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ewilson@dailyastorian.com
(971) 704-1718

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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

FOOL ME ONCE



Since today is **April Fools’ Day**, some delving into how this peculiar holiday came to be is in order.

Some think the holiday likely evolved from the traditional Roman **Hilaria festival** on March 25 celebrating the arrival of the vernal (spring) equinox, which occurs on March 20 or March 21.

Other historians think April Fools’ Day began in 1582, when France switched from the Julian calendar to the **Gregorian calendar**, meaning that Jan. 1 became the new yearly start date.

Those who didn’t get the news celebrated the new year during the last week of March through April 1 as usual, and were on the receiving end of many pranks as a result. One was to put a paper fish on someone’s back, signifying the wearer was a **“poisson d’avril”** (April fish), i.e. childishly gullible.

No matter where the tradition started, April Fool’s Day has been around for hundreds of years. For example, on April Fools’ Day in 1698, one grand prank encouraged a horde of citizens to converge upon the **Tower of London** to watch the “washing of the lions,” an imaginary event.

As early as 1708, a letter to a British magazine asked: “Whence proceeds the custom of making April Fools?” The answer then is the same as now: No one really knows. (bit.ly/foolish1, bit.ly/foolish2)

A LEGACY OF LARD



Fun rerun: The wreck of the 343-foot Russian cargo ship **Vaslav Vorovsky** on April 3, 1941, occurred when the ship’s steering mechanism jammed while out-bound on the Columbia River Bar. She ran hard aground on Peacock Spit, not far from Cape Disappointment on the Washington state coast.

No lives were lost, and the 37-man crew was rescued. **Capt. J. Tokareff** insisted on staying aboard, but wisely skedaddled after 24 hours. The ship quickly broke up and disgorged some machinery and tools and her legacy, thousands of cases of lard that washed ashore.

“One local, **Harry Smith**, remembers working around the clock with a group of friends to transport and store around 2,000 cases of lard,” according to FluxStories.com,”which they later sold to an Astoria bakery for \$4 (about \$71 now) a case.

“To this day, a number of Long Beach Peninsula locals have memories of eating pies and pastries made with shortening from the doomed Vaslav Vorovsky.” (bit.ly/vaslov1, bit.ly/vaslov2) (*In One Ear*, 3/29/19).

IT’S SUPER-ELK!



Fun rerun: Well, a local Facebook post has popped up in, of all places, the news on **KSL** in **Salt Lake City**, and the newscaster thought it was a hoot.

R.J. Marx of Gearhart, editor of the Seaside Signal, posted a **video clip** of a **bull elk** playing with a blue tarp in his yard. The tarp got stuck on an antler, and the elk took off at a gallop, looking like he had a superhero cape streaming behind him. A screenshot from R.J.’s clip is shown.

Don’t worry about Super-Elk.

“He managed to extricate himself just a few houses up the street,” R.J.’s wife, **Eve**, wrote. “I retrieved the tarp. They were all grazing peacefully 10 minutes later up on the golf course.” (*In One Ear*, 4/7/2017)

BAYOCEAN BATTLE



Bayocean Spit sits between **Tillamook Bay** and the Ocean. The town of Bayocean was first developed by **Thomas Potter** on the ocean side of the spit as a resort city in the early 1900s.

He hoped to make it the Atlantic City of the West, attracting buyers with platted streets, a natatorium and a hotel. Pictured, inset, world champion Australian swimmer **Richmond Cavill** at Bayocean, courtesy of the Oregon Historical Society.

The trouble began when jetties on the north and south sides of the Tillamook Bay entry were recommended. There was little support for the south jetty, so only the north one, at **Barview**, was completed in 1917, changing the ocean’s currents. By the 1930s, the erosion at Bayocean had caused the natatorium and several houses to fall into the ocean. In 1952, after a bad storm, the spit became an island.

It wasn’t until 1971, when the south jetty was completed, that the sand came back to Bayocean, decades too late for the town that was once there. Currently, the spit is much the same as it was when Potter first saw it.

Which brings us to Bayocean’s latest issue: The threat of **development** by **Dale Bernards**. In 2008, he bought a sizeable chunk of bayside property on the spit and has, over the years, been working on a way to obtain permission from the Tillamook County Board of Commissioners to develop his land.

In 2014, he formed **Bay Ocean LLC** and applied to the commission to build an “ecotourism destination” called **Bayocean Park Resort**, with glamping (fancy camping), horse and bike trails, gardens, a wildlife preserve and a marine research facility. The commission turned him down in 2015; the zoning didn’t match his plans, which were a little sketchy, plus there’s no water or sanitation infrastructure on the spit.

Undaunted, Bernards and Bay Ocean LLC appealed the decision. Now, finally, on March 11, the Cape Meares Fencepost reports that the commission voted 6 to 0 to deny his appeal to develop Bayocean Spit. Which means, even though he owns private property there, it is restricted to low impact recreational use only.

So ... Bayocean is safe from development. For now, anyway. (bit.ly/OCAbayocean, bit.ly/THHbayocean, bay-ocean.net)

A SENSE OF GRATITUDE



Astorian **Bill Sutton** emailed the Ear with news that a world-class violist **Richard O’Neill** (richard-oneill.com), son of Bill’s life partner, **Colleen O’Neill** (pictured, inset), won a **Grammy** from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for his performance of **Christopher Theofanidis’ Concerto for Viola and Chamber Orchestra**. He has been nominated twice before, and is the second musician to receive an award for a viola performance in the history of the **Best Classical Instrumental Solo** category.

The Peninsula Daily News reported that Richard grew up in Sequim, Washington, where he learned to play the viola. He later performed with the Port Angeles Symphony, then went on to the Juilliard School in New York City after the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks. The concerto Richard won the Grammy for performing is Theofanidis’ musical response to the events of Sept. 11.

Richard has the played the viola all over the world with many internationally known philharmonic orchestras. He performs with two rare instruments: one, made by **Matteo Goffriller**, of Venice, in 1727, and the other, by **Gasparo da Salò**, who was one of the earliest violin makers.

Richard, now 42, lives in Boulder, Colorado, where he is the newest member of the University of Colorado Boulder College of Music’s string faculty. The Grammy Awards was a virtual event this year, but he took the disappointment with aplomb.

“While I missed the pomp and circumstance of the red carpet,” Richard noted in a Colorado.edu news article, “there is an amazing comfort to going into your own music room and greeting the world from your laptop.”

When his name was called, he said “it was hard for me to contain my overwhelming sense of gratitude.” His acceptance speech reflected that emotion, as he thanked his fellow musicians as well as adding that “eternal thanks goes to my family.”

How did Richard commemorate the occasion? There were 2 feet of snow on his neighborhood’s sidewalks, so he celebrated by going outside and shoveling with his neighbors.

BIRD BITS



Two tidbits for avian admirers:

- The baby **chicks are hatching**, livestreamed from their three incubators since March 26, courtesy of the **Oregon State University Extension Service** at bit.ly/OSUhatch. The cameras are staying on until 5 p.m. Friday. A screenshot is shown, inset.
- Since the 2014 launch, the annual livestream has been watched by more than 80,000 people worldwide. In case you’re wondering, the eggs are provided by assorted laying hens owned by local small farmers in Clatsop County.
- So what happens to the chicks? They “are well taken care of,” said **Jared Delay**, 4-H program assistant in Clatsop County. “After the chicks get big enough, they’ll be rehomed so that local 4-H youth continue learning about raising chickens, egg production and showmanship.”
- And, also on the subject of hatching eggs, the mated pair of **bald eagles in Decorah, Iowa**, had two eggs in their nest, both which have hatched into ravenously hungry little eaglets.

Thankfully, the **Raptor Resource Project** has a webcam perched in a position that gives a literal bird’s eye view of the nesting family’s activities at bit.ly/DecorahN (a screenshot is shown), so the eagles’ legion of fans can observe the goings-on and comment.

GOT DAFFODILS?



Kathleen Teeple is a member of the **Pioneer Presbyterian Church** on Clatsop Plains in Warrenton. It’s the church where, every spring since the early 1940s, the members create a 40-foot **daffodil cross** on the church’s front lawn, a bright yellow eye-catcher from U.S. Highway 101.

Sadly, “we don’t have enough daffodils this year,” Kathleen told the Ear. She hopes that anyone who has daffodils to spare will please bring them to the church at 33324 Patriot Way at 9 a.m. on Saturday, when they plan to build this year’s cross.

“I feel it’s community thing,” Kathleen explained. “The community looks forward to it, and this year our daffodil crop didn’t produce enough flowers.”

“So, if the public would contribute daffodils, we can continue with this tradition the people of this county have grown to love. We hope the community will rally.”

DON'T TOUCH



Spring is in the air and **harbor seal pups** are about to start popping up along the Pacific Northwest coast,” wrote **Tiffany Boothe** of the **Seaside Aquarium**. Her photo of a seal pup is shown.

“These young animals use time on land to regulate body temperature and rest while their mothers hunt nearby. However, the mother may not return if humans are too close.” Please, first of all, to help seal pups survive, give them **plenty of space, observe from a distance and do not touch**.

Next, contact the Seaside Aquarium, which is the local responder for the **Marine Mammal Stranding Network**, at 503-738-6211.

On the bright side, Tiffany noted that “most of the time the (beached pup) is healthy, and in need of a rest, before it rejoins with its mother or re-enters the water.”