisence, but sometimes
it’s kinda tough
The fish price down, weathers bad, and the
moneys not enough
Sometimes when things are gloomy, and it’s a
struggle to survive
A random thought may cross your mind, ’bout
working 9 to five
But pretty soon your reason comes back
loud and clear
And you regain your optimism about the
coming year
Forgotten are the bad times, the lead line
breaks and snags
Next season we might be wearing mink
instead of these old rags
But now’s the time, with your family close to you
So please enjoy every moment, it might be the
last we share with you.

Thanks to Jama Evans for giving Stuart McIntyre’s poem for Mike Barendse’s funeral card.
Georgia Anne
Painting by Diana Johnson

The bow picker Gillnet boat is the "Georgia Anne", owned by Jack & Georgia Marincovich, and now located under cover at the Cannery Pier Hotel.

Marine Artist

Diana Johnson

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Handsome

By Pat Von Ross

Handsome was born to Panama and Joe aboard the Anson Erwin, a forty-eight-foot ex-Civilian Shrimp boat, in the fall of 1983. He was a special pup in that he loved only me. My mother, Panama, was a white and cream-colored poodle mix with dark ears, soft coat, and a bouncy gait accompanied by a happy bark. She would bounce and bark at the same time twirling in circles that would make any other dog dizzy. Handsome's father, Joe, was a cross of Beagle and Schnauzer. He had the course hair and whiskers of the Schnauzer breed, but other than that, he didn't look much like either type. He was a fat stumpy golden dog with a stub tail and an attitude that got him in more trouble than my husband's kids put together. Handsome, looked more like a Beagle and not anything like either of his parents. He was black, white, and brown with longer ears, a kind eye, and the white tail tip common of the Beagle breed.

We had promised him to a fisherman when he was very young, but before the man could come back from fishing the pup had bonded with me. He followed me everywhere, climbed in my lap, slept on my side, and generally ignored everyone else. I decided it would be easier to let the fisherman find himself another pup than for me to betray Handsome's trust.

At the old canner in Uyak Bay where we were watching, there were large tides, sometimes as much as twenty feet or more. Handsome learned to put his front feet on my shoulders, his back feet in the waistband of my jeans, and ride up and down the ladders to the boat. He never wanted to leave him behind, even when I was scared to go. He would sit in my lap when we flew to town in the floatplane that was our mail carrier. He would look out the window and when the plane started to climb into the sky, he would groan and lay his head on my shoulder. He never refused to jump into the plane. The pilot knew he was a good traveling dog and didn't mind that he wasn't in a kennel. We had such a rough ride in to Kodiak one time I almost couldn't keep a hold of him. The plane had hit turbulence so rough I couldn't even focus my eyes and had to squeeze Handsome hard to keep him from flying out of my arms.

One dark night, in October of 1987, we were traveling up Shelikof Strait aboard the Trojan, a forty-eight-foot steel seiner heading for Kodiak with a load of Dungeness crab. It had been a sloppy ride with the wind on our stern. We were off Ugashik Island, a couple hours from Kupreanof Strait, just past Noisy Island where David asked me to take the wheel so he could take a nap. We had a passenger that night, but he wasn't experienced in running the boat, so David and I were taking turns on the watch. I had been on watch for only half an hour when I noticed the following sea was breaking over the stern, the water clearing through the scuppers. I had settled in at the wheel, we were almost past the island, nearing Kupreanof Bay, when I looked back at the lighted deck. A wave broke across the stern but the water was taking time clearing. I kept watching and the next wave that came took even longer to clear off the deck. The next wave started aboard! I woke David and told him we were in trouble. He jumped up and went on deck to investigate. He came back AND WORE UP!! PASSENGER, Duncan, and told us a hatch cover had come loose and was missing in the stern and the Lazaret, the aftermost hold in the boat, had filled with water. We were sinking, and David was going to try to get us closer to land in the lee of the island. We had only had the Trojan for a year, David and I had been working on her most of that time, and he had seen salmon last summer with her. She had been a working fishing boat but the person running her for the last few years hadn't done much in the way of maintenance. David had been working to undo some of the old fashioned machinery on the boat, but the hatch hadn't given us any trouble before.

David went below to check the engine room. There was a lot of water in the bilge but it hadn't reached the alarms yet. David told us we were to get into our survival suits and wait on deck while he tried to reach the Coast Guard. David didn't put his suit on as the floatation of the suit could trap him in the house if the boat rolled over.

The stern of the boat was underwater by this time. The dogs we had aboard, Handsome, Joe, Sandy and Duncan's dog gathered around us, shaking with fear. We had shut the door so they wouldn't be trapped inside. Sandy, a Cocker Spaniel, had to swim when the boat heeled over and the side of the boat went under. She almost swam away from the boat but I called her back. David managed to bring the boat back upright. There was a fiberglass skiff on deck with a 4-track inside. The skiff was heavy and washing around, causing a dangerous situation to be even more hazardous. I suggested to Duncan that we should stack the line out so it was traveling off the stern, but close enough that we could reach it. Unfortunately the skiff jerked free, got away from us, and drifted off into the darkness. The hatch covers over the fish hold had washed away too, and we could see the cmb moving about. The deck lights were illuminating the scene and it was surreal.

Finally, David came out and told us to get the life raft down and hold it, unzipped, on deck. He had finally alerted a fishing boat to our emergency and the boat was running for us. It was at least an hour away but had us spotted on the radar and could see our lights. He had not been able to reach the Coast Guard or any other boats in the area. He climbed to the flying bridge, steering us into calmer waters, while trying to keep the boat from rolling over. Finally, the boat took a sharp roll to starboard and hung there. David came walking down the side of the house and told Duncan to inflate the raft. I was hanging on to the rail and standing on the side of the hatch, the boat was on her beams end.

The raft was finally inflated, I jumped in, then Duncan, the dogs and finally David. I told him Handsome wasn't here!

"Handsome! Handsome!" We called and called. He didn't come. I had lost him to the sea! I didn't know if he had jumped back into the house, trapped as the Trojan sunk beneath the sea, her lights still on, her engines still running; or had Handsome been washed overboard, to swim for his life. I worried for him, crushed in the surf breaking against the tall cliffs, a quarter mile away. I worried that he would drown just trying to get there!

We could see the lights of the other boat heading for us. I sat in the hatch all of us with survival suits on, and had one finger on a pinhole leak in the wall of the old raft. The boat finally came alongside and helped us aboard. They tried to recover the skiff but it was lost. The captain was heading for Kodiak and David went up to the wheelhouse and showed him on the chart how to get through the Strait of Kupreanof. I was in shock; I grieved, not for the loss of our boat, but for my good and faithful dog, Handsome.

The next morning David notified the Coast Guard of the sinking and had to fill out paperwork. Then we asked a friend, Bob Shuttlesworth, to fly us out in his plane to look for the boat, salvage, and of course, any sign of Handsome. We saw nothing though we circled several times across the area.

As soon as we could, we flew out to the canneries, surprising our crewman, who had stayed behind to watch the place. He hadn't even heard that we had lost the boat. No work had gotten back to the bay. We still had the Anson Erwin, and we immediately went to work to ready her for the trip back around the island. It had been five days since the Trojan was sunk and I was worried that we wouldn't be able to find my dog. I wasn't interested in the boat.

We left the next day and arrived in the evening just before dark. We had brought most of the dogs with us and I would get them to howling and barking in hopes that we would see Handsome and draw him down to the beach. It was dark
Handsome, continued from pg. 34

too soon, being October in Alaska; we didn’t have much time to search. We traveled to an anchorage behind Noisy Island Light for the night and I hoped that we would find him soon. David had us underway early; it was a clear sunny morning.

We were rounding the northern point of Uganick Island when David pointed to a bluff and exclaimed, “There he is! He’s alive, sitting right up there watching us!” I looked to where he was pointing and saw him sitting on the bluff watching us go by. As the boat swung in to a small beach, he trotted along, keeping up with us. David ran out to the stern of the boat and pulled in our skiff, tied off behind. He started rowing to the beach and Handsome jumped into the water to swim out to meet him. I could hear him barking as David helped him over the stern of the skiff. David returned to the Anson Erwin where the dogs were welcoming our lost hero home. He had survived a whole week alone on a deserted island. When he came aboard I held him close but he was so excited he kept up a string of barks, I’m not sure if he was telling of his adventures or cursing us out for not coming sooner. I didn’t care, as long as he was back in my arms. We turned and headed for home.
The State of Oregon is pushing commercial fishing into the same bay that a liquefied natural gas (LNG) company has high hopes of developing into the West Coast's first LNG export terminal. Talk about user conflicts. LNG Development Company, LLC (commonly known as "Oregon LNG") proposes building a massive LNG terminal, industrial dock, and pipeline on the East Bank of the Skipsan Peninsula in Warrenton, Oregon. The project requires dredging an area the size of 103 football fields at the mouth of Youngs Bay to maneuver LNG vessels. According to regulators, the dredging alone poses the biggest impact of any private project on the Columbia River in recent history.

And if you happen to fish near the route of an LNG vessel, you won't confuse it for a ship carrying grain or cars. One LNG tanker alone spans the distance of three football fields and towers 20-stories high. Due to the volatile nature of super-cooled gas, LNG tankers require moving exclusion zones restricting nearby ship traffic—including commercial and sport fishing boats. On top of this, federal regulations require a permanent vessel exclusion zone extending out into Youngs Bay around the terminal.

Oregon LNG is a bad idea by any measure. Here are the top five reasons Oregon LNG's energy speculation plans should never see the light of day:

1. LNG development conflicts with one of the Columbia River's most popular recreational and commercial fishing areas. The terminal would require 127 new inbound vessels crossing through the Buoy 10 fishery every year, for a total of 254 new vessel trips (inbound and outbound). Each ship requires a moving security zone of a minimum of 500 yards. Youngs Bay is also one of four Select Area Fisheries Enhancement (SAFE) sites, also known as "terminal fisheries" sites, in the Lower Columbia River. The Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife out-plants hatchery fish to net pens in Youngs Bay to increase salmon fishing opportunities. Of the four terminal fisheries sites in the Columbia River Estuary, the Youngs Bay site has the highest five-year average for Chinook harvest.

2. Our country has invested billions of dollars in restoring salmon and LNG development undermines this investment. The Columbia River Basin hydroelectric system and other development decimated salmon populations. The Army Corps and other federal and state agencies—along with tribes and non-profits—have invested billions of dollars in restoring the Columbia River Estuary. Why? Because scientists agree that the Estuary is critical to recovering endangered and threatened salmon and steelhead. From paving over wetlands to dredging critical salmon habitat, Oregon LNG's project completely undermines our nation's investment in salmon restoration.

3. LNG development requires using—and destroying—private property to build massive gas pipelines. Oregon LNG will take private property using eminent domain to build the gas pipeline. Oregon LNG's pipeline requires a 100-foot wide construction right-of-ways and 50-foot wide permanent easements that restrict how landowners use the property indefinitely. Oregon LNG also proposes crossing dozens of salmon-bearing streams and rivers—including drilling and building a pipeline under the Columbia River.

OPEN Daily from 10am to 5:30
Follow our sign off Harbor & Galena in Warrenton along the Skipsan River
Continued from pg. 36

4. **Oregon LNG will export so much gas that its project alone would have the effect of increasing rates for Pacific Northwest consumers and businesses.**
Each departing tanker would carry the amount of gas equal to 8 percent of what the U.S. uses every day. LNG export will increase natural gas prices for Americans by forcing us to outbid high-priced Asian markets. With few jobs to offer (and having acknowledged that its development will require out-of-town workers), LNG has nothing to offer for consumers.

5. **LNG development threatens public safety.** Oregon LNG could not have selected a worse location for building an LNG terminal. Oregon LNG proposes building the terminal within the tsunami inundation zone on former dredge spoils (i.e., saturated sand). Sandy soils are extremely unstable when earthquakes occur because they amplify the effects of ground shaking. The terminal is also located close to businesses, homes, and an active fishing area.

In 2015, the City of Warrenton and state and federal regulators with make critical decisions that determine whether Oregon LNG’s executives will start packing their bags or start breaking ground. Oregon LNG’s demise is not inevitable. It will require leaving the comfort of our homes to speak out at public hearings. It will require reaching across political lines and fighting for our common interest in strong salmon runs and access to the river. Commercial fisherman can make a difference. For ten years Columbia Riverkeeper and local residents have fought tooth and nail to protect the Estuary from LNG. Learn how you can make a difference.

Email: info@columbiariverkeeper.org to get involved today.

Thanks to Diana Johnson for suggesting this article.
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Mystery Photos I.D. from the past
Summer 2014 issue

Q: What kind of roller?

A: A strong band roller of wood and brass used on earlier sail gillnet boats - sometimes called a "skunk roller".

Q: 1900 Seine web tanning procedure? Do you agree or have other ideas?

A: Nobody disagreed that this was a special rack. Used in the earlier years to Tan Seine Web on the river.

Contact the Editor at:
PO Box 627, Astoria
503-325-2702
"The Ruby M"

This boat was built by Edwin Boats operating out of Chinook, WA. The boat is 56' by 18' with a 10-degree V in the bottom and has about a two-foot draft. It is powered with a 455 horse power John Deere, coupled to a 610 Tractor jet.

It was designed with a shallow draft for working in International areas of Willipa Bay for oystering and enhancing manila clam beds with crushed shell and gravel.

Owner - John Heckes, Chinook, WA

Thanks for the photo and information on the "Ruby M" from Pete Heckes.