



Ab Childress glanced over toward me from his position alongside a pair of sawhorses hobbled down on the roof shell of the old Cannon Beach Lumber Building.

"Think about it." He philosophized. "We're taking part in a piece of history here!"

Indeed! When Billy Hults found out I'd joined the crew transmogrifying the old lumber shed into a tavern, he linked our work with the Deity.

"When you boys go down to begin work on that new tavern, you're doing God's own work. It's blessed labor. Blessed, I tell you!"

Hults started ranting here. He tends toward theatrics, excesses, and wild declamation. He flails his arms about and hits those near him for emphasis.

"Our democracy had its conception and birth in a tavern. John Adams and those early patriots drank beer and engaged in flights of fancy, creating the ideals we hold dear."

I've had five dulcet days to reflect on these matters while rehabilitating the roof and constructing parapet walls.

I inquired of Ken Clark's dad Monday morning, my first day on the job with Ken and his son Matt.

"Roy's well," Ken told me. "He'll be here tomorrow. He's ninety years old this year. He and Harry Ayres built this building, you know."

Sure enough. Next morning at 9 o'clock in the morning, an old gray Toyota pulled onto the job site. Out stepped Roy with his nail belt strapped on tightly.

"You boys need a hand up there?" he asked us.

I mentioned, facetiously, that we had a few heavy beams to lift up there on the roof, twenty-some dizzying feet in the air. I glanced around a few minutes later, and, shazaam! There he was dismounting from a precarious ladder to join in the fray! I spent a great week with those Clark boys resurrecting the building in its new incarnation, a restaurant and tavern going on line next spring. The stories and reminiscences made the hours fly.

Speaking of incarnations, or reincarnations, two businesses that lay fallow for some time are alive and thriving. The Wavecrest Hotel, that lovely old nine-gabled yellow building in south Tolovana Park, reopens for customers this weekend. I am elated. My friend Hank (We call him Daryl) promises to continue the tradition set by Don and Vi Thompson during their tenure as innkeepers.

The Bald Eagle Cafe, once thought extinct, rose like the mythical Phoenix last month. The Jiroudek Family members, following consent by the previous owners, have named their coffee house after its predecessor. Judith Wilkes and Doug Sweet opened the original Bald Eagle Cafe in the late 70's at its site on S. Hemlock. The cafe exudes the same quiet charm as its namesake. Life in the village has improved by increments.



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Kathleen Norris

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Dogs love to chase a ball and are sensitive to punishment

Sometimes they sleep together or play and share food but it's very very rare

Cora Smith

**FROM THE LOWER LEFT CORNER**  
VICTORIA STOPPIELLO

Advice for tourists (and the rest of us)

With tourist season upon us, I find my irritation rising because of the behavior of some of our visitors. I wish we could have a more mutually beneficial relationship. Of course, tourists benefit some local denizens very directly, but for others the benefits of tourism are trickle-down, or at worst, no benefit at all.

I've lived on the northwest coast for 15 years, and one of my favorite maxims is that a tourist is a person who drives 15 miles over the speed limit in town and 15 miles under on the highway. I've lived in communities so small they have nary a stoplight, places where kids, dogs, and old folks wander the streets on foot without fear of being a vehicular statistic—except during tourist season when urbanites (there's my first slur) bomb down side streets in search of their beach cottage, taking little heed that there are no sidewalks and all foot traffic must share the same pavement.

Out on the road, the opposite is true. Rubber-necking tourists, often in motor homes, hold up a string of cars, while they putz along well below the limit, seemingly unconscious of the delivery trucks and commuters trying to get somewhere on time. It's a good thing to remember that one person's scenic highway is someone else's commuter route, especially on the coast where Hwy. 101 is the only link between jobs, county seats, and community colleges. Please check your rear view mirror periodically and pull aside so speedier traffic can get on with it.

I've also heard a lot of complaints about tourist attitudes. Restaurant servers tell war stories about imperious diners, who seem to believe theirs is the only meal being served in the place, pointing to a coffee cup with an arrogant nod, generally behaving as if it's obvious the waiter or waitress is of a subhuman life form. Rude restaurant guests are a minority, but just one can be the last straw on a jam-packed day in a restaurant. Please remember you're on vacation, taking a break from your normal routine. You came here to slow down, relax, experience something different—so do that: slow down. If little beach towns were the city, there'd be no point in coming here, would there? Or would you like Manhattan Island with a beach?

Another local prejudice is that tourists are responsible for all the litter. Fast food places exacerbate the situation, and we have some community members who say "let them trash the beach as long as they leave money in the till." While some believe tourism is a non-extractive industry because visitors don't eat the scenery or haul it away—too many visitors, or too many thoughtless ones, can degrade the scenery to a point where it no longer can be the goose that lays the golden egg. Local people as well as visitors: Be conscientious with your potential litter; go a bit further and pick up after our less thoughtful friends.

Now that I've unloaded my curmudgeonly thoughts, here's a bit of helpful information I routinely dispense when welcoming visitors as a B&B host on the Oregon and Washington coasts: How to predict the weather. On the coast, precipitation always comes on southeast, south, and southwest winds, in that order. When the wind is from the southeast, wet weather is headed our way. It may be a shower or a day-long inundation, depending on the time of year. When the wind turns west, however, a clearing trend is in the making, again varying in length depending on the season. If the wind is from the southeast or south, plan a day antiquing or visiting museums and galleries. If the wind is westerly, head for the beaches and hiking trails.

Regarding sun-bathing: First you need sun and that comes usually with a brisk northwest wind. Therefore find a bit of lee, a spot with protection on the north. Good places on the Peninsula are at the base of North Head or at Waikiki Beach, both in Ft. Canby State Park. Although the headland isn't close, Waikiki's piles of driftwood and general southern exposure provide a natural location with more wind protection.

Finally, if beach walking is your forte, try first thing in the morning. That 20 to 30 mph northwest wind usually doesn't kick up til about 11 AM. Any time before that, you'll typically find a calm, beautiful period when you can enjoy the beach in shirtsleeves.

Victoria Stoppello is a writer living in Ilwaco, at the lower left corner of Washington state.

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