

BAD NEWS FOR THE GARBAGE PATCH



Boy wonder and driving force behind **The Ocean Cleanup** (www.theoceancleanup.com), **Boyan Slat**, recently announced the preliminary results of the Aerial Expedition, the first aerial survey of the **Great Pacific Garbage Patch**, according to EcoWatch.com (<http://tinyurl.com/pacpatch>). He is pictured in an Ocean Cleanup photo.

The team's low-speed, low-altitude flights are inspecting an estimated 2,300 square miles of ocean. And so far, the news isn't good. "During a period of just two and a half hours, our crew observed more than 1,000 large objects of plastic floating underneath this aircraft," he said at a press conference.

"Although we still need to get a detailed analysis of the results, it's really quite safe to say that it's worse than we thought," he concluded. "Again, this underlines the urgency of why we need to clean it up ..." — which he eventually hopes to do with his V-shaped boom array. Will he succeed? Stay tuned.

FUNKY CHICKEN



"Do you have a shop chicken?" **Mindy Stokes** inquired. "**Pacific Window Restoration** does. Pictured is **Adam Dean**, employee of PWR, with **Ruby Jr.** When Adam isn't glazing, stripping, or painting, he's busy serenading the chicken. Adam plays a variety of songs for Ruby, including 'Do the Funky Chicken' and 'Chicken Strut.'"

So, where is business owner **Katie Rathmell** during the festivities? "Fabricating windows, of course," **Mindy** assured the Ear. "She won't get caught dancing with the chicken. At least not on camera."

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY



On Sept. 29, **Angela Reed** could easily have died in a devastating house fire in Warrenton that did kill several of her beloved pets. "I thank my lucky stars for my goat, **Scotty** (pictured). My brave little one got me awake, and took me outside," **Angela** told the Ear.

"That day he was playing on the beach. That night we watched the football game together, and he went to bed with me," she explained. "He kept jumping off the bed onto the shelf, trying to make noises — but I was so used to the noises."

"When he realized he could not wake me up, he started pulling on me and nudging me with his head until I woke up. I went to the upper floor, realized it was smoke, and I grabbed his collar ... He dragged me — I couldn't catch up with him."

Scotty, who was raised with dogs and is "so full of personality" was **Angela's** constant companion, even before he saved her life. "Oddly enough, he goes everywhere with me," she said. "He goes on car rides and shopping with me ... he's on the couch, and he took over my computer chair, when I had one."

There's a GoFundMe page, created by **Angela's** friend, **Nick Tucker**, set up to help her get a fresh start, since she lost practically everything in the fire. You can donate at www.gofundme.com/2saqudms

"Scotty is a wonderful goat, he is my hero," she declared. "I would also like to thank all my friends, family, and their friends for their help and donations."

In One Ear



by Elleda Wilson

ewilson@dailyastorian.com (503) 325-3211, ext. 257

SPIRIT QUEST



"So, what does a retired maritime museum director do?" **Serry Ostermiller** was asked. Take a grand solo river trip on the **Ninya** — his 22-foot sailboat (minus mast) outfitted with a 9.9 hp trolling motor — that's what.

"The journey from Lewiston, Idaho, to the Pacific took 27 days, and encompassed 630 river miles (on the Snake and the Columbia) through the Idaho, Washington and Oregon major navigation waterways of the Inland Empire," he wrote. The trip also included going through eight locks and exploring tributary rivers and coves.

"The impetus ... came from a conversation with my father as he was dying in 1978 from complications as a POW — he spent 3.5 years in a prison camp after surviving the Bataan Death March in World War II," he explained. "We talked about life, loves and regrets and he mentioned he always wanted to take his little open fishing boat, with its small motor, from Lewiston to Astoria — but never did."

"He thought going slow was a unique experience and privilege because he learned, while trolling when fishing, one of his main pleasures in his life is the plentiful time that moving along slowly gave him for reflection and seeing everything along the way intimately."

"My 2 1/2-year-old daughter, **Ninya** (pictured inset), who died of leukemia in 1974, was his favorite of favorites, and since I always named my boats after her, I thought it fitting that I mount a photo of them, together, where I could see it as I traveled all the way down the Great River at about 5 mph." The picture is especially meaningful for him, as their faces, with their huge identical grins, made heartwarming companions.

"Together, the three of us shared in the adventure as kindred spirits," he added, "so I found this particular journey incredibly rewarding in many ways and many dimensions, and certainly it was a once in a lifetime opportunity for me personally."

SAFE AND SOUND



Rich Ewing, owner of the **Inferno Lounge**, told the Ear there is a fascinating **vintage safe** at **Abeco Office Systems** on Commercial Street. His photos (from left) of its the outer doors, inner doors, and interior are shown. Of course, the Ear wanted to know more, and **Teri Latham** of Abeco had the answers.

"The safe is a Herring-Hall Marvin Company safe," **Teri** wrote. "Patents were Feb. 25, 1873, Oct. 15, 1878, and July 23 and Oct 29, 1867. It was in the building at Abeco when we purchased it from the Stramiello family. **Tony Stramiello** started the business in 1949, and when he purchased the building the safe was already there."

"The inside safe has never been opened and no one knows the combination. I have had two locksmiths look at it, but apparently it is not an easy one to open. I have had so much interest in the safe locally, but because if is on the second floor of the building, it would be very expensive to move."

"I would love to see it go to someone who loves vintage," **Teri** added, but there's a hitch. "The estimate to move it from a professional mover was \$25,000." Any takers?

TRAVELIN' MAN



The Ear has received word from intrepid writer/photographer, cyclist and Astorian **Peter Marsh**, who is off on yet another adventure. "I have spent two weeks biking from central Virginia to west Kentucky along the **Trans America route**," he wrote. "Surprisingly, this has felt like the toughest leg of the whole 4,400 miles, though my goal is just to cross the **Mighty Mississippi** this year — about 1,000 miles."

"The greatest pleasure has come from staying overnight in a couple of church halls — though considering how many churches there are in Kentucky, that's not a huge Christian welcome by any means. The last two nights I have been given the use of volunteer fire stations, which are a fascinating place to sleep."

"I certainly admire the people who do it all in one huge trip to Astoria, but breaking it up doesn't make the hills any easier. Doing this for 60-90 days could certainly get a bit tedious."

AROUND TOWN

Nuggets from The Daily Morning Astorian, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1884:

• There is too much politics in The Astorian ... Sometime — maybe in a couple of hundred years — the newspapers will have more backbone and refuse to print columns of bosh; just at present, the excuse is: "They all do it," and the tide rolls on. (Yup, 1884 was also a presidential campaign year: **Grover Cleveland** vs. **James G. Blaine**.)

• In Vermont lithographic prescriptions for cocktails are used ... they are put up by druggists, who charge from 20 to 50 cents (about \$12 now) a prescription. Much sickness is said to prevail.

• **Alf. Bowe**, the handsomest man in Pacific County and the next territorial councilman from across the river, was making eyes at the girls on Chenamus Street yesterday afternoon.

• **Dr. Koch** says the way to avoid the cholera is to drink no water. It must be fearful stuff, that water. It will rot the soles of one's boots, and there is no telling what it would do to one's stomach.



'THE OLDER THE FIDDLER, THE SWEETER THE TUNE'



He thought he was going for Chinese food with his daughter, but instead **Jim Hansen** (former band director at Warrenton High School) found himself at a **surprise 92nd birthday party** at **3 Cups Coffee** last Sunday," **Janet Bowler** wrote. "About 50 people gathered to sing 'Happy Birthday,' graze at a tasty buffet, eat birthday cake, and tell Jim stories — and listen to Jim tell stories of his adventures and life lessons."

And there are many tales to tell. "He is a World War II vet," **Michael "Sasha" Miller** pointed out. "He was a trumpet player during the Big Band era. (And) Jim has known some amazing people, like **Janet Marshall Stevenson**, who was a scriptwriter and playwright and was blacklisted from Hollywood, and mayor of little Hammond. He (also) knew **James Beard**."

"In his childhood in Montana, they were the only white people on their side of the town. He was friends with **Blackfoot** and **Dakota Sue**, and built rafts and floated down the river with them. The very oldest Indians he saw as a child were the ones who fought **Custer** in their youth."

"In college he had small parts in which he shared the stage with **Carroll O'Connor**. My God, the man shook **Dizzy Gillespie's** hand, perhaps his favorite moment ... During his time at Warrenton, that little town had one of the best high school bands in the state, and several of the best players."

Jim is pictured with **Carly Lackner** (right) and **Sasha** in the background. **Carly** and her husband, **TJ**, own **3 Cups Coffee**. She made Jim a carrot cake with **B#** (B sharp) written on it, and four candles — a nod to his childhood near a reservation, and because four is a sacred number to many Native Americans.

"Jim is a regular at **3 Cups Coffee**," **Janet** added, "and those who missed the party can probably find him there from time to time to catch up on old times, or pass on their own birthday wishes."

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