



Positive aspects and reasons for traveling Costa Rica and surrounding lands abound in the simple pleasures of travelers with eyes open refocusing as the clear tub temperature coastal water rinses exposed nakedness mixing airily in the suns rays humidity reflecting light blue and lush greens through your senses all the while lightly awash in feelings your body reminds you of a saline womb time emerging land walking air breathing species on and all together single drifting organism similar and as diverse as you find yourself to be climbing vertically through lush gardens miles wide and higher yet through prehistoric looking familiar feeling plants dripping humid life giving air turquoise source to your back and far beneath the deep soft ground yields full of life to your feet supporting earthen diversity as rich in shades of brown and infinitely occupied as reefs earlier emerged from being vital to this experience as any other many other to reflect on warmly with the swinging families above viewing progress upwards in a relatively silent manor as many years have passed and the migration towards the canopy and through out green layers in vertical and other planes increases with the passing breeze near the top where chills descend on the climbing lightly clad traveler observing the opening blue green grey pierced tree line sunsplash pink flower light houses in large displays silent reminders of the beginning times in contrast with present ones of acoustic flavor in a drifty way reminiscent some feel travel with your instincts to the land north west of this place west central where drier heat paints dripping liquid shades always further along than your hands blowing out to see in a wind column across a great landlocked water mass from ocean to ocean coaxing cylindrical fluid images from where the sun explodes every night releasing upon the grainy white in soothing fashion as easily viewed from under the rustling shade provided by a growth within the fantastic organism bringing tranquility to and memorable images from this place watching your reflection in the eyes of a ten foot scaly dry beauty sharing the shade and insects with the quiet traveler.....

**Café Espresso**  
600 Broadway #7 (along Riverside)  
Seaside, Oregon  
738-6169  
Norm and Luanne Grinstead

**Seaside & all that Family Fun!**  
Spring Break March 19th through 28th the Seaside Chamber of Commerce, the Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District, and The City of Seaside Spring Break Committee, will be sponsoring a wide range of family activities including music, art, sports, new games, food booths, fashion shows and a lot more. Events will be scheduled at various locations in Seaside, daily from noon to 10pm. For more information call 738-3311 or 738-6391

**Meanwhile in Newport....**

There is a new resident at Tumbledown Villa Newport  
Color Black  
Race Cocker Spaniel  
Name Ebony  
Age 18 mos (estimated)  
Dog possession has always been a surprise to me. Never once have I said to myself, "Well things seem to be going very nicely. The carpet smells fresh, my shoes are un-chewed. I haven't recently stepped in something nasty in the yard, no one is filing suite over midnight barking. I think I'll get a dog." Not once.  
This case of dog possession began with a phone call from the agricultural brother who lives in the valley. He mentioned a dinner to be given by a certain sweet and elderly person generally referred to as "Mother" but more realistically know as "She Who Must Be Obeyed". He didn't mention a dog.  
Thus, I was surprised on walking into the sweet elderly person's home to have what looked like an ambulatory pull toy spring up and leave precious little doggy tracks all over my tan slacks.  
Herself, the delight of my life, immediately forsook all pretense of dignity, bent over and began speaking in tongues to the creature. "Wuzzums" was the only word I understood.  
"Where did you get that?" I asked.  
"Came down the road," said the agricultural brother. "I've called animal control, ran an ad in the paper, no one claims it. I guess I'll have to take it out and shoot it."  
"WHAT!" exclaimed Herself in a tone of voice suggesting she'd just learned a nephew was being roasted for dinner.  
At this point in time I realized this wasn't a happy family dinner, this was a plot, a trap, and I was firmly in it.  
Thus there is a new dog at our house. There are changes. No longer dare I walk barefoot through the lawn to get the paper. My meals are taken under scrutiny from eyes that must have been misappropriated from a Somalian orphan.  
Also, the little brute has developed an ambition to catch and disembowel the neighbor's huge orange striped tom cat, so I'm sure large vet bills are in my future. Bills for the dog, not the cat.

Alex LaFollette

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**CANNON BEACH SHUTTLE SCHEDULE**

10:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Friday - Tuesday  
Hourly runs

Going South

Leaves from:	
Les Shirley Park	10:00
Candy Kitchen	:05
Coaster	:10
Midtown	:12
Surfcrest	:14
Tolovana Wayside	:15
Haystack Heights	:16
Wave Crest	:25
Maher	:30

Going North

Leaves from:	
Maher & Hemlock	10:30
Tolovana Wayside	:35
R.V. Park	:40
Midtown	:45
Ecola Square	:50
White Bird Gallery	:55
Les Shirley Park	:00

Not all stops listed.  
Shuttle not going South at 6:10 p.m. from Coaster.  
Shuttle goes to lunch at 1:10 at Coaster and resumes out of Midtown at 2:12 going South.

**LAST ON!**  
By Mary Anne Radmacher-Hershey

Mercurial tempers at the end of the day make the bus stop seem like a mob scene. As the bus approaches, any civility stops, arms extended outward of everybody. "Room! Make room for me!"  
Always, I feel more the leaf pushed by the tide than the tide itself. I look down on the sea of feet about mine and try to inch forward. Jounced about. My foot reaches the edge of the step. Pushed from behind I rise up. The bus driver strains to catch my eye around the bodies in front of me and yells, "Last, last on the bus!" The people at my back hear but pretend not to understand. Still they push. The doors are closing, they push at the back of my shoulders. Without apology hands push me forward. A woman growls, "Move, will ya?" There is nowhere for me to move. "Last on!" the bus driver impatiently snaps. I lean forward. Shins jam into the edge of the second step. The door snaps shut.....

We are driving the snow covered undeveloped roads, toward Horn Head in the uppermost north of the Republic of Ireland. This area is off the Tourist Trail and this is the down season. Here we encounter greetings untypical of Irish hospitality, the gauda follows us through the villages. Townspeople eye our vehicle suspiciously. We finally find a pub open with some hope of food, and tersely, food service is refused. A drunk patron instructs, "ask nicely and he'll feed ya." A cold stare is all we're served. Hungry and unwelcomed we continue, hoping for a convenience store somewhere before dark.....

A group of locals graze casually on their fare and sip their brew. A gust of cold signals someone's entrance. Uninvited, a stranger sits beside me and says, "You live here?" Reluctantly I acknowledge, "Yes." "Oh, you're so lucky. This is the most beautiful place I've ever seen. It's my first visit. I'm thinking of moving here this summer!" The enthusiasm drones on. My tolerance wanes. Then, snap, I remember.....

... what it felt like to be the unwelcome stranger. Oh Hmm

**Foolish Game ... Cont. from pg 1**

They told me of their hope to be involved in programs to retrain timber workers. One proposed government program would put unemployed timber workers to work restoring environmentally devastated areas. Both of them recognized the uphill battle ahead, but agreed on the importance of being involved in changing attitudes and re-educating a community accustomed to one way of life for so long. I wished them luck.  
And then I got busy and before I knew it, they were pulling on their coats and leaving. But not without a warm good-bye and an invitation to drop in and visit if I ever again found myself in Forks. They told me the name of their place would be the Brightwater Bed and Breakfast.  
And I really do wish them well. I hope Forks is kind to them and appreciates what they represent a new economic direction and new hope. If communities depressed by loss of resource-based incomes are to survive, they will need people with imagination and vision and sensitivity to the conflicting emotions change inevitably produces.  
After they left, my step was a little lighter. In the often foolish game of stereotyping, I do love to be proved wrong.

Alison Pride