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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

HERE WE GO AGAIN



At last, another blip on the **Goonies 2** horizon. **Adam A.F. Goldberg**, creator of the ABC series “The Goldbergs,” let the cat out of the bag that he’s been working for years on an idea to pitch to “**The Goonies**” director **Richard Donner** for the ever-anticipated sequel, according to **SlashFilm.com** (bit.ly/goldgoon).

Goldberg also made public some concept art (part of the image is shown, courtesy of Slashfilm.com) created by **Michael Barnard**. The logo on the skull, which is in Spanish, translated says: “One mistake shall rain down fear / Feel the wrath of the Devil’s Tears.” No explanation of the meaning was forthcoming.

Recently he tweeted: “... For the last nine years I’ve been secretly writing PART 2 for fun. It’s my masterpiece. I even had a big meeting scheduled with Richard Donner ... canceled ‘cause of the lockdown! THE GOONIES 2 WILL happen when life resumes. Promise!!!”

Goldberg has pitched Donner before but, as Goldberg told SlashFilm.com, “Since 2006, I lay awake at night thinking — how do you beat pirate ship?” Good question.

However, Goldberg’s latest pitch involves the original cast, and their relationships as grownups, with the addition of a young woman to the adventure.

So far, all of the ideas that have been presented to Donner and original movie producer **Steven Spielberg** haven’t garnered much enthusiasm. But Goldberg remains undaunted.

“2020 may suck,” he declared, “but it will also be the year I get Goonies 2 up and running!” Stay tuned.

NOT-SO GREAT ESCAPE



Atidbit from *The Daily Morning Astorian*, **Thursday, June 18, 1885:**

Prisoners Recaptured: Deputy Sheriff Moffitt started last Tuesday in pursuit of the five men that escaped from jail last Sunday morning, and caught three of them, **Smith, Thompson and Chambers**, near **Oysterville**, Washington Territory, that afternoon.

When they escaped on Sunday, they got a boat and rowed straight across the river, they abandoned the boat near **Chinook** and taking some eggs, onions, cheese, etc., and Anderson’s fish boat, they struck out for **Ilwaco**, where they tried to get work.

From there they wandered off toward Oysterville, where they were given some canned beef and crackers which, with the provender they took from the boat, was all they had to eat during their two days’ freedom.

HE DID IT



Fun rerun: A story in last week’s *Daily Astorian* about **Haystack Rock** reminded **Mert Norman** about her father’s adventure with the famous 235-foot tall landmark. She dug around until she found a story from the *Astoria Budget*, dated July 16, 1927:

“Arriving from Europe a few days before, **Arthur Petersen** (pictured), visited Cannon Beach and ... undertook the ascent of Haystack Rock. Without alpine equipment, he found a favorable ledge leading to the summit, which he attained in 20 minutes, to the surprise and terror of those watching on the beach.”

Mert said another article reported he was the first to make the climb. But why did he do it? Being fresh from Germany, he only spoke a few words of English, and didn’t know it wasn’t allowed.

“He just took his shoes off and climbed right up,” Mert chuckled. (*In One Ear*, 4/22/11)

MERWYN MEMORIES



Here is the seventh installment of **Daymon Garrett Edward’s** (pictured, inset) memoir about owning and living in the **Waldorf Hotel** (aka the **Merwyn Hotel**) on Duane Street from 1979 to 1980. This excerpt describes a colorful monthly guest.

“About day and monthly guests. Day guests pay by the day, and you can refuse to take their money if they want to stay longer, or they can pay up to so many days in advance and still be a day renter — but watch out for the monthly renter. Once they pay, they are like a renter at an apartment house, and the laws to get them out are in their favor, where with the daily guest, the law favors the establishment. If the police are called, they always ask if they are a daily or monthly guest.

“Monthly guest No. 1: A dapper grey-haired man walks into the hotel dressed in a suit with a nice-looking suitcase, shoes polished, and asks to rent a room for two months, paid in advance. He looks like he will be a good addition.

“He pays and waits for his receipt, then goes up to his room, and a half-hour later comes down to the lobby in his boxer shorts and a white tank top, and lights up a cigarette — even then I had a no smoking policy — and looks around and says, ‘Does anyone know about spontaneous combustion? If not, come to the lobby tonight.’

“I knew I had a cuckoo on my hands, and there was nothing I could do about it. Later I got a call from one of the other resident hotels warning me about him, but it was too late, he had arrived. The resident-hotels tried to warn each other when a new character arrived in town, and this guy had been kicked out of two places already. His modus operandi was: He acts crazy, then he asks for money to leave, and if you don’t pay it he gets really crazy.

“I paid him off, and soon he just sauntered out the door, pressed suit, suitcase and polished shoes.”

FATHER’S DAY FOUNDER



Since Sunday is **Father’s Day** — the 110th, to be exact — a little history on the topic is in order, courtesy of **Farmer’s Almanac**.

No, the holiday was not created by a greeting card company. It came about because of the efforts of one very determined woman, **Sonora Louise Smart Dodd** (pictured, inset) of Spokane, Washington, whose father, a Civil War veteran, raised six children by himself.

She started a petition June 5, 1910, seeking to have a day for fathers celebrated annually, and Spokane’s first Father’s Day took place on June 19, 1910.

In 1916, **President Woodrow Wilson** opened the Father’s Day church services in Spokane by telephone, and wanted to make it a national holiday; fussy congressmen balked at the concept. Dodd, unfazed by the congressional rebuff, hit the road to do some persuading.

In 1924, **President Calvin Coolidge** asked states to observe a Father’s Day, but that was it. Finally, in 1966, by executive order, **President Lyndon Johnson** made it a national holiday, but it wasn’t until 1972 that **President Richard Nixon** made it official that Father’s Day would be the third Sunday in June — 62 years after Mrs. Dodd started her quest.

She died in 1978 at 96. Her gravestone says it all: “Sonora Smart Dodd, Founder of Father’s Day.” (farmersalmanac.com/when-fathers-day)

A PERFECT SCORE



‘**S**ince the purchase and remodel of the **Gearhart bowling alley** six years ago, the new owners offered a **\$300 cash** incentive to the first person to **bowling a perfect game score of 300**, which is 12 strikes in a row,” *Astorian* **Shelly Wolff** wrote. “On June 8, that was achieved by **John Trent** (who also lives in Astoria) by bowling a perfect game of 300!”

That’s quite a feat. The Ear wondered if he had ever bowled a perfect game before. “As a young child,” Shelly explained, “his mom would take him to watch his grandparents bowl, and leagues, quite often.

“As he got a little older — old enough to ride his bike — he would ride his bike from Seaside, where he lived, to Gearhart Lanes to bowl about three times a week, all in his own.

“At 13, he got a job working as a busboy at Gearhart Lanes. He worked split shifts, and instead of riding home between shifts, he would stay and bowl in between his shifts. He bowled in the Saturday junior leagues from age 6 to 16. He also bowled in the junior Pro-Am tournaments with his grandfather, **Virgil Lowe** and friend, **Dale Ballou**.”

This is his third time achieving a perfect score. The first time he was 17, the second time he was 30, and this time he’s 46.

If you’re wondering what the odds are of bowling a perfect game, here you go: The odds for a Professional Bowlers Association bowler are 460 to 1; it’s **11,500 to 1** for the average bowler (bit.ly/score300).

NO, NO, NOT DEAD



Newcomers and visitors are often shocked and saddened by what appear to be seasonal crab massacres, with carcasses littering local North Coast beaches. Actually, they are **crab molts** — discarded shells, which also include eyes, antennae and legs — that have washed ashore.

“Molting begins with a secretion of hormones from the female crab, after which both female and male crabs fast,” **Tiffany Boothe** of the **Seaside Aquarium** explained. Her photos are shown. “Surviving off their fat reserves, a crab will absorb as much calcium from its shell as possible ...

“When the crab is ready to evacuate its old shell, a fracture opens along the underside of the back and the crab literally backs out of its shell. The crab’s new shell is soft and flexible. The crab expands its new shell by filling its body cavity with water.

“During this time, the crab is extremely vulnerable to predators, and will bury itself in the sand to avoid detection. Once the crab’s shell starts to harden, which can take several days, the crab will resume feeding.

“Soon the crab will consume enough food to restore its fat reserves and replace the excess water in its shell with muscle. Then the cycle starts all over again!”

SPREADING POSITIVE VIBES



Last month, Portlander **Brian Landreth** put a sign on his front lawn asking his neighbors to choose from **five shades to paint his house**.

When a neighbor posted a photo of Landreth’s sign on Twitter, 150,000 people from all over the world wound up chiming in with an opinion.

Well, the verdict is in, and the choice is No. 4, made by **Miller Paint**, a Portland company. The Landreth family is shown in a photo of the house, courtesy of Miller Paint.

The paint company proposed donating all of the paint needed to do the house, but the Landreths requested an in-kind donation to the **Harriet Tubman Middle School** instead. The school received \$500.

Encouraged by the public’s “level of engagement,” Landreth noted that “we are now trying to spread the positive vibes.”