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cap and chestnut-colored sides, travel in small, chirping flocks, and are endemic to the rainforests of the Northwest; in coastal tribes' tales, they are depicted as groups of boys, hopping from place to place in search of food and mischief. Song and Fox Sparrows perch in trees, emitting lilting, musical songs, adorned with reddish brown plumage on their backs and brown-on-white stripes and splatter patterns on their feathered fronts. Sparrow, in native tales, can fly freely between the land of the living and the spirit world of the dead; Sparrow serves as an usher to the recently deceased, pointing out the route to afterlife villages.

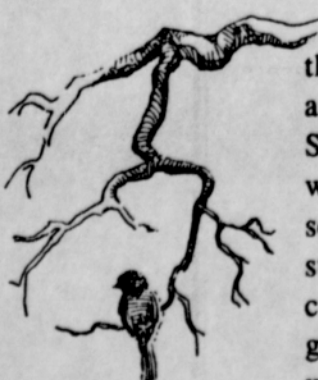
The Red-Shafted Flicker is a large woodpecker with mottled, grey and buff plumage, and fluorescent orange-red feather shafts under their tail and wings. Ruffed Grouse, looking somewhat like a small, buff and brown chicken is seldom seen in town, but can sometimes be heard. During their breeding season, the male drums the air with his wings, accelerating into a booming crescendo, a noise which - we must assume - the female Grouse find hard to resist. Both Flickers and Grouse, in native folklore, are feminine characters, generous and maternal, with little tolerance for the lewd and lascivious behavior of such hyper-masculine individuals as South Wind.

We all know crows. Locally, we have an abundance of crows on the beach and in town - both the Common Crow, and occasionally the slightly smaller Northwestern Crow, which is endemic to the Northwest coast. Crow is an ambitious but chronic underachiever in native myth,



always concerned with, but never wholly successful at obtaining food. Ravens surpass crows on many fronts; ravens are highly intelligent birds, omnivorous, jet-black, drawn to lowland pavement by the abundant, forest-edge roadkill. Ravens and crows are two different species of the same genus, and ravens can be discerned from crows by their larger size, their stout beak, their wedge-shaped tail, and their gliding, hawk-like flight. While Raven is the most powerful trickster-transformer of the coastal tribes of northern British Columbia and Alaska, on the northern Oregon coast he is depicted as a less central character, a kindly and wise being who watches over the exiled and the falsely accused.

Later this year, angular swallows and swifts will zip overhead, catching insects in flight, building mud nests on house and cliff faces chattering from above and depositing impressive guano piles on local decks. In native lore, these were "lucky birds," jumpy and quick, bringing luck to anyone who might catch them. (Some coastal tribes also captured Varied Thrushes as well as showy, Rufous-sided Towhees, with their black heads, white bellies and red eyes and sides. Captured in traps, these birds were kept as pets. Dark-Eyed (or "Oregon") Juncos, with their black heads, rust-colored back, white bellies, and pink sides, probably were captured as pets, too.)



Perched here, between the forest and the ocean, we have an impressive assortment of mid-latitude birds. Shorebirds abound, particularly during winter migrations and the spring nesting season. In a lucky moment, you can stand on Ecola cliffs and see Bald Eagles circling beneath you, raising the ire of gulls, standing out in swooping black-and-white contrast to the churning blue-green ocean below. There are many ways of

seeing these birds - profoundly aesthetic, folkloric, or as evocative, deeply informative manifestations of human and natural history, to name a few. Take a good look: there is much more to them than meets the eye.

For any non-specialist who wants to understand what makes birds tick, it's hard to beat Roger Pasquier's "Watching Birds: An Introduction to Ornithology." (1977, Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.) It appears to be out of print, but there are many used copies to be found. There are several bird guides available for western North America - anything written or endorsed by the Audubon Society or Roger Tory Peterson is a pretty good bet, but this doesn't exhaust the possibilities. The wired among us might want to check out

<http://weber.u.washington.edu/~dvictor/books/> which has a fairly comprehensive list of recent bird guides for specific sub-regions of the Pacific Northwest.

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Your Professor, if he's anything worth noting, is a word man. Occasionally, he's even able to cypher the "word of the day" at Bill's Tavern and Brewpub. Last week, scuffling through old papers and letters, he happened onto a marvelous piece of English wordsmanship crafted by a Vietnamese representative of the Cuu Long Travel Agency in Vinh Long Province, Vietnam. His friend, Professor Anthony Knight of Melbourne, Australia, slipped this along to the states with a note suggesting that the piece "smacks of you, Lindsey." I sheepishly present to you this melange of English words and phrases, a veritable minestrone of working English words steaming in a Southeast Asian pot. Hold on tight, gentle readers, the syntax and lexicon swim the brain and giddy the senses. Seaside Chamber of Commerce, note well. The writer heads this segment the "Subtle Tryst of Language--the Life and the Travel."

"Hardly the tourists coming to Vietnam are able to ignore the guide-book guidances on travel to Vietnam. The stumpy containing the palpable information and data that's possible to urge them to get on the travel confidently. Mekong river plain doesn't deign to "truckle down" due to all is written from outside. Those guide-book writers obviously come to a halt or to a lag confronting the marvelous never-streaming plain silted dregs, on the spur of moment their reminiscences are jotted down in a book. It's a fact that My Thuan ferryboat ceases all the vehicles from any motion. Our moral sense gets flinched and wrinkles into belittled sympathies against flurries of whirling water. Far...and faraway on-comers did appear from other continents. In an instant the ferry transmutes all into companions. The first place they touch their feet on the border of Vinh Long is Cuu Long Tourist guide office, and maybe here does take place the cunning congruence of the man, the life, and the discoveries. Among them there isn't a few having got to Vinh Long for a time. Returning perhaps entices them to retrieve gentle memories, or incites to forget the past by reviving it in a very reverent manner. To the tourist guides in Vinh Long all is a start on the tip of the iceberg. In wheries flimsily furnished or concise to assert the daily means of life eking in the people kept intrinsic, tourists begin to strain through the real life. Meandering deeply to the far-reaching arroyos, that motor skiff is scribbling new pages of message in a cozier guidebook. With the modern lens visitors naked eyes are sufficient to keep track of what's happening. There's one thing ensurable. Without Vinh Long tourist guide's elaborations, it's difficult to obtain smug and cursive snapshots! The gift of gab even the foreign language is just a foible instead of acutely profound knowledge of the plain life or writhing anguish or drudgery moreover of wretchedness in this land itself. Mekong basin is amble with the wilderness of the nature calling to every mind of barbarian times in himself."

(Your Professor got quite embarrassed at this point. That really does smell like my writing!)

"Foreigners might find out the genuine land. Reeking stuff of fruit, rapid delicacies of indigenous victuals, likewise means of communication on the river, the cubic raft, the scow, the flotsam market's vendible tatter tally, the land communion shrine, the middle span of rickety bridges...In a haphazard way visible coming bonsai diminutives, embellishing floweries, reposing hassocks by night, corpulently-grafted durians, Sau Wright's bluish tintured wine...tourists reckon out the vigorous bustling life in Mekong river plain." (Whew! So what do you guys think? This tour guide knows his pitch, eh? He continues now, the purple journalism taking on shades of iridescent ultra-violet).

"In a motor shallop slithering through the crosses of trunk-line rambling with the drooping riparian jetsams I've perceived really a wilderness and the prosperity of a newly-born land over 300 years since the time of human settlement after the existence of the cay. The savagery tinged with sumac, gentian, buddleia, enshrouding on the twain shores of runnels, the thriving flourished with the tile roofs, the bleaching walls, and a myriad of TV antenna-hoisting houses immersing among the gardens of longans, rambustans, and durians rife in succulence and effluence. (Effluence? The Professor questions word choice here. The tour brochure closes with a note concerning the tour's evening festivities).

"Dishes and manners of culinary in the rural land have fascinated western guests such as in that night delightedly slumbering under the mosquito net over the wooden divan, the truebred peasants here, after flusters of glee, with no winks, to enjoy dainties of entertainment "go the whole hog on the spot."

Well, Your Professor had to sit down and catch his breath after reading this tract. I suspect a steady diet of opium and too much Lewis Carroll and Wordsworth at the village school. This guy must have written political speeches for Nguyen Cao Ky under the old regime. Even Spiro Agnew would have been impressed. Airn't English a grand language?

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