



A Constant Companion

Memorial Day found the good Professor strapped to the aesthetically-curved pillars fronting the new Cannon Beach Bandstand. I was weaving the shingle corners on that cedary structure "to beat the band," if you'll pardon the pun, having been informed that the city planned a concert in the new facility for the following Saturday. Mud wallow and a pestiferous spate of chattering rain, gusts, and drear, conspired to kick the emotional slats out from under my day.

Sighing myself back to the truck, I wrenched out my grizzled Helly Hansens, my Sou'Wester mouldering behind the seat, and the job radio. Moulting into my winter rain gear, I kick-started the radio and humped two bundles of shingles up to the scaffolding. Then things started to get better.

I have my seventeen-dollar Sony locked on 89.5, the translator numbers here in Cannon Beach for KMUN radio, public broadcasting from Astoria, Oregon. Soundprint came on line, a fine radio program presenting the actual voices and sounds coincident with notable events in our lives.

On this day the program described the events surrounding Joe DiMaggio's trip to a small Sicilian fishing village, the ancestral home of Dimaggios down through time. Illness in Rome forced Joe to cancel the visit-his first opportunity to explore his family's hometown. The crestfallen villagers spoke of their disappointment in Italian and broken English.

Their reverence for one of their own was very moving. Their voices stirred around inside my heart, and the day began to look brighter.

For decades, my off-sider Knox Swanson and I have had an aural fixation on the 10 a.m. Folkshow. Like the proverbial postman, "neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow" take us from our appointed round with the morning folk program. During the folk show, my old radio has hung suspended from tree limbs, been nailed to the dormers of houses, perched on chimney tops, and weathered the congress of climatological conditions we're subject to here on the north coast. It's our religious experience, and we're zealots. For single, worker blokes like ourselves, the Folkshow and a cookie to chase our tuna sandwiches may be the only cheer in an otherwise gloomy winter day.

The folk music host this Memorial Day was Kathy Caple. Her Lost Highway program has unfunked and revived me more times than my abacus has beads. She makes even Monday seem okay. Her musical selections that day included a wide range of compositions about and against war: Johnny Cash, Country Joe McDonald, The Chieftains, Bob Dylan, and sundry international artists old and new contributed. By noon, the music and old memories of my time in Vietnam had me crying on the scaffolding, for myself and the rest of us. Radio can do that. I consider it a cousin of the humanities. Radio, certainly public radio, engages the mind, heart, and imagination.

To Kathy and the rest of the volunteer staff at KMUN I would like to express my gratitude for the countless hours of enjoyment you've provided. KMUN remains a voice of compassion and understanding in a dark time. Keep on making waves.

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**Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.**  
Samuel Butler

Timothy Leary's dead

Timothy Leary and I shared a panel presentation in October 1977 at the San Francisco Airport Hilton. The 23rd annual American Astronomical Society's conference focused on the NASA project of sending ten thousand people to the first space colony, a rotating wheel one hundred thousand miles from Earth.

I discussed the design implications of crowdedness, lack of privacy, island fever and Big Brother syndrome, raising the question of selecting and training the settlers of this space city.

"Humbug!" Tim shouted theatrically. He got to his feet, thrusting his fiery face at the audience. "Space is a free territory. No selection! Everybody goes!!"

Tony Farrenkopf, Ph.D.

Happiness is

to wield control over your affairs  
to expect good  
to keep the faith and accept what is  
to pursue a goal with zest  
to connect with love  
to lighten up and laugh  
to weave times of sensuous joy  
to be blessed with happy genes

Tony Farrenkopf

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Why hast thou given me so much

Why has thou given me so much and left me with so little?

Given me fields of golden grain waving in the sun:  
left me with forlorn eyes, naked bellies distended in hunger, nowhere to run.

Given me sparkling waters, a blessing to the land:  
left me with fetid rivers, lakes and oceans once so grand.

Given me fragrant breezes tossing flags and tresses:  
left me with stinking gusts corroding children's lungs with gases.

Given me fire to warm the fragile and to conquer far space:  
left me with conflagrations, a child crying out in burning, naked grace.

Given me vast forests sheltering man and animals' haunting sounds:  
left me with the means and will to cut them to the ground.

Given me love for the brothers of my race:  
left me with hate for others not so graced.

Given me a hundred willing to help the needy:  
left me with a thousand cunning takers, the greedy.

Given me the weapons to protect all created:  
left me with no means to save those metaphysically fated.

Why hast thou given me so much and left me with so little?

Norm King