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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED



“We’ve recently had quite a few **birds washing ashore** with a plethora of issues including horribly low body weight, no water proofing (... rendering them unable to float for extended periods of time) and/or hypothermia,” the Wildlife Center of the North Coast posted on Facebook recently. Pictured, courtesy of the WCNC, a puffin.

“If you find any bird on the beach that you would normally expect to see out in the water — **murres, puffins, loons or auklets**, to name a few) — please call us!” The number is 503-338-0331.

“We work very hard to get these birds ship-shape and back into the wild as soon as possible, but can’t do the work we love if we can’t get to these birds quickly! Keep your eyes peeled, and thanks for your help.”

LOCAL BREVITIES



From the **Friday, Sept. 12, 1884**, edition of **The Daily Morning Astorian**:

• **J. O. Spencer** is in the city from Clifton and was busy shaking hands with his numerous friends last evening.

Note: Mr. Spencer wrote to the newspaper about goings on in Clifton. Here’s his response to the news that **Capt. John B. Morrison** was looking for his son, believed drowned in a horrific storm in May 1880, during which several fishermen were lost:

“**Donald Morrison** was here from the 17th to the 20th of May and said he was pulling a boat in Astoria at the time of the storm. His partner was drowned, and he was saved by the (steamer) **Rip Van Winkle**.

“He left here on the 20th for Knappa, Oregon, expecting to find work in a logging camp. He was satisfied with his fishing experience and didn’t wish to continue. Have not heard of him since. He may be the one Capt. Morrison ... is inquiring about; if so, he is alive and apparently in good health.” (“River’s End,” **Liisa Penner**)

• **Cyrus W. Field** (pictured), the man who crossed the Atlantic 187 times and finally succeeded in making the Atlantic (telegraph) cable a success, is visiting the North Pacific Coast.

Note: Mr. Field (1819-1892), a financier and one of the founders of the American Telegraph Co., first considered a trans-Atlantic cable in 1854. The initial attempt failed. An 1857 try went south when the cable split after 335 miles had been laid.

A cable laid in 1858 parted, but was spliced, and they called it good. Which it was — long enough for Queen Victoria to telegraph congratulations to President Buchanan, anyway. But it stopped working shortly thereafter.

The Civil War interrupted the project, but Field was back at it in 1865, laying a bigger cable this time. Six hundred miles off Newfoundland, it split, and couldn’t be saved. However, in 1866, he pulled it off; a cable finally connected the two continents, and better yet, it worked. (bit.ly/CyField)

TILLY HAS COMPANY



On the Facebook page “**You know you’re from Seaside/Clatsop County when ...**” there was a real scroll-stopper, posted on Tuesday: Professional photographer **James Whitney Young**’s (youngshotogallery.com) photo, which is shown. For a closer look, go to bit.ly/tilly910

“There are people on the **Tillamook Rock Lighthouse**,” he wrote, “... and a helicopter. An amateur radio crew of operators are running a ham station, K7TRI (bit.ly/K7TRI), from this rare ‘ham radio’ island.”

It sounds like the lighthouse owner, **Mimi Morissette**, is following through on her planned trip to the rock this month to give Tilly “a physical” (bit.ly/MimiMFB).

Fingers crossed Tilly gets a much-needed makeover.

GOING POSTAL



While researching, the Ear came across some **postal oddities** in “Oregon Geographic Names: IV; Additions since 1944” (bit.ly/weirdpo). Pictured, Astoria’s first post office.

Did you know there was an **Albert** post office? It was in a small community of the same name “on the upper reaches of Blind Slough a little to the south of Aldrich Point.”

The place was established on Sept. 11, 1901, with **Nels Haglund** settled in as first postmaster, but it was **Albert Berglund**, the second postmaster, that the place is named after.

When the office closed on Sept. 15, 1913, the mail then went to the **Blind Slough** post office, established in 1910, which had four postmasters before it closed in 1924. (bit.ly/bslough).

Bet you didn’t know there was a **Chadwell** post office, either. Chadwell is described as a “locality on Lewis and Clark River, about four miles south of Miles Crossing and south of Astoria.”

Early settlers **William True** and his wife settled there, and named the place after their former hometown Chadwell, England. The post office was established on Feb. 20, 1882, with Mr. True as the first postmaster.

The 1884 “Oregon, Washington and Idaho Gazetteer and Business Directory” describes Chadwell as follows: “It contains a steam shingle mill (probably Sackett Bros.), and ships logs and farm produce. Population, 25. Mail, weekly.” (bit.ly/OWIgabe). The date of the post office’s closure is not certain.

And then there was the **Wise** post office, in the Tucker Creek District, south of Miles Crossing, which opened in June 1895, with postmaster **Hugh McCormick** in charge, and closed in May 1903. This post office was very likely named after **Herman Wise**, Astoria’s longtime postmaster (bit.ly/hwise).

Wise, whose house still stands at 1064 Harrison Ave., was an Oregon pioneer businessman who also served as mayor of Astoria from 1906 to 1910, as well as owning a thriving clothing business: “You can’t look foolish when you wear a Wise suit” (bit.ly/hwise01).

‘A VERY SPECIAL DAY’



Astorians **Craig and Sara Wisti** recently visited some of his cousins in **Finland**, and while there, took a trip to the **church at Vimpeli**, aka the Round Church, which also has family ties: his great-great-grandfather helped build it in 1807.

Not actually round, the 12-angled structure is made of logs using a “log latch technique” by church builder **Jacob Riif**, and is considered by many to be his last major accomplishment. (bit.ly/vimpeli)

The Wistis also traveled down the road a bit from the church to the tiny village of **Visti** (there are no Ws in Finnish, Craig said). They also took in a **pesäpallo game** (fast-paced Finnish baseball), and were greeted by the mayor and the local newspaper, which did a write up on the couple. Some photos of their visit can be seen at bit.ly/wistivisit

Craig also provided a little family history: His grandfather emigrated to America in 1906; his grandmother and their three children followed in 1910.

The route was arduous. From Visti to Vimpeli, to a boat across Lake Lappajärvi, to a horse and buggy ride to a rural train station, to the Finnish Coast, to Liverpool, England, across the Atlantic, and finally across the U.S. to Oregon.

Craig’s father was born nine months after they arrived in Coos County, where the family homesteaded. Craig was raised in Coos County, as well.

“Going to the Vimpeli Church that day was quite spiritual,” Craig recalled. “All the family stories came into laser focus. It was just a very special day.”

MIND BLOWING



Fall is in the air, and one of the things that comes to mind is pumpkins. Halloween, pumpkin pies, pumpkin bread, you name it. So it’s no wonder that a story about Alaska’s biggest pumpkin ever in the Anchorage Daily News was eye-catchy (bit.ly/bigsquash).

Dale Marshall of Anchorage hauled his **2,051 pound pumpkin** to the Alaska State Fair. He is pictured, with his prize-winner and the Pumpkin and Cabbage Fairies, courtesy of the Alaska State Fair Facebook page.

“It was mind blowing,” Marshall told ADN. “... Nobody has grown a pumpkin this size this far north in the world.” It took 79 days to grow, and required a minimum of 75 gallons of water a day. (Don’t try this in Astoria.)

There is no pie in the sky, as the pumpkin is inedible. But only for humans — it will be donated to the Alaska Wildlife Conservation Center.

Just so you know, the largest pumpkin in U.S. history, at 2,528 pounds, was grown by Steve Geddes of New Hampshire; and, according to Guinness World Records, the world’s biggest, at 2,624 pounds, was grown by Mathias Willemijns of Belgium. (bit.ly/bigsquash2)

EMILY SAVES THE DAY ... AGAIN



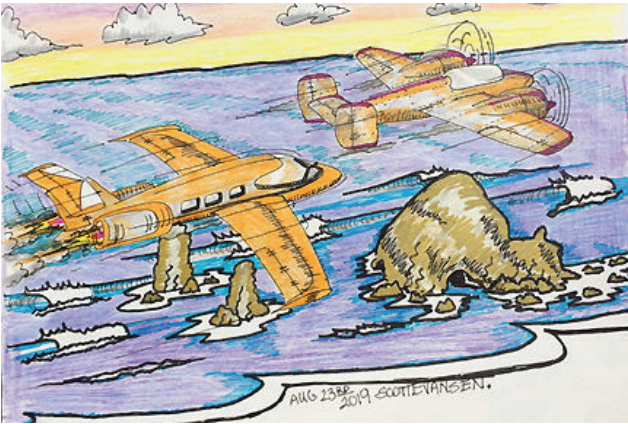
If you will recall, Emergency Integrated Lifesaving Lanyard (**EMILY**) is a lifesaving device for swimmers in trouble, and just this summer was deployed to rescue grateful members of a family in Rockaway Beach.

Her sister is no slouch, either, and an innovator in her own right. “We sent **Vernon Rummell** out with a **SONAR EMILY** to join a special disaster response team to be first on the **Island of Abaco** (in the Bahamas) which was decimated by **Hurricane Dorian**,” **Anthony Mulligan**, CEO/president of **Hydronalix** (emilyrobot.com) wrote.

“He immediately started EMILY on a side scan mission to map **Marsh Harbor** for sunken vessels to plot out a path for the first medical supply ship with doctors to come ashore ... Vernon then made a full map on our software, which has been used for all the follow-on ship traffic.” You can see the maps and photos, courtesy of Hydronalix, at bit.ly/BahamaEm

“The mission was big success — little EMILY cleared the shipping lane for disaster responders, doctors and critical supplies,” he added proudly, and justifiably so. “EMILY accomplished this in only hours; past ways have always taken days.”

STUNNING SIGHT



“These **planes** flew over my friend **Karen Hoyt** and me early one morning,” Cannon Beach resident **Pam Chater** wrote. **Scott Everson**’s drawing of the planes is shown.

“They were flying really low and the front plane was small, and looked like an old-style plane, maybe military. The large jet right behind it looked as big as a 737. It looked like it was being towed.

“They were heading north. ... They flew between Haystack Rock and the bank. ... Both Karen and I were stunned.”

A mystery, but not for long. “As I understand, the ‘old’ aircraft was a World War II era B-25 Mitchell, and it was accompanied by a G-500/600 Gulfstream Jet,” **Christian Gurling**, museum curator at the **Tillamook Air Museum**, explained.

“Sounds like they were doing a photo shoot for Gulf Streams, which makes sense that they were flying so close to one another, giving the illusion of being towed.” And there you have it.