

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873



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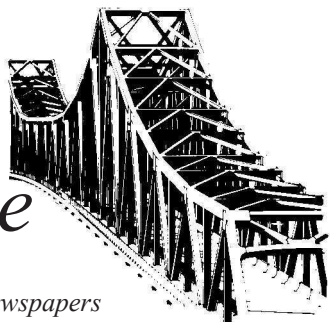
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Water under the bridge



Compiled by Bob Duke

From the pages of Astoria's daily newspapers

10 years ago this week — 2007

Imagine the North Coast lined with vineyards full of ripening pinot noir grapes.

"That's what we're headed towards with global warming," said Bill Bradbury, Oregon's secretary of state.

Bradbury told a group of 50 people at Astoria's Columbian Theater Tuesday "the grapes that make the state's signature wine love cool nights, and to get them, they're going to have to move north by the end of the century due to rising temperatures."

Other anticipated changes to the region from a warmer climate won't be so pleasant.

A gigantic fish tank.

That is the feeling created by the clapping seals, slithering octopus and bubbling holding tanks visitors encounter at the Seaside Aquarium.

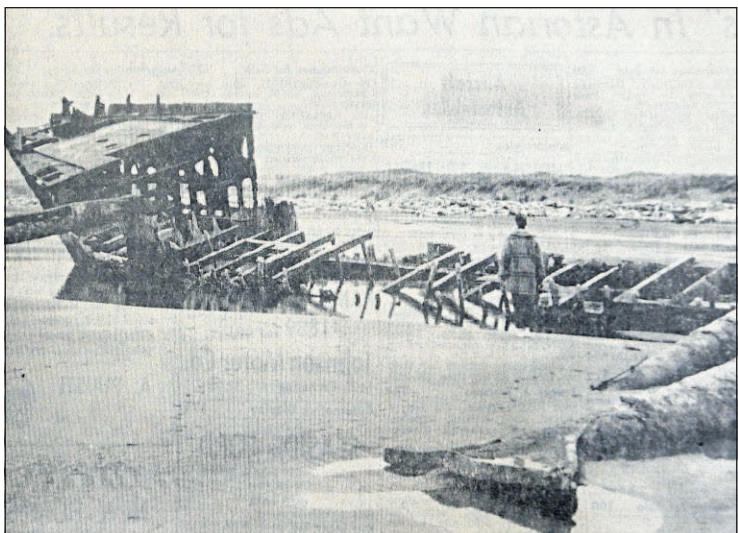
It is filled with salmon, starfish, lobsters and various other forms of aquatic wildlife, and at one time was a natatorium — a salt water swimming pool — frequented by the residents of Seaside. The pool's reopening as an aquarium came in 1937, after the pool was closed by the woes of the Depression.

A milestone is fast approaching for the aquarium. Friday will mark its 70th anniversary.

A recent radio listenership study found KMUN 91.9 FM is, overall, the most popular radio station on the North Coast.

The public station has, on average, the largest share of listeners age 12 and older from 6 a.m. to midnight Monday through Sunday.

50 years ago — 1967



The Daily Astorian/File Photo

The Peter Iredale wreck is more exposed than normal this spring, apparently as result of washing away of surface sand. All four masts, the outline of the hull, the main deck beams all are visible now.

SALEM — The House today reached a temporary settlement in the fight over public or private ownership of Oregon's beaches.

The public emerged the winner by a 57-3 vote.

The measure would protect public access to the 16-foot elevation mark — although the permanent line will serve more as a guideline for highway engineers and surveyors.

The bill directs the State Highway Department to survey the entire 320-mile Oregon coastline. The surveys will be brought to the 1969 Legislature, where a permanent line of demarcation will be set.

SALEM — The House today removed the final roadblock to location of a \$140 million aluminum plant at Warrenton.

It passed, 35-22, a measure that allows ports to issue revenue bonds to provide financing for purchase, development and improvement of lands within port districts.

The measure now goes to the Senate for concurrence on amendments.

WASHINGTON — The Interior Department may block the proposed location of a large alumina plant near Astoria because of a new policy soon to be announced by the Johnson administration on sale of revenue bonds by public agencies.

The administration is expected to ask Congress to repeal the tax-exempt status which such revenue bonds have been granted. The reasoning behind this change in policy is that the government is losing too much in taxes by allowing its continued use.

75 years ago — 1942

There is too much of hate in the war psychology of America today declared the Rev. Leslie Dunton, Seaside Episcopal church pastor, Thursday noon at the Memorial Day observance address before the Astoria Kiwanis club.

This Memorial Day, said the Seaside pastor, could well be dedicated by the American people to thought about Christian brotherhood and the peace that must follow the war. "There is no place in the day's program for the utterance of such insults as yellow-bellied bastards and the like, which are heard on the radio these days and the words of hate that appear in the newspapers when Japan and Germany are mentioned," the speaker said.

"Beat the Japs and the Germans — Yes, I say," declared the young Seaside pastor, "but keep in mind the peace that must follow the victory." There is no place in American thought for the annihilation of enemy peoples, said the speaker.

MANCHESTER UNITED



GUEST COLUMN

Take time to smell the coffee

By APRYL SMITH

Special to The Daily Astorian

When I was young, traveling with Grandpa Bersagel was always an adventure ... a SLOW adventure. The trip initially started in a flurry of activity: last-minute packing, loading, the quick potty ("Yes, even if you don't have to go now!"), and finally we'd pull out of the driveway between 3 and 4 a.m.

It was still dark out, but grandpa believed in getting a good start to the day. Ironically, we'd make several stops during our trip to wherever we were going, and even as a child I found it odd that we rushed so maniacally before the sun rose, just to stop at every family restaurant and rest area along the way.

My most memorable trips with my grandparents were our yearly camping vacations at Suttle Lake, in central Oregon. We would stay for two to three weeks, so you can imagine the amount of packing and preparation an extended stay like that would require. Once the pre-dawn whirlwind loading of food, clothing and grandchildren was complete, and we would finally be on the road, Grandma B would immediately bring out the silver thermos and pour grandpa a cup of coffee. I would settle in with a book and a flashlight, thinking that Suttle Lake must be clear across the entire continental United States since the trip would take, what felt like, forever (However, Google maps estimates the travel time between Svensen to Suttle Lake to be 3 hours and 17 minutes, with moderate traffic).

At least I knew better than to ask, "Are we there yet?" until the sun had risen. About that time, an hour-and-a-half into our journey, we would stop at Elmer's Family Restaurant in Kelso, Washington, for breakfast and more coffee. I suppose that early morning thermos of coffee, combined with our breakfast and coffee visit to Elmer's, is the main reason why we consequently stopped at every rest area along the Interstate 5 corridor. Another hour-and-a-half down the interstate, grandpa would locate a Denny's for another "quick bite to eat." Mind you, this was before Google Maps and Siri, and grandpa's gift for sniffing out a Denny's restaurant would make any bloodhound jealous! After our meal and more coffee, you guessed it: more rest area pit stops. Even to this day, I bet I can tell you approximately how far it is to the next rest stop at any point along I-5!

Finally, we would take the exit to the Santiam Highway ... just up



Submitted Photo

Apryl Smith, with her grandfather, Robert L. Bersagel.

and over the mountain and we'd arrive at Suttle Lake! An end to the daunting journey was in sight, but alas, just shy of the mountain summit, we'd pull over for some of grandpa's brownies and coffee. By this time, I was usually cranky, cramped and whiny, but grandpa was just hitting his stride.

From that point on, we didn't stop again, probably because the nearest "bathroom" was at our campground, which also might've been why grandpa drove like a bat out of hell up that mountain! Upon arrival, the chaos of unpacking, setting up camp and exploring our beloved Suttle Lake erased the drudgery of the drive. We swam, hiked, fished, and enjoyed every second of every day for the next few weeks. Our trip back home was never quite as eventful as the journey there, maybe because we all knew our vacation was ending.

Reflecting back on those trips to Suttle Lake now, I see that grandpa was modeling a lesson for me — one that I still have yet to learn as an adult. Grandpa understood that there is something to be said for enjoying every moment in the journey, from the second you leave for vacation at 3 a.m. to the minute you pull back into the driveway with a heart full of memories.

Why not enjoy some pancakes with your grandkids along the way, or drink your 30th cup of coffee, if that's what you love? The lake

isn't going anywhere, but those moments are fleeting and precious. We set such a frenetic pace for ourselves, but the story ends the same for everyone, so why rush through it?

Our tendency to want to "fast forward" through life starts young: we want to grow up, venture out on our own into the real world, maybe get married and have kids, can't wait for those kids to move out, we'll retire, and then what? The difference between rushing through life and looking forward to the future is what you do with the present. You can enjoy the little moments, or focus so far ahead that those opportunities go unnoticed. Grandpa Bersagel never took time for granted. He passed away last week, just a few months before his 96th birthday. It's easier to say goodbye to him knowing that he truly lived life to its fullest. As for me, I'm going to make more time for coffee and rest stops on my interstate-paced adventure!

Apryl (Davis) Smith, previously of Svensen, is the grown granddaughter of Robert L. Bersagel, whose death notice appeared in last week's paper. Robert was well-known in the Svensen and Knappa communities, mostly as the manager of the Svensen Co-op Store for several decades, but also as a founding member of Svensen Friends Church, now Crossroads Community Church.

LETTERS WELCOME

Letters should be exclusive to The Daily Astorian. We do not publish open letters or third-party letters.

Letters should be fewer than 350 words and must include the writer's name, address and phone numbers. You will be contacted to confirm authorship.

All letters are subject to editing for space, grammar and, on occasion, factual accuracy and verbal verification of authorship. Only two letters per writer are printed each month.

Letters written in response to

other letter writers should address the issue at hand and, rather than mentioning the writer by name, should refer to the headline and date the letter was published. Disclosure should be civil and people should be referred to in a respectful manner. Letters referring to news stories should also mention the headline and date of publication.

The Daily Astorian welcomes short "in gratitude" notes from readers for publication. They should keep to a 200-word maximum and writers are asked to avoid simply listing event sponsors. They

must be signed, include the writer's address, phone number and are subject to condensation and editing for style, grammar, etc.

Submissions may be sent in any of these ways:

E-mail to editor@dailyastorian.com;

Online form at www.dailyastorian.com;

Delivered to the Astorian offices at 949 Exchange St. and 1555 N. Roosevelt in Seaside.

Or by mail to Letters to the Editor, P.O. Box 210, Astoria, OR 97103