

Simply supernatural OR, GETTING IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS

So say the sooths ...

Miss Katherine Ellis became The Columbian's first resident soothsayer in 1939.

The "noted Hollywood Psychic" must have used the Vulcan Mind Meld to get hired for her weekly column in the late 1930s: what was lacking in substance certainly wasn't made up for by showmanship.

Here's a sample:

Q: Is there going to be any change in my life in the near future? M.K., Vancouver

A: Yes, you will make a trip to California.

Q: Am I going to play professional baseball? M.M., Vancouver

A: Yes, your best success will be in California.

Q: How and when will the mortgage be paid on my home? P.R.D., Vancouver

A: I do not see this mortgage being paid as you are going through trouble on account of your mental attitude. You should see a doctor.

Starting:

Ellis' most provocative prediction: "Germany's Chancellor, Adolph Hitler, will be assassinated within 90 days," also turned out to be wrong. He died six years later.

Ellis didn't even last the 90 days. After a few more bold forecasts, such as the whereabouts of a lost piece of paper and the pre-birth gender of a baby, she was fired.

That drowned the public's thirst for about 40 years.

When parapsychology returned to The Columbian's pages in 1969, it hadn't aged well.

A group effort from every prophet this side of Ork forced the paper into giving credibility to another prediction. The prophecy this time, California would be dumped into the ocean and become the next Atlantis. We're still waiting.

Next up for the psychics was local Tenny Hale, who once inaccurately predicted her own death.

In the early 1970s, she was quoted in The Columbian as saying Jacqueline Onassis would commit suicide within five years, and Richard Nixon would fabricate a national emergency in a military takeover of the United States. Nope.

In the late '70s, Clark County's Bertie Catchesings was sure that one of the planets in our solar system would explode, and Jimmy Hoffa was living in the Canary Islands. Maybe

she meant Jimmy Hoffa would explode and one of the planets reminded her of the Canary Islands.

People still, apparently, wanted more.

So The Columbian gave it to them. In the 1980s, Mickie Dahne, who visited our area to communicate with the spirit of Elvis Presley, was pretty darn positive that bald Telly Savalas would grow long locks and Farrah Fawcett would get a crew cut.

Inaccurate predictions continued throughout the decade, but reached the pinnacle in 1991, when The Columbian called on "noted pet psychic" Lydia Hiby.

Hiby, who works in a local animal clinic as a licensed animal health technician, gives private readings to animals that seem deeply disturbed — or a little irritated.

One such publicized reading involved David the Snake.

David was having a persistent thought about blue satin sheets that seemed to bother him, Hiby told the snake's young female owner.

"Hat" her companion said. "The snake's owner has blue satin sheets on the bed in the dorm room, and the snake's out on the bed sometimes."

Hiby goes with it.

"Then the snake told me about this trip he took when he fell off the bed once and went out into the hall of the dorm," she said. "All these dorm girls were pointing and yelling, 'Oh no, a snake, a snake!'"

The snake's owner said she had indeed found David the Snake lying quietly in the hall.

Hiby continued, "He (David) said, 'They were yelling, 'A snake, a snake.' So I stayed real still so the snake wouldn't see me.'"

Her fee: \$100 an hour. A psychic hasn't been put on the Columbian payroll since.

Psychic Asserts Hitler Will Start Drive for More Land Within Period of Six Weeks



Miss Katherine Ellis, Hollywood psychic. A prediction that Adolph Hitler would, within a week, start a drive for acquisition of additional territory in Europe, was made last night at the Misses' party by Miss Katherine Ellis, noted Hollywood psychic who is appearing at the Columbia and ...

Stories by BRETT OPPEGAARD The Columbian

CREEPY, Quirky & Queer

... Tales from the Clark side

PART ONE OF A FIVE PART SERIES



Soldiers at the Vancouver Barracks in late 1918 wear masks to protect them from a deadly flu outbreak. Did any of the victims later haunt the post?

Berry scary place ...

YACOLT — The Klickitats believed Yacolt was a place of spirits and demons, hence their name for it haunted valley.

Most of their legends say the area devoured children — in one way or another during the innocent youngsters into the woods, never to be seen again.

The fear of this evil didn't stop the tribe from visiting, though. Yacolt was alive with strawberries and blueberries, and the fruit was among the most valuable resources in the wild. Worthy of the risk.

After one particular fight with members of a rival tribe over berries, the Klickitats believed they had killed all of the enemy forces, but legend has it that one small girl escaped.

When the victors returned later for more berries, an eerie song emanated from the trees. The girl was singing a sorrowful serenade to her lost family and friends, and it scared the Klickitats silly. They scattered, sure that the ghosts of the dead berry pickers had risen.

It kept the Klickitats away for several moons.

Introduction on Page A1 More Tales from the Clark side, Page C7

Working the night shift ...

If you're ever walking across the I-5 bridge on an cloudy autumn night and see a ghostly man in a black hat making that journey too, don't be scared. It's just one of the many ghosts thought to be haunting public places in Clark County.

Mayor G.R. Percival crossed the river in October 1920 to commit suicide. He walked across the bridge, found a forest of trees and strung himself up. People on many different nights say they've spotted him repeating that fateful journey as an apparition.

Another rumored spot for spooks is the old brick home on West 13th Street, the Hidden House restaurant. Legend has it sports a fiend who loves to sting and play pranks.

Employees have claimed bathrooms lock from the inside, their names have been called while they vacuum, and one table in the restaurant has odd things happen to its silverware. The utensils get mixed up. Spoons and forks fall on the floor.

Still, Vancouver Barracks may be the most notorious haunted hang-out of them all.

In 1982, workers digging for a water pipe in the basement stumbled across bones and some coffins. They hadn't realized before digging that the auditorium had been built on an old cemetery.

Since then, the spirits have been restless, said Roy Wilson, the spiritual leader for the Cowitch and Chinook Indians.

From 1982 to June 1993, the remnants of coffins from a ceme-



tery dating to 1846 laid open in a barracks basement. It has caused quite a spiritual awakening.

"If you work late at night, you can hear footsteps upstairs, people talking and doors opening and closing," Lt. Col. Ward Jones, barracks commander, said. "I just figure it's a coexistence. We work during the day, and they work during the night."

Richard Reed, a civilian barracks employee, works in building 638, a place where several of the sightings have occurred.

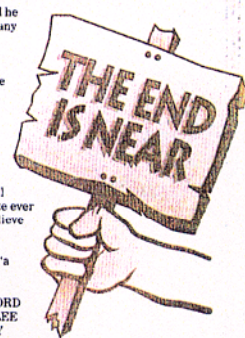
"I used to come to work about 5 a.m., and one morning I was in my office when I heard footsteps upstairs," Reed said. "Nobody was supposed to be there so I went upstairs. I could hear footsteps going down the hallway, about six feet in front of me. But nobody was there. I followed them down the stairs. When they got to the door, it swung open by itself and then shut."

"It kind of upset me, but after listening to the same thing for months, I got used to it," Reed said.

A sergeant who stayed in the same building for two weeks was awakened twice by a loud command of "10-hut," followed by the clicking of boots together. Later he awoke to the sounds of someone playing pool. He ran upstairs and found no one in the room, but the pool balls were still moving.

Lt. Col. Jones said he had no intention of making any changes at the barracks because of the occurrences.

"They're just here doing their job," Jones said, "while we do ours."



But you'll have plenty of time to pack ...

The End was Near — again.

After a minor tremor in late March 1993, Pastor D.E. Driver of Portland circulated a letter from one of his parishioners, John Gunter, predicting doom.

Gunter said an elderly woman told him "out of the blue, that she knew of six people completely independent of each other who believed that a major earthquake was going to hit."

"When she said that, I somewhat shrugged my shoulders, saying to her that it would not surprise me if it happened, knowing the wickedness of our city," Gunter wrote.

Two days later, while driving in his car, Gunter was struck again by the thought of the great quake. He quickly prayed and opened his Bible to read some verses. It just so happened that he turned to Acts 11:27-29, which spoke of men traveling to Antioch from Jerusalem to warn people that a great famine was coming.

He was convinced, noting that May 3 would be 40 days (significant in Bible terms) after the March 25 quake. Actually, it turned out that May 3 was 41 days after the March quake.

In a letter circulated to nearly 1,100 churches, Gunter wrote: "I

be hit with a catastrophic and disastrous earthquake. I believe it will be worse than any other earthquake ever recorded by scientists to date. I believe there will be much bloodshed and pain."

He continued, calling this area "a major, if not the major, center for seismic activity in this nation."

The letter also said, "IF THE LORD PUTS IT ON YOUR HEART TO FLEE ON MAY 3, 1993, DO NOT LET ANY PERSON, NO MATTER WHO THEY ARE, TELL YOU DIFFERENT DO WHAT THE LORD SAYS TO DO, AND YOU WILL BE SAFE."

Pastor Driver, in a note that was sent along with Gunter's letter, said Gunter was not a "freaky religious nut."

May 3 came and went with no quake, and on May 4 Gunter's phone was disconnected.

PEOPLE/A&E

**Creepy, Quirky & Queer**

... Tales from the Clark side  
From Page C1

**TODAY ...**  
Simply supernatural:  
Getting in the spirit  
**MONDAY ...**  
Absolutely absurd:  
Home, home on deranged  
**TUESDAY ...**  
Behind bars:  
Asylum for the criminally inane  
**WEDNESDAY ...**  
Legend has it:  
Did prunes kill the president?  
**THURSDAY ...**  
What might have been:  
Twisted fate

**Bewitching ancestor ...**

Researching family history became somewhat unnerve, and a downright obsession, for one Vancouver resident.

In 1978, JoAnne Woodburn wanted to make a family tree. But as she worked her way through generations to the 17th century, she hit a roadblock named Bridget Bishop.

On June 10, 1692, Bishop, the first woman convicted of black magic, was hanged during the Salem witch trials. She was a relative of Woodburn's through marriage on her mother's side.

An instantaneous haunting began. Woodburn couldn't get Bishop out of her mind.

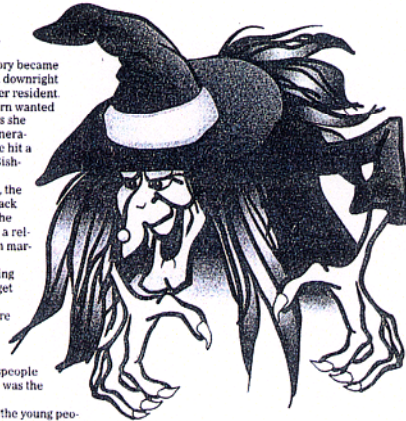
"She was very flashy, wore red vests and kept a tavern — which in the Puritan community stood out," Woodburn said. "The townspeople were not surprised that she was the one who was accused."

Bishop kept a tavern for the young people of the community, Woodburn said, and was accused of bewitching men, coming to them in dreams and floating from the ceiling above their beds. They also accused her of making children die of mysterious illness.

When the mob broke into her house to arrest her, they allegedly found dolls with pins stuck in them — plenty of evidence.

It was said that on her way to trial, one of the timbers on the Salem meetinghouse crashed to the ground as Bishop walked by.

During the trial, she did not try to explain the



dead children or her fascination with men. She was silent throughout, denied counsel and was convicted.

She was hanged alone, unmourning.

Woodburn said she senses psychic connections between herself and Bridget and planned a trip to Salem to do more research.

She also wrote a poem about the haunting.

Its last line: "Bridget sees with my eyes, and I know where she has been."

**About the reporter...**

Reporter Brett Oppgaard, 24, combined his thirst for the unusual with hours of digging through newspaper and Clark County Historical Museum files to concoct "Creepy, Quirky & Queer: Tales from the Clark side."



Brett Oppgaard

His series of more than 40 stories about odd occurrences in Clark County's history continues through Thursday.

The writer grew up

in the Carter Park neighborhood of Vancouver. He attended Lincoln Elementary School, Shumway Junior High School (now a middle school) and Hudson's Bay High School.

In 1993, he was graduated from Washington State University at Pullman, where he was sports editor of the university newspaper, The Daily Evergreen.

At WSU, Oppgaard was the winner of the Society of Professional Journalists National Mark of Excellence Award for sportswriting as well as several other regional writing awards.

**Like shepherd, Mandela led his flock from behind**

By CHRIS GOODRICH  
For the Los Angeles Times

On Aug. 5, 1962, after nearly two years underground following the prohibition of the African National Congress, Nelson Mandela — lawyer, political revolutionary, "The Black Pimpernel" — was captured and charged with incitement to strike and leaving South Africa without a passport.

Although the offenses carried penalties of up to 10 years, they were relatively minor compared to the others Mandela would face in the course of his life. He had been acquitted of treason the previous year, and in 1964 he would be convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to life in prison.

Mandela's incitement trial proved pivotal, however, for the uneasiness his trial produced in members of the South African legal Establishment caused the defendant — and future president — to have "something of a revelation."

Both the judge and the state's prosecutor, Mandela writes in "Long Walk to Freedom," "were not only uncomfortable because I was a colleague brought low, but because I was an ordinary man being punished for his beliefs. In a way I had never quite comprehended before, I realized the role I could play in court and the possibilities before me as a defendant. I was the symbol of justice in the court of the oppressor, the representative of the great ideals of freedom, fairness, and democracy in a society that dishonored those virtues. I realized then and there that I could carry on the fight even within the fortress of the enemy."

The South African government had no idea, at the time at least, that it played a major role in creating one of the great political figures of the 20th Century. From reading "Long Walk to Freedom," however, it's equally clear that Mandela would not have been denied his place in history even under a much more tolerant government, so long as his native land treated non-whites as second-class citizens. Mandela would have found a way to

**BOOK REVIEW**

**"Long Walk to Freedom,  
The Autobiography of Nelson Mandela"**

(Little, Brown, \$24.95, 558 pp.)



Nelson Mandela

"I was the symbol of justice in the court of the oppressor..."

agitate for equality.

Mandela is by no means the first political activist to have exchanged a prison cell for the president's office, but few, even in that august company, seem like veritable forces of nature. Mandela comes off as a modest man in this autobiography, yet one reads it with awe, watching Mandela wear down his enemies through sheer moral authority and consistency.

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, born into a royal family of the Thembu tribe, Xhosa people, in the Transkei section of South Africa in 1918, was raised by an important chief after his father's death. It was in the chief's village, Mqhekezweni, that he absorbed the ability to lead, the chief lived by the idea, Mandela writes, that a leader is "like a shepherd. He stays behind the flock, letting the most nimble go ahead, whereupon the others follow, not realizing that all along they are being directed from behind."

That lesson is everywhere in evidence here, for Mandela's radical challenge of apartheid South Africa was underpinned by a traditional, even ancestral conservatism. Mandela paints himself as a listener rather than a talker, a reader rather than a writer, a persuader rather than a proselytizer, so it's somewhat surprising to learn that he had a reputation, early on, as a firebrand.

He did help radicalize the ANC in the 1950s, pushing its leadership

toward alliances with the Communist Party and eventually into active violence against the state as head of the ANC's military arm, Umkhonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation), but one senses that he turned to guns and bombs reluctantly, and purely for short-term, tactical reasons.

The government no doubt sighed in relief when Mandela took up residence on Robben Island, where he would spend 18 of his 27 years of incarceration. And it's true that Mandela, following his conspiracy conviction, had little communication with, let alone control of, the ANC — but that hardly mattered, for every year he spent behind bars ensured the growth of his moral authority in the larger world.

South Africa's leaders eventually recognized as much, and although Mandela and his fellow political prisoners suffered routine abuse for decades — poor food, inadequate clothing, routine humiliation, isolation from family — in later years they treated him like an important guest.

The government hoped its new, respectful treatment would lead Mandela to accept commutation of his sentence and apolitical retirement in the Transkei, but naturally the play failed.

"Long Walk to Freedom" is a monumental book, one that well matches its author. It's also strategically constructed. Mandela knows how to set exactly the right tone so that he seems an almost inhumanly perfect man, one with just the right number of simple human flaws.

What truly seems to make Mandela better than the rest of us, however, is his ability to forgive, for he rarely condemns whites for the mistreatment of blacks, placing blame not on racist individuals but on the apartheid system which, he believes, created them.

**WHAT'S COOKING?**



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**The Columbian**

**From Arizona, Wonder marks King holiday**

PHOENIX (AP) — Stevie Wonder wanted to focus on the future, not the past, at a celebration of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday.

"I'm happy to be here because this really is a holiday," Wonder said Friday. "Based on the spirit of the people that I felt today, I don't believe anyone's been able to take us back to a time when we could not celebrate what black Americans did for this country."

Wonder refused to perform in Arizona after then-Gov. Evan Mecham rescinded the King holiday in 1987. It was restored by voters in time for the 1993 holiday, and Wonder returned that year for a free concert.

His first paid concert since 1986 was Thursday night.

Wonder joined King's nephew, the Rev. Vernon King, and 3,000 people Friday for a breakfast honoring musician Curtis Mayfield. He also accepted an award for Mayfield, who missed a flight to Phoenix but spoke by telephone from Atlanta.

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## Creepy, Quirky & Queer

... Tales from the Clark side  
PART TWO OF A FIVE-PART SERIES

# Absolutely absurd

## OR, HOME, HOME, ON DERANGED

Stories by  
**BRETT OPPEGAARD**  
The Columbian

### A man of few words ...

Even though he "haint" around anymore, Arthur Haine tells it like it is.

The big, well-groomed Belgium immigrant left one succinct message for anybody pondering his whereabouts: Haine Haint.

Well, he haint!

Those two words, the only two on his grave marker at the Old City Cemetery, were just one of his many last wishes.

"My funeral is to be the cheapest of kind, and I don't want my body to be transported but buried near the place where I may die. As I have lived an infidel, I want to be buried as such without any monkey business," he wrote in his will.

When Haine wanted something done, it was.

"I wish to be hauled to my grave by a team of matched white horses. I wish them to be directed at a smart pace. I wish to have a band follow, running if they must, and playing lively tunes."

The Vancouver mortician who handled the burial said he followed those instructions to a T, and the community was so outraged that he subsequently

went out of business.

A wealthy, highly-educated atheist, Haine first arrived in New York and fell in love with a glamorous movie star of the time, who agreed to marry him.

She later broke off the engagement abruptly, and Haine vowed that day to never marry. "All (women) are treacherous and deceitful," he once uttered.

Even though his family was so wealthy he "could live in a palace with servants at his command," Haine wanted his own success.

His job as a government clerk required him to travel west, and upon arrival in this area, he saw golden, or at least wooden, opportunity.

In 1863, Haine started the Vancouver Hoop Factory, where the Camas paper mill now resides.

The company specialized in wooden hoops that hold barrels together.



The company specialized in wooden hoops that hold barrels together.

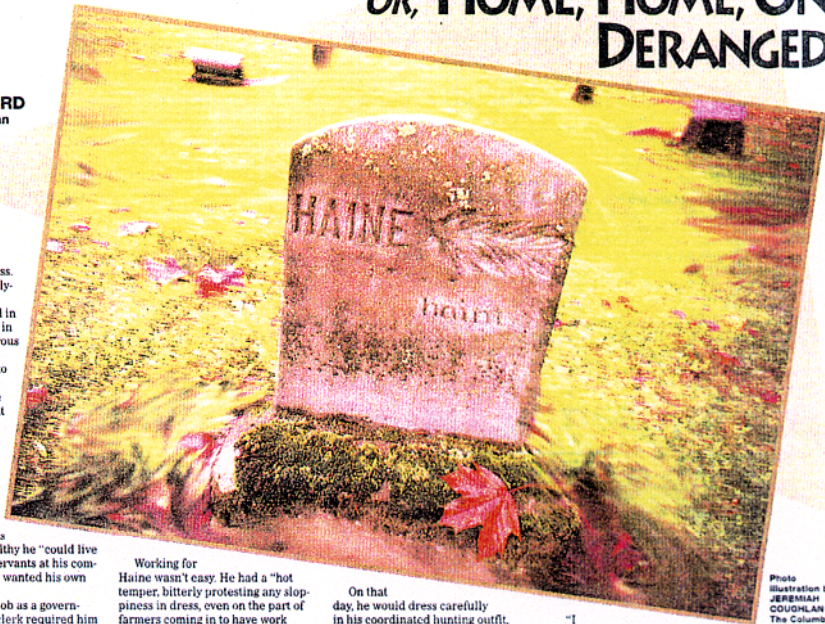


Photo illustration by JEREMIAH COUGHLAN, The Columbian

Working for Haine wasn't easy. He had a "hot temper, bitterly protesting any sloppiness in dress, even on the part of farmers coming in to have work done. Use of slang was also resented," Richard Schane, an employee of Haine's recalled.

His tactics worked, though. He was respected and successful.

When the bushy-haired man with a drooping, handle-bar mustache wasn't making hoops, he was often bird hunting, except for the first day of the season.

On that day, he would dress carefully in his coordinated hunting outfit, grab his dogs and head to the nearest tavern.

He would take a table with his purebred hounds, Pat and Mike, waiting patiently by his side, and drink until closing time, when he and the dogs would return home.

After leaving Vancouver for several of his later years, he returned for one last hurrah.

"I knew he was back before I saw him," W.P. Davis, a resident of the time, said. "I was in the livery stable when a man came in and told of seeing a stranger in town, tall, well-dressed with a couple of dogs."

"That man looks like he could fight the devil," the man commented.

"I knew it was Arthur Haine," Davis said.

### Bad case of the flue ...

Wendel G. Fetting, 17, had broken curfew and was locked out. Waking someone meant trouble. So he decided to crawl down his chimney to get in.

That plan may have worked, if it had been the right chimney.

About 3 a.m., Harriet Warnock awoke from a sound sleep to hear a man yelling and moaning. She roused her hard-of-hearing husband, Frank. He too heard the racket and called the police.

Officer Miles Kandoll described the scene in his report filed in April 1882.

"As I got out of my car, I could hear someone saying in a loud but muffled voice, 'Get me out of here. I'm in the fireplace.'"

After the Warnocks let Officer Kandoll in, he approached the fireplace and asked why the young man was in there.

"I came down the chimney because the doors and windows were locked, and I

didn't want to wake anyone," the voice answered. "I live here, who are you?"

More conversation revealed that Fetting thought he was in the chimney next door, where he was living temporarily. He was in big trouble if he was late, he said.

"I was locked out, see," Fetting said. "Then I thought, hmmm, I wonder if I can just crawl down the chimney."

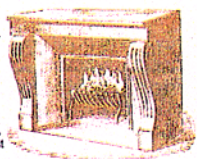
He climbed to the roof and put his feet in the flue. He hesitated, then thought, "Oh well, it can't hurt nothin'" and lowered himself in.

Vancouver firefighter Gary Lowry said Fetting had taken off most of his clothes — everything but his shoes and shorts — and left them on the roof. He was probably afraid of getting them dirty, Lowry said.

Fetting said he had been yelling for two hours before the Warnocks heard him.

The firefighters pulled him out with a rope. Fetting said the process scraped him from head to toe.

"It was pain."

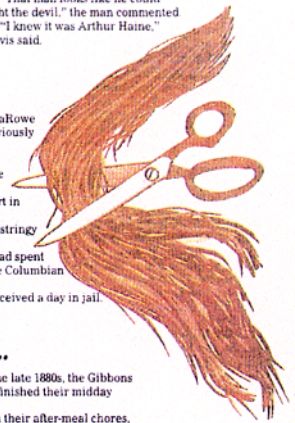


### Follicle offense ...

Vancouver Judge C. Dean LaRowe ordered a young man "who obviously hadn't been near a barber for months" to have his shoulder-length tresses trimmed after he pleaded guilty to hitchhiking and vagrancy in LaRowe's court in October 1967.

Allen D. Floyd, 23, his long, stringy hair flowing onto his jail coveralls, "appeared as if he had spent some time in hippie land," The Columbian reported.

Besides the buzz, he also received a day in jail.



### Great balls o' fire ...

On a warm, muggy day in the late 1880s, the Gibbons family of Washougal had just finished their midday meal.

The women were busy with their after-meal chores, and the men folk were resting on the front porch when the firebox door on the big kitchen range opened with a crash.

A yellow ball of lightning rolled across the floor, through the door, past the porch, up the clothesline post and across the clothesline straight into the outhouse — which exploded.

It was unoccupied at the time.

During reconstruction, the Gibbons made sure that the new facilities were not connected to the clothesline.

### Now that's a mighty rough draft ...

Earl Rogers opened the letter in December of 1979 and started to read the state's decision on his child-support hearing.

"Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to the Jerk" was the first line in the correspondence headed, "State of Washington, Department of Social and Health Services."

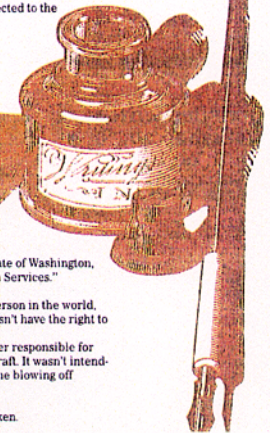
That hurt Rogers' feelings.

"I might not be the greatest person in the world, but a person in that capacity doesn't have the right to be that," he said.

Jean Patten, the hearing officer responsible for the letter, said, "It was a rough draft. It wasn't intended for his eyes at all. It was just me blowing off steam."

Oops.

No disciplinary action was taken.



### Half-baked tribute ...

A couple of blocks from Officers Row, in a forgotten park on the triangular corner of Davis, Fifth and R streets, a stone monument to Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant stands as a reminder of his service to country and county.

Crushed beer cans, broken glass and general debris surround the point that memorializes Grant's biggest accomplishment in this area: his potato patch.

As a young officer stationed at the Columbia Barracks, he planted potatoes to "reduce the expense of his officers' mess," the monument, erected in 1927, reads.

It marks a point one mile west of where the patch was located.

Grant went on to have some other important, non-horticulture related, achievements, such as becoming commander in chief of the Union army during the Civil War, the first U.S. citizen after George Washington to be ranked a full general and being elected the 18th president of the United States.



**LIFE/FROM PAGE A1**

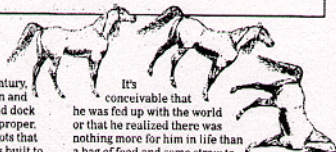
**Creepy, Quirky & Queer**  
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**Whoa as me ...**

CAMAS — Around the turn of the century, before the paper mill's yard was filled in and level, a tramway trestle lead from the old dock and sawmill to the paper mill yard and proper. Along the way, there were several spots that were high off the ground, but a deck was built to assure solid footing for the horses that pulled loaded tram cars from the dock to the mill and back.

One day a rather melancholy-looking old horse was stopped near the sulfite plant while wood it was pulling was being unloaded.



It's conceivable that he was fed up with the world or that he realized there was nothing more for him in life than a bag of feed and some straw to sleep on. Maybe he was curious about the after-life, or maybe pressure from work or home was too much to bear.

Whatever it was, the nag broke through the collar of his harness, headed straight for the steepest cliff and plunged more than 20 feet to his death.

**Five injured in three-car collision**

**By JOHN BRANTON**  
 The Columbian

Five people were injured, one seriously, in a three-car collision on state Highway 500 at Thurston Way Sunday evening.

Walter F. Eisenhower, 19, a passenger in one of the vehicles, was in serious condition today at South-west Washington Medical Center.

The driver of the car Eisenhower rode in, Bryan L. Brown, 18, 6403 N.E. 32nd St., was in satisfactory condition today at the medical center.

The driver and passenger of

**POLICE**

another car, Robert A. Stenlund, 57, and Nyla D. Brennan, 51, both of 711 W. 17th St., were treated for injuries and released.

The driver of the third vehicle, Scott A. Haack, 34, 4216 N.E. 127th Ave., suffered a sore shoulder but was not reported hospitalized.

A State Patrol report said the three cars collided about 6:34 p.m. Sunday.

**ATTACK REPORTED:** An 18-year-old man told Vancouver police

he was attacked and robbed as he tried to walk from north Vancouver to Hazel Dell early Sunday.

About 4 a.m., according to a police report, the man's car broke down in the parking lot of the Safeway store at 3707 Main St. He said he started walking home to Hazel Dell and three teen-agers accosted him. One threw him to the ground and two held him down while the first took his wallet containing \$200 cash, the report said. The victim said he was not injured.

**ROBBERY FABRICATED:** Police say a 17-year-old Battle Ground-

area boy fabricated a story that he was attacked and robbed very early Jan. 2.

Sheriff's Sgt. Pat St. John said the boy had been kicked out of his home by his mother and he made up the story to get back in the house. Deputies have sent their report to a juvenile prosecutor for a possible charge of false reporting.

The boy said he was walking near Northeast 179th Street and 72nd Avenue about 12 a.m. when he was asked for a cigarette, hit from behind, kicked and robbed of his watch and jacket.

**Toddler plays with lighter, sets fire in home**

**By LORETTA CALLAHAN**  
 The Columbian

A 3-year-old's curiosity sparked an estimated \$100 fire Saturday in the Ellsworth Springs area.

The fire broke out shortly before 6:06 p.m. Saturday at 404 S.E. 105th Court, according to Heidi Scarpelli, Vancouver Fire Department prevention officer.

The three-bedroom house was rented and occupied by Jackie Hopkins, 63, his wife, Dorothy Hopkins, 59, and their grandson, Robert Hopkins, 3.

Scarpelli said Dorothy Hopkins was speaking on the telephone when her grandson, Robert, wandered off to play. Jackie Hopkins was not at home at the time.

A short time later, Robert ran back to his grandmother, saying, "Mama, fire."

Dorothy Hopkins quickly followed the boy back to a bedroom and discovered a blanket and clothes burning inside the closet, Scarpelli said.

Dorothy Hopkins told fire department officials she took Robert and put him in the living room. Then she grabbed a fire extinguisher.

"But the bedroom door had locked behind her, so all she could do was run back in kitchen and call 9-1-1," Scarpelli said.

Meanwhile, Jackie Hopkins returned home, broke down the bedroom door and tried to extinguish the blaze. But by then, the fire had grown too large for him to battle alone.

Vancouver firefighters arrived

on the scene and contained the damage to the bedroom.

Scarpelli said Robert had discovered a lighter — the type used for starting campfires or barbecues — which his grandmother had hidden from him in her bedroom closet. Though the young boy had no history of starting fires, he began playing with the lighter, accidentally igniting the materials in the closet.

"This is a classic case of kids being curious."

— Heidi Scarpelli, Vancouver Fire District

"This is a classic case of kids being curious," Scarpelli said. "We recommend people keep matches and lighters up and away, out of

kids' reach, in a locked cabinet." The Hopkins family was not injured in the fire. The house is owned by Leo M. Gaul of Vancouver.

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**Simpson ...**

From Page A1

Bailey's role in the case.

Meanwhile, Newsweek magazine reported DNA tests show that blood found in Simpson's Bronco matches that of Simpson and victims Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman. The magazine cited unidentified sources for the report in its Jan. 23 issue. CNN also reported the match today.

Newsweek also reported that the prosecution will claim Ms. Simpson's blood was found on a sock taken from Simpson's house. The defense will argue that the blood was planted, the magazine said.

The tension brewing within the defense team comes several days before the opening statements, scheduled for Thursday.

"It's very painful ... I'm glad it's coming out into the open so it can be aired," Shapiro told the Los Angeles Times. "We can't have

snakes sleeping in the bed with us."

One of Bailey's associates, The New York Times said, was set up: He was given erroneous information that later showed up in the hands of a reporter. The Times didn't name the associate.

"The landmark word to me is loyalty," Shapiro said. "I felt a moral commitment to (Bailey) ... but recent events have been so painful that we'll never be able to have a relationship again."

Bailey's fate in the case now lies in the hands of Johnnie Cochran, who will be taking a leading role in the case. New York Newsday reported today that several weeks ago Simpson's entire defense operation moved from Shapiro's office to Cochran's.

Shapiro and Cochran did not immediately return messages for comment from The Associated Press on Sunday night. Bailey, who spoke to CNN on Saturday, expressed concern about the leaks to the media.

**Just pulling your leg ...**

CAMAS — Paper mill pranksters don't like people sleeping on the job.

In the early 1990s, employees started work at 6 p.m. and didn't finish until morning — 7 a.m. or later. Everyone was exhausted. That was no excuse for slacking.

If some poor soul happened to get tired of this routine and take a short nap, his leg was tied to an old, creaky elevator and the shuttle was sent to the bottom floor.

When the doper felt his leg being pulled, he had "to get his knife out in a hurry and sever the rope or else find himself sprawled out on the basement floor about 10-feet below," George Williams, a former mill worker, recalled.

Despite its crudeness, it cured every worker in the beater room of going to sleep anywhere near that old, jerky elevator, Williams said.

**But did he peel out ...**

"Well, officer, there was this monkey driving a station wagon, and ..."

"There was a what?," officer John Lund responded.

"A monkey," Lee Drake, 17, repeated. "He was driving a station wagon, a late model Daik sun."

"Go on," Lund said, turning his pencil around as he noticed he was taking notes with the eraser.

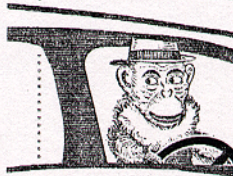
Drake said it was about 10:30 a.m. on a Wednesday in November 1974 when the monkey drove past him as he walked toward the corner of 39th and Washington streets. The monkey was seated alone in the front seat, but a male and female passenger, most likely human, were seated in the back seat.

As the vehicle passed, the boy said, the monkey smiled at him, distracted him to the extent that he walked into a telephone pole.

Drake said the monkey was wearing nothing but fur, and he estimated it to be 4 feet tall and weighing 80 or 90 pounds.

After the vehicle passed, Drake went to a nearby store and promptly called the police.

Police officials said it is against the law to drive without a driver's license.



**Unwarranted behavior ...**

Around 4 p.m. on a Tuesday, a Vancouver police officer was sent to check out a "person acting strangely" in a 1984 Chrysler parked behind the Bowers Tavern, 4712 E. Fourth Plain Blvd.

When officer Michael G. Smith arrived, he reported a nearly naked woman and a half-naked man were in the car, "obnoxious to my presence."

A records check showed that Paul Pappan II, 34, had outstanding warrants. Smith also cited him for lewd conduct.

While being booked, Pappan told Officer Smith that he had "been having sex with (the woman) for about an hour and a half so I did not really interrupt him."

**Christian writers workshop set for youth on Saturday**

Oregon Christian Writers will hold a daylong writers conference Saturday designed for young people ages 12 to 18.

The conference runs from 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Warner Pacific College, 2219 S.E. Division St., Portland. Cost is \$15, which does not include lunch.

Topics include essay writing, writing scripts, non-fiction writing, marketing and journalism.

Though the conference is designed for young people, teachers and parents also may take part in sessions designed to help them develop ways to encourage children and students to write.

For information or registration, call Pat Rushford at 695-2263 or Marcia Mitchell at (503) 588-0372.

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# Crazy crime

OR ASYLUM FOR  
THE CRIMINALLY INANE

Creepy,  
Quirky  
& Queer

... Tales from the Clark side  
PART THREE OF A  
FIVE-PART SERIES

Stories by  
**BRETT  
OPPEGAARD**  
The Columbian

## Book 'em, Danno ...

A subjective look at the Top 13 unluckiest criminals and victims in Clark County history.

**13.** When state troopers found Coreen Willis was driving a stolen car, they were surprised. During a routine traffic stop in February 1984, the 26-year-old woman seemed cooperative enough. Following procedure, though, they hauled her in. During booking, they discovered another little surprise. Her name wasn't Coreen or Kathy either, as she had told them. It was Terry, Terry Willson.

After taking her to the Clark County Jail, two female correction officers performed a strip search on Willson, requiring her to take off the multicolored skirt and brown coat she was wearing. At that point, surprise turned to shock. Terry was a man.

A male officer was called, and he found Willson to have an extremely large pistol in his underwear — a .38-caliber revolver with a 2½-inch barrel, to be exact.

The prosecutor dropped the charge of possessing stolen property against the former mental institution inmate because he didn't want to pay the expense of flying the car's owners up from California. Willson was charged with being a former mental patient in the possession of a pistol.



Photo courtesy Clark County Historical Museum

There was plenty of need for peacekeeping even in the early days. Vancouver police officers in front of the station in 1909.

**12.** The Good Book has spoken to many different people in many different ways. In March 1985, John Henry Merz said one of the passages clearly instructed him to ransack an adult bookstore in the name of the Lord.

Merz, a transient, found a Playgirl magazine in a garbage can near what was The Adult Toy Shoppe, 514 Main St., and went in to complain.

When Merz approached the female clerk with a Bible, the woman picked up something like a cattle prod.

"Go ahead and kill me," Merz said. "I'm going to heaven anyway."

He then pushed over the front counter, destroyed several display cases and ripped the telephone out of the wall.

Merz, who had three previous convictions for felonies, was committed temporarily to Western State Hospital, but doctors there found him sane and competent to stand trial.

"This is the first time I ever went to jail for doing something right instead of something wrong," he said in court.



FILES/The Columbian

Holding down the fort: Ken Rose fires a cannon to draw attention to the plight of veterans.

**11.** A 28-foot-tall parrot doesn't just fly away.

Except in December 1990. Somebody took the big bird from the roof of Skipper's Scafood 'N' Chowder House near Vancouver Mall, while it was being used to promote a remodeling job and grand opening.

"It's a big, yellow parrot wearing a green vest and a black hat," Sue Billgren, a worried assistant manager of the restaurant, said at the time. "His legs are striped green and red. He has big yellow feet, and his hat says 'Skipper's' on it."

Anyone seeing a bird fitting that description was to immediately call the police.

## Blast from the past ...

Fort Vancouver was taken over for the first time in its history in August 1988 when Ken Rose, a frustrated Vietnam veteran, scaled the walls, locked himself in the tower and fired off a cannon four times to protest the treatment of veterans.

It was a nearly five-hour standoff. A priest showed up along with 30 officers from the Vancouver Police Department, the FBI, the Washington State Patrol, the military police, and officials from the Veterans Administration.

Police closed state Highway 14 in both

directions between Interstate 5 and Grand Boulevard during the incident.

Rose finally gave up and was taken into custody. His siege made him something of a celebrity in the following days.

"Veterans in this country have paid their dues. They have done it with pride, and it's a shame to see them sleeping on the sidewalks," Rose said in his explanation of the takeover.

Soon after, the cannons at the fort were filled with lead. They will not resound again.

## Jail generosity ...

Crime pays Ask David McAllister

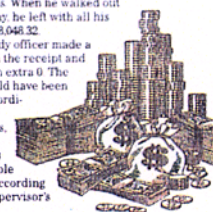
When McAllister was booked into jail in June 1986 for suspicion of possession of methamphetamine and drug paraphernalia, he had \$648.32 in cash among his personal possessions. When he walked out the next day, he left with all his stuff and \$8,048.32.

A custody officer made a mistake on the receipt and wrote in an extra 0. The error should have been caught by ordinary jail procedures, but the money was never double counted, according to a jail supervisor's memo.

McAllister used the windfall to pay his \$3,250 bail and skated out of the building with a check for almost \$4,800.

Probably eager to celebrate his good fortune, the 39-year-old cashed the check at Sellberg's Tavern on St. Johns Road.

He was later brought in and charged with first-degree theft.



Tales from the  
Clark side continues, Page B2



Photo courtesy Clark County Historical Museum

Boxing was a popular attraction around the turn of the century; even a training session like this one, in the basement of a local poolroom, could draw a crowd. But in 1885, the sport was illegal here, so the Clark County sheriff rented a large river boat to take him and several dozen of his friends to St. Helens, Ore., for a match. He billed the county for the affair — ostensibly because he had prevented the unlawful activities from spilling into Clark County. County commissioners denied his request for repayment.

## May the force be with you ...

It was as simple as one, two, three, four, five.

In December 1987, Mark Reudink had barricaded himself into a white house on North-east 86th Street.

Working with the Sheriff's Office, a Vancouver police Special Emergency Response Team was called to tear gas the structure and wait for him to come out choking.

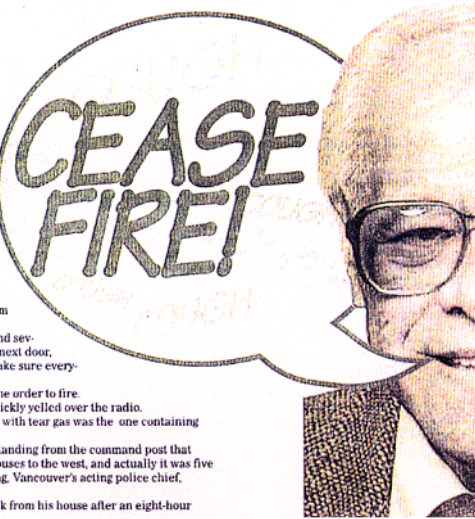
Sheriff Frank Kaneko and several deputies watched from next door, in a dark-brown house, to make sure everything went as planned.

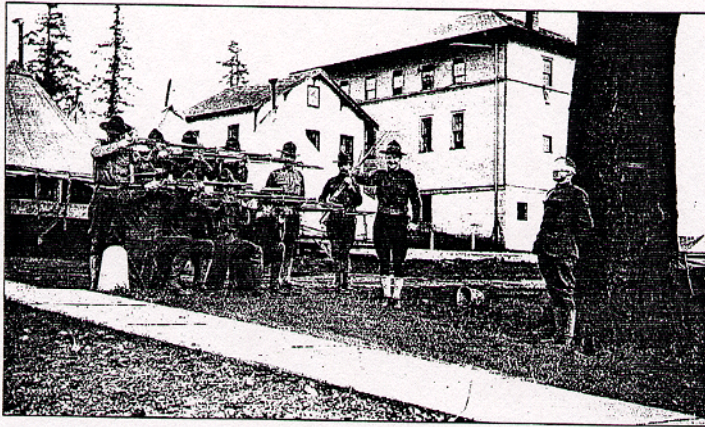
By radio, Kaneko gave the order to fire.

"Cease fire," Kaneko quickly yelled over the radio. The house being bombed with tear gas was the one containing Kaneko and his deputies.

"The guys had an understanding from the command post that Reudink's house was four houses to the west, and actually it was five houses to the west," Bob King, Vancouver's acting police chief, explained later.

Officers removed Reudink from his house after an eight-hour standoff. He surrendered.





Firing squad killings were unheard of in the U.S. Army, but that didn't stop these soldiers at Vancouver barracks from practicing — and enjoying it, from the looks on their faces. This photo, used as a postcard by a soldier, was taken in about 1900.

Photo courtesy Clark County Historical Museum

More book 'em ... from Page B1

10. In August 1988, Todd Gehman Howard's problems started when he was issued a citation for failing to acquire a Washington driver's license. He responded by scribbling across the bottom of the ticket. "Compelled to sign — jurisdiction denied."

4. Last May, Vancouver police officer Tina Smith was parked in west Vancouver about 1 a.m. when she saw a car skid to a stop at 13th and Jefferson streets, before proceeding. When she pulled over the weaving vehicle, it hit the curb and went on the sidewalk.

The wrong damn guy ...

Robert W. Miller found out what it would be like to be named Robert D. Miller, and he didn't like it. In 1990, Robert Ward Miller was arrested on a warrant for a fishing violation and thrown in jail for eight hours.



Robert W. Miller tried to convince an officer he was a law-abiding citizen.

"I firmly believe it's him, or I wouldn't have arrested him," Duane Boynton, 23, a one-year veteran of the Vancouver Police Department, said.

Call him Reverend Riot Act ...

BATTLE GROUND — Don Coonrod thought giving a roadside sermon was part of his civic duty. "All I did was tell a guy I thought he was going a little too fast," said Coonrod, 62, the senior pastor of the Prairie Community Church.

The motorist later said Coonrod told him, "I'm not going to give you a ticket this time." Coonrod said he did not do anything that implied he was a police officer.

9. Question: What's the biggest fear of having an outdoor wedding? Answer: Someone may shoot the bride with fireworks.

3. A retired Vancouver man, Fix was arrested in his 80s as one of seven people convicted in a large-scale bookmaking operation. That conviction was reversed by an appeals court, but he was a suspect in the "long entrenched sports-betting hierarchy" into his mid-90s.

And next time, it's the chair ...

After police arrested a local fireman for jaywalking on Vancouver's Eighth Street, they roughed him up a little to get their point across. In 1956, Filmer "Swede" Anderson told Judge Lyle Truxax that he had been crossing the street in the middle of the block to enter the fire station, and two officers in a car drove up to him and handed him a ticket.



8. For \$1 a day, an employer can't expect too much. Still, R.E. Batty, superintendent of construction, thought the boy wasn't pulling his weight.

2. After a stripper took it all off, Edward Leishman took off. Here's a deputy's report on the October 1992 incident: A Vancouver man paid \$10 for a table dance by "Daisy," one of the performers at a Portland strip bar. She did three more dances on the promise of payment, but the man told the manager he didn't have any money and would have to get it from a cash machine.

7. (A tie) It's the little things in life that make it worth living. A 58-year-old teacher told Clark County sheriff's deputies that a husky woman, between 35 and 40, drove into her car as they were both attempting to enter a parking space in front of Keil's Food Store, 203 N.E. 78th St. in January 1990.

1. In October 1987, two men arrested for manufacturing and possessing methamphetamine were given a public hosing by a Fire District 4 truck. Sgt. John Graser, the head of the sheriff's drug enforcement team at the time, said the hoseings are standard policy to avoid contaminating patrol cars. That didn't appease the suspects.

5. Two bumbling bank burglars burned down the village of La Center in October 1907. It was about 1 a.m. when the thieves entered the adjoining saloon and drilled two holes in the safe. Before they could set off the explosive, they accidentally started a fire with an oil lamp.

Creepy, Quirky & queer

... Tales from the Clark side

SUNDAY ... Simply supernatural: Getting in the spirit MONDAY ... Absolutely absurd: Home, home on deranged TODAY ... Crazy crime: Asylum for the criminally inane WEDNESDAY ... Legendary lore: Did prunes kill the president? THURSDAY ... Twisted fate: What might have been

# Creepy, Quirky & Queer

... Tales from the Clark side

PART FOUR OF A FIVE-PART SERIES

## Running out of time ...

Even though he didn't arrive until 11:30 p.m., President Warren Gamaliel Harding was greeted by about 5,000 people when his train stopped in Vancouver on July 4, 1923, during a speaking tour of the West.

To show the city's appreciation for his visit, the reception committee presented the 29th president with a beautiful bouquet of flowers for his wife and 30 one-pound boxes of Clarke County (sic) prunes for himself.

"I'm glad to get them, and we will all be full of prunes," Harding replied.

"His face beaming with smiles, the president began his 10-minute speech with a humorous story about prunes that was enacted during the president's farm experiences," The Columbian reported.



WARREN G. HARDING

"As the train pulled out, someone yelled 'Three cheers for the president,' and the big crowd, thus suddenly brought back from the charming silence wrought by Harding's talk, let out a hearty, full-throated response."

"Don't forget to sample those prunes, Mr. President," one of the men in the crowd yelled.

"You can all bet we will sample them. We will all be full of prunes," Harding again replied.

The next stop on Harding's tour was Alaska, then Seattle, then San Francisco.

During the trip, he mysteriously came down

with some type of food poisoning.

He died suddenly on Aug. 2, 1923. No

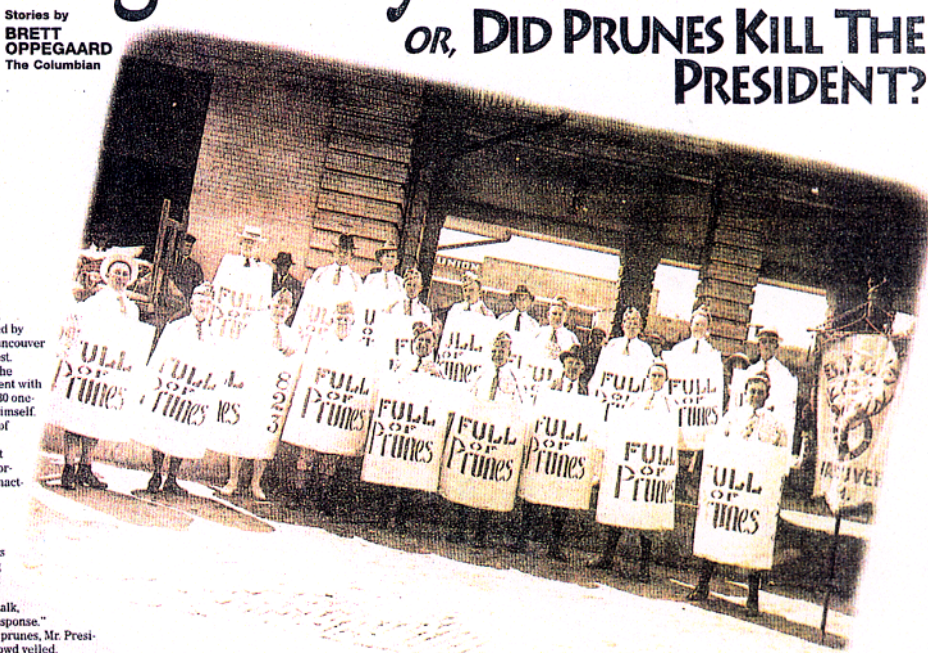
autopsy was performed so exact cause of death

was not determined, but prunes were never ruled out.

His slogan for the ill-fated tour: "A return to normalcy"

# Legendary Lore

## OR, DID PRUNES KILL THE PRESIDENT?



Prune Festival participants show their allegiance in 1919. Photo courtesy of Clark County Historical Society

## 'Chute to thrill ...

D.B. Cooper: still at large.

On Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 24, 1971, one of the most infamous hijacking cases in United States history ended with a futile air-ground search of southern Cowlitz and northern Clark counties. The focus was around the Lewis River.

On that night, Dan Cooper, erroneously known as D.B. Cooper, escaped with \$200,000 by parachuting out of a hijacked plane into a wooded area, most likely near La Center.

Cooper's lack of distinguishing characteristics as well as his ability to blend into the scene at the Portland International Airport has left the FBI folks baffled since.

He paid cash for his flight from Portland to Seattle, then spent 50 minutes in an airport waiting area without one fellow passenger remembering him.

Shortly after takeoff, Cooper handed a note to a stewardess that said, "I have a bomb in my brief case." Officials now say it was most likely some road flares and wire held together with clay.

Cooper asked for four parachutes, \$200,000 in \$20 bills and "no funny stuff."

After receiving the money in Seattle and refueling, Cooper let all but four of the crew members off the plane before asking the pilot to fly to Mexico City via Reno. At some point during that flight, Cooper jumped with the 21 pounds of money. The only trace of him ever to surface was a bundle of deteriorated \$20 bills found in the Columbia River by a young boy in February 1980.

The getaway made Cooper a folk hero.

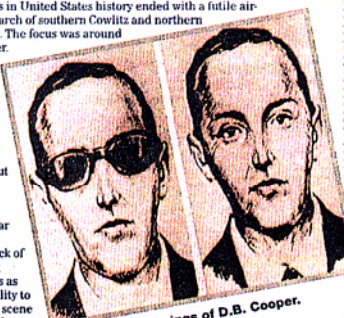
Here was a person ripping off a big corporation and making a daring sky-dive escape in rainy, poor conditions. He also didn't hurt anybody — in fact, the crew said he was extremely cordial.

His story has been told many times, making him a sort of Robin Hood. Takes from the rich, gives to himself. A song, T-shirts and an annual celebration in Arlic, in southern Cowlitz County near Merwin Dam, have all memorialized him.

Even though the statute of limitations ran out on the crime in 1976, Cooper, if he's still alive, is unlikely to resurface.

The IRS computes his taxes and penalties well over \$200,000, and he still has a bill with Globe Indemnity Co., which picked up the original bill.

"We have to accept the possibility that we may never know (any more about Cooper)," says FBI agent Ralph Himmelsbach. "I guess we can live with that, if we have to."



1975 artist renderings of D.B. Cooper.

## No way to treat a baby ...

Oswald the Whale came for a visit in October 1931. He never left.

At first, people thought he was a sea serpent stuck in the Columbia River slough. It turned out, the "monster" was just a playful 15-foot baby killer whale.

The Columbian reported thousands of people flocking to the banks of the slough daily until Ed Lessard, an ex-whaler who lived in Clark County, figured he could make a buck off the aquatic mammal. He and his brother acquired a fishing license and harpooned Ossie through the head.

"Lessard looked at the thousands who came and went on the river banks and thought of them in terms of

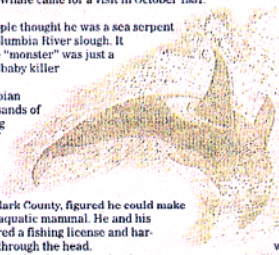
admission, so much per head," the paper reported. "Lessard will raise Oswald and put him on exhibition, minus the acrobatics, of course, for a dead whale has to be very still."

The brothers were taken to court over the action and convicted of violating fishing laws, but they appealed on the grounds that Ossie wasn't a fish, and won.

They toured the country with Ossie's body in a large metal tank, but when profits dried up, they took him to their property on Livingstone Mountain and dumped him off.

The farm was sold to a man in China, and Ossie was forgotten.

Over time, the location of the tank became a lost Dutchman's mine of sorts. Eventually, someone ran across it. News of its whereabouts spread. The box was demolished, and Ossie's body was desecrated by vandals. His teeth were knocked out. His body was broken up.



## Just one of the guys ...

Don't be afraid of that 12-foot tall, hairy monster gallivanting around the woods. Grab a camera. It's bigfoot. One of the locals.

Reports of the "forest demons" have been circulating in Clark County since the early 1920s.

In July 1924, Vancouver City Council members asked two "empowered nimrods" named Chester and Ralph to go out and round up a couple of the creatures. The council wanted a bigfoot to display at the annual Prune Festival, The Columbian reported.

What they failed to realize was: the big, hairy, smelly beast is about the hardest thing to catch since wet soap.

A bigfoot, also called a sasquatch, can make the noises of coyotes or cougars to scare away predators — a technique especially effective on humans with cameras.

Other attributes come directly from the Army Corps of Engineers' 1975 Washington Environmental Atlas: bigfoot, a species indigenous to the Pacific Northwest, can grow up to 12-feet tall and weigh more than 1,000 pounds. The book claims their diet consists of leaves, berries and small fish. It also says they are agile, strong and extremely shy.

In March 1929, Don Cox of Washougal found out just how shifty one of them can be when it jumped out in front of his

car after pretending to be a tree.

Hundreds combed the area and discovered one 22-inch long, 7-inch wide footprint. Bigfoot was named.

The creatures continue to be a big deal in the 1990s, a hot topic for books, talk shows and even conventions.

Yet, Chester and Ralph's search continues.



An Alberta, Canada bigfoot hunter is on firm footing with his evidence in 1991.

DISCOVERY



**Suicidal cells:** Scientists in Israel believe they may have found a way to drive cells to death. A new study published Jan. 6 in the "Journal of Biological Chemistry" by the Weizmann Institute of Science, shows cells live on the brink of self-destruction. The scientists believe some dangerous viruses may knock out cells by promoting this suicidal tendency, not by producing their own cell-killing materials. If the same technique can be duplicated, scientists may have found a new way to get rid of malignant cells.

**Berry buzz:** Last year, Washington's red raspberry growers began working with the Northwest Coalition for Alternatives to Pesticides, government researchers, private consultants and industry representatives to develop sustainable farming practices. Growers in the Vancouver/Woodland area, one of two groups in the state who formed a club, plan to release a tiny wasp called *Trichogramma* that lays her eggs inside a pesky moth's eggs. The growers are working with Washington State University extension agents, a private consultant, an insectarium in Texas, an expert from Oregon State University and the environmental coalition's staff. Clark County raspberry growers posted a 1994 crop total of 3,701,070 pounds.



■ See sea shells from the South Seas' shores. The largest type of South Pacific clam shell — a 300-pound, 3-foot-wide "Tridacna gigas" that would impress even Botticelli — will be on display during the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry's 30th Annual Shell Show, Jan. 19 through Jan. 22. The Oregon Society of Conchologists is sponsoring the show, which features shell games for children, tips for identifying shells, and exhibits of rare and exotic shells from around the world. Visitors are encouraged to bring their shells for conchologists to identify. The show is included with general OMSI admission of \$7 per adult, \$6 for seniors, \$4.50 for youth age three through 17. OMSI offers two-for-one admissions after 3 p.m. Thursdays. OMSI is located at 1945 S.E. Water Ave., at the intersection of Clay Street in Portland. For hours and other information, call (503) 797-4000.

■ Da dum, da dum, da dum. The Oregon Coast Aquarium presents "In View of Sharks," a breakfast lecture from 8 to 10 a.m. Jan. 28. Polly Delle, assistant curator of fishes, will tell why sharks are so challenging for aquarists to collect, care for and exhibit. Admission, which includes continental breakfast, is \$8 for aquarium members. For all others, the cost is \$16 for adults, \$14 for those age 18 and younger. To register by the required Jan. 25 date, call (503) 867-8946 for credit card payments or mail a check and a list of participants' names and ages to the aquarium's membership department at 2820 S.E. Perry Slip Road, Newport, OR 97365. Credit card registrations also may be faxed to (503) 867-6846.

■ Can't make it to the Coast? Make tracks for an Portland Audubon Society program from 1 to 4 p.m. Jan. 28, at the Audubon headquarters and bird sanctuary on Cornell Road, not far from the Washington Park Zoo. Winter Tracking makes nature detectives out of participants, ranging from grade three to adults. Zoo members pay \$18 for two people, \$20 for three. Non-members pay \$21 for two people, \$25 for three. Call (503) 220-2781 for more information.



■ 8 p.m. "Vikings in America" Icelandic sagas tell of a land called Vinland the Good, which has striking similarity to Labrador and Newfoundland. But is there any truth to the legend of Viking seafarers in North America 500 years before Columbus? Nova tries to separate the facts from the fiction. Oregon Public Broadcasting, Channel 10.

— Loretta Callahan

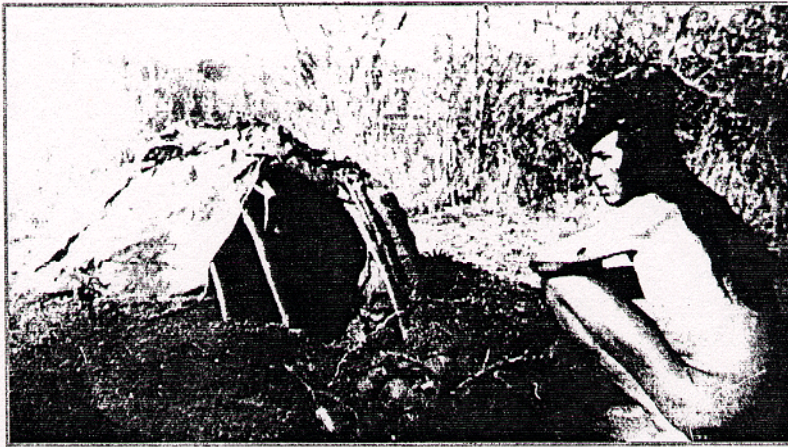


Photo courtesy Clark County Historical Museum

It wasn't all work for early Clark County Indians, who found time to play a spirited version of lacrosse.

A switch in time ...

CAMAS — The Indians who lived in the Camas-Washougal area years ago had a passion quite different from fishing and hunting.

W.K. Peery, a local historian, reports that a game similar to lacrosse was popular. Rackets were fashioned from long clubs with woven buckskin at the end. A ball about the size of a baseball completed the equipment.

The object was to scoop the ball up in the hoop and throw it toward the enemy's goal. Another writer witnessed one of these games in which all the able-bodied men of the two competing villages took part. Discarding all their clothes, the men would first engage in a frenzy of wild and reckless betting.

Put up in the wagers were blankets, canoes, slaves and even wives.

The wives didn't like this too much. So they cut long switches and slapped their husbands' bare backsides to urge them on.

The writer says there were many rematches and many sore husbands.



... Tales from the Clark side

SUNDAY ...

Simply supernatural:

Getting in the spirit

MONDAY ...

Absolutely absurd:

Home, home on deranged

TUESDAY ...

Crazy crime:

Asylum for the criminally insane

TODAY ...

Legendary lore:

Did prunes kill the president?

THURSDAY ...

Twisted fate:

What might have been

Gripping tale ...

WASHOUGAL — Standing 5-foot-2 and weighing nearly 200 pounds, Shorty was a deckhand who had the "strength of two ordinary men" and was invaluable because of that. It was the early 1900s, and he was on a job for the Laver family. The job included moving a stove across several feet of two-inch planks from a boat to a dock — a perplexing situation to say the least.

Shorty had a solution. "You get it loaded on my back, and I'll take it ashore," he said.

His shipmates complied, and off Shorty went, teetering, tottering, bouncing on the planks. SPLASH!

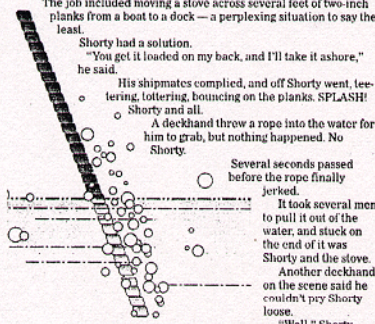
Shorty and all. A deckhand threw a rope into the water for him to grab, but nothing happened. No Shorty.

Several seconds passed before the rope finally jerked.

It took several men to pull it out of the water, and stuck on the end of it was Shorty and the stove.

Another deckhand on the scene said he couldn't pry Shorty loose.

"Well," Shorty said, "It's like this. I can't swim and, and I knew you'd be down looking for the stove so I just hung on."



Klaatu barada nikto ...

On June 24, 1947, unidentified flying objects (UFOs) apparently made their first appearance in American newspapers.

A man in a plane over the Pacific Northwest spotted nine shiny objects flying with a dipping motion and moving at an incredible speed. Using

ML Rainier and Mt. Adams as reference points, the man, Kenneth Arnold, figured their speed was about 1,200 mph.

He told his story to local papers, and immediately afterward, similar reports surfaced across the country. Individuals, groups, it seemed like everyone was seeing or had seen UFOs. Reports continue today.

It was after 6 p.m. in October 1973 when former Columbian

writer Bob Beck saw his UFO. Leo Ronchette, a longtime resident of the Camas-Washougal area, "and sharp as a tack, despite being in his 80s," called Beck and told him to look in the sky.

With the view from his house blocked by some trees, Beck drove to the East County News office near downtown Camas and "saw the light."

"It seemed to hover in the sky, at an elevation of maybe 1,000 feet, somewhere between Portland and Vancouver," Beck wrote. "It did not move. It seemed to be about half the size the moon would appear, if seen in that particular part of the sky. It was round and emitted a white light."

"Gradually after I had watched several minutes, the light became more elongated, almost a tear drop shape. Then, it gradually faded away," Beck continued.

Beck said he's convinced UFOs aren't a hoax. He's not alone.

But are we?



Bob Beck

Ancient exploding star may have caused extinctions

WASHINGTON (AP) — An exploding star may have caused mass extinction on Earth 225 million years ago by bombarding the planet with radiation that stripped away the protective ozone layer, a scientist says. An explosion of a supernova within 30 light years of Earth would bathe the planet's upper atmosphere with powerful gamma and cosmic ray radiation, setting off a

chemical reaction that would destroy the ozone layer, says David N. Schramm, an astrophysicist at the University of Chicago.

Recent research suggests that if the ozone layer were wiped out, ultraviolet radiation from the sun could cook the unprotected Earth and kill plants, Schramm said.

This, in turn, would break the food chain leading to mass extinctions, said Schramm, coauthor of a study appearing recently in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.

An exploding star about 185 trillion miles away would create enough gamma radiation to thin the ozone for many years, he said. "Intense ionizing radiation in the upper atmosphere would break up molecules of oxygen and nitrogen and enable them to capture the ozone," said Schramm.

"It would start a chemical reaction in the upper atmosphere and once it started, the ozone is depleted."

That supernova may have caused mass extinction is not a new idea, but the mathematical model created by Schramm and his coauthor, John Ellis of the European Organization for Nuclear Research, is the first to suggest that such exploding stars could destroy the ozone layer.

Schramm said the loss of the ozone layer would leave a chemical signature in fossils from the extinction periods and that he is now conducting experiments to test for this chemistry.

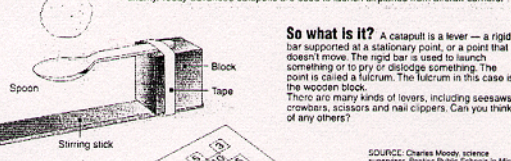
There have been at least five major extinctions in the 600 million-year history of life on Earth.

Try this: Build a catapult

**You'll need:** A point stirring stick or ruler, a plastic spoon, a small wooden block, a cotton ball, masking tape, crayons.

- 1 The point stick will be the base of the catapult. Lay it on a flat surface, such as a table.
- 2 Place the wooden block between one end of the base and the end of the spoon.
- 3 Tape the base, block and spoon together.
- 4 Place the cotton ball on the spoon.
- 5 Push down on the scooper end of the spoon and release quickly, launching the cotton ball.
- 6 Decorate the catapult with crayons.

The first catapult was a military device used in ancient times to launch rocks at an enemy. Today advanced catapults are used to launch airplanes from aircraft carriers.



Some other things to try:

- 1 Tip the block-end of the catapult, raising the scooper end of the spoon into the air. Does this make the cotton ball travel farther?

**So what is it?** A catapult is a lever — a rigid bar supported at a stationary point, or a point that doesn't move. The rigid bar is used to launch something or to pry or dislodge something. The point is called a fulcrum. The fulcrum in this case is the wooden block. There are many kinds of levers, including seesaws, crowbars, scissors and nail clippers. Can you think of any others?

SOURCE: Charles Moody, science supervisor, Portland Public Schools in Me.

# Twisted fate

## OR, WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN?

### Creepy, Quirky & queer

... Tales from the Clark side

LAST IN A FIVE-PART SERIES

Stories by  
**BRETT OPPEGAARD**  
The Columbian

### Here today, gone tomorrow ...

So why was Clark County spelled wrong for 75 years?

Part illiteracy, part human nature. It all started at a board of county commissioners meeting held on July 7, 1851. A new member was quickly scribbling the minutes and added an E to the end of Clark, making it Clarke County.

When the minutes were received at the territorial capital in Oregon City, the person accepting them figured a commissioner would know how to spell his own county, wouldn't he?

Instead of questioning the change, the clerk changed Oregon City's records, and the added-E belief spread.

The extra letter made it onto all the official state, federal and private maps

for the next 75 years.

The error wasn't corrected until Charles W. Hall, a state representative from Clarke County, introduced a bill in 1925 that requested that the county return to the original and proper spelling.

It passed both houses and was signed by Gov. Roland H. Hartley on Dec. 23, 1925, as a Christmas present to the "purists."

It wasn't the first misspelling in the old west, Milton Bona, a Camas historian, noted. "Milwaukie, Ore., was supposed to have been Milwaukee and Port Townsend should have been Port Townshend."

Life before spell-checker.

### That fad the automobile ...

Owners of startled horses would threaten them. Police would harass them, and an attempt to ban them from possessing one of those new-fangled contraptions was almost passed by county commissioners in the early 1900s.

C.J. Moss, the first car owner in town, remembers the objections to the automobile well.

An operator of a bicycle shop in the 800 block of Main Street, Moss opened a Buick dealership and bought his first Model F in 1906. He sold five of the two-cylinder cars within the first two months.

It wasn't long before irate citizens, especially horse lovers, were up in arms.

"Whenever a car was started up, you could see runaways in every direction," Moss said. "But I don't think it was the noise as much as the appearance of the cars. Horses often reacted the same way when they saw a bicycle coming."

Sometimes the people driving the horses were more afraid than the animals, he said.

"One time, four people on a double rig saw me coming up on the road. The driver threw the reins over the horses' heads and all four people jumped," he said.

Cars and their owners were considered to be the dregs of society at the time.

"If you parked your car in front of somebody's house, they'd have you arrested for bringing disrespect to them," Moss added.

There was political pressure from county officials, too. County commissioners ruled that car owners using the ferry to cross the Columbia River would have to have deckhands push, instead of drive, the vehicles on and off the ferry.

"We soon cured them of that," Moss said with a chuckle. "Drivers would set their brakes and let the deckhands push their damn fool heads off."

The city police also joined in the harassment. Driving downtown, scattering horses everywhere.

More Tales from the Clark side, Page B2

### Cancelled, due to lack of interest ...

Less than 15,000 of these Fort Vancouver silver 50-cent pieces were sold during a fund-raising event in August and September 1925.

Despite the bust of Dr. John McLoughlin on the front and Mount Hood, the Columbia River and a trapper guarding McLoughlin's stockaded settle-

ment adorning the back, the coins only made it through the first of what was to be six 50,000-coin runs.

The San Francisco mint cancelled the others and melted the unsold coins because of lack of interest.

Today, a mint-condition coin could bring up to \$1,200, said Steve Jones, owner of Vancouver Rare Coins.



### The time toads saved the world ...

CAMAS — Contrary to the image and playground rumors, earwigs don't climb into ears (or wigs for that matter) to feast on human brains.

Kind of creepy and squiggly but otherwise harmless, the vegetarian bugs did find their way into the thoughts of Clark County residents in the early 1920s though, forming a mass hysteria unequalled in our pest history.

Dr. A.C. Brown, a local veterinary surgeon at the time, caught eye of a couple squirmers and gave earliest credibility to the scare when he boldly proclaimed in the paper, "Unless immediate steps are taken to exterminate the pest, the entire county will within a short time be completely at the mercy of the insect."

Infestation occurred first in Camas, which residents blamed on Portland. They figured the bugs were brought across the I-5 Bridge in vegetable crates.

By early July, Camas residents had banded together "to fight the earwig pest that is menacing all parts of the city," The Columbian reported.

Soon, the earwig army marched west to East Mill Plain and R.B. Phipps, the district horticultural inspector, announced that Vancouver had been invaded.

Poison bait didn't work. A proposed bounty of 50 cents per pint failed so the state formed the Bureau of Earwig Control.

Among its first actions was the importation of 6,000 toads, who proceeded to eat 40,000 earwigs in a park to the north.

The traveling toads nearly eliminated the poor grass-munching beasts in our area (although today a few million survivors can still be found) and the world remained safe for humanity.



### Maybe they knew about the smell ...

CAMAS — Washougal was the original site promoters wanted for the paper mill.

After haggling and haggling with city officials over the price of land, they said "forget it" and bought property a few miles west in the area that would become Camas. This is recounted by Sarah F. McLeod, one of the original settlers of the area, in a 1923 edition of the Clark County Sun.

Residents of Washougal have wondered since if it made any sense to hold out for the extra money.

### Red light green light ...

Both gambling and prostitution were flourishing pastimes on the north banks of the Columbia River around the turn of the century.

Many businesses were charged with operating card games, dice games and slot machines, and the regularity with which many of the names appear in the records suggest that gambling fines were actually an early type of licensing.

Prostitution was also a common offense in those days. It was called by other names such as lewdness, vagrancy and disorderly conduct, but a prostitute by any other name still performs the same tricks. Fines ranged from \$2.40 to \$20.

In 1905, a movement by city police to clean up the brothels and the taverns had some effect. But at least one lady of the night was still in business in 1912. A police report from that year reads:

"Arrested two soldiers for detaining M.M. (a well-known prostitute) so she could not make the last ferry home."



### How about Sawdust Acres ...

Developer Bob Cox assured everyone — including a Columbian reporter — that the 100-foot high, 200-year-old oak tree in the middle of Oak Tree Estates was there to stay.

He cut the namesake down less than a month later.

Last November, citizens mounted a protest about Cox's hypocrisy with candle-light vigils and a publicity campaign. Neither worked.

On Nov. 7, tree cutters came. The neighbors attempt to block the cutters failed.

"We had to get the Sheriff's Department out there to get them in line," Cox said. "No doubt it was a nice tree. We probably feel as bad as they do."

Cox blamed business on the decision. "Part of the lot drops off in the back," he said. "Keeping the tree would have made it virtually unbuildable."

"It was in the way to build a house on a lot we valued at \$50,000," he continued. "I didn't feel like I wanted to donate \$50,000 for them to have a tree to look at."



Oak Tree Estates' namesake, ready for the fireplace.

FILES/The Columbian

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT



The interior of a Vancouver saloon in 1915. Five years later, Prohibition started. Photo courtesy Clark County Historical Society

Tapped out ...

Missing one important ingredient, Vancouver had to postpone its celebration of Prohibition's end in 1933. There was no beer. Licenses to serve were granted, but most places hadn't received a drop by the time the party was to begin. Seattle, Tacoma and a few

other points had successful get-togethers. The Columbian reported, "For the most part, though, the jubilation was private and brief. Longview, Kelso and Vancouver 'hoped rather faintly' for beer from Portland, which had a hard enough time trying to supply Oregon.

The chaining judge ...

CAMAS — Drunken driving laws are tough now. Not nearly as brutal as E.C. Duncan's justice, though. In 1931 Camas, Justice Duncan vowed to sentence all drunken drivers to 15 days in the ball and chain. The first one to come before him got off easy. When police dug the ancient device out of storage, the locks on the shackles were rusted beyond use.

A new lock was ordered. Then Camas police captured a 22-year-old Vancouver man who was celebrating Veterans Day with a wild, inebriated drive through the Oak Park area. His ride ended when he crashed into a house. He was sentenced to the ball and chain. For the next 15 days, the man swept Camas streets while carrying or dragging the 25-pound iron ball.

Any excuse for a get together ...

Vancouver was in a holiday mood on July 11, 1890, Mrs. W.A. Schwarz, a resident at the time, said. The occasion: Clark County's first hanging. People gathered from all over these parts to see Edward Gallagher, 25, swing from the gallows for murder. No one knew exactly how to make a hangman's knot, since it was the first time and all, so they searched the county until one could be found.

Following a countywide search, a storekeeper was located who could twist a rope into the knot, and the event could begin. Schwarz said the gallows were erected near the main entrance of the courthouse, and many people turned out. After the hanging, the rope

was cut up into pieces, which were distributed as souvenirs. The most recent local lynch mob gathered in an Orchard-area neighborhood in June 1988.

A stray dog bit a child on the nose and a group of about 20 joined forces to string up the culprit. "Someone came running toward me yelling, 'He's hanging the dog,'" Deputy Bob Eberly reported.

"As I ran toward the people, I observed Gary Waldrup strapping a piece of rope through a beam of the carport in front of his house. There was a small dog tied to this piece of rope. When Gary saw me, he took down the rope." After about 30 minutes, Waldrup calmed down, according to reports.

That fad, the automobile ... from Page B1

Thomas P. Clarke, superintendent of the School for the Deaf, parked his car in front of a downtown business. While he was inside doing some shopping, police gave him a ticket for not having his vehicle tied to a hitching post. An infuriated Clarke drove into town the next day, parked right next to the police station and threw a large weight with a rope attached to his bumper on the ground. He walked off and did his shopping. They went after Moss, too. While scotching up a rail-lined street, he was hailed by the city's one and only policeman, Al Bate-

man, who was on a bicycle. The officer gave him a ticket for speeding. Moss took the ticket to court and beat it on the grounds that the law didn't mention automobiles. Finally, the people of Vancouver had had enough. They pressured the city council to pass an ordinance that would ban autos from the streets. Fortunately for subsequent motorists, "the editor of The Columbian went down there and talked them out of it," Moss said. After their places Vancouver's future was assured, the

auto's popularity boomed — even though each sale had to be cash. "We couldn't get anybody to finance them," Moss said. "One banker told me the car was a rich man's plaything, which would never amount to anything. Later, I sold him three Buicks." Retail price, without a top or windshield, was \$1,500, and because no spare parts were available, car dealers had to maintain elaborate machine shops for repairs. No gas stations existed either. "We had to go to the drug store and buy fuel in five-gallon cans at 25 cents per gallon."

Rough roads also caused problems for motorists. Tires costing \$25 to \$30 were guaranteed for 3,500 miles, but never lasted that long, Moss said. "Nobody ever went on a trip without carrying a box of spare inner tubes in the back," he said. Carrying even more confusion, the rims of the wooden wheels had six bolts on them that looked just like the inner tube valve stem. "I don't know how many people I saw with an air hose attached to one of those bolts," Moss said, "pumping their heads off."

	The Columbian	Boston Globe	Chicago Tribune	Clark County News	Debut Free	N.Y. Daily Mirror	Philadelphia Inquirer	San Jose Mercury News
★ Outstanding								
■ Worthy effort								
● So-so								
● A bomb								
Cops and Robbers (PG)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
The Favor (R)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Flintstones (PG)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
The Mask (PG-13)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Nightmare Before ... (PG)	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
The Paper (R)	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Rudy (PG)	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Schindler's List (R)	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Wolf (R)	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★

Future video releases:  
January 24: Natural Born Killers

Biting satire just reflects society, says Viz creators

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, England (AP) — The world according to Viz is packed with hatred, killing, promiscuity and abuse — and that's just for laughs. The creators of Britain's most popular satirical magazine say its bleakness reflects an equally dreary Britain with rapidly eroding values.

walls festooned with colorful merchandising spin-offs. Four men trade ideas bullpen-style, their drawing boards facing each other in a large room. Such ideas as "Pest-exterminator to the stars" are scribbled on a white board. Two women handle administration, occasionally muttering "disgusting" as they review the material.

A growing number of detractors say Viz perpetuates the boorishness it pretends to parody; fans describe it as the most keenly observed British satire since Jonathan Swift, who modestly proposed in the 18th century that people eat children.

Although the "New Lad" stigma doesn't trouble Donald, he denies espousing any particular point of view. "We hit out at everything," he said.

"Puerile, smutty, rude, sexist, sick, reactionary, malodorous, politically incorrect, licentious, mind-blowing crap" was how the London Evening Standard's media critic, Neil Norman, described Viz in its recent 15th birthday.

That means regular features running from the "Modern Parents," aging hippies who embarrass their son by greeting his friends naked, to "Spook! Bastard," a child who epitomizes the modern cult of self, forbearing his ailing mother out in subzero weather because he wants to play.

"Viz's founder, Chris Donald, agrees that the magazine is perceived as being part of a backlash against political correctness. "Being a football fan and calling girls 'birds' is back in," he said in an interview.

A Christmas photo-story told of an unemployed laborer who takes a job as a store Santa. Blows his day's wage on booze and throws up on his children.

Norman and others in the British media have described Viz as being emblematic of the return of the boorish "New Lad," replacing the sensitive "New Man."

The media gets it, too. One target is Woodrow Wyatt, the populist "Voice of Reason" columnist for the News of the World, Britain's best-selling paper.

With a circulation of 675,000 in a country of 56 million, Viz periodically matches Mad Magazine's U.S. circulation of 2 million, and far outdistances its closest British competitor.

"Wyatt says smoking is healthy," said Viz deputy editor Graham Dury. "We asked ourselves, how do you get more extreme than that?"

Viz shot to overnight sensation in 1966 when Donald sent a copy of the cheeky produced magazine to Richard Branson, the Virgin records and airline magnate.

The answer: an item that asserts, "There's been a lot of cheap criticism leveled at child murderers lately."

"I couldn't handle the circulation, which had reached 7,000," said Donald, who had been publishing Viz as a hobby after coming home from work as a clerk for the welfare service.

Katie Wales, a lecturer on British humor at London University, says Viz is in tune with a nation wracked by tales of random violence, political scandal and economic hardship, with 2.5 million unemployed.

Virgin helped set up a company to publish Viz. Within two issues, its circulation had climbed 40-fold to 200,000.

She credits Viz with an "implicit morality" similar to the grotesque railing against corruption by 18th-century satirist William Hogarth.

The magazine, now grossing over \$156 million a year, has six full-time staff members. The office floors are carpeted with discarded tabloids, and the

"Viz touches a chord, with its working-class origins and its look and out view of society," she said. "The government is not geared to the '90s — and the anger won't go away."

Alexis: Real people, real food

By KATHY KURTZ  
The Columbian  
I am a passionate fan of Greece. Of her people, food, climate, geography, and particularly the contagious zest for life. We have always ended vacations in Greece knowing the time has been too brief. But even while grounded in Portland, a Greek experience is at hand at Alexis Greek taverna in Old Town. Don't let Alexis' location keep you away. Once you get past the entrance on tacky Northwest Burnside Street, you are in another world. This windowless taverna with wooded tables and chairs, festive Greek bazouki music, swarthy handsome men with bushy mustaches, and authentic food, is totally Greek. The Bakouras family from Greece wouldn't have it any other way. To watch over your dining experience, someone from the family always seems to be mingling — owner Alexis, chef Elias, manager and brother-in-law Gerassimos Tairimgios, or one of their wives whose recipes are the foundation of Alexis' success. Greek food is a direct reflection

**ALEXIS**  
215 N.W. Burnside, Portland  
(503) 224-8577  
Lunch: 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.  
Monday-Friday, Dinner: 5-10 p.m.  
Monday-Thursday, 5-11 p.m.  
Friday-Saturday, 4:30-9 p.m.  
Sunday

Personal checks; all major credit cards.  
Smoking allowed in bar and small area of restaurant; kid friendly

★ ★ ★ 1/2  
(Out of five)

Restaurant review ratings:  
5 stars: Excellent  
4 stars: Very good  
3 stars: Good  
2 stars: Acceptable  
1 star: Poor

Health District ratings:  
84 in June '94  
(Score of 100 is best, 75 is failing.)

plain, or as a scooper for appetizer dips. My favorite dip, tzatziki (\$2.25), is thick yogurt mixed with grated cucumber and tons of garlic. Or, melitzano, a puree of roasted eggplant, oregano and garlic. Alexis' entree selections cover many traditional dishes, with meat, poultry, seafood and vegetarian choices. Some entrees can also be ordered as appetizers, so if you can't decide between two, order them both in appetizer sizes and prices. Entrees come with soup or a Greek salad of lettuce, tomatoes and feta cheese, dressed simply with oil and vinegar. Moussaka (\$9.95 as dinner, \$6.95 as appetizer) is the Greek version of lasagna. Prepared in the Poloponese style, the layers of eggplant and ground lamb are baked with a bechamel cream sauce; vegetarian moussaka is layers of eggplant, vegetables and tomato sauce blanketed in bechamel sauce. Kalamaria is enthusiastically known Alexis deep fries some of the best squid in Portland. Bakouras is very particular about using only fresh, small squid that arrive crispy and always tender (\$10.95)



The Alexis is a family enterprise; here, Eleni and her father, general manager Gerassimos Tairimgios

restaurants, pastitsio is a no-frills baked macaroni and lamb casserole (\$8.95) that will remind you of good, hearty supper food. Souvlaki comes four ways: as marinated cubes of pork, lamb, turkey or shrimp, charbroiled on the skewers and served with rice and vegetables (\$11-\$13). Greek desserts (\$1.95) — always very sweet — are based on honey, rose water, phyllo pastry and nuts. Peruse the dessert tray and by all means, sample something.

Alexis has an excellent Greek wine list with selections by the glass or bottle (\$12 and up). There are several "retina" choices — wine treated with pine tree resin with spiky, turpentine-like flavor. It is an acquired taste for most. Also available are local and imported beers. After 14 successful years, Alexis is not hung up on chasing culinary trends. Rather, this is real Greek food from real Greek people, done well and served in a real Greek taverna at affordable prices.