

HELP SAVE SHERYL'S LIFE



As many of my friends know, my wife **Sheryl Holcom** is in **urgent need of a kidney.** **Floyd Holcom** posted on Facebook. Floyd and Sheryl are pictured, with their children, **Victoria and Nate Holcom.**

According to the Living Kidney Donors Network (www.lkdn.org), there are more than 93,000 people on the kidney transplant waiting list in the U.S. The wait for a deceased donor could be five years — and in some states, closer to 10 — which is why living donors, who are willing to donate a kidney, are so crucial to help patients, like Sheryl, who are on those lists.

If you are interested in becoming a living kidney donor, Legacy Health has an informative website about the matching and donation process at <http://tinyurl.com/donate-kidney>. Even if you aren't a potential donation candidate yourself, you can help by letting people know about the website, and that Sheryl Holcom needs a kidney donor.

"I'm hoping that if you are able to share this with your friends," Floyd wrote, "perhaps we will be able to reach a larger pool of potential living donors that will save her life."

WORLD'S OLDEST BEER?



A tidbit for both beer lovers and fans of maritime lore: The purported "world's oldest beer" has been brewed from yeast that was salvaged from the wreck of the Sydney Cove, which sank in 1797 near Preservation Island, part of the Tasmania's Preservation Island group off the south coast of Australia (<http://tinyurl.com/oldestbeer>).

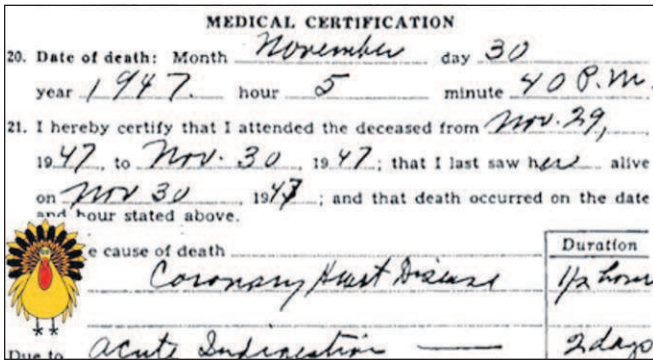
History note: According to Wrecksite (<http://tinyurl.com/sydcove>), the sailing vessel was heading from Calcutta to Sydney, loaded with general cargo and rum, when the leaking vessel ran aground in heavy weather. Six crew members died on the trip, three on the island, 14 on the "rescue walk" and eight more when the salvage vessel was lost. Yet the yeast survived.

Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery Conservator David Thurrowgood and his research team were the ones who extracted the live yeast from a bottle found in the wreckage, then made the "world's oldest beer" using ancient recipes and vintage beer-brewing methods. The result is aptly named Preservation Ale. They also cooked up some sourdough bread with the yeast, and a photo is shown, courtesy of the museum.

"The beer has a distinctly light and fresh flavor," Thurrowgood said, "giving a taste that has not been sipped for 220 years."

Next project: Figuring out how to use the yeast to make lots more beer, so the rest of the world can enjoy it, too.

THE TURKEY'S REVENGE



A cautionary tale for all and sundry who tend to overeat at the Thanksgiving dinner table (the Ear pleads guilty as charged): According to a story on the Oregon State Archives Facebook page, 52-year old housewife **Laura Barker** of Portland met an untimely end the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 30, 1947.

It was rumored amongst family members at the time that the cause of her demise was "too much Thanksgiving." Her death certificate, part of which is shown above, backs up the story. It seems it was no coincidence that Thanksgiving Day was three days earlier.

Her physician, who attended her during her final 48 hours, listed the immediate cause of death as "coronary heart disease," which lasted only half an hour. What's notable is the contributory cause, "acute indigestion," which lasted two long, miserable days. Yikes.

In One Ear



by Elleda Wilson

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'A WHITE FROST THIS MORNING ...'



While you're enjoying Thanksgiving dinner, you might want to contemplate what **Lewis and Clark**, and the Corps of Discovery, were up to on Nov. 24, 1805. From **Pvt. Joseph Whitehouse's journal** (<http://tinyurl.com/L-C-Nov24>):

"A white frost this morning, and the weather clear and pleasant. Several of our hunters went out a hunting, and we put out our baggage, etc., to dry. The River Columbia at this place is three miles from the sea and 660 yards wide. Our officers went out and took down notes on several remarkable points, etc., which they could not before have done, on account of the badness of the weather.

"We had during this day a number of the Indians that came across the river yesterday, at our camp. These Indians were part of two nations, who resided along the sea coast. They are called the Clattsops and Chinups (Chinook) nations ...

"In the evening our officers had the whole party assembled in order to consult which place would be the best, for us to take up our winter quarters at. The greater part of our men were of opinion that it would be best to cross the river, and if we should find game plenty, that it would be of an advantage to us, for to stay near the sea shore, on account of making salt, which we are nearly out of at this time, and the want of it in preserving our provisions for the winter, would be an object well worth our attention."

Having found the Pacific Ocean, the Corps' mission was complete. But it was almost winter, so it would be too difficult and dangerous to head back east right then. The vote taken this day determined the Corps' plan to stay on the Oregon side of the river until spring — and incidentally, was why **Fort Clatsop** was built.

HE WAS RIGHT



Astorian **Michael "Sasha" Miller** (pictured, right) brought in a copy of the Thursday, Aug. 25, 1994 edition of **The Daily Astorian** — which featured a **front page photo and story** about him, "One man's revolution on drugs nipped in the bud."

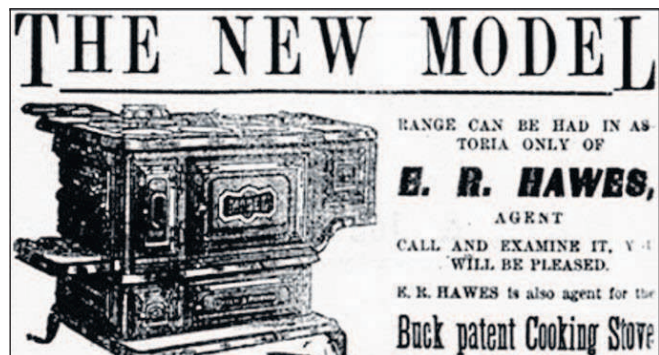
Sasha parked himself in front of the Clatsop County courthouse to protest the county's anti-drug laws, claiming that legal drugs like aspirin and nicotine are more addictive and deadly than pot, which was illegal at the time. A hand-lettered cardboard sign saying "Marijuana for sale" and "God's herb" accompanied him while he read Henry David Thoreau's "Walden" and shared a several-page hand-written letter about his protest — "a revolution of one, but a revolution" — with anyone who was interested.

Sheriff John Raichl was interested all right, but not in Sasha's protest. A court employee who was recruited by the sheriff and **Deputy Dan Johnston** gave Sasha \$20, and Sasha in return offered the employee a baggie of "a brown, leafy substance." Sasha was promptly arrested and taken to the county jail. His bail, on two narcotics charges, was a stiff \$70,700.

No, Sasha wasn't shipped upriver to the Big House. He spent about two hours in the county jail, he told the Ear, and his driver's license was suspended.

Of course, since then, recreational marijuana has, indeed, been legalized. In retrospect, Sasha mused, "It's nice to be right once in a while on a historical level."

LOCAL BREVITIES



From **The Daily Morning Astorian**, Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1884:
 • There will be a shooting match given by **C. Bradbury**, at **J. Austin's** store, at the Seaside, on Thanksgiving Day.

• Ball's coiled spring, elastic section corset takes the cake, and the girl behind the counter, at the Empire Store.

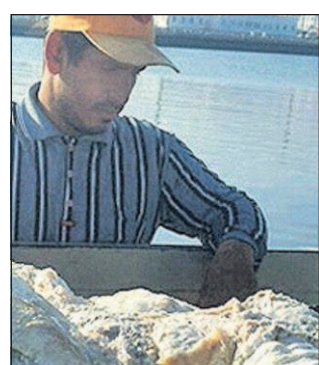
• Last week the leading exhibit in the agricultural department of The Astorian was a 22-pound beet from **John Matier's** place on Clatsop.

• Astoria is to be represented at the New Orleans exposition. Among the later shipments was one made by **Mayor Hume** last evening of some "autograph" salmon.

• Today, at 11 a.m., some very eligible lots, in Upper Astoria, will be sold by **E. C. Holden** at public auction. Each lot is 75 by 150 feet, and on the corner is a very desirable family residence, with convenient outhouses.

STINKY JACKPOT

File this under "Who Needs the Lottery?": According to a story on ScienceAlert.com, three fishermen from Oman (on the Arabian peninsula) found a whopping **176-pound chunk of ambergris** floating out on the water worth almost \$3 million (<http://tinyurl.com/3millstink>). The chunk is pictured, with one of the fishermen, courtesy of ScienceAlert.



If you're not terribly sure what ambergris is, there is no delicate way to say it: The waxy, icky-smelling stuff — "like a cross between squid and farmyard manure," a previous ambergris finder noted — can be either sperm whale vomit or poop. Ambergris starts out as a secretion in the whale's stomach to coat indigestible objects like giant squid beaks. When a certain amount of covered rubble piles up, out everything comes. One way or another.

Why is it so valuable? Because it's used in high-end fragrances to make the scent last longer, and, of course, because ambergris is such a rare find.

"We rushed back to the beach with joy and happiness," one of the fishermen said. Undoubtedly.

Speaking of beaches, that is the most likely place to find ambergris, actually, so keep your eyes open. Sperm whales are in just about every ocean, so a stinky treasure could wash up just about anywhere. Even in Clatsop County.

GONE GALENA



The **Peter Iredale** shipwreck on Clatsop Spit is known far and wide after running aground on Oct. 25, 1906, and what's left of it is still a staple North Coast tourist attraction. Yet the **Galena**, also a cargo-carrying British steel four-masted 292-foot sailing barque — which ran aground a bit south of the Iredale about three weeks later, on Nov. 13, 1906 — has sunk into obscurity. Literally. It's under the sand, somewhere near Gearhart.

Like the Iredale, all hands survived, according to a Naval Court inquiry in Astoria (<http://tinyurl.com/galenagone>): After the master of the ship lost his bearings in bad weather and grounded the vessel, "the ship was pounding very heavily, and the master fearing the masts and yards would come on deck decided to leave the ship. The life boat was ordered and lowered and all hands left her for the shore, which they reached in safety." Part of the crew was taken to Astoria, but the master and the rest stayed at a farmhouse near the wreck.

A few days later, the master retrieved the crew members in Astoria to help dismantle and salvage the stranded ship. They refused to stay, however, and hustled right back to Astoria. He had to hire locals to get the job done.

After a stern verbal spanking and some fines levied by the **Naval Court** held at the British Vice Consulate at Astoria, some crew members were discharged, but no one was really much worse for the wear. Except for the Galena, of course.

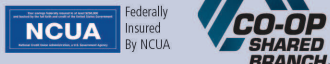


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