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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN



Other than to go to physical therapy in Astoria twice a week, I've pretty much been housebound for many months," Long Beach Peninsula resident **Jan Bono** wrote. "Recently, however, I really needed to run a few errands while I was across the river. 'A few' errands quickly turned into almost a dozen.

"I masked up, and got in and out of most stores in under five minutes — one thing here, one thing there. Run in, run out. No time to dilly-dally.

"I was running out of steam when I got to Goodwill, but I quickly found a pair of slacks and a couple of poster frames and hustled through the checkout.

"But when I opened my purse for my wallet — it wasn't there! I had enough cash in my pocket to pay for my items, got outside, and nearly tore my car apart. Still **no wallet**.

"My heart started jack-hammering in my chest. My driver's license, credit and debit cards, Medicare cards, AARP and even my Costco card — suddenly gone.

"I went back to the previous store, where I'd bought just one item. 'Did anyone find a wallet in the last hour?' I tentatively asked one of the workers stocking the shelves. 'What does it look like?' he asked. 'You mean someone actually turned in a wallet today?' I replied.

"Long story short — a huge **thank you** to the person who found my wallet in the parking lot in front of the Dollar Tree in Warrenton, and immediately took it inside to turn it in. May the continuous joy of good karma make your blessings too numerous to count for years to come."

"You are one fine, upstanding citizen," Jan added. "Thank you. Thank you. I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am!"

THE SWEETEST THOUGHT



Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of moments that take our breath away."

"That's what happened when I was driving down Broadway in Seaside in front of the **Sunset Pool**," **Mary Blake** wrote. "On their **reader board**, a beautiful send-off for my mother, **Marion Blake**."

Mary's "mudder," whom she affectionately referred to as "a force of nature," died at age 102 on Feb. 6. The reader board says: "Marion Blake, 1918 — 2021; 'Of all the stars in the sky ...; You shine the brightest.'" You can see the tribute in action at bit.ly/BlakeSign

"It took my breath away," Mary recalled, "filled my eyes with tears of joy, and gave me the sweetest thought and memory that she is one of the brightest stars out there. That's who she was, and will remain, shining her bright light."

SITTING PRETTY



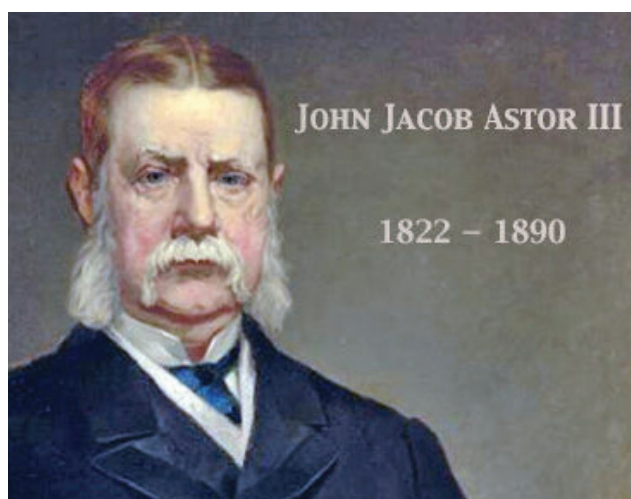
Fascinated by eagles? You're in luck.

The **Decorah North Bald Eagle Cam** in Iowa is up and running to give you (literally) a bird's eye view of a pair of nesting eagles, thanks to the Raptor Resource Project, at bit.ly/DecorahN

So far, the eagles are waiting for two eggs to hatch. During the incubation, the parents take turns; when one stays on the 7-foot nest, the other one hunts. A screenshot of one parent is shown.

The second egg was laid on Feb. 19. Incubation takes about 35 days, and you can drop in on them any time — but you might especially want to watch in late March, when the eaglets are expected to hatch.

COLDLY CONTEMPTUOUS



Grim rerun: Financier **John Jacob Astor III**, 67, grandson of Astoria's founder, died Feb. 22, 1890, in New York, of heart failure. It's estimated he was worth around \$200 million (about \$5 billion). An unpleasant tidbit about him appeared in the **Feb. 23, 1890**, edition of **The Daily Morning Astorian**:

"The death of the hundred-millionaire, John Jacob Astor, in New York yesterday, recalls to the writer's mind the fact that several years ago a distinguished Astoria clergyman, on a visit to New York, called upon the millionaire, told him of the city by the sea founded by his grandfather of precisely the same name as himself, and suggested (he) fund or endow an institution of learning in the city that will perpetuate the name and fame of the Astors when their scattered millions will have been forgotten."

It would not be untoward for the minister to ask, as Astor and his wife, Charlotte, were well-known philanthropists in New York. Huge sums and works of art were given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Trinity Church, Astor Library (money and land), New York Cancer Hospital, Woman's Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital and the Children's Aid Society. However, Astor's interest in far-off Astoria, namesake or not, was negligible.

"The millionaire looked coldly contemptuous at the reverend gentleman when he had concluded his kindly plea," the *Astorian* article continued, "and told him he would give him an order on his cashier for \$100 (about \$2,700 now)."

The minister declined the "princely offer," and quickly bowed himself out.

"The millionaire lies dead in his marble palace this morning," the story concluded, "and his millions lie idly in the massive vaults, as cold as the clay that so lately clung to them." (*In One Ear*, 2/23/18)

THAT CRAG



The story, "**Life on That Crag in a Storm**," in the **Feb. 18, 1888** edition of **The Daily Astorian**, tells of **J. M. Flynn's** harrowing experience in the **Tillamook Rock Lighthouse**. He relayed the tale to the editor via a passing tug:

"We had quite a picnic here last Sunday ... The ball began in the southeast about 4 p.m. on the 11th, increasing in fury and wearing to southwest; about 10 a.m. of the 12th, the seas commenced breaking over house and tower.

"At 2 p.m., two chimney tops were washed away; 2:30 p.m., wash tanks washed adrift from lashings, chimney and top of kitchen washed down, one upper pane of glass in lantern stove in; 5:30 p.m., another upper and one middle pane stove in; 6 p.m., another upper pane was stove in, making four in all.

"The panes were replaced with wooden covers as soon as possible, which was dangerous work; in fact, we thought at one time we would have to give up trying, the seas came so fast.

"I think more water came down the tower than during the other storm, and certainly the seas struck the rock harder. There has been so much of the rock washed off the southwest part that the building is not so much protected from the seas.

"Between 8 and 9 p.m. the storm commenced to abate, but the seas came over until 4 a.m. of the 13th. It was impossible to light the (lighthouse) lamp ... but two lanterns were hung in the tower, one north and one south. The lamp was lighted last night at sunset time.

"About 2 this p.m. we noticed ... the tug **Escort No. 2**, the captain of which, on being hailed, very kindly changed his course and came close to and took my message."

Original image is courtesy of Oregon Public Broadcasting (bit.ly/Tillystorm)

TURTLE TALE



So many times we hear of a sad end for a sea turtle who gets stunned in winter water that is too cold for them, and winds up stranded on an Oregon beach. Despite efforts to save them, most do not survive. Happily, this is *not* one of those stories.

Early this month, the **Oregon Coast Aquarium** (aquarium.org) got a call about a loggerhead turtle stranded near Lincoln City. The **Oregon Marine Mammal Stranding Network** (mmi.oregonstate.edu/ommsn) — which thankfully doesn't care that turtles aren't mammals — retrieved the turtle and brought her to the aquarium, which provided the photos shown.

The young loggerhead's temperature was 50 degrees; normal is 75 degrees. To avoid shocking her, her temperature could only be raised about 5 degrees a day. This was accomplished by putting her into increasingly warm water baths, accompanied by constant monitoring.

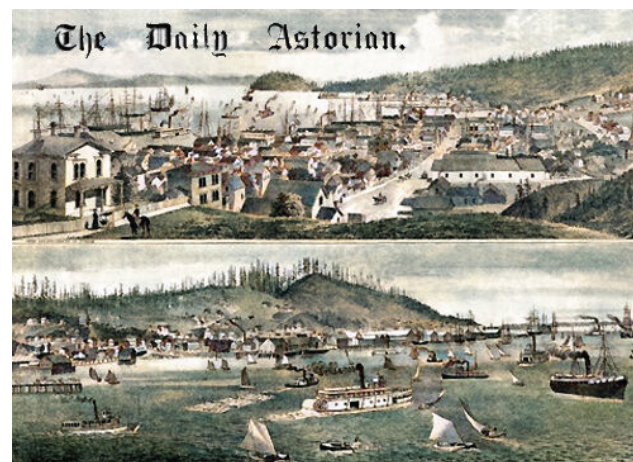
She steadily improved as she got warmer, and started eating. Triage: Successful. But, for long-term care and rehabilitation, she would have to be moved to **SeaWorld** in San Diego (seaworld.com/san-diego).

But how to get her there? A nonprofit organization called **Turtles Fly Too** (turtlesflytoo.org) did the honors. Strapped into her very own stretcher and crated, she flew off to her new adventure. She adapted quickly at SeaWorld, and is doing well. When she is ready, she will be released.

Courtney Pace of the aquarium noted that "the reintroduction of even one turtle is enough to impact the overall population."

Which is good news, indeed.

AROUND TOWN



From **The Daily Astorian**, **Feb. 25, 1879**:

• A subscriber asks: "Where will you find a coal mine to develop, near Astoria?"

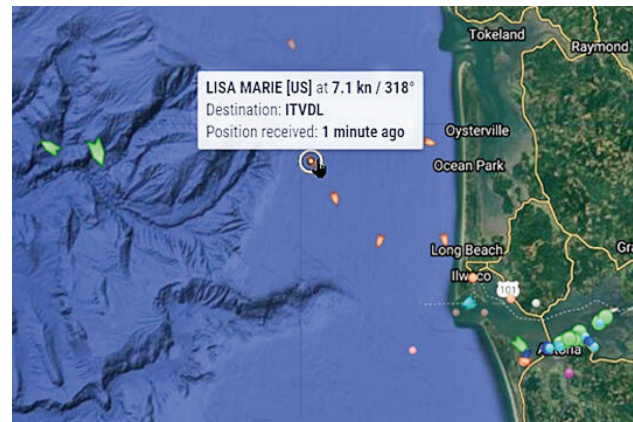
We reply at Oak Point, Columbia City, and in the vicinity of Knappa ... We have not seen either one of the mines, but Hon. Geo. Abernathy, Dr. Caples, Capt. Geo. W. Woods and others have.

Note: The notables mentioned who claimed to see coal mines may have been in their cups at the time. There have been, and are, several mines in Clatsop County, most of which produce stone, sand, gravel, clay, some minerals and a little titanium.

But the U.S. Geological Survey notes that the county has only "a few thin coal beds." Coal mines? Not likely. (bit.ly/ClatMines1, bit.ly/ClatMines2)

• A man fell overboard from the boom at **Hume's mill** yesterday, but by lustily yelling, saved himself; as he raised the lown, and the town raised him.

WHERE ARE THEY?



Now that **crabbing season** is upon us, fishermen will be out on the water catching as much Dungeness as they can. Ever wonder **where they are fishing**, exactly? Or where any type of fishing vessel is, for that matter? Wonder no more.

You can track the ones who have Automatic Identification System transponders aboard via the MarineTraffic.com map at tinyurl.com/where-boat

The larger icons on the live map are the container ships, etc., that ply our waters. The fishing boats are the smaller orange icons. Just hover over one of them, and it will tell you the boat's name; click on it, and a few more details are available. The screenshot shown was taken around noon Monday.

Too bad it can't tell you how much they've caught.