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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

Two vessels ran aground Saturday because their helmsmen fell asleep, said Bob Coster, civilian search and rescue controller at U.S. Coast Guard Group Astoria, today.

The 67-foot Royal Quarry, owned by Warrenton businessman Dennis Sturgell, ran aground at 2:56 a.m. Saturday at the south jetty entrance of the Columbia River while fishing for black cod.

The 38-foot sailing vessel Gatane, from San Diego, Calif., ran aground Saturday on the north side of the entrance to Willapa Bay while its sole crew member was sleeping, Coster said. It was refloated Sunday.

Could anything be more trendy than living if a converted loft above a warehouse in an industrial area?

Think Portland's Pearl District, for example, but with a river view.

That's the kind of upscale housing coming to Astoria's riverfront.

Urban Pacific Builders LLC, a California-based real estate development company, will build Phase 1 of the Cannery Lofts project on 4.5 acres at the 39th Street business park on the east side of town.

Good things are worth waiting for. It is excellent news that Washington state officials and the Chinook Indian tribe have reached an agreement on building a new park called Station Camp at McGowan, Wash. The project was stopped for some seven months after the foundation of a Chinook plank house was discovered during an archaeological dig.

The project of realigning U.S. Highway 101 behind St. Mary's Catholic Church will now proceed. While negotiations continued, new ideas were developed for the eventual interpretive center, so it will be much richer. Meanwhile, the Washington Historical Society has also agreed to give the Chinook Tribe \$120,000 for development of a tribal museum and cultural center.

50 years ago — 1965

The trawler Snoopy dragged up a torpedo with its net off the Virginia capes and was blown to bits when the thing exploded. Eight of its crew of 12 perished.

This naturally reminds us here in Astoria that a local drag boat brought up a mine off the ocean bottom just the other day. The mine fortunately was water soaked and no longer a hazard although the Coast Guard says its detonator could have possibly still been dangerous.

World War II's hazards have survived two decades still able to deal out death.

WASHINGTON — The Senate gave final congressional approval today to President Johnson's \$6.5 billion Medicare bill, the most significant welfare measure in a generation.

An Auburn, Wash., couple, missing since Monday when they set out in a 14-foot outboard boat to fish outside the mouth of the Columbia River, was located early Wednesday "alive and well" by a fishing boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingvald Ronning were found in their boat 37 miles southwest of the Columbia River lightship by the fishing vessel Washington.

75 years ago — 1940

Astoria is shown, through vital statistics recently completed by the census bureau, to be a healthier, faster-growing community than most in the state. The data is contained in a final report for the entire country covering 1938 and show that 160 are born in Astoria a year for every 100 who die.

The birth-death ratio for the rest of Oregon was 138 to 100.

It was forecast here today that Safeway Stores will erect a super market with a large parking area on the west half of the vacant property between Eleventh and Twelfth and Duane and Exchange. This property, described as lots 1, 2, 13 and 14, McClure's Astoria, were purchased by Safeway Stores for \$8300 at a county tax sale Monday.

Expansion of the Oregon National Guard military facilities at Camp Clatsop include acquisition of new land to permit firing of heavy field artillery pieces, it was announced today by Colonel Raymond Olson, quartermaster, in charge of emergency conditioning of the camp for the training of the 249th coast artillery regiment.

VANCOUVER, B.C. — E.C. Thrupp, retired civil engineer, today refused to hedge on his prediction that "the most disastrous earthquake of the century" will hit Japan or California by August 5.

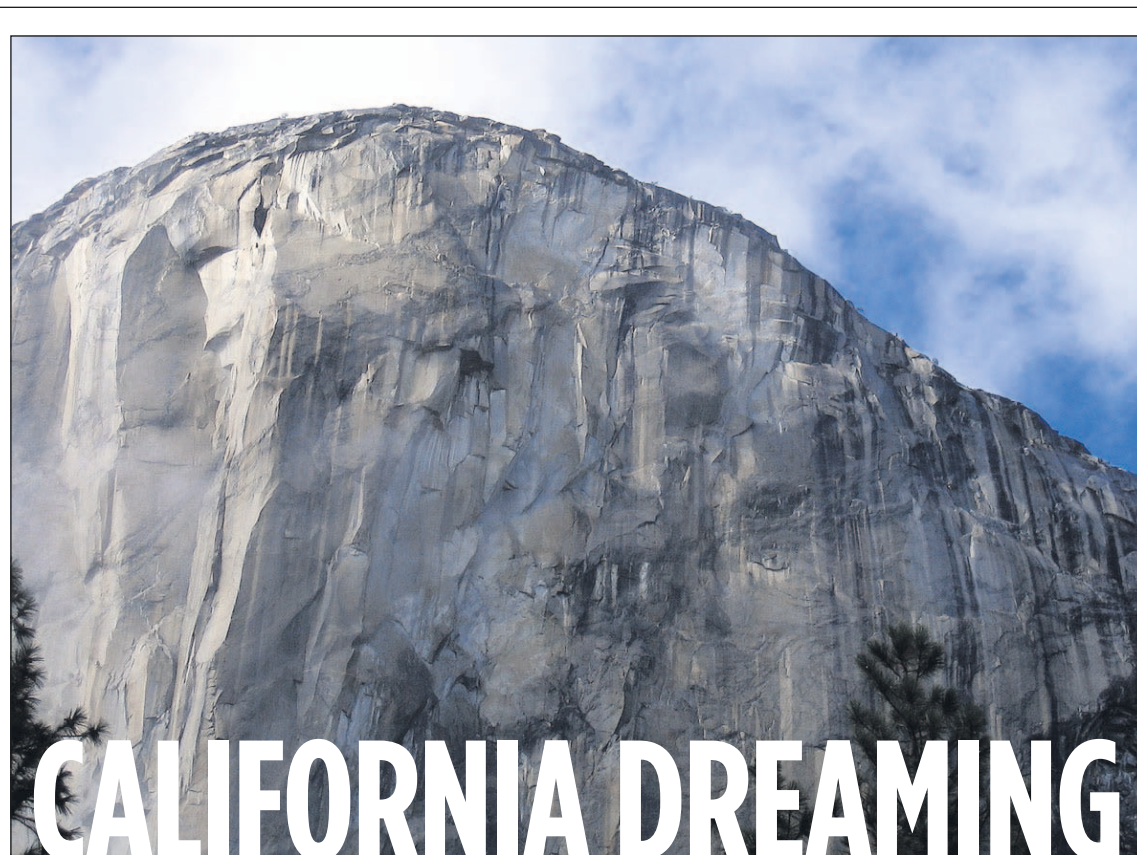
Thrupp, who claims a long record of successful forecasts for his "interplanetary gravitational force" theory, is standing pat on this prediction:

"The destructive of July 20 to August 5, 1940, will bring the most destructive earthquake of this century, probably in those countries where they have occurred before. The main shocks will come between 6 and 9 p.m., Pacific Standard Time.

"It will probably center in Japan," he said, "but California had better watch out too."



Courtesy Clatsop County Historical Society
 The Astoria Column during construction in 1925.



CALIFORNIA DREAMING

Ben Margo/AP Photo

This file photo shows the climbing face of El Capitan in Yosemite National Park.

California is not that far away, but it is a different dimension.

When we drive north, into Washington, the sales tax is the only glaring distinction. But California really is a different state of mind.

California also represents a driving challenge of a different magnitude. On our drive from Yosemite National Park to Oakland last Sunday, our daughter navigated several freeway exchanges. These were typically five-lane corridors. By contrast, Oregon driving is quaint. Portland's rush hour is tiresome, but it lacks the constant hazard one feels in California freeway traffic.

Many Californians give a lot of their lives to drive time.

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BEING AT YOSEMITE IS LIKE

being inside one of those giant landscape paintings of the 19th century by Thomas Moran or one of his brethren. The granite peaks cause the jaw to drop.

The place is a global draw. The second voice I heard in the park was speaking French. We encountered a larger German party on a trail.

The scale of Yosemite's visitor count is hard to grasp. Our son, who works for the park hydrologist, posed a question. How many backpacker user nights did we think Yosemite had last year? We all guessed low. The answer is 175,000, the largest on record. Backpackers are among the most committed visitors a national park gets.

Our son lives in a canvas-roofed cabin in Tuolumne Meadows. On Saturday our family and his girlfriend hiked beside the Lyle Fork of the Tu-

olumne River. Yosemite is so vast that one may find virtual solitude in meadows and on streams. We played a delightful game of whiffle ball before having our *al fresco* lunch.

Through the Looking-glass



of Cabbages and Kings

NEAR THE EAST BOUNDARY of Yosemite is an area called June Lake. In that vicinity is the Double Eagle Resort, which has a spa. After enjoying lunch on the spa's deck, my wife, daughter and I played gin, with our daughter winning most of them. At mid-afternoon a number of women suddenly arrived. Tables and chairs were moved to create a conversation area for about 10. The voices we heard were Texan.

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When the women rose to move to a different part of the spa, my wife said that one of them resembled Laura Bush, the former first lady. Sure enough, two men sitting behind us quickly rose to accompany the women. They wore the telltale ear piece that denotes a Secret Service agent.

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Once we saw Secret Service agents, it was clear Laura Bush was sitting nearby.

IF YOU FOLLOWED JAZZ during the Cold War era, you might know the name Willis Conover. The

Voice of America hired Conover to create radio shows about the most American art form. They were beamed by shortwave into Soviet bloc countries. As a consequence, he became a music teacher and English instructor to generations of Europeans, and that built the European jazz scene from which several festivals were built.

Writing last week in *The Wall Street Journal*, Doug Ramsey filled in many gaps in Conover's story. Ramsey reported the Post Office governing board will be considering a stamp bearing Conover's picture.

I love how Conover described the importance of this music. "Jazz tells more about America than any American can realize. It bespeaks vitality, strength, social mobility; it's a free music with its own discipline, but not an imposed, inhibiting discipline."

Ramsey notes that Conover persuaded the Nixon White House to throw a 70th birthday party for Duke Ellington, at which Richard Nixon played the piano for a singing of "Happy Birthday." The musicians who showed up for the East Room event were a pantheon of that era.

—S.A.F.



The structure of gratitude

By DAVID BROOKS
New York Times News Service

I'm sometimes grumpier when I stay at a nice hotel. I have certain expectations about the service that's going to be provided. I get impatient if I have to crawl around looking for a power outlet, if the shower controls are unfathomable, if the place considers itself too fancy to put a coffee machine in each room. I'm sometimes happier at a budget motel, where my expectations are lower, and where a functioning iron is a bonus and the waffle maker in the breakfast area is a treat.

This little phenomenon shows how powerfully expectations structure our moods and emotions, none more so than the beautiful emotion of gratitude.

Gratitude happens when some kindness exceeds expectations, when it is undeserved. Gratitude is a sort of laughter of the heart that comes about after some surprising kindness.

Most people feel grateful some of the time - after someone saves you from a mistake or brings you food during an illness. But some people seem grateful dispositionally. They seem thankful practically all of the time.

These people may have big ambitions, but they have preserved small anticipations. As most people get on in life and earn more status, they often get used to more respect and nicer treatment. But people with dispositional gratitude take nothing for granted. They take a beginner's thrill at a word of praise, at another's good performance or at each sunny day. These people are present-minded and hyperresponsive.

This kind of dispositional gratitude is worth dissecting because it induces a mentality that stands in counterbalance to the

mainstream threads of our culture.

We live in a capitalist meritocracy. This meritocracy encourages people to be self-sufficient — masters of their own fate. But people with dispositional gratitude are hyperaware of their continual dependence on others. They treasure the way they have been fashioned by parents, friends and ancestors who were in some ways their superiors. They're glad the ideal of individual autonomy is an illusion because if they were relying on themselves they'd be much worse off.

The basic logic of the capitalist meritocracy is that you get what you pay for, that you earn what you deserve. But people with dispositional gratitude are continually struck by the fact that they are given far more than they pay for — and are much richer than they deserve. Their families, schools and summer camps put far more into them than they give back. There's a lot of surplus goodness in daily life that can't be explained by the logic of equal exchange.

Capitalism encourages us to see human beings as self-interested, utility-maximizing creatures. But people with grateful dispositions are attuned to the gift economy where people are motivated by sympathy as well as self-interest. In the gift economy intention matters. We're grateful to people who tried to do us favors even when those favors didn't work out. In the gift economy imaginative empathy matters. We're grateful because some people showed they care about us more than we thought they did. We're grateful when others took an imaginative leap and put themselves in our mind, even with no benefit to themselves.

Gratitude is also a form of social glue. In the capitalist economy, debt is to be repaid to the lender. But a debt of gratitude is repaid forward, to another person who also doesn't

People with grateful dispositions see their efforts grandly but not themselves.

deserve it. In this way each gift ripples outward and yokes circles of people in bonds of affection. It reminds us that a society isn't just a contract based on mutual benefit, but an organic connection based on natural sympathy — connections that are nurtured not by self-interest but by loyalty and service.

If you think that human nature is good and powerful, then you go around frustrated because the perfect society has not yet been achieved. But if you go through life believing that our reason is not that great, our individual skills are not that impressive, and our goodness is severely mottled, then you're sort of amazed life has managed to be as sweet as it is. You're grateful for all the institutions our ancestors gave us, like the Constitution and our customs, which shape us to be better than we'd otherwise be. Appreciation becomes the first political virtue and the need to perfect the gifts of others is the first political task.

We live in a capitalist meritocracy that encourages individualism and utilitarianism, ambition and pride. But this society would fall apart if not for another economy, one in which gifts surpass expectations, in which insufficiency is acknowledged and dependence celebrated.

Gratitude is the ability to see and appreciate this other most magical economy. G.K. Chesterton wrote that "thanks are the highest form of thought, and that gratitude is happiness doubled by wonder."

People with grateful dispositions see their efforts grandly but not themselves. Life doesn't surpass their dreams but it nicely surpasses their expectations.



David Brooks