

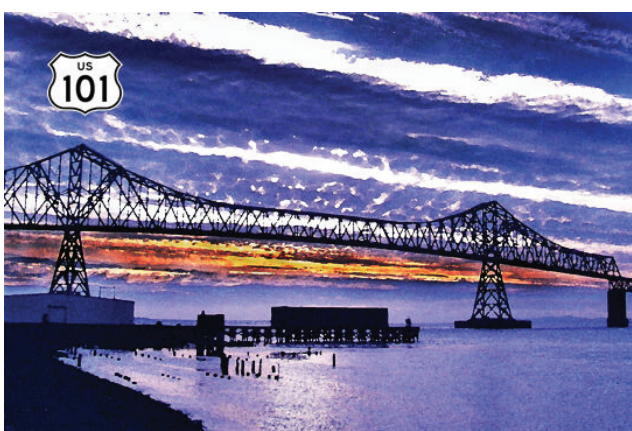
CONTACT US  
ewilson@dailyastorian.com  
(971) 704-1718

# COMMUNITY

FOLLOW US  
facebook.com/  
DailyAstorian

IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

## END TO END



Referring to a story about the Astoria ferry **Chessman**, **Rwayne Mitts** called wanting to know about the history of U.S. Highway 101 and its connection to the **Astoria Bridge** (which, by the way, put the Astoria ferries like the Chessman out of business). The easiest answer: It's complicated.

The original U.S. Highway 101 was a route in California. But then the powers that be decided to have the highway run continuously from the Mexican border to the Canadian border.

U.S. Highway 101 is now actually a patchwork of several infrastructure initiatives linking local highways together to become one long route. In fact, on several sections of Highway 101, you can see signs posted with the original name of that particular stretch of road.

Highway 101 used to begin in San Ysidro, California, on the Mexican border, but the section from San Ysidro to Los Angeles was decommissioned in 1966. Now it starts in Los Angeles and ends in Tumwater, Washington.

Also in 1966, the 4.1-mile Astoria Bridge across the Columbia River opened. Designated as being part of Highway 101, the bridge became the link to Washington state and points north.

In fact, the bridge, which was built cooperatively by the Oregon and Washington departments of transportation, completed the final segment of Highway 101 between Los Angeles and Olympia, Washington. And now you know. ([bit.ly/101bridge1](http://bit.ly/101bridge1), [usends.com/101.html](http://usends.com/101.html))

## THE JURY'S OUT



On March 31, **Coreen Mitchell** and her husband were walking along **Gearhart** beach when they discovered a 6-foot **broadnose sevengill shark**," **Tiffany Boothe** of the **Seaside Aquarium** wrote. Her photo is shown. "The shark was dead before washing in and had what looked to be bites from another shark.

"Like their name suggests, the broadnose sevengill shark is unique in that it has seven gills, while most species of sharks have five gills ... They can be found off the eastern and western Pacific, Argentina and South Africa in estuaries, bays and at ocean depths from near shore to 400 feet.

"Broadnose sevengill sharks are one of 17 species of sharks that can be found off the Oregon Coast. While they are known for their aggressive behavior when feeding, and the fact that they can get quite large — nearly 10 feet and weighing up to 400 pounds — there has never been an attack on a human in Oregon.

"Worldwide, they have only been responsible for five attacks on humans since the 17th century, and none were fatal," Tiffany added. "Though the jury is still out on that one, since human remains have been found in the stomachs of some sevengills."

## BRAZEN RAVENS



Some folks in Alaska have a pesky problem: **Robber Ravens**, according to the Anchorage Daily News. The Costco customers in that fair city have to keep a keen eye out while on their way from the store to their cars, as the parking lot has become a low-fly zone for robber baron birds.

One resident dropped a package of steaks before he reached the car. He retrieved it, but not fast enough, apparently. When he opened the package at home, one steak was missing.

Another lady was putting her child into her car seat after shopping. A raven whisked by and swiped a whole package of ribs.

Apparently the birds also have a fondness for fruit. Two ravens teamed up and pestered Tamara Josey, trying to snatch some small melons from her cart. "They are very dedicated to their mission," she noted.

Since ravens learn from other birds, let's just hope those Anchorage rascals don't visit any pals on the North Coast.

## EVENTFUL VOYAGE

Did you know **April 12** is significant in Astoria's history? When **John Jacob Astor** decided to establish an outpost at the mouth of the Columbia River, he sent out one group by land and one by sea.

The **Tonquin**, captained by **Jonathan Thorn**, set sail Sept. 8, 1810, with a crew of 21 and 33 passengers. After an "uneventful voyage" rounding Cape Horn, the Tonquin arrived at the mouth of the Columbia, in a howling storm, on March 22, 1811.

Capt. Thorn "now exhibited his real character as a heartless wretch and unmitigated brute," one account recalls. He ordered his first mate, **Fox** (whom he disliked), and a small crew to get into a leaking boat during the storm to make depth soundings of the Columbia bar.

Fox plead for their lives to no avail; they set out in the boat and were never seen again. Two others were lost in similar attempts.

On March 24, 1811, the ship drifted over the bar into Baker Bay. A party was sent out to find a good spot to build on, but after five days ashore, no one could agree on a location.

Fur traders **Duncan McDougal** and **David Stuart** wanted to try the south side of the river. Thorn objected, calling it a "sporting excursion."

The traders left anyway, and their boat capsized in a squall. Luckily, **Chinook** tribal members rescued the dauntless duo, who went on to find the perfect spot for the post/fort at **Point George**.

And so, on April 12, 1811, thanks to McDougal and Stuart, 12 men from the Tonquin landed at Point George and started building the fort that eventually became Astoria. And that's why April 12 is so important — it's Astoria's birthday. ([tinyurl.com/tonquin1](http://tinyurl.com/tonquin1))



## DOING GOOD THINGS

"Went for a ride on the river beach yesterday," **Scott Ames** posted on Facebook on April 3. In case you don't know, the location is known locally as **Social Security Beach**, and is at the end of Jetty Road in Fort Stevens State Park in Hammond.

"At the approach, a **couple from Florida** were in a bit of a bad situation," Scott recalled. "They were **badly stuck**, and the tide was coming in. Fortunately for them, I have friends who make good things happen.

"I contacted my buddy, **Jay Pitman**, who's with the Clatsop County Sons Of Beaches 4x4 Club. Jay called **Brad Moore**, who has an amazing array of straps and shackles, as well as a totally badass Dodge Ram, and was on the scene in mere minutes.

"Even with all the gear at his disposal, I was doubtful Brad would be successful, but he knew what to do and literally saved the day."

"My club has a division I've named the S.O.B. Shore Patrol Search and Rescue, Recovery Transport," Jay explained. He's the original founder and commander of the Sons of Beaches, which is dedicated to "building better bridges and trails within our communities and counties for tomorrow's children."

The Shore Patrol is "a group of volunteers who, at given a moment's notice, will make the efforts to assist those in need," Jay explained.

The group's rescues of cars stuck on local and Long Beach Peninsula beaches are legendary. Saturday's efforts produced yet one more success story.

"It's a pleasure," Jay posted, "to be able to give back to our community and those in need of assistance."

"It's good to have friends!" Scott added. "Thanks Sons of Beaches! You do good things."



## PATENTLY AWFUL



An advertisement for **Boschee's German Syrup** in **The Daily Astorian** on **April 8, 1887**, warranted a closer look: "Astonishing success ... in curing consumption (tuberculosis), severe coughs, croup, asthma, pneumonia and in fact all throat and lung diseases ... Three doses will relieve any case ..."

A publication called **Paper Trail** offered some background on this patent medicine and its purveyor, **Dr. G. G. Green**, who advertised his "medicines" and wealth in a "brag book" he sent to "the trade for the entertainment of their patrons" in 1889.

Obviously the product was lucrative for the good Dr. Green, as the photos in the book showed his ornate and opulent living room (shown), and his mansion and 11-acre grounds, which included the company laboratory and glass house (to make the glass bottles for his products) in Woodbury, New Jersey. Oh, and he had his own private and elegant railroad car, too, made by the Pullman Co.

Anyway, it's not surprising that people who took this syrup felt "cured," no matter what the affliction, and made Dr. Green's life of grandeur possible: Boschee's syrup's main ingredient was laudanum, a tincture of opium. ([bit.ly/Boschees1](http://bit.ly/Boschees1), [bit.ly/Boschees2](http://bit.ly/Boschees2))

## INTO THE DEEP



A World War II U.S. Navy destroyer, the 377-foot **USS Johnston**, sunk off of Samar Island in the **Philippine Sea** on Oct. 25, 1944, and settled in at 21,181 feet deep (about 4 miles). It is the **world's deepest known shipwreck**, *The Straits Times* reports; only 141 of the ship's 327 crew survived.

The ship's location was actually discovered in 2019 but the expedition group's remotely-operated vehicle did not have the ability to reach it. But Texas-based undersea technology company Caladan Oceanic was capable of getting there, and the ship was surveyed and photographed during two 8-hour dives by a crew in a submersible — thereby making history as the deepest wreck dives. One of their photos is shown, courtesy of AFP/Caladan Oceanic.

The damage incurred during the battle was visible on the wreck. "(The destroyer) took fire from the largest warship ever constructed — the Imperial Japanese Navy battleship **Yamato**," team member **Parks Stephenson** said, "and ferociously fought back." Rest in peace.

## TOURIST ATTRACTION?



**Fun rerun:** **Linda Fenton-Mendenhall**, of Warren-ton, recently posted the photo shown of a totally **wrecked car** on Facebook, and caused quite a stir. She found it this week, near the **South Jetty** viewing tower. You can see the jetty in the background.

So where did it come from and how did it get there? Is it tsunami debris? Possibly, as that particular stretch of beach gets quite a bit of flotsam from the 2011 Japanese disaster. Or, has it been there for who knows how long, buried in the sand, and is just now popping back up again?

It looks like a mangled mess but apparently some identifiable traits are still visible.

"My husband works in the automotive field and thinks it is a smaller car or truck from the 1960s," Linda said.

So the question must be asked: Is anyone missing a car?

In the meantime, there it sits. "We could name it **The Peter Cardale**," she quipped. (*In One Ear*, 2/26/2016)