



The war is on. It started innocently enough. I suppose most wars do.

Rex Amos, artist, called "Old Trapper" by his intimates, "4" by me, (the number of his \$100 mug at Clark's), strode into a public gathering last week sporting a snappy campaign hat. Some Deschutes River folks had bequeathed it to him, a handsome topper all right, one of those Teddy Roosevelt beauties, the kind Smokey wears, the pinch-crown version, of standard issue to Royal Canadian Mounted.

"Damn fine hat!" I offered.

"Thanks," Rex replied. "Look inside here. See, it says 'nutria quality.' Yes, I have quite a collection of hats. I've always fancied hats. Why, my friend Rick Rubin once wrote an article describing me as The Artist of Many Hats."

Humph! I thought to myself. This shan't pass unchecked.

"I'm quite a hat aficionado myself," I countered.

"Hmm. Well, yes, I see," Rex said, letting the thing trail off into other subjects.

At our next meeting, I was loaded and primed. I sauntered into the coffee shop where he was sitting, crowned in a stunning Nguyen Cao Ky style Thai baseball cap, all ornately beaded in elephantine designs.

"Fine hat," he acknowledged.

That started the on-going scuffle that has yet to be resolved.

He counter attacked next day with a baseball cap that said "Will Work for Jesus." I parried with a series of slouch hats and berets. He held the field for several subsequent skirmishes with a series of high-grade Stetson, dipped-brim beavers of 20's and 30's vintage. Quality hats, I warrant.

The Gettysburg of our current campaign occurred one memorable evening at a neighborhood barbecue. Amos hit the field like a Macedonian in full battle array, staging a vicious sortie, a full frontal attack with pincer action on the flanks. He first donned a Salvation Army Colonel's hat. Onward Christian Soldiers! A quick left, right, left, goose step, and he appeared in a Buddhist's skull cap. The salvo culminated with his most cunning move. He Von Schlieffened me with a withering exchange, his last lid, a dazzling chrome, Kaiser Wilhelm, Old Blood and Iron, German spiked army helmet. I rallied my side with a railroad engineer's cap, an aged oilskin Sou'Wester, a dashing Akubra, Imperial Quality, Snowy River felt, and a village idiot's jester hat, a one-two-three punch that would have done honor to Bartholomew Cubbins.

Garrisoned, we prepare for our winter offensive.

Mitres, toques, caps, berets, rain hats, fedoras, bowlers, beanies, sombreros, tam-o-shanters, birettas, bonnets, chapeaux, where will it all end?

Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory.... Gott Mit Uns.

--In those famous words of Pogo, a possum who wore many hats, "Yep, son, we have met the enemy and he is us."

~*~*~

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"Once lead this people into war and they will forget there was ever such a thing as tolerance." -- Woodrow Wilson

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"Never think that war, no matter how necessary, nor how justified, is not a crime." -- Ernest Hemingway

Hippie-Love-Fest

By Nora Karina

"You headin' out to that Hippie-Love-Fest?" My neighbor was questioned as he sought directions to the Pig Party. This was my first visit to the annual end of summer bash. Four days of fun in the sun and moonlight merriment. It was rest for weary bones and food for hungry souls. My companions and I arrived late Saturday night and were greeted by a half dozen friendly folks who piled our gear into waiting wheelbarrows and escorted us to our campsite.

In the house, the drum circle pounded out enticing rhythms. To our left the pig-pit was blazing and another fire by the creek heated stones for the sweat lodge. Tiki torches lit the paths and yes, the half moon rising over the eastern hills really did bath everything in silver light. During the day, there was swimming, hiking, yoga, and pranks. The horseshoe pit saw bitter rivalries, and I don't even want talk about the humiliation suffered on the croquet lawn. Thanks to our brew-master, the beer flowed freely, and thanks to an army of fine cooks food was abundant. Did you know that Bloody Marys are the true 'breakfast of champions'?

Mostly there were friends, old and new. Back in town we were shopkeepers, council members, teachers, hairdressers, barkeepers, accountants, travel agents, landscapers and even a few hippies. In that magical place we were stripped of our titles and taken out of everyday context. Together we drummed and danced, and drank (a lot!)

We woke Tuesday morning to horrendous news. We listened to the radio for details and wondered what would happen next. We were shocked, angry, confused and frightened. We were together and suddenly the time we spent together seemed even more precious.

Finally the time came to pack up and say goodbye. With the Beatles playing in the background and a bicycle still in a tree, we headed home. All my life I have wondered what a Hippie-Love-Fest would be like. Now I can only exhort my dear readers to get themselves to one at the first opportunity. Get high and wild. Beat your breast and howl at the moon. Dance with wild abandon. Hug your loved ones and be kind to the rest.

Pray and play together.

Don't wait till next year.

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PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES.

Lucy Fooshee Lives!!

"He starts working his way down the counter with a rag but I'm not watching him. He can tell by looking that I'm not someone who wandered in off the streets. And when I leave, Virgil will tell him about my beauty awards. He can see for himself what I look like, but still it's good to have everyone else say it too, for proof."

I pick up a menu and start reading it. I read all through the breakfast menu. Mostly Aunt Babe sells eggs for breakfast. Eggs with toast. Eggs with biscuits. Eggs with biscuits and gravy. Eggs in the snow and eggs in the nest. You can get your eggs any way you want them. That's what Aunt Babe's menu says. Scrambled, poached, fried, over easy, over hard. Aunt Babe has listed all the possibilities right there on her menu, in case you can't think of them yourself."

These two paragraphs allowed me to see Lucy Fooshee for the first time. You will find them on page two of Alison Clement's first novel, **Pretty Is As Pretty Does** (MacAdam/Cage Publishing, \$25.00 US).

Faithful readers will recall Alison. She has appeared in these pages before with delightful stories of the waitress trade. The first time your beloved editor read her work, he sent back an e-mail that said, "Okay, I love you, now what?" I had no idea. When, some time later, Alison e-mailed and said she had a publisher and was up for some awards and sent the book, well... if you have never been a publisher, which simply means you printed someone else's words, you have no idea how it feels. To hold in your hand a book written by someone that you have worked with is amazing. When Michael's first book was in my hand, and even more, when Sally's book arrived, it made my heart soar like an eagle. Upon receiving Alison's book I immediately began reading it, but life being what it is, had to almost immediately put it down. When I found time to pick it up again on my way to bed I was amazed to find that my book mark was at chapter eight. It seemed like I had just read a few pages. I decided to read a few more chapters before I slept and at three in the morning I finished it.

I find it difficult to separate myself as an editor and publisher and friend of the writer from this role as a reviewer, or reader, if you will. But I won't try to be objective. Alison and her book have a bevy of very positive reviews and what I write will have little effect on their success. But as a one reader to another, this is fun.

It is weird -- you start out not liking Lucy at all. She is one of those "pretty" girls who has nothing but her looks. She was lucky enough to be born cute and that's all she's got. Until Billy shows up in her strange little town, and somehow all the stupid things she has taken for granted no longer matter. The fact that she was just married to the 'second richest farmer in town' doesn't matter. Yes, this books has some naughty parts. The fact that Billy is not "even white" doesn't matter. What matters is the difference between living and dying. Alison has written a novel about redemption through love; okay, lust at the very least. Did I mention that it is a very funny book?

When I finished the book I began to pester Alison about the movie. I had cast most of the characters. Yes, this book cries out to be a film. The roles are to die for. Lucy's husband Bob is not one-dimensional, there are no one dimensional characters in this book. There are three actors I can imagine in that role who could steal the movie. Billy is a character Johnny Deep would pay to play. Aunt Janelle must be played by Elizabeth Taylor so she can win an Oscar for best supporting actress. The tough role is Lucy, of course. Alison managed to take her from a 'pretty' girl to a beautiful woman in her book. From someone you didn't like to someone who you would stand back to back with to the death. This is a character who reminds this humble reader of a cross between Scout in *To Kill a Mockingbird* for her honesty and naivete and Scarlet O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind* for her strength and tenacity. And it is interesting that both of those books spoke of love and racism. Alison sets her story a bit north in Illinois, but that is because racism moved north in her lifetime. One wonders what actress could manage the role on the screen.

So, yep, I suggest you buy a copy and read it. It is funny, sexy, powerful and damned meaningful. Alison has found her voice, and if you aren't listening, it's your own fault.

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"The liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than their democratic State itself. That, in its essence, is Fascism: Ownership of government by an individual, by a group or by any controlling private power." -FDR