

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873



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Trump begs for a fool's bargain

Unprepared and unfit to be our president

When Republicans went into damage control following news that Donald Trump would not honor the mutual defense clause of the NATO treaty, aides said his words were misconstrued. Then *The New York Times* released the transcript of David Sanger and Maggie Haberman's interview with Trump. That document revealed the extent of Trump's global illiteracy. How could he have lived as a young boy and man through the Cold War and not understand the bedrock significance of NATO?

It is difficult to set aside the jingoism, racial animus and misogyny at the heart of Trump's voter appeal. But if you do peel that away, there apparently is a candidate who doesn't have a clue about how Europe and Asia are stitched together. During the interview segment that touched on American troops based in South Korea, Trump muses that perhaps without an American military presence in South Korea the two Koreas might have united. "Maybe you would have had a unified Korea," Trump speculates. "Who knows what would have happened?"

Wow. What part of North Korea's ruling, criminal Kim family doesn't Trump get?

The other disconnect of the Trump phenomenon is evangelicals' fondness for him. *The Register-Guard* of Eugene last Friday addressed that one ("Trump's evangelical flock").

Said the RG: "More puzzling is why evangelicals seem willing to check their faith at the door to follow a man who oozes the very self-righteousness that the founder of their faith, Jesus, condemned in deference to humility, grace and truth. Indeed, the relationship seems, at best, awkward, and at worst, hypocritical — for both."

Simply put, Donald J. Trump is unprepared and unfit to be our president. To accept his pitch is a fool's bargain.

'Silent mass disaster' demands attention

Mysteries need solving

Viewers of television crime shows get the impression that discovery of human remains sets off an intense response, complete with FBI facial reconstruction experts, swift and accurate DNA tests, vast electronic databases that match subtle clues with lists of possible victims.

Reality is more like the situation we reported last week in Wahkiakum County, Washington. A body is discovered and local officials do what they can — with few resources — to determine whether a crime has been committed and who the person is. Ultimately, in a large nation, each new set of unidentified remains joins a large number of others and is gradually forgotten.

"The facts are sobering," Nancy Ritter of the National Institute of Justice said in the *NIJ Journal*. "On any given day, there are as many as 100,000 active missing persons cases in the United States. Every year, tens of thousands of people vanish under suspicious cir-

cumstances. Viewed over a 20-year period, the number of missing persons can be estimated in the hundreds of thousands."

Some of these missing, which Ritter describes as "the nation's silent mass disaster," are missing because they are dead. More than 40,000 sets of human remains await identification in evidence rooms. Only 6,000 of these are entered in the FBI's National Crime Information Center database. Many remains are buried without even a DNA sample being obtained.

The NIJ makes a variety of good suggestions. All require federal or state funding. They include providing free tests of unidentified remains and collecting reference samples from the families of the missing.

It's shocking to learn the scale of this problem. An advanced nation should make reality much more like the methodical science available to us. We can be certain murders are occurring that are never discovered, far less solved. This just isn't right.

A salty world made of wood, canvas and hemp

Clatsop Community College's literature teacher is trying out a new gig aboard the sailing ship, the Lady Washington. In this conclusion, she shares her journey. Part I was published Friday.

Second of Two Parts

By JULIE BROWN
For The Daily Astorian

The *Lady Washington* has 11 sails: five square sails and six triangular fore and aft sails. When all sails are set, the wind carries her faster than even her engine can do. With a crowd at the dock cheering goodbyes and wishing us "God-speed," we were off, setting sail for



Julie Brown

our next port on the California coast. It was a beautiful sight, like something in a movie, and I half expected a theme song to play. Once underway, hands not on watch met in the galley for our dinner. The captain introduced me to my shipmates, a group of young people whose sailing skills, work ethic, kindness, and humor were to teach me well for the next two weeks.

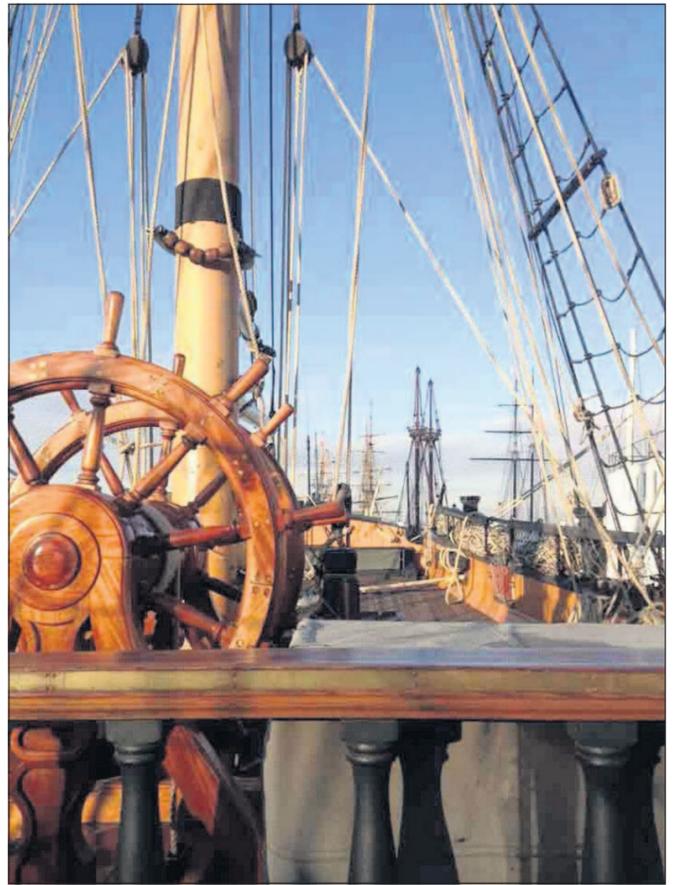
I learned how to do every job on ship. I learned how to read the charts and how to navigate (words and numbers — I could do this!). I learned how to man the tiller, and how to stand at the bow from midnight to 4 a.m. for watch duty. I learned the names of the 15 sails and how to move them up and down and how to tilt them to best catch the wind. I learned a lot about lines: how to brace and slack, to sweat and tail, how to belay and coil. Many of the jobs were about keeping our ship clean: swabbing the deck, polishing the brass, scrubbing the dishes, the galley, and the head. I held a propane torch for the very first time, melting pitch to pay the seams between deck boards. Every minute I was learning something new in my classroom without walls.

Like the sailors of old, we occasionally had free time to be filled with entertaining ourselves. We loved singing sea shanties and also old ballads. I could never forget the time that seven or eight of us aloft in the rigging sang "Bohemian Rhapsody" together, the red sun at the horizon our only audience. Dancing in the galley was popular, with Bollywood tapes supplied by our cook, a belly dancer. So was tattoo show and tell. One night we sailed up beside the Hawaiian Chieftain, our sister ship, and had a costume party with both crews in her aft cabin. It takes great creativity to cobble together costumes from things you find on a sailboat. Coffee filters can be made into almost anything. Eating junk food and talking in the galley was another great way to pass the time. So was sleeping.

I have never slept as well as I did on the *Lady Washington*. The captain and first mate had their own private cabins, but the rest of us all slept together in the fo'c'sle, in berths that were the size and shape of coffins. A small curtain could be pulled closed for privacy, double hung with wet socks, but you could not sit upright (or read, or write) since you only had about 2 feet between you and the bunk above you and the light was dim. It is so delicious to sleep on the water, gently rocking back and forth, hearing nothing but the wind in the sails, the constant creaking of old wood, or maybe the sounds of six or seven sailors snoring. It's a little bit like camping, but with the added risk of drowning.

We encountered bad weather only once. After leaving Morro Bay, a storm came up late one night that was bad enough for port authorities to close the bar. The engineer strung a line from bow to stern for us to hold onto when moving about the ship, and the cook gave us each a big zip lock bag. Just in case. My midnight watch consisted of hanging on for dear life as the ship pitched and rolled like nothing I had ever seen before, trying to look out for any hazards in the black water. The others on watch with me called out to each other frequently in the dark to make sure we hadn't lost anybody. We drank lots of coffee that night.

The final port for me was San Diego. As we came near I was treated to the sights of whales, porpoises, crab pots, and Navy ships.



The deck of the Surprise.

Photos by Julie Brown/For The Daily Astorian



Julie Brown with the charts.



XtraTuff boots for the trip.

We docked, and the *Lady Washington* became part of a display of other historical vessels, including a Soviet submarine, *The Star of India*, a Spanish galleon and the *HMS Surprise*, used in the movie "Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World." As crew, we were given passes giving us free entry to any ship at any time. I couldn't help re-visiting the *Surprise* late at night, so I could have her all to myself, to visit the famous aft cabin where Russel Crowe had kept England safe from French pirates. I touched the cannons. I played with the ship's wheel. I pulled my boots off and walked around the deck barefoot in the dark.

At age 54 I decided to become a student again: I got out of my comfort zone and did something challenging, something brand new that made me more interesting to myself. Living and working on a tall ship for two weeks took me away from things that were familiar — electronic gadgets, the internet, professional mastery, intellectual pursuits, Shakespeare, Jane Austen and high-heeled shoes. I immersed myself in a salty world made out of wood and canvas and hemp, a world where centuries of knowledge were passed on by word of mouth and by

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trial and error and not by reading a book. Like a child I learned how to walk and how to talk by watching the people around me. I learned songs and dirty jokes that made me laugh. I saw magnificent birds, and sea creatures that glowed in the dark. I learned to pull on old clothes in one minute and to braid my dirty hair in two. Walking from the San Diego harbor to the nearest airport taxi, I was able to hoist my sea bag with more arm strength and confidence than before. I walked past other ships on the dock and smiled at their crews, feeling just a bit like a sailor myself.

Julie Brown teaches writing, literature and maritime culture at Clatsop Community College. She enjoys fishing and clam digging and was a co-founder of the Fisher Poets Gathering. This summer she will be a volunteer deckhand on the *Lady Washington* as it sails through the Straits of Juan de Fuca.