



Guest columnist; Darin Peters

When Professor Lindsey asked me if I would be interested in ghost writing his column I didn't hesitate to accept. I dug out my secondhand Sears and Roebuck typewriter and sat down to put prose on paper. By the next morning I was looking at not one but two completed articles. Satisfied I laid them aside and, as is my nature, forgot about them for a month. I finally arose from the haze and returned to my masterpieces anxious to select the one that would launch my literary career. Unfortunately that was not to be. Due to an unforeseen accident, involving a bottle of Tanageray and a parachute flare, nearly all of my carefully crafted words were lost forever in a woeful pile of foul-smelling, gin-soaked ashes. Devastated by this disastrous turn of events, I began pacing my economically-sized (5' by 5') living room and mumbling incoherently to myself. While doing this I luckily spied a half full bottle of gin sitting invitingly on my refrigerator. Hoping to clear my head I took the two steps needed to get to my kitchen, grabbed the bottle, a glass, just a touch of tonic and a couple of cubes sat down and started to meditate with my toddy. After a few toasts to Hemingway it came to me what must be done. I locked my door deciding never to show my face in public again.

This was a shame for as far as my memory serves the articles I had written were, in all modesty, fantastic. One entitled "Sex in Cannon Beach, Myth or Misery" recounted several romantic trysts in CB including a fractured fairy tale of a friend and her first date with a handsome stranger she had happened across in a local watering hole. While snooping in the glove box of her new found friend's car (under the pretense of finding out what type of music he listened to) she discovered not one but two handguns and an unopened spider web encrusted box of condoms, she could not say what brand. Somewhat reluctantly she decided that a hasty escape was the better part of valor so she politely excused herself and exited the life of this strange stranger. Thinking of this story now, after a few slugs of G & T, I feel it was insensitive of my lady friend to so hastily run away. The stranger probably brought these items on the date because he was a trifle insecure. He felt he needed two firearms not just one to ward off unwanted advances (although the state of the condom box would indicate he never faced this problem in the past). And the condoms were needed to protect himself from disease or even worse, fatherhood, should he succumb to said advances. I think both may have been better off had my friend been a little more compassionate and adventurous. With a roll of plastic wrap and a case of Hamm's, she very well might have had the time of her life. Being a romantic at heart I can't help feeling sad it didn't turn out that way. But this is Cannon Beach and the road for us singles is a bumpy one at best.

The second article never to be resurrected was untitled though most likely it would have been "Death on a Cruise Ship" or "Angels in Short Skirts." This was an autobiographical account of my demise and rebirth while cruising on one of Carnival's death ships with my parents and grandmother. This little adventure started on the second day of the cruise the night before we were to arrive in Puerto Vallarta. My father and I had spent the day sun tanning on the deck, drinking G & T's, and betting on which woman would jog the most laps around the deck below. That night we went, of course, to the bar where I had to pay off my debt for picking the wrong "horse." After a few toddies and listening to way too many Village People songs we retired to our respective cabins looking forward to a great day in town.

For those who don't know I have a mild case of asthma and the Carnival ships are not renowned for the ventilation in their cabins. Hence I woke up in the middle of the night unable to breath or talk so I struggled over to my grandmother, who was my cabin mate, and shook her. She quickly got my parents from the next cabin who after seeing me immediately called the infirmary. They were well acquainted with the infirmary personnel because my mother had choked on a bone at dinner earlier that night, but that is another story. Once the nurse reached my cabin all hell broke loose. She at once recognized that I was in deep, deep trouble so rushed back to the infirmary and sent someone with a wheelchair. She also called the ship's doctor, the captain of the ship and put out a call to passengers who identified themselves as doctors when they signed-up for the cruise. It seemed like an eternity before the wheelchair showed up but when it did the nurses aide and my father pushed and pulled the chair as fast as they could to get me to the infirmary. I still remember the looks of panic in both the aide's and my father's face. At this point I passed out.

The next thing I remember is staring up at a woman's belly button believing I was in heaven. That belief didn't last long because of the severe discomfort of a large tube that had been shoved down my throat and the pain in my bladder. This quickly brought me to my senses. The nurse although lovely in her short pink skirt and halter was I correctly guessed no angel. With hand signals I was able to communicate my two most pressing desires - getting the tube out of my throat and relieving my heavy bladder. But they had no intention of removing the tube and I stopped trying to remove it myself when they threatened to strap me down. The other problem was going to be resolved by inserting a catheter. The two doctors who were passengers tried several times to insert the device but to no avail. At one point I heard one doctor ask the other if he had hit blood yet. The other asked if I had any urinary infections to which I shook my head painfully no. The nurse seeing a look of horror on my face, injected valium in my IV, went to the end of the bed and with a practiced hand inserted the catheter without further ado. Now I changed my mind again and decided that yes she was definitely an angel. To make a long story short, the Captain sped up the ship so we would get to port early. Several doctors and nurses took turns pumping oxygen into my lungs for several hours before

2. "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness." (easy, huh?)

we docked well ahead of schedule. They tell me that for a short period of time I was not of this Earth. The ambulance awaited at the dock and I was whisked over cobblestone streets to the hospital with one stop along the way to pick up one of the doctors. That was it for the cruise, I spent the next three days in the hospital with very relieved parents and grandmother. I think I knew all along I wasn't going to die because there was no way I was going to Heaven humming YMCA.

My apologies to Professor Lindsey for failing him. Maybe someday I will resurrect the articles from the ashes like I was resurrected on the "Death Ship."

THE RIVERHOUSE

Casual Dining
Overlooking the Nestucca River

Spirits • Hot Sandwiches
Fresh Seafood Dinners • Home Baked Desserts

(503) 965-6722 PACIFIC CITY, OREGON

CANNON BEACH LEATHER
239 N Hemlock
503-436-0208
SANDRA L. WARD

A WILLAPA BAY

THE ARK
RESTAURANT

P.O. Box 95 • Nahcotta, WA 98637

SUNDAY BRUNCHES 11:00AM ~ 2:30PM

Best view on the Peninsula! Overlook Willapa Bay and enjoy delicious Northwest specialties, homemade breads and desserts. Bakery and gift shop. Featured in *Food and Wine*, *Newsweek* and three cookbooks. Families welcome and casual relaxed atmosphere. At the Nahcotta Dock, Nahcotta, WA. 360-665-4133 reservations recommended.

Edible Food
Affordable Prices

TRILLIUM
NATURAL FOODS

Lincoln City

Philip Thompson
architect

Personalized custom designs for your unique site.

architecture & environmental planning
25925 N.W. St. Helens Rd., Scappoose, OR 97056
(503) 543-2000

I Like Mike's bike!

Mike's Bike Shop
Rentals • Repairs • Sales
24 years downtown, on Spruce Street
436-1266
(Out of State Inquiries, 800-492-1266)

3. "It was in 1886 that the German pharmacologist, Lewis Lewin, published the first systematic study of the cactus, to which his own name was subsequently given."

Photograph the Oregon Coast's spectacular beaches, rainforests, tidepools and wildlife at these nature photography workshops with professional photographer Gary Hayes.

the Oregon Coast
Photography
Workshops

Winter / Feb. 26-Mar. 1, 1999
Spring / April 16-19, 1999

Call for information: (503) 436-0378
Supported by Kodak Professional

HAMLET BUILDERS, INC.

436-0679

Chris Beckman Tim Davis

P.O. Box 174 Tolovana Park, OR 97145 CCB # 41095
COMPLETE * CONSCIENTIOUS * CLEAN

DUANE JOHNSON
REAL ESTATE

436-0451

• FOR ALL YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS •