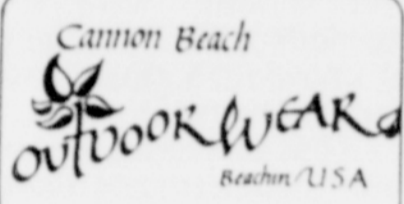


mouths of people dressed in rubber. It might remind us how absurd and poisonous the lies are, and how much they cost us all.

So we have the month of harvest and accounting. Nature gives us pumpkins and zucchini. In fairness to the oft-maligned zucchini, we might carve a few extra pumpkins for the front porch railing in election years. Call them Bob, or Bill, or George -- friendly names, and leave 'em out after Halloween. What the hey, leave 'em there clear till election day. In next month's column, our science department might give us a hint about what of Bob and Bill and George might look like after just a few short weeks exposed to even our generous climate, and our political analysts could tell us whether judging candidates on the basis of pumpkin polls accurately reflects our options. Truth be known, you can't do this with zucchini. There are some things even a zucchini won't do.

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CLINTON cont. from pg 1

It is not very fashionable to be hopeful about politics or politicians. I went with the intent of maintaining a cool, unimpressed (politically sophisticated) facade. Some of my friends might have had trouble recognizing me, the way I disgraced myself, waving my hands and cheering along with everyone else, or shouting "Bill! Bill!" as Mr. Clinton made his way slowly through the crowd, shaking hands.

I did finally get to see him--after the crowd thinned and I could climb up onto one of the wooden barriers. "There he is!" the man next to me announced as he smiled at me, several teeth missing. Possibly he was also lacking a home or a job. He may have a lot more invested in seeing the current political regime topple than I do. But there we were, grinning like fools at one another.

Okay, so it was a little silly. A bit naive. But I was in good company, I tell you. To those of us sick and tired of the destructive hypocrisy of the Reagan/Bush years, it was a moment sliced out of time to allow ourselves a teeny bit of optimism, because Bill Clinton and the Democrats just might win in November.

Besides, it felt good. If you have to invest in something, why not invest in some hope? It's easier on your health than despair.

Maybe Bill Clinton will win and disappoint us (some would pessimistically argue that this is a foregone conclusion). But at least he's talking aggressively about some of the important issues, while the Republicans wonder where their family rights agenda went awry. And if you need other, more subjective reasons to vote for Bill Clinton, here are a few of my own:

- 1) he's married to Hillary Clinton;
- 2) he does not have the same beady, shifty eyes as You-Know-Who;
- 3) he has honest-to-goodness laugh lines (always a good sign) and
- 4) he can correctly match subject and verb tenses when speaking extemporaneously.

I have only one thing I would say to Mr. Clinton if I could--I'll vote for you, and I'll yell and wave my hands and stamp my feet for you, but if I make a fool out of myself for nothing, I am really going to be upset.

Sports

MEANWHILE, IN NEWPORT FISHING PAULINA LAKE

There is a spot, a cove, on Paulina Lake I remember from years ago when there were many fewer boats and outboards very rare. We rowed then, three or five or ten miles a day, according to the method of our fishing.

Once I anchored off this cove to fish and, unmolested by nibbles, fell into a sort of reverie, staring without conscious thought at that ancient lakeshore. I had a companion that day, a young woman with whom I'd been consorting for a while. To her, fishing, if it was to make any sense at all, was reasonable only if it produced fish. She became edgy.

"Say, we've been sitting here forever," she said, "and you haven't even had a bite. Shouldn't you at least try different bait or something?"

Remember, I was in that reverie which, in fact, closely resembled snooze. Furthermore, I wished to remain in that condition. "Shhh," I whispered, pointing in the general direction of the shore, "this is the time the unicorns come down to drink." The lady had small romance in her, and with those words I lost all her respect and all chance of ever convincing her of any utility in fishing. Inevitably we soon parted.

I was fortunate enough to go back to Paulina Lake just the other day. I have a motor for my boat now and there are many motors on the lake. Yet that cove hasn't changed. The ancient landscape remains as it has for millennia. It is protected from the wind. Sunlight there includes a certain benison beyond light and warmth and even seems gentler on the eyes. I anchored the boat well out of the paths trod by trollers and lowered my bait. I carefully scrutinized a Golden Mantle ground squirrel to assure myself he wasn't a unicorn in disguise and, unmolested by nibbles, finished my snooze.

Alex LaFollette



Thanks to everyone, especially Mark and Sandra. Fall was rung in with a Fabulous Bash. Perhaps the stranglehold on summer will blow away with the autumn leaves.

I hope you enjoyed your summer. Those of you shaking in apoplectic fits in the dark (for whatever reason) can take heart in the sound of thunder.

This being the issue of "issues", this column will focus on the tissue issue. Folks that enjoyed some fairly decent surf during late July and early August may or may not have noticed bits of white paper floating in the lineup. It was masticated sewage. If you are upset by this you are certainly encouraged to exercise your right to protest, action, and over-reaction.

The Surfrider foundation will accept water samples from your favorite, or not so favorite break. Those samples containing the aforementioned flotsam and jetsam would provide a good sample. Last month's issue deleted the number to call, sorry. (see below) People desiring more immediate action may call Seaside Public Works Adm. 738 5511 and ask for an explanation of sewage discharge, and or treatment. If you would rather or decide not to decide, you can just keep surfing. The waves will come or not regardless of what is floating in the water.

Finally, I was asked to explain myself or rather my collective selves (i.e. Surfers). "Why is it you do what you do?"

"Who is it you do, when you do what you do?"

As far as I can tell, we represent a skewed cross section of Society, prone to regional differences in climate, and beer preferences.

I'll refer people looking for the mental equivalent of navel lint, to one of the last issues of the New Yorker. The article went on Ad-Nauseam about an overpaid, hyper thyroid doctor who lives to surf, or saves lives to accumulate more wealth and neurosis to feel the need to surf. I don't get it either. As a chronic underachieving-other focused-escapist, seeking solace in another world. I'm hard pressed to pontificate on human nature.

Bugs from the hills! You know what that means!

MR. BASEBALL'S QUE-TIME!

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO PO Box 664,
TOLOVANA PARK, 97145! MOST TOTAL BASEBALL
WINS A NEAR MINT JOSE VIZCAINO BASEBALL
CARD, AUTOGRAPHED BY CANNON BEACH'S #1
CUB FAN! O.K., NAME THESE DIAMOND GIANTS!
(OR YANKEES, OR TIGERS, OR WHITE SOX!)

1) IN THE 70's, I WAS A MEDICINE FIGHT-
HANDER, WHO TOILED FOR THE MOST PART WITH
THE BUC'S. MY CLAIM TO FAME? I HURLED
A NO-HITTER IN 1970 WHILE WALKING TO THE GULLS
ON ACID! FOR AN EASY SINGLE.

2) I'M A NATIVE OREGONIAN, AND PLAYED
OVER 1600 GAMES IN THE MAJORS, MOSTLY IN
THE NL. I HOLD THE RECORD FOR K'S PER AB
FROM MY RF POSITION, I ONCE THREW A BALL
INTO A TOWER AT Wrigley Field. FIRST ON
AN EG.

3) IN MY CAREER, I WON 375 REGULAR SEA-
SON GAMES. I'M A HALL-OF-FAMER, I WON THE
LEAGUE IN WINS SIX TIMES, BUT I'M BEST KNOWN
FOR MY ONE WORLD SERIES SAVE, WHEN I
CAME IN IN THE SEVENTH INNING, GAME SEVEN.

BASES LOADED, TWO OUT, AND STRUCK OUT
TINY LADZERI. THIS WAS 1926, AND I WAS SO HUNG-
OVER, I ALMOST HURLED ON MY CLEATS. I LATER HURD
OF DYSMANTIA. A SLEEP DOUBLE.

4) I PLAYED THIRD BASE FOR THE MOST FAMOUS
DOUBLE PLAY TRIO IN HISTORY, FOUR WORLD SERIES IN
FIVE YEARS, AND I WAS DEAD FROM POUND THREE
YEARS LATER. A TRIPLE OFF THE WALL FOR THE
PLAYER, TEAM, & INFIELD. A SFT DOUBLE FOR
PITCHER ONLY.

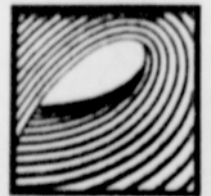
5) I WAS A BIG RIGHT-HANDER, IN THE
THIRTIES & FORTIES. I WAS ALSO TRADED, TWICE
OR THREED TO OTHER TEAMS SEVENTEEN TIMES
IN A TWENTY YEAR CAREER, WHICH MUST BE SOME
KIND OF WEIRD ASS RECORD. I'M ALSO FIFTH IN
CAREER RB's, BEHIND RYAN, WYNN, FOLLER, &
CARLTON. CIRCLE 'EM.

FROM BONUS QUESTION!!
I WAS A PHILLY OUTFIELDER MOST OF MY
CAREER, ONE OF THE FRENCH HITERS OF MY
TIME. ALAS, I GOT BUND DRUNK ON A TRAIN OUT-
SIDE OF BUFFALO, DECIDED TO TAKE A STRAUL AT
A STOP, FELL IN THE NIAGARA RIVER, AND WROTE
OVER THE FALLS THEY FOUND ME BOTH A WEEK
LATER, AND PUT ME IN THE HALL FORTY-TWO
YEARS LATER. GROUND RULE DOUBLE.

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