

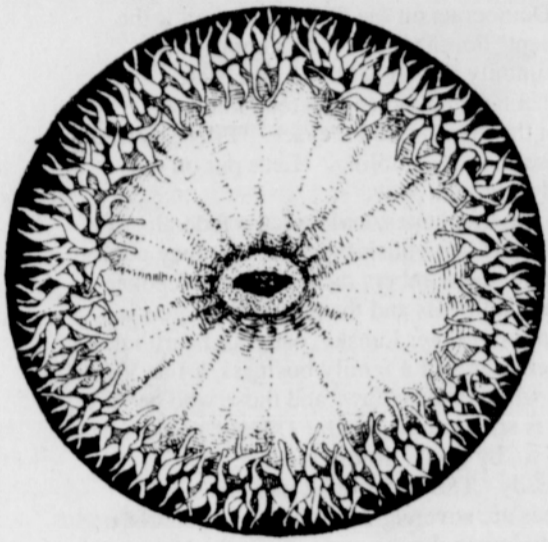
# UPPER LEFT EDGE

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## If the people lead, the leaders will follow.

bumpersticker



**Anemones**  
By Charles Le Guin

Home is Bridger Bay. On the Pacific Coast, in the Northwest. If you are looking at the ocean and the beaches you might just miss Bridger Bay as you drive past, especially now that there is a sort of short "ring road" around the town. Coast highway traffic no longer has to drive Bay Street, either terrorizing or being confused by the little old male and female locals.

If you do miss Bridger Bay, you miss a very special place. Even a quick drive through will tell you it is special. The town sits on a series of natural terraces called by the natives Benches. They surround the bay in a semi-circle. The bay itself is the stage of this amphitheatre. The backdrop is the low, omnipresent fog; at times it becomes a blanket covering the whole of our town. Among the stage properties are the rocks off shore -- the sharp Needle; the Breadloaf; the Hump; and a number of other less distinctive large and small forms -- all familiar to the townfolks. The edge of our stage is a lovely sandy beach which all but disappears at high tide. Tides have long ago broken off the Needle and its companions and annually threaten to add to them. For as long as I can remember they never succeeded in doing anything more than carry out the pair of Municipal Stairs that go down from First Bench to the beach.

It was a tradition at Bridger Bay High School that there be an end-of-school picnic. It always came on the evening of the final Friday of classes, and was held, naturally enough, on the town beach. The beach was given over to the high school from 3:00 pm on Picnic Day and was off limits to anyone else, young or old, always excepting the unsuspecting occasional tourist who didn't know any better. As the town beach is a couple of miles long, there was lots of room for us to disport ourselves as we pleased, about a hundred of us alone on the curving sandy shore. Though we all gathered at the proper time around a large campfire for roasting hot dogs and marshmallows, at almost no other time during the picnic were we really a high school gathering. Rather, we were four class gatherings: mighty seniors having little to do with mere juniors; those performing the final act of their freshman year ignored by wordly and superior sophomores.

It was a measure of community trust and, I think, maturity, that the town gave up the beach to us; an even stronger indication of Bridger Bay's belief in its young was the fact that the picnic was unchaperoned. People in town acted toward us students, at least for one day a year, according to the principle that my parents constantly applied to me, the principle of trust, knowing full well that trust is the severest disciplinarian, the hardest task master. And on the whole, we students earned the trust placed in us, and so the principle continued to be applied year to year. It's not that we were angels, of course; there were cans of beer slipped out of family refrigerators, and a joint or two perfumed the air around one or another of the smaller groups gathered around intimate campfires in the convenient niches and crannies that adorned the shore at the foot of First Bench. It was mostly seniors who smoked, proving to themselves that they were ready for the "real" world they were about to enter. I'm sure the town elders and parents knew exactly what was going on, but they did not do an inventory of the family beer supplies and could not expect the adolescents of Bridger Bay to be wholly innocent of pot, since marijuana cultivation in the remote interiors of the North Coast, illicit and illegal though it was, was a flourishing enterprise which had replaced a declining forestry industry and almost disappearing fisheries as a major economic activity in our part of the world.

Nor did a little beer and a little pot and the absence of chaperones lead to wild orgies. There was an expectable amount of pairing off, but given the topographical possibilities of Bridger Bay town beach and the way in which the high school picnic was organized and conducted from year to year, there was no remarkable increase in teenage pregnancies and mid-winter babies. The community expected us to behave reasonably, it trusted us, and we obliged, and in most ways lived up to what was expected of us. Taken seriously, we responded with that seriousness of which adolescents are capable. A certain amount of experience was gained, and no doubt a few things were learned over the years at this annual affair. Not the least of these things was responsibility.

The picnic area was located in the center of the crescent-shaped beach, and we juniors moved south of the common area to establish our class base. Some spread blankets and immediately sat and began again the continuing bull session that had been going on for nine months up the hill at the school. A few of us wandered around in search of firewood for our class fire, so that we would have a sufficient supply to keep us cozy when we sat around after we had eaten and darkness fell. It didn't take long to gather enough: by the end of May, North Coast twilight lasts a long time, and the party always breaks up at 11:00.

I've never found the beach a place for conversation, and the thought of four or five hours of rather stale small-talk made escape essential. When enough wood was gathered, I walked off toward the southern extremity of the beach, where South Arm Creek rushes into the ocean. This, and the opposite area, where North Arm reaches the sea, are dramatic brackets of our beach. The sand plays out into the rocks, round pebbles become larger boulders become great outcroppings, out of which the two creeks flow to meet the tide with a good deal of exciting turbulence. Here too are endlessly fascinating tidal pools with all the activity of sea shore life readily on view. The ends of our beach are my favorite parts of it, though few people ever bother to walk that far from the central sandy stretch just at the foot of the stairs leading down from Bay Street.

Since I generally have the extremities of the beach to myself, I have naturally come to consider them mine. But I was not to be alone on this picnic day. As soon as I was away from the chattering knot of juniors, I detected another sound mixing with the slushing noise of the waves breaking on sand, the sucking sound of another pair of footsteps. All I could think was, don't let it be Denise. Denise can never not talk.

It was Steve, and I felt relief. He didn't talk, he didn't even greet me. He just fell into step and side by side we made our way south to the tidal pools. There we spent a silent hour or so, hopping from pool to pool, no longer in step, each in our own separate sphere, watching, absorbing the beauty and the drama of tidal pool life, drinking in the cool salty air, listening to the great crash of the surf and the lonely cries of the gulls. In time, we converged onto a particularly elegant pool, an almost perfect oval of deep placid water. At the bottom was clean sand and innumerable small shells and rocks; the dark rock sides of the pool were coated with the thick fur of sea anemones, all colors and shades of coral, green, white, lavender. I knew this pool well and always went to it last, before I turned back. I don't know whether Steve had ever seen it before, but he appeared as hypnotized by it as I have always been. I could see this in his face as it was reflected back from the mirror-like water. We squatted, side by side, gazing, watching the anemones open and shut, shut and open, sending out their delicate filigree tentacles in a rhythmic dance, drawing them in, sending them out again.

Finally Steve spoke: "You know why they open and shut, open and shut?"

I didn't respond -- perhaps it was the shock of having Steve initiate a conversation -- and he probably didn't expect me to. Certainly he didn't wait for me to answer.

"They open to let the spirits of fishermen who have drowned have some freedom. When a fisherman drowns, his spirit is imprisoned in an anemone. But there is no real freedom when the anemone opens. The spirit is captured again as soon as it shuts. There is no escape." Then Steve stirred the water in the pool, poking it with a stick. The anemones closed quickly.

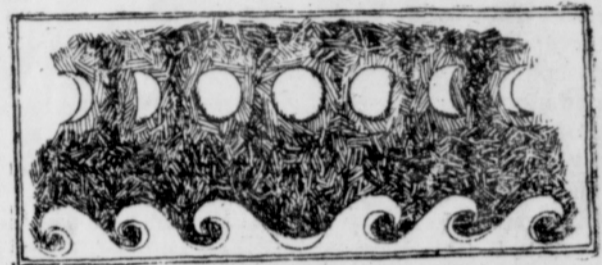
"When you stir up the water like this, they think you are trying to free the captured spirits, so they all shut rapidly and imprison the spirits again."

With that he stood and said, "Come on, we'd better go back. It's about time for food and we want our share."

So we made our way side by side silently back to the bonfire and the weiners and marshmallows and pop and cocoa at the center of the beach. It was all very good and I was hungry; everybody was happy and jolly. I simply can't remember whether I took part in the camaraderie or simply didn't even try. All I know is that my thoughts were elsewhere.

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"May not be much of a place, but it's our'n." William Estvold, the druggist, offers with every aspirin sold to a stranger. Not that there are many strangers, which may be why it's not much of a place. Bridger Bay has not been discovered by strangers. And Bridger Bay prefers it that way.



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES  
OCTOBER - Low Tides

DATE	A.M.		P.M.	
	time	ft	time	ft
1 Sun	0:12	-0.2	12:12	2.6
2 Mon	1:25	0.1	1:33	2.6
3 Tue	2:38	0.1	2:52	2.2
4 Wed	3:42	0.0	4:01	1.5
5 Thu	4:37	-0.1	5:00	0.8
6 Fri	5:24	-0.1	5:52	0.1
7 Sat	6:07	0.1	6:39	-0.4
8 Sun	6:47	0.4	7:24	-0.7
9 Mon	7:25	0.7	8:03	-0.7
10 Tue	8:01	1.2	8:43	-0.7
11 Wed	8:37	1.6	9:21	-0.5
12 Thu	9:13	2.0	9:59	-0.2
13 Fri	9:51	2.4	10:39	0.2
14 Sat	10:34	2.8	11:25	0.6
15 Sun	11:26	3.1	.....	.....
16 Mon	0:19	0.9	12:32	3.3
17 Tue	1:22	1.1	1:46	3.1
18 Wed	2:25	1.2	2:55	2.7
19 Thu	3:21	1.1	3:55	2.0
20 Fri	4:10	1.0	4:46	1.3
21 Sat	4:53	1.0	5:32	0.5
22 Sun	5:34	1.0	6:16	-0.1
23 Mon	6:14	1.1	6:58	-0.7
24 Tue	6:54	1.3	7:41	-1.1
25 Wed	7:35	1.5	8:25	-1.3
26 Thu	8:18	1.8	9:11	-1.3
27 Fri	9:05	2.1	10:00	-1.1
28 Sat	9:58	2.4	10:54	-0.7
DAYLIGHT TIME ENDS				
29 Sun	9:59	2.6	10:54	-0.2
30 Mon	11:10	2.8	11:59	0.2
31 Tue	.....	.....	12:29	2.6

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES  
OCTOBER - High Tides

DATE	A.M.		P.M.	
	time	ft	time	ft
1 Sun	6:50	6.3	6:05	7.6
2 Mon	8:03	6.4	7:27	7.3
3 Tue	9:09	6.8	8:48	7.3
4 Wed	10:05	7.4	9:59	7.5
5 Thu	10:53	7.9	10:59	7.8
6 Fri	11:36	8.4	11:52	7.9
7 Sat	.....	.....	12:15	8.7
8 Sun	0:41	7.9	12:51	8.8
9 Mon	1:27	7.8	1:25	8.7
10 Tue	2:11	7.6	1:56	8.6
11 Wed	2:54	7.3	2:27	8.4
12 Thu	3:37	7.0	2:58	8.1
13 Fri	4:23	6.7	3:32	7.8
14 Sat	5:12	6.4	4:10	7.4
15 Sun	6:07	6.2	4:59	7.0
16 Mon	7:08	6.2	5:54	6.6
17 Tue	8:08	6.3	7:23	6.4
18 Wed	9:03	6.7	8:40	6.5
19 Thu	9:49	7.2	9:45	6.8
20 Fri	10:29	7.7	10:42	7.1
21 Sat	11:06	8.2	11:33	7.4
22 Sun	11:41	8.6	.....	.....
23 Mon	0:21	7.6	12:16	9.0
24 Tue	1:09	7.8	12:51	9.3
25 Wed	1:57	7.8	1:29	9.4
26 Thu	2:46	7.7	2:09	9.5
27 Fri	3:37	7.5	2:54	9.2
28 Sat	4:32	7.3	3:44	8.8
DAYLIGHT TIME ENDS				
29 Sun	4:31	7.2	3:42	8.2
30 Mon	5:35	7.2	4:54	7.6
31 Tue	6:40	7.4	6:17	7.2

## BASEBALL

It is becoming obvious that our beloved voice of the Cubs, the Buddha of Budweiser, Harry Carey, is going to be hearing "last call" in the near future, if not by the end of this season. He has been doing less road games, and the long seasons are showing in his play by play and his voice. This is neither sad nor unexpected, his service to the game spans decades, and his legacy is firmly in place in the Hall of Fame and his son Chip who broadcasts for the Braves. He deserves a rest. But, you gentle reader, may not have ever actually listened to him, as he sang, "Take me out to the ballgame" during a seventh inning stretch at Wrigley Field. So do yourself a favor, tune in one of the final Cub's games of the season, early this month, and listen to a legend. It is something you will be able to tell your grandchildren. Oh, and by the way, wait til next year! Go Cubbies!



KMUN 91.9 FM Local Public Radio Programs

Week at a Glance	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
5:00 a.m.	Morning Edition						
6:00 a.m.	Morning Classical Music						
7:00 a.m.	Morning Classical Music						
8:00 a.m.	Morning Classical Music						
9:00 a.m.	Variety / Spoken / Public Affairs				News		
10:00 a.m.	Folk Music				Kids		
11:00 a.m.	Folk Music				Variety		
NOON	Public Affairs				Country		
1:00 p.m.	Cajun	Swing	Classical	60's Music	States	Folk	Hispanic
2:00 p.m.	Blues	Swing	Classical	60's Music	States	Folk	Hispanic
3:00 p.m.	Music & Blues	Music	Music	Music	Music	Music	Music
4:00 p.m.	Conservatory	Public Affairs	Public Affairs	Public Affairs	Public Affairs	Public Affairs	Public Affairs
5:00 p.m.	News and Information						
6:00 p.m.	Jazz						
7:00 p.m.	Jazz						
8:00 p.m.	Jazz						
9:00 p.m.	World Music	World Music	World Music	World Music	World Music	World Music	World Music
10:00 p.m.	Rock	Blues	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock
11:00 p.m.	Rock	Blues	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock
midnight	Rock	Blues	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock	Rock

Cannon Beach/Manzanita - 89.5 • Tillamook/Cathlamet - 90.1  
Lewis & Clark/South Astoria - 91.1