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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

## NO ROAST BEEF



Ever wondered what people were having for **Thanksgiving dinner** over the years? Foodtimeline.org offers a menu for the occasion, taken from a letter written in New England in 1779, during the Revolutionary War.

On the menu were: “Haunch of Venison, Roast Chine of Pork, Roast Turkey, Pigeon Pasties, Roast Goose, Onions in Cream, Cauliflower, Squash, Potatoes, Raw Celery, Mincemeat Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Apple Pie, Indian Pudding, Plum Pudding, Cider.”

“... Of course we could have no Roast Beef,” the writer noted. “None of us have tasted Beef this three years back as it must all go to the Army, and too little they get, poor fellows.

“... Then when the dishes had been cleared away we all got round the fire as close as we could, and cracked nuts, and sang songs and told stories.”

One might wonder if they had to crawl to the fire on their hands and knees after such a repast.

If you’d really like to do up a vintage from-scratch Thanksgiving next year, you might want to snag some recipes from the 300-page cookbook, “**A New System of Domestic Cookery**, Formed Upon Principles of Economy and Adapted to the Use of Private Families,” written “By A Lady” in 1807 ([bit.ly/Cook1807](https://bit.ly/Cook1807)), just after the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

You might want to pass on the Eel Pye and Stewed Oxcheek for side dishes, and you’re on your own to figure out the amounts required of many ingredients, or cooking times, but for the brave-hearted cook there are many tasty historical recipes. Bon appétit!

## DIRT FISHIN’



Many years ago, I was walking a trail in old Astoria which hadn’t seen much travel,” wrote **Don Kelly** of the **Northwest Artifact Recovery Team** ([bit.ly/NWDiggers](https://bit.ly/NWDiggers)), “but I knew from talking to old timers, and listening to their knowledge of years gone by, so I decided to sweep it low and slow.

“I found two items that day, but I will focus on this item (shown). It was at a depth of 8 inches, but wedged directly under a tree root, and one of the pins had been broken off. I brought this item to a local historian and curator of the old antique shop here years ago. He told me it once was a mid-1800s **child’s shoe ornament**.

“It was really a deep green color and, being stupid, I cleaned it. Actually it’s a brass copper alloy. You can see the little details much better, though!”

“Gotta love dirt fishin’,” Don added, “I’ve been doing this for over 50 years. Saving history and telling its story is what I do. Only thing that gets old is me!”

## NEW DUDS



John is geared with a Carhartt insulated and water-proof jumpsuit, coat, new socks, gloves and shirt, and hat and shoes, with an original **Morrison Pierce** painting,” **Jeff Daly** posted on the Friends of John Wedell Facebook page Nov. 14. “Getting him prepped for the upcoming shutdown. And, no matter what ... always dressed with a smile.”

If you’ve seen John, an Astoria icon, wandering around with his various shopping carts, and would like to know more about him, watch Jeff’s documentary, “**Helmet John — Astoria is Home**” at [bit.ly/JohnWedell](https://bit.ly/JohnWedell).



## TRULY DISAGREEABLE

The **first** federally declared day of **Thanksgiving** was the fourth Thursday in November, 1789 — which, by the way, was Nov. 26, the same date as this year.

So, what were **Meriwether Lewis**, **William Clark** and the **Corps of Discovery** doing the fourth Thursday of November in 1805, when they were at **Fort Clatsop**? According to a snippet from Clark’s journal, life was no bowl of turnips that day ([tinyurl.com/lanctday](https://tinyurl.com/lanctday)):

“Wind shifted about to the southwest and blew hard, accompanied with hard rain all last night. We are all wet, bedding and stores, having nothing to keep ourselves or stores dry, our lodge nearly worn out, and the pieces of sails and tents so full of holes and rotten that they will not keep any thing dry.

“We sent out the most of the men to drive the point for deer, (but) they scattered through the point; some stood on the peninsula. We could find no deer. Several hunters’ attempts to penetrate the thick woods to the main south side (were) without success.

“The swan and geese (are) wild and cannot be approached, and wind too high to go either back or forward, and we have nothing to eat but a little pounded fish which we purchased at the Great Falls.

“This is our present situation, truly disagreeable! Added to this, the robes of ourselves and men are all rotten from being continually wet, and we cannot procure others, or blankets in their places.

“About 12 o’clock the wind shifted about to the northwest and blew with great violence for the remainder of the day. At many times it blew for 15 or 20 minutes with such violence that I expected every moment to see trees taken up by the roots. Some were blown down.

“Those squalls were succeeded by rain. O, how tremendous is the day!”

Just reading that narrative is enough to give one chilblains.

## DODGE DOES BROADWAY



**Fun rerun:** Astoria artist **Bill Dodge** has decided to update his bucket list with travel adventures — the first being a visit to **Sardi’s in New York City** during the Thanksgiving holiday.

“I wanted to see a piece of my art which has hung there for more than 27 years,” Bill explained.

Here’s the backstory: “I designed my first ArtExpo poster at the then new Jacob Javits Center in 1984,” Bill recalled, “and appeared there signing copies of the work entitled ‘**Identified Flying Objects Over Broadway**,’ in which Sardi’s restaurant is prominently featured.” The print and a detail are pictured.

“I was so busy looking down the runway in front of my booth at the art exhibition at **Andy Warhol**, and his group of, to say the least, ‘character buddies.’ I was so hopeful he might stop at my display and at least look at my work, so I kept my eyes on him as he approached.

“I felt a tap on my shoulder, and a voice said, ‘I would like to buy this. I paid no attention to him, except as a dutiful artist selling art. I was much more interested in whether the famed Warhol would deign to look at my humble pieces — but he approached and scurried on by with his cult followers without paying the least bit of attention to my art.

“It wasn’t until I got back to my hotel that night, and was running my credit card purchases for the day, that I discovered the gentleman who had bought the signed reproduction of (my painting) was none other than **Vincent Sardi** himself!”

“I felt so badly I had ignored this iconic restaurant figure,” Bill chuckled ruefully, “and was paying attention to Andy what’s-his-name.” (*In One Ear*, 12/14/12)

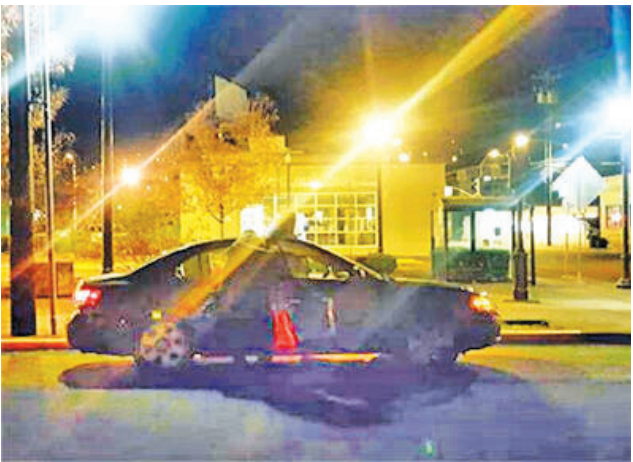
## NOVEMBER MUSINGS



A few late **November** 1800s musings from **The Daily Morning Astorian**:

- Let the American eagle stretch his wings overall, Republicans and Democrats alike. After all it is, with him, a mere matter of pinion.
- The li — equivocations are not over yet. Now comes the man who tells you how much he won, and the other chap who tells you how much he lost.
- It is noticeable in walking through the city that in all parts there are new buildings going up and improvements being made.
- Burglaries are getting so common in Portland that the news advises citizens who have false teeth to keep their mouths closed while asleep, lest some burglar come and carry off their masticators.
- Turkeys and geese were about evenly divided on Astoria Thanksgiving dinner tables.
- Yesterday morning’s snow and the regular Thanksgiving holiday made a happy combination for the boys with their sleds, who made the hillside streets lively till summoned to the turkey and pie.
- Everybody gave thanks yesterday: Some because things were as they are; or as they were; and others because things were no worse.
- A folded newspaper worn across the chest will keep you from taking cold. Now is the time to subscribe.

## HE CHOSE KINDNESS



**Fun rerun:** A little feel-good gem, brought to the Ear’s attention by **Judith Niland**: “This is what being human is,” **Angelsea Keim** posted on Facebook Nov. 7, describing her photo, which is shown.

“This gentleman is picking an older woman up who missed the last bus in Astoria on this chilly November evening. I overheard him tell her he had called ahead, and had the bus (was) waiting for her in Warrenton, and planned to drive her to meet them in his personal car.

“They didn’t know each other, there was no one around, no one to notice. He didn’t need to help her. He could have easily turned his back, ignoring her, as she stood alone out on the curb waiting for a bus that would never come. He could have just gone home ... but he chose kindness.

“A few minutes of your life in service to another, choosing compassion and kindness, when it may be easier not to — to me, this is what being human is. #bekind ... #act-sofservice ... #truehumanityisaliveandwell” (*In One Ear*, 11/16/18)

## GIVE IT A SHOT



If Facebook and Instagram are any indicators, there are a lot of talented photographers on the North Coast. Perhaps they should consider entering the **Smithsonian Magazine’s photography contest**.

There are six categories: natural world, travel, people, the American experience, altered images and mobile. And, you can enter up to 15 photos per category.

The grand prize is \$2,500; the category winners, and the online Readers’ Choice winner, receive \$500 each. All entries will be featured online, along with a photo credit.

One of this year’s entries, a cropped version of “**Jonathan Livingston Seagull in Oregon**,” by **Polina Kuznetsova**, is shown ([bit.ly/SMseagull](https://bit.ly/SMseagull)). It’s a cell phone photo, by the way.

Interested? You’d better get on it, since the deadline to enter (online only) is 2 p.m. Monday. The rules, and how to enter, are at [bit.ly/SmithPix](https://bit.ly/SmithPix).

“Over the last 17 years, readers have submitted more than 470,000 images,” the website says. Why not add yours?