

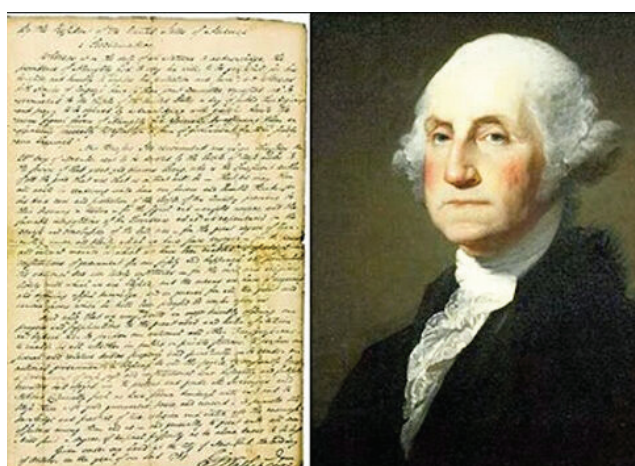
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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

THANKS, GEORGE



In 2013, the Today Show featured a story noting that an original copy of the proclamation that President George Washington signed on Oct. 3, 1789, declaring Nov. 26 the first national day of Thanksgiving, went up for auction at Christie's.

At the time, the document had last sold in 1977 for \$3,800, but was expected to fetch \$8 to \$12 million at the auction in New York because of its rarity.

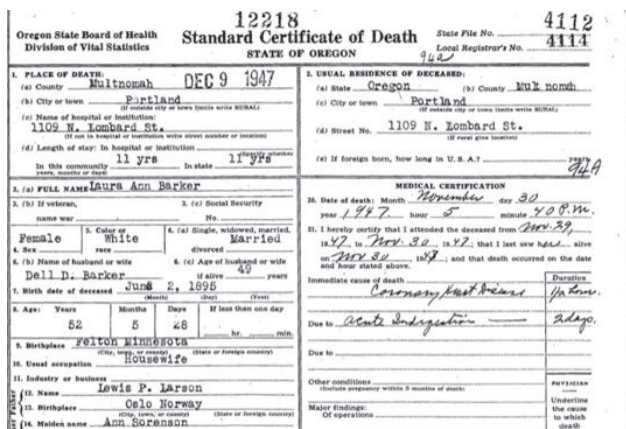
Washington did not sign many documents, for one thing. And, although it is presumed there were originally 13 copies (sent to the original states) only two are known to still exist — and one of them is in the Library of Congress.

Nobody bought the document on that go-around, but in January 2015, Keno Auctions in New York announced that the proclamation, which had been offered for \$8.4 million, was sold to a private collector, who requested that his name and the amount he paid remain confidential.

"It has been a great honor to have exhibited this iconic manuscript," Leigh Keno noted. "The fact that it sold to a collector who believes in sharing with the public is the icing on the cake." Just how the collector is sharing the document is unknown.

By the way, on Oct. 3, 1863, 74 years after Washington signed his proclamation, President Abraham Lincoln declared the fourth Thursday in November as a national day of Thanksgiving — the date still used to this day.

THE TURKEY'S REVENGE

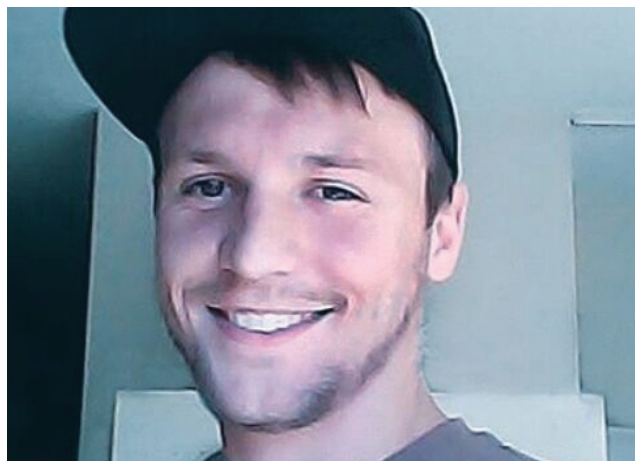


Worth a rerun for turkey day: A cautionary tale for all and sundry who tend to overeat at the Thanksgiving dinner table (the Ear pleads guilty as charged): According to a story on the Oregon State Archives Facebook page, 52-year old housewife Laura Ann Barker of Portland met an untimely end the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 30, 1947.

It was rumored that family members were told at the time that the cause of her demise was "too much Thanksgiving." Her death certificate, part of which is shown, backs up the story. It seems it was no coincidence that Thanksgiving Day was three days earlier, although her husband, Dell D. Barker, lived to tell the tale.

Mrs. Barker's physician, who attended her at her home during her final 48 hours, listed the immediate cause of death as coronary heart disease, which lasted only half an hour. What's notable is the contributory cause, "acute indigestion," which lasted two long, miserable days.

A GOOD, CLEAN PASTIME



Fun rerun: Well, here's a new hobby for you: Magnet fishing. But hopefully you won't catch anything as scary as Longview, Washington, resident Jeremy Girard did, in Lake Sacajawea on Oct. 28 — a hand grenade. The Daily News noted the device was whisked away by the Portland bomb squad.

"I have (magnet) fished from Cathlamet all the way to Silver Lake, and am still expanding," he told the Ear. "I'll say it's a good, clean pastime for people of all ages."

"And it's a bit crazy here, but I've always been prone to finding crazy things. When I was 12, I found the human remains of a missing person up in the woods in Rose Valley, Washington. Guess you could say I'm a bit of an explorer."

"It never gets old," he told The Daily News. "You never know what you're going to pull out of there." (In One Ear, 11/3/2017)

THE CAPTAIN WAS UNDONE



Achilly tale for a cold November night, from The Daily Astorian, Nov. 29, 1889.

"Stout" John Hansen, captain of the whaler Reindeer, had arrived at the Port of Astoria the previous week. "Death sat watching by his bedside. He chattered and gibbered, and stared with straining eyeballs."

Why? He thought he had seen the legendary ghost ship, the Flying Dutchman, which was doomed to endlessly sail the seas with its crew of wraiths, and he believed the legend that if a ship was unlucky enough to encounter the Dutchman, it was a sign of impending tragedy.

The captain was undone on July 16, while he was sailing the Reindeer along the icepack near Cape Smyth, in far northern Alaska. Another bark appeared, bow on. "Her mizzen (mast) was gone, and she veered and yawed strangely; but her sails were set and she was making fair headway. Hansen could hear the swish of the wind in her shrouds ...

"In an instant she tacked and bore away. Then, before going a hundred yards, she came about and made straight for the Reindeer again. Hansen hailed her. There was no answering hail ... Then he hailed again. No return."

Hansen quickly fled for the open sea. He passed close by the other ship, and observed icicles dangling from her rigging, and ice on the deck, helm and hatches. She was alarmingly low in the water, and there was no sign of life.

Actually, the terrifying vision was most likely the wreck of the Young Phoenix. On Aug. 3, 1888, she got caught in a southwest gale while whaling in the Arctic, and several ships in the fleet went down.

The crew, thinking she was sinking, abandoned ship. "For nearly a year she had roamed the chartless sea, touching at no port, piloted by no hand, answering no hail, purposeless, silent and alone."

"This abandoned craft is probably the phantom whose ice-sheathed shrouds and silent decks loomed upon the startled vision of big John Hansen that chilly night in July, and gave him that shock from which he may never recover." (Painting "The Flying Dutchman" by Charles Temple Dix 1838-1873)

'DETURMIND'



So, what were the members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition up to on Nov. 25, 1805?

They loaded up the canoes, left Station Camp, which was just east of Chinook, Washington, and headed upriver to explore, hoping to find a suitable spot for a winter camp. From William Clark's journal:

"The Wind being high rendered it impossible for us to Cross the river from our Camp, we deturmind to proceed on up where it was narrow. We Set out early accompanied by 7 ClâtSops for a few miles; they left us and Crossed the river through emence high waves.

"We Dined in the Shallow Bay (Grays Bay) on Dried pounded fish, after which we proceeded on near the North Side of the Columbia, and encamp a little after night near our Encampment of the 7th ... near a rock (Pillar Rock) at Some distance in the river.

"Evening Cloudy, the Winds of to day is generally E.S.E., which was a verry favourable point for us as the highlands kept it from us. Mt. St. Hilians (Helens) Can be Seen from the mouth of this river."

As any Lewis and Clark history buff knows, they ended up wintering on the south side of the river instead, where they built Fort Clatsop. It was their last encampment before heading back east.

'ICELANDVERSE'



When Mark Zuckerberg, via video, announced with annoying seriousness about people connecting through virtual reality in his Metaverse, and introduced the new logo, the internet went wild.

Inspired by Iceland's "Icelandverse" is a desert-dry parody designed to boost Iceland's tourism. At the same time, the video quietly mocks Zuckerberg and his Metaverse, as narrated by a deadpan "Zach Mossbergs-son, Chief Visionary Officer." For example:

"... Today I want to talk about a revolutionary approach on how to connect our world without being super weird ... And what do we call this not-so-new chapter in human connectivity? The Icelandverse. Enhanced actual reality without silly-looking headsets. In our open world experience, everything is real, and has been for millions of years.

"... The Icelandverse is a world with possibilities so endless they'll be here forever. So join us today, or tomorrow, or whenever. We are really easy-going. Now please enjoy our logo." With 1.1 million views so far, and glowing reviews, tourism will probably soar.



SNIPPETS

• **Deck the Halls:** First off, a plea from Ten Fifteen Productions: "We need your help! Do you have extra holiday decorations collecting dust? We'd love to take them off your hands! "We are specifically looking for a faux tree, garlands and poinsettias to decorate the theater for our holiday fundraiser, 'Almost Baroque for Christmas.'"

The production, with 19 performers directed by Susi Brown, runs Dec. 15 to Dec. 18 at 1015 Commercial St. If you have any decorations to lend, email thetenfifteentheater@gmail.com or call 503-198-5255.

• **Storytelling Adventure:** The Oregon I Am people have now come up with a card game, which is a "storytelling adventure." The game is available at bit.ly/OriAMcards

"Take a journey through Oregon and connect with each other and to your favorite Oregon places — including those you have yet to discover — through fun illustrations, silly conversations and beautiful landmarks!"

• **Blubber Blowup:** In honor of the 51st anniversary of the Florence exploding whale debacle on Nov. 12, Portland virtual band Flawker Rawker created a song, and an animated video, to commemorate the event, "Blubber Blowup," available on YouTube. One of the gulls is shown, in a screenshot.

Actually, the video is the brainchild of production designer and cartoonist Jack Kent, and is an offshoot of one of his comic strips, "Gulls." Please note: "This song is squawked from a gull's point of view." Silliness abounds.

THANKSGIVING MUSINGS



Tidbits from The Daily Morning Astorian, Friday, Nov. 25, 1887:

• Everybody gave thanks yesterday: Some because things were as they are, or are as they were, and others because things were no worse.

• Yesterday morning's snow and the regular Thanksgiving holiday made a happy combination for the boys with their sleds, who made the hillside streets lively till summoned to the turkey and pie.

• Thanksgiving Day was generally observed yesterday. The city and county offices, banks and business houses generally closed up, and nearly everyone made a Sunday of it. There were many happy private parties, and the day was pleasantly observed.

The snow descends not more gently to the earth than do the thousand little unnoticed blessings in our daily lives. Which is why we are thankful, even if we did have to work yesterday to help get out this choice collection of local literature, which the gentle or ferocious reader is perusing this morning.