

A GLORIOUS FOURTH



On the “Glorious Fourth of July,” the Thursday, July 3, 1890, **Daily Morning Astorian** declared that “Astoria will celebrate in grand style, and wants neighboring towns and cities to join in” (<http://tinyurl.com/ast1890>).

Big doings were afoot, starting with a wake-up 13-gun salute at sunrise and a Grand Parade at 10 a.m., followed by an oration (by **Maj. E.A. Weed**) and readings (by **Miss Kate Shively**) and patriotic music. At noon, there was a “National Salute of 42 guns” and lunch.

Afterward, there was a Fat Man’s Race up Main Street for a purse of \$10 (about \$260 now); at 2:30 p.m., a Tender Race on Water Street; at 3 p.m., a 200-yard Footrace for Firemen only; at 3:30 p.m., a Boys’ Footrace; at 4 p.m., a prize baseball match; and at 4:30 p.m., a 100-yard foot race, for a \$25 prize (about \$650 now). Strangely, the 5 p.m. Walking Tight Rope over the water was only worth a \$5 prize. And of course, there was a “Grand display of Fireworks,” followed by a “Ball at the Opera House.”

Businesses were called upon to be festively decorated, and the townsfolk spruced up their property for the epic event. As the editor noted: “It is gratifying to know that the coming Fourth has power sufficient to induce people to change the location of their woodpile from the street, where it does not belong but has been kept, to the rear of the house where it does belong but has not been kept.” Harumph.

All of the preparing and celebrating sounds utterly exhausting, but a dose of Pfunder’s Kidney and Liver Regulator (“Makes the Weak Strong”) was available at the local pharmacy to ensure a speedy recovery. Or not.

HAMILTON MAKES A MOVE



If all goes well, today is the day **Hamilton** is taken to his new home in Sisters (at **Harmony Farm Sanctuary**),” **Cyndi Mudge** wrote Sunday morning. Hamilton is the pot-bellied pig she has been fostering.

A previous recent attempt to lure the very reluctant pig into the van to drive him to the farm was an unqualified disaster; His would-be movers were roundly defeated, and Hamilton celebrated his victory by snoozing contentedly in the backyard, unmoved.

This time, the Harmony Farm folks came to retrieve him, and Sunday’s efforts were a success. Hamilton is pictured, ensconced with blankets and ready for transport, courtesy of the sanctuary.

“It took a lot of work to get him in (the van), and it involved some blood-curling screaming (the pig, not me),” Cyndi reported, “along with some blood, sweat and tears (me, not the pig). But as soon as he got inside the van he realized he was safe and comfy (and there were apples). So all was right again with his little world.”

“All’s well that ends well,” Cyndi observed. “It was worth every minute, though, fostering Hamilton as long as we did, to see him go to a place where he can shine.”

SAY ‘CHEESE!’



Well, the folks at the **Tillamook County Creamery Association**, whose motto is “Dairy done right,” have seemingly gone around the bend. In a bizarre advertising move, they have declared war on **American cheese**, calling it **Un-American**. Pictured, a screenshot from the video on their website, www.tillamook.com

“Processed ‘cheese product’ does not deserve to be called American,” the creamery association proclaims. “Help us collect 100,000 signatures for our White House petition to remove America’s name from processed cheese.” They are certain if they reach their goal number of signatures, the White House “will respond to this important national issue.” Sure they will.

In One Ear



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TAIL TALE

Researchers from the Norwegian University of Science and Technology are testing a miniature “**whale tail**” that can be attached to both sides of the bow of a ship to generate lift and use wave energy to help the ship move forward, **saving fuel**, according to an article on Gizmag.com (<http://tinyurl.com/tailwhale>). The model is pictured, in a photo by Marintek/SINTEF.

“Scaling up from the model,” the article says, “it has been calculated the foils would reduce wave resistance by 9 to 17 percent if used on a full-sized vessel at wave heights of under three meters (9.8 feet). They should likewise help cut down on heaving and pitching by about the same amount — the figures would likely be higher if the hull shape were optimized for use with the whale tail.” Pretty nifty.



IT TAKES A COMMUNITY



There has been a surge in our area of **abandoned animals**, especially cats and kittens, due to a loss of spay and neuter assistance and other factors unique to our community,” **Rita Smith** of **River Song Foundation** (<http://river-songfoundation.org>) wrote. “Many, many of these animals are being found sick or injured, like **Rudy** the kitten (pictured) found with his foot strangling in a commercial fishing net.”

Rita has set up a fundraising page at <http://tinyurl.com/kitcataid> to assist these animals, who are in such dire straits. Or, you can mail a check to: River Song Foundation, P.O. Box 44, Hammond, OR 97121.

There are approximately two homeless animals for every person in Clatsop County, Rita told the Ear. “It is going to take the whole community and then some, to help all the discarded animals here. Helping them makes us better people.”

“We are working as fast as we can,” she added. “Can you help us do more?”

BOMBS AWAY



We have been **yarn bombed** in a most beautiful way,” **Chris Hucke** of **Fernhill Glass Studio** on Exchange Street told the Ear. “The back story is that last year about this very same time, we were glad to have **Judith Davis** create a little yarn bomb around our planter out front of our studio.”

The pot in question was originally a 250-pound crucible that sat in the furnace at 2,100 degrees for 2.5 years, and was used to melt 200 pounds of clear liquid glass — until it had to be replaced, and then it became a planter.

“This same pot,” she explained, “planted with bamboo, sadly was not only dumped on its side, leaving the bamboo sitting naked on the sidewalk the year before, but was then subjected to having its yarn bomb removed by a thief last year. This upset Judith, **Claude Kurtz** and me so much, that we decided to come up with a plan. We wanted to do something they couldn’t steal.” Plus, Chris relocated the pot, out of sight.

Left free to create, Judith spent six-plus months crocheting and nine hours putting up the yarn display across the front of the building. The result is pictured.

“We take it down at night,” Chris noted. “We really love it.”

SWILLTOWN



On July 2, 1883, the first major Astoria fire started in a sawmill, according to the **1903 Oregon Historical Quarterly Volume 4** (<http://tinyurl.com/fire1883>). “The wooden streets, built on piling over the water acted as a means for carrying the fire from building to building,” the Quarterly noted, and the fire swept the waterfront to 17th Street. Pictured, Astoria in 1868.

Happily, the city recovered and rebuilt quickly, but it was what went on during and after fire that created one of Astoria’s stranger historical footnotes. The story starts with a huge amount of booze that was removed from the saloons in the fire’s path, and carried to safety. However, the hooch was soon ferreted out and stolen by “the rougher class of onlookers.”

Soon, drunken chaos and looting ensued. “Drinking was kept up throughout the night, but after the fire was checked, the scene of disorder was transferred to the lower part of town, known as ‘**Swilltown**,’” where things got even uglier, and threats to burn down the rest of the town were bandied about.

Some Astoria businessmen organized a committee to help the police preserve the peace, and the mayor issued a proclamation that saloon owners close every night at midnight. **Riley and Ginder**, two ex-policemen who owned a saloon, refused to obey, barricaded themselves in and shot at the police.

After the miscreants were finally arrested, they were brought in front of the committee and told to get out of town or they’d be hanged from the city hall. Wisely, they closed their saloon and fled, and order was somewhat restored.

Flush with success, the committee then decided to “drive out the crowd of disreputable characters that lived in ‘Swilltown,’” and served notice on “all such” to get out of town within 24-hours. One of the characters told to leave was **John Boyle**, who took exception to the idea, and refused to budge. But that is another story, for another day. Next Friday, in fact.

DOWN THE DRAIN



Beth Laney from Discovery Coast Real Estate, **Jeri Johnson** from My Little Phone Book, **Sue Moretz** from Crab Pot Seafood Market & Restaurant and **Ashlin Cadinha** from Mobile West (pictured inset) saved a **lil’ quacker** that fell through the sewer grate in South Long Beach, Wash., on Monday morning,” a post on the Crab Pot Seafood Market & Restaurant Facebook page reported.

Someone held Ashlin’s feet while he went head first into the drain, almost to his waist, and he was able to scoop the baby duck out, thanks to a fish net provided by Sue. A relieved Jeri (left) and Beth are pictured with the duckling, who is utterly unruffled by his dramatic rescue.

The Ear always loves a happy ending: “Then Jeri and Beth took baby to mom at the end of South 18th Street for a spectacular duck reunion!” Well done.

NO JOKE

Astoria has made the news yet again, this time in the **AAA Magazine**, Via, with an article, “**Astoria, Ore.: Sea Change**” by **Tim Neville** (<http://tinyurl.com/via-astoria>).

Beginning with the line, “A guy walks into a bar and spies a sea lion under the floor. No joke ...” the story goes on to extol Astoria’s virtues, venues and history at great length, and includes some dandy photos by local photographer **Don Frank** (one is pictured), <http://donfrank-photography.com>

Anyone who doesn’t already live here would sure as sideways rain in January want to, after reading this one.



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