

# THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873



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## Water under the bridge



Compiled by Bob Duke  
 From the pages of Astoria's daily newspapers

### 10 years ago this week — 2005

ILWACO — They started lining up even before 6 a.m., and this on a weekend. A few had on capes and robes and pointy hats, even though it wasn't close to Halloween.

Instead, the kids (and grown-ups) waiting outside Ilwaco's Time Enough Books Saturday were about to get a treat sweeter than anything that holiday has to offer — the latest installment of the Harry Potter series.

Lewis and Clark and their party of explorers were the human face of the young United States to the many Native American tribes they encountered on their epic journey.

Today America still relies on face-to-face contact to present its image around the globe. Native-born employees of its worldwide embassies present informational and cultural programs to local citizens in Europe, Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Central and South America.

Last week, two dozen of those public affairs specialists visited Fort Clatsop, the last stop of a three-week coast-to-coast trip on the Lewis and Clark Trail to gain insight into the character of the country they represent back home.

From a distance it looked like a crash-landed airplane. But the strange watercraft docked at the West Mooring Basin Monday had just completed a speedy trek down the Lewis and Clark Trail that would have amazed the explorers.

Mike Kiester, Bob Windt and Don Bender retraced most of the explorers' water route aboard a homemade hovercraft. The three men are part of a small but dedicated group of people who are fans of the unconventional watercraft, which ride over rather than through, the water.

### 50 years ago — 1965

The police force at Tongue Point Job Corps Center is being doubled to a total of 24, Director Douglas Olds said Tuesday.

He emphasized that this is part of a general doubling of staff maintenance at the center, including increases in number of firemen and other maintenance personnel.

Main duty of the police force is gate guard work, but other duties will be assigned the 24 men, Olds said.

"Just what these duties will be has not yet been fully determined," Olds added.

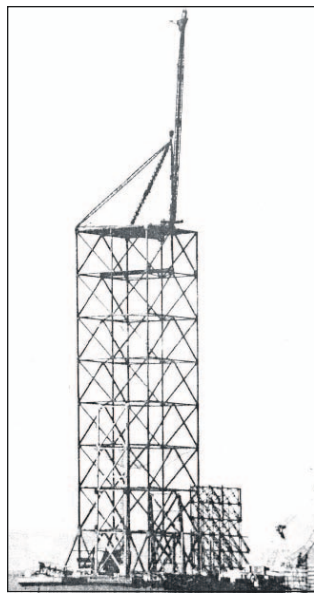
A camper truck caravan pulled into Fort Stevens state park Thursday afternoon, headed by "the only woman wagon-master in the world."

A total of 20 camper trucks brought 45 people to the park with two more due in later that night. The caravan is an undertaking of the Portable Camp Coaches association, a national camper manufacturing group. About ten other camper trucks will join the caravan later.

The State Patrol is concerned over the threat of potential violence from motorcycle gangs at two resort areas during the Labor Day weekend.

The State Highway Commission was told that roving bands of riders could be expected to show up during the next major holiday weekend at Birch Bay in Whatcom County north of Bellingham and Long Beach on the Pacific Ocean west of Longview.

American Bridge Division, US Steel Corporation, has moved its big barge mounted crane to the north side of the ship channel, where it is shown building a steel framework to support construction of the north part of the cross channel steel truss of the Astoria bridge. Unfinished Pier 169 is at right. Framework of the temporary bent can be seen.



Clatsop County Historical Society/  
 The Daily Astorian File

American Bridge Division, US Steel Corporation, has moved its big barge mounted crane to the north side of the ship channel, where it is shown building a steel framework to support construction of the north part of the cross channel steel truss of the Astoria bridge. Unfinished Pier 169 is at right. Framework of the temporary bent can be seen.

### 75 years ago — 1940

Alfred Henshaw, traffic officer at Seaside, tells this story on himself:

Saturday night he discovered a bull in a crate on a side lot just off Broadway. The animal was in a stooped position and its tail, which protruded from the crate, swung as if the bull were fretting for freedom. To the eyes of Officer Henshaw, the bull seemed to be choking for lack of water. While Officer Henshaw cogitated what to do in this unusual circumstance, a stranger approached and made inquiry as to the trouble.

"Do you own this bull," asked Henshaw.

"I certainly do," replied the stranger.

"Is it your intention to keep that creature crated like that?"

"It certainly is," replied the owner.

"Well," said Officer Henshaw, "I am sorry but I will have to notify the chief of police and the humane society."

At this the owner laughed and informed the traffic policeman that the bull was stuffed and was used in a photographic concession, and that the swaying tail sticking out of the crate was merely a result of Seaside's ocean breezes.

## Take me out to the ... food court

WEEKS PRIOR TO THE season opener, fans of the Hillsboro Hops received an email from the team. It wasn't an alert about opening day. It wasn't about this year's players. It was about food.

Specifically it was about new items that were being added to the menu at Ron Tonkin Field, where the team plays in Hillsboro.

It is sufficiently fun to watch a minor league game that is just two hours away. Adding the best ballpark food in North America makes a good thing better. My grading of the Hops ballpark cuisine may be a bit overstatement. But when you've got Oregon craft beers, Willamette Valley wines and a menu that even includes a vegan option, this is big league stuff.

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WE WATCHED THE HOPS — a farm team of the Arizona Diamondbacks — beat the Everett AquaSox 2-1 last Saturday in a very good game. As is the case with minor league ball, we didn't recognize any of this year's players. It is a new crop of college-age men. Some played very, very well.

It is always fun to notice where the players come from. This year's team's origins ranged from the University of Missouri to an Arizona community college to an Alabama school. Fenery Ozuna is from the baseball culture medium of the Dominican Republic.

A second baseman, Ozuna executed a few stunning put-outs — diving to reach ground balls and coming up with the throw to first.

In minor league baseball, every at-bat and every fly ball or grounder is an audition. When the AquaSox shortstop blew a hard-hit grounder, he was distraught.

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IF YOU GO, HERE IS ONE piece of advice. If it's a day game, do not sit on the third-base side. Because the franchise wanted to take advantage of the existing soccer stadium, they backed Tonkin Field up against it. As a result,

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
 'To talk of many things;  
 Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —  
 Of cabbages — and kings —'

Through the Looking-glass



## of Cabbages and Kings



Portland Tribune Photo

The Hillsboro Hops mascot rallies the team.

the third-base side looks directly into the sun. The first-base side is your best option.

The park is intimate. You are never more than 15 rows removed from the field. As I stood, hot dog in hand, listening to a wooden bat hit a baseball, hearing the crowd, I thought: "This really is summer."

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THE NEW YORK TIMES gave Oregon Gov. Kate Brown excellent treatment on Sunday. The topic was Gov. Brown's capacity for what's called retail politics. Unlike her predecessor, Gov. John Kitzhaber, Brown schmoozes comfortably with lobbyists, legislators and citizens.

One of the ways it became clear that something was different about the third-term version of

**For a dose of real summer, go to Tonkin Field to watch the Hillsboro Hops.**

John Kitzhaber was his wretched press operation. That was a reflection of Kitzhaber's emotional intelligence deficit. That quality distinguished his predecessors, Tom McCall and Mark Hatfield.

Being around Kitzhaber and listening to him could be a slog. It was homework. But if Tom McCall were speaking across town, you would be there — for the sheer entertainment value.

Kate Brown appears to have a measure of the emotional intelligence that Kitzhaber lacked.



## Heritage and healing in Joseph

By TIMOTHY EGAN  
 New York Times News Service

Unhappy small towns are all alike — claustrophobic, gossipy, dying.

The elderly live away their days in a haze of 1950s nostalgia and Fox News-induced paranoia.

The cops harass the young, while the meth lab at the edge of town produces poison for those not clever enough to leave.

If you live in cities, as most Americans do, you don't have much trouble believing the above notion of small towns. Many of them are dying — nearly one in three counties, mainly rural, now experience more deaths than births. They can be insular, though perhaps no more so than a high-end subdivision. As for gossip, yes it's toxic — but you can find a variant of that in any Manhattan apartment building. Hello ... Newman.

Still, unlike big cities, where anonymity allows a citizen to disengage, small towns force people to live in close contact with dissonant parts of the past. You not only know the loser down the street who once dated your mom, but you're also painfully aware that the Civil War statue in the town square honors a man whose family enslaved your ancestors.

I recently went back to the isolated, alpine hideaway of Joseph, a little town I'd spent some time in 17 years ago, and was pleased to find a laboratory of hope for small-town America.

Joseph is a stunning place — set in a cradle of grass and forests in the Wallowa Mountains of eastern Oregon. The county, Wallowa, is much larger in size than the state of Delaware, with the continent's deepest river gorge, Hells Canyon, on one side, and a string of peaks that could be Switzerland, the Eagle Cap Wilderness, on the other.

With 7,000 residents, the county has fewer people now than it did in 1910 — similar to hundreds of other rural areas. Joseph, at the head of the



Wallowa County Chieftain File

Tiyapo Campbell, 13, of Culesac, Idaho, danced to a first place among other 13-17 year-olds in the Traditional Boys Contest at the 2014 Tamkaliks Celebration in Wallowa.

**Joseph is no Aspen, Colorado, or Sun Valley, Idaho, which is a good thing in some ways.**

midsummer night's dream of Wallowa Lake, has just over 1,000 people.

When I first took a look, the people of Joseph and the surrounding area were at war with one another. The white ranchers and loggers who long had control over the place were losing ground to global economic forces, and changes in how the federal government managed the big swath of public land in the area.

Things got very ugly. A group of grim-faced men hung effigies of a pair of local environmentalists. Death threats flowed. At one public meeting, as county officials were heralding their cultural rights as fourth-generation landowners, a dissident voice asked about the Nez Percé Indians.

Oh, THEM. The town is named for Joseph of the Nez Percé — a Christianized name for both a father

and a son who went to their graves fighting to hold on to the valley. In 1877, after being forced out of their homeland by a fraudulent rewrite of a treaty, the Nez Percé tried to flee to Canada. Their route, a journey of epic heroism, is now commemorated in the 1,170-mile-long Nez Percé National Historic Trail.

Captured just short of the border, young Chief Joseph and his band were never allowed to return to their Oregon home. Joseph famously died "of a broken heart," in 1904, in a distant reservation that still holds his bones. His father was buried on a knoll overlooking Lake Wallowa.

But other than the grave of old Joseph, perhaps the most visible hint of an Indian presence in the area was a sign put up by a local high school, welcoming people to the "Home of the Savages."

The Savages are now the Outlaws, per a vote of students. And the Nez Percé have returned as a cultural and economic force, after working with whites in the area to purchase land at the edge of the Wallowa River. This weekend, they host a public celebration, called Tamkaliks — "a recognition of the continuing Nez Percé presence" in the valley, as the tribe puts it. It's a big tourist draw. The Indians are also working to bring sockeye salmon back to the lake.

Next week is rodeo, celebrating the cowboy traditions of the town, though named the Chief Joseph Days Rodeo. The two cultures exist together in a little valley, even feed off each other. At the town's new arts and culture center, ranchers whose great-great-grandparents may have stolen land once vital to the Nez Percé sit side by side with Indians at brisk discussions of the past.

Small-town Joseph has become a thriving arts town, with galleries, music festivals and probably the best handmade chocolates in the West. It's no Aspen, Colorado, or Sun Valley, Idaho, which is a good thing in some ways. But the poverty rate is well below the national average for rural areas.

"America has been erased like a blackboard, only to be rebuilt and then erased again," W.P. Kinsella wrote in the baseball book that was made into the film *Field of Dreams*. Native Americans, more than others, have been the erased. To see a restoration of them, in a valley where they had lived well for hundreds of years, is no small miracle.