

A taste of Chicago in Manzanita

Jim Mudd knows his Chicago dogs: Vienna all-beef frank, sesame seed bun, sliced tomatoes, pickle strips and even the secret ingredient: celery salt. I know this because I once had a Chicago dog party with these same ingredients, ordered direct from Vienna Beef Products and delivered to my home in dry ice.

I fired up the Weber gas grill and cooked them to perfection, spiked with fork tines to let the dogs breathe and the juices sizzle, slightly blackened to perfection.

Let's put it this way: it was a huge hit, even vegans slammed them down — albeit without the frank.

One of the guests was headed to Club Fed for a federal crime — a Ponzi scheme in which he netted a paltry \$2 million. Little did we know at that event as he chugged down dog after dog that this, he felt, was his last meal before his departure. I had purchased about 72 hot dogs and 24 Polish sausages (a misnomer, really, fatter than the hot dogs, but not a Polish kielbasa as many know it) — and thought I would have enough for the 22 guests. Our felonious friend, however, devoured the hot dogs with such gusto that other guests started complaining they weren't "getting enough Polish."

He ended up, I think, eating about eight of the dogs and four of the Polish. Considering that he wouldn't be eating any more for three to five years was some solace, I liked to think I gave him something to look back on as he served his time.

Chicago dogs can do that to people. As a kid in the suburbs of Chicago I was a veteran of Stash's Place, a pioneer of the genre. These were different than the flat-dogs you would get at the Woolworth's counter on a buttered bun. Instead, the buns were soft without being too breadly, the sport peppers sharp and biting and a little too risqué for a 10-year-old, and the Polish sausage serving as a template for all hot dogs to come.

Since that time I order Chicago dogs wherever I see that signature sign.

In New York they just didn't get it. I don't think they ever knew how to do a Chicago dog, and I scoured the five boroughs and suburbs. I think their allegiance to the "dirty water" dog — served in a Sabrett steam wag-

on, slathered with sauerkraut and mustard — was just too great.

In L.A., friends told me Pinks was the place to go for most dog-lovers ("Number one in California"), but frankly, they didn't really wow me. Yes, I liked the room on Sunset, with the old train motif, but no, it wasn't a Chicago dog. They could do Philly Cheesesteaks like they make in Philadelphia at Great Western on Venice Boulevard, but the Chicago dog was not an option.

My son, Sam, took me to Zach's Shack on Hawthorne in Portland. Their Chicago dog is excellent. Nick's Coney Island makes "good dogs," Sam tells me, but while they say their do Chicago dogs on their site, "the ingredients are wrong. Zach's is legit."

I think Tsunami Dog in Seaside serves the best frank in town, but while you can get the "Kite-Flyer," "Highway 101" and "The Bonfire," the Chi-town connection is lacking. So that brings me to some good news for the local hot-dog purist.

Jim Mudd has dedicated himself to the Chicago dog. That's all he sells at Mudd Dog Stand in Manzanita. Set back in a courtyard on Laneda near the beach, Mudd celebrates the Chicago dog with devotion, manning the cart as his wife Lynn pitches in.

It would be enough for Mudd to stand proud as the Sears Tower of hot dogs carts, but he's got an even loftier side. Mudd is aboard member and co-founder of the Mudd Nick Foundation, a charitable organization for kids.

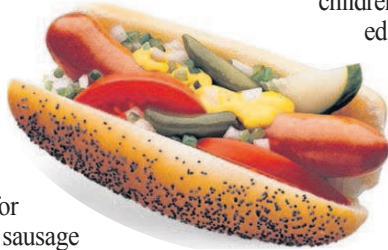
Arts and humanities, science, technology, engineering and math, higher education and careers, camps, literacy, sports, community, children with special needs and talented and gifted — all are supported by the foundation, whose programs are described as "learning experiences that stimulate children to aspire to their greatest potential and pursue their dreams." The foundation supports camp and after-school programs that don't receive tax dollars.

"We founded it 25 years ago," Mudd said, over hot dogs.

Mudd and Doug Nicholson, friends since their days at Oregon State University, decided to start a coed golf tournament in 1990, which they christened the Mudd Nick Invitational.

CANNON SHOTS

R.J. MARX



R.J. MARX/CANNON BEACH GAZETTE

Jim Mudd serves up a culinary classic.

In 2006, the Mudd Nick Foundation was formed as a 501(c)(3) nonprofit and a board of nine directors was selected to develop a mission.

Over the last nine years, more than \$1 million has been raised to support 30 to 50 programs every year.

A former Bridgestone executive, Mudd and his family "moved all over the coast."

"When we retired, we came out here," he said. "This was my parents' home. Since this is the last chapter of my life, I thought what can I do to help? I thought we could open a hot-dog stand, a Chicago-deal like I've eaten all my life, and we'd draw people in and we'd talk about the Mudd Nick Foundation."

It worked. The hot dogs draw people in, and Mudd spreads the word. With international visitors to the Coast, Mudd has attracted donations from people around the world. "It's been a great ride," he said.

The Mudd Nick Foundation celebrates its 27th annual fundraiser in September. The pre-golf tournament dinner takes place Sept. 16, followed by the foundation's annual charity golf tournament at Manzanita Golf Course. The annual dinner will be held the next day. They probably won't be serving hot dogs.

Mudd Dogs is located at 58 Laneda in Manzanita; open six days a week. Note the five-star rating on TripAdvisor.

Jim Mudd is a role model — a guy who's doing what he loves to do and sharing it with the world. This is every man's fantasy. Once you've tired of world travel, beautiful women and fast cars, you want to settle in to a comfortable perch behind a hot-dog cart.

Bon appetit!
For more about the Muddnick Foundation and Jim Mudd, visit muddnickfoundation.org.

The early days in Tolovana Park

Like Cannon Beach, Tolovana Park didn't see homesteaders until the late 1800s. The area was opened to land claims as early as 1889. In the 1890s, Rudolph and Emma Bartels established a homestead in the Tolovana Park area. They took the road that many who ended up here at the time did. According to the accounts of early Cannon Beach residents and visitors, the trip by steamboat to Astoria was quite a harrowing journey on windy days. Once the Rudolphs arrived in Astoria, they took the train as far south as they could go — Seaside. The final leg of their journey could have been made by wagon, on horseback, or by foot. The Rudolphs came by foot from Seaside. At the time, the road from Cannon Beach to Seaside was little more than a muddy trail.

The Rudolphs weren't alone on their desire to make their claim on a piece of ocean view paradise. William and Emma Warren made a homestead claim on a 160 acres of land just south of Cannon Beach in 1891. They "proved up" the claim on June 11, 1897. The homestead certificate was signed by President William McKinley and hung at the entrance of the Warren House

REFLECTIONS

ELAINE TRUCKE



Pub for many years (who knows, it might still be there.)

The Homestead Act of 1862 stated that "any U.S. citizen, or intended citizen, who had never borne arms against the U.S. Government could file an application and lay claim to 160 acres of surveyed Government land. For the next five years, the homesteader had to live on the land and improve it by building a 12-by-14 dwelling and growing crops. After five years, the homesteader could file for his patent (or deed of title) by submitting proof of residency and the required improvements to a local land office." This was referred to as "proving up on it."

William's brother, Mark, proved his claim in 1900 by building a cabin where the Wayside State Park now resides. The combined land claims were later developed and named Tolovana Park. According to Emma Warren, this was translated as "river of sticks." Both of the Warren

brothers spent a great deal of time in Alaska and named the streets of Tolovana after rivers in Alaska.

The Brallier family was another prominent family to settle here in the late 1800s. Brothers Jacob and Frank Brallier moved to the Astoria and Warrenton area prior to 1870, but the beautiful views, towering Spruce and Cedar trees, and the open land drew them to the Tolovana Park area. Frank "proved-up" his 160-acre claim in February of 1897. Jacob's 160-acre claim was "proved-up" just a few years later, in 1900.

It wasn't until the early 1900s that Tolovana started to really take shape. On Feb. 9, 1898, Frank filed a plat for the Sylvan Park development, the first development in Tolovana. The Warren brothers weren't far behind. In July of 1906, the brothers platted the Hay Stack Rock Park area, which is just south of where the Tolovana Inn is now. The brothers also constructed the Warren Hotel. The hotel, which was located where the Tolovana Inn is now, was constructed in 1911 and boasted 16 rooms with indoor running water. One of the first registered guests was Oregon Governor Oswald West. Eight cabins were added at a later date. The hotel had

many distinct features, but one was a beautifully constructed fireplace created by local Paul Bartels.

The Warren family was industrious. They started the Warren Lumber Company and built a small sawmill in Tolovana Park. In the 1920s, the brothers also added the Warren Auto Camp just north of the Warren Hotel. They even managed to start and later sell a water company!

In 1978, during an oral history interview Paul Bartels laughingly tells the story of one of the Warren brothers riding a bull into the Warren Hotel lobby. Whether as a joke, or a drunken antic, the story of lobby guests running in fright of the one of the brothers astride a large bull was one for the record books.

The challenges of reaching Cannon Beach and Tolovana Park made those who reached here, stayed here, lived here, strong: strong with the most important quality, a sense of humor. Over the decades getting to Cannon Beach and Tolovana became easier to travel. The area saw more visitors and long-time residents, but that feeling of place has remained.

Stay tuned for more on the history of Tolovana Park, the Warren family, and the Woodfields.



SUBMITTED PHOTO

The Warren Hotel, an early lodging in Tolovana Park.

LETTERS

Citizens' voices still must be heard

I am writing this open letter to Mayor Sam Steidel, the Cannon Beach City Council and City Manager Brant Kucera. It is time that our city manager leaves his office, leaves his door open and pays a visit to all the business owners in Cannon Beach. Also, make time to seek out and talk to people who have lived here or would like to know our city manager.

Cannon Beach is slowly becoming another Seaside. What happened to our title of being the "Carmel" of the North Coast?

It was great that our tax money was dedicated to a survey that made little sense, nor did it pertain to our community. I am glad the gentleman, who owns the company, was able to put together the strategic plan and gave us 45 minutes of time explaining his accomplishments of strategic studies in other cities. One example was about Las Vegas. Maybe we are becoming like a mini Las Vegas!

Very few people that I have talked to felt this plan was the answer to solving the problems that were listed. We need to have community meetings — as many as needed — to cover all those that own businesses, property owners and renters in Cannon Beach. Let us have a chance to express concerns, ideas and visions for the future so we can continue to be the "Carmel" of the North Coast and not the second Seaside or a mini Las Vegas. I understand the council approved the plan; so be it. I still feel the voices must be heard.

Molly H. Edison
Cannon Beach

Design review committees for all?

I think that every community in Clatsop County should have their own design review committees.

There should be one for Olney, Elsie, Jewell, Lewis & Clark, Burnside, Svensen, Knappa, Brownsmead, Surf Pines, The Highlands, Sunset Beach, Cullaby Lake, Tolovana Park, Pinehurst, Smith Lake, Clatsop Plains, Delmoor Loop and probably a few more that I forgot.

This would only be fair, because, after all the people in Arch Cape are no more special and deserving of their own committee than the rest of us.

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Warrenton

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