



Donald Dean Vosberg

October 1, 1950 - February 10, 2020

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

MD

“Donny went to a Catholic elementary school in Corvallis so I did not meet him until Junior High in Philomath. Much later his mother said to me "I don't know what those nuns did to him but I could never get him to go to church with me afterwards." When I met him he was the only boy in the class of 67 who was younger than me as we both had skipped a year ahead. By Junior High we were the most physically immature boys in our cohort which made life difficult in some respects. He was very bright and had a tremendous sense of curiosity. We were both incredibly bored with school and often plotted together to try to figure out ways to make things more amusing. One time the Driver Education teacher, Mr. Carter, coaxed a dog out from under the Driver Ed car with a piece of baloney. We thought this was hilarious. Donny got a big chunk of baloney from his mother's store and put it in a shoe box and wrote "For Emergency Use Only "and put it in the Driver Ed car. For some reason, probably acute boredom, we thought this was funny and got a lot of laughs out of it. I don't know if Donny was the person who flushed a cherry bomb down the restroom toilet but I do remember he was a bit worried when we were informed that the school would call in the FBI to investigate if that ever happened again. Donny was always curious and experimenting. I remember him walking around the parking lot with two metal dowsing rods and having them cross over car radiators. I also remember a couple of times when both of our mothers were called in to school to discuss our behavior issues. I don't remember exactly what went on in those meetings but neither of us were punished too severely for whatever it was. I think our mothers might have said that we were just bright and bored and trying to amuse ourselves. My best memory of Donny was when he came to school bursting with excitement and reported that some bear hunters from Burnt Woods had seen a Bigfoot and their dogs would not chase it. I didn't believe it at the time but now I do not believe he was making up the story and I used it in my book, *Something Out There*. I did not see much of Donny after we got out of school and went our separate ways but whenever we did cross paths it was always good to catch up. He claimed that on graduation night in 1967, Wendy Kidder surprised him with a kiss. If that was

true it was probably the happiest moment in his life.

Marshall Dunham

Marshall c Dunham - February 21, 2020 at 01:18 PM

MW

“*Don was one of the people that I have had in my life since we were kids. we might not have seen each other for sometimes years ,but we always seemed to reconnect and catch up. I remember when we were kids Vos and I and Leach would go to Corvallis and run our slot cars at the big track.*

Then when we were older and started having real cars Vos and I went over to Palistine, to I think it was his cousins house, to get the model A sedan that he had bought. It was really cool and had a small block chevy in it. it was too bad when He ran it off of Wren hill and destroyed it luckily he didn't get hurt.

We didn't see much of each other during the middle part of our lives . but when he became single and Neal had moved out he would call up to tell me about or get me to help or advise on his latest project.

He always had something interesting going on. Dragsaw sharpening and compitition axes. Sometimes he would get me to do some work on his house. He liked airplanes I think his Dad was a pilot, and we went to an air show at the Eugene Air Port, it was a good day.

Later when Joann moved to Corvallis we would end up at her house to help her. Then we started getting together at the Frolic. Donny, Joann , Joe and Betty Marshal, Rocky and Seneca Sloan watch the parade. Then I would get one of the ladies in the sidecar and we would go to The Meetin' Place for lunch.

I didn't see or talk to Donny much this past year. I called to tell him about the class 70th birthday party and he thought he might come but he didnt make it. The last I talked to him was when he called to tell me he was a Grand Pa.

mark willhoit

mark willhoit - February 16, 2020 at 08:53 PM