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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

## FINDING MISS DAISY



My grandson, 20 minutes after birth, was given his nickname, ‘Turtle,’ in 2012,” Paige Marie, of Seaside, wrote. “He’s lived in Utah most of his life and, at the age of 5, we purchased ‘Daisy’ for him, with the agreement that she is his turtle, and grandma is taking care of her.”

Two weeks ago, Paige had her patio door open, making sure there were no gaps Daisy could get through. But Daisy got out anyway, and disappeared.

“Panic set in, and the search was on!” she wrote. She looked everywhere, to no avail.

“... With no sign of her, my hope lost, I tore down her habitat, and let go of all of it but the tank. I FaceTimed my grandson, and told him I’d made a mistake.

“I added that maybe, just maybe, she could smell the water and dirt in the river by me, and she found her way there and was living happily. Needless to say, the sadness showed through on his tiny face, anyway.”

On July 29, Paige received a message from her landlord: “Your turtle is in your house.”

“I raced home, and looked everywhere, to find her eating the cat’s food.” Daisy was fine. “I looked on my security camera for the delivery, and there she was, in this man’s hands.” The man turned out to be Rye Gardner.

When Paige thanked him, he replied, “I was next door at the blue house doing some yard work, and spotted her heading into the yard, coming under the fence ... No big deal, really!”

Well, it was a very big deal to Paige, Turtle and, of course, Daisy. “For me, children are the world,” she replied to Rye, “and to see you bring him such joy was heartwarming, and melting to my soul. Thank you for your kindness.” Welcome home, Miss Daisy.

## TO THE BEACH



From *The Daily Astorian*, Aug. 5, 1885, a familiar refrain:

• Every year comes an increasing number of summer visitors drawn hither by the charming air and the pleasant surroundings. To make the seashore more attractive would, it would seem, be a good idea, purely as a matter of policy.

A road to Clatsop in this regard would pay the city. Thousands go by here that are of no more benefit to Astoria than if no such place existed. It is the same as Pillar Rock, or Skamokawa (Washington Territory), or any other “settlement” on the way to the seaside.

... There is only one way to alter existing circumstances, and that is to make it worthwhile for people to stop here. This should be the true headquarters for all this summer traffic.

**Note:** The mentions of a “road to Clatsop” were a continuing theme in the newspaper until it was finally built.

## URSULA’S STAMP



Cannon Beach and Portland writer Ursula K. Le Guin (1929-2018), well-known for her science fiction and fantasy works, has been honored with the U.S. Postal Service’s 33rd stamp in the Literary Arts series. The 3-ounce 95-cent stamp is available at the post office or bit.ly/UPSleGuin

“I loved it from the start,” Le Guin reminisced about Cannon Beach in a 2017 interview. “Way, way back, in the 1960s, it was a little artists’ hideaway town.

“The sculptor Joe Police was mayor. There were no mega-mansions owned by out-of-state millionaires, no big ugly cement walls on north beach, it had its own hardware stores, and indie drugstore, and Osborne’s excellent grocery.

“It was more self-contained and a good deal, well, gnarlier,” she added. “But it’s still pretty gnarly, thank goodness.”

## LOCAL BREVITIES



Tidbits from *The Daily Morning Astorian*, Aug. 5, 1884:

• A. P. Ankeny has found some white larch in some of his timber tracts in this county, supposed to be the first specimens of white larch ever found on the banks of the lower Columbia.

**Note:** White larch is rare, since they shed needles (which turn yellow before falling off) and produce cones. They normally grow in the north-central and eastern Oregon mountain ranges.

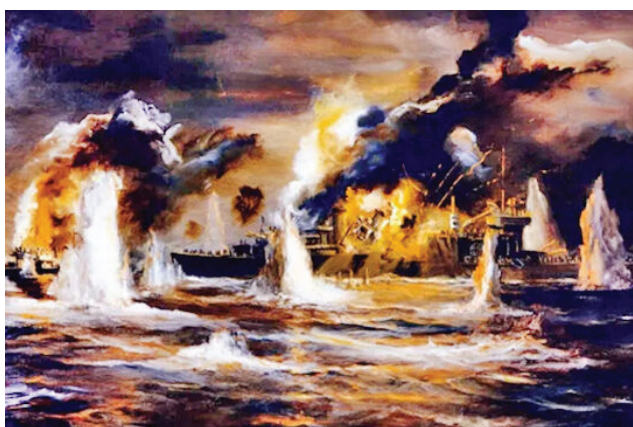
• ... Unless the Clatsop Road is build to enable funerals to go to Clatsop cemetery in other style than by water, a crematory will become one of the economical necessities of life in Astoria.

**Note:** The reference is likely to Greenwood Cemetery in Olney, which faces Youngs Bay. In 1884, there was no highway, and the only way to reach the place from Astoria was by boat. Pilings from the old boat dock are still visible.

The cemetery wasn’t incorporated until 1891, but had been a graveyard long before that; thousands are buried there. Also, a story in *The Daily Astorian* says “some of Astoria’s founders, previously buried in Astoria cemeteries, now rest in Greenwood.”

• Four Nootka Sound men were poisoned by eating raw clams ... Their tongues became frightfully swollen and protruded from their mouths, while the lower jaws dropped and their bodies were affected by violent tensions to the nerves. They narrowly escaped death. The remedy used by them was the bark of cedar ... which was chewed, and the juice swallowed.

**Note:** The men probably had paralytic shellfish poisoning, likely caused by red tides, when clams absorb toxic algae. Old rule: Only eat shellfish in months that end with “R” — probably because red tides mainly happen in the summer. (Photo courtesy of Greenwood Cemetery)



## NASTY ASTY’S FATE

The third USS Astoria, CA-34 aka Nasty Asty, sank during World War II on Aug. 9, 1942, in the South Pacific during the Battle of Savo Island.

Named for the city, she entered the waters around Guadalcanal Aug. 7, behind the Vincennes and Quincy, to support Marines landing in the area.

Astoria’s Capt. W. G. Greenman, who was wounded in the battle, later sent reports describing the action, which started early on Aug. 9, when the convoy was hit with a surprise attack by an “enemy force of unknown number.”

All three ships fired back, but Vincennes was hit and immediately exploded, then keeled over and disappeared into the deep. Quincy, too, was hit, and set afire from bow to stern; she blew up and sank.

Astoria was hit repeatedly, and there were fires raging everywhere. The ship’s controls were destroyed, along with most of the fire-fighting water supply mains. Just as the ship lost power, the enemy vanished.

Personnel left on board tried to fight the fires with bucket brigades and anything else available. “Fierce fires raging amidships prevented any communications between these groups, and neither realized other group existed,” the captain wrote.

The abandon ship order was given, and the Bagley was summoned to rescue personnel in the water and take aboard survivors; 219 were reported as missing or killed. A salvage crew arrived to put out the fires, repair the ship and get back underway. But it was not to be.

A 5-inch magazine exploded, blowing a hole under the ship’s waterline. At that point, the salvage group quickly jumped ship. A few minutes later, the Astoria capsized and sank to her final resting spot in Iron Bottom Sound, and in history. (tinyurl.com/USSasty, John Hamilton painting/U.S. Navy Art Collection)

## WHO’S GOT THE GARGOYLES?



In June, this column mentioned the theft of “Vern,” a large gargoyle, stolen from Erik Forrey’s porch in Astoria, even though Vern was held in place by zip ties and a chain.

Another gargoyle, “Fred,” was stolen from Erik in February 2019. Both thefts were reported to the police.

Now the thieves have struck on the Long Beach Peninsula, pilfering one of Alana Ramstein’s two large gate-guarding gargoyles. The remaining one is shown.

“I’m sick to my stomach this morning!” Alana posted July 28 on Facebook. “Our gargoyle was stolen last night! And the other damaged ... They were even cemented in the ground with rebar.” Incidentally, one of the post commenters said her gargoyle had been stolen, as well.

“They’re irreplaceable,” Alana added. “I bought them in California, after my son was murdered, as a special birthday gift for my daughter, they were for our future home.

“I came here, and left all my stuff in storage for several years. I thought I escaped all the ugliness when I came here, to what I thought was my safe haven, and little piece of paradise. I stand corrected.”

If you know where any, or all, of these well-loved gargoyles are, please contact the police.

## GOOGLY EYES



Fun rerun from the Believe It or Not file: A fish market in Kuwait was closed down recently for trying to make their fish look flipping fresh by putting plastic googly eyes over their not-so-fresh looking real peepers, BBC.com reports.

The ruse was discovered when a video of the faulty fish made the rounds at WhatsApp. Then photos of the plastic eyes falling off turned up all over social media, and were picked up by the newspaper Al-Bayan. The photo shown is from Al-Bayan’s Twitter feed, @Bayan\_kw

Other Kuwaiti fish vendors taunted the miscreant by advertising their fresh fish “without cosmetics.” One Twitter user’s snarky reaction was, to “never judge the freshness of fish by the googliness of their eyes.”

Kuwait seems to be a hotbed of fishy fraud. In July, a fishmonger put steel nails in his fish to make them heavier, therefore more valuable. What’s next? (*In One Ear*, 9/7/2018)

## BONES TELL THE TALE



Since sharks do roam the North Coast: ScienceNews.com reported that the partial skeleton of a man from the ancient Jōmon culture, found buried in a village cemetery, was revealed to be the oldest known victim of a shark attack, which occurred off the coast of Japan some 3,000 years ago.

The man was likely fishing or shellfish diving at the time. It was assumed that his fishing companions brought his body home for burial. Scientists documented “790 gouges, punctures and other types of bite damage” to the skeleton.

Sharks were hunted back then, as many shark teeth were found in Jōmon sites, “but unprovoked shark attacks would have been incredibly rare, as sharks do not tend to target humans as prey,” archaeologist J. Alyssa White said.

The previously oldest known evidence of a human and shark encounter was the 1,000-year-old skeleton of a Puerto Rican fisherman.