

Sunset Dinner Menu

Served 4:00-5:30 p.m.
Sunday - Thursday, except holidays

**Walnut & Cranberry
Stuffed Chicken**
Breast of stuffed chicken, baked and
topped with orange cream sauce.
\$9.75

Ground Sirloin
Tender steak, ground and cooked to perfection.
Served with mushroom Madeira sauce
\$8.75

Sole a la Wayfarer
Fresh Oregon sole steamed and topped with
Bay shrimp & lobster Hollandaise sauce.
\$10.25

Beef Bourguignon
Tenderloin of beef sauteed with mushrooms,
garlic, and red wine. Tossed with pasta
and served with garlic toast.
\$9.50

Seafood Newburg
Fresh seafood sauteed with garlic in a
sherry mushroom cream sauce.
\$11.75

Dinners include soup or salad, choice of starch,
vegetable of the day, and coffee, tea, or decaf.

Reservations Suggested
Wayfarer - Oceanfront Dining!
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OREGON SAFE HUNTER by Mary Anne Radmacher-Hershey

"Oregon Safe Hunter". That's what the embroidered patch read. Embazoned with a rifle, a handgun and the three words to become the seal of approval: this assortment of thirty twelve-year-olds were qualified to safely wield a gun. Presumably. At least in Oregon.

Every Thursday night my Dad would join twenty-nine other fathers in dropping me off at the National Rifle Association Club House and Rifle Range. The difference between my father and those twenty-nine other fathers is that he was the only one dropping off a girl.

This would be a sociological and cultural awakening of broad impact. This class would not only show how I was to view guns and their attendant ability to take life, but it would open my eyes to some basic differences between men and women (in this setting, boys and girls).

Twenty nine students registered and were issued "hello my name is" tags with their first names filled in. Tom. Bill. Jerry. My badge read "Miss Radmacher". I liked it. I'd read stories of young ladies addressed as Miss so and so - but this was my first real life exposure to the practice. It made me feel different... special. Boy, howdy. Was I right!

Several Thursdays of classes passed before the big day came when we actually got to handle the guns. We had to study and test on Oregon gun law, safety procedures, technical information, hunting etiquette and many other things which have elapsed my memory. I paid attention to the instructor instead of sending spitwads and poking my classmates. I placed top in the class of all exercises.

"Miss Radmacher would be our test leader again this week." This announcement was greeted with groans (in unison) by the third class. The response continued every week thereafter. The instructor seemed not to hear. Boys, any of them, even the homely ones, the ones I knew might not be especially popular in their own schools, the pimply faced boys, didn't sit anywhere near me. I consoled myself that I came here to learn how to shoot a gun so I could impress my dad - not impress these boys. I started coming earlier to class so at least I could be seated where I wanted when the class left me swimming in a pool of empty chairs and desks. The instructor seemed oblivious to this phenomenon.

The night finally came when we were each issued training rifles. First we learned to dismantle it and clean it and reassemble it. Next, I remember being taught how to walk holding the rifle comfortably facing the safe point - so as not to shoot myself or any of my companion hunters (of which I would, *must*, always have at least one. It was like swimming. One must always hunt with a buddy). The Thursday of first target practice finally rolled around. This night the Mrs. Instructor was there. The instructor announced his "lovely lady" was there in order to assist Miss Radmacher. At the time I was puzzled. I didn't understand why I needed a special tutor. Years later I realized it was my burgeoning breasts that posed a training hazard for the instructor since successful shooting relies heavily on the rifle butt being positioned properly on the chest/shoulder.

My instructor handled her rifle with a confidence, skill and gentleness which confounded me. She knew something that would take me years to grasp: to compete with men, especially in a traditionally male enterprise, a woman must be superior in skill to even compete as an equal.

The wood butt pressed into my fleshy shoulder and my hands tentatively grasped the cold metal.

She taught me to view the whole target, how to sight, how to breathe out before pulling the trigger and how not to pull up on the barrel. In short, she taught me to accurately shoot any target. Miss Radmacher posted top on these exercises as well. Each week the three top targets were posted with the shooter's name. It was a thrill to see my target sheet walked from the end of the range and posted on the results board.

The following Thursdays blurred. My increasing ostracism was largely overshadowed by my growing skill as a shooter. Clearly there was only one Oregon Safe Hunter who might rival my chance for being top of the class - best marksman (take note, marksman, Miss Radmacher). That was Thomas Speering.

No one will ever be able to dispute or prove my ranking as second in that final Thursday competition. I know I hit more zone than Thomas. So did he. His hateful glances at the conclusion of our rounds confirmed his knowledge. But this final night the instructor did not walk the targets forward and post them. He folded them up and slipped them into his pocket. Disappointed and disbelieving at being announced second, I asked to see my target.

"I don't know where they are."

"In your pocket, sir."

"You're mistaken."

I pointed, as if I were assisting some forgetful old man. I pointed to his right jacket pocket where just moments before I had seen him place the target in question.

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"In your jacket pocket, sir. You folded them and

"Miss Radmacher, I said you were mistaken."

Initially I was confused by his apparent lack of memory. But as he turned on his heels and headed into the crowd of boys I understood there was no memory loss here. None at all.

I walked over to Thomas who was being cheered and patted and slapped by twenty-eight mad-for-victory-against-that-girl boys.

"Boy showed her, didn't you!"

"Yea. Maybe she can do tests okay but she sure can't shoot better'n a boy!"

"That's for sure."

It was clearly not a happy victory for this boy. He wanted to be good and approved of as much as I did. He had his own father to impress.

"Well, Mr. Speering." I addressed him.

The room went uncomfortably quiet. His jaw was tight, his hands clenched, anticipating a confrontation.

"What'a ya want?" he spoke sharply. I knew it was fear. Fear at being humiliated in front of all these boys. I looked at him and thought swiftly of the weeks of humiliation I had just walked through with these same boys. I knew I was an Oregon Safe Hunter - with my results posted or not, I knew I had won. Thomas Speering knew it, too. Besides, it was the adult in the room that deserved my anger. It was the instructor who had deceived the two of us. All of us. In that moment, wholly self-possessed, I grew up a great deal.

"You're a good shot, Mr. Speering."

With grateful acknowledgment of this unexpected mercy he addressed me for the first time.

"Mary Anne, you are too."

Dumfounded and a little confused at the marked absence of a fight - twenty-eight boys shuffled to the cars of waiting fathers. Only three people were not confused about what happened that night. And we weren't talking about it. I didn't even tell my father. After a brief report while on the long road out of the club property, his only response was,

"Second place. Geez, sis. What happened to your shot?"

Second. The one who almost won. I was satisfied with my performance that night. All the way around.

That spring my hunting "buddy", my dad, and I went on our first hunting trip. After a few miles we spotted our first deer.

"Take it, sis. It's all yours," my Dad whispered.

I did everything right. My sight was set, position was perfect. I was ready to breathe before my trigger pull. The animal turned its side-positioned flank and looked straight in our direction. I saw its face. I saw its eyes. I didn't take much of an imaginative jump to sense impending death. Death at my will.

I choked. Literally. It felt like both sides of my throat met in the middle and cut off all my air. All the noise spooked our target - the deer disappeared into the close of brush.

I have my Oregon Safe Hunter badge in a little box which contains other memorabilia from my childhood. I look at it's round embroidery sometimes and ponder many things: what it means to be the best, fitting in, the price of recognition and the cost of seeking approval.

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