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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

AN ORNAMENT



After building his mansion on the corner of Eighth Street in Astoria in 1886, the June 24, 1887, edition of The Daily Astorian mentions the southwest corner of Main (Ninth Street) and Chenamus (Marine Drive) streets was to be “graced by a brick building to be erected there by **Capt. George Flavel**,” three stories high, and expected to be “an ornament to the city.”

If such a building was erected in 1887, it was more than likely destroyed in the 1922 fire. But in 1924, another brick structure was built by the Flavel family on the same block, facing Commercial Street, the **M&N Building**.

In 1887, the captain was also busy finishing construction of his enormous **wharf** at **Tansy Point** in Warrenton. It was 900 feet long, had a warehouse on it, and it had a T on the end that was 150 feet long by 60 feet wide. It cost \$6,000 (\$170,000 now) to build. Flavel died in 1893, before the Flavel Hotel was built there.

But that wasn't all. He owned 600 acres in the Warrenton area, initially mostly on **tidal land**. He and several other men, including **D.K. Warren** (Warrenton's namesake), by constructing an extensive diking system, expected to reclaim more than 2,000 acres of tidal lands that summer.

When Flavel died, at home in his mansion, he was worth about \$2 million (\$60 million now). He is buried at Ocean View Cemetery in Warrenton.

SAD VIGNETTE



A sad vignette appeared in *The Daily Astorian*, **June 24, 1884**:

Last Thursday officer Carlson's attention was attracted by a **woman on Flavel's wharf** who was **crying piteously** and who, on being questioned, said that her husband, whose name is Dodson, had abused her and refused to support her and her children.

It appears that he has been working at Grays Harbor, and some time ago sent to her at Rainier to come down, that he was going to work across the river. She sold all her little effects and came down on Tuesday, but he refused to have anything to do with her.

Officers Carlson and Vaughn exerted themselves in her behalf and raised about \$65 (\$1,785 now) which was given the poor woman who was thus deserted by her husband. She had three children, the eldest of whom is not more than 7 years old.

She left for Rainier yesterday morning, where she hoped to be able to make a living for herself and her little ones.

Note: The generous donation probably got her off to a fine start; rent would likely have been \$4 to \$10 monthly, and food \$100 to \$300 annually. (historymatters.gmu.edu/d/5754)

COVE CHRONICLES



Attention local history buffs: The **Knappton Cove Heritage Center**, across the river in Knappton, Washington, has started producing short informative **videos** about the history of the former quarantine station. So far, there are four episodes.

Episode 1, “First Documented History at Knappton Cove,” introduces **Knappton Cove**, and talks about the trade beads found there, and why the area was once labeled Todd's Bay on maps.

Episode 2, “Westward Migration,” covers the first permanent residents of Knappton Cove, **Job and Sarah Lamley**, and canned **salmon labels** from the Knappton Cove cannery. A screenshot from this episode is shown.

Episode 3, “Protecting the Port!” discusses immigration and disease, and how the **Columbia River Quarantine Station** came to be.

The most recent is Episode 4, “Digging Into the Past!,” which talks about the **archaeology** of Knappton Cove.

You can watch them all at bit.ly/YTKnappton and get a nice history fix in the bargain.

HE SERVED WELL



Gun rerun: On **June 21, 1942**, a Japanese I-25 submarine snuck close to the Oregon Coast through a fishing fleet, to avoid minefields, then fired its 5.5-inch deck gun at **Fort Stevens**, without even taking aim.

Fortunately, the only damage to the fort from the shelling was to the backstop of the baseball diamond. The incident also created some craters on the beach and marshes around Battery Russell. Some even say a shell or two even landed in Coffenburg Lake. If so, they're still there.

Other minor casualties were a nicked power line, and a soldier who cut his head while rushing to his battle station. Fort Stevens did not fire back, as the fort's commander didn't want to give away their location.

A photo of **Paul F. Laughman**, shown, was posted on Facebook by his son, **Thomas Laughman**. His father is holding a piece of shrapnel and standing in one of the craters, about 100 yards southwest of big gun No. 12 at Battery Russell, shortly after the bombing.

“My father came to the West as a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps from Ohio,” Thomas explained. “(He) was trained and served at Fort Stevens as a gunnery aide at Battery Russell, but mostly laid mines in the river to prevent Japanese ships from entering. He worked in the cold Columbia River. He was young and strong and did his job without complaint, as our entire life in the U.S. was at risk.

“When the war ended, he was a civil servant with base Astoria, Tongue Point, and serviced the (U.S.) Coast Guard cutters and tenders,” Thomas continued. “He also serviced the lighthouses on the Oregon Coast for many years. He died at age 90, in 2008. He was a proud man and a great father. He served his country well, and raised 12 children.”

To quote **Paul Harvey**, “Now you know the rest of the story.” (historylink.org/File/7217) (*In One Ear*, 6/21/2013)

ASTORIA CINNAMON TOAST



I am a Nevada resident who grew up having **Astoria Cinnamon Toast** and coffee for breakfast with my grandfather and my father,” **Kathryn Ostrom-Hovore**, of Sparks, Nevada, recalled.

“Whenever grandpa came for a visit, he would bring tins and tins of Astoria Cinnamon Toast. He would send us tins, and later boxes, for every holiday, if he wasn't coming for a visit.

“When grandpa died, my cousin continued to send Astoria Cinnamon Toast. When my family was gone, I started ordering it from the bakery every Christmas for my family. I stopped ordering it when my kids all left home and moved away to start their own lives.

“I was reminiscing with my kids about our Christmas traditions, as they are all coming home for Christmas this year. They asked if we could have Astoria Cinnamon Toast.

“So, here I am trying to find it, only to find that the bakery that made it is closed.”

A longtime local favorite, the treat was from **Home Baking Co.**, which closed in 2019, after 109 years in business. The bakery's secret recipe is not available online.

“Do you know if there is anywhere that makes Astoria Cinnamon Toast?” Kathryn asked. “Your help is greatly appreciated.”

If you know the answer, please contact the Ear at ewilson@dailyastorian.com or 971-704-1718.

'THIS IS ABOUT ALS'



“On June 16, at 11:15 a.m., I pedaled away from the Pacific Ocean at **Fort Stevens State Park**, just northwest of Astoria,” **Mike Myers**, of Marshfield, Massachusetts, posted on Facebook. “Cross Country For A Cure For ALS has officially begun!”

He will end his fundraising journey in August, when he reaches home in Marshfield.

The 52-year-old, who describes himself as a “lifelong bicycle adventurer,” has a noteworthy Facebook travel blog, updated daily, loaded with photos and videos documenting his adventures, at bit.ly/Myers4ALS.

Myers was inspired to do this fundraiser by his co-worker **Leo Cooney**, who has been suffering with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a fatal progressive neurodegenerative disease, for four years.

ALS (also known as Lou Gehrig's disease) causes “the gradual loss of muscle movement, (including for) speech, swallowing, and, eventually, breathing,” according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Raising awareness, and funds, to advance research for a cure, and to help with care for those afflicted with ALS, are Myers' goals. You can donate at give.classy.org/CrossCountryForACure.

“This isn't about Mike Myers, a bicycle, or even the 4,000 miles,” he wrote. “This is about ALS, and what we can do as a team to help those affected by this horrible disease.”

GONE GARGOYLES



“On June 15, between 1 and 3 p.m., my gargoyle, **Vern** (pictured), was taken from my front porch at 1080 Valley St.,” **Erik Forrey** wrote.

“The zip ties and chain that held him in place were cut; some blood was left on the porch from doing this,” Forrey continued.

Astoria police officer **Dayna Groder** took a report. “I purchased Vern from Gargoyles in Seattle in 2017. He is a unique and somewhat irreplaceable item. He was a floor or display item. I have not seen another one like him either online or in any store. I think he was a prototype of some sort. He is constructed of polymer, not concrete, suited for outdoors.

“This is the **second gargoyle** I have had stolen from my front porch. The first was **Fred** (pictured, inset), a grotesque/hobgoblin. Sometime on the night of Feb. 23, 2019, between 11 p.m and 7 a.m., he was taken from my porch. It is still unsolved,” Forrey said.

Officer **Andrew Randall** took a report about Fred. If anyone knows the whereabouts of either Vern or Fred, please either contact the Astoria Police Department or just drop the gargoyles back off at Erik's house. He misses them.

“Astoria is a place I decided to move from Seattle because I like the vibe the town has,” Erik added, “and the quality of life here is much better than in big cities.”

SURPRISED AND EXCITED



The North Coast got some countrywide attention recently, the Tillamook Headlight Herald reported, when ABC News' “**Good Morning America**” came to Rockaway Beach to check out the Oregon Coast Scenic Railroad for a story about Oregon's pandemic recovery.

Filming was June 15, when the eight-person camera crew arrived for a special run from Rockaway Beach to Garibaldi and back. The crew was impressed by the **McCloud 25 engine**, which has been in several movies, and the “breathtaking views.” You can see the video at bit.ly/GMAsteamtrain; the train segment is at about 3:20 minutes. A screenshot is shown.

“We were certainly surprised and excited,” **Carla Lyman**, of the railroad, said, “at the thought of being included in something on the national level.”