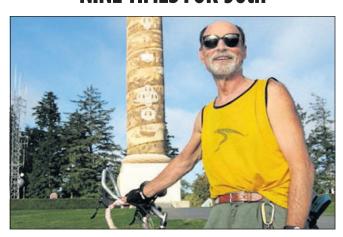
# **COMMUNITY**

# **NINE TIMES FOR 90th**



was riding up to the Column several times a week and aiming to do a longer distance like a 100 miles in a day to mark my 69th birthday," local cyclist **Peter Marsh** explained, inspired by the Trans Am Bike Race which left Astoria June 4. "Then, on Thursday July 21, I read in the Astorian that the next day was the **90th anniversary** of the opening of the **Astoria Column**. So there was **my goal: ride up the Column nine times** over the weekend!

"On Friday evening, I started out as usual from the Riverwalk, and tried to go really slow, which wasn't easy. On the way down from the Column, I realized I needed to include a ride or two up Williamsport Road, which is much quieter and easier on the legs. But my final tally was only two down, and seven to go!

"Saturday I had other things to do, but managed three laps. The parking lot around the Column was full most of the day, I spoke to a few visitors, but none were aware of the 90th anniversary. That left me with 41/2 laps on Sunday, so I started out in the morning. I managed two laps before lunch, then came back later to finish up."

"Nearing the column for the ninth time," he recalled, "I stopped to pick up model planes that had been thrown off the top. I carried them up the spiral staircase on wobbly legs and launched them all myself to celebrate!"

# **TICKET TO RIDE**



ShawnAnn Hope brought in her childhood scrapbook this week, and one of the little treasures it contained was a **ticket** for the very **last Astoria ferry ride**. A photo of it is shown. She also collected a few wood slivers from the ferry dock on the Megler, Washington, side.

ShawnAnn wasn't sure what the actual date was, and it's not on the ticket, but she did know that she took that last ride sometime in 1966. A little Internet sleuthing revealed that the final Astoria-Megler ferry run was made by the **M.R. Chessman** on July 28, 1966, as reported in The Oregonian on July 29 (http://tinyurl.com/lastferry).

By the way, no one knows what finally happened to the Chessman. It was sold in 1966 and sent to a facility in Cat Lai, Vietnam, where it is presumed to have been destroyed when the facility was bulldozed after the war (www.evergreenfleet.com/chessman.html).

#### **BAKE ON THE LAKE**



Since Astoria no longer has a sauna on Marine Drive, how about a floating sauna, or two, instead? Yes, really, there is one, created by goCstudio (www.gocstudio.com) and it can be seen regularly on Seattle's Lake Union and Lake Washington, according to Seattle. Curbed.com (http://tinyurl.com/baysauna). It is pictured, courtesy of Kevin Scott.

Up to six people at a time can use the 14-foot high, 24 square foot sauna, which is heated by a wood-burning stove, and also has a deck and diving board. No lightweight, it comes in at 4,500 pounds, cost \$25,000 to build, and is powered by an electric trolling motor with three 12-volt batteries.

But here's the deal: You can't access the sauna by land — you can only get to it by water, a nod to Seattle's history of floating architecture.

# In One Ear



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### **DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME**



Wild Cucumber, aka Marah Oreganus, aka Coastal manroot, grows all over the place, but you rarely see a root as big as the one Fred Randall (pictured) dug up on West Exchange Street," Jack Harris wrote. "It weighed in at about 60 pounds."

As it turns out, Marah Oreganus has some fairly exotic uses. Mr. Wikipedia says (http://tinyurl.com/bigcuke), "Marah oreganus was used by the Native Americans for various health problems. The **Chinook** made a poultice from the gourd. The **Squaxin** mashed the upper stalk in water to dip aching hands. The **Chehalis** people burned the root and mixed the resulting powder with bear grease to apply to scrofula sores. The **Coast Salish** made a decoction to treat venereal disease, kidney trouble and scrofula sores."

And, fishing enthusiasts might be interested to know that according to www.academia.edu, prehistoric Native Americans in North-Central California used the seeds "as a means of fishing by introducing the prepared toxic plant part into the water and stupefying the fish for easy capture." However, the Ear suspects the modern Department of Fish and Wildlife would *not* approve.

#### SADDLE UP



completed the 2016 Washington County 4-H Wagon Train July 9-16, retracing the steps of mid-1800s Oregon Trail pioneers. The pair traveled along with almost 80 other hearty souls, ranging from 9 to 78 years old; some walked, some rode horseback, and others were teamsters or 'swampers' with wagons. Pictured, Linda's photo of Joyce Sharp and her draft team.

A support team of drivers and cooks made camp every day while the group traveled 60 miles along the back roads of the Sisters area. They had lunch on the shores of Dugout Lake, toured Skylight Cave, swam in Scout Lake and slept under the stars. It wasn't unusual to hear coyotes singing in reply after the bugler's 10 p.m. taps — which Linda was relieved she slept through.

The Wagon Train is a unique opportunity to learn more about history, survival — and especially, teamwork — all the while totally cut off from the Internet and cell phones (gasp!). "The neat thing about this is that it is a 4-H group that is open to adults," Linda says, who can sponsor kids who would otherwise be unable to have the experience. Anyone who can pass a background check and physically handle the trek is welcome, and students must be 9 or older to participate.

The kids who receive scholarships have to write essays about the Oregon Trail, or the characters who traveled on it, and present them in camp each night — a feature of the Wagon Train Linda especially enjoyed.

Interested in participating? Go to www.4hwagontrain.org or call **Pat Willis** at 503-821-1120.

"It's the most fun you'll have on a working vacation, but it's not for sissies," Linda noted. "It's not for whiners. You have to be flexible — it's a group mentality in a family way. We call it our trail family."

"We are always looking for new 'pioneers' who want to

learn more about the Oregon Train in person," she added. "Why should we have all the fun?"

# **SAFE RETURN?**



The Ear spotted an unusual item in the Chamber of Commerce newsletter saying that a **Diebold safe** from the **Union Fisherman's Co-op Packing Company** needs a new home, and to contact **Mike Stowell** at 360-692-8963 for more information.

Curious, the Ear contacted Mike. "... Our antique safe was once in the cannery where the Cannery Pier Hotel is located now," he

wrote in reply. "Because the patent registration on the safe is dated 1871, it may have been in the cannery as early as the late 1890s. The safe is approximately 6 feet tall, 4.5 feet wide, and a little less than 3 feet deep." His photos of the safe are shown.

There are painted scenes on the exterior as well as inner doors. Describing it as a "beautiful antique." he added that there is another

Describing it as a "beautiful antique," he added that there is another combination safe and wooden compartments inside (pictured inset), as well as the name **John E. Davis** of Portland inscribed. The safe is functional, but not secure like a modern safe, as Mike noted that this type of design had to be changed once power tools were invented. "My wife, **Jennifer**, inherited this safe from her late father, **Ed** 

Sherwood, who had it in his oyster cannery, Associated Seafoods (in Markham, Washington)," Mike explained. "He bought it from the **Bumble Bee** cannery in Astoria in 1980."

Interesting history tidbit: Jennifer says her family's "roots run

deep" on the Long Beach (Washington) Peninsula. Her father had the first oyster opening room in Oysterville, Washington, and a cannery across the street from it in his garage.

Back to the safe, Mike said it took a hig truck and two small.

Back to the safe. Mike said it took a big truck and two small fork lifts on one end, and a big fork lift on the other to move it, as it weighs "a ton." Possibly literally. Right now, it's located in his garage in Silverdale, Washington.

"We would very much like to have this safe return to its historic roots in the Astoria area, and hope that someone can arrange for the trip from our area to its former home," he wrote. "I hope someone can help us make this happen." Any takers?

# SAD END



Poor Larry the Lobster. The 15-pound crustacean (touted as being 110 years old) was saved from a cauldron of boiling water and a quart of drawn butter in a Florida restaurant by an animal rescue group. They convinced the restaurant owner to donate Larry (who was worth \$300) so he could be shipped to the Maine Aquarium — to either stay on as an exhibit or be released into the wild.

Larry is pictured, courtesy of a still shot from a CBC News video, as he was being readied for his journey.

**Tessa VanDyke** wrote in to alert the Ear that alas, Larry's new lease on life was not to be. He arrived in one piece, but NPR reports he died in transit (http://tinyurl.com/larrylob1). RIP, Larry.

# **SHOW THE LOVE**



6 Cot a stack of thank you notes today!" the **Astoria Police**Department posted on their Facebook page July 27. "A woman who did not wish to be identified dropped off thank you notes she has been passing around town. How very awesome!"

The woman's note accompanying the stack of accolades for a job well done said: "Dear Astoria PD, enclosed are letters of appreciation from community members who recognize your service and sacrifice. We hope this demonstrates our love and support for the APD. Thank you!"

"Wow, we really want to say thank you for the wonderful batch of cards we received today!" APD posted. "Our hearts are still healing from the tremendous loss of Seaside Police Sgt. Jason Goodding, and the rest of the officers killed in the line of duty across our nation. Gifts like these cards help us heal! We have hung each and every one in our lunch room ... Thanks again!"



Loan Officer On-Site

No payment for 90 days