



The Professor sends his missive down along the grapevine this month, aiming at those sentimentalists of a musical bent who recall Cannon Beach in the Ratskeller days. During the nasty Seventies, a flock of musical groups drifted like cigarette smoke through the bars, taverns, homes, and coffee houses of Cannon Beach. Phil N' The Blank Spots, Carl Smith and The Natural Gas, Plum Barrie, The Juan Man Band, The Sage Brothers, Boden and Zanetto, all rocked and reeled in the loosely strung community. Just about anything flew. The old Ratskeller Tavern, formerly the Sunset, was like a roundhouse in the community from whence all sorts of loud trains departed. Larking was the spirit of the times.

Tim Hersha, a lanky, rugged, rollicking, piratical Ratskeller barman, set a certain tone with his high jinks. He and his buddies would arm themselves with numbered flashcards on a summer's day, seat themselves on the Group W bench next door to the "Rat," and judge female passersby, commenting loudly on their criteria for judgment. The village seemed giddy with tomfoolery and the Ratskeller exerted a certain influence.

One man painted his house with red, white and blue stripes. An impatient gentleman patron of Appalonia's Restaurant across the street from the Rat rankled the morning waitress with his insistence on cream for his coffee. The waitress, a nursing mother, yanked out a pendulous breast and squeezed a squirt of milk into the shocked man's cup. Oh, yes, dearly beloved. Those were high times in Cannon Beach.

The Rat was quite a joint. A delightful gang of miscreants, scapegraces, and scalawags frequented the place: Charlie Brown, Steve McCleod, Judy Hawkins, The Three Barbaras, Sean "Grenades" Fenwick, the Frojens, a string of owners from Charlie Sperris to Jim and Jim, (Oyala and Niemela).

Most nights Hersha gave last call around 1:30 a.m. and started clean up to the strains of Ravel's *Bolero*. He commenced work at that late hour with the stereo volume dial set at about "5." By 2 a.m. closing, he'd bump the dial up to "10," the windows and walls shuddering and vibrating, and the building quivering in its rotting bones. Many stories and legends float around about the place. Kris Frojen once recovered \$62.00 from its thick orange shag carpet with a White's Metal Detector. That same orange shag would squish like a sponge covered tide flat after beer fights.

Well, this is all by way of telling those folks who cherished those times that a reunion is brewing.

Jim Stewart, John Mersereau, Jim Craighead and Lisa Fraser-The Good Buddies-are getting together September 16th at the Cannon Beach Chamber of Commerce Building about 7 p.m. for a concert. Their music characterized those times and the event should conjure a memory or two.

TILLAMOOK HEAD BOOKS  
NEW & USED BOOKS  
SPECIAL ORDERS  
150 AVE. U, SEASIDE  
717-1477

For your Deck, Cedar Siding, or Log Home...

A Wood Finish that Works in All Kinds of Weather



Sunlight and water rob wood of its natural strength and beauty. DEFY's unique water-based formula penetrates deeply to keep wood moisture-free and has powerful sunscreens to block damaging UV rays.

The Professional Solution For Wood

- Highlights the Natural Beauty of Wood
- Will Not Flake or Peel
- Easy to Apply and Maintain

Sun Country Log Home Store

Timber and McMinnville, Oregon (800)827-1688

www.TheLogHomeStore.com

Free Sample Available!

DUANE JOHNSON  
REAL ESTATE  
436-0451  
FOR ALL YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS

From The Lower Left Corner  
Victoria Stoppiello

In the Greenhouse

Another drizzly morning that hopefully will clear for a sunny afternoon. While most of the country bakes in 90 and 100 degree weather, here we are under a high cloud cover that masquerades as fog. This morning the sky is as dense and gray as a spring day in northern Europe -- in other words, nothing to lift your spirits or write home about.

The street is slick with moisture; there are even puddles in the low spots. There's the soft touch of dew-like mist on everything that isn't protected by an overhang. Perfect weather for breeding slugs among the vegetables and mold on the ever-bearing strawberries.

The sun rises "in a sack" as the Danes say, its light suffused through a greenhouse translucent from clouds. For a gardener, this weather brings all the problems one has when in fact maintaining a greenhouse. You must be diligent in controlling pests, you must select plants that will tolerate these mild temperatures, and strangely enough, you must water, water, water, and then water some more.

These cloudy skies have fooled us into miscalculating our watering program. Our squash's failure to thrive we've blamed on the lack of warm temperatures and adequate sun, but once we began to water them deeply every day, they began to flourish. Ironically, we have cloudy weather without the benefit of rain.

We're gardening in an outdoor greenhouse, and that's an irony too, because my hunch is that another sort of greenhouse, the planet's atmosphere, heated to pepper-raising temperatures from greenhouse gases, is the cause of this peculiar summer weather. According to the Worldwatch Institute, there's a direct correlation between the amount of fossil fuels burned, carbon dioxide concentration, and rising global temperatures.

This is my sixteenth summer on the Northwest coast. The first 13 summers had easily-predicted foggy weather. When it got hot in the Willamette Valley, a fast-moving, low-elevation fog would move in off the ocean late in the afternoon. That fog was the result of cool air from the ocean interacting with hot, drier air from inland. When the two masses of warm and cool air connect, the moisture in the air condenses, and we get fog.

What's notable about the fog we're experiencing this summer is that it isn't low and fast-moving; it's high and pervasive. Perhaps this was the typical pattern in the fifties when Ilwaco always seemed so dreary to me. Perhaps this has been the normal weather pattern for hundreds of years, and it's only been during the last 20 or so that we've had atypically stable and sunny summers at the coast.

My hunch, however, is different. The US has been experiencing the hottest summers on record. When you look at the colored maps in the newspapers, you see a red continent, with a thin strip of yellow, indicating lower temperatures on the Pacific Coast west of the Coast Range from San Francisco north. There are spots of cool temperatures in the high Rockies of Colorado and northern New England, but that's it. The rest of the US is experiencing 90, 100, and 110 degree weather. People are cranking on the air conditioning and the Bonneville Power Administration is selling more and more power to California.

My husband suggests we adopt a winter blizzard response. If the weather is causing so much stress on the electricity supply as to cause brown outs and black outs, perhaps businesses should shut down, or go to night operations. It's a paradox that so much of our country's economic activity goes on in high rise buildings with acres of sun-catching glass, but no windows that open. Without AC, people in those buildings would either suffocate or fry. Most of us Americans live in truly temperate zones, not climates that kill. We are ignorant of the heat-coping habits of the tropical, desert, or Mediterranean cultures -- working in the early morning, taking a siesta, then working again in the early evening.

Meanwhile, before the reality of a changed climate sets in, we'll probably continue to act like lemmings, driving our green-house gas enhancing vehicles to jobs in air-tight cubicles. People will continue to say global warming is bogus, as glaciers in the Alps recede and 50 billion tons of water a year melts from the Greenland ice sheet. And I will continue to water my garden, but I'll stop cursing the overcast, and be thankful I'm not living in the San Joaquin Valley or the mid-West, with real drought and 100 degree weather.

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

I want to take the min to heart and feel it move like possibility, the idea of change, through things seen and unseen...

Kathleen Norris

Lucy's BOOKS  
348 12th Street  
Astoria OR 97103  
503-325-4210  
www.lucysbooks.com

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

JIM WEATHERS  
CARPENTRY  
436-1885

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.  
E. B. White

Edible Food  
Affordable Prices  
TRILLIUM  
NATURAL FOODS  
Lincoln City

Manzanita News  
& ESPRESSO

ASSENDRA'S  
PIZZA  
OREGON  
GOURMET PIZZA  
A selection of OREGON WINES & fine BEERS always on hand.  
Come join us for dinner near the pounding surf at Laneda & Carmel in Manzanita  
503/ 368-5593

Copies & Fax  
BUSINESS CARDS  
SIGNS & BANNERS  
LAMINATING/FLYERS  
BROCHURES/FORMS  
OFFICE SUPPLIES  
FAST UPS SERVICE  
COMPUTER SUPPORT  
INTERNET ACCESS  
NOTARY SERVICE  
Owners: Jeff & Gladys Womack  
1235 S. Hemlock P.O. Box 985 Cannon Beach, OR 97110  
(503) 436-2000 Fax (503) 436-0746

PORTLAND ROASTING COFFEE + ESPRESSO DRINKS  
OPEN DAILY 7:30-5:00  
500 LANEDA AVE. 368-7450

Our inequality materializes or upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower classes.  
Matthew Arnold

ANTHONY STOPPIELLO Architect  
Earth friendly architecture  
Consultant - Educator  
Passive solar design  
Conscientious material use  
Licensed in Oregon and Washington  
310 Lake St. • POB 72, Ilwaco, WA 98624 (360) 642-4256