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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

LOCAL BREVITIES



Tidbits from *The Daily Astorian*, Saturday, July 29, 1882:

- ... A company has been formed in San Francisco with a capital of \$26,000 (almost \$700,000) to raise the **Edith Lorne**, wrecked off the Columbia, by means of compressed air, and work has already commenced.

Note: In November 1881, the Edith Lorne, while outbound, ran aground, and was deemed a total loss of \$74,000 (almost \$2 million today). Why they were trying to raise her is a mystery.

- The **rock ballast** from the Wolfe is being dumped around the foundation of the **Odd Fellows Building** on Squemoqua Street (now Commercial Street).

Note: When sailing ships arrived at a port, ballast rocks were unloaded to balance the ship's weight. The rocks were then used by other ships.

Once steam-powered ships, which used liquid ballast, started replacing sailing ships, the offloaded rocks from sailing ships began being picked up by locals and used, most often, for construction.

- The Standard is waiting for warm weather to start the boss **sea serpent** story of the season. At last accounts, the whole force were drawing on their experience, and had thought up a "snaik" 900 feet long and 300 feet out of water, off the Columbia bar. Wonder how many feet of water he will draw.

Note: **Colossal Claude's** great-granddaddy?

- Very many of the **seaside visitors**, this year, express a preference for stopping in Astoria, and would do so if **accommodations** could be furnished here for them.

Would it not be well for our people to build their houses a little larger, and more sightly, so that more visitors could be accommodated? That road to Clatsop Plains, too, from Astoria, should be pushed immediately.

GOLFING WITH GOATS



Fun rerun: Oregon was the first state to bring you goat yoga, and is now the first to introduce the **goat caddies**, who are at The Retreat, Links & Spa at Silvie Valley Ranch in Seneca, and in the national news.

According to the website, goat caddies are 2 to 8 years old, and full-time caddies usually work about six hours a day, three to four days a week. They weigh 150 to 210 pounds, and can carry about 20% of their weight, which usually includes up to six clubs, a dozen golf balls, golf tees and six cans of refreshment.

The team members are "Mike LeChevon," "Peanut LeGoat," "Roundabout LaDoe" and "Cad-die Master Bruce LeGoat," who is pictured, courtesy of the Silvie's Goat Caddies Facebook page. (*In One Ear*, 5/11/2018)

BABY SHARKS



Our sweet female **swell shark laid eggs!**" the Seaside Aquarium posted on its Facebook page. "Swell sharks are bottom-dwelling sharks.

"Females lay two green/amber colored egg casings" which are about 6 to 7 inches long. The aquarium's photos are from The curly tendrils at the end of the casing catch onto rocks and seaweed.

"There is only one embryo per egg casing. A single yolk sack supplies the embryo with nutrients while it develops ... This is the first time she has laid fertile eggs."

But you'll have to wait to see the pups. "It will be about 12 months before they are ready to hatch."

SOLE SURVIVOR



A plaque up on **Cape Lookout** commemorates the crash of a **B-17 Flying Fortress** on Aug. 1, 1943, during **World War II**, that killed nine of the 10 crewman aboard, leaving as sole survivor the bombardier, **Wilbur Perez**.

The plane was supposed to be heading to Cape Disappointment at 20,000 feet. The pilot became disoriented in the fog, and was actually only flying 50 to 100 feet above the water as he was approaching Cape Lookout, which is 900 feet high.

When he realized the cape was dead ahead, he tried to climb, and was still climbing when the plane slammed into the top of the cape at 200 mph. They only needed 50 more feet to clear it.

Perez, who was up front in the bombardier bubble, flew through the trees and wound up severely injured and hanging upside down from a branch by a shoelace. Covered in aviation fuel, he managed to free himself, roll toward the sound of the surf — and off the edge of the cliff. He landed on a propeller wedged into the side of the cape, and strapped himself to it.

Hanging there, he could still hear his remaining fellow crew members calling out as they gradually died from their injuries. He was rescued 36 hours later, when flames were spotted on the cape. A documentary about the crash is at tinyurl.com/wperezdoc (scroll down).

Perez was taken to **Fort Stevens**, the nearest military hospital (pictured), where his surgeon was **Dr. Donald H. Kast**. Despite being badly wounded, Perez wanted to put off necessary surgery until he could deliver his **Norden bombsight** (inset, left) personally into the hands of someone from his base at Pendleton. How he managed to get it out of the wreckage, and hold onto it, is a mystery.

Dr. Kast finally convinced the bombardier to let him stow the bombsight in the hospital safe until someone could come and retrieve it. The surgery was successful, and Perez went on to live a long life, dying at almost 91 in 2009. (tinyurl.com/wperez1)

A PLACE FOR GATHERING



On July 10, a dedication of two memorials was held at **NeCus' Park's village site**," sculptor and stone mason **Patrick Costello** wrote. "The basalt and bronze memorials speak to the **Clatsop-Nehalem** village site and its name ... The **bronze plaques** are set in large stones, one weighing 9,800 pounds."

In January 1806, while looking for a beached whale, the **Lewis and Clark Expedition** visited this village, which is on the north end of Cannon Beach, along Ecola Creek, behind the old grade school at 268 Beaver St. Visitors are greeted by a 10-foot carved cedar "welcome pole," with arms extended, commemorating when the local tribes used to visit each other.

The inscription on one of the new plaques: "A place for gathering. For countless generations tribal people rested and socialized here at NeCus' before or after their arduous 7-mile paddle through the turning ocean around Tillamook Head. They would pull their canoes to this beach and call out for permission to come ashore.

"They were greeted by villagers who are accustomed to hosting and trading with guests from places near and far. Cannon Beach still hosts travelers from the Northwest and beyond, while the Clatsop-Nehalem people, including descendants of NeCus' villagers, still gather here to share their traditions, stories and songs with visitors from near and far."

GIVE IT TO GARY



Skateboarding legend **Tony Hawk**, last week on NBC: "As a kid that was mostly lambasted for my interest in **skateboarding**, I never imagined it would be part of the **Olympic Games**."

Well, maybe Tony Hawk didn't imagine it, but **Gary Henley**, The Astorian's sports reporter, did. In a story about a Seaside skateboarder that was posted Aug. 7, 2008, nearly 13 years ago, Gary wrote:

"Four years from now, **Justyce Tabor** could be taking part in the Olympic Games opening ceremonies, representing the United States' skateboarding team.

"Yeah, we know ... skateboarding isn't an official Olympic sport. Yet. But with snowboarding already a part of the Winter Olympics, and BMX cycling an official event in the Summer Olympics ... it's only a matter of time."

"Sorry, Tony," Gary noted, after hearing Hawk's comment, "I'm like, way ahead of ya, dude."

Gary's future predicted Olympic sports? "Look for frisbee golf, beach soccer and kiteboarding."

MY OREGON IS ...



In celebration of **The Oregon I Am**, we are **gathering stories** from across the state that celebrate the depth and range of experiences of Oregonians ... a press release from The Oregon I Am, a coalition of land trusts, said. The stories will become a **short film** that will launch at an event in Portland in December.

The focus is on location, and since there are so many incredible places on the North Coast, coming up with ideas should be a cinch. Stories can include an Oregon memory or moment, a taste or smell, an ideal or an idea, or a feeling or an experience.

Interested? Record a 10 to 30 second video answering the question: "What is my Oregon?" Start with "The Oregon I Am is ..." and finish the sentence with your story. Be sure to include who you are and where you're filming from. Upload your submission at oregonlandtrusts.org/theoregoniam

A DAY'S RIDE

From *The Daily Astorian*, July 29, 1890, "In the Nehalem Valley":

- **S. A. Wherry** and J. W. Hardison went to the Nehalem last Saturday on horseback, the former returned last evening. Between **Olney** and **Fishhawk**, for about 4 miles, the road was very bad, but all the rest of the way it was good, considering the late rains.

Numerous improvements were noticed, and a number of new settlers have erected cabins on timber claims. The new schoolhouse at **Mishawaka** is a neat and attractive building. Miss Spear, of Knappa, is the teacher.

A very large barn, about 40 feet by 120 feet, surrounded by cattle sheds, has been erected by **A. J. Wherry**, to take the place of two barns which were burnt last year ...

W. A. Wherry, the **Mexican war** veteran (Mexican-American War, 1846-1848), now 72 years of age, is hale and hearty, though quite deaf. Mr. Hardison is his son-in-law, but had not seen him before in 21 years, and was so cordially received that he will remain there a few days.

Notes: The Fishhawk Lake area is about 5 miles southeast of Olney, as the crow flies.

W. A. and A. J. Wherry had adjoining homestead tracts in Mishawaka, both applied for in 1885.

An 1888 description of Mishawaka: "A country post office on the Nehalem River in Clatsop County ... 20 miles south of Olney, its shipping point, by water. It contains a water power flour mill. Population, 25. Mail, weekly. J.J. Lynch, postmaster and farmer."

By 1896, 40 men were listed as living in Mishawaka. The population was actually much higher, as the names of women and children were left off the count.

A jaunt such as this one, back then, would have taken about a day each way on horseback.

