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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

#TEAMJEANY



Many of you know, or remember being served by **Jeany Potter Birdeno**, who is a popular bartender in Astoria. She has worked at The Chart Room, then the Merry Time Bar and Grill and now at Car-ruthers Restaurant (which is still closed, due to the coronavirus).

She’s a lifetime Astorian, the daughter of **Tom and Ann Potter**, wife of **Pete Birdeno**, and younger sister of **Cathy Stutznegger** and **Polly Riutta**. She’s also in the fight of her life, after being recently diagnosed with triple negative invasive mammary ductal **breast cancer**, which requires aggressive treatment.

Chemotherapy, which began July 2, continues until November, and will be followed by surgery, then six weeks of radiation. Jeany will not be able to work because of the high risk of infection.

She has health insurance, but there is a very high deductible, and after her first treatment her medical expenses are already over \$40,000. So her sister, Cathy, started a GoFundMe page to help Jeany at bit.ly/TeamJeany

Donations can be made at the GoFundMe page, at any branch of TLC Credit Union or via Venmo @ Jeanine-Birdeno. To mail her cards or good wishes, the address is P.O. Box 124, Astoria, OR., 97103.

Jeany has already shaved her head after starting chemotherapy, and gratefully sports a beautiful new wig, thanks to **Kallie Linder** and her **Salon Boheme** family.

“I’m very fortunate and blessed,” Jeany posted on Facebook recently. “I have the greatest support team I could ever dream of. My husband has been wonderful, tells me I’m beautiful every day. ...

“I’m grateful to all of you reading this, your prayers, love and how you have all reached out to me in so many ways ... it has been so overwhelming.”

IT’S ALL IN THE GAME



Fun rerun: Astorian **Al Mauro** gave the Ear an unusual little gem, “**The Game of Astoria Since 1811**.” The Monopoly-style game was sponsored by the Astoria Downtown Development Association.

It was made during **Edith Henningsgaard-Miller’s** term as “Honorable Mayor.” She is listed in the center of the board, along with other “Noble Citizens of Astoria,” including then City Councillor **Willis Van Dusen**.

“Go” is **Shively Park**. “Jail” is the **Astoria School District** — if you land on it, you lose two turns. The spaces around the perimeter of the board are all local businesses.

Sadly, none of the game pieces or cards are with the board, and there aren’t any instructions, either. Even so, it’s a unique bit of Astoria history. (*In One Ear*, 8/9/13)

LOOKIE-LOOS



A herd of bachelor elk has been seen blithely lounging around in various fields just off U.S. Highway 101 a little south of Seaside. Although many lookie-loos stopped to gawk (including the Ear), the elk were oblivious to the observers, and to the traffic jam they caused.

In case you’re wondering, this breed is named after President Theodore Roosevelt, and is the largest of the elk species, according to OregonWild.org (bit.ly/TRelk).

Bull elk weigh an average of about 850 pounds, have the largest antlers of all elk species and are known to live up to 16 years in the wild.

‘SIMPLE THINGS’



Thanks to Astorian reporter **Gary Henley**, the Ear learned about a talented photographer from Astoria whose works are still remembered and revered.

Of Swiss ancestry, **Consuelo Delesseps Kanaga** (pictured in a photo by Alma Lavenson) was born in Astoria in 1894, to **Amos Ream Kanaga**, an Astoria district attorney, and Mathilda Carolina Hartwig.

The family moved to California in 1911, and Kanaga began working as a writer and photographer for the San Francisco Journal in 1915. Photographer **Dorothea Lange** noted that Kanaga was the first female newspaper photographer she’d ever met.

Kanaga moved to New York in 1922 to work for the New York American newspaper as a photojournalist. There she met another famed American photographer, **Alfred Stieglitz**, who trained her to have a more artistic approach to photography.

After traveling extensively, she settled in San Francisco where, in 1931, she employed **Eluard Luchell McDaniels**, who was Black, as a handyman and chauffeur. As she photographed him, and got to know him, she became interested in the fight against racism, and devoted much of her photographic work to studying black lives and culture.

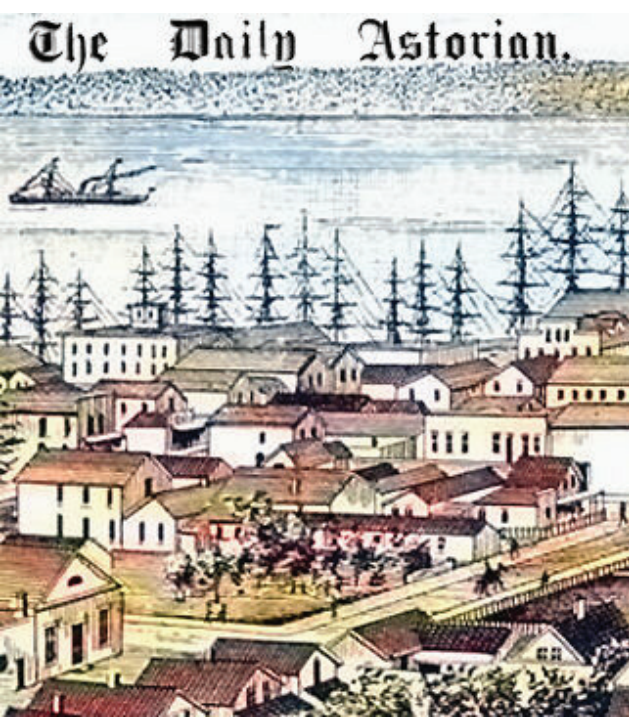
Famed photographers **Edward Weston** and **Ansel Adams** invited her to show four prints in the famous Group f/64 show in 1932. She had officially “arrived.”

Kanaga had a rather chaotic personal life, with three marriages, but nonetheless she was still photographing and exhibiting into her 70s. She died in 1978. Google her name, and you will see a long list of museums that feature her work.

“I could have done lots more,” Kanaga said of her career, “put in much more work and developed more pictures, but I had also a desire to say what I felt about life ...

“I think that in photography what you’ve done is what you’ve had to say ... A simple supper, being with someone you love, seeing a deer come around to eat or drink at the barn ... I like things like that. If I could make one true, quiet photograph, I would much prefer it to having a lot of answers.” (bit.ly/CKanaga)

A STRANGE FATALITY



From The Daily Astorian, July 31, 1883:

- It is with sincere regret that a wide circle of friends and acquaintances hear of the death of **Capt. William Bochau**, 43, which sadly took place yesterday afternoon.

Some time ago, a soft corn on the side of his foot gave him considerable trouble, finally resulting in an open sore. ... The ultimate cause of his death appears to be pyaemia (septicemia).

Capt. Bochau was, until about a year ago, bar pilot on the State of California, and then was afterwards master of the tug Pioneer A peculiarly distressing feature (of his death, which) results from an apparently trifling cause ... is strange that fatality seems to attend the family.

Note: The strange fatality of his family members was certainly not trifling, however. A short while before the captain’s death, his brother dropped dead. A week after that, on May 5, 1883, his 22-year-old nephew, **Walter Pohl**, met an awful fate.

Early that morning, the captain was on the bridge of the tug Pioneer, and Walter was at the wheel. They were going out in the south channel, through rough breakers. The captain told his nephew to keep the vessel heading straight out, then turned his back for a second. When he looked back, his nephew had vanished.

It was thought the rudder straightened suddenly, making the wheel shift violently, causing Walter to lose his grip and be tossed into the roiling sea.

There was no way to turn around, and it was not yet dawn, so there was little visibility. All hope of ever finding Walter was lost. (bit.ly/WBochau)

The captain, whose death soon followed that of his brother and nephew, was notable enough to be mentioned in “Lewis & Dryden’s Marine History of the Pacific Northwest.” No small feat.

MR. KOCH



The Daily Morning Astorian, July 30, 1884, tells the tale of the cantankerous **Mr. Koch**, who declared a one-man war on a local bridge.

The county built a **bridge** over the **Walluski River** years before the incident occurred, and it was a thorn in Mr. Koch’s side from the beginning.

It did not matter to him that the bridge was a great convenience to his neighbors, who could now get into town with ease. He had a scow, and felt “his riparian rights have been assailed, and his privileges as a navigator grossly outraged” by the presence of the offending bridge.

He appeared in county court, demanding that the bridge be removed. When rebuffed, he told the tribunal to go to hell, he’d take care of the bridge himself. Which he did, by tearing it down.

Sheriff Ross was not amused, and went out to Mr. Koch’s place to bring in the ornery resident. Mr. Koch was not amused, either, and attacked the sheriff. In the ensuing scuffle, the sheriff prevailed and Mr. Koch arrived in town handcuffed, “a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a wiser man.”

The bridge was rebuilt.

PILLAR AND POST



Hailey Hoffman/The Astorian
Mike Abrahams found a pillar to the old Flavel Hotel that was once located at Tansy Point.

A few weeks ago, this column ran a story about the **Flavel Hotel**, which opened in 1897, in now defunct Flavel, Oregon. It was an enormous structure boasting 90 rooms and a staff of 25. After a checkered history of success and failure, the hotel was demolished in 1937.

Astorian **Mike Abrahams** saw the story, and arrived at The Astorian with a large **pillar** from the entryway of the old Flavel Hotel in tow. He had heard about the location of the pillar years ago, which was about a half mile from Tansy Point, he said, and just recently went out to get it.

Astorian photographer Hailey Hoffman’s photo of the pillar is shown; the front entrance to the old hotel is inset.

Mike took the 16-foot tall pillar home, and put it with his other antiques. At the top, it’s cast iron, where the scrolls are; the bottom is made of steel. The pillar was wood clad before being installed at the hotel.

There should be two of them, one on each side of the front entrance. Which means the other pillar is out there somewhere ... until Mike finds it, that is.

DEEP SEA E.T.



A tidbit for marine biology fans: Earlier this month, the **National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Office of Exploration and Research** announced that a new type of **glass sponge** has been found by a deep sea team, growing on a section of the Pacific seafloor that dates back 145 million years, FreeTheOcean.com reports (bit.ly/ETsponge).

Thriving in the “**Forest of the Weird**” at a depth of 7,800 feet, the sponge has a body with two luminescent “eyes” growing on a long, thin stalk. These marine animals usually attach themselves to hard surfaces and dine on bacteria and plankton. Some are pictured, courtesy of NOAA Office of Exploration and Research.

Its official name is **Advhena magnifica** (magnificent alien), but because of its obvious resemblance to the little alien in Steven Spielberg’s movie, the nickname “**E.T. sponge**” has stuck.