

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873



STEPHEN A. FORRESTER, *Editor & Publisher*
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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

More than 160 acres of beachfront property could be added to Fort Stevens State Park depending on negotiations between Clatsop County and the state of Oregon.

Both parties have begun talks about a possible sale of county-owned DeLaura Beach, which borders Fort Stevens Park in Warrenton.

The head of the county's Recreational Lands Planning Advisory committee said the sale could put the land in the hands of an organization with more resources to maintain it, while generating money that could boost the rest of the county's park and recreational holdings.

But one county commissioner, Sam Patrick, opposes the proposed sale, questioning the state's commitment to improving the site and whether existing uses could be limited or blocked.

Astoria schools continue to struggle to meet standards under the federal No Child Left Behind education law, according to preliminary figures provided by the state Department of Education this week.

While the overall student population across grade levels met or exceeded federal targets for the 2005-06 school year, economically disadvantaged and disabled students failed to make adequate yearly progress.

After three hours of discussion at a special meeting Tuesday morning, the Warrenton City Commission voted to pay the bill for a huge cost overrun on the Pacific Seafoods wastewater service line project.

50 years ago — 1966



Famed organization Astoria Clowns will be one of featured events in August 27 Regatta parade in Astoria. Officials of Regatta association Thursday reported 80 entries in the annual parade, but noted lack of housing was outstanding problem at the moment. Officials requested any persons with extra housing available for parade participants contact Jack Temple. This year's Regatta, association members maintain, will be the finest in recent years as it will be coupled with the official opening of the Astoria bridge. (Regatta Photo)

Despite one-way traffic that caused congestion and delay, the Astoria bridge carried 4,332 cars, 207 trailers, 20 trucks and 30 motorcycles across the Columbia river Sunday.

This is more than three times the maximum daily capacity of the ferry service that the bridge replaced Friday morning. Russell Smith, maintenance engineer for the Highway Department here, estimated that 1,200 to 1,400 vehicles was the maximum daily capacity of the ferry service.

The bridge carried 3,091 vehicles Friday and 3,300 Saturday before being inundated by the Sunday crush caused apparently by the decision of thousands of people within a 100-mile radius to come to Astoria and drive across the bridge.

Special passenger train service will be operated over the SP&S Railroad from Portland to Astoria on Saturday, Aug. 27, to accommodate persons wishing to attend the new bridge dedication ceremonies.

Estimates of attendance run as high as 30,000 at Astoria where the completion of the bridge has been tied in with the annual Astoria Regatta.

Quantities of dead hake, such as were found on the beach north of Gearhart this week, are a fairly common occurrence, Oregon Fish Commission laboratory staff members said today.

"This happens every year, sometimes several times a year," said Robert Loeffel of the laboratory. "We don't yet know why."

They're selling the queen of the Oregon navy here next week. The M.R. Chessman and its two little cousins, the Tourist II and Tourist III, are going on the block.

75 years ago — 1941

Hundreds of disappointed motorists sped back to Portland, Salem and other distant points late Sunday after being delayed by erroneous reports in the Portland press that the new ten-mile Cannon Beach-Neahkahnie mountain section of the coast highway would be open temporarily for the day.

Silk and nylon hosiery was selling like hot cakes in Astoria stores Saturday and Monday as panicked feminine shoppers rushed to stock up for the emergency.

Nylon hosiery — of which the supply is limited by the manufacturer — was just about gone in town Monday, but most stores reported an ample supply of silk hosiery still available.

Some said the supply of silk stockings might be gone in a week to ten days if the present rate of buying keeps up.

28 years inside a large gathering of eccentrics

CAROLE KING SINGS: "Doesn't anyone stay in one place anymore?" That refrain from 1971 evokes wistfulness about fleeting friendship.

It turns out that I stayed in one place for quite awhile — 28 years. In the editor's office of *The Daily Astorian*. If you stay in one place for almost three decades, you meet a lot of people. You witness a lot of coming and going — creation, destruction and renewal.

During an Astoria City Council meeting some 15 years ago, I had an epiphany. Everyone on the City Council and in the audience remained in character, just as actors are. They never dropped the veil. It hit me that all of us in this town are players in a one-act play, or perhaps a multi-generational drama: *Our Town*, populated with characters from *Northern Exposure*.



IT TURNS OUT THAT Astoria was just the right place for me. I am a connoisseur of eccentrics, and this place has beckoned eccentrics for most of its history.

And what is an eccentric? For me, it's someone of vivid personality, who stands apart through appearance, taste or behavior. In Astoria's most accessible legend, the postwar Flavel family has been at the top of the heap.

One of my early Astoria memories — prior to moving here — was a Boxing Day party at the home of the bar pilot Ken McAlpin and his wife, Diana. Being a Canadian, Ken donned a kilt for the occasion. Rolf Klep — founder of the Columbia River Maritime Museum — was there. He left me with an indelible impression of a born salesman. Also there were Graham and Ann Barbey. And Dr. Edward Harvey, the town's pioneering preservationist. Of that group, only Ann Barbey remains. She recently turned 95 and played a round of golf not long thereafter.

All of us get a glimpse of the era that is ending. It's up to us to pay attention to these images that will soon be obituaries and dusty legend.



Former Police Chief Ron Louie

WHEN MY wife and I moved here in 1987 with a 4-year-old son and a 1-year-old daughter, one of our first social occasions was a Sunday afternoon gathering in the home of Ron and Jo Louie. Ron was the first Chinese-American police chief in America. A Vietnam combat veteran who studied anthropology, Ron is never dull. At that gathering we met City Councilor Willis and Tiah Van Dusen.

One of my first business calls was on Mayor Edith Henningsgaard in her City Hall office. I remember the stunning vision of a ship moving up the channel behind Edith's profile. As Christmas approached, we visited the home of Blair Henningsgaard and Paula Brownhill, then a husband-wife law firm.

Bob McDonald then had first billing in Astoria's oldest law firm. Sign painter Arvid Wunola, with severe curvature of the spine, walked in the choir processional of our church choir. B.J. Quinn Neikes was a sunny presence in that congregation. Jean Anderson's aging soprano voice came from a pew behind us. The ever-creative Daymon Edwards was a parishioner as well. Down the street from our home lived Astoria's longest-serving mayor, Harry Steinbock. Willis would break Harry's record.



A LARGE MEASURE OF Astoria's character is a collection of nooks and crannies. Some are gone. The Pacific Rim Cafe, under the bridge, produced a cheese bread that was a meal in itself. Doug Thompson took me there. My news editor, Tom Jackson, said Thompson, then a city councilor, was the one person in town with a vision of what this place could be.

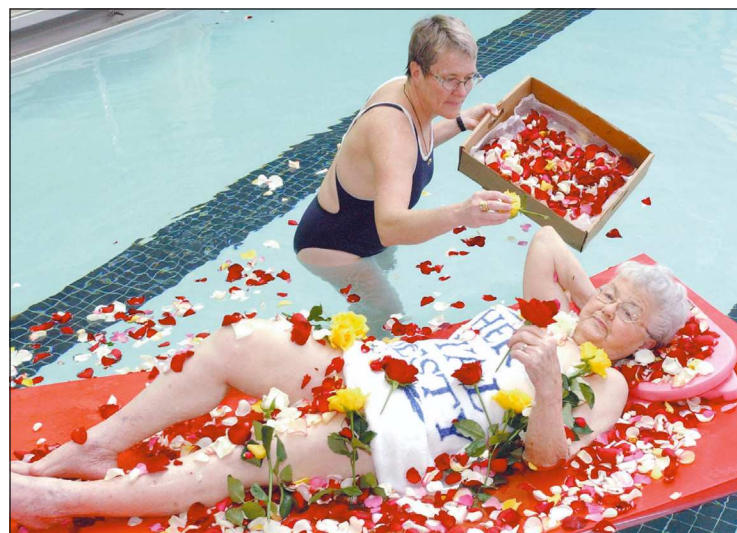
Many in my collection of vivid characters are associated with their workplaces. Barbara Hansel was perched on a stool at Parnassus Books. Tom Zielinski was behind the counter of Arlie's, a kind of lunch spot the town has lost. Michael Foster

"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



The Daily Astorian/File Photo/2001

Mary Blake, executive director of the Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District, sprinkles rose pedals on then 93-year-old center-fold Gladys Souply, who has come to the pool for three years and was in the arthritis water exercise class. When asked about posing in the nude for the district's fundraising calendar, Souply, the effort's most mature model, said, "I didn't mind at all."



Kermit Gimre

in the midst of the art collection he called home. The bespeckled Kermit Gimre in his store or around town, wearing a wool hat and handing out wooden nickels.

KMUN was a clubhouse of people, who may as well have been fictional, since you never saw them. Ed David had such halting delivery that the joke was you could get across the Astoria Bridge during one of Ed's pauses. Elliot Narr of New Jersey, a jazz host, was the first KMUN programmer whom this newspaper profiled. Others would follow: Ben Hunt and Chris Gilde. The eccentric Josh Marquis could be placed inside the District Attorney's office, but his on-air jazz persona is a more congenial persona. The jazz buff Vern Barth, who revealed to me in the Astoria Post Office that he had every recording a certain vintage jazz catalogue had ever offered.



SO MANY PLACES, SO many characters. Corinne Ricciardi inside her pioneering art gallery. The always sunny Bobbi McAllister inside the Gift Galleon. Ira Mittleman — who was an enjoyable guy until he wasn't — inside a ground-breaking restaurant, Ira's. The chef Ronnie Ma, whom the late Duncan Law learned was a five-star chef. The star-crossed Lauren Arena inside her cozy Italian restaurant, Someplace Else. Betty Phillips playing the piano at Café Uniontown. One night I said: "Betty, you're able to talk and play at the same time." Somewhat surprised she replied: "I guess I can."

Doug Sweet at KMUN. Michael McCusker carried the weight of the Vietnam War on his shoulders. Robert Striklin cultivating his cameo garden behind wrought-iron gates on Exchange Street. Polk Riley in his print shop. Bob Hauke looking out from behind the fish counter at Hauke's Market. Jeanne Maddox inside her dance studio.



CANNON BEACH WAS ITS own private preserve of characters. Mayor Herb Schwab, Gaior Minott, John Buckley, Lucille Houston, Laurel Hood, Craig and Pia Shepherd, Mike Morgan, Claudia Toutain-Dorbec, Bud Kramer and, above all, my guide to Cannon Beach, Val Ryan, another connoisseur of eccentricity.

Looking across the Columbia to the north finds us the sage of Gray's River, Robert Michael Pyle. And in many ways the greatest eccentric of all — Al Venter, the South African journalist who joined our stage play and had as his house guest the great Frederick Forsyth, author of *Day of the Jackal*.



SOME BUILDINGS MERIT mention. The old Safeway, in which

you could touch both sides of an aisle with your arms outstretched. The lobby of the Astor Hotel, when *Shanghai'd in Astoria* was briefly performed there. Coffee An' in the Liberty Theater building.



SO MANY FINELY DRAWN characters. The artists Charles Mulvey, Noel Thomas, Harry Bennett, Eric Weigardt and now, Darren Orange. Peter Roscoe. Carol Fenton. Donna Quinn. Bob Lovell. Roger Berg, Henry Wagner. Pat Roscoe. Janet Stevenson. Bill Barrons. Joan David, Lillian Johnson, Jean Dominey. Mary Blake.

I have lost track of how many U.S. Coast Guard commanders I've known — from Tony Adams through Daniel Travers. Who could forget Capt. Gary Blore's wife, the redoubtable Vera. And the superintendents of Fort Clatsop, from Frank Walker through Scott Tucker, with Cindy Orlando having the longest tenure.

Vivid members of the clergy: Bill Arbaugh, John Wecker, Mark Butler, Father Nick, David Sweeney, who is compelling in two settings, the pulpit and the stage.

The Ficks (Steve, Mark and Cliff). Astor School's Judy Bigby, Brian Borton, Ernie Atkinson and Karen Kenyon. The pool wizard Bruce Buckmaster and the Reed-educated unassuming billiards shark Howard Clarke. Shawn Teevin. Eric Paulson. Dr. Norm Shatto. Jon Englund. And let us not forget the man worthy of his own short story — Grover Utzinger inside his amazing curiosity shop of a hardware store. The "capital E" eccentric carpenter, Bill Klurman of Seaview, Washington, made walk-on appearances at the Shelburne Inn.

Joe Bakkensen, an insider during Bumblebee's heyday. The late John McGowan, of Bumblebee. Ditto for John Supple. Gentility was defined by Jean Sandoz, the link to Bumblebee's origins.

Jerry Boisvert. Sheila Roley. Jim Sayce. George Fulton. Gin Laughery, who created and ran Astoria's most original boutique clothing store, Amaryllis. David Carlsen at a Steinway grand. Don Haskell. Ann Golddeen. Carol Newman. Tom Freel. Liam Dunne. Jennifer Goodenberger. June Spence. Marge Bloomfield. Ted Bloomfield. Jo Robinson. Leena Riker. Karen Emmerling. Dale Perkins. Floyd Holcom. Joyce Lincoln. The golf sage Dan Strite. Richard Natzke. Sean Fitzpatrick. Karin Temple.

And the list goes on ...

—S.A.F.

