

Siuslaw News
P.O. Box 10
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Opinion

125TH ANNIVERSARY FLASHBACK

1890 | THE WEST ❖ FLORENCE TIMES ❖ THE SIOUSLAW OAR ❖ THE SIOUSLAW NEWS ❖ SIOUSLAW NEWS | 2015

This year marks Siuslaw News' quasiquintennial, our 125th anniversary, a remarkable achievement for any business in a small community like Florence. To commemorate this milestone, throughout the year we'll feature some of the town's history as originally published in the newspaper, including historic articles and photos from more than a century ago. —*Editor*

Local fisherman snags blue shark

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Just when you thought it was safe to go in the water again, "Jaws V" made an unscheduled appearance off the Florence coast on Saturday night. But the this time the shark lost and the character (played by) Roy Scheider was not even in the script.

Forrest Faye, 35, a third hand on the fishing boat Pacific Wave, landed a 6-foot, 4-inch, 120-pound blue shark 60 miles off the

Oregon coast at about 7 p.m. Sunday.

Faye has been fishing commercially for about 6 months.

"The line had been in the water three to four minutes when the shark struck," Faye said. "We weren't doing any chumming either. I put the line in and let it drift away from the boat. It had sunk to about 30 or 40 feet.

"It was a surface fight all the way and he never sounded on me at all. I struggled with him for about 20 minutes. ... I never would

have been able to land him if it hadn't been a team effort on the part of the crew."

Faye, who lives in Deadwood, has been sport fishing for most of his life. He specializes in catching the "big one" and has caught an 8-foot sturgeon in the Smith River, a 7-foot spoonbill catfish in Keystone, Okla., a 38-pound catfish in Farm Pond, Okla., and a 7-1/2-foot alligator in Houston.

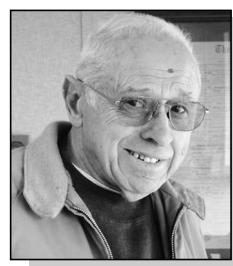
"I was in ninth heaven," Faye said. "I was exhausted and shaking when it was all over, but I was in ninth heaven."

The Pacific Wave, which has been homeported in Florence for the past 18 months, specializes in catching black cod and can carry up to 60,000 pounds of fish in its hold.

The vessel is 60 feet long at the waterline, draws eight feet of water and carries a five-person crew.

The first hand is Jim O'Brien, the second hand is Mark Metzger, Faye is the third hand and Mike Phippen is the fourth hand. The ship's master is Codie Evans. ❖

NEIGHBORS



The Old Whoopie — Part IV

BOB JACKSON
 NEIGHBORHOOD CORRESPONDENT
 For the Siuslaw News

enough to stay in the rims. Mike Brown's son Bobby agreed to go along with me. This was foolhardy! The Old Whoopie had no license, she had hardly any brakes and hardly any usable gas in the rusty, leaking tank — and I had no driver's license.

Bobby, being the son of a businessman, quite naturally had the inborn soul of an entrepreneur. Dark brown "Stubby" beer bottles littered the roadsides, and were worth a penny when turned in to a store that had a beer and wine license, and so he came up with a money-making idea.

One of us would get out while the other drove on down the road a ways. The idea was to pick up bottles until you caught up with the Whoopie parked alongside the road, then crank her up to catch up with the other guy and his bottles, and then repeat the process. Eventually we had our burlap sacks bulging with bottles, and we were pretty proud of ourselves.

It was noon when we got to the school in Gardiner. With hardly any brakes, we decided not to drive up the

steep street to the school. The rolled oats steam from the Whoopie was rising higher than the tall poplar trees, and we were the center of attraction as students streamed down the hill to laugh and point at my suddenly ignominious pride and joy.

We filled our water jug and the nearly dry radiator with muddy water from a roadside ditch, and made an anticlimactic departure, having impressed no one.

Back then, in the 1930s, the highway to the top of what we called Gardiner mountain was a torturous series of sharp switchback curves, and when we reached the top, the engine block was popping and snapping, while frying the bits of rolled oats sticking to the spark plugs. I decided to shut her off, put it in neutral then coast down the other side, thereby saving gas and cooling the engine at the same time.

After the first downhill curve, what little brakes we had faded and we were picking up speed. Already going too fast to drop it into a lower gear without the engine running, we still had some of the worst turns coming up. We didn't have a tailgate, and as we rattled around the sharp bends at twice the posted speeds, the gunny-

sacks in back, began to lose their contents.

Soon, our path around the sharpest curves was marked by broken, brown stubby beer bottles. Bobby was hanging on for dear life and cussing louder and louder as each precious bottle popped on the asphalt behind us. By the time we reached level ground, every last bottle was gone.

When we re-started the engine at the bottom of the hill, it seemed our troubles were over, but then it started coughing and spitting until we came to a shuddering stop. The violent ride down the steep grade had stirred up the rust in the tank until it was clogging the carburetor.

I discovered that by covering the throat of the carburetor with the palm of one hand, it would suck enough gas to run briefly, but then it would soon be flooded and before we could get going it would die again. I then had Bobby drive, while I laid on the front fender, hanging onto the headlight with one hand while choking the old girl with the other.

When it would start bucking, I would lay off until it needed another act of resuscitation. It had been a risky affair, but we had finally gotten back home.

The adventures with the Old Whoopie were soon to come to a close. One day as I came tearing around a curve on the gravel road through Westlake, a Terraplane sedan backed out of a driveway, completely blocking my way.

Until this time I had always been able to double clutch her down to a stop, but time had run out for me and my Old Whoopie. I managed to swerve onto a rough wood ramp Papa Stevensen had built to a garage over his boat shop on Siltcoos outlet. We were briefly airborne as we came off the other side, but landed on the shoulder of the road intact.

The Terraplane's owner accused me of hitting his fender and estimated \$7.50 to have it repaired. True he had a dent in his fender, but there was not a mark or any of his paint on the Whoopie. Without a driver's license, I was scared to death and sold my first car for \$7.50 to pay for the dent in his fender.

In retrospect, the other driver must have had an estimate made for repairs prior to this and when he saw how scared I was, figured I would be an easy mark for a little cash.

Sometimes we get our lessons early in life!

LETTER

Florence potential

Florence is one of the great retirement coastal cities with potential entrepreneurial explosive capital formation and competitive opportunities in the West and maybe across the fruited plain.

With all the amenities of a fantastic library, business and educational possibilities, including Lane Community College and an up-and-coming Chamber of Commerce linkage, the potential is endless for capital investment.

Economic development is the hub of city growth and is necessary to improve the quality of life of a thriving metropolis or even township. Florence needs to think in a more expansive nature to attract employment opportunities by marketing this wonderful city and its culture to outside corporate interests or midsize commercial concerns.

Of course the environment must stay pristine, but in order to match the marvelous events center possibilities, many must witness the fascinating entertainment and activities available. The mayor and city council would benefit by developing the Florence economy and making that vision a No. 1 priority.

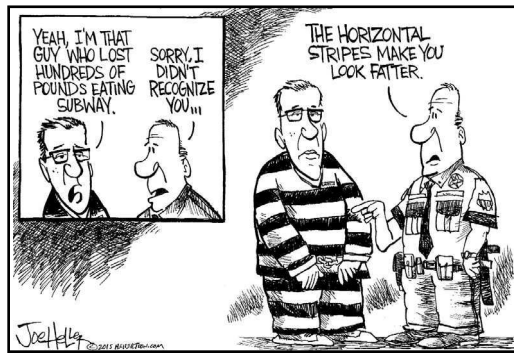
Past prejudices need to be disregarded so that the fresh air of development and progress reign supreme. Even nationally, when economic growth is solidified, all boats rise and debt can be paid off and programs can become affordable as wealth is created through the entrepreneurial spirit.

Florence is a community that should be shared by many and they should be attracted to come here both for work and play. This is a vibrant community that can be made even more so with potential for technological companies

looking to advance their outlook.

It is and will be an extraordinary thing for others to discover such a place as Florence, a diamond in the ruff. With good economic development, all things are possible.

Joel R. Marks
 Florence



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR POLICY

The Siuslaw News welcomes letters to the editor concerning issues affecting the Florence area and Lane County. Emailed letters are preferred. Handwritten or typed letters must be signed. All letters should be limited to about 300 words and must include the writer's full name, address and phone number for verification.

Letters are subject to editing for length, grammar and clarity. Publication of any letter is not guaranteed and depends on space available and the volume of letters received. Libelous and anonymous letters as well as poetry will not be published. All submissions become the property of Siuslaw News and will not be returned.

Write to: Editor@TheSiuslawNews.com

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