Photo by Matt Love

The Shop in South Bend features bins of vintage albums.

A Glimpse Inside

An occasional feature by MATT LOVE

The Shop in South Bend

One hour to burn before a presentation at the library. I wasn't sweating the show because I figured no one would attend. I walked the streets of South Bend eating a Milky Way bar and marveled at the Willapa River's meandering beauty. I thought to myself: I could live here if it was in Oregon.

On Alder Street, I noticed a store, a quasi junk/antique/thrift kind of joint. Maybe there was a manual typewriter for sale. I'm always on the lookout for these machines for my classroom (if you want to donate one, please contact me) so I decided to investigate.

Two older men hung outside the entrance. I went in and veered to the right, checking out the vintage rock show posters and other music memorabilia. A few seconds later, I found myself standing in front of bins of albums and began thumbing through them even though I don't own a turntable anymore.

This was a superb and obviously curated vintage record collection and heavy on the double live album glory years of the 1970s. My hands drifted to a Ten Years After LP, "Cricklewood Green." I'd never heard it before but I was about to, I knew that.

One of the men from outside came in, and we struck up a conversation. His name is Bob and The Shop in South Bend, as it's officially called, is his shop, and it's a fine one indeed for collectibles, antiques, and rock 'n' roll vinyl (sadly, no cassettes.)

Bob put "Cricklewood Green" on the turntable, and Alvin Lee's hot guitar licks soon started firing on all cylinders. Man, do I miss this kind of big party music with smoking solos and utterly free of irony! Bob told me he gets most of his records from estate sales, or people bring them in because they don't want to "hassle" with them anymore. He also told me he has regular hipster customers who make the trek from wherever hipsters originate.

I bought the double-record set "California Jam II" for a friend and an ancient Hamm's beer light for myself. I walked out of The Shop feeling pretty rock 'n' roll and ready for whatever the library gig would present me. And as it turned out, that was a lot.

Matt Love is the author/editor of 14 books, including a detective novel called "The Great Birthright." His books are available through coastal bookstores or his web site, nestuccaspitpress.com

word nerd

By RYAN HUME

Slusher

[slʌʃ•ər]

noun

1. *slang.* an unflattering term that has been applied to counterfeiters, drunkards and prostitutes at various times. In the U.S. Navy, the term refers to someone who will casually loan out money at an extremely high interest rate. The term also has a less seedy, occupational history that refers to specific jobs in the mining and automotive industries

2. *Harley J. Slusher* (1888-1942): sheriff of Clatsop County from 1923 to 1933

3. *Hotel de Slusher: arch. slang.* informal name given by prisoners to the Clatsop County Jail, currently the Oregon Film Museum, during the reign of Sheriff Slusher

Origin:

Slusher is an Americanization of either the German surname *Schlüsser* (vars. *Slosser, Shlusher* among others) or the Polish *Slusarz*. The German surname is thought to derive from one of two sources: the Old High German *sliozen*, a verb meaning "to lock," which would place the name's ancestry in the occupation of a locksmith, or from the Middle High German *schloss*, meaning "castle," which, through tradition, would be applied to someone working in a castle. The Polish *Slusarz* also refers to a locksmith.

Either way the name is not related to *slush*, which arrives in English from Scandinavian sources.

It is not known who first quipped the sardonic nickname for the county jail and if they were aware or not of the implicit irony of referring to the jail as "The Hotel of the Locksmith."

Photo by Joshua Bessex

Clatsop County Sheriff Tom Bergin walks into the old Clatsop County Jail, which is now the location of the Oregon Film Museum. The old jail was nicknamed "Hotel de Slusher" by prisoners during the reign of Sheriff Slusher from 1923 to 1933.

"ASTORIA, Or., Aug 19—Harley J. Slusher, who was elected sheriff of Clatsop county at the recent recall election, assumed the duties of the position today."

—"Sheriff Takes Office," *The Sunday Oregonian*, Aug. 20, 1922, P. 3

"But yesterday—for the first time, I sat in a jail cell, on the inside, and looked out at the world, and rose colored glasses would have made no difference in the rain-drenched drab outlook visible from an upper window of the Hotel de Slusher."

—Dave Young, "Jailed Reporter Tells of Slusher Hotel Life," *Cumtux*, Vol. 35, No. 1, Winter 2015, P. 42, reproduced from *Astoria Budget*, Sept. 26, 1930, P. 1

Crossword Answer

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