

# 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 — 2006

The civil trial against local contractor Jim Wilkins came to an unexpected end this morning with a settlement agreement between all the parties.

The remaining 13 plaintiffs agreed to the settlement as the jury trial entered its fourth week in Clatsop County Circuit Court in front of visiting Judge Paul Crowley.

"All the claims are resolved between all the plaintiffs and Mr. Wilkins," said attorney Julie Vacura, who represented 11 of the plaintiffs. "There is nothing left to litigate."

**Renowned artist Maya Lin has learned what havoc a North Coast winter can wreak on construction plans.**

"We're a little behind schedule, or as someone said, 'What do you expect? It's called Cape Disappointment,'" she told the assembled crowd Saturday afternoon at the official unveiling of the Confluence Project public art installation overlooking Baker Bay in Pacific County, Wash.

The key pieces of the project are in place, but Lin, who gained fame in the early 1980s for her design of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., said there's another two or three years of work before the project at Washington's Cape Disappointment State Park is completed.

Federal agents swooped on Washington's Long Beach Peninsula Tuesday, taking away more than a dozen suspected immigrants in handcuffs.

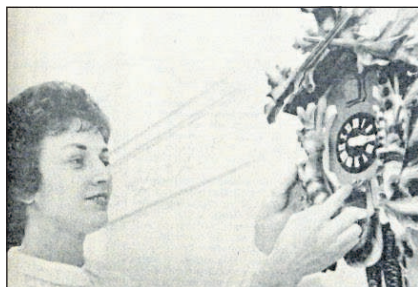
"I don't want to go to Mexico!" said one young woman who was led away in handcuffs and ankle chains after a raid on Bell Buoy Crab Co in Chinook.

Agents had spent the night before in Astoria and rumors flew around the North Coast Tuesday afternoon about possible raids elsewhere. Few additional details were available, in part because of the change in status placing the Immigration Service under the umbrella of Homeland Security.

### 50 years ago — 1966

The State Highway Commission Monday adopted a basic \$1.50 toll for passenger car and driver for the \$24 million Astoria-Megler bridge near the mouth of the Columbia River.

The present basic ferry toll is \$1.25 for a car and driver. The commission also announced that the bridge would be opened to traffic as soon as it is finished. This probably will be before the official dedication set for Aug. 27.



It will be time for a change Sunday and city Hall was prepared to set an example. Lucille Bandel of the city office staff sets municipal cuckoo clock ahead one hour in a practice run for start of daylight saving time at 2 a.m. Sunday. Clock was a gift from Astoria's sister city Walldorf, Germany. (Gordon Clark Photo)

One of the major tasks in constructing the Astoria bridge was out of the way this week as American Bridge Division ironworkers completed riveting on the steel superstructure.

**ILWACO — Officials of the Washington Minerals Profit Corporation told The Daily Astorian at a meeting Tuesday that they hoped to have their minerals extraction plant in full operation by July 1. The big plant located at the mouth of the Chinook River, where it flows into Baker Bay, is already under construction and could be completed as early as the first part of June.**

The concrete slab which will serve as poured early last week by Oman & Son's of Long Beach and company officials have purchased a large dredge which will be used to remove the ore mineral rich sands of Baker Bay from the water in order that it can be processed by the plant.

### 75 years ago — 1941

Sixty-seven years ago nine girls gathered to have their pictures taken in Astoria.

This week, according to Portland newspapers, three of them, all over 80 years old, gathered in Portland for their first reunion since then.

**From the Olympics to the Bitterroots and from British Columbia to the Siskiyou of Oregon, the Pacific Northwest today was apparently headed into the driest early summer on record.**

A crew of 130 laborers entered the week's work on the \$638,000 Clatsop airport improvement and reconstruction defense project today and plans call for assignment of 200 men to the job by the end of the week.

**WASHINGTON — General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, told the senate committee investigating national defense today that the army has "gotten over the hump" in the tremendous task it faced of mobilizing from peacetime status to wartime strength.**

The big 15.5-foot diameter fir tree found in Clatsop County, Oregon, is a mere sapling as compared to a Douglas fir in the Queets valley, George Northup, former Jefferson County legislator, declared here Monday, showing a photo and statistics from a recent department of interior booklet to back his statement.

# Has Merkley's sixth sense failed him?

Lyndon Johnson said that when a man enters a room, he should know within a matter of seconds who's an ally and who's not.

If he lacks that radar, he doesn't belong in politics.

There is another sixth sense that a politician requires. It is the ability to know when another politician is fatally wounded. In 1979 it was clear to many in Washington, D.C., that President Jimmy Carter was toast. But late that year, in September, Neil Goldschmidt, mayor of Portland, joined the president's Cabinet — at the very moment when the ship of state was listing.

I thought about that misjudgment when I saw U.S. Sen. Jeff Merkley's endorsement of Bernie Sanders' campaign for president. I do hope that Merkley has a secret scheme the rest of us are missing.

Eight Months after Goldschmidt's confirmation as secretary of transportation, the statue of Mother Joseph was unveiled in the Capitol Rotunda. She was Washington state's contribution to Statuary Hall. The Catholic nun was only the seventh woman in the Capitol. It was a significant event for women, for Catholics, and for the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Warren G. Magnuson of Washington. But Jimmy Carter declined the invitation to speak at this event.

Carter could not see the most basic sort of opportunity. Can you imagine how Ronald Reagan or Bill Clinton would have extolled the virtues of the phenomenal Mother Joseph?

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As I finished college at Portland State, my father was on the state Board of Higher Education. One spring day I rode with him to Corvallis, where he represented the board at Oregon State University's graduation.

As the long ceremony progressed, I scanned the program that contained names, departments and thesis topics. I knew a lot about the College of Agriculture — my maternal grandfather was one of its graduates in 1900. But that afternoon in Gill Coliseum, I realized that in its production of educators and engineers, OSU was Oregon's backbone.

"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



AP Photo

**President Jimmy Carter beams as he sits in the White House Oval Office in Washington on Jan. 20, 1977. Carter walked from the Capitol where he was sworn in to the Executive Mansion down Pennsylvania Avenue.**

OSU's alumni magazine, the *Oregon Stater*, arrived last week. One of its stories proclaimed: "Three of every 10 Beavers is an ENGINEER."

My economics professor at PSU, John Walker, once advised us that, "If you want to change the world, you're wasting your time here. Go to Corvallis." Prof. Walker's reference was to agriculture. But it could have been to some other studies.

The *Oregon Stater* reports that researchers in the College of Science have developed a therapy that halts the progression of Lou Gehrig's disease in mice. The details of this discovery have been published in *Neurobiology of Disease*.

**President Jimmy Carter lacked the ability to see the most basic political opportunity.**

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Water is a big topic in our family. Most Westerners are talking about it. Our discussion is heightened, because our son has worked in hydrology at Yosemite National Park for the past seven years. He finishes his graduate education in two weeks.

In Monday's edition, *The Wall Street Journal* published a report on new ways cities are reckoning with water shortage in the face of drought and population growth. It mentioned that by lining portions of irrigation canals, San Diego saved about 80,000 acre-feet of water, which is "approximately 15% of its supply."

How many desalination plans do you think there are globally? I was surprised to learn there are 18,426.

—S.A.F.



## 'Getting to zero:' Hemingway's rebirth

By DAVID BROOKS

*New York Times News Service*

**H**AVANA — Ernest Hemingway's house in Cuba seems like such a healthy place.

It is light, welcoming and beautifully situated. There are hundreds of his books lining the shelves, testimony to all the reading he did there.

There's a baseball diamond nearby where he used to pitch to local boys.

Yet Hemingway was not a healthy man during the latter phases of his life. He was drunk much of the time; he often began drinking at breakfast and his brother counted 17 Scotch-and-sodas in a day. His wives complained that he was sporadic about bathing. He was obsessed with his weight and recorded it on the wall of his house.

He could be lively and funny, the organizer of exciting adventures. But he could also be depressed, combative and demoralized. His ego overflowed. F. Scott Fitzgerald, who endured a psychological crisis at about the same time, observed that Hemingway "is quite as nervously broken down as I am, but it manifests itself in different ways. His inclination is toward megalomania and mine toward melancholy."

Even as a young man Hemingway exaggerated his (already prodigious) exploits in order to establish his manliness. When he was older his prima donna proclivities could make him, as one visiting photographer put it, "crazy," "drunk" and "berserk."

He was a prisoner of his own celebrity. He'd become famous at 25 and by middle age he was often just playing at being Ernest Hemingway. The poet David Whyte has written

that work "is a place you can lose yourself more easily perhaps than finding yourself ... losing all sense of our own voice, our own contribution and conversation." Hemingway seems to have lost track of his own authentic voice in the midst of the public persona he'd created.

His misogyny was also like a cancer that ate out his insides. He was an extremely sensitive man, who suffered much from the merest slights, but was also an extremely dominating, cruel and self-indulgent one, who judged his wives harshly, slapped them when angry and forced them to bear all the known forms of disloyalty.

By this time, much of his writing rang false. Reviewer after reviewer said he had destroyed his own talent. His former mentor Gertrude Stein said he was a coward.

Yet there were moments, even amid the wreckage, when he could rediscover something authentic. Even at these late phases, he could write books like "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "The Old Man and the Sea" and passages like some in "To Have and Have Not" and "Islands in the Stream" that remain loved and celebrated today.

This is a process that we might call "getting to zero," when an artist — or anyone, really — digs through all the sap that gets encrusted around a career or relationship and retouches the intrinsic impulse that got him or her into it in the first place. Hemingway's career got overlaid by money, persona and fame, but sometimes even at this late stage he was able to reconnect with the young man's directness that produced his early best work.



David Brooks

When you see how he did it, three things leap out. The first is the most mundane — the daily disciplines of the job. In the house, there is a small bed where he laid out his notes and a narrow shelf where he stood, stared at a blank wall and churned out his daily word count. Sometimes it seems to have been the structure of concrete

behavior — the professional routines — that served as a lifeline when all else was crumbling.

Second, there seem to have been moments of self-forgetting. Dorothy Sayers has an essay in which she notes it's fashionable to say you do your work to serve the community. But if you do any line of work for the community, she argues, you'll end up falsifying your work, because you'll be angling it for applause. You'll feel people owe you something for your work. But if you just try to serve the work — focusing on each concrete task and doing it the way it's supposed to be done — then you'll end up, obliquely, serving the community more. Sometimes the only way to be good at a job is to lose the self-consciousness embedded in the question, "How'm I doing?"

Finally, there was the act of cutting out. When Hemingway was successful, he cut out his mannerisms and self-pity. Then in middle age, out of softness, laziness and self-approval, he indulged himself. But even then, even amid all the corruption, he had flashes when he could distinguish his own bluster from the good, true notes.

There is something heroic that happened in this house. Hemingway was a man who embraced every self-indulgence that can afflict a successful person. But at moments he shed all that he had earned and received, and rediscovered the hard-working, clear-seeing and unadorned man he used to be.