

GRAB BAG

BOOK SHELF // GLIMPSE // WILDLIFE // POP CULTURE // WORDS // Q&A // FOOD // FUN



PHOTO BY MATT LOVE

The Shelburne Inn in Seaview, Washington, will host an Ernest Hemingway dinner on July 9.

A GLIMPSE INSIDE

By MATT LOVE

The Shelburne Inn Pub

At long last, I made my way to the historic Shelburne Inn in Seaview. I'd heard so many wonderful descriptions about it that I simply had to visit.

Imagine my surprise when I walked in and met fellow Coast Weekend contributor Dwight Caswell. The convivial Dwight was pulling a shift as a bartender in Shelburne's cozy pub, greeted me warmly and set me up right with a local beer and a bowl of the exquisite mussel chowder. It

was easily the best chowder I've tasted in years and will redefine the word "chowder" in your mind, which is a good thing when so many coastal clam chowders have virtually no distinction, and apparently, few clams.

The pub exudes a charming literary vibe, and thus it makes perfect sense for the Shelburne Inn to host an Ernest Hemingway dinner matched with Papa's favorite cocktails on July 9.

Quite naturally, being that he's a writer and

remarkable doctor of mixology, Dwight will have a starring role in the Hemingway dinner; he'll entertain diners by reading passages from Hemingway's classic works, and who knows, maybe sip a little Pernod and challenge someone to a round of fisticuffs and go full-tilt Ernest.

Most hard core Hemingway fans have a favorite book. I'm partial to "A Moveable Feast," his 1964 memoir of living in Paris in the 1920s. It was the golden era of the Lost Generation when Hemingway was writing "The Sun Also Rises," his influential debut novel, and hanging out with the likes of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Gertrude Stein.

There are dozens of wicked anecdotes in "A Moveable Feast," and one can only hope Dwight chooses one to read that involves eating and drinking. That would seem only fitting for a writer's den like the Shelburne Inn pub.

Matt Love is the author/editor of 14 books, including "A Nice Piece of Astoria." His books are available at coastal bookstores or his web site, nestuccaspitpress.com



PHOTO BY ALEX PAJUNAS

The old stagecoach road that was blasted into the rock at Hug Point is still visible today.

word nerd

By RYAN HUME

Hug [hʌg]

verb

1. a universal form of human intimacy expressed by holding someone tightly to your body with your arms; an embrace

2. to cling onto a particular idea or concept

3. to stay physically close to an object

noun

4. the act of hugging

5. *Hug Point*: a 42-acre Oregon State Recreation Site located approximately five miles south of Cannon Beach to the west of U.S. 101 just north of Arch Cape. This stretch of sandy cove beach and its forested headlands include a waterfall, caves and tide pools to explore during low tide. Hug Point becomes impassable during high tide.

Origin:
Enters English in the

mid-16th century most likely from a Scandinavian source. Compare to the Old Norwegian and Old Icelandic *hugga*, which means "to comfort." It is first noted as a noun in 1617 as a hold in wrestling. It wasn't until the 1650s that its common association with an affectionate embrace is recorded.

Hug Point is said to have gotten its name from late-19th century travelers, who used the beach as a stagecoach route — the only way to gain access to Arch Cape in the south. The rustic beach road was carved into the head, which the coaches had to "hug" to get by. When the road was blasted out of the rock face and by whom continues to be a source of debate.

"In the 1910s, a roadway was blasted out at Hug Point, which made the road accessible to automobiles as well as coaches, though it was only usable at low tide. Several sources claim it dates to 1920, when a man from Arch Cape bought a brand-new Maxwell

motorcar and tried to drive it home. It reportedly got stuck in the surf while driving around the point, and the incoming tide submerged it. The man was so angry he raised subscriptions from his neighbors, bought dynamite and blasted out the roadbed — so the story goes. Stagecoaches, wagons and now automobiles could finally cross Hug Point at low tide without getting pickled in corrosive saltwater. And cross it they did, regularly; after all, there was no alternative. To this day, you can still see the wheel ruts from the original stagecoach road dug into the rocks."

— Elaine Murdy-Trucke, "How Hug Point got its name," *The Daily Astorian*, Friday Extra, Feb. 13, 2015

"For a long time Hug Point was considered quite a drawback to that part of the beach south of it, as it was passable to vehicles only at extreme low tide, but the perseverance and energy of the people soon found a remedy for the drawback, and with the aid of drill and powder they carved a perfect roadway around the solid rock point, making a passable highway at nearly any stage of the tide."

— Herman Rose, "Most Picturesque Stretch of the Pacific Shore," *The Sunday Oregonian*, August 14, 1904, P. 31



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