

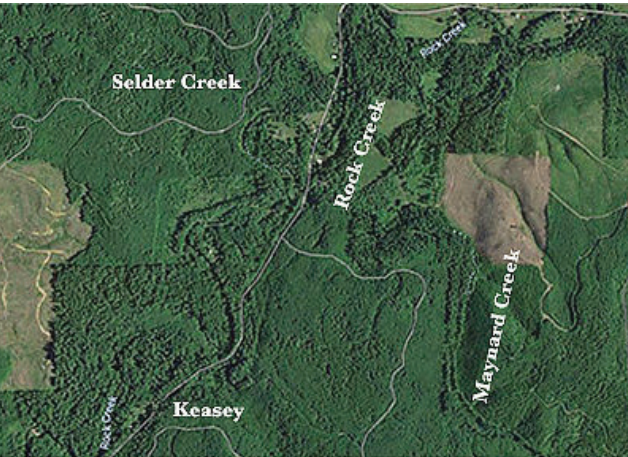
CONTACT US
ewilson@dailyastorian.com
(971) 704-1718

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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

ANTHONY SELDERS



Death notice from the Jan. 9, 1885 *Daily Astorian*:

“A correspondent of the *Oregonian* writes: Have just heard of two men being found frozen to death on the mountain road between here and Nehalem Valley. One, **Anthony Selders**, aged about 60 years, started for a neighbor’s about four miles away, and was found dead about a quarter of a mile from the neighbor’s, and about 100 yards from the road.”

Which makes one wonder: Is anything known about this man, aside from his solitary death? A little digging revealed that blacksmith Anthony Selders, who was 69 at the time of his death, lived in the Nehalem Valley area in Columbia County at the time of the 1880 census.

He was born in May 1815, in Pennsylvania, to Anthony Moore Selders (1780–1854) and Margaret Smith Selders (1787–1864). He had one sibling, a sister, Anna Selders Wissinger (1807–1901), who remained in Pennsylvania. He was single, and had no children.

The Oregon Burial Site Guide, Columbia County (bit.ly/ColCoBurial), in a posting dated Christmas Day, 1884, commented: “Anthony Selders was found dead in the snow and was buried on the spot. This is on now what is known as Sander’s Ranch up Rock Creek in the area of Vernonia. There is a Selder Creek which flows into Rock Creek at Keasey ... but no gravesite is indicated.” A sad

FASCINATING FIND



‘After the recent storms and heavy surf, a unique fish was found on the Long Beach, Washington, peninsula,” **Tiffany Boothe** of the **Seaside Aquarium** wrote. Her photos of the fish are shown.

“A closer look at this unusual fish revealed that this was not a fish typically found in the Pacific Northwest,” she explained, “... this was a **finescale triggerfish** (*Balistes polylepis*) ... (which) typically range from Mexico to Chile, and rarely as far north as southern California.”

Triggerfish range from the surface to depths of up to 1,700 feet, reach a maximum length of 31 inches, and weigh up to 16 pounds, according to Mexican-Fish.com. “Beware of their truly lethal chomp, which can take two weeks to recover from!” the website warns.

So why was it here? “During warm water anomalies, fish from warmer waters may move north,” Tiffany wrote. “In fact, during the 1982-1983 El Nino, finescale triggerfish were found as far north as Alaska.

“... With the warmer waters we experienced in the later part of this summer ... it is not too alarming (to find a triggerfish) — but fascinating, nonetheless.”

GO FLY A DOOR



Timely: After reading the note shown, which appeared in South Slope mailboxes after a whopping wind-storm, the Ear wondered if the **wandering door** had turned up.

“I searched forever,” door-owner **Lee Clinton** said. “I was determined to find it. I had attached vinyl to it because it was leaking, and with the vinyl on it, it became a kite.”

“It was yanked out of the frame,” she explained, “it flew up in the air 40 feet, and over the neighbor’s house, and into the woods next to them,” landing at the bottom of a small ravine, still in good shape. Now re-installed, the screen door is weighted down with bags of bird seed.

“Perseverance pays,” she noted. “It’s a great view, but the wind really slams me. It’s a dramatic place to live, isn’t it?” Indeed. (In One Ear, 2/13/15)

BYE-BYE BAYOCEAN



On Jan. 16, at 8:30 p.m., **OPB’s Oregon Field Guide** is featuring a story on **Bayocean**, the town near Tillamook that literally disappeared.

T. B. Potter founded Bayocean in 1906, and his son, **Thomas Irving Potter**, took over shortly thereafter. By 1914, 600 lots were sold on the sand dune spit.

The Salt Water Artificial Surf **Natatorium** (pictured), featuring a 50- by 160-foot heated pool, wave machine, balconies and orchestra, opened in 1914, and also included a movie theater. Hotels, boarding houses, cottages and houses blossomed in Bayocean, and business was booming.

However, the phone system only worked inside Bayocean and, originally, the only ways to get there were via a yacht, also called Bayocean — crossing both the Columbia River and Tillamook Bay bars — or by means of an equally scary narrow gauge railroad.

By the time a road opened, the resort was already in trouble. The residents demanded that a jetty be installed on **Tillamook Bay**, and even though the Army Corps of Engineers recommended two be built, the townspeople were only willing to pay for one.

The single north side jetty, finished in 1917, changed the ocean currents, leaving the spit vulnerable to relentless erosion. By 1932, the ocean was moving further and further inland, reclaiming its own. By 1939, the natatorium had vanished into the sea. Houses and businesses followed, disappearing one by one.

Bayocean’s last resident, **Francis Mitchell**, who bought the first lot in 1907, left, heartbroken, in 1952. By 1954, Bayocean was an island. In 1960, the last remaining house fell into the ocean.

If you miss the showing of “The Lost City of Bayocean,” you can catch it online at bit.ly/OPBbay the next day. (tinyurl.com/bayogone, tinyurl.com/histpix)

IT’S ALL IN THE POT



North Coast businesses **Fishhawk Fisheries** in Astoria, owned by **Steve Fick** (left), and **Airport Crab Pot Co.** in Warrenton, owned by **Vern and Lisa Lamping** (above) are featured in “**Grant’s Getaways — Winter Crabbing**” for KGW News. Still shots from the video, courtesy of Grant’s Getaways/KGW News, are shown.

You can watch the episode online at bit.ly/GGcrabbing. The segment starts with Steve taking **Grant McOmie** crabbing in the lower Columbia River estuary, giving Grant a few fishing tips, and emphasizing the importance of a good crab pot. (Note: further on in the text version of the episode, Steve even shares his recipe for “Stuffed Crab Sandwich.”)

The episode segues into the Lampings’ crab pot building business, and the old-school skill of their employees. “Building a crab pot — one that will fish well — is a science,” Vern declared.

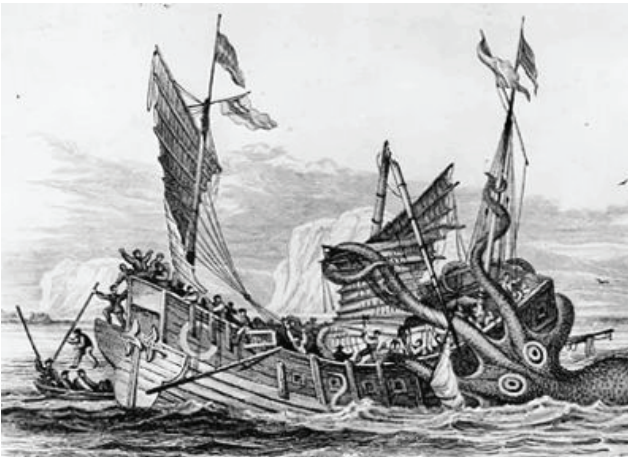
Each pot is hand-knit, using 18-gauge stainless steel wire looped and woven to cover the top, bottom and sides of the pot with mesh to entrap the crab once it’s lured into the pot with bait.

“They really got it right way back then,” Lisa observed. “There are little things you can do, but for the most part there isn’t a better way to catch crab.” The fact that the company has been in business since 1948 proves her point.

When asked what he liked most about crabbing, Steve replied, “Oh, it’s simple to do, and everyone can be involved in it. It’s easy to catch a dozen crabs per person, with lots of action for kids.”

“And,” he added, “you never really know until you pull the pot up what you got, and that is fun!”

PORTLAND’S KRAKEN



In the Friday, Jan. 9, 1885 edition, *The Daily Astorian* huffed:

“The **boss fish** story has been received. It is in **Harper’s Weekly**, a journal of snivelization.”

“An octopus was caught recently with fish-hooks near Portland in Oregon,” the Harper’s story read. “There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about 300 feet of water.”

“As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion when the devil-fish dropped off of its own accord.

“One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were 4 feet long, and its purse-shaped body was about 1 foot in diameter.”

Octopus? Portland? And, seriously, 300-foot deep water? Not quite, since the shipping channel near Portland was dredged from 17 feet to 25 feet deep in 1891. Now *that’s* a fish story. (bit.ly/CRivNav1, bit.ly/CRivNav2, bit.ly/28HW1884)

DECADE DEBATE: SOLVED



Jim Harris of Cannon Beach took exception to **Farm-Jer’s Almanac’s** claim that the **new decade** starts in 2021, as described in the Dec. 26 column.

“Our calendar system gives a name to each time period based on its position in a sequence (first, second, third, etc.),” he explained. “You see this clearly in older documents that express a date as ‘the twenty-first day of December in the one thousand eight hundred and fiftieth year of our Lord’ for Dec. 21, 1850.

“Imagine each year to be a book that is placed on the shelf to the left of the previous year. Each book contains 12 chapters, and each chapter has 28 to 31 pages.

“If you go far enough to the right on the shelf, you reach the book for the first year of our Lord (1 A.D.), which is the first year of the Common Era. To the right of 1 A.D. is the book for the first year before the Common Era or 1 BCE. There is no need for a ‘zeroth’ book.”

“So, if anyone asks,” he added, “Feb. 15, 2020 is the fifteenth day of the second month of the tenth year of the second decade of the third millennium.”

And there you have it. Welcome to the new decade, after all!

DOG-FRIENDLY BUCKET LIST



USA Today recently ran a story, “**Canine bucket list: 7 great dog-friendly spots**,” written by **Lauren Fern Watt** (laurenfern watt.com), who took her terminally ill English mastiff, **Gizelle**, as her “adventure companion” on a cross-country bucket list jaunt. The pair are pictured, in Maine, courtesy of USA Today and Laura Fern Watt.

And, one of their favorite spots was the North Coast. “Oregon is famous for its long, sandy beaches, which means more room for running and playing fetch,” she wrote. “Dogs are welcome on-leash or under voice control at **Cannon Beach** ... Astoria, a down-to-earth city about 30 minutes from Cannon Beach, has many dog-friendly breweries, bookstores and outdoor restaurants.”

Suggested rating? Perhaps five woofs and a wag.