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Shipyard vital to Lower Columbia

If DEQ is patient, there is a solution

Toe Dyer is a remarkable Astorian you've never heard of. A marine architect, Dyer founded the Astoria Marine Construction Co. in 1926. His obituary notes that during World War II he employed some 1,000 people at shipyards in three locations to build minesweepers for the U.S. Navy. That construction continued during the Korean War.

Like so much of what hap-World War II (think Hanford Nuclear Reservation), the sudden industrial buildup led to considerable pollution that remains today. Thus the successor of Dyer's company is dealing with the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality, which wants the site cleaned

For more than six decades following the war's end, AMCCO has been essential to the fishing fleet in this river and beyond. In a series of photographs taken in 2013 and published by the Columbia River Maritime Museum, Michael Mathers captured the atmosphere of this enormously productive shipyard.

Stratton As Edward pened domestically during reported last Friday, a relocation committee aims to find a prospective home for shipyard repair in the estuary. This coincides with the Port of Astoria's need to move shipyard repair off Pier 3.

The likely outcome of these shifts is Port-owned land on the Skipanon River in Warrenton. But Port Executive Director Jim Knight notes preparation could take as long as two years. Knight points out there is sufficient space at that site for Astoria Marine Construction and another operator.

Assuming that AMCCO has the financial resources to wait, it would make sense for the state DEO to be understanding and patient.

The last first drowning

I region on Sunday suffered our first beach drowning death of 2016. We must resolve to make it the last.

The scenario was all too familiar. A 12-year-old playing in the surf with a friend, having fun, in too deep and carried away. Visiting Washington's Pacific County from Warrenton, she wasn't a tourist, but otherwise the tragedy was one that has played out with punishing frequency over the decades.

With about 43 miles of ocean beach, the Long Beach Peninsula and Oregon's North Coast are magnets for hundreds of thousands of inland visitors. More is clearly needed to avoid drownings.

Washington and Oregon to dramatically step up efforts to avoid fatalities on what lawyers might call "attractive nuisances." This is the concept that the owner of a dangerous attraction has a moral and social duty to

Columbia-Pacific protect children from its dangers.

Actions should include clear, simple, attention-grabbing safety messages conveyed throughout the region telling visitors exactly what they can do to stay safe. Outreach to regional news media — already done for example to discourage swimming in rivers swollen by spring runoff — must frequently remind parents of the need to closely supervise children and adolescents on ocean beaches.

Other steps might include funding routine official beach patrols, which would coach beachgoers on safe practices and ticket those who fail to supervise those in their charge.

State parks officials and It is time for both lawmakers will plead poverty. This has lost any validity. Beaches are key moneymaking assets and must be funded as such.

If common humanity isn't enough motivation to enact proactive safety measures, lawsuits will be.

Editorials that appear on this page are written by Publisher Steve Forrester and Matt Winters, editor of the Chinook Observer and Coast River Business Journal, or staff

How to age in the key of humor

By TIMOTHY EGAN

New York Times News Service

is back hurts. His memory is slipping. He can't cook, but then he never could.

Igloo-making is no longer one of his diversions.

The wit is sharp, quick as ever, but now he's prone to ... what's the word? Oh, and he has Parkinson's

Michael Kinsley is aging so you don't have to. The editor in him, the one who held the reins at *The New* Republic, Harper's and Slate, and grasped for a few hours the chance to helm The New Yorker, would refine that. Here's how he puts it, in his guidance to the 74 million baby boomers entering the years of living less dangerously:

"But when it comes to the ultimate boomer game, competitive longevity, I'm on the sidelines doing color commentary." His chronic disease, which gives him many of the symptoms of old age but which he believes is no more likely to bring him to an early death than slipping on a bar of soap, has presented him with "an interesting foretaste of our shared future."

Kinsley, who coined a new definition of a gaffe — when a politician tells the truth - and once described 38-year-old Al Gore as "an old person's idea of a young person," (today, Paul Ryan), is in public service mode, out with a slim book on aging. "Sometimes I feel like a scout from my generation, sent out ahead to experience in my 50s what even the healthiest boomers are going to experience in their 60s, 70s and 80s."

Full disclosure: I like Kinsley. I would call him a friend, even if his trademark misanthropy prevents him from returning the sentiment. But here's the thing: I loathe books about baby boomers. I hated the yuppie thing. I despised the era when my generation acted as if we were the first people ever to have kids. And I can't stand the Viagra-taking, booty-shaking,







Michael Kinsley

I can't stand the Viagrataking, bootyshaking, aging rocker phase.

aging rocker phase. I don't doubt that boomers will "reinvent" old age, because that's what boomers do to every age.

But along the road to Bernie Sanders grumpiness, can somebody slap some sense into these people? Enter Kinsley. At age 65, his Parkinson's has given him a premature taste of the stumbling, the cognitive slips, the limits that will inevitably define life's actuarial last trimester. He can no longer drive. A woman at a dinner party offered to cut up his meat.

When I met Kinsley in 1996, he had just moved to Seattle to start Slate, the online magazine. There were many reasons to hate him: Harvard graduate, Rhodes Scholar, wunderkind editor, talking head on CNN's "Crossfire," his visage on the cover of *Newsweek*, under the headline: "Swimming to Seattle: Everyone Else is Moving There. Should You?"

I gave him six months before he left. Surely he would die outside the biosphere of Beltway bloviation. A decade later, he was still here in Seattle. He found true love, his wife Patty Stonesifer — who has done much good in nonprofits and philanthropy after doing well at Microsoft. I always thought of him

as a highly evolved brain inhabiting an uncertain body, an E.T. with wit. But then he learned to backpack in the Cascade Mountains, to snowshoe, to swim in Lake Washington in winter, and yes, to build an igloo — all with Parkinson's, which was diagnosed when he was 43.

In his book, Old Age — A Beginner's Guide, he tries on altruism, suggesting that boomers' ultimate gift to the future would be to pay off the national debt, and do it before the last of that g-g-generation turns 65, in

Nice try. Never going to happen. Kinsley's contribution to the wave of new books, shows and miracle antidotes to aging is his approach. Where others would groan, wince, cry or whine, Kinsley is looking for the joke. So, after undergoing nine hours of deep brain surgery, he thought of what he could say to assure his friends he had not lost any of his analytical skills.

"Well, of course," he said, post-op. "When you cut taxes, government revenues go up. Why couldn't I see that before?'

Easy for him to say. No, actually, it's not. His Parkinson's meds allow him to seem relatively symptom-free for hours, but then he starts to stiffen, like the Tin Man in "The Wizard of Oz," in need of oil. And Kinsley admits to some loss of his mental acuity in recent years.

He notes that 28 million boomers are expected to develop Alzheimer's or some other form of dementia — nothing to laugh at.

"Dementia seems like an especially humiliating last stop on the road of life," Kinsley writes. "There's no way to do it in style or in dignity."

But perhaps there's a way to find some grace notes through humor. I saw Kinsley this week, before a packed house at Seattle's Town Hall. He was in typical form. Asked at the end of the evening what his audience should "take away" from the distilled wisdom of his book, he paused, giving that owlish, quizzical look of his and said, "Several

The other election from hell

By CHARLES M. BLOW New York Times News Service

Tometimes people are sur-Oprised, or even unsettled, by how sanguine I can be about the coming election.

I sometimes say that it's not that I have some magic foresight about the outcome — I don't make predictions like that; anything could happen – but it is rather that I have been here

before. One of the first elections I ever voted in had candidates who were even more and was even more of a cir-

cus. Hard to believe, I know, but it's true. And there are eerie simi-



Blow

larities that I can't shake. The Democrat, who had occupied the white-columned home of the executive during an earlier period of prosperity, had testified more than 15 times before grand jury investigations and had twice been tried, but never convicted, on felony charges.

The Republican, a divorcé, was a well-known racist and demagogue who tried to disavow his past and who once said his plan to deal with illegal immigration was to heavily fortify the Mexican-American border and round up and deport all illegal aliens.

As Bill Turque wrote in Newsweek at the time, the Republican was "attempting to run from his past by repackaging himself as a populist. His affable, game-show-host looks and just-folks manner have been insidiously successful in blunting the impact of a past pocked with racism, Jew-hating and revisionisms."

Turque wrote that for thousands of "whites angry with hard times and high taxes, his is the ultimate 'no bull' campaign. His coded distillations of white economic and racial resentment are by now the most thoroughly decoded in American politics."

The New York Times reported at the time that the Republican's "evolution from a lifetime at the fringes of racial politics to a new life as an aspiring national politician is largely the result of his symbiotic relationship with broadcast journalism." A Democratic leader complained about the media's role in the Republican's ascendance: "The media have made him a legitimate candidate." The ven-



Former KKK Grand Wizard and presidential candidate Duke David speaks in 1991.



AP Photo/Bill Haber

Stephan Edwards, left, talks with his father Gov. Edwin Edwards on election night in 1991, in New Orleans. Edwards had just won a first primary victory forcing a runoff with challenger David Duke.

There is no way to uncook the gumbos.

erable Ted Koppel said at the time that television and the Republican candidate "were made for each other."

A former newspaper editor called the Republican's support "impenetrable," cautioning that the Democrat depended on winning over members of his own party who had recently despised him. Some in the polling and pundit class even worried about a "hidden vote" for the Republican, which would come from a group who wouldn't publicly say they supported him, but would vote for him on Election Day.

There were lingering questions about the sincerity of the Republican's recently professed Christianity.

Writing about one of the Republican's previous races, the author Tyler Bridges said that at his rallies supporters "were angry" and "they thrust their fists in the air, stomped their feet, and chanted his name over and over." Bridges wrote that the rallies

had an "us-versus-them atmosphere" in which "supporters frequently heckled reporters.

One of the most memorable bumper stickers from the campaign was for the Democrat and read, "Vote for the crook. It's important." (Ironically, both candidates would later be convicted of crimes following FBI mvesugauons.)

The year was 1991. I was a college student in my home state of Louisiana. And the race was a gubernatorial runoff between the Democrat Edwin Edwards (who reportedly once counseled Bill Clinton on how to deal with the Gennifer Flowers scandal) and the Republican David Duke, a former grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan (who this year endorsed Donald Trump). It was the first gubernatorial

election in which I voted. Indeed, Edwards was such a brazen, unrepentant skirt chaser that he joked to a reporter during that campaign about similarities between him and Duke: "The only thing we have in common is we're both wizards under the sheets."

People called it the "election from hell" or the "race from hell," depending on the person and the conversation. Voters had to choose the lesser of two evils. Some people were nervous and scared.

I'm recalling it now because the current race is reminiscent of it and because I think the outcome and lasting legacy of the Louisiana race may be instructive. In the end, Edwards won with a coalition of blacks and affluent, "business-oriented conservatives" in a record turnout for a state gubernatorial general election, but Duke did win the majority of the white vote.

Though he didn't win, Duke's imprint on the state was real. As The Times reported in 2014: "Two decades later, much of his campaign has merged with the political mainstream here, and rather than a bad memory from the past, Mr. Duke remains a window into some of the murkier currents in the state's politics, where Republicans have sought and eventually won Mr. Duke's voters, while turning their back on him."

Whether or not Trump loses in November to "crooked Hillary," as he has dubbed her, he may well be an important part of the future of his party. He has given his Republican supporters permission to vocalize their anti-otherness rage, and that will not easily be undone.

As a Louisiana boy experiencing a confounding sense of déjà vu, let me assure you. There is no way to uncook the gumbo.

members from the EO Media Group's sister newspapers.