

Teen Guide Reels In Followers of All Ages

By Craig Reed

Brent Whipple had to deal with some questioning looks while rowing a drift boat last summer.

He was 15. Most of the anglers in his boat were at least three times his age.

They drifted down the Umpqua River, casting jigs and plugs for smallmouth bass.

The fish weren't always quick to cooperate.

"When the trips started a little slow, I could see there was some resentment from the older guys," Brent says. "I could tell they were thinking they got some young kid who didn't know what he was doing. I was prepared for that kind of attitude all summer."

The young fishing guide maintained his poise

and as each day warmed up the fish rose from the river's depths to strike at the anglers' offerings.

Exclamations such as "Fish on!" "Got one!" and "Got another one!" became plentiful through the day.

"By the end of a trip, a lot of older guys told me they liked what I was doing," Brent says. "They said they'd love to fish with me again. I didn't have anyone who had a really bad time. Not that I know of anyway."

Brent, who turned 16 in early January, has grown up next to the Umpqua River. The well-known southwestern Oregon waterway flows about a stone's throw from the front door of his family's home in the Coast Range.



Brent's attitude about the river is clear: "I live near the river, I've got a river, I should go use it."

When the Elkton High School sophomore has free time away from chores, classes and sports, he is most likely fishing down at the river or hunting out in the woods.

At the river, he likely

has a rod and reel in hand, casting for salmon, steelhead and smallmouth bass.

"It's my passion, definitely my passion," he says of fishing the Umpqua. "I love to fish."

Brent's mother, Sam, describes him as "just a typical boy who enjoys the outdoors."

"He kind of goes off

In Search of Cisco

By Dianna Troyer

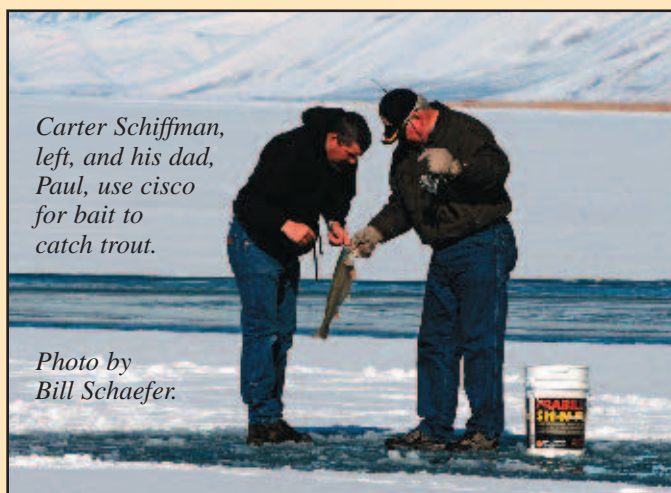
Every winter, Paul Schiffman of Oakley, Idaho, looks forward to coming down with a case of "cisco fever."

Paul and his grown children, Carter, Dusty and Amber, are among dozens of fervent fishermen who line the frigid eastern shore of

Bear Lake in southeastern Idaho every winter to scoop up cisco with long-handled dip nets.

Similar to a sardine, cisco and three other fish are found only in the eight-mile wide, 20-mile long lake that

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Carter Schiffman, left, and his dad, Paul, use cisco for bait to catch trout.

Photo by Bill Schaefer.



Professional fishing guide Todd Hannah, left, congratulates budding guide Brent Whipple for another fine steelhead catch.

and does his own thing,” she says.

Brent has taken being “a typical boy” in the outdoors to another level.

His willingness to rise early on weekends and summer days to get down to the river first attracted the attention of neighbor and 25-year fishing guide Todd Hannah.

For two years, Todd has been Brent’s fishing mentor, taking the teenager on many sled-styled jet boat and drift boat trips on the Umpqua, sharing his knowledge about the river, boating, fishing and how to deal with visiting anglers.

“I met him out on the road as he was riding his bicycle to go fishing,”

Bowling Against The Odds

By Jeanie Senior

The owner of the only bowling alley in Goldendale, Washington, is a musician and a self-described terrible bowler who sees the Golden Lanes as a piece of art and history worth saving.

Built in 1960, the 12-lane bowling alley is a study in midcentury modern design.

Ben Scribner laments the number of historic bowling alleys being torn down, a trend that has increased in recent years.

“They’re going the way of the dinosaurs in big cities, when they can make more money (off the land) with a parking lot,” he says.

Flashy new bowling alleys are being built—often in the suburbs—some with multiple restaurants, billiard parlors and an accent on faux nostalgia.

But Ben says they lack the authenticity of Golden Lanes, with its real wood lanes—new ones have laminate—vintage Brunswick scoring machines and ball returns resplendent with chrome and stainless steel.

Todd says. “I saw how much he fished on his own. Day in and day out, he was always down at the river fishing.

“I knew he had the fishing bug, so I invited him



Admittedly, the place was a lot busier in earlier decades. Ben has heard stories about how “seven days a week this place was jam-packed with all the leagues.”

Now, the bowling leagues are down to two.

Ben is trying to boost business by bringing in bands from Portland and the Columbia Gorge to play jazz, blues, and rockabilly.

Ben’s Portland-based band, Venus and the Linntonites, has made a few appearances. He plays piano.

Ben has worked as a professional musician since his college years. He majored in film scoring and piano at the prestigious Berklee College of Music in Boston.

to start fishing with me. What impressed me was that he was teaching himself from being out there day after day after day.”

Brent showed enough expertise on the river that

Ben Scribner is pulling out all the stops in an effort to save Goldendale’s historic bowling alley.

“I ended up in Los Angeles trying to become a film composer, playing jazz in different bands, and did training for Yamaha’s musical instrument division,”

Ben says.

He played gigs, did some low-budget film scores and made a big discovery: “In Hollywood, I quickly found out it’s all about who you know and who you’re related to.”

His parents retired to Goldendale and bought Golden Lanes in 2005.

“But they got real sick of it real fast,” says Ben.

Looking for a change of pace, he moved to Goldendale 3 years ago.

Last March, his parents handed over the keys to Golden Lanes.

“I think the bowling alleys that are going to survive are the ones in small communities,” he says. “This is the way that bowling was meant to be.” ■

during the past summer, he rowed anglers down the river in partnerships with Todd and Jody Smith, another profes-

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Committed to The Deep

An Oregon couple's business caters to the eternal ocean lover

By Leanne Santella

Kris Young always knew that after she died, she wanted to be cremated and have the ashes scattered somewhere. But she never thought about where that somewhere would be.

Following her husband Rick's near-fatal accident, Kris was inspired to consider her options.

"When someone you love gets injured or almost dies, you start to think about the things that really matter," Kris says. "What are you going to do when they pass away? What will your

arrangements be?"

That led her to pursue a business she discovered a few years earlier: offering burials at sea.

Twin Rocks Undersea Memorial—based in Rockaway, Oregon—is the only business of its kind on the West Coast, Kris says, noting she got the idea from a company on the East Coast.

Whether working with a funeral director or directly with the family, the Youngs create a hand-made cement obelisk for the cremated remains.

The obelisk is gently lowered into the water off the Oregon Coast using a specific GPS location.

"We have very carefully researched and received approval for permanent positioning of our memorial obelisks in an area three miles off shore, in the Pacific Ocean, near Rockaway, Oregon," Kris says.



Above, Kris and Rick Young are proud their business honors people and the earth. Left, an obelisk ready for placement at sea.

The permitted location is near Twin Rocks, which offers a permanent site marker for family.

The Youngs—who spent five years working with state and federal officials on permitting issues—are pursuing additional permanent undersea monument locations in the Newport and Brookings, Oregon, areas.

Kris says their undersea burials benefit marine life.

"I always said, 'I want to be cremated and then

throw me away,'" Kris says. "And then I heard about this, and thought that I could also be bettering the earth doing this."

She says she has been told seafood could become nonexistent during her 20-something daughter's lifetime. That motivates the Youngs to make sure their business is environmentally friendly.

"If we can start by bettering the ocean, then it would make it much easier for us to better the



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earth,” Kris says.

Obelisks replicate an anchor design by the U.S. Coast Guard and U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Shaped not to be disturbed at the ocean’s bottom, ridged edges on the sides of the obelisks allow marine life to create a habitat.

Twin Rocks Undersea Memorial had its first placement in August: Kris’ great aunt Lorraine.

“She was a wonderful person, very unique,” Kris says. “It was a very positive experience, and we look forward to more soon.”

They have made several presentations at assisted living homes on the Oregon Coast and attended funeral conventions, telling people about their business.

“I love talking to people about what we do,” Kris says. “This is an honorable profession for me. Someone’s got to take care of it, and this is my call of interest.” ■

To contact Twin Rocks Undersea Memorial, write to the Youngs at 105 N. 3rd St., Suite 1070, Rockaway, OR 97136, call (888) 608-3707 or visit their Web site, www.twinrocksunderseamemorial.com.

sional river guide. Brent would use one of their boats and take fishermen on an eight-hour, five-mile drift.

He made 30 to 35 trips, with his anglers averaging more than 50 smallmouth bass a day.

Unless there was a problem with how a fish was hooked, all of the fish were released.

During late August, when football practice started at 5 p.m. at Elkton High School, Brent had to hurry from putting ashore at 4 p.m. to getting to the field on time.

He admitted he missed a couple of stretching sessions and coach’s talks, but for the most part was right on time.

“Sometimes I’d leave the boat in the water and then go back after practice to wash it out and make it ready for the next trip,” says Brent.

He says the rowing improved his upper body strength, which helped his play as a running back and linebacker.

Now, with winter steelhead running in the Umpqua and basketball

season under way, Brent has found time for both.

He has had basketball games on Friday and Saturday nights and goes drifting for steelhead on Sundays.

The basketball season ends later this month, but the winter steelhead fishery continues into March.

“He’s a happy kid, and that’s important with customers,” Todd says. “He has a knowledge of the area. He knows the lay of the land and he knows the river down through here. That’s the kind of knowledge you get from growing up in the area and paying attention when somebody takes you anywhere in the area.”

Brent has lived across the road from the Umpqua River for nine years.

He remembers first fishing the river for smallmouth bass several years ago with his dad. Since then, he has fished with several other adults, learning about different aspects of the river, its fisheries and of fishing techniques from each.

A couple of years ago, an adult friend who was

moving from the area gave the teenager a 12-foot boat with a 15-horsepower motor. At age 14, Brent earned his boater’s card so he could operate the boat and motor.

In addition to learning about fishing during the past several years, Brent has learned about hunting.

He tagged a blacktail buck in each of his first three hunting seasons since becoming old enough to hunt at age 12. This fall, he tagged a three-point mule deer buck during a weekend hunt with his dad in southeastern Oregon.

He also is learning about wild turkey hunting from Jody, who is a professional guide for that bird.

“I do get decent grades,” Brent says of mixing his school work with sports and the outdoors. “I get my work done so I can play sports and then have free time for fishing and hunting.

“I need to say none of this would be possible without the help of my parents. They let me go out and do this stuff.” ■

In Search of Cisco

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straddles the Idaho-Utah border.

Paul says when he was a boy, his dad introduced him to cisco—a slender silver fish with yellow stripes along its sides that weighs 4 to 5 ounces.

The peak of the

cisco run varies from year to year. During the season, from January 1 to February 15, anglers must observe a daily bag limit of 30.

“We have a great time over there,” says Paul, who moved to

Oakley after he raised his family in Preston, west of Bear Lake.

Although he lives about a four-hour drive from the lake, it is not a great enough distance to cure him of his annual “cisco fever” affliction. ■