



## Vitomir Kalcic

July 8, 1942 - October 12, 2017

Vitomir "Vito" Kalcic of Kodiak, Alaska passed away on Thursday, October 12, 2017 at Central Washington Hospital, following a sudden illness.

He was born on July 8, 1942 in Regulici, Italy to the late Ivan and Eufemio (Rudan) Kalcic. He was raised and educated in Italy, attended college there and learned to speak eight languages.

He immigrated to the United States in 1968 and went to work on a fishing vessel out of San Francisco, a crab vessel headed to Alaska. In 1971, he brought an 84 ft. shrimp boat, Anna Marie, to Seattle for repairs and met Pixieann Zacher. He became a Licensed Skipper, and flew to Africa in 1972 to bring a crab boat back to the Pacific Northwest through the Panama Canal for Peter Pan Seafoods.

Vito and Pixieann were married shipboard on September 26, 1972 by Captain Lee Andrigh of Seattle. During what he considered his down time in Kodiak, Vito framed houses with friend, Eric Goossen and built a triplex for Ted Zacher at his orchard in Manson, Washington. Over the next 46 years he owned a number of fishing vessels, starting with his new boat, the Evening Star, Blue Star, Susie Lynn and the Kilokak.

In 1987, Vito and Pixieann purchased the Fuller Boat Yard, a boat lift and launch storage facility in Kodiak, Alaska from T.T (Ted) Fuller and Fern Fuller of Kodiak and operate it to this day with friend and Yard Manager, Bill Feda.

Vito and Pixieann renewed their vows on November 16th, 2007 and again on October 8th, 2017 in Kodiak.

Vito is survived by his wife, Pixieann Zacher Kalcic, Wenatchee; his son, Christopher Kalcic, Geneva, Switzerland; two brothers, Miho Kalcic, San Francisco, CA and Iani "Johnny" Kalcic, Pula, Croatia; son Christophe and two grandsons, Antoine and Victor. He was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers, Miro and Silvano Kalcic. He was a member of St. Mary's Church in Kodiak, Alaska. Surviving Vito in Washington State are nieces; Paula Zacher; Trina Zacher and husband, Ricky, their sons, Tanner, Isaiah, and Israel; nephew, Tyee Zacher and wife, Amber, their daughters, Evelyn and Tulee of Cashmere, and nephews, Michael and Jared Zacher of Wenatchee.

A Graveside Service will be held on Thursday, October 19th at 1:00 PM at the Wenatchee Cemetery. A Commemoration Service will follow at 3:00 PM at Grace Lutheran Church, 1408 Washington Street, Wenatchee, Washington. You are invited to view his tribute online at [www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com](http://www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com) and leave a memory for the family. Arrangements are in the care of Heritage Memorial Chapel, East Wenatchee.

# Tribute Wall

BJ

“ Working for Vito was tough. Fishing in closed areas didn't seem right. Working without being paid was unforgivable. Verbally abused and physically exhausted by his demands I escaped his boat by the grace of God and survived. Never got paid, but I have my life. A nightmare waiting to be told. I am sorry for his family.

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**Bill Jones** - March 29, 2020 at 10:50 PM

WS

“ Anne, Please know that my thoughts are with you in your time of loss. With deepest sympathy, Wayne

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**Wayne Stevens** - November 15, 2017 at 12:45 AM

DG

“ Pixieann and family...I want to send my deepest condolence at the loss of your beloved Vito. I have been a member of Grace Lutheran Church my entire life, and my Skagen/Welch family has known and loved and respected your family for many years. I am so sorry for this deep loss.

Fondly...

*Dianne Skagen Gillin*

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**Dianne Gillin** - October 19, 2017 at 11:20 PM

“ Vito and the Whales

*During the summer of 2007, gray whales seemed to be far more abundant around Afognak. Salmon seiners in Duck Bay encountered them, and just the day before, a fisherman told us a story of a seiner entangling a whale. Some brave skiffman leaped onto the trapped whale with a knife, but instead of freeing the whale, suffered a broken rib from a flailing fluke for his efforts.*

*The following day Vito set the net from the FV Kilokak, with skiffman Orlando stretching her out entirely. Five minutes later I shouted to Vito that twin spouts were approaching us from deep in the bay, a quarter mile away. Vito glanced back. Two hundred yards I shouted, a moment later, and approaching. Vito radioed Orlando to open up the net and pull the other way. With a roar of the twin diesels, Vito powered the seiner just as the whales struck the net.*

*Under full power, the hawser towline broke. Bobby Lindsey Jr. shouted up to Vito, alerting him to the problem. While I watched the net, Vito reversed his engines and backed the boat to the broken towline. The whales struck the seine, just as Bobby fashioned a hitch and tightened her. The pair of whales, a cow and a calf, dived just as Vito powered forward. On the deck, Bobby and I shook our heads. Not good.*

*A minute later the whales rose, almost in unison, breathing heavily, with net draped across their snouts. Vito and Orlando towed hard the opposite direction. Hopefully the whales would power through the taut seine. Certainly a salmon seine was no match for these huge mammals, right? But another full minute passed before the whales surfaced again. Breathing heavily, almost fully enshrouded in net, the cow exhaled an enormous bellow, louder than any bull elephant. Her roar resounded throughout the bay. Was this to be the dying bellow of a dying whale?*

*The corks dipped, as Vito towed harder, the twin engines roaring at*

peak RPMs. Another full minute passed. Doomed to drown, I thought; we've killed two whales. And then a miracle. How they managed to free themselves, free their flukes and reverse underwater, would have been something to see on videotape. Twin spouts appeared going the other direction, as Vito idled the engines and called down to us: Bring the net aboard.

Bobby and I stacked the net, with me facing the stern. Maybe, just maybe, the whales hadn't done much damage. Halfway through the net, the hole emerged from the water, becoming longer and more ragged. Ten fathom tear became twenty and then thirty. Why they hadn't escaped was a mystery to me. Perhaps the baby whale couldn't free itself, and the mother remained behind. But now they were long gone, as the last of the net came aboard. Vito told us to winch the skiff; we were heading to town. Repairs might take a week, I thought.

But Vito directed us in the task of sewing and mending. Needles and twine, and the crew silently repairing the seine in Vito's net loft. Two days later we were back again in Duck Bay, and dropped anchor to await our turn.

I had hardly dropped off to sleep, to catch a hasty nap, before Vito called down to me in that warm, friendly, accented tone we've all heard before: "Doug, wake up, you have a visitor; get up." Funny, but I hadn't even heard a boat or been startled awake by a bump against the boat.

Outside I stumbled, not fully awake. Bobby called down to me from the crows nest. When I looked up, I noticed he held a video camera. Then I heard - and felt- a spume of mist, while Bobby laughed in delight. Circling the Kilokak, while Vito looked on with a soft smile, a huge whale appeared only feet from the boat. Her eye looked enormous. Her spume of exhalation reached as high as the mast. And then I noticed a smaller whale circling too, at a safer distance. Could this be the same pair?

*Vito read my thoughts and nodded. The raw scrape on the dorsal fin of the cow seemed to indicate she was the same stricken mother. Her wide eye seemed to be looking at us. Bobby captured the event on videotape, which I still have today. One day perhaps I'll put it on YouTube to recapture the enchanted moment.*

*Was this a warning, I wondered, or had she returned to thank us for our efforts? A mother and her baby calf, two days ago nearly drowned, but by combined efforts finally freed. I wondered how she recognized the hull of the boat, underwater. By the sound the twin props made? I wondered if she could detect the tones of our voices. To this day I still wonder. And I still recall that entire season ten years ago, somewhat magical, always colorful, working with a local legend named Vito Kalcic.*

*RIP, Vito.*

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**Douglas Alan Herman** - October 19, 2017 at 03:09 PM

GM

“ *Dear Pixieann...*

*I know this sudden passing of Vito will leave a big "hole" in your life and there will not likely be anything in your near future to truly fill that hole. I do hope your family and friends will rally around you and support you, not for just now but for the future. I thoroughly enjoyed the time I was privileged to spend with Vito. What an interesting man he was! It would be grand if someone in his or your family could write about his life. My best to you...supported by prayers for your solace and renewed faith in life.*

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**Gary Montague** - October 18, 2017 at 07:45 PM