

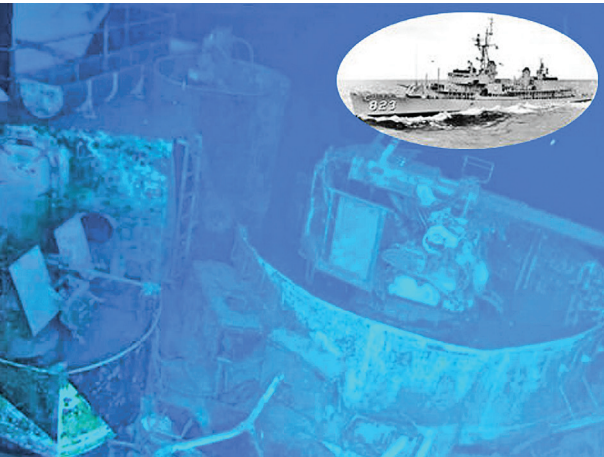
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IN ONE EAR • ELLEDA WILSON

FINDING ‘SAMMY B’



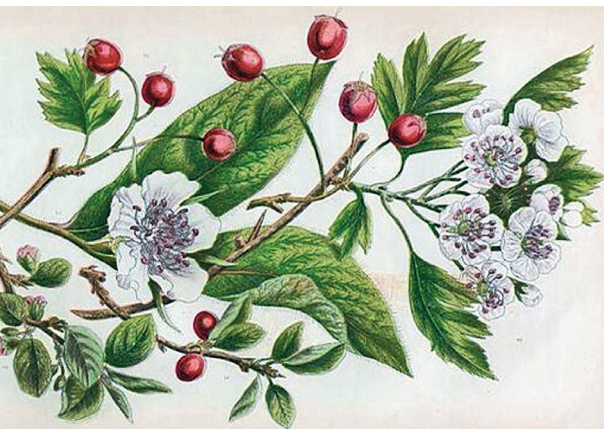
There is a good deal of interest in the shipwrecks in this neck of the woods. That being said, the **deepest shipwreck ever located** was discovered last month off the Philippines, the **USS Samuel B. Roberts**, which rests at about 22,600 feet, Phys.Org reports.

The wreck was found by Texas undersea technology company, **Caladan Oceanic**, which sent a team, led by founder **Victor Vescovo**, in a crewed submersible to take photos (one is shown) and survey the wreck over a period of eight days. They were also looking for the **USS Gambier Bay**, which is believed to be even deeper than the “Sammy B,” but couldn’t find it. This time.

The “Sammy B,” a U.S. Navy escort destroyer, was sunk on Oct. 25, 1944, during a battle to liberate the Philippines from Japanese occupation during World War II. The destroyer’s 224 crew members, according to Navy records, “floated for nearly three days awaiting rescue, with many survivors perishing from wounds and shark attacks.” Eighty-nine died.

For comparison, the **Titanic** rests 13,000 feet below the surface.

ABERNATHY’S ACRE



An interesting morsel from **The Daily Morning Astorian**, **July 7, 1887**:

- **George Abernathy** has about an acre of **cranberries** planted at **Knappa**, which gives promise of an abundant harvest. Should the yield prove satisfactory, the area will be increased.

Note: A Dec. 4, 1896 edition of the paper notes: “It is claimed that on the tide lands at and above Knappa, cranberries can be profitably cultivated.” It looks like Abernathy’s little acre harvest was hardly “abundant.”

Cranberries were raised by Indigenous people in Northwest Oregon, and it’s believed the settlers harvested them, as well, but not as a business concern. The settlers were more interested in the berries’ vitamin C content, which prevents scurvy — a worry for anyone without access to citrus fruits, and especially for those who spent long periods of time at sea.

Charles D. McFarlin is considered to have developed the first Oregon commercial cranberry bog in May 1885, when he moved to **Coos County** and planted the bog with vines he’d developed in Massachusetts.

Just south of us, in Tillamook County, W.C. King started growing cranberries in 1893, and by 1900, was the “cranberry king” of the county.

Actually, it’s southern Oregon that became best known in the long run for cranberries in Oregon. Cranberries are being cultivated on about 27,000 acres in southern Coos and northern Curry counties. And, Oregon’s cranberries are about 7% of U.S. production, at from 40 to 49 million pounds of berries a year.

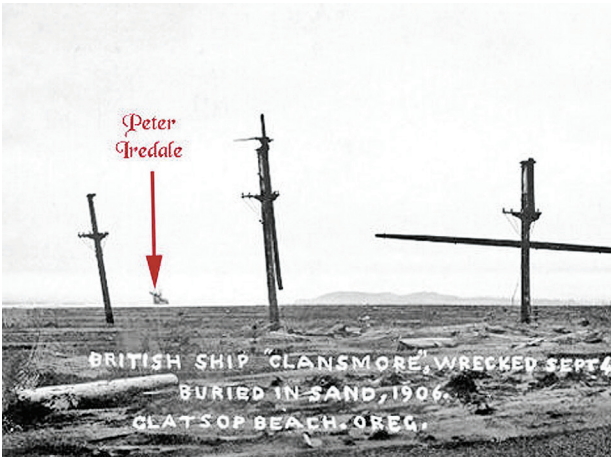
AN ONGOING MISSION



Sunny rerun: **Bob Westerberg**, owner of the **Sunflower Dairy** building on Duane Street, had artist and muralist **Jo Lumpkin Brown** revitalize the old sign on the building on Saturday — just to make sure everyone remembers the business that used to be there. Milk was bottled in the basement, and the delivery trucks parked on the ground floor.

Jo’s an old hand at sign restoration in Astoria, and her work can be seen all around town, most notably in the mural on the back of the **Sears building** by the Riverwalk. She once told the Ear she wants Astorians “to notice things and save things.” Preserving local history is Jo’s ongoing mission. (*In One Ear*, 9/7/2012)

A DELIGHTFUL DRIVE



The **July 7, 1887** issue of **The Daily Morning Astorian** mentions a new ferry: “**Col. John Adair** made the first trip with his **Clatsop ferry** last Tuesday, going from landing to landing in 12 minutes. He expects to put it in regular operation in a short time.”

At the time, there was no direct road to the beaches south of Astoria, and the ferry went only as far as Warrenton. There was a big push to put in a **macadam road** from Warrenton to the beach, and a travel story in the **Sept. 14, 1887** paper was a not-so-gentle hint to get moving on it.

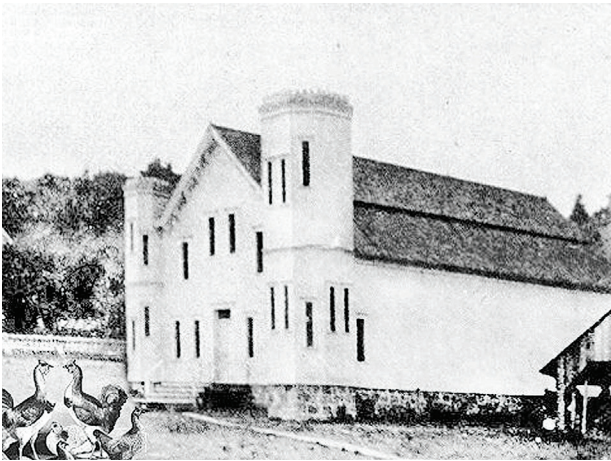
The writer, **Mayor John Trullinger** and other Astoria notables took a horse and buggy to the ferry, and “a surprisingly short time later” landed in Warrenton. They marveled at the diking done there; large amounts of usable land had been created out of land previously underwater.

They headed for the Seaside road and, after “an **S-like** detour of several miles” arrived at the beach. “By running the road straight on west, a saving of 2 miles could be made, and Astoria, via **Clatsop ferry**, would be only two hours from a magnificent ocean beach,” the writer noted. The prospective road would come out on the beach about half a mile below the **Cairnsmore** wreck (south of the **Peter Iredale** wreck) in **Fort Stevens State Park**.

He went on to remind readers that rights of way for the road had already been secured, and “the building of this road, and the facilities afforded for travel by the **Clatsop ferry**, would enable the thousands who now yearly go elsewhere to come to Astoria, get their supplies, teams, etc., here, make this their headquarters, (having) ... a delightful drive, instead of a wearisome journey.”

The trip from the end of the new road to **Seaside** would be made on the beach. “... The horses trotted along on the hard sand, affording a most admirable roadway, wide, spacious, safe, in sight and hearing of the sea, and miles on miles up and down the coast, stretching from **Fort Stevens** to the Necanicum, over 13 miles, a drive unrivaled in attraction on this coast.”

CHICKEN COOP



From **The Daily Morning Astorian**, **July 7, 1887**, another attempted jail break from the county jail:

- After giving the four prisoners in the county jail ... their breakfasts yesterday morning, **Jailer Curran** let them out in the main corridor for exercise.

Shortly before noon he entered and found they had beguiled their leisure hours by prying out from the stone foundations of the jail about a dozen boulders, averaging 60 pounds in weight, and carrying them to an unoccupied cell. But one layer of stone lay between them and freedom when discovered.

The easier way would have been for them to have gone out through the hole by which Thompson and his comrade escaped some weeks ago, and which still affords the same convenience for egress.

Note: This is the very same county jail referred to in a story here a few weeks ago about an escape in June 1885, when four inmates broke some locks using a bar — and several stones they dug up to use for leverage — then took off scot-free in a stolen fishing boat.

Apparently things hadn’t changed much in two years, as even back in 1885 the newspaper noted that the jail, “... with a little additional expenditure, could be turned into a good \$16,000 **chicken coop** ...” Ouch.

CRABBY CULPRIT



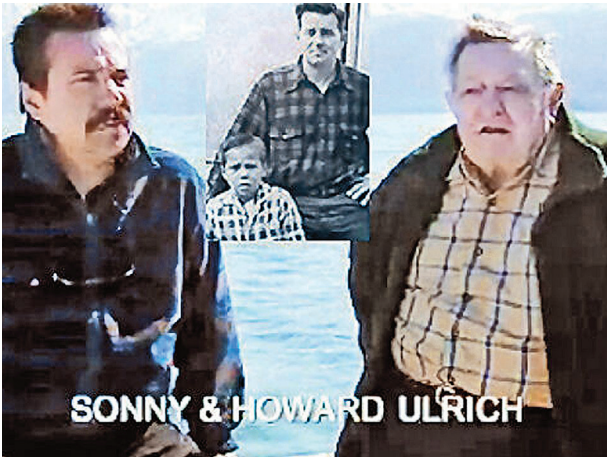
Around 2 a.m., **Kyle King**, who was camping on an uninhabited island off **Okinawa, Japan**, woke up when he heard scratching noises outside his tent. Curious, he turned his phone on to flashlight mode and began videotaping, **USAToday.com** reports.

It was a **coconut crab** heisting King’s steak knife, and King grabbed the knife out of the crab’s claws. “... I need that knife,” he said to the startled crab.

Just so you know: Adult coconut crabs, aka robber crabs, are nocturnal, about 40 inches from leg tip to leg tip, and weigh about 10 pounds.

And yet, “... if that was a spider, I would have gotten out of there ...” King said. He stayed, “but didn’t sleep much after that.”

THE END OF THE WORLD



The largest tsunami runoff on record, which destroyed millions of trees at up to 1,720 feet, occurred **July 9, 1958**, on **Lituya Bay, Alaska**. An earthquake loosened up to 40 million cubic yards of rock in the mountains, which crashed 3,000 feet into an inlet below, creating a wave that swept across Lituya Bay and into the Gulf of Alaska.

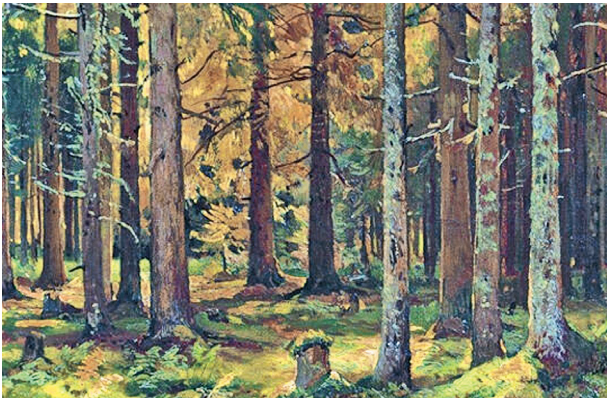
By the time the wave reached **Howard Ulrich** and his 7-year-old son, **Sonny**, who were in their fishing boat, the **Edrie**, it was steep, and about 50 to 75 feet high. The pair are pictured in 2000, and 1958 (inset), in screenshots from a BBC interview. “It looked like just a big wall of water,” Howard told BBC. “You’re looking at death, and this was exactly my first thought.”

“He threw me a life preserver and said, ‘Son, start praying,’” Sonny said. As Howard pushed the engine to climb the front of the wave, they were swept up over the land above the trees (where Howard thought they would surely land). Miraculously, they crested the wave, made it to the other side, and were washed back into the bay unharmed. “God what an awful sight,” Howard recalled, “... Something like the end of the world.”

William Swanson and his wife, on the **Badger**, were lifted by the wave and rode, stern first, below the wave’s crest. He said when he looked down, he was more than 80 feet above the tree tops. After the wave crested over a spit on the way to the gulf, the boat hit bottom and foundered. They abandoned their boat, boarded a small skiff, and were picked up by a fishing boat a few hours later.

A third boat, with what was believed to be two aboard, sank with no survivors.

A MILLION TREES



Ever wondered if you could do something useful while doing nothing more than just sitting around drinking a beer? Well, now you can, with the **Oregon Parks Forever’s You Buy One, We Plant One** campaign, which donates \$1 from every purchase to plant trees. This year’s goal is replanting 25,000 trees in Oregon parks and forests.

Here’s how it works: For all of July and August, at all Oregon retailers, \$1 from the sale of select six-packs of cans of **Sunriver Brewing** and Astoria’s **Fort George beer**, **Portland Cider Co.** cider, and 375ml cans of **Canned Oregon wine** by **Stoller Wine Group** will be donated as part of the tree replanting campaign. Each dollar collected covers the cost of planting one tree.

Not a drinker? You can still help out here: bit.ly/amilliontrees. By the way, they were able to fund the planting of over a million trees last year.