



In our ongoing pursuit of mental health, we spent the weekend at Celilo Village, celebrating the return of the salmon with the River People.

I know, I know. In the face of reality, a spring salmon feast seems quaint.

To the River People, it's a holy day. A time for the Columbia Basin tribes to gather, renew old friendships and pray, dance to the drums, sing the old songs, and share their food with strangers. Venison and elk meat, fry bread, dried berries and roots.

And, of course, the first salmon, ritually caught by honored young men of the tribes. This year, things being as they are, and aren't, the young men came back with a total of five fish. The salmon that fed the hundreds, Indians and settlers alike, came from tribal freezers. It could be a long winter on the river. But then, it's usually the case that, when you're hungry, the poor are more likely to fill your plate than the rich. Go figure. A photographer from National Geographic was there. This may not be a good sign.

Three images of the weekend stand out. The first, a speech in the longhouse (there are always many) to welcome the Celilo's guests. Listen: "The government says we killed off the salmon. It's a lie. They're the ones who built the dams and made the drift nets. We're the ones who pray for the salmon."

Even the BPA would admit they have a point.


The second took place in the house of Warner Jim, chief of the Pine Creek band of the Yakima Indian Nation. We'd come with our attorney, Indian Jack Schwartz, the only Jewish member of the Celilo tribe. Warner Jim isn't there, which makes me a stranger in the house. There are perhaps twenty people spanning at least three generations living there. I haven't even closed the door when a little girl of three comes toddling over, bright eyed and smiling, to offer me the chicken drumstick she's eating.

The history of Indian Country is what happened when a culture based on giving met a culture based on taking. It has yet to be pretty.

The last glimpse of Celilo only seems anticlimatic. Sunday afternoon, not long before leaving, I'm standing outside the longhouse, leaning against a post, smoking a cigarette and watching the dancers fine tune their feathers and deerskin robes for the grand entry. Boggled as always by their beauty, I'm thinking it's no surprise National Geographic is there taking snapshots. If the River People were a tribe in Borneo, the Birkenstock liberals of Portland would be outraged at their situation. Enough perhaps to write a letter.

So anyway, there we are. The sun is shining, the drums are beating, the Eagle Spirit Singers are singing the old songs. A small clutch of teenage warriors head into the longhouse. One of them is wearing a t-shirt with a message for us all.

"He who has the most toys when he dies...still dies."



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Professor Lindsey Continued from pg. 1

Wizard of Oz), and Charles (pronounced "Charles") a poodle from France. A direct descendant of the lap dog who ate cake from the hands of Marie Antoinette. His latest shave job features a heart-shaped tuft of fur on his bum.

V. Owner Dogs. Dogs found in close proximity to owners. Moon Frailey (deceased), Bear Frailey (deceased), Pita, Bear Ogilvey, Myron, X, Ruby Begonia, Harpo, and Buster.

ABC Television featured our own Barney Swedenborg fetching home a bag of cookies from the Cannon Beach Cookie Co. Barney is retired now, under doctor's orders. Many pretenders, including Clancey Sroufe before his recent demise, would lurk around the cookie company sponging sweet bits, posing as the celebrity.

"Look, mom, that's Barney, the dog from T.V.I., a little girl would say. "Let's give him a cookie and he'll take it home!"

A disbelieving child looked on, stunned, as Clancey inhaled the cookie. During Easter observances several years ago, Clancey shocked the lunch crowd downtown. "The Kid", Jay Schwehr, appeared attired in his pink Easter Bunny suit. Clancey leapt forward at sight of Jay like a greyhound leaving the blocks, and shagged "the Kid" down Hemlock Street on a dead run.

Pugsle Hawkins, a former resident, gained some notoriety here when he took 2nd Prize in a Seaside "Ugliest Dog" Contest. Those who knew Pugsle felt the contest had been rigged. Pugsle deserved top honors if any creature did. His shrivelled toad body and terminal hot spots frequently stanchd noontime appetites on Osburn's Porch. August "dog days" intensified his itch torture, leaving the beast twitching and wriggling on his back in the street. Compassionate drivers stopped for fear the animal had been struck by an auto and abandoned.

Bear Ogilvey, a back seat mastiff and scrap muncher, has attained senior status this year. His owner tells me Bear's eyes are failing. Thrown balls and sticks elude him now. Brandon, Bear's owner, thinks a "seeing eye" cat may be the answer for Bear in his dotage.

George Roberti-Mizener, step-dog of Steve McLeod, dog about town and bon vivant, epitomizes that independence of character and spirit so dear to us in Cannon Beach. George has ranged the woods, beaches, and coastal headlands chasing the elusive spoor. His gala birthday dinner at the Bistro Restaurant was an occasion of great celebration. For many years George rode shotgun with the garbage men of Cannon Beach Sanitary Service. Few dogs have attained such heights.

If every dog has his day, then the dogs of Cannon Beach have had at least their share.

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In many ways, it appears to be the end. For the nonce, at least, and most probably forever, salmon fishing as a way of making a living is dead.

The independent loggers are disappearing, those that remain, as quickly as a February snow in a Chinook wind.

Suburban development in the Tualatin basin drains the effluent from multiple thousands of toilets and toxins from their pesticides and herbicided lawns into the Tualatin River. Meanwhile the DEQ nearly forces a dairyman with 60 cows out of business because some runoff from his fields may enter the river.

Andy Kerr, Conservation Director for the Oregon Natural Resources Council, tells a group in Lakeview they may as well start removing cattle from the range because tourists don't like cow manure on their Reeboks.

An alienation has divided the urban and suburban population from the rural. Those who provide the food, fiber, building materials, the fuels without which modern life would be impossible, are looked upon and often treated as if they were only venal exploiters bound on the destruction of the environment for personal profit.

The rules have changed, some say. But they are rules changed by people who enter an unpaved area as if they were visiting Disneyland and know about as much about it as they do about the maintenance requirements of that charming cultural experience.

We decry the disappearance of the family farm but think of such an enterprise as something between what we see on the "Green Acres" TV show and movies from Mr. Disney's ilk, then regulate them out of existence with rules based in a large part on ignorance and wishful thinking.

Each time I hear someone on the tube raging about an environmental outrage, I make a little bet with myself that the culprit will be a farmer, a fisherman, a logger, rancher or miner. More often than not I win. Inevitably, in time, they, virtually the last independent men and women, will lose. Yet no one will have even one word to say against the ultimate, the single source of all pollution.

I mean, of course, parenthood.

*Manzanita News  
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SHUTTLE SCHEDULE 10-6 Friday - Tuesday**

\* TIMES MAY VARY SLIGHTLY DEPENDING ON CONDITIONS \*

GOING SOUTH		Leaves from Las Shirley Park (Northpoint)														
Las Shirley Park	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	—	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00
Candy Kitchen	10:03	10:33	11:03	11:33	12:03	12:33	1:03	—	2:33	3:03	3:33	4:03	4:33	5:03	5:33	6:03
Coaster	10:05	10:35	11:05	11:35	12:05	12:35	1:05	—	2:35	3:05	3:35	4:05	4:35	5:05	5:35	6:05
Midtown	10:06	10:36	11:06	11:36	12:06	12:36	—	2:06	2:36	3:06	3:36	4:06	4:36	5:06	5:36	—
Surfcrest	10:09	10:39	11:09	11:39	12:09	12:39	—	2:09	2:39	3:09	3:39	4:09	4:39	5:09	5:39	—
Talovana Wayside	10:10	10:40	11:10	11:40	12:10	12:40	—	2:10	2:40	3:10	3:40	4:10	4:40	5:10	5:40	—
Wave Crest	10:13	10:43	11:13	11:43	12:13	12:43	—	2:13	2:43	3:13	3:43	4:13	4:43	5:13	5:43	—
Maher	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	—	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45	—
GOING NORTH		Leaves from Maher & Hemlock (Southpoint)														
Maher & Hemlock	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	—	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45	—
Talovana Wayside	10:18	10:48	11:18	11:48	12:18	12:48	—	2:18	2:48	3:18	3:48	4:18	4:48	5:18	5:48	—
R.V. Park	10:24	10:54	11:24	11:54	12:24	12:54	—	2:24	2:54	3:24	3:54	4:24	4:54	5:24	5:54	—
Midtown	10:25	10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	12:55	—	2:25	2:55	3:25	3:55	4:25	4:55	5:25	5:55	—
Ecota Square	10:26	10:56	11:26	11:56	12:26	12:56	—	2:26	2:56	3:26	3:56	4:26	4:56	5:26	5:56	—
White Bird Gallery	10:28	10:58	11:28	11:58	12:28	12:58	—	2:28	2:58	3:28	3:58	4:28	4:58	5:28	5:58	—
Las Shirley Park	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	—	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	—

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