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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

A GLORIOUS FOURTH



On the “Glorious Fourth of July,” the July 3, 1890, edition of **The Daily Morning Astorian** declared that “Astoria will celebrate in grand style, and wants neighboring towns and cities to join in.”

Big doings were afoot, starting with a wake-up 13-gun salute at sunrise and a Grand Parade at 10 a.m., followed by an oration, readings and patriotic music. At noon, the “National Salute of 42 guns” was followed by lunch.

Afterward, there was a Fat Man’s Race up Main Street for a purse of \$10 (about \$296 now) followed by a Tender Race on Water Street (Commercial Street), a 200-yard Footrace for Firemen, a Boys’ Footrace, a prize baseball match and finally, a 100-yard foot race for a \$25 prize (about \$740 now).

Strangely, the 5 p.m. Walking Tight Rope over the water was only worth a \$5 prize. And, of course, there was a “Grand display of Fireworks,” followed by a “Ball at the Opera House.”

Businesses were expected to be festively decorated, and the townsfolk spruced up their property.

As the editor noted: “It is gratifying to know that the coming Fourth has power sufficient to induce people to change the location of their woodpile from the street, where it does not belong, but has been kept, to the rear of the house, where it does belong, but has not been kept.”

Harumph. At the end of such a hectic day, a dose of Pfunder’s Kidney and Liver Regulator was available at the local pharmacy to ensure a speedy recovery. Or not.

CASTING CALL



Jesy Rae Buhl, of casting agency Cargo & Buhl, posted on the Astoria Oregon Virtual Bulletin Board Facebook page that a feature film, called “**Untitled Road Trip Project**” (until someone comes up with a title), is casting **Astoria locals** for a beach party scene, which will be filmed in mid-July.

They are looking for young adults to play the partygoers, in what is the final scene of the film. Casting is open to all genders, ethnicities and walks of life, and all roles are paid. Other parts are also available at cargobuhl.com/oregon

The film summary is: “Four teenagers from the Pacific Northwest run away from home and set off on an improvisational odyssey in search of hope, opportunity and adventure.”

Interested? Text Jesy Buhl your name, age, hometown and a photo or selfie to 504-233-0016 or email cargobuhlcasting@gmail.com

DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME



Fun rerun: The Ear trusts that something like this headline won’t happen here on the North Coast: “Man rescued after getting head stuck between jetty rocks ...”

Yes, it’s true, and it happened in **Narragansett, Rhode Island**, according to **WJAR**, who provided the screenshot shown.

While on the jetty, the man dropped his phone; when he bent over to pick it up, he got stuck in the rocks up to his chest. The tide was coming in, so time was of the essence.

How did the firefighters get him un-stuck? Air bags might have shifted the rocks, so they got creative and used olive oil. It took 2.5 hours, but it worked.

The man is fine, and all of his body parts are intact. His dignity, not so much. (*In One Ear*, 9/30/2016)

A CHEERFUL PIONEER



From **The Daily Astorian**, July 1, 1888, a snarky tidbit: “A cheerful pioneer has just passed away at **Eddyville**. He was the founder of the town, which consists of two houses, his cabin and a post office.

“For years, this strange man slept in his own coffin, and there he died. He had also performed the task of selecting his own burial spot, and if he had time, he would have dug his own grave. He now sleeps in his coffin day and night.”

Eddyville, an unincorporated community in Lincoln County, is about 19 miles east of Newport, where Little Elk Creek and the Yaquina River meet. Founder **Israel Fisk Eddy**, who was well-known for his eccentricities, was actually very much alive.

As an example: The post office, which was established in 1868, was originally in a town named Little Elk, after the creek. Eddy moved it away from the creek and renamed it.

Actually, he moved the post office and renamed it several times, to the dismay of many, before finally deciding on a permanent spot near the mouth of the creek around 1900, and permanent name, Eddyville.

And, aside from his post office fixation: “Israel Eddy was a man of generous size and remarkable strength who, on more than one occasion, seized brawlers by the neck and dunked them into the horse trough,” one account says.

“In 1908, at the wedding of a local young lady, he appeared with a coonskin cap and ear trumpet and regaled the assembly with the story of how he recovered from the flu by drinking a swig of piano polish mistaken for his medicine. Eddy died in 1911 at age 87.” He’s buried in the Eddyville Cemetery.

As **Mark Twain** would say, the report of Eddy’s death was “an exaggeration.” (bit.ly/eddyville, bit.ly/eddyville1)



WHERE'S BILL DODGE?



Many have been wondering where beloved **local artist Bill W. Dodge** — whose colorful folk art paintings and of Astoria scenes grace the walls of several local homes — has been these last few years. The answer is: Right here on the North Coast, in Warrenton. And yes, he is still painting.

But he is also well-known outside our area. Did you know that cruise boat travelers see his work aboard **Queen of the West**? One of his original paintings is hanging aboard.

When asked, he also told the Ear that several celebrities own his original works, including **Maureen Reagan**, former President Ronald Reagan’s daughter; opera great **Beverly Sills**; Broadway Tony winner **Dorothy Loudon**; and **Ruth Warrick** of “All My Children” and Orson Welles’ “Citizen Kane” fame.

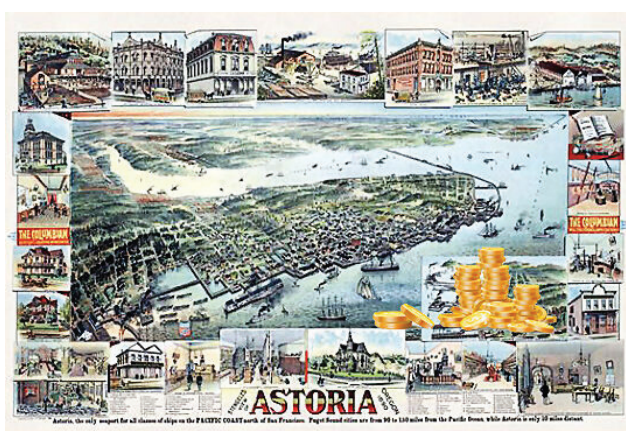
One of his paintings hangs in the famous Manhattan restaurant, **Sardi’s**. In 1988, he was invited to the **White House** to bring a painted wooden egg for the annual Easter Egg Roll. His egg is now in the **Smithsonian** collection of wooden eggs.

Keep your eyes open, as he will soon announce an exhibit introducing a series of signed early works, quite unlike his highly detailed Astoria series, at the **Angi D. Wildt Gallery** at 106 10th St. Many of these prints have never been exhibited before, including a metal sandwich box, “the very first thing” he ever painted, in 1961.

Before becoming an artist, “I started out wanting to be a movie star,” he recalled. “After all, I was born in a **Charlie Chaplin**’s movie studio, where my dad was a member of the electrical crew.”

Good thing for all of us, who so enjoy his work, that he chose painting, instead. To be continued next week ...

LOCAL BREVITIES



From **The Daily Astorian**, July 1, 1890:

• There are **10,000** people residing on this peninsula.

Note: Well, nope, that’s a rather huge overestimate according to the **1890 census**, which says the number is actually 6,184 — up from 1803 in 1880, and 639 in 1870.

• Now is a good time for **Upper Astoria** to come into the Astoria corporation and be a part of the city in name as well as fact.

Note: The road from Astoria to Upper Astoria was completed in 1878, connecting the two cities, ending their three-decade rivalry and separate post offices.

In 1891, the corporate limits of Astoria were changed to include Uppertown, making the merger of the two cities official.

• An illustration of what is sometimes called “luck” is instanced in the fortunes of **Purser Downing** ...

He happened to be put on the Idaho on the Alaska route. About two years ago he, with four others, put \$125 (about \$3,700 today) in a venture in the shape of what was believed to be a **gold mine**.

Last week the five sold their mine for \$2.5 million, gold coin; Downing’s share is \$500,000 (about \$14.8 million now) ... That may or may not be luck, but it looks very much like what some folks would deem luck. (bit.ly/AstoriaPop, tinyurl.com/upperasto).

SALPS ASHORE



Walking along the shoreline, you might come across some of these guys,” **Tiffany Boothe**, of the **Seaside Aquarium**, wrote. “They are a species of **salp** called, *salpa fusiformis*.” Her photo is shown.

“This species of salp can grow to 1.5 inches in length ... They often undergo daily vertical migrations coming up to the surface at night, and diving down to over 1,600 feet during the day ... Typically found offshore, occasional nearshore swarms do occur, like right now.”

Salps are tunicates, which belong to the same phylum as vertebrates.

“Though as adults they do not have a backbone,” she explained, “developing larvae possess a tail, a dorsal nerve cord and a dorsal stiffening structure called the notochord; because of this, tunicates are thought to be more closely related to vertebrates, such as fish and people.”

“They move by means of jet propulsion,” Tiffany added, “and feeding is accomplished by pumping plankton-laden water through the body, where a mucous net is used to extract food particles. They can be found individually or in large aggregations consisting of millions of individuals.”

KUDOS TO THE COAST



• **Carlin Rasky** wrote in to mention that **Bravo’s “Top Chef”** filmed an episode in **Cannon Beach**, and a few properties were “prominently featured.” A photo (No. 1) of the chefs is from the show’s Instagram page.

“The cheftestants stayed at the popular **Surfsand Resort** ...” he said. “They also enjoyed some brews from local spot **Public Coast Brewing**. The Elimination Challenge took place at **Wayfarer Restaurant and Lounge**.”

The “Shellfishly Delicious” episode aired June 24.

• **SaltLine Hotel** is one of the “13 Amazing Asian American-owned Hotels in the U.S.” by Travel + Leisure. The hotel opened in July 2020. “... Co-Owner and Managing Director, **Masudur Khan** ... continues his mission of consistent commitment to excellent hospitality ...” The photo (No. 2), is courtesy of SaltLine Hotel.

• In **Willamette Week**, **Andi Prewitt** wrote such a love letter about Astoria spots and sights in “36 Hours of Riding the Waves in Astoria,” there’s just not enough space to mention them all. Following her lead sounds appealing.