

IN BRIEF

Warrenton police officer injured after arrest of DUI crash suspect

A Warrenton police officer was taken to the hospital with injuries after reportedly being assaulted by a drunken-driving suspect.

Police were dispatched to the area of N.W. 13th Place and N.W. Warrenton Drive at about 11:20 p.m. for a reckless driving complaint. When officers arrived, the vehicle, a white Ford F-350, was in a ditch on its side.

The driver, Bailey Enloe, 24, of Astoria, was reportedly slumped against the driver's side window and unresponsive. Officials say when officers and emergency crews made entry into the vehicle, Enloe became combative and caused injury to an officer.

Police used a Taser to subdue Enloe and take her into custody.

Officials say Enloe appeared to be under the influence of intoxicants, so she was taken to Columbia Memorial Hospital in Astoria for medical clearance before being taken to the Clatsop County Jail.

While being driven to the hospital by ambulance, Enloe reportedly kicked an officer on board, causing him to lose consciousness.

The ambulance stopped and other officers and sheriff's deputies took control. Another ambulance took the injured officer to Columbia Memorial.

Enloe is facing charges of driving under the influence of intoxicants, reckless driving, assaulting a public safety officer, assault in the second degree, resisting arrest, interfering with a police officer and disorderly conduct in the first degree.

The Warrenton Police Department said in a post on Facebook that the officer was released from the hospital and was recovering at home.

Police investigating crash that closed Highway 101

Police are investigating a four-vehicle crash Sunday that closed U.S. Highway 101 at Oswald West State Park for more than four hours.

An Infinity, GMC Sierra and Nissan Xterra were headed southbound at about 11:40 a.m. when the Infinity turned left into the northbound lane, crashing into a rock embankment.

Officials say a motorhome struck the passenger side of the Infinity and then crashed into the Sierra. The motorhome continued forward and swerved to avoid going over a cliff and crashed into the front of the Nissan.

The Nissan spun around and then the motorhome struck the driver side of the Nissan, pushing it up against the rock embankment on the northbound shoulder.

The driver of the Infinity was taken to a hospital by ambulance and then to Legacy Emanuel Hospital in Portland. The passenger in the Infinity was driven to Adventist Health Tillamook.

The passenger in the motorhome was taken to a hospital in Clatsop County.

Witnesses said the Infinity had been swerving out of its lane for miles before the crash. Officials say multiple empty alcohol containers were found in the Infinity and that the driver admitted to drinking and using cocaine.

— The Astorian

DEATHS

Dec. 13, 2020

CHRISTENSEN, Donald Paul, 84, of Warrenton, died in Warrenton. Caldwell's Luce-Layton Mortuary of Astoria is in charge of the arrangements.

KOSKELA, Robert W., 92, of Astoria, died in Astoria. Caldwell's Luce-Layton Mortuary of Astoria is in charge of the arrangements.

PUBLIC MEETINGS

TUESDAY

United Health District of Clatsop County, 8 a.m., Seaside Civic and Convention Center, Necanicum Room, 415 First Ave.

Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District Board of Directors, 5:15 p.m., 1225 Avenue A., Seaside.

Astoria Historic Landmarks Commission, 5:30 p.m., City Hall, 1095 Duane St.

Shoreline Sanitary District Board, 7 p.m., Gearhart Herzig Station, 33496 West Lake Lane, Warrenton.

WEDNESDAY

Seaside Tourism Advisory Committee, 3 p.m., City Hall, 989 Broadway.

Gearhart City Council, 6 p.m., special meeting, (electronic meeting).

THURSDAY

Sunset Empire Transportation District Board, 9 a.m., (electronic meeting).

Astoria City Council, 1 p.m., work session, City Hall, 1095 Duane St.

Seaside School District Board, 6 p.m., (electronic meeting).

Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District, 7 p.m., webinar on Broadway Middle School purchase, (electronic meeting).

the Astorian

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HOLIDAY FOOD PARADE



LEFT: Laurel, left, and Brynlee Sullivan watch and wave as Santa Claus and the Astoria Fire Department pass by on Wednesday night.

BELOW: The Astoria Fire Department and volunteers climb the 17th Street hill while following Santa Claus on a fire truck during their annual Holiday Food Parade through Astoria on Wednesday night. Every year, the department collects nonperishable food items and donations while spreading holiday cheer through Astoria's neighborhoods.

Photos by Hailey Hoffman/The Astorian



THE ROUTE WAS A CHARACTER IN THE FAMILY

Carrier delivered papers on North Coast for over 50 years

Time had taken a toll on Conley Vaughan's body, not unexpected for an 80-year-old. He tolerated the aches in his shoulders, the doctor telling him it was a rotator cuff issue, and he never missed a day of work.

What bothered him were his eyes. Years earlier he'd had cataract surgery, which had helped. But his eyesight was growing weaker, making it difficult for Vaughan to see clearly while driving early in the morning, long before sunrise. He told his family he was fine and to not worry. Finally, though, he faced his own brutal truth about his future.

Last December he retired. If he'd had a career with a corner office, a brilliant resume and title, there'd have been a party. A speech from the boss. Stories from co-workers. A couple of toasts, his moment to thank them all, basking in the applause and waving goodbye as he walked out the door.

He got nothing. And why should he? He was, after all, just a paperboy.

Back in the day, in an era that no longer exists, a paper route was a kid's entree into the work world. Maybe a buddy had a route. So, a boy would promise his parents he'd be responsible. He'd show up at the district paper station, get a bag and start the next day.

When I was in the seventh grade, I delivered the Oregon Journal, Portland's afternoon newspaper. At the time, the paper was how adults learned what had happened during the day. The paper folded in 1982, the assets being taken over by The Oregonian.

My parents subscribed to both papers, and I was seduced by a recurring Journal ad saying they were looking for paperboys. A boy who sold enough subscriptions could win an all-expenses-paid trip to Disneyland. The earning potential, at least the way the ad promised, would allow me to eventually buy a mini-bike. I got a route that took me, on my bike, into southwest Portland neighborhoods. Selling was tough. I got bit by a dog. Too many customers stiffed me when I came to collect.



After 52 years of delivering The Oregonian, Conley Vaughan, now 81, is adjusting to retirement.

After eight months, I quit. Vaughan worked his route for 52 years.

He delivered The Oregonian, seven days a week, from Astoria to Seaside. The circulation department at The Oregonian couldn't find a record of any newspaper carrier in company history who had a tenure matching Vaughan's. "People get their news on the computer," said Mark Larson, Vaughan's supervisor and The Oregonian dealer in Astoria. "Once, papers were a big deal. We used to deliver 4,000 papers here. Now we're down to maybe 250."

Even the term paperboy no longer applies the way it once did. Men and women, not grade school kids, deliver the paper these days. No one uses a bike. They have to have a car and proof of insurance. The official job description is "news-paper carrier," which makes no sense to Vaughan, who, even up to the last day on the job, always called himself a paperboy.

Vaughan grew up in Gearhart, graduated from Seaside High School and married at 21. By the time he was 28, he and his wife had three kids. He worked in a Seaside grocery running the cash register and stocking shelves. The sole supporter of the family, he was always looking to make extra money. One day the man who delivered The Oregonian got to talking with Vaughn in the grocery. He said he was leaving the area and his route would be open.

Vaughan took it over. He later left the store and



TOM HALLMAN JR.

worked at a local plywood mill. He divorced and remarried — he and his current wife have been together for 43 years and had two children. He now has eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

The only constant in his life was the paper route, which he gave up in 2019, a few weeks before Christmas Day.

"When his route ended," said his daughter, Susan Vaughan, "something in my father died."

As the one-year anniversary of his retirement approaches, Vaughan is learning to adapt to his new life.

"Sometimes I wake up at 3 in the morning and almost jump out of bed thinking it's time for the route," he said. "Then I remember. People might not understand, but I'm a little down every morning. The afternoon, I'm back to normal, but those mornings are tough." Susan Vaughan remembers tagging along with him in the summer and riding with him in his car.

"People would literally be looking out the window," she said. "They were watching for my father."

They were waiting for the paperboy.

Vaughan always enjoyed a good car. Over the years he had family station wagons, as well as some high end cars, a Chevrolet Corvette and a vintage Plymouth Road Runner.

And then he had The Route cars.

"As a teenager I was horrified of those cars," said Susan Vaughan. "They were

all old beat-up cars. All my dad cared about was they got good mileage. He took out the passenger seat to stack his papers on the floor."

The Route — it deserves to be capitalized — was a character in the family.

Vaughan wasn't interested in traveling, taking a vacation or going anywhere that would make him miss delivering the paper. Once, he was in his route car delivering papers when his car was struck by a drunk driver.

"It happened on a Friday," said his daughter. "His face was black and blue, and he had a concussion."

He told his family he was going to deliver the Saturday paper.

"We argued with him," said his daughter. "But he was adamant he was going. We finally agreed on the condition I would drive him."

Vaughan picked her father up at his home. Before getting the Saturday paper, he said he had to make a stop.

"He had me go to the impound lot where his route car had been towed," she said. "The car was full of Friday papers. He hauled them out of his wrecked car and put them in mine. He told me he was going to take the Friday and Saturday papers to his customers. I thought he was insane."

They were delayed and customers, wondering why the paper was late, were waiting, irritated that they'd missed their Friday paper. Then they saw Vaughan's battered face. He told them what had happened. He handed them two papers.

That was his job. He was, after all, a paperboy.

Vaughan is a relic, an anachronism.

Maybe — in this fast-paced, digital-first, keyword, search engine, website, click, get it on your smart phone world — that's where we're all headed, no matter where we work, what we do or where we live.

A man of habit, Vaughan is up about 6 a.m. The paper has been left at his front door of his house in Gearhart.

He reads it while having his breakfast.

"Without the paper," he said, "it would be a wasted day for me."

Tom Hallman Jr. is a senior reporter at The Oregonian.