

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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They Paved Paradise and Put Up a Parking Lot!

Joni Mitchell

A Conversation with Bob Bacon
(Education Never Ends)

by
Alison Pride

On the day I met Bob Bacon, he was probably peering into a microscope in front of Haystack Rock. I was a volunteer that summer with the Haystack Rock Awareness Program, and so was he. One day I caught him standing absolutely still in front of the Rock, staring in what can only be described as rapt admiration. When I asked him what he was looking at, he gestured expansively outward, a gesture that encompassed the entire, awesome panorama. "I never get tired of looking at it," he said. A friendship was born.

Many shared bottles of fine wine and good meals later, I am even more impressed with him. A short history only makes a poor attempt to describe his life: he was the Professor of Anatomy at the University of Oregon Medical School from 1959-1981, and retains the title of Professor Emeritus of Anatomy for the Oregon Health Sciences University. In the late 1960's, he was President of the "Citizens to Save Oregon Beaches" during the fight to protect public access to all of Oregon's beaches (something most of us take for granted). He was one of the early, lone voices protesting the building and operation of the Trojan Nuclear Power Plant.

Now, at 75, although ostensibly retired, he maintains a schedule busier than almost anyone I know. He serves as an instructor for the Elderhostel Program, a worldwide program that offers educational opportunities to retired people. And this year he is also Volunteer Coordinator for the Haystack Awareness Program. Ex-medical students seek him out with enthusiastic regularity; he always has time for them. He also has time and a penchant for lively discussion.

I wanted to talk to him about the role of education in our society; in particular, how it might be used to address the environmental crisis now looming before us. We met one afternoon over tuna sandwiches (a shared affection) and, after he eagerly showed me his collection of plankton in the refrigerator, got down to some serious (punctuated by a lot of laughter) talking. Here is, at best, a hopelessly truncated version of the afternoon's conversation:

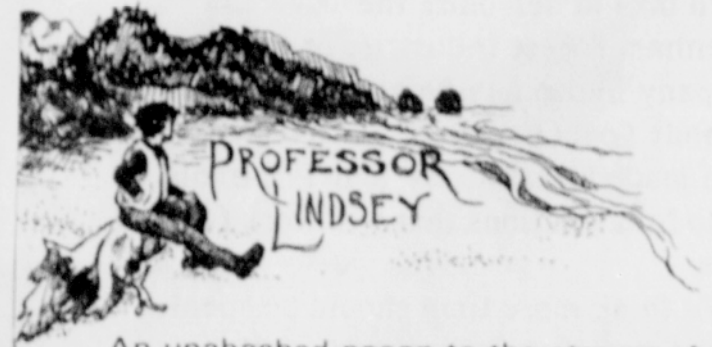
Alison: Let's talk about education.

Bob: I was thinking about some of the things that make education difficult, sometime makes it hard to get ideas through and to listen-- and, in my opinion, most of those categories are religious or cultural factors that limit understanding of the world and are usually restrictive or antithetical to real education. And I think the reason they are is that they close the mind to acceptance of big categories of knowledge that people really ought to be able to be exposed to.

Alison: What would you define as real education?

Bob: I would define education in this way--education is opening the windows of the mind and letting in light and letting people see outward into the real world, to see what the real world is. Education, I think, is the answer to most of our problems. Most people, even if they have pretty strong opinions, if they really listen and understand why things should be different, most people are reasonable. If they understand,

cont. on pg. 4



An unabashed paean to the stream of my youth - to the stream and environs of my life, for that matter - follows. If the feeling and sentiment exceed the bounds of taste and reserve, I ask to be forgiven this time. David Duncan in *The River Why* revisits the stream of his youth and traces it to the headwaters, only to find the source buried beneath the offices of a Benjamin Franklin Savings and Loan building. I am told that Elk Creek (Ecola Creek) and its watershed area will soon have timberland adjacent to it harvested by Cavenham Corporation. My heart saddens at the prospect. Callously denuded hillsides as a backdrop to Cannon Beach offends my aesthetic sensibilities and will no doubt disturb those who visit and live in our special place. Perhaps the inexorable and seemingly insatiable lust for profit cannot be staunched. The prospect is discouraging.

An Australian friend several years ago referred to me as one of "the keepers of the land in Cannon Beach." If by dint of my 40 years residence in the place I have some sense of its qualities, then my conscience must protest.

Ichthyologists and fisheries biologists tell us anadromous fish species moving offshore recognize their "home" streams by taste/smelling the unique mineral constituents flowing into the ocean at the stream sites of their birth. If I were placed blindfolded on the upper reaches of Elk Creek and its watershed area, I would know I was home.

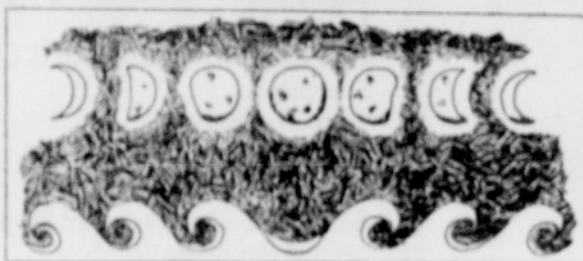
A distinct fusion of scents and textures of air emanates from the ground and understorey beneath the ancient cedars and their arboreal associates: the sweet red alders, hemlocks, spruce, and vine maples. A clean, damp pungency rises from huckleberries (red and blue), sword fern, Oregon Grape, salal, assorted fungi, decaying wood, kinnikinnick, and elk droppings. The essences are ancient, a link and channel to our senses with a time gone by.

As a boy, I tramped the woods and stream bed with my pal, Gerry Sroufe, examining the natural world and sensing its rhythms: the time of band-tailed pigeons bolting in concert from snags below the watershed, the whistling call of bull elk in the rut, the dust drummings of grouse in summer alder thickets.

Our favorite haunt, the fishing holes below L. David Firebaugh's water catch basin stood at the end of Warren Road. On one occasion in the 50's we discovered an old two-man hand saw, a "miserable whip", crusted and rusty, in the streambed - a remnant of the first cutting of the old trees at the turn of the century. I remember our excitement at finding the relic. Hefting it sent a sense of adventure through a young person. By our time, Van Vleet Logging Company had already skinned many of the surrounding areas, leaving in its wake clear-cuts and logging trash: wire ropes, rusted truck bodies, ramshackle powder shacks. The romance, if it ever existed, was gone.

Successive owners of the forested hills behind us, Crown Zellerbach and Cavenham Industries, raise forests as agricultural crops. The crop may be harvested soon. When those of you at Cavenham Industries cut those slender trees for pulp and chipboard, you cut away a part of my spirit as well.

Peter Lindsey



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

JULY						
WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES DAY						
DATE	HIGH	A.M.	P.M.	HIGH	A.M.	P.M.
1 Thu	11:48	6:7	11:03	9:1		
2 Fri			12:39	7:0		
3 Sat			11:51	9:0		
4 Sun	0:39	8:8	2:10	7:3		
5 Mon	1:25	8:6	2:52	7:4		
6 Tue	2:07	8:3	3:31	7:5		
7 Wed	2:49	7:9	4:06	7:5		
8 Thu	3:31	7:4	4:38	7:5		
9 Fri	4:10	6:9	5:13	7:5		
10 Sat	5:08	6:3	5:49	7:6		
11 Sun	5:09	5:8	6:27	7:6		
12 Mon	7:19	5:4	7:14	7:6		
13 Tue	8:37	5:3	8:03	7:7		
14 Wed	9:47	5:5	8:56	7:8		
15 Thu	10:45	5:8	9:47	8:2		
16 Fri	11:40	5:2	10:40	8:4		
17 Sat			11:26	8:6		
18 Sun			11:28	8:7		
19 Mon	0:18	8:9	1:51	7:9		
20 Tue	1:06	8:9	2:30	7:7		
21 Wed	1:55	8:8	3:09	8:0		
22 Thu	2:47	8:5	3:47	8:3		
23 Fri	3:39	8:0	4:26	8:5		
24 Sat	4:39	7:3	5:10	8:6		
25 Sun	5:42	6:6	5:58	8:6		
26 Mon	6:56	6:0	6:53	8:5		
27 Tue	8:17	5:8	7:54	8:4		
28 Wed	9:31	5:8	8:55	8:4		
29 Thu	10:38	6:2	9:57	8:4		
30 Fri	11:35	6:6	10:53	8:4		
31 Sat			12:24	8:9		
31			11:42	8:4		

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

JULY						
WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES DAY						
DATE	LOW	A.M.	P.M.	LOW	A.M.	P.M.
1 Thu	5:30	1:1	5:03	2:5		
2 Fri	6:20	1:3	5:59	2:5		
3 Sat	7:06	1:4	6:49	2:5		
4 Sun	7:49	1:4	7:40	2:4		
5 Mon	8:30	1:1	8:26	2:3		
6 Tue	9:08	0:8	9:09	2:2		
7 Wed	9:39	0:4	9:55	2:1		
8 Thu	10:11	0:0	10:40	2:0		
9 Fri	10:45	0:6	11:26	1:9		
10 Sat	11:17	1:1				
11 Sun	0:21	1:8				
12 Mon	1:24	1:6	12:45	2:3		
13 Tue	2:26	1:2	1:41	2:7		
14 Wed	3:31	0:7	2:46	3:0		
15 Thu	4:26	0:2	3:48	3:1		
16 Fri	5:16	0:3	4:46	3:0		
17 Sat	6:02	0:8	5:41	2:8		
18 Sun	6:47	1:2	6:30	2:5		
19 Mon	7:26	1:4	7:19	2:1		
20 Tue	8:05	1:5	8:09	1:7		
21 Wed	8:47	1:4	9:01	1:3		
22 Thu	9:23	1:0	9:51	0:9		
23 Fri	10:05	0:5	10:47	0:7		
24 Sat	10:47	0:1	11:44	0:5		
25 Sun	11:33	0:9				
26 Mon	0:51	0:4	12:28	1:6		
27 Tue	2:05	0:1	1:33	2:2		
28 Wed	3:15	0:2	2:43	2:5		
29 Thu	4:19	0:6	3:49	2:6		
30 Fri	5:17	0:9	4:55	2:4		
31 Sat	6:05	1:1	5:49	2:2		

BASEBALL

It's July and once again the Cubs slip below .500. It's going to be a long summer.



Important Notice! Important Notice!
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