



In a time gone by. On a soft day. Beside a summer stream of my youth. I cast dusky caddis flies with grandpa's Tonkin cane pole. The eddies were dreamy whorls of glass taffy that spun hulls of spruce needle and plant bast on tiny seas.

Cocking my arm, I could point large question marks of line just above the water, reeling out the senses, mesmerized by stream chortle and summer wood's drone.

A sharp sound, the roll of bed gravel, startled me. "Fine day."

Downstream a gentleman cast short line at a dark pool. Feathers of white hair fanned out beneath his straw gardening hat, the kind with a green plastic window at the brim. He supported himself delicately in the stream bed with an alder staff in his left hand. The right arm played out licks of line above the pool and down.

"I've fished here for seventy years," he told me. "This is my favorite spot. About the only place I go any more. My wife and I fished this little stream together on our honeymoon. She died last year. I'm trying out these old tennie runners I've rigged up. I glued strips of wool felt on the soles. They grip the rocks pretty well. My legs aren't as sound as they once were. This stick helps for balance."

We conversed briefly, and I, young and unsettled, hastened to break away and test the unknown headwaters. I left the aged fisherman in his canvas coat, fixed like a tripod in his stream of memories, and bolted.

Five years passed. On the evening before trout season opened, I camped alongside that same small stream in a cove of young alder. The blood lust was on me. I would be the first on that stream to pierce its waters that spring day and take the spoils.

Rising at first light, I slashed through the stream bed, willful and possessed. In three hours I worked the stream's length, lashing out spools of line and lure and claiming what was mine. Exhausted, I rested at midmorning, content that I had bested all competition.

Then I heard it. A rustle downstream below a small midstream island. A straw hat and shocks of white hair pushed above a clump of willow. The little man hadn't seen me. He didn't know I had ravaged his stream, taken advantage of his years.

I was stunned. My chest felt stone. I tasted shame. I skulked silently around the island to avoid him and was gone. I'm older now. I don't fish much to speak of. Oh, maybe I'll fish up a name or a memory or a recollection or two. For the sport only. If I tie on a fine leader, maybe a 2x tippet, to my reel of memory, I can land a glimpse of a sleight gentleman in a canvas coat fishing through time.



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### Incidental Book Review

By June Kroft

At Jupiter's, a second-hand book store in Cannon Beach, is a book called "Damask Roses", by Ida Mck. Reed. It is a book hand-made in 1920, and tells a legend about a red rose that grows at Priest Point Park near Olympia, Washington.

A Count who owned a castle and vineyard in Tuscany had a daughter named Leonora, who was in love with the vineyard keeper's son. The two young people spent many hours talking and planning their future under a large red rose tree. When the Count learned of his daughter's friendship with the lowly worker's son, he sent her to live in the city. Through gossip, the vineyard keeper's son heard that the Count's daughter was to wed into royalty. Giving up hope of ever seeing her again, he took the vows to become a monk.

Leonora was given permission to come home for a visit before she was wed, and learned that her true love had become a monk. Before she left to marry the man her father had chosen, she gathered seeds from the rose tree for her maid to give to her lost love to carry with him to a far-off land where he was to be sent.

The monk sailed with his brother monks to the southern end of Puget Sound to establish a mission and to carry there, to the heathen Indians, the doctrines of Christ. The monks called their mission St. Joseph. They planted an orchard and a garden. The vineyard keeper's son, now known as Brother Anselmo, planted the seeds of the red rose he had carried with him from Tuscany.

In June of 1852, the monks and village of Chinook Indians were visited by Indians from another tribe. One was Chief Sealth's nephew. A Chinook Indian, to whom the monks had given the Christian name of Peter, had vowed to kill any of Chief Sealth's relatives, because Chief Sealth had killed Peter's father. Brother Anselmo tried to stop the killing, but was instead fatally wounded. As he lay dying in his hand was a red rose, and his last whispered words were the name of his lost love, Leonora. The monks and Indians buried Anselmo, marking his grave with a wooden cross. The mission later burned to the ground and the property was sold. When the new owners found the remains of the wooden cross and the red rose bush growing in the tall weeds, they instructed their gardener to plant the red rose over the grave.

Quote from the book:

"So runs the cycle round. -- The red roses first grown in far-away Tuscany and given as a pledge of hopeless love, now purified by years of waiting and probation, bloom upon the neglected grave of a forgotten saint."

I've been told this red rose still grows and blossoms there at Priest Point Park.

### Where to get an Edge

**Cannon Beach:** Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, Osburn's Grocery, The Cookie Co., Coffee Cabaña, Bill's Tavern, Cannon Beach Book Co., Hane's Bakerie, The Bistro, Midtown Café, Once Upon a Breeze, & Cleanline Surf

**Manzanita:** Mother Nature's, Cassandra's, & Nehalem Bay Video

**Rockaway:** Sharkey's

**Tillamook:** Rainy Day Books

**Pacific City:** The River House

**Oceanside:** Ocean Side Espresso

**Lincoln City:** Trillium Natural Foods, Driftwood Library, & Eats 'n' Stuff

**Newport:** Oceana Natural Foods, Don Petrie's Italian Food Co., Café DIVA,

Cosmo Cafe, Bookmark Cafe, Newport Bay Coffee Co., Cuppatunes, Bay Latté, Ocean Pulse Surf Shop & Canyon Way

**Eugene:** Book Mark, Café Navarra, Eugene Public Library, Friendly St.

Market, Happy Trails, Keystone Café, Kiva Foods, Lane C.C., Light For Music, New Frontier Market, Nineteenth Street Brew Pub, Oasis Market, Perry's, Red Barn Grocery, Sundance Natural Foods, U of O, & WOW Hall

**Corvallis:** Not Necessarily News, & The Environmental Center

**Salem:** Heliotrope, Salem Library, & The Peace Store

**Astoria:** KMUN, Columbian Café, The Community Store, & Café Uniontown

**Seaside:** Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Cafe Espresso

**Portland:** Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Bibelot Art Gallery, Bijou Café, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Capt'n Beans (two locations), Center for the Healing Light, Coffee People (three locations), Common Grounds Coffee, East Avenue Tavern, Food Front, Goose Hollow Inn, Hot Lips Pizza, Java Bay Café, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizza, Marylhurst College, Mt. Hood C.C., Music Millennium, Nature's (two locations), NW Natural Gas, OHSU Medical School, Old Wives Tales, Ozone Records, Papa Haydn, PCC (four locations), PSU (two locations), Reed College, Third Eye, TransCentral Library, & YWCA

**Long Beach, WA:** Pacific Picnics

**Nahcotta, WA:** Moby Dick Hotel

**Duvall, WA:** Duvall Books

**Seattle, WA:** Elliot Bay Book Co., Honey Bear Bakery, New Orleans Restaurant, Still Life in Fremont, Allegro Coffeehouse, The Last Exit Coffee House, & Bulldog News

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