

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

Problems with the pump station that's part of the Skyline Water Improvement Project just go on and on, Astoria Mayor Willis Van Dusen lamented after Monday's Astoria City Council meeting.

Irregularities in locating and constructing the pump station led to an investigation that resulted in the city manager firing Mitch Mitchum, the city's public works director, an action Mitchum intends to appeal.

Now, five months after the council became aware of the problem, and a month and a half after the council voted to demolish the pump station and construct it farther from the street, little progress has been made.

And Kevin Dunn, one of the neighbors who first brought the situation to the council's attention, complained again Monday night.

Dunn, who lives next door to the water tower and pump station, said recent rain and a small hailstorm caused bare dirt at the site to turn to mud and wash down the hill.

"I'm just curious when somebody's going to do something," Dunn said. "My yard's starting to go down."

Concrete slabs, black gravel and sparse landscaping. The Ninth Street River Park, one of the last projects by the late architect Robert Murase, turned out to be too industrial-looking for many Astoria residents, including Mayor Willis Van Dusen and the City Council.

At a council meeting in January, the mayor described the park as "extremely homely and not up to our standards."

Astoria resident Don Webb agreed, calling it a "concrete monument with gravel around it," and a "waste of taxpayers' money."

A month later, Van Dusen announced that the tiny plot on Astor Street overlooking the Riverwalk would be transformed into a Chinese interpretive park.

50 years ago — 1965

The new Lewis and Clark Festival Association established itself as a permanent organization Sunday, following a successful 40-vehicle caravan from Astoria to Seaside.

The caravan, carrying more than 100 people over the route followed by Lewis and Clark's party on the way to the beach to boil salt.

Purpose of the journey Sunday was to publicize the new association's proposals to conduct an annual arts festival in the Clatsop Beach area.

A \$250,000 improvement project that includes purchase of new "up to date" equipment is under way at Astoria Plywood Corporation.

The company recently installed a new 30 opening hot press and a new 3 larger Sumner chipper to increase production approximately 25 percent, according to a company spokesman.

"It is just general expansion to keep up with the times," the spokesman said.

City Engineer Homer Tunks looks a bit baffled as he puzzles the problem of how to move Shark Rock and where to move it. Shark Rock must give way to city council plans for improving Niagara Avenue that involves eliminating the island in mid-street which contains the relic. Cost of moving the rock plus concrete will run high and there is no decision yet where it will go. The rock was carved by survivors of the U.S. Sloop of War Peacock, wrecked in September, 1846, and later by survivors of the wreck of the bark Industry. It lay buried in sand at the foot of the hill near 13th Street, close to Exchange, for half a century. Discovered after the 1922 fire, the Kiwanis Club hacked off the carved portion of the rock and moved it to the Niagara Street site in 1926.



Daily Astorian/File Photo

75 years ago — 1940

Clatsop County's 1940 population is 24,248, an increase of 3124 or 14.8 percent over the 1930 figure of 21,124, according to a survey just released by Oregon Business and Tax Research, Inc.

The population increase in this county for the past decade reverses a downward trend for the preceding 1920-30 decade when Clatsop population fell from 23,030 to 21,124, a reduction of 1,906 or 8.3 percent.

Maj. Ben Howell, director of the manpower division of selective service headquarters, said today that the national draft lottery probably would be held here between October 21 and October 26.

The lottery will determine the sequence in which registrants will be called up for classification and possible induction into the armed services.

A second diver to interest himself in diving into the wreck of the States Steamship company freighter Iowa, wrecked on Peacock spit January 12, 1936, is making arrangement here today to look over the final resting place of the freighter Monday.

His name was reported to be Wood. He contacted the coast guard and the Arrow Tug & Barge company. Wood is reported to be diver in San Francisco. It is surmised that he is acting independently in the venture to remove the safe from the wreck which lost the lives of 35 seamen.

Stickel lived to see his prize ruined

IT IS A CURSE TO LIVE into an era you do not understand. That seems to have happened to Fred Stickel.

The Oregonian's story on Stickel's death last Sunday was all the more poignant, because the writer, Bryan Denson, was describing a bygone era. The Oregonian over which Stickel presided is gone. The newspaper he operated as president and publisher has vanished — its phalanx of reporters decimated by orders from Steve Newhouse in New York City.

If you met Stickel in his prime, you immediately noticed his Jersey accent. Those were his beginnings. In the parlance of England and its colonies, Stickel was the Newhouse family's viceroy in Portland. In that capacity, he did a hell of a job.

I encountered Stickel when we started Willamette Week 41 years ago. After we had been publishing our alternative weekly for a number of months, I picked up word that Stickel was telling people WW was forced to retract a story in every issue.

To respond to that smear, I put together a bundle of every edition we had published, tied it with twine and had it delivered directly to Stickel's desk.

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TO STICKEL'S CREDIT, HE invested in journalistic talent. Some of us quibbled about his editor Sandra Mims Rowe. But when Rowe's accomplishments are set next to the desolation of today's Oregonian, one is nostalgic.

The great irony is that the weekly upstart that Stickel bad-mouthed some 40 years ago has endured and gained a large audience, while The Oregonian has deteriorated and lost audience. In a nutshell, it is no longer a David and Goliath relationship. In audience size, WW has become a close competitor.

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BEFORE THE OREGONIAN'S misadventure, there was New Orleans, where the Newhouses own the city's legendary Times Picayune.

'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



Henny Ray Abrams/AP Photo
Stephen Sondheim listens to Nathan Lane before the lighting of the marquee of the Stephen Sondheim Theatre on West 43rd St. in Times Square in 2010 in New York.

Stephen Sondheim's generosity to a young musician was striking.

Paul Farhl described that newspaper's decline in an August Washington Post article. The Picayune's days of publication were reduced, and two news staffs were created — a large one for the website and a smaller staff for the print newspaper.

The response of one New Orleans reader would be echoed by thousands of Oregon readers. "They chose to decimate their publication," says Tom Lowenburg, a local bookstore owner who grew up here. "News is important to a community, especially

this one. And they made a decision not to be a viable newspaper."

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THE MOST INTERESTING detail in Farhl's story is that local New Orleans investors tried to buy the Times Picayune. No sale, said the Newhouses. That's too bad. One of the best remedies in a market economy is sale of a troubled property to a new owner.

The Newhouses are no longer useful to New Orleans, because they clearly don't care about the place, just as they do not care about Oregon. When that day arrives, an owner should sell.

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AFTER WRITING ABOUT Stephen Sondheim last week, I remembered a young Portlander's encounter with the great composer and lyricist. Bob Lindstrom wrote about classical music for Willamette Week in its first years. He was a violinist in the Portland Opera orchestra.

While he was pondering his future, Lindstrom wrote Sondheim for advice. Sondheim sent Lindstrom a handwritten response. He showed me the notecard with Sondheim's name embossed at the top. I was amazed at the generosity of this man who was becoming a legend in the musical theater.

—S.A.F.



Malala Yousafzai's battle continues

By NICHOLAS KRISTOF
New York Times News Service

When the deputy head mistress pulled Malala Yousafzai out of high school chemistry class one morning a year ago, Malala nervously searched her mind for recent offenses.

"You usually get a bit scared if your head teacher comes, because you think you are being caught doing something," Malala recalled.

"But she told me: 'I need to tell you something. You have won the Nobel Peace Prize.'"

After a brief celebration, Malala returned to class for the rest of the school day; as the world's news organizations clamored for interviews, she wrestled with physics. She's a champion of girls' education worldwide, she explains, and that must include her own.

Malala, now a high school junior, was in New York this past week to address the United Nations, attend the premiere of a full-length documentary movie about her life and hound world leaders to pay attention to girls' education.

She hopes the movie, *He Named Me Malala*, will galvanize a push to provide 12 years of quality education to all children worldwide.

The movie relates Malala's extraordinary story: How she grew up in rural Pakistan, became an advocate for girls' education and spoke out against the Taliban. Then when she was 15 years old, Taliban gunmen retaliated: They stopped her school bus and shot her in the head.

As she hovered between life and death, supporters held candlelight vigils, and a plane rushed her to a hospital in Birmingham, England, that specializes in brain injuries. Today the left side of her face is still partly paralyzed, and she is somewhat deaf in that ear, but she's as outspoken as ever. And the Taliban is still determined to kill her, so she and her family remain in Birmingham.

The movie offers a revealing portrait of a global icon — who's also a teenager giggling about sports heroes,



Bebeto Matthews/AP Photo

Nobel Peace Prize winner Malala Yousafzai, center, hold a press conference with her friends and youth activists Shazia Ramzan, far left, and Kainat Riaz, second from left, both from Pakistan, Amina Yusuf from Nigeria, second from right, and Salam Masri from Syria, Friday, at United Nations headquarters. Malala addressed the U.N. General Assembly and urged global leaders to do more to protect and empower young people.

worrying about acceptance by peers and rolling her eyes at siblings.

"People think she is, like, very kind, and she speaks for people's rights," her younger brother Khushal grumbles at the breakfast table, needling her. "But that's not true, I think. At home she is so violent!"

Malala squeals with outrage. "I'm not violent!"

It's clearly awkward to be a teenager and have your sibling rivalries, your skirt length (long) and your boyfriend history (none) explored on the big screen, along with your painstaking physical therapy to recover from brain damage. But Malala embraces the film as a way to highlight the transformative power of education.

Her own mother is deeply conservative — she has discouraged Malala from shaking hands with men or looking them in the eye — but is moderating her views and now also learning to read for the first time. The mother also takes the global fuss about her daughter in stride, and has no problem ordering a Nobel laureate to clean up her room.

Malala's main message is that all children should get 12 years of free, safe, quality education, and that girls are too often left behind. Some 63 million girls between the age of 6 and 15 are not in school.

Millions of others attend but sit in classes of 100 students, taught in a language they don't understand, without so much as a pencil, and learn nothing. Teachers often don't show up (the big truancy problem in the developing

world is with teachers), and when teachers do show up, they sometimes prey on girls.

A 2007 U.N. study in Pakistan found that 24 percent of primary schools don't have any textbooks for students, and 46 percent lack desks for them.

Yet education is still the best hope to transform countries as well as individuals. Malala's father, Ziauddin, told me that when he was a teenager he was brainwashed into praying for war between Muslims and non-Muslims,

hoping to become a martyr. The antidote to such extremism, he says, is education.

Malala is determined not to be used as window dressing by world leaders, and her advice

to presidents and prime ministers is to focus not on elementary school or middle school but on 12 full years of education. "Your dreams were too small," she tells U.N. members. "Your achievements are too small. Now it is time that you dream bigger."

She scolded Nigeria's president at the time for not helping girls abducted by Boko Haram. She told President Barack Obama the White House that drones were counterproductive and that he should invest in education. Just eight days of global military spending, she notes, would pay to get all remaining kids in school worldwide.

"No world leader would want nine years of education for their children," she told me. "Every world leader wants quality education for their children. They need to think of the rest of the world's children as their own children."

The antidote to such extremism is education.