

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

COMMUNITY

FOLLOW US
facebook.com/
DailyAstorian

IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

CRAB CASTLE



Had a great time carving this with my husband, Wade Lapp,” Brittany Lapp posted on the Long Beach Peninsula Friends of Facebook page about the incredible sand “Crab Castle” they created last weekend.

“We dumped about 6 inches of sand, added lots of water, and used a cement tamper to tamp it down,” she explained. “We repeated this countless times.

“... At the end we take a little nontoxic Elmer’s Glue, mix it with water, and spray every surface and crevice of the piece to create a slight shell.”

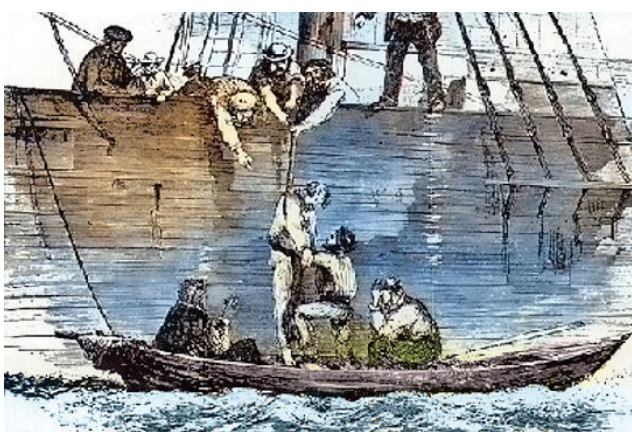
The talented couple will be giving sand creation lessons at the Bolstad Avenue beach approach in Long Beach on July 31, during the Sandsations event “for anyone who would love to learn.” And, the couple will be at the sand castle competition at Sand Island Campground and Marine Park Aug. 13 through Aug. 15.

“My husband started pumpkin carving about 10 years ago,” Brittany recalled. “About seven years ago, he was invited to try and carve sand. We have been hooked ever since.

“Since then, he has branched out to wood, and we both actually had the wonderful chance of visiting Alaska during the World Ice Art Championships, where he placed second this last year.” Wade also carves in “most mediums, including watermelons.”

“I have been able to try my hand in sand,” Brittany noted, “and am hoping to branch out to more mediums this year, also. I have been very fortunate to be able to watch and learn a lot from him.”

BLOOD MONEY



Dire rerun: The Oregon Archives posted a “shanghai” letter on its Facebook page dated July 29, 1891, from Darius Norris to Astorian Bill Joplin. Norris wound up in London after being shanghaied in Astoria.

The letter is at tinyurl.com/NorrisLtr. A few excerpts:

“... I was run aboard a ship, shanghaied by (Astoria) Chief of Police Barry ... I will go over to New York, then I will telegraph to (Bill) Edgar to send me money ...

“They shanghaied me under the name of Smith. I will come back and face the whole crowd of them that wronged me ...

“... They got \$140 (about \$4,200 now) blood money on me by shanghaing me on that ship. I got nothing. They told me that I was no seaman, so I got abused and crippled and got nothing, and was left here destitute by the action of those scoundrels.

“I will meet them if I live.” (*In One Ear*, 10/6/2017)

GOING ON THE GO



If you ever wonder where to go when you have to “go,” you can thank the North Coast Tourism Management Network for publishing an interactive map of public restrooms, which are now open.

For a map of 147 permanent restrooms from Astoria to Neskowin, go to bit.ly/CoastGoMap. A photo of each stop is shown, just in case you should somehow become confused.

If it’s not an emergency, you can visit the North Coast’s “most unique” bathrooms at bit.ly/CoastFunGo. In this category, you can sightsee your way through pit stops. Astoria’s Doughboy Monument restrooms (pictured) are featured, as are the ones overlooking a scenic view of the Peter Iredale shipwreck.

Bookmark those maps, folks. You never know when they will come in handy.

SUPREME SACRIFICE



In an effort to give the respect the monument deserves, the Public Works crew got a fence put up around the memorial rock just before the start of our busy summer season,” Warrenton posted on its Facebook page about the stone memorial at Seafarers Park in Hammond.

Pacific Power helped complete the project by donating the fence posts. The newly spruced up memorial is shown, courtesy of the city.

According to MarineLink.com, on Jan., 12, 1961, the 38-foot crab boat Mermaid, with two crew members on board, which had lost its rudder off Peacock Spit, sent out a call for U.S. Coast Guard assistance.

Two vessels from the U.S. Coast Guard Cape Disappointment Lifeboat Station, CG-40564 and CG-36454, responded. The seas were so heavy, they requested assistance from the Triumph, stationed at Point Adams, which arrived and took the Mermaid under tow.

Breakers capsized 40564, but the 36454 managed to rescue the crew and take them safely to the Columbia River Lightship, which floundered soon after. Another large breaker smashed into the Triumph, separating the towline, setting the Mermaid adrift, and capsizing the Triumph.

The Mermaid’s crew managed to rescue one of Triumph’s six crewman before two more vessels arrived from Point Adams. One took the Mermaid under tow, but then another breaker hit. This one snapped the tow line and sank the Mermaid. A search began; a foot patrol found only one survivor on a beach.

The inscription on the memorial stone honors those “... who made the supreme sacrifice while assisting the fishing vessel mermaid on Peacock Spit.” Ultimately, the death toll was seven: Five of the Triumph’s crew drowned, as did both of those aboard the Mermaid.

A GHASTLY SIGHT



From *The Daily Astorian*, July 15, 1887:

“Road supervisor Walker, while on the beach near the wreck of the Cairnsmore yesterday, saw a ghastly sight, the remains of a man buried in the sand, being exposed to view by the shifting of the loose material that once enclosed the rude box now broken open, bones lying around, etc. The case needs immediate attention.”

One thing is certain: The man found near the wreck in 1887 was not from the Cairnsmore. In 1883, Capt. B. Gibbs was sailing the three-masted British bark Cairnsmore from London to Portland, loaded with 7,500 barrels of cement. On Sept. 26, disoriented in a thick fog, he ran hard aground on a Clatsop beach. Heavy surf prevented the crew from leaving the ship, so there they sat for 15 hours.

When they were finally able to board the ship’s boats, they were picked up and taken to Astoria by a passing steamer. There were no fatalities, but the Cairnsmore was hopelessly mired in the sand. She is shown, courtesy of the Oregon Historical Society.

So, where is she now? Building the South Jetty caused the sand to build up, so consequently, where the ship ran aground is now inland near Coffenbury Lake.

The ship was still visible even in 1914, and local children used to play in the rigging. By now, any above ground remnants of the ship are probably buried. (bit.ly/LewDry, bit.ly/RFCairnsmore, bit.ly/cairnwhere)

SO MANY LOVE IT



Christian Lint, owner of the beloved Astoria Ferry, Caka Tourist No. 2, receives at least one phone call a day from someone walking on the Astoria Riverwalk. “So many love it,” he said. “They have dreams.”

Right now the historic ferry is tied up on the Astoria waterfront, but it’s a temporary home.

“The solar and wind turbine can’t keep up with the bilges,” he reported. “They need pumping every day. Shore power would be wonderful ...

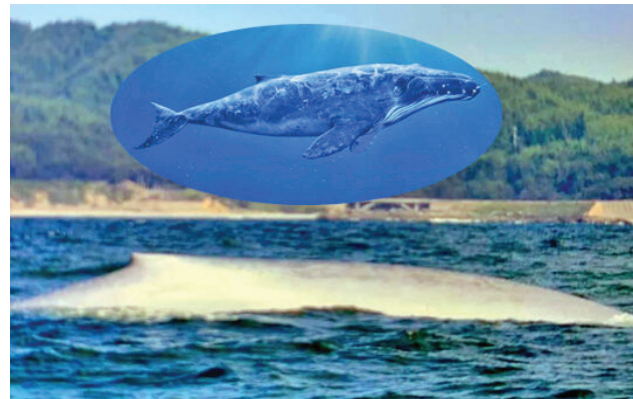
“The reality is moorage,” Christian said. “Where to keep it? It’s the question of the hour.”

He’s even thinking of making up a sign for the vessel saying, “I Need Moorage.” Or, perhaps there is someplace she could go on land, and be used for something?

One suggestion is to make it a store and bathroom stop for fishermen. Have an idea of where to moor it, or that can help the Astoria Ferry? Please contact the Ear at ewilson@dailyastorian.com or 971-704-1718 and the information will be forwarded to Christian.

“Let’s get everyone thinking,” he said.

THE BLUES ARE BACK



Today (July 9) we spotted blue whales for the first time in 10 years off Depoe Bay,” marine biologist Carrie Newell of Whale Research Eco Excursions out of Depoe Bay wrote on the company’s Facebook page. A photo from the page is shown.

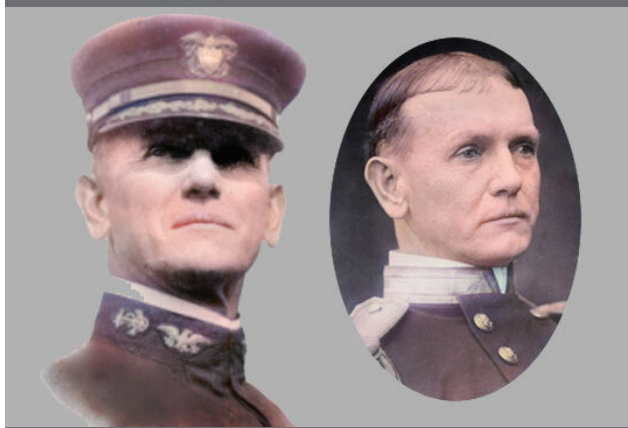
According to AnimalSake.com, adult blue whales are 82 to 105 feet long, can weigh up to 200 tons and live an average of 80 to 90 years. They are among the largest animals to ever live on Earth.

Two blue whales were found halfway to Lincoln City, feeding on krill. Newell also thought she spotted one near the bell buoy. Excursion captains saw two more heading south. “When I finally went out again,” Newell added, “the blues were south of Gull Rock in 113 feet of water, and heading south at 5-6 mph.”

She noted they appeared thin.

Hopefully the visitors were able to fatten up a bit during their visit, as the fish finder revealed that the krill they were feeding on were 100 feet deep, and the school ranged from 30 to 50 feet thick.

REGATTA RUCKUS



Judy Atkinson wrote in with “an old perspective of Astoria Regatta.”

“Almost 100 years ago, my grandmother’s uncle, C. T. Vogelgesang, who was an admiral in the U.S. Navy, brought his fleet into Astoria ... and they were denied leave.” She found a July 20, 1925, newspaper clipping which explains the kerfuffle:

“Astorians were in a state bordering on hysteria tonight over the action of Rear Adm. C. T. Vogelgesang (1869-1927) ... in refusing to allow the midshipmen ashore to participate in the elaborate celebration that has been arranged in their honor.

“The admiral, apparently angered over a message which he interpreted to mean that dock space in the Astoria terminals had been denied the fleet, lately told visiting delegates — including Oregon senators R. N. Standfield and Charles A. McNary, and a host of businessmen from Portland and Astoria — that it would be no use to move the fleet of three battleships up the Columbia River to a point just off the city, and he upset all plans for a banquet prepared for officers of the squadron by limiting to 35 the number of who could participate.”

Actually he misunderstood the message, which said one dock was closed, but there was still plenty of room for the warships.

“With three dances arranged, banquets prepared, orchestras engaged, special trains chartered, hundreds of dancing partners brought in from Portland and Seaside, five boxing bouts scheduled, suites engaged for ranking officers, hundreds of autos waiting to take the visitors where they would go, the commander swept all aside and told the hosts that he would decide later what part of the Tuesday program would be carried out.”

And a fine time was *not* had by all.