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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

BALAKLAVA'S MISFORTUNE



The *Daily Astorian*, in the June 10, 1888, edition, noted the “long and stormy voyage” of the British bark *Balaklava*, which finally entered Astoria after a grueling 439-day voyage.

Captain Palmer set sail from London on March 25, 1887. The trouble began after they rounded Cape Horn on July 29, when they were caught in a cyclone off the coast of Chile.

The ship was dismasted, 10 of the crew members were washed overboard and lost, and the captain broke his leg — which was set by the steward, who created splints from wooden barrel slats.

Meanwhile, the deck was covered in debris, which was tossed overboard, along with most of the cargo, “to relieve the ship.” New masts were juryrigged and the *Balaklava* headed for Ancud, Chile, arriving Sept. 12.

On Jan. 6, 1888, she was towed to Valparaiso, Chile. Once repairs were completed, and a new crew hired on, *Balaklava* sailed for San Francisco on March 23, nearly a year after leaving London.

But the misfortunes continued, as she was hounded by storms. Just before she entered the Golden Gate, two more crew members were lost at sea.

When the *Balaklava* arrived in Astoria, the captain and the second mate were the only remaining members of the original crew.

Sadly, their luck didn't improve on arrival, either, since their last port, Valparaiso, had been declared “infected,” which forced the captain and crew to stay aboard to “remain in quarantine for the time being.”

Hopefully, they all lived happily ever after.

BARNACLE BILL



An elephant seal, dubbed *Barnacle Bill*, became quite popular when he decided to haul out on multiple northern Oregon beaches over Memorial Day weekend,” Tiffany Boothe of the *Seaside Aquarium* reported, “filling both visitors and locals with concern for his well-being.” Her photo of Bill is shown.

He first showed up on *Falcon Cove* beach on May 17, acting lively, but looking awful from molting. “The salt water irritates their open wounds, and they have a hard time regulating their body temperature,” Tiffany explained. “Being out of the water allows them to warm up and get some well-needed rest.

“During this process large hunks of skin will often come off along with the old fur. This can create large sores and open wounds but it is a natural process.”

Bill's nickname comes from the patches of pelagic gooseneck barnacles growing on his back and flippers.

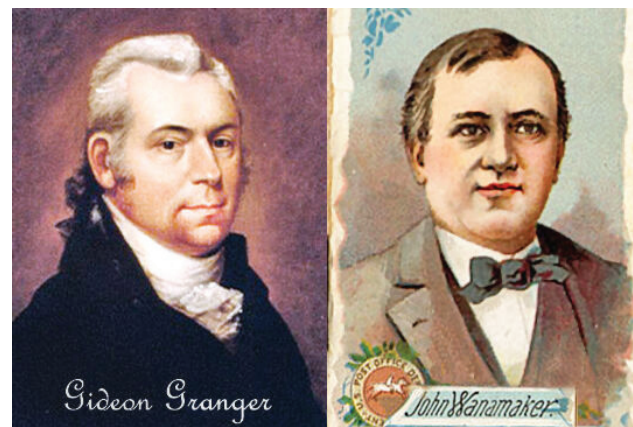
Next stop, *Arch Cape* for a few days, then a few more on *Nedonna Beach*, before moving to *Cannon Beach* to lounge in front of *Haystack Rock* on Memorial Day weekend.

“Staff from the Haystack Rock Awareness Program did a wonderful job watching over him,” Tiffany said, “making sure people and dogs did not disturb his peace.”

He completed his coastal tour in *Manzanita*, where it was obvious he was starting to heal. On June 1, he bade farewell to the North Coast.

“Over the two weeks that he visited, we received a lot of calls from concerned citizens,” Tiffany added, “and with the help of state parks and the *Haystack Rock Awareness Program*, we were able to educate people about the natural process of molting ... We are so thankful for all our partners and this wonderful community.”

SOMETIMES ON SUNDAYS



The *Daily Morning Astorian*, on June 11, 1889, reported that *Postmaster General John Wanamaker* (1838-1922) sent a letter to postmasters of 100 of the largest post offices to find out “the relative importance of mails on Sunday.”

Early on, the individual post offices decided for themselves if they wanted to be open on Sundays or not. The controversy started in 1809 in Washington, Pennsylvania, when the postmaster opened on Sundays so people who only came into town to attend church could get their mail.

His church disapproved of him breaking the Sabbath by working, and expelled him, starting a skirmish between the post office and the churches.

In 1810, *Postmaster General Gideon Granger* (1767-1822) persuaded Congress to pass the *Postal Service Act* which, among other things, kept post offices open, and mail moving, seven days a week. His concerns were strictly finance-centered.

The wrangling went on for years. The Sabbath and post office dilemma became essentially moot when the telegraph was invented in the 1840s, and business information could be sent and received faster by wire than by mail.

By the 1850s, most mail wasn't moving on Sundays anymore, but several post offices were still open, sorting mail, selling stamps, etc. ... Hence Wanamaker's request to find out if staying open on Sundays was still a financially worthwhile endeavor. (bit.ly/SunMail)

LOCAL BREVITIES



Tidbits from *The Daily Morning Astorian*, June 11, 1889:

• Many years ago a British vessel called the *Scranton* was wrecked on *Sand Island*. Her hull has now come to the surface, and some of the men employed there are burning the old timbers.

Note: The W. B. *Scranton*, helmed by *Capt. Paul Corno*, was driven into the sand on May 5, 1866. Cape Disappointment's lighthouse keeper *Capt. J.W. Munson* and his men rescued all aboard.

Corno was also captain of and one of the few survivors of the ship *Industry*, which also wrecked on the Columbia River Bar in 1865.

• Pacific County, Washington Territory, is going to build a bridge across the *Chinook River*.

Notes: At the time there was no road connection between Chinook and Ilwaco, only water access, even though Chinook was the home of the county's first court and salmon cannery. The bridge was completed in 1891.

A narrow gauge railroad from the former town of Megler (just east of Chinook) to Ilwaco, was built later but dismantled in 1931. (bit.ly/WBScranton, bit.ly/CnookBridge)

PIRATES AT BAY



Maritime Rerun: Some enterprising Philippine-flagged cargo ship crew members took a more medieval approach to weaponry while fending off an attack by pirates in the Celebes Sea, gCaptain reports: They threw boiling water and oil on the armed attackers when they attempted to board the ship.

Yes, it worked. The pirates opened fire (but didn't hurt anyone) and sensibly beat a hasty retreat. The Philippine Coast Guard responded to the incident and treated one man who had cut his hand. The photo, taken shortly after the attack, is courtesy of Western Mindanao Command.

The ship with the clever crew, by the way, was aptly named: *MV Kudus*. (*In One Ear*, 2/23/2018)



FREDDIE'S PREDICAMENT

Carea Kuhn has four hanging flower pots on her porch, which looks out on her heirloom English garden in Long Beach, Washington.

About three weeks ago, “two days in a row, as I watered, a frantic junco bird flew out of one of the baskets. I looked in and the most perfect nest was nestled inside with little speckled white eggs. Nine days later, they hatched ...

“The parents put up with us sitting on our porch and created a perfect ledge inside the basket beside the nest to feed them. They worked together, reassuring each other by making clicking sounds as they coordinated their efforts ...

“Freddie was smallest and our obvious favorite. He was a bit slow and it endeared him to us. At 12 days after hatching, the parents literally kicked the kids out of the nest. Three made their way to the side yard as the parents led them with offerings.

“Not Freddie. He was content resting in my flowers, having dad bring him grub. It took him all day to make it the 20 feet to the deepest cinder block in our yard and jump right in. “... I stressed for hours, his parents stressed, the father kept feeding him and trying to inspire him to hop out. Freddie hopped with all his might, making no progress.

“Finally, I told my husband I was going to move him. His dad was not happy I was carrying him and clicked so loudly at me as I scooped Freddie out and placed him near the others. Dad wasted no time leading Freddie with a mouthful of treats towards the tall grass.”

“What a gift we were given, sharing the first moments of this family's life,” Carea confessed. “... I hope they continue to come back and enjoy our garden as we watch.”

LISTENING ON THE WIND



Did you know there's a *wind phone booth* — used to help people communicate with their loved ones who are deceased — in Battleground, Washington?

Just pick up the receiver and start talking ... the wind will take the message where it needs to go. *Merlinda Sain*, whose son, *Bryce*, died unexpectedly, installed the phone “as a place to remember her son.”

The wind phone booth originator is believed to be Itaru Sasaki, of Otsuchi, Japan. Sasaki installed one in his hill-top garden in 2010 after his cousin's death. Inside was a disconnected rotary phone so he could pick up the receiver and speak to his cousin whenever he wanted to.

After the 2011 devastating earthquake and tsunami struck Japan, several of his townspeople died or vanished. He offered the use of his wind phone to the community, and even added a notebook so people could leave messages for their dearly departed. The word quickly spread.

Sain's wind phone booth, at 2311 S.W. Sixth St., also has a notebook and is open during daylight hours.

“It's about acknowledging how difficult grief can be and the intense pain it creates,” Sain posted on the Wind Phone Facebook page. “My hope is that those who suffer can find a small amount of comfort inside the wind phone booth.”

BILLBOARD YOUR ART



OK, Oregon artists of all ages, here's your chance to put your work up on a billboard for all to see — at major intersections, highways and interstates across the state — now that the *Keep Oregon Green Association Inc.* is holding its first billboard poster art contest.

Yes, there's a theme. The submitted work should “share (the artists') vision for keeping Oregon free of wildfire.” There are three divisions (grades first through fifth; sixth through 12th; and ages 18-plus). First, second and third-place winners in each division will be awarded cash prizes and certificates.

Submit artwork at bit.ly/KeepGreen; the entry deadline is 5 p.m. Aug. 9, which is, appropriately, *Smokey Bear's* birthday. The billboards will go up in 2022.