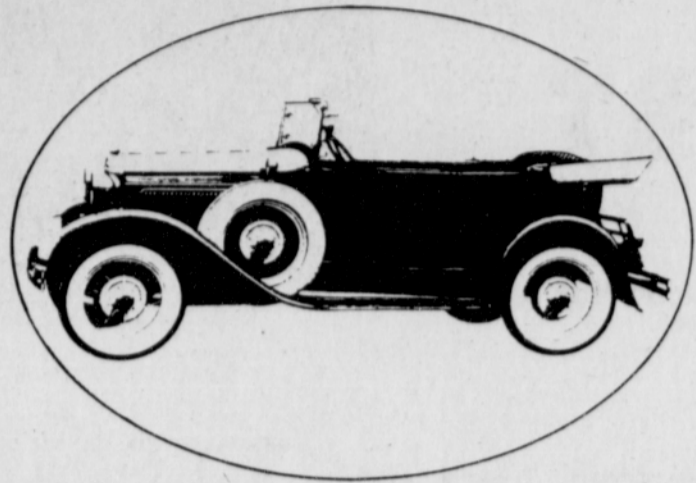


AMERICAN GRAFFITI



by Douglas Weiskopf

A bit of nearly passe Americana is alive and cruising in Seaside. Young adults and teenagers continue to cruise the gut of Broadway on weekend nights. This incredible activity covers a six-block stretch on the main street and an equal amount on the backstreets as the gas guzzlers circle the strip for hours every Friday and Saturday night. This activity might appear startling to non-locals, especially to Portlanders who are becoming accustomed to gas station closures from Friday evening to Monday morning. Easterners particularly must resent the flagrant waste of precious fuels. They wait in gas lines for hours back in the big cities of the Northeast and often reach the pumps the moment they run dry. The ritual is simplicity itself. The young people circle the Seaside gut like hawks or vultures, whichever metaphor is preferred, endlessly waving to the same friends on each swing around, the boys whistling and talking it up with the girls as if nothing had changed between the sexes the past two decades, the LaVerne and Shirleys telling them to get lost just like they did in 1957. Each orbiting auto generally has a pilot and a co-pilot, and perhaps one or two others of the same gender, though at rare moments a combination can be noticed in a passing machine.

The traditional cruising of the gut proves conclusively that Americans, young and old, will refuse to conserve energy as long as it appears plentiful. The dire warnings, high prices and gloomy prophecies of a bone-dry future seem to have no effect on the sacred rite of cruising around in our beloved roadsters.

The local tourist industry helps perpetuate this anachronistic pastime. The industry has to convince travelers that plenty of gas is available or everybody will stay home. Already the industry all over the Coast has set up phone lines to assure travelers they can fuel up in whatever resort they wish to visit. Their dollars are vital to local economies.

Not so long ago local commercial fishermen went on a Portland talk show and pleaded for more fuel. They told oil company executives who got their shot on the same show how desperately the fuel was needed to keep the rest of us in canned tuna and fish sticks. True, the boats feed on diesel and the cruisers eat up gas straight from the pump, but the contrast is irresistible. We are all running out of all types of fuels. The civilizations those fuels built are in a panic. Yet every Friday and Saturday in Seaside, in Portland, in countless cities all over the country (and you can just bet that Tokyo, Vienna and Timbuktu have their own Guts) drivers are wasting thousands of gallons of precious gas going around in circles. In the meantime, the

fishermen, like the independent truckers, are regarded as a selfish self-interest greedily demanding a greater share of the public fuel stocks. As the Coast is drawn relentlessly into the closing net of the energy crisis, the Gut Cruisers will surely blame the following demons for the extinction of their mating habits. In the following order they are: The Arabs and OPEC; the oil companies; the government; the poor wretch who operates the local gas pumps. Certainly they will not find any fault in themselves for the lack of gas in the pumps. Cruising and waste are Constitutional rights. And they will continue as rites until the pumps are dry.



Remember When?

The anniversary of a low point in American history is passing virtually unnoticed this weekend.

Two U.S. destroyers, the Maddox and the Turner Joy, were reportedly attacked by North Vietnamese patrol boats in the Tonkin Gulf, August 4 and 5, 1964.

Although neither ship suffered damage, the attacks were treated like another Pearl Harbor, and had the same result.

The United States went to war.



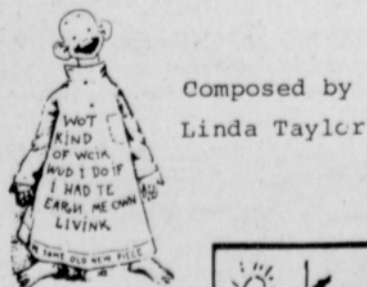
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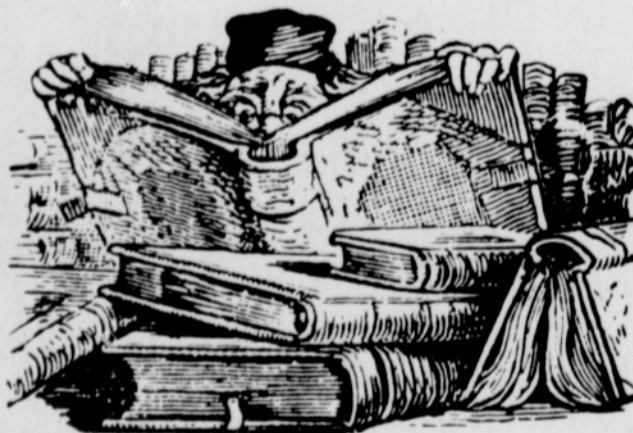


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Just a few words

The following definitions of the phrase "government bureau" were taken from the 1979 edition of the "Taxpayer's Unabridged Dictionary" published by the I Used To Own My Own Soul Press.

1. a pyramid built by slave taxpayers for the Pharaohs of Folly.
2. a perpetual-care mausoleum for the internment of deadwood.
3. a rest home for the chronically inept.
4. a holding tank for two-legged jokes.
5. a do-it-yourself clone kit for meatheads.
6. Deadwood City with sick leave.
7. a place that buzzes with excuses like a dung heap buzzes with flies.



On Shakey Ground

by Arthur Honeyman



"We want you to express your feelings about the problems of the generically handicapped. And we also need someone to represent the Bureau of Labor." --Tom Micciche, Field Staff Co-ordinator, Labor's Community Service Agency, Inc. AFL-CIO.



"It's been our experience that the labor union means disabled worker and is mostly referring to those who are injured on the job and who are eligible for Workman's Comp. Are you sure the workshop is really related to the handicapped?" --Mike Kail, Deputy Commissioner to the Bureau of Labor.



The Embarcadero, in Newport, was absolutely inaccessible to people in wheel chairs. Not only were steps leading into every side of the building, but also there were steps leading to every level of the building. We were charged \$50.00 for our room, not the \$38.00 we were told we would be charged. The conference was not about the handicapped and the labor union. It was about the disabled worker whose disability was caused by bureaucrats. There were three people in wheelchairs, others who were obviously handicapped. All together 125 people registered. Each person paid \$20.00 registration fee. The total income before expenses was \$2,500. I don't know what the expenses were but I would estimate that the union cleared at least \$1,000.

The flavor of the conference became apparent the first morning when the labor officials patted each other on the back for bringing the conference together and for creating a liaison situation between the union and the government. I say government instead of State because Federal, State, County and City officials were all there. The bureaucrats did an equally nice job of patting each other on the back. The dynamics of the whole conference seemed to be that of the bureaucrats duplicating the union officials, while turning the screws tight, and vice versa with the union officials. It was a metternichean chess game between the bureaucrats and labor, each side saying that it was the responsibility of the other side to make things better for the injured worker, while at the same time, both sides were saying, 'let us get together on a common meeting ground.' I couldn't believe this, I was watching a game of diplomacy, similar to international games about which I had read in the 19th century European history. This was happening in Newport, Oregon. It was happening at the expense of the injured worker, a pawn; the generically handicapped was almost out of the picture. Steve Bailey, one of those who conducted a workshop, came to me saying that he worked for The Portland Habilitation Center and would be conducting a workshop about the handicapped people in his program and their relationship with the union. Then the union officials began speaking and that was the last I saw of Steve Bailey.

After the only free meal (lunch), Roy Green, director of Workmen's Comp. spoke. Forty-five minutes later the first workshop began. Not only was the conference not about handicapped people, but it was also unorganized. The only workshop dealing with handicapped people was upstairs beyond the reach of people in wheelchairs. Also my group of people was, somehow, placed in a room which was misscheduled so that we were forced to move into a workshop right before it ended. That workshop was about workman's comp, as was the workshop following that.

I think I should make it clear that I'm all for disabled workers getting workmen's comp and being rehabilitated for the purpose of getting jobs which are equally as lucrative and beneficial to their welfare, as the previous job, but this is not why I was there. And, even though I tried to interject my thoughts, I was ignored and felt that I was somehow being misused by the person who had urged me to go to the workshop. Of course, I should be used to this by now, after going through 25 or 30 years of being ignored in public and social situations. But I'm not. Throughout the day, several union officials stated they were glad I was there, but their actions belied their statements.

A dialogue which took place between the Chairperson of the Manpower Committee of the Oregon AFL-CIO, Jean Nordmark, and the woman with me, Joann Griffin, in the bathroom went like this:

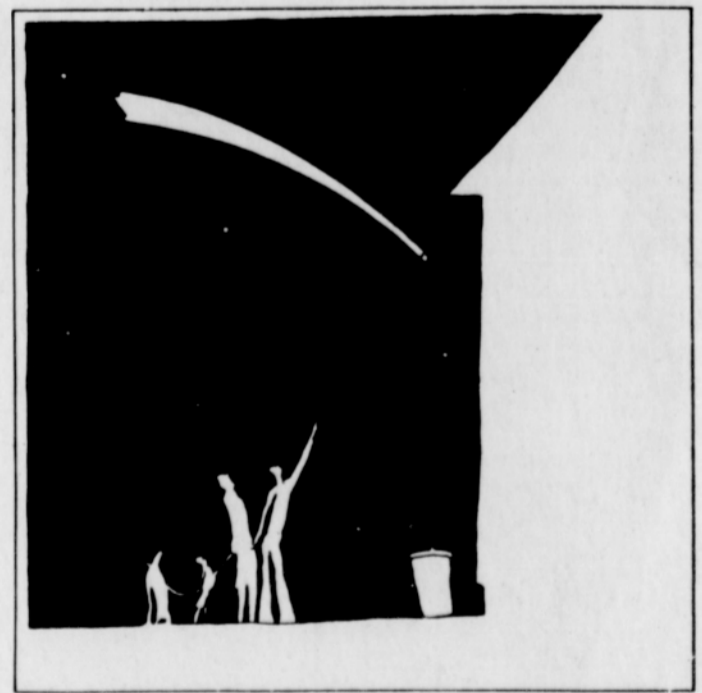
JN--What do you think of this conference?
JG--Sorry you asked because I have to say it stinks.

JN--Well, ah, what makes you say that?
JG--The whole conference is phony and the Embarcadero is inaccessible to people in wheelchairs; very poorly planned.
JN--Well, I planned it and I'm responsible for picking the Embarcadero. I thought it would be nice for everyone to go to the beach.
JG--Where do you live?
JN--Seaside.
JG--The beach is nice. I love the beach. But the Embarcadero is inaccessible, and what about all those people who live in Portland?
Exit JN.

After much debate the next morning, Joann and I dressed in blue jeans and our most comfortable clothing and after finding an accessible restaurant in Newport, we went back to the workshops. After listening to fifteen or twenty minutes of profundities about workmen's comp, I raised my hand and was finally recognized. I spasticated and fired these shotgun questions:

"What about the disabled worker who was born disabled?" I stuttered. My stuttering continued now that all eyes and ears were on me. "What has the union done about this?" My stuttering became even more machine gun like, "what is the union doing now and what does this workshop have to do with the people who were born disabled?"

The man responsible for my being there, the man responsible for organizing the various workshops could see that my eyes were glaring and hastened to placate me by letting Joann know that I was trying to speak. Her response -- "Yes, listen to what he's saying." He told Joann that Steve Bailey had a workshop dealing with the handicapped. Joann asked "Where?" his response -- "Upstairs." Her response -- "How do you expect a wheelchair to go upstairs?" He said that he would go check into the possibility of bringing it downstairs. In the meantime, my questions were being answered by circumventing them. The union man came back to Joann and explained that the workshop would be downstairs in the afternoon, to which she replied, "I don't think we can go through any more of this stuff. I don't think we can wait till this afternoon." The union man said, "wait, I will go try to bring it downstairs this morning." He was gone. I was just about ready to shoot one more question at the group when Joann brought me a note explaining what was going on. I restrained myself from going any further. Soon the union man was back and said that the workshop would be held downstairs in the morning. The old workshop broke up. Joann and I waited around for Steve Bailey's workshop to show up. The union boss, after being asked by Joann, informed us that the other union man was misinformed, that the workshop would remain upstairs. We walked out. Joann walked me up the steps and sat me on the edge of the wall, walked back down the steps and picked up the wheelchair while the rest of the conference looked on.



It still isn't too late to let us know what you think about SALT 2!

Mail your reasoned arguments to
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