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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

A DREAM PIECE?



Anything related to vanished aviatrix **Amelia Earhart** — who was, incidentally, a fan of **Miss R.E. Barrett**, a city manager of Warrenton — draws tremendous interest. In fact, Heritage Auctions in Dallas recently sold one of Earhart's leather flying caps for \$825,000.

Backed up by “photo match documentation,” Earhart apparently wore this particular cap when she became the first woman fly across the Atlantic Ocean. About 14 months later, in August 1929, Earhart participated in the National Air Races in Cleveland, Ohio, which Anthony Twigg's mother attended with friends.

Among them was a young man who ran down into the field, found the cap on the ground near Earhart's plane, and gave it to Twigg's mother. Inside, the name “A. Earhart” is handwritten in black ink. The cap has been tucked away in a closet ever since, “an absolute dream piece for the advanced Earhart collector,” the auction company claimed.

Not so fast, says The International Group for Historic Aircraft Recovery, in an email titled “Due Diligence”: There appears to be no evidence that Earhart wore that type of cap during the 1929 race, but at least one other woman flyer did; those caps were commercially available for \$1 (\$16 now); and, the handwriting in the cap does not match Earhart's.

“If the auctioned helmet is the one Earhart wore during the 1928 transatlantic flight, it belongs in a museum,” the group concluded. “If it's not, it's right where it belongs.” (Photo courtesy of Heritage Auctions)

NOT FUN FACTS



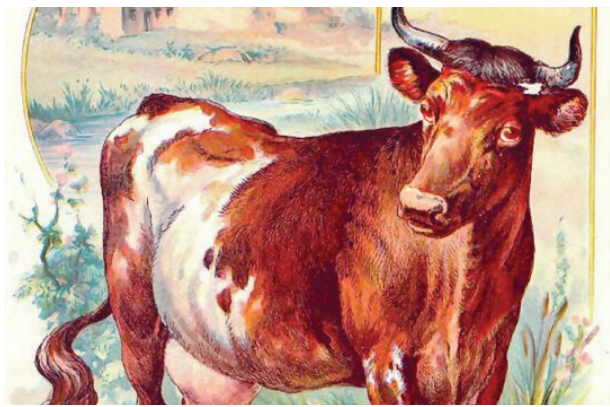
Since Friday is the anniversary of the **2011 Japanese 9.0 earthquake and tsunami**, a few facts from LiveScience.com are in order, since a similar event is expected on the **Cascadia Subduction Zone** off Oregon's coast.

The earthquake shook the ground about six minutes. There were more than 5,000 aftershocks, the largest being a 7.9. Honshu island moved 8 feet east, and the Pacific Plate, near the epicenter, slid 79 feet west. The Earth shifted on its axis, and the length of a day was shortened by about a microsecond.

The tsunami, which took 10 to 30 minutes to arrive, reached a maximum height of around 128 feet in Iwate Prefecture, and swept inland for 6 miles in Sendai. Five million tons of debris were swept out to sea.

Got that go bag ready?

DELINQUENT COWS



Please say this can't happen here: A homeowner in Georgia was invaded by “dozens of cows mooing loudly” Fox5 Atlanta reports.

The bovine miscreants, who had roamed almost 2 miles from their dairy farm home, were filmed by a Ring video doorbell camera.

“The cows completely destroyed my new landscaping and ate my bushes,” homeowner Alisha said. “There are deep holes from the cows walking in the grass, along with some lovely cow pies, but overall fixable damage.”

One cow was particularly intent upon devouring the Ring doorbell but, Alisha said, “the cow ended up giving up, and enjoyed a plant instead.”



CAPT. HARMON'S MISERY

The **Daily Morning Astorian** of **March 10, 1887**, mentions a letter from **Capt. Steve Babbidge** to publisher **J. F. Halloran**, about **Capt. George Harmon**, and the ill-fated steamer, **Dawn**:

“Herewith I send enclosed a letter written on board the **steamer Dawn** Feb. 10th. The letter will tell its own sad story. Mr. D. H. Williams, living at **Alsea**, picked up a bottle containing the above-mentioned letter, three miles below (or south) of **Alsea bar** ...

“On reading **Captain Harmon's** letter, I am inclined to think he mistook **Yaquina** entrance for **Shoalwater**, and **Alsea** for **Gray's Harbor** ... You can dispose of the letter as best suits you. Most likely the writer would cherish it as a treasure.”

But **Capt. Harmon's** misery wasn't caused by mistaking one place for another. He simply had a string of incredibly bad luck.

Harmon and the **Dawn's** co-owner, **Capt. A. H. Church**, left **Knappton, Washington Territory**, on Feb. 3. Shortly thereafter, a steam pipe burst, and they lost power. They tried to anchor; the chain broke. They tossed out small anchors; they wouldn't hold.

Signaling the master of the **General Canby** several times for help was fruitless. He ignored them. They managed to cross the **Columbia River Bar**, hoping to be spotted, but by morning, they had been pushed out to sea.

They repaired the steam pipe, but ran out of fuel. They put up some small sails, but were blown offshore again for three more days. Once the wind died down, land was in view, but they drifted another 24 hours.

The **steamer Empire** found the pair, and gave them provisions and a tow — just in time; they had almost died of starvation. At **Coos Bay**, the survivors were put aboard the **Empire**, keeping the **Dawn** in tow, but she broke free and was lost, costing her owners everything they had. Once docked in **San Francisco**, the **Empire** crew generously bought the men passage to **Astoria**.

Although grateful, “we feel hard about the matter,” **Harmon** noted, “because had our signals been heeded, we would not have gone to sea and lost our vessel.” To think he would have cherished his letter as “a treasure” seems doubtful, indeed.

INDUSTRY AGROUND



The American barkentine **Industry** was tragically lost on **March 16, 1865**. She left **San Francisco** on Feb. 23, with 24 aboard and **Capt. Lewis** as master and, after two weeks of rough sailing through heavy gales, she reached the **Columbia River**.

After several days, a bar pilot boat came out, and the pilot raised his flag. **Lewis** approached to let a pilot board, but the pilot boat turned and headed back over the bar. **Capt. Lewis** assumed that the pilot boat was guiding him in, so he followed.

It didn't go well; he had to drop anchor to avoid grounding. Under way again, he drifted onto a sand spit stern first. The ship was done for. One of the boats was lowered, but it was quickly swamped, and the mate drowned. Desperate, the crew climbed up into the rigging, and heavy seas destroyed the rest of the small boats during the night.

The next morning, two rafts were hastily constructed. The five men on one raft were rescued. Of the eight aboard the other raft, four were washed overboard, and two died of exposure. Ten, including the captain, vanished with the wreck.

Clara Munson recalled that her father, **Capt. J. W. Munson**, when he was lighthouse keeper at **Cape Disappointment** in 1865, found a wrecked longboat on the beach. “Father realized that if he had had a good lifeboat, he could have saved the crew of the **Industry**, so he decided to fix up this old boat for future emergencies.”

Which he did, raising the money by playing the violin at two dances he gave in **Astoria**, netting over \$200 (about \$3,400 now). He fixed the boat and, with two assistants, even built a boathouse for it ... and probably saved several lives. (bit.ly/LewDry)

FEELING UPLIFTED



“Want to serve your community in a very real way?” **Marcy Dunning**, president of **Clatsop Animal Assistance** asks. “The **Clatsop County Animal Shelter** and **Clatsop Animal Assistance** are always in need of hard-working and reliable **volunteers!**”

“We have plenty of opportunities, including dog walking, cat socializing and cuddling, fostering, transporting animals to vet appointments, and just loving on our animals.”

“I have been a volunteer dog walker for four months,” **Lisa Minnear** said, “and only wish I had started years ago. I care deeply for animals, but was reluctant to volunteer because I didn't think I would be able to handle it emotionally.”

“I was wrong, I had no idea how rewarding the experience would be. Every walk, trick, praise and pat that I contribute helps to improve the animal's social skills and quality of life while they wait for their forever home.”

Interested in some therapeutic (for both of you) animal bonding time? Call the shelter to schedule an orientation at 503-861-7387.

For questions, email **Marcy** at marcy.dunning@gmail.com, and check out the volunteer videos at dogsncats.org/volunteer-opportunities

“I look forward to my shelter shifts and always feel uplifted when I leave,” **Lisa** added. “The fresh air, movement, quality time with the dogs, and connection with an amazing group of shelter staff and volunteers fills my cup.”

RIGHT AND RARE



Josh Trosvig, captain of the 58-foot fishing vessel **J Cerulean**, made a rare discovery on Feb. 8 in **Alaska's Bering Sea** while fishing for cod. He was waiting for the tide to change when he spotted something that looked like a large tote floating on the surface of the water about 300 feet away.

It was actually a group of whales with an unusual feeding tactic; they were moving “like bulldozers” he told **KUCB**. So he kept watching, and took videos, which he sent to fisheries biologists for identification. Other fisherman saw and photographed the whales as well.

The scientists were shocked; it turned out what **Trosvig** had seen were very rare, critically endangered **North Pacific right whales**. The **National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration** estimates there are only 30 of these whales left in the world.

“For 35 years now, I have been flattening waves out here, and never seen one,” **Trosvig** wrote on **Facebook**. Yet on that one day, he estimates he saw “at least 10 individuals.” (Photo by **Brenda K. Rone**, courtesy of **NOAA**)

TITLE AND TARTAN



St. Patrick's Day is almost upon us, and in case you'd like to give that special someone something a little more substantial than green beer, **CelticTitles.com** might just be the answer.

You can obtain a **Laird, Lord or Lady of Ardmore title** by buying a minuscule plot of land in **Sliev Kirk Wood in Northern Ireland**. A 1 square foot plot costs \$60, but if you buy 10 square feet, it's only \$240. Naturally, there is a tartan to go with the title. A screenshot of the general area is shown.

OK, so it's a bit of a vanity thing, but there's a good deed in there, too. Since they receive no government, lottery or other financial grants or assistance, the company uses the profits to manage the land as a nature reserve.

And yes, you can actually go visit your little piece of Ireland. Sláinte!