

NORTHWEST



ECHO *of an* EPIDEMIC

*Polio returns
to haunt
its victims.*

Inside: Boomerang Madness • Cycling the STP • Duin on Sex-Ed Malfeasance

Parents' Prayer

We would like to compliment your magazine on "The Obsession of Mike Weflen" (April 17). We are so grateful!

We are Mike's parents and have lived in this nightmare with Mike since Sept. 16. We spent three months in Spokane helping him with the search for Julie. It is the most heartbreaking thing our family has ever faced. We, like Mike, believe in miracles, and we all are still trusting God for Julie's return.

Dick Cockle's story was written so well and portrayed Mike and Julie exactly as we know them. Barbara Reynolds captured the real feeling in Mike's eyes — a heartbroken husband. It brings tears each time we look at them and can feel his pain.

Ervin and Phyllis Weflen
Aberdeen, S.D.

Scores a Hit


Being an avid sports fan, I often feel that summer in Portland is somewhat boring. As a native Oregonian, I grew up listening to Bill Schonely's broadcast of Trail Blazer games. His announcing usually keeps my appetite for sports satisfied for the remainder of the year. Although I miss hearing Schonely's exciting play-by-play, I've found that listening to Dave Niehaus broadcast the Seattle Mariners is equally enjoyable. Douglas Gantenbein's article "The Voice of Northwest Baseball" (April 17) was excellent, and I'm sure that many Blazer fans also might agree that his broadcasting style is similar to Schonely's.

Because Portland doesn't have a major-league team, most people probably have very little interest in baseball until the September pennant races, the play-offs and the World Series in October. Hearing Niehaus' trademark phrase, "My, oh my," helps to provide relief. Thanks for this insightful profile of one of the best baseball announcers in the country.

Michael J. Weber
Vancouver, Wash.

Please turn to page 5 for more letters

ESTATE



Tiffany & Co. - colorless D color Diamond

For nearly sixty years, the fine jewelry and gemstones of private estates have been entrusted to Jerome Margulis Jewelers for appraisals, for gemological evaluation, for purchase and brokerage services. We value the timeless quality of jewelry. We respect the importance and confidentiality of all transactions.

For an appointment, please call us to schedule a time at your convenience.

Jerome Margulis

PRECIOUS GEMS • RARE JEWELS

BROADWAY AT YAMHILL PORTLAND 503-227-1153

NORTHWEST



Northwest/DANA E. OLSEN

A "down-under" sport wings its way to craze status (page 15).

June 12, 1988

FEATURES

Northwesterners		6
<i>Holly and Jim Akenson: On the job in the wilderness</i>	Stephen Lyons	
Echo of an Epidemic		8
<i>The specter of polio returns</i>	Julie Sterling	
Many Happy Returns		15
<i>Boomerangs for the purist</i>	Peter Carlin	

DEPARTMENTS

On Second Thought	Leaving sex ed to the kids	4
Outdoors	Cycling Seattle-to-Portland	13
Travel	Semiahmoo, resort on the border	14
Designs for Living	Van Evera Bailey's architectural legacy	18
Health & Fitness	If it's Tuesday, this must be jet-lag	20
Food & Drink	Oregon's been berry, berry good to me	21
Garden	Creating the work space	22
Poetry		24
Northwest Datebook	The region's hottest upcoming events	25
The Far Side		26
New York Times Magazine Crossword		26

EDITOR: JACK HART

DEPUTY EDITOR: Ellen Emry Heltzel

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Karen Brooks

DESIGNER: Dana Hoyle

GRAPHICS COORDINATOR: Kevin Murphy

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Marsha Davis, 221-8288

Northwest Magazine, Volume XXII, No. 43
Northwest Magazine, a section of The Oregonian,
does not assume responsibility for unsolicited material.
Address submissions to Northwest Magazine, 1320 S.W. Broadway, Portland, OR 97201.
© 1988 The Oregonian Publishing Co.

The cover: The return of a nightmare — polio resurfaces in victims of post-war epidemics. Photo courtesy of the Lewis and Clark Chapter of the March of Dimes.

Your AT&T Phone Center Says: GIVE DAD THE GIFT THAT GOES WHERE HE GOES!

Wherever he goes, AT&T's new Cordless Telephone 5310 will keep your dad in touch with the best cordless sound quality ever.

AT&T's newest, most advanced cordless phone is here. The new 5310 gives you the same crisp, clear sound quality as the AT&T "corded" phones you've always depended on. Get all the features of the other AT&T 5000 series phones and more. Nine number memory for speed dialing, lighted dial pad and handy portable cradle for convenient storage. Plus, right now when you buy any AT&T Cordless Phone at your AT&T Phone Center, get a Free carrying case with coupon below and Free Gift Wrapping. Phone Orders: Call toll free 1-800-222-3111 ext. 53.

ONLY **\$219⁹⁵**



Save Now During Our "Father's Day AT&T Cordless Phone Sale."



AT&T Cordless Telephone 4110

- Full-range* for clear reception indoors and outdoors.
- Security system protects against unauthorized use.
- Selectable dialing** for touch-tone or rotary service.
- One-touch redial and receiver volume control.

Regular price \$109.95

SALE
\$89⁹⁵ SAVE \$20



AT&T Cordless Telephone 5200

- Sound quality as crisp and clear as AT&T "corded" phones.
- Handset useable away from base for up to a week.
- Extended-life batteries and replaceable antenna.
- Automatic digital security system.
- Touch-tone or rotary selectable,** last number redial, more.

Regular price \$169.95

SALE
\$149⁹⁵ SAVE \$20



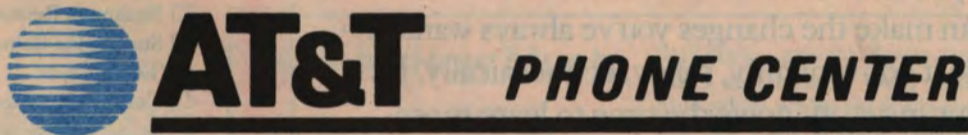
FREE! When you purchase a great gift for Dad, an AT&T Cordless Phone, you'll get another gift, Free... a high quality carrying case. So, Dad can take it wherever he goes. Just fill in this coupon and bring it to your AT&T Phone Center. Offer ends Sunday, June 19, 1988.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

PHONE (DAY) _____ (EVENING) _____
* Only one coupon per customer. * No mechanical reproductions. * Void where prohibited by law. * Coupon good for one carrying case per cordless phone purchase. * Cannot be combined with any other offer. * Good on any purchase made at an owned and operated AT&T Phone Center, or call toll free 1-800-222-3111 ext. 53. * Offer good while supplies last. SS

OTHER AT&T CORDLESS PHONES ARE ON SALE, TOO. AND, WE'LL EVEN GIFT WRAP DAD'S, FREE!

All the right choices. All the right answers. All in one place.



OREGON
Salem
578 Chemeketa St. NE
(503) 363-3059

Portland
606 Southwest Alder
(503) 224-3601

New Location
Clackamas Towncenter
(503) 654-6707

WASHINGTON
Vancouver
Vancouver Mall
(206) 254-0617



*Range of cordless phones may vary depending on environmental conditions. All phones shown are tone/pulse selectable. **Selectable dialing works with rotary and tone phone service. Tone service is required to access certain long distance and other services and some tone activated computer systems. All AT&T telephone products are FCC registered. We provide repair service for all AT&T products sold at all AT&T Phone Centers. Sale prices effective through June 19, 1988. © 1988 AT&T. All rights reserved. Limited Supplies.

The Real Problem With Anna

By Steve Duin

"Their only attention was toward the one creature they were becoming. There was no idea of time, only an intensity that was forbidden yet soft, languorous and yet stretched. . . . So this was what it was, this dreadful shuddery pleasure. If only she could deserve to have it feel so good. If only it could be forever, her power to contain him like this."

Thomas Williams' "The Moon Pinnacle"

When 17-year-old Dory Perkins and John Hearne finally go all the way, in Thomas Williams' story, the way is fraught with melancholy, romance and the sweetest inexorability. The reader is no more able to breathe, "Don't," than is Dory. "It wasn't necessary to be responsible for a happening so vague and so cobwebby," she thinks. "Warnings had no force against this new wholeness. . . ."

When 17-year-old AnnaMaria DeVries and Chris Valdez finally went all the way, responsibility wasted no time in catching up with them. Unlike the fictional Dory, Anna got pregnant.

Because Anna was elected Dayton's May Day queen in April, and Dayton is one rumor mill of a small town, her pregnancy has been on public display. It became national news when her principal denied Anna one of the traditional duties of the May Queen, a visit to the Dayton Grade School.

The prohibition sparked a well-orchestrated student protest, split the Yamhill County community of 1,400 at

the seams and obscured an issue plaguing teen-agers here, there and everywhere: the refusal, by teens and their guardians, to give sex the respect it deserves.

If the thought of 17-year-olds getting pregnant out of wedlock leaves you cold, Anna is just the tip of the iceberg. "It's not uncommon in Dayton for someone in high school to get pregnant," says the senior honors student. "I know kids, sixth or seventh graders in this town, who are sexually active. People think their kids are so innocent. Everyone knows they're not."

Ignorance is more to the point than innocence. Parents are so busy arguing over whether the home or the classroom is better equipped to educate children about sex that their kids lack either a defensible moral perspective or birth control (the two of which, ladies and gentlemen, are not mutually exclusive).

Since Anna moved to Dayton three years ago from Wisconsin, she hasn't heard a word about sex education at Dayton Junior-Senior High School. "They don't tell kids the facts," Anna says. "I couldn't afford birth control. I couldn't get into the health clinic (in McMinnville). My mom didn't think it was right to be on birth control. She said that was a choice of my own, and I'd have to make it on my own."

Because too many parents abandon their kids when they need the most help, sweet kids make strange choices. Steve Johnson, the superintendent of Dayton schools, suggests, "There's probably not a lot of education being done at home," often because so many kids come from families left in disarray by divorce or not enough time together when both parents work.

Looking for answers, kids now turn to their peers instead of their parents. Most of their friends are just as confused, having no conception of how quickly an egg and one tiny sperm lead to an 8-pound ball of fire.

Thus, most teen-agers are unprepared for the creative consequences of that dreadful shuddery pleasure. "You think about this tiny bundle of joy that you're going to be holding, while everyone makes a big deal about it," says Vickie Woods, a 23-year-old Dayton mother who is pregnant with her second child. "You forget that everyone is going to wander off, and you're going to be left alone with it."

When are parents — or teachers if need be — going to stop wandering off, leaving their children to tackle sex alone and unadvised? Dayton wasn't protecting its grade school children by denying them a peek at the belly of the May Queen. The town was sweeping one more teen-age mom, and her bundle of disrepute, under the rug in frightened disregard of those sure to follow.

There is no perfect time to have a baby, no discernible moment when you acquire enough patience and mercy. But few times are more imperfect than the age of 17. Some teen-agers, other options denied them, want nothing more than to be a parent. But too many others simply stretch out on the center line, waiting to be steamrolled by passion, with no sense of where that road leads.

Innocence is a blessed state, ignorance a wretched one. Breathing "don't" into the epic of a child's life isn't enough. Bedtime stories hardly serve those who aren't in bed to sleep. NW

Cosmetic Surgery Center



Cosmetic surgery can change the way you look and feel about yourself. Ask the many thousands of people who feel younger, prettier — more confident and more comfortable about their appearance.

Now you can make the changes you've always wanted — and you can do it conveniently, safely, economically. If you've been putting it off, now's the time to learn more.

Call the Cosmetic Surgery Center for information about our comprehensive services or ask about our free seminar.

257-5588

Don't miss our FREE Cosmetic Surgery Seminar, Wednesday, June 22, 7pm - 9pm in the Woodland Park Hospital Auditorium. Call for reservations

Please send me information about:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nose Surgery | <input type="checkbox"/> Breast Reduction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Face Lift | <input type="checkbox"/> Reconstruction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Eye Lid Lift | <input type="checkbox"/> Scar Revision |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ear Tacking | <input type="checkbox"/> Chin Revision |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Birthmark Removal | <input type="checkbox"/> Facial Dermabrasion |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Suction Fat Removal | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Surgery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tummy Tuck | <input type="checkbox"/> Tattoo Removal |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Collagen Injections | <input type="checkbox"/> Jaw and Facial Reshaping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Breast Enlargement | <input type="checkbox"/> Next FREE Cosmetic Surgery Seminar |


Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WOODLAND PARK HOSPITAL

Cosmetic Surgery Center
10373 N.E. Hancock, Portland, OR 97220

 An American Healthcare Management Facility, Inc.

Fish Story

We were shocked by Steve Duin's April 24 column, "A Tale of Waste — or Race." His attack on Indian fishing gave no facts. It, instead, was based on second-hand anecdotes from mostly unnamed sources, flavored with remarks such as "evergreen ghetto" to describe an Indian reservation. All that was missing was a snide remark about "firewater."

His piece asks rhetorically, "Does Wapato believe that every complaint against Indian fishing is motivated by racism?" and then answers affirmatively. I did not make any such statement, as anyone familiar with Indian fishing issues would know. I did say, "Indian fisheries are the most monitored, controlled and enforced; everyone wants to know what the Indians are doing." His sources may have seen illegal fishing activity. If so, why didn't they do their civic duty and report the supposed abuses? As daily newspaper articles prove, there is no shortage of law enforcement officers willing to arrest Indians for real or perceived fishing violations.

S. Timothy Wapato
Executive Director
Columbia River Inter-Tribal Fish Commission

The Other Side

Steve Duin, in "Much Ado About Macho" (May 1), lists all of right-winger Pete Schaub's charges against University of Washington Women's Studies Program and then weakly protests that there is intolerance on both sides. Duin should have presented the other side, as well. Because he did not, please allow me to.

In a conservative political climate that has inspired nationwide attacks on women's, black and ethnic studies, a right-wing body-builder baits and bullies instructors and then cries foul when ejected. The Washington State Senate Law and Justice Committee convenes a hearing to determine what those mean feminists did to poor Pete before the UW even investigates it. The eagerness of the state to call this hearing clearly is the beginning of a witch hunt against women's studies. UW administrators obviously never have resigned themselves to losing the lawsuit in 1971 that forced them to establish the program.

We refuse to return to the dark days of the McCarthy era when media, universities and employers bowed to the rule of the witch hunters who used the Cold War to freeze women in the home and to chill free speech in all areas of life. All who care truly about free inquiry, democracy in the classroom, the fight for equality for women, gays and all oppressed groups should call on UW to restore and to expand the Women's Studies Program with full departmental status and tenured faculty.

Adrienne Weller
Portland

A Sisterly Rebuttal

In the tradition of Virginia Woolf, who, in order to clarify certain inequities between men and women, created an imaginary character she called "Shakespeare's Sister," let us now consider another fictitious character I shall call "Steve Duin's Sister."

Duin's Sister, appalled at the ignorant bias of her brother's commentary on women's studies ("Much Ado About Macho"), writes a column about the male bias she encounters in virtually every classroom outside women's studies. While her brother champions the cause of one overcele-

brated student, who claims to have been victimized by the feminism of women's studies ("they blame everything on white men"), Duin's Sister carefully documents reality. From Eve's seductive manipulations via the apple, recounted in theology and the world at large, to the "look-to-the-mother" theories of the psychology department, she describes an institutionalized misogyny ("they actually blame everything on women").

Does she get published in Northwest Magazine? Of course not, because her point of view is considered hysterical, shrill or lacking in objectivity. Clearly, she does not belong in a magazine regularly criticized for its neglect of women, nor in a newspaper dominated from editors to arts reviewers by white men. Like Virginia Woolf's sad creation, Duin's Sister fails to find her audience, despite her talents.

Judith Barrington
Portland

An Apple for the Teacher

Thanks to Bob Mullin for his article about James Barlow, teacher extraordinary ("James Barlow: The World as Classroom," May 8). As a social studies teacher for 18 years at Hood River Valley High School, I participated with my students and Barlow at the conventions ('72, Michigan; '76, Texas; '80, Florida; '84, California). Experiential learning surely beats reading about the process in a classroom! How else can our country train young people to be community, state and national leaders?

Jean Harmon
Hood River

Splitting Hairs — or Infinitives

Gay S. Gassair's May 15 article, "The Beat Go On," was interesting and provocative. But it left me baffled and frustrated, particularly her statements that a particular phrase was *not* ungrammatical, but... But what?

Furthermore, she seems unaware that poets and songwriters have long been allowed poetic license with words, in order to rhyme or to scan their material. This doesn't mean that you teach your children the same grammatical errors.

Jay Ellis
Grants Pass

Decline and Fall

We are indebted to Gay Gassair: Consider the dedication of such a literate person, in wallowing through the endless banalities of rock'n'roll to bring us such a delightful piece as "The Beat Go On." I give Gassair credit for knowing that our illiteracy can't be attacked — only remarked on. As Allan Bloom's best seller "The Closing of the American Mind" points out, illiteracy is too pervasive and of such long standing that we now have many semiliterate teachers.

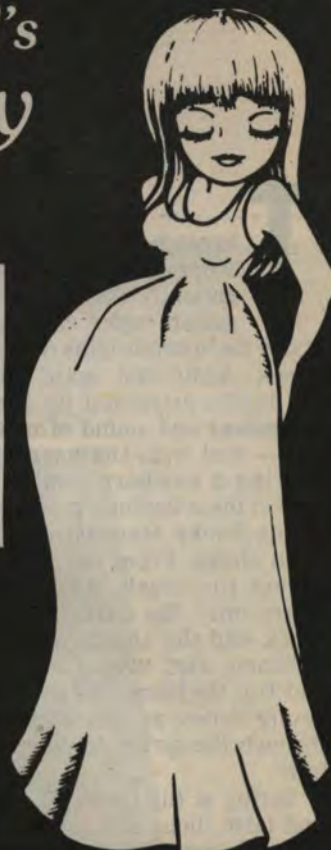
The academic community threw in the towel long ago, when lexicographers and educators — frequently the same people — decided to call slovenly usage acceptable rather than go through the hassle of requiring students to learn to speak and to write correctly. Soon "infer" and "imply" will be found interchangeable; and "fewer" and "less" and "further" and "farther." Thus dies a noble language.

And even Gassair refers to the "declension" of a verb. Tsk.

Mel Byers
Portland

100% COTTON SALE

Dan Howard's Maternity Factory



30%-50% OFF*

- Skirts • Blouses • Pants
- Shorts • T-Shirts
- Dresses
- Tank Dresses

Sale:
Sun. June 12 thru Sat. June 18

Because we manufacture, you save 25%-50% daily.

at CANYON PLACE in BEAVERTON

(just off Hwy 217 at Canyon, where T.J. Maxx and Marshalls are located)

643-1444

HOURS:

Mon. & Thurs. 10-9
Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat. 10-6
Sun. 12-5

All major credit cards accepted.
suggested retail on selected 100% cotton items

Now Available — Cherokee acid wash skirts — \$28⁰⁰!

SAVE 40%

ON FACTORY FRESH NAME BRAND CIGARS



Now...enjoy savings up to 40%, plus the rich-tasting smoking pleasure of Cuban seed and other fine Central and South American tobaccos. Over 100 different blends, shapes and sizes for every taste in our great new catalog. Available by Mail Only.

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG

THOMPSON CIGAR CO. Dept. B846
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

Please send me a FREE catalog.
Please print

Please send a FREE catalog to my friend.
Please print

name _____ name _____
street _____ apt. no. _____ street _____ apt. no. _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____ city _____ state _____ zip _____

Sunday, June 12, 1988 5

Through the spotting scope, Holly Akenson patiently observes the golden eagles circling above the volcanic cliffs of Big Creek. Again and again the big birds, attracted by the movement and sound of new life — and with the hope of snaring a newborn lamb — dive at these lambing grounds of the Rocky Mountain big-horn sheep. From her aerie across the creek, Akenson hears only the rush of the creek and the shouts of her husband, Jim, urging Rocky and Top, the harnessed pair of young mules, as they shuffle through the spring seeding of hay.

Spring at Big Creek. Blood and birth, hope and promise. A fragile scene witnessed by only a handful of modern-day Robinson Crusoes.

For Jim and Holly Akenson, managers of the University of Idaho's Taylor Ranch Wilderness Research Field Station, spring is when the frozen water lines come to life; the snowy hayfield and back-country landing strip no longer must be packed by the mule team for the arrival of the weekly mail plane from nearby Cascade; researchers arrive from distant ports of call to study nature in a pristine setting; and the steep canyons of the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness Area clog with the migration of wildlife.

Jim and Holly, both wildlife scientists with an impressive roster of degrees from Eastern Oregon State College, Oregon State University and the University of Idaho, have witnessed six springs at Taylor Ranch. Each day they dutifully record chores, animal sightings and personal feelings in an ongoing journal that details an unusual life built around physical labor, isolation and a serenity few Americans ever will know.

Dec. 14, 1985 — We rode Troy and Mya to Cabin Creek to see what the elk were doing there. Besides seeing 80 elk at Cabin Creek, we saw a bobcat twice on that kill of a few days ago, two coyotes and two cougars. We followed day-old cougar tracks from Lobauer to Cabin Creek, where a duck had been killed on the trail. On the way home we were 40 yards from the cougars that were on the trail; one was radio-collared. The cou-

STEPHEN LYONS is a Moscow, Idaho, journalist. His articles have appeared in Detroit Magazine, Bestways and Palouse Journal. TERRY MAURER is a photographer based in Moscow, Idaho.



Jim and Holly Akenson at Idaho's Taylor Ranch Wilderness Research Station.

HOLLY AND JIM AKENSON:

Home on the Range

By Stephen Lyons

gars spooked as soon as they noticed us. The horses were indifferent about the cougars. The coyotes were together also, including the orange-collared female. We have seen three pairs of coyotes this week. I think one male may be spending time with several females. . . .

Neighbors and electricity are non-existent; for half the year the Akensons do without running water. With no phone, the cabin can be reached only one of two ways: with a 32-mile trek through the back country or, if you have the nerve, by airplane. The nearest town, Yellowpine — population 30 in the winter — is 60 miles away. They are alone, but they are not lonely.

Entertainment, Holly Akenson says, includes listening to the gossip on the back-country shortwave radio

weekend. Undeterred by the spirited resistance of the male students, Holly Akenson became the first female to enroll in her Baker High School agriculture class. Now she's a respected expert on bighorn sheep, and the Akensons recently applied for a research grant from the Foundation for North American Sheep.

The pair's dual mission is to manage the ranch and to promote scientific research. The latter task has its frustrations, with successes coming in spurts of money and manpower. Taylor Ranch maintains a laboratory, a herbarium, a battery-driven computer and other support services, but this winter, for the first time since they arrived, the couple had no researchers with whom to share these resources. Lack of a research budget is part of the problem, Jim says.

Ideally, the ranch could serve as a full-time research center. From here, in the 1960s, nationally acclaimed

and watching the ice "go out" on Big Creek. Their newest home entertainment center is a wood stove. "The stove has a glass front," she says. "We call it our backcountry TV."

Hours are long, pay is low, and the work is physical. Bruises, bangs and bumps all are part of the routine. Caution is a way of life. A serious accident up here is potentially fatal.

April 15, 1986 — Hooked the mules up to the harrow again. This time we harrowed and seeded the main pasture. Had a minor mishap when I got my foot tangled in a harrow tooth while getting seated — got dragged a few feet before Holly and I got the team stopped — scary moment!

Beyond the front door of the Akensons' historic log house lie perhaps the last true vestiges of unspoiled American wilderness outside Alaska. Tucked away along the swift currents of Big Creek in the vast recesses of Idaho's 2.35 million-acre wilderness area — the largest in the lower 48 states — the 65-acre research center is the temporary home for scientists studying wildlife and fish, air and water, vegetation, geology and archaeology in an unspoiled environment. The university bought Taylor Ranch for a song in 1969. Today this pastoral shelf of bottom land is priceless.

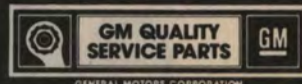
Jim Akenson, a native of the Portland area, grew up fishing and hunting every

Money Back.

No one knows your GM car better than Mr. Goodwrench. No one. And from May 15 through July 16, 1988, no one can save you money on genuine GM Parts like Mr. Goodwrench can. Just get an oil change and/or tune-up from a participating Mr. Goodwrench dealer and get money back on the parts—AC Spark Plugs, an AC Air Filter, or an AC Oil Filter. Your rebate requests must be received by August 20, 1988.

Routine oil changes and tune-ups are vital to your GM car's performance and long life. And when you can get money back on spark plugs, oil filters, and air filters too, it makes more sense than ever to take your GM car for Mr. Goodwrench service.

Receive up to \$780 back* from General Motors. See your participating GM dealer for coupon and details. Offer void where prohibited.



*\$2.80 Back (\$.35 each) on 8 AC Spark Plugs
\$2 Back (\$1.00 each) on 2 AC Oil Filters
\$3 Back (\$1.50 each) on 2 AC Air Filters



Mr. Goodwrench

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCKS

© 1988 GM Corp.

Sunday, June 12, 1988 7

Idaho researcher Maurice Hornocker conducted a breakthrough study of mountain lions that later was documented in a 1969 National Geographic article. Other studies have focused on rattlesnakes, rodents, bobcats, coyotes, the Sheep Eater Indians, mountain lions and, of course, bighorn sheep.

Feb. 14, 1985 — I was looking for ungulates (hoofed mammals) during first observation when I saw a coyote carrying a large object above third bench — actually was two coyotes and a freshly killed fawn. Neither coyote was collared. Observed, aged, classified and "behaved" 32 sheep at Cliff Creek lick at 25m distance — excellent opportunity, and sheep were not concerned. . . .

The Big Creek drainage is North America's equivalent of Africa's Serengeti Plain. Herds of elk, deer and bighorn sheep roam the steep breaks and canyons; moose browse on white willow bark along the creek bed. Cougars, coyotes, raccoons and rattlesnakes prowl the underbrush. Human herds — backpackers and outfitters — migrate through.

The Akensons observe their two-legged visitors as carefully as the four-legged kind. Last summer, the visitor they called the "garbage bag man" stumbled into Taylor Ranch sporting torn tennis shoes and a garbage bag containing only a sleeping bag and a book on edible plants. Disoriented and on the brink of starvation, he was heading east to Hamilton, Mont., from the town of Big Creek, west of the ranch — a journey of some 70 miles over the region's most vertical landscape. He hadn't eaten for three days. While Holly Akenson watched from the cabin, rifle in hand, Jim supplied the stranger with granola bars, dried fruit and directions for crossing the notorious Bighorn Crags.

More frequently, Idaho Fish and Game officers and outfitters stop for a cup of strong coffee and the latest back-country gossip. The Akensons estimate 18 people reside year-round in the Frank Church wilderness — although they've met only a handful.

With human contact at a premium, everyone tries to get along. "Any differences of opinion are overlooked by both sides," Jim says. "They're our neighbors. We both need each other."

One area of disagreement among the few residents of this area concerns the Idaho wilderness bill, the proposed Idaho Forest Management Act of 1988, which is pending in Congress and calls for the preservation of 1.4 million acres of wilderness. Many timber workers in Cascade are opposed to preserving any of the remaining 9 million acres of roadless land in Idaho. Jim Akenson sees the bill as a meager compromise that reveals little regard for entire ecosystems.

"It's a fallacy in this state to say that wilderness is land of no use," he contends. With recreation and tourism one of the state's top three industries, he contends, the wilderness serves economic interests — as well as the environmental ones that the Akensons' work documents.

"I don't think we'll be here forever," Holly Akenson says of their roles at Taylor Ranch. "But forever we will say, 'Wasn't that the most incredible place we ever lived?'"

NW



Northwest/DANA E. OLSEN

The specter of polio has returned to haunt Ross Cowan, right, and other victims of the post-war polio epidemics. Images of the past: the ministrations of Sister Elizabeth Kenny to a stricken child, above, iron lung machines, opposite top, and Oregon's first poster child.

Ross Cowan's 6-foot-6-inch frame dwarfs the antique green velvet wingback chair in which he sits. His Wellington boots, weathered complexion and solid build, clad in Levis and cotton knit shirt, exude a sense of physical power that has endured into middle age.

But the image is a cruel lie. Cowan is an invalid, unable to exert enough strength to break the plastic seal on a one-gallon milk jug. At 51, he lives in forced semi-retirement because of the insidious disease he thought he'd conquered 35 years ago.

Polio. Poliomyelitis. Infantile paralysis. For Cowan, the specter of the disease has returned to haunt him with pain and fatigue. The man who licked polio so thoroughly that he even passed the Air Force physical in 1958 now limps when he walks, leans heavily on a cane and takes each step with caution for fear he will fall. In 1987, he was forced to take early retirement from AT&T, where he worked as a telephone systems technician, and look for part-time work. That, he reflects as he sits in his home 20 miles

JULIE STERLING is a Portland writer whose most recent contribution to Northwest Magazine was a cover story on Alcena Boozer, an Episcopal priest and counselor for school dropouts.

ECHO of an EPIDEMIC

They thought they'd beaten polio once and for all. But now, in an ironic twist of fate, some of those who struggled hardest against it are being hit with a double whammy.

BY JULIE STERLING

UPI BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



northwest of Eugene, "kicked the bottom out of my self-worth."
Cowan is not alone. Rather, he shares the fate of thousands of polio survivors in the United States — one out of every four or five, it's estimated — who are being visited, usually 30 or more years later, by alarming symptoms related to their original illness.

Some polio survivors whose only residual impact from the disease was a slight limp now require braces. Some who were in braces now need wheelchairs. And some who underwent multiple restorative surgeries to muscles and tendons ravaged by the polio virus find themselves facing more surgery.

As the 30th anniversary of the record epidemic years of the 1950s fades into history, this kind of relapse is becoming so prevalent that last July the Social Security Administration recognized it in a program circular for personnel involved in the disability claims process as "late effects of anterior poliomyelitis." An estimated 75,000 of the polio survivors in the United States — around 300,000 — are experiencing difficulties that they trace to the disease they wanted to forget. In Oregon, where an estimated 6,000 polio survivors live, as many as 1,500 may be affected.

The Catch-22 for these multi-

tudes is that federal recognition of "late effects" as a legitimate handicap does not mean automatic approval of a post-polio disability claim. The Social Security Administration already has ruled that Cowan, because he's relatively young and has a solid educational background, should be able to find another line of work.

At the report of the first polio case each summer, the only swimming pool in Rocky Ford, Colo., looked as deserted as a locked reservoir. In the small southeastern Colorado community where Ross Cowan grew up, no one was taking any chances. Health authorities warned that the polio virus might be spread through bathing water. The movie theater lost customers who feared an unknown carrier might occupy the next seat. Parents hesitated to take their children to the grocery store during the summer months, when the disease was most likely to hit. In the small farming town of 6,000, even a single polio case amounted to an epidemic.

From the comfortable chair of hindsight, this reclusive reaction to polio makes little sense. Although it was theoretically possible to contract polio in a swimming pool or at public gatherings, the most likely culprit

was poor hygiene, because polio was spread primarily through infected feces. In fact, what spurred the epidemic in America — and made the disease so shocking — was an improved standard of living that meant fewer youngsters had the early, mild exposure that helped build up immunity to the illness. So otherwise robust children became polio's most likely victims.

In August 1948, Ross Cowan was one of those kids. A strapping 11-year-old, he'd just returned from a visit with an aunt in Denver, 150 miles away. Now he was waiting for the train that brought him a supply of Denver Posts for the 85 customers on his newspaper delivery route. But on this warm summer evening the train was an hour and a half late, and the normally sturdy boy felt lethargic, so tired that he lay down in the shade of a park near the station. When the papers finally arrived, he put rubber bands around each one, stuffed them in bags and loaded them on his bike. But by then he was not only tired; his left leg wasn't working right. He seemed to be pedaling with his right foot only. His worried father found him struggling to complete his route at 9 p.m. and helped him finish.

The next day, Cowan remem-

Your dimes did this for me!

JOIN the MARCH of DIMES
JANUARY 14-31

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, INC.
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, FOUNDER

MARCH OF DIMES

a stoic hasn't toughened him for the emotional impact of his relapse. Realizing now the ironic consequences of the "no pain, no gain" rule he learned to live with as a boy, he finds his present predicament all the more unbearable.

Awareness that the post-polio condition was significant dawned slowly. Isolated cases of problems could be found in medical literature, but not until about 1980, when polio survivors began re-surfacing in large numbers at doctors' offices, did the experts realize the dimensions of post-polio syndrome and begin to seek a cause.

So far the search for a cause — or causes — has produced only unproven theories. Portland neurologist Robert J. Grimm, himself a victim of polio whose braced foot is his reminder of the disease, calls the research to date "exceedingly poor."

One theory suggests that some nerve cells, the ones that took over the work of the cells in the spinal cord that succumbed to the polio virus, are aging prematurely because they have been driving more than their share of muscles. This condition, coupled with the motor nerve-cell loss that occurs in the normal aging process, could account for the post-polio symptoms, which doctors describe as progressive loss of function or post-polio muscular atrophy.

Some patients are surprised when a "good arm" or a "good leg" is affected. The theory of premature nerve-cell loss suggests that polio might have occurred in those limbs, too — but in such a mild form that it went undetected.

The theory makes sense and is the predominant one, according to Dr. Gary Ward, medical director of the in-patient program at Rehabilitation Institute of Oregon in Portland. But, with no conclusive evidence yet, many doctors tell their patients not to assume their symptoms are polio-related until they are evaluated to exclude or identify other diseases.

So far, no evidence exists to link Lou Gehrig's disease (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis) to post-polio muscular atrophy, although the symptoms are similar. And no evidence indicates that the old polio virus has become reactivated, according to Dr. Philip King, the medical director of rehabilitation services at Oregon Health Sciences University.

The usual medical advice for polio survivors with symptoms that can be traced to no other disorder is to conserve their remaining strength by avoiding fatiguing activities, King says.

But this is distressing advice for those who used strength of will to overcome their disease in the first place. Fighting, rather than accepting, has been their tool.

If Ernest Bloch II learned anything from polio, it was that life isn't fair. A tough lesson to learn at the age of 5, when Bloch had his Achilles tendons destroyed by polio. Strong medicine to take even in high school, when Bloch endured heavy-duty surgeries to stabilize his ankles. And still painful at 50, as Bloch, now public relations director for Nerco Inc. in Portland, recuperates from another round of operations related to that childhood illness.

In early 1987, Bloch lay flat on his back in a room at the Oregon Health Sciences University Hospital with an antibiotic dripping into his veins. Every 24 hours, a nurse restarted his I.V. in a different vein to minimize irritation by the medication. He had been warned that such a setback could occur. Still, Bloch, usually an upbeat kind of guy, felt distressed and angry — at a loss to control what he thought he'd already beaten.

The unexpected hospitalization came after his second — and what Bloch expected to be his last — restorative surgery to re-fuse his ankles. The benefits of the surgery in his teen-age years had deteriorated, causing painful movement. Now, with an infection involving a stainless steel pin placed in his ankle to help fuse the bones, Bloch felt like a "skewered shish kebab."

By the time he was through, Bloch suffered through a total of three surgeries and six hospitalizations to fuse his ankles at the ideal 90-degree angle — all in an 18-month period. The third surgery, to correct a less-than-perfect result in the left ankle, involved grafting bone from his

hip and put him in a full-length leg cast for three months. Now, with that ordeal behind him and his pain greatly reduced, Bloch feels back in control but mindful of the impact polio has had on his life and his way of thinking.

"It's taught me that self-discipline and persistence really do pay off," Bloch says. Because he persevered, he started first grade on crutches instead of in a wheelchair and later graduated to a cane. "And it taught me compassion, to see things from the other person's perspective," he says, praising his employer and his orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Robert Beals, for their support during his latest ordeal.

In his uncluttered, eighth-floor office in downtown Portland, the bespectacled Bloch, a spit-and-polish man whose torso is steel-hard from swimming, reflects on a lifetime of goals he set for himself ever since his mother — "a determined, disciplined, gutsy person," he recalls — dedicated herself to helping him walk again. Temporarily in braces until his surgery heals completely, Bloch wears brown shoes that shine like a Marine's and match the military cut of his pin-stripe shirt, which he couldn't have buttoned before he lost 85 pounds in a diet program. The weight loss — his peak was 237 — was necessary to ease the pressure on his ankles. Lately, he has welcomed the appearance of creases in the tops of his shoes because they mean he's walking on his toes — where he's supposed to be. "I feel lucky," he says. "I'm better off than a lot of people."



MARCH OF DIMES

Ernest Bloch's childhood disability to his Achilles tendons has returned today. The past: rehabilitation.

Coincidentally, Bloch's office looks south to the green hills that cradle Oregon Health Sciences University, including the old Doernbecher building where he was confined with polio for six weeks in 1943. His mother, Mariana, who now lives in Central Oregon, recalls all the sick children waving from behind the isolation window every night. Never certain which was her son, she would wave back, "tears streaming down my face."

Mariana Bloch also remembers the pain she felt later when her little son was driven from the school playground and labeled a cripple. But she forced him to try, to struggle toward a normal life. Now she says she's grateful for both his recovery and their continuing good relationship. "He could have hated this woman who made him practice walking, who made him go swimming."

Laura McCallum spins into the cavernous multi-purpose room at the Easter Seal Center in Eugene and takes her place at the head of a lunch table where eight polio survivors — including Ross Cowan, who's dressed in blue cords and looks more like a rancher than like someone who's disabled — are waiting for her.

Seated, most of the group, in fact, look like members of the PTA, prepared for the president to open their meeting. But one woman has crutches at her side. And McCallum, comfortably dressed in white pants and a red-and-white striped knit shirt, occupies a wheelchair.

Of all of them, McCallum bears the most apparent reminders of the struggle with polio. A diminutive 5 feet in height, she has thumbs scarred from the tendon-implant surgery



Being told to conserve strength is distressing advice for these survivors. Fighting, rather than accepting, has been their tool.

that was performed to make them usable. Her feet are enclosed in white Reeboks — child's size 13. A victim of polio when she was only a year old, McCallum was photographed as a baby in her full brace regalia for *The Oregonian*. And as an adult, she remains severely handicapped, but cheerful and determined to live as normally as possible — with a husband and two children who are the result of textbook pregnancies and Caesarean deliveries. The Veneta resident must depend on the strength in her shoulders, arms and hands to get by.

But now, like the others around her, McCallum is experiencing post-polio problems. Her upper-body strength is diminishing. The loss shows today when, like a tired bird, she sometimes drops her head to her shoulder for a rest. Her own problems prompted her to get in touch with a national polio survivors network, and, in 1985, she and others founded the Oregon Polio Survivors Association. She meets regularly with the Eugene group to talk over their common problems.

Today she conducts a frank

discussion, occasionally adding her own blunt opinion to the conversation. "The reason Ross hasn't gotten his disability," she says of Cowan, "is that he looks too good."

McCallum taps others around the table. Bea Blair, who barely escaped treatment in an iron lung, sits with her husband, Henry, who occasionally rubs her weakened back and shoulders. Blair says she was inspired to become a nurse after her ordeal with polio — a way to say thanks to those who cared for her.

Vernon Allen, who contracted polio in 1928 at the age of 4, says he is collecting unemployment compensation and actively seeking a new job, even though he's old enough to think about retirement. He had to sell his carpet-and window-cleaning business, he says, because he no longer could get down on his knees to do the carpet cleaning. But he's not ready to call it quits yet.

The tales of opportunities foreclosed and limitations imposed continue far beyond this tight band. Consider the example of Carol Rothert Petersen, a 41-year-old working mother of five

who lives in Seattle, who fought her way to recovery first in a wheelchair, then in leg and back braces, and eventually was able to do everything but run. Last year, 33 years after her acute polio attack, the effects of post-polio syndrome necessitated a heart-rending decision: She moved into an apartment, leaving the children in the care of their father, from whom she's legally separated. Handicapped by fatigue and a weakened left knee that she had broken three times in traumatic falls, she no longer could manage the multi-story family home.

Under her new conditions, Petersen hopes to be able to hold a job for another two decades. Meanwhile, her children visit regularly. But the emotional distress that accompanied her decision still hangs heavy: "It's hard to admit there's something I can't do," she says. "I hate it."

White dogwoods signal a new season and, for Cowan, a new life. Limping down the steep gravel slope from the carport to the decked walkway that leads to his front door, he steps cautiously but firmly. Someday, when his

footing is less sure, he will replace the gravel with a concrete ramp. But for now he will strive to maintain a normal life with his second wife, two stepsons and two mop-size Shih Tzu dogs.

Once inside the house, he will sit at a dining table protected by a plastic lace tablecloth and prepare job estimates or use the telephone to dispatch technicians who do the kind of work he used to do. Or, if fatigue swamps his spirit, he may take a nap.

Cowan's new part-time job as a technician supervisor for a Eugene firm, Lassman Weber Communications Inc., has restored some of the self-esteem damaged during his final bitter days with AT&T. A work partner called him a weakling for not being able to haul as much equipment as usual. And one day, while repairing a plug for the business phone in the office of the chancellor of the Oregon State System of Higher Education, he got trapped under a desk with a painfully cramped right thigh. Accused of whining because he was unable to keep up with the demands of his job, Cowan felt humiliated — until he flunked the stress tests, proving he had a disability.

Now, with encouragement from understanding doctors and friends such as McCallum, he is recovering from old wounds and adapting to a new lifestyle. Still, his powerful physique, proudly earned during years of physical therapy, clings like old armor, making Cowan feel like a sheep in wolf's clothing. "Like Laura says, I look too good," he admits. Then, in an uncharacteristic bit of bravado, he bursts out, "I still look awesome — like I could kill. And eight years ago, I could have." NW

Help on the Horizon

Polio survivors who are experiencing such symptoms as progressive weakness in an arm or leg, pain, a recurrence of old respiratory problems or general fatigue may be suffering from a condition called "post-polio syndrome." And, besides the physical symptoms that accompany the problem, they must struggle with a host of other concerns.

According to Laura McCallum of Veneta, who helped found the Oregon Polio Survivors Association three years ago, they must worry about younger doctors who never have seen a polio case and are ill-equipped to handle the echo of their patients' earlier illnesses. They must worry about being considered malingers and losing their jobs, about having to resort to braces again, about qualifying for Social Security benefits.

Because of all these ramifications, support groups for Oregon victims of post-polio syndrome have sprung up in Eugene, Portland, Salem and Medford. Their mutual goal: to help sufferers adapt to their new

and more restricted lifestyles and to help locate doctors who, McCallum says, recognize their condition as something more than the normal aging process. With recovered polio victims regressing to climbing stairs on their hands and knees, she says, "They deserve more than to be told that it's old age." They also need to know that corrective supports, unlike the braces of the polio epidemic days, are lightweight and can be concealed in the shoe. Most important, she says, are reassurances that the condition is not fatal.

McCallum, Ross Cowan and Billie Wernette lead the support group in Eugene. In Portland, their counterparts are Bonnie Olson and Marjorie Linn. The Easter Seal Society sponsors both groups, as well as the new one in Medford.

The Easter Seal Society of Oregon also provides an information exchange, a meeting place and water therapy for Portland area survivors at the Portland Easter Seal Center, 5757 S.W. Macadam Ave. (phone 228-5108). The support group meets there the last Thursday evening of each month.

The Eugene Easter Seal Center, 3575 Donald St. (phone 344-2247), is the base for Eugene area survivors, who meet quarterly. For more information about

meeting times and water therapy sessions, survivors should call the center.

A fourth support group has formed in Salem, where in March the Salem Hospital Foundation sponsored a public forum on post-polio problems.

Additional material about the late effects of poliomyelitis also is available from:

- Gazette International Networking Institute, 4502 Maryland Ave., St. Louis, MO 63108, which circulates a national newsletter, *Polio Network News*, and a "Handbook on the Late Effects of Poliomyelitis for Physicians and Survivors."

- March of Dimes Birth Defects Foundation, 1275 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, NY 10605, which has published "Research and Clinical Aspects of the Late Effects of Poliomyelitis," a report from the Second Research Symposium on the Late Effects of Poliomyelitis at Warm Springs, Ga., in 1986.

- Jacquelin Perry, an orthopedic physician at one of the few remaining polio centers in the country, Rancho Los Amigos Medical Center, 7601 East Imperial Hwy., Downey, CA 90242. Perry is widely recognized for her post-polio work and has written a "General Information Letter for Polio Patients."



TOM KIRKENDALL

DOING A DOUBLE CENTURY

Not much press, but plenty of pedaling — that's the book on the STP.

By ANDY DAPPEN

It ranks as the region's largest bicycling event. But every year the spectacle slips through the media's fingers like an STP-coated screwdriver. Is that why the 200-mile ride attracting 6,500 bicyclists — but little fanfare — is called the STP?

No. The acronym stands for the Seattle to Portland Bicycle Ride, and the event maintains a low profile because of its status as a ride rather than a race. The Cascade Bicycle Club, sponsors of the ride, post no official times, announce no winners and award no prizes. As a result, no field of big-name competitors arrives. The event simply rides by every year, escaping hype but snowballing in momentum.

The STP started in 1979 when the Cascade Bicycle Club attempted to bring the racing and touring elements

of the sport together. Only 100 riders participated then, and most were one-day racers. With rain and lashing head winds, Jerry Baker, who has ridden every year since, won the race with a time just under 10.5 hours.

The sponsors de-emphasized competition over the years, so that now official times and winners no longer are recognized — a frustration to the serious cyclists who continue to race unofficially for a winner and for the establishment of new course records.

This year about two-thirds of the participants will power their bicycles over the 200 miles during a two-day period. Like marathon runners simply testing whether they can complete the course, the two-day riders leave Seattle on Friday morning, June 24. They ride south through Renton, Puyallup, Yelm and Tenino, continuing on to Centralia — the halfway mark. Here they struggle to find accommodations in campgrounds, motels and community halls or with locals who have opened their homes.

The STP, the ne plus ultra of regional bicycle races, retains a casual, non-competitive aura.

On Saturday morning these riders continue south, pedalling through Winlock, Castle Rock, Longview and St. Helens, eventually crossing the finish line at Lloyd Center in Portland.

Meanwhile, on Saturday at 4:30 a.m., the one-day riders will rub sleep from their eyes and push off from Seattle. Almost all these masochists wage a personal battle with the clock and punch their stopwatches at the start. The long road ahead will take the average day rider 14 hours to complete. Serious riders aim for the 12-hour mark — a respectable time. Road warriors who have trained zealously sweat to complete the ride in nine to 10 hours. Finally a few of the local elite will punish their bodies in an all-out sprint to cross the finish line first and perhaps break the course record of 7 hours, 32 minutes.

Despite their differing goals, bicyclists also join the STP for its social value and the camaraderie of joining like-minded enthusiasts on a pilgrimage. An excitement exists in any sporting event of great magnitude, and for regional bikers, the STP and its throngs of riders highlight their bicycling season.

Typically, STP riders begin their training several months beforehand. One-day riders start with comfortable distances, and over the months they increase their mileage. From May to mid-June they'll pedal more than 150 miles on most weekends and ride 20 to 40 miles at a rapid pace several evenings a week. Also, they'll attempt one long ride (120-150 miles) a few weeks before June 24. They pray this distance will feel comfortable.

The two-day ride is well within the grasp of most recreational bicyclists. Throughout May, such riders pedal both Saturdays and Sundays, logging about 100 miles per weekend. In between, they ride a couple of evenings a week, covering 15 to 30 miles at a faster pace. In early June the weekend distances increase (130 to 150 miles are logged), and riders attempt at least one century (100-mile day).

Considering the training, time involved and length of the ride itself, it's surprising how many cyclists come out of the woodwork to tackle the STP. The scenic course partly explains the enthusiasm. But riders mainly come for the challenge of attempting a double century (200-mile ride), and they know the STP is one of the easier such rides. Only three major hills, one of them the bridge over the Columbia River at Longview, await the riders.

Because of the huge interest, the Cascade Bicycle Club limits participation. The group allowed 2,800 riders in 1985, 4,000 in 1986 and 5,000 in 1987. This summer the club hopes to run a safe and manageable event with 6,500 participants, although interest will far exceed the number of spots available.

Cyclists unsuccessful in obtaining official entry ride along as "renegades." These cyclists organize their own support vehicles to meet them at locations along the route. Others who can't join the parade officially ride counter-traffic to reduce congestion and observe the oncoming spectacle.

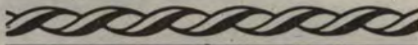
Still others apply early for the next year's STP and prefer to ride the RSVP (Ride from Seattle to Vancouver, British Columbia) instead. Scheduled Aug. 12-14 this year, the RSVP is just as long and is even less known to the public than the STP.

For more information about the STP, contact a local performance bicycle dealer or call the STP hotline at (206) 547-7770. For information about the Seattle to Vancouver ride, contact the Cascade Bicycle Club, (206) 522-BIKE.

NW

FACE LIFT

for a Border Town



By LEWIS GREEN

Blaine's fishermen display their badges for anyone willing to notice: sun- and wind-weathered faces, the knee-high rubber boots that keep their feet dry.

Once, these men and women anchored the local economy in this northwest corner of Washington, within hollering distance of British Columbia. But times have changed. Today they wander the docks and tell romantic tales as they gaze across the narrow channel to a finger of land that illustrates the story even better than their words can.

At the end of the mile-long spit is the old cannery, where many of them

LEWIS GREEN is a Seattle travel writer whose most recent contribution to Northwest Magazine described the Long Beach peninsula.

exchanged their knowledge of the sea for cash. Now the smells and sounds of fishing are gone, replaced by gentrification. These days the only fish landing on the spit are those caught aboard charters or those being served in sauce at

The Resort Semiahmoo.

Amid the old tin-sided buildings that still stand lie an elegant four-story hotel, a 250-slip marina and a number of condominiums. A shopping mall taking its theme from the old fishing village is on the drawing boards, while in the woods nearby, an Arnold Palmer golf course wends its way through the evergreens, and developers are erecting new houses with views of the links.

The Semiahmoo (pronounced Sem-ee-ah-moo) Master Plan predicts that by 1990 some 2,000 seasonal and permanent residents will occupy the resort, doubling the population of this border town.

The face lift is dramatic. Once a strictly working-class community, Blaine now is a place coming face to face with a new reality, the evolution of the town from blue collar to pink. The arrival of Semiahmoo is yet another testimony to the strength of the service sector and the weakening of manufacturing in the national economy.

The evolution marks another leg up in the Northwest's ambition to make tourism a major industry. For it has produced Washington's most ambitious resort to date, a destination on a par with Salishan in Oregon. The Inn at Semiahmoo, a 200-room, Cape Cod-style hotel that is the focal point of the resort, opened last year.

The inn wraps L-shaped around a parking lot spruced up with manicured lawns, flower gardens and young trees. The view from the entrance is expansive: Beyond the masts of sloops and schooners bobbing in the marina, the sun strikes the glaciers on Mount Baker.

A sliver of beach carpeted with rocks, shells and battered logs lies on the hotel's back side. From the sea grass, a lawn rises to overlook Semiahmoo Bay. Here guests gather on a bricked patio or stroll between the putting green and croquet court. At a distance, Blaine's fishing fleet slips silently between the resort and the hills of White Rock, British Columbia, on the far shore. The Gulf Islands form a hazy blue roll along the horizon.

Inside the hotel, the living is gracious. The lobby is spacious, reflecting the open surroundings found outside. Light woods — pine, fir and hemlock — have been used for the flooring and in the pillars, open beams and a stairway that sweeps upward to the second level. Nine meeting rooms confirm that convention business is welcome here, but there's plenty to lure the individual traveler as well.

Service at the front desk is mostly young and inexperienced, as it is throughout the hotel, producing some delays and responses that seem more folksy than sophisticated. But ready smiles and an eagerness for small talk soften these inefficiencies.

A gourmet restaurant, Stars, is designed around steak and seafood, and more casual dining at dinner-time is offered in the R&R. Additionally, Packers Oyster Bar & Lounge, a good place for a well-made drink and quick food, occupies one of the original cannery structures overlooking the bay.

The fitness facilities are exceptional, including an indoor-outdoor swimming pool, indoor and outdoor tennis courts, squash and racquetball courts, a weight training room, an aerobics area, an indoor running track, saunas, steam rooms, tanning booths and a spa. For golf and boating, 50 percent of the tee times and 40 percent of the slips are reserved for the hotel.

As for the rooms themselves, country decor predominates, with print wallpaper, rattan chairs and pine armoires. Forty rooms feature fireplaces.

To the casual observer, the mornings seem much the same as they were before the arrival of the resort. Purse seiners and gill netters slip through the fog of Semiahmoo Bay, going through the rituals of commercial fishing. Meanwhile, local cafés percolate with the law enforcement types that are also a big part of the local scene, what with the border just a few miles down the road. British Columbians make this a "two cash-drawer town" (one for U.S. currency, the other for Canadian), adding an ever-so-slight international flavor.

Blaine began changing about 1974. Until then, the bluest of Blaine's collars detoured onto Drayton Harbor Road for the 10-minute drive to the spit. Once there, they packed and labeled salmon and repaired boats and machinery for Alaska Packers.

That year, however, the company left, and so did the jobs. Lately, fishing hasn't been so great, either, threatening a general exodus among Blaine's young. Amid such hints of bad times ahead, developers — in general — and Atlas

Please turn to page 25



PETER CAPEN

The once-sleepy fishing community of Blaine, Wash., near the Canadian border, is being transformed by The Resort Semiahmoo, a luxury hotel, condos, a marina and golf course.

Boomerang aficionado Doug DuFresne lets fly with one of his homemade beauties.

Many Happy Returns

WELCOME TO THE BOOMERANG CRAZE.



The odder the achievement, the better. Toss a boomerang a few seconds before midnight on New Year's Eve and it'll come back to you the next year. A boomerang launched in one spot in New Mexico can travel through Arizona, Utah and Colorado before returning to New Mexico. Boomerang throwers love that kind of stuff.

Ten years ago, Doug DuFresne and a few friends tried to throw a boomerang around the base of Seattle's Rainier Bank Building. None of their boomerangs could circle the building. So they tried to whip one around the base of the Space Needle. But their low-tech boomerangs kept hooking back, smashing into the elevator shaft. Soon, DuFresne started making his own boomerangs.

.....

**WRITTEN BY PETER CARLIN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA E. OLSEN**

Doug DuFresne likes to play catch. Sometimes he brings friends along, but in a summer dusk he also likes to play alone.

As the last wisps of the day's breeze ruffle the trees at Gabriel Park in Southwest Portland, the lanky, bearded 42-year-old windmills his pitching arm for a few minutes, loosening the shoulder muscles. Checking the direction and strength of the breeze, he picks up one of his homemade boomerangs, points himself at a right angle to the wind and lets it fly. The boomerang soars end-over-end for 40 yards, cuts a sharp turn to the

left and mounts an elliptical swoop back to where DuFresne stands. He reaches out and claps his hands together horizontally, catching the boomerang and ending the flight.

The boomerang — like Richard Nixon and the Monkees — has returned.

On still summer evenings, DuFresne may spend as many as five hours working his boomerangs. Even on this spring afternoon with its quirky winds, angry black clouds and rain showers, he perseveres, practicing the "Fast Catch," a boomerang tournament event in which competitors are clocked throwing and catching a boomerang five times at lightning speed. DuFresne once held the world's record in Fast Catch and unofficially has broken the current

PETER CARLIN is a Portland free-lance writer who contributes regularly to Northwest Magazine. His most recent article was a profile of Spencer Beebe. DANA E. OLSEN is Northwest Magazine's staff photographer.

record in practice with a time of slightly more than 18 seconds.

Just as DuFresne bears down for another attempt, two neighborhood boys approach. "Whoa, are those boomerangs?" asks the 11-year-old. "Can I try one?" his younger brother chimes in.

"Sit down and watch for 20 minutes or so," DuFresne answers. "See how I do it; then we'll give you a shot."

The boys retreat to the edge of the field. Once they're out of earshot, DuFresne outlines his theory on free lessons. "The kids who stand and watch for a while without saying anything... I'll invite them to come and try," he says. "Before I teach, I want to be sure they're interested in learning, not just in having the experience."

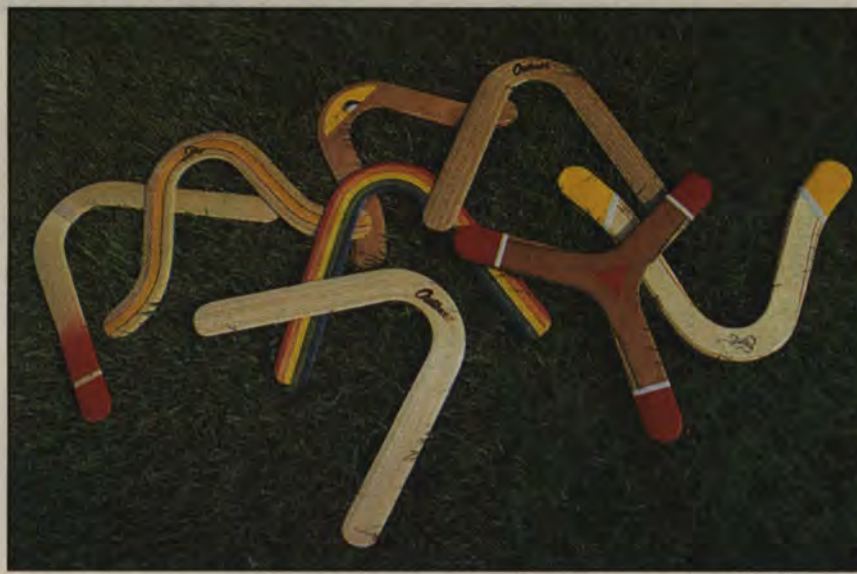
DuFresne sounds both stern and apologetic. He doesn't want to be a grump — he just doesn't like to waste his time.

When that flat little curved stick whistles and soars back in its queerly accurate orbit, a boomeranger feels a little like the Sun King, creator of a one-planet solar system of which he or she is the center. If the wind is steady and the arm accurate, a boomeranger can throw for hours without moving his feet. DuFresne mastered that sort of control a long time ago, but then wanted more. Not content with being a mere Sun King, he went on to re-invent, in effect, the entire solar system.

First he changed the way boomerangs are made. Many boomerangers consider DuFresne's Outback line, which he makes in his basement workshop, to be the finest mass-produced boomerangs in the nation, if not in the world. "Everything Doug makes is of exceptionally high quality," says Ben Ruhe of Washington, D.C., the author of two books about boomerangs and a man fans credit with starting the boomerang renaissance in this country. "Doug makes them so novices can get good performance without perfect throws," he says. "Everyone in the sport is in his debt."

DuFresne went on to re-organize the entire sport. In 1986, as chairman of the U.S. Boomerang Association Rules Committee, he headed up the re-writing of the association's rules for competition, changing them from a relatively vague set of guidelines to a precise, all-purpose bible of competitive boomeranging.

DuFresne also is one of the world's finest competitive boomerang throwers. In addition to the world record he set in Fast Catch at the 1981 international tournament in Australia,



DuFresne's boomerang designs have won a devoted national audience. Some of his creations are, clockwise from left, Fast Catch II, Oregon Hat, Tern, Outback II, Tri-blader, Chinook, Outback II (made of ash) and a basswood Outback II.

lia, DuFresne owns up to winning "at least three" of the annual Portland Boomerang Tournaments held over the last 10 years. In national tournaments he regularly places high both in the maximum time aloft competition (MTA) and in distance throwing. In August, he will be a member of the team representing the United States at the 1988 international competition in Australia.

The nucleus of the DuFresne galaxy is the basement workshop where he designs and makes his Outback Boomerangs. As he presides over his tools and machines, DuFresne wears old loafers, stained green work pants and a short-sleeved work shirt. A surgeon's mask and cap guard against sawdust, and headset-style ear muffs deaden the noise of sanding and sawing.

DuFresne spends up to 60 hours a week in the workshop, although the pristine room that greets him at the bottom of the stairs each morning gives no indication of such heavy use. The qualities of man and space long since have merged: Both are tidy and strictly utilitarian.

Chest-high stacks of abandoned boomerangs stand in almost every corner of the basement. Some have been dismissed for aesthetic reasons: small knots, inconsistencies in the grain. Others are victims of poorly glued veneer, barbaric bandsaws or structural faults. DuFresne estimates that over the years he has thrown out some 4,500 boomerangs, about three out of every 10 he's started.

Except for the gluing of the veneer and the initial sawing and trimming of the rough boomerang shapes, DuFresne himself does all the design-

ing, sorting, branding, cutting, sanding, painting, testing, packing and shipping. He also designed and built most of the innovative equipment in his shop. He has considered expanding the business but is dubious about how hiring other people might affect his product. He's proud of the fact that he personally throws each finished Outback boomerang to ensure that it will fly out and back as promised.

"I used to throw and catch each boomerang I made," he says. "Now I just throw 'em. I usually keep about four in the air at once." Were his old standards too strict? "It was a nice thing to say I'd thrown and caught them all," he concludes. "But no one ever asked."

Although DuFresne hadn't meant to inconvenience anyone, in 1961 the coach kicked him off the high school football team anyway. As a sophomore, DuFresne thought playing for the Roseburg Indians was a big deal, but an even bigger deal was to go deer-hunting with his dad. Assuming that no one would miss him if he skipped practices, he cut out for a week and a half. Coach Roy Thompson took a dim view of that attitude and, when his errant young tackle returned, informed him that the varsity squad no longer needed his athletic services.

DuFresne returned to play football during his junior and senior years, but after practice he preferred to go his own way, developing the sense of discipline that allowed him to play varsity football while carrying the hardest academic load Roseburg High had to offer — and getting better grades than ever before.

After studying engineering at Ore-

gon State University, DuFresne joined the Navy as a line officer. In 1971, when his ship docked in Australia to refuel, he spent a day's liberty on a tour that ended with a barbecue and a demonstration of some aboriginal boomerang-throwing. DuFresne hunkered down on the dry Australian ground, hypnotized by the phenomenon of ancient aerodynamics swooping and whistling above him. As a souvenir he bought a handmade aboriginal boomerang, planning to learn someday how to make it come back.

Finishing his tour of duty in late 1971, DuFresne moved back to Roseburg. Within a year or so, he began a 14-year relationship with Skagit Steel and Iron Works as a design engineer for heavy logging and oil production equipment with the Skagit Logging Equipment Co. His job sent him to logging camps throughout the Northwest, troubleshooting for clients and reviewing the effectiveness of Skagit's various swing yarders and portable spars.

DuFresne admits that his eagerness to correct problems may have irritated some of his customers' employees. "I'm sure the guys thought I was just the company man with his ears shut," he says with a shrug. "But I did listen to them. When I got back to Skagit, I'd bring a list of things we were doing wrong — they thought I was biased towards the customers."

Meanwhile, his boomerang hung on a wall at his home. Occasionally he would head down to the park to try to learn how to throw it correctly. But without good directions he found the curious little stick unwilling to make the return flight back into his hands. After an hour or so of trial and error, the boomerang would go back on the wall for another year.

Then, in 1976, a Seattle friend who knew how to throw boomerangs took DuFresne to a park on Queen Anne Hill, and within half an hour, DuFresne mastered the ancient art. Five years after he saw his first boomerang, he was hooked for good. Soon he was taking his growing collection of boomerangs on the road with him, throwing them whenever he had an hour or two of daylight to himself.

At a Seattle party DuFresne met two dedicated boomerangers, Ally Fujino and Ben Ruhe. Ruhe, then a public relations officer with the Smithsonian Institution, was in Seattle to give a speech about boomerangs at the University of Washington. The next afternoon when the three went out throwing together, DuFresne felt he had been patched into the American boomerang network.

DuFresne kept up a strict regimen, throwing five days a week as he trained to qualify for the U. S.

team heading to the 1981 World Championships in Australia. The tournaments went unexpectedly well for the Americans: DuFresne set his world's record in Fast Catch, and his teammates combined efforts to win four out of five, bringing the championship cup to America for the first time.

More important for DuFresne, the trip allowed him to visit with Australian boomerang makers and observe their techniques. Most of the Aussies used a 45-degree shaper bit, with a blade rotating on the top, to form the wings of their boomerangs, and they had to complete the precise cutting of the edges by hand with a sanding machine. Figuring he could improve on the production method, DuFresne returned home with the first sketches of the sophisticated triple router-and-shaper equipment he uses today.

The first prototypes of his Outback boomerangs came out of DuFresne's workshop in June 1982. Although he had no idea of selling them, he sent a model to Ruhe, who was impressed enough to coax the engineer into allowing him to market Outback boomerangs in his mail-order boomerang catalog. Then the Smithsonian chose DuFresne's boomerangs for its Christmas catalog, and by mid-1984 the engineer found that his retailers' demand for boomerangs exceeded the 400 a year he managed to make during weekend hours. It was time to make a break.

Anticipating company layoffs at Skagit, DuFresne became a full-time professional boomerang maker in 1985. He divides his time between designing, making and testing his boomerangs and keeping up his form for the 1988 World Championship competitions. When Miller Beer needed a boomerang expert to help promote their Australian Matilda Bay Wine Coolers, they called DuFresne.

These days, DuFresne turns out about 9,000 boomerangs a year, divided among the seven models currently available. In the development stage are several other models, two of them made from plastic.

And as much as he enjoys the privacy of his basement workshop, DuFresne relishes seeing his name



When DuFresne talks fast-catch, he not just a-woofin': He hurls a boomerang, top photo, then spins around just in time to catch the return.

going out in the world in those boxes of boomerangs. His wife, Diane, calls him a closet extrovert.

The two neighborhood boys still sit on the damp grass, their heads swinging in unison, their eyes following the path of the boomerangs arcing through the air.

On a Gabriel Park baseball diamond, DuFresne is testing a pile of his latest achievement, Fast Catch II, a light (1.5 ounce), fast (2.5-second return) model made of basswood. The only fast catch model currently being mass-produced, it was named the 1987 Boomerang of the Year by Many Happy Returns, the boomerangers' newsletter. The outfield of this baseball field looks like autumn on a planet of boomerang trees: Like fallen leaves, little brown-and-red objects are all over the place.

Emptyhanded finally, DuFresne jogs around the field picking up the boomerangs. The good ones — the ones that whipped by close to his head — have landed around second base in a cluster with a 30-foot radius. Later he'll retest the ones that landed closer to home plate or center field. If they still don't come back to an appropriate spot, he'll examine them for warps, perhaps flattening them by hand after softening them up in his microwave oven for a half-minute or so.

Scanning the field for more boomerangs, DuFresne's eyes fall on the two boys, still peering back at him. He beckons them — "OK, you guys."

DuFresne picks up an Outback II, one of the models he makes for beginners. Handing it to the older boy, he shows him the correct grip and explains proper throwing technique: "Now, throw it just like you would a fastball. . . ." The boy runs to pick up the boomerang, winds up and lets fly. The boomerang flies end-over-end for 25 yards, hooks to the left and ellipses back toward the young thrower. His eyes widen as he watches the boomerang fall at his feet.

"Awesome!" DuFresne smiles a placid Sun King smile and hands the boomerang to the smaller boy. "Now, grip it like this and just throw it like you would a fastball. . . ." NW

Boomerangs and Roses

The 1988 Portland Rose Festival program will include a boomerang tournament at noon Saturday, June 18, at Gabriel Park, Southwest 45th Avenue and Vermont Street. Another tournament, its site not yet determined, is planned for Aug. 14, according to Doug DuFresne.

With the U.S. Boomerang Association, Outback

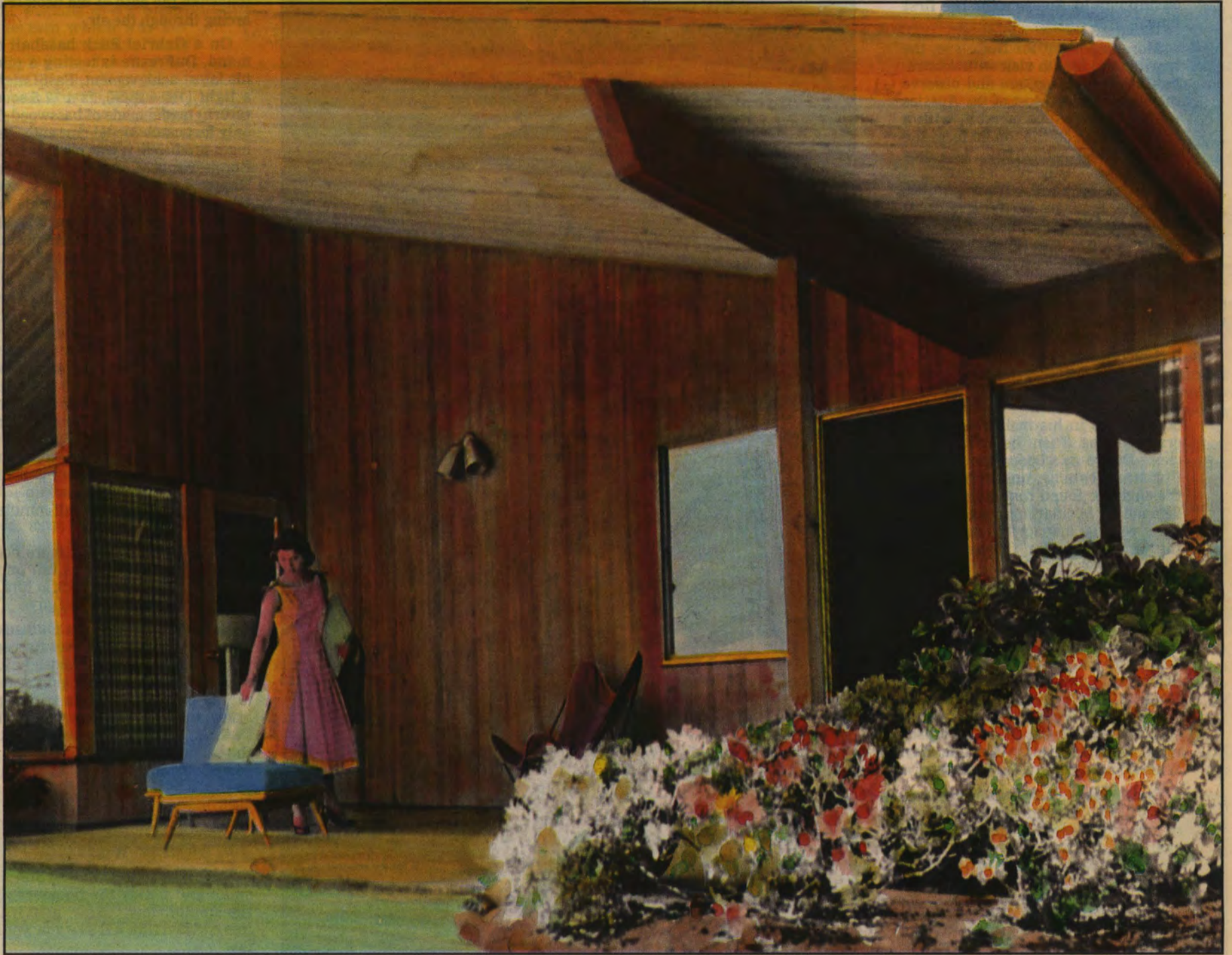
Boomerangs is co-sponsoring a tournament Sept. 18 at the Five Oaks School in Beaverton. DuFresne expects the tournament, "Summer's Final Fling," to attract not only the United States' finest competitors but also boomerang throwers from Australia and Germany.

Additional information about the tournaments may be obtained by calling DuFresne, (503) 292-4316.

Outback Boomerangs, which range in size from 12 to 15 inches tip-to-tip and in price from \$15 to \$20, are distributed to sporting goods stores in the

Northwest through AG Industries Inc., a Bellevue, Wash., marketing firm. DuFresne also sells the boomerangs through his own mail-order service. For an illustrated catalog, write to Outback Boomerangs, P.O. Box 25577, Portland, OR 97225. The boomerangs will be offered for sale from special displays June 12 at the Galleria.

For general boomerang information and other supply sources, write to the U.S. Boomerang Association, c/o Tom Tuckerman, 55 Barrett Road, No. 333, Berea, OH 44017.



Progressive ideas figure prominently in Van Evera Bailey's homes. Rustic and refined exteriors, photo above, involve dramatic wood construction. Bailey's kitchens, far right, are well-preserved blasts from the past, a living study of '50s lifestyle. Bailey's homes — like others in the Northwest Regional Style — have a sense of place. The living room of a Neskowin beach house, right, also features leading-edge design: built-in furniture.

HOMING INSTINCTS

The Legacy of Van Evera Bailey

By Terry Ross

He wasn't what you would call one of those sensitive artist types. Portland architect Van Evera Bailey — who died in 1980 and is often grouped with John Yeon and Pietro Belluschi as a developer of the Northwest Regional Style — was a rugged, hard-drinking, often quarrelsome extrovert. He was also a gifted, prolific self-promoter and Portland's most sought-after residential architect in the '50s and early '60s. Today, the principles that ruled Bailey's design — progressive ideas, practical application and organic elegance — still play a significant role in shaping the local architectural landscape.

Northwest Regional Style never has been as clearly defined as Frank Lloyd Wright's Prairie Style or Richard Neutra's International Style. But it certainly favors organic materials over man-made and strives to use designs that show sensitivity to the outdoor environment and blend harmoniously into the landscape. And before it existed, building in the Pacific Northwest featured an eclectic mix of styles. With the Northwest Regional Style, houses took on a sense of place.

The main features of Yeon's Watzek House (1937) and Belluschi's Jennings Sutor house (1938) — two seminal Northwest style buildings — are wood construction inside and out; peaked roofs covered with shingles or shakes; large living rooms with the tallest walls

TERRY ROSS is a Portland free-lance writer and arts administrator. This is his first appearance in Northwest Magazine. Photos from the Oregon Historical Society have been hand-colored by WERNER BITTNER, a staff artist for The Oregonian.

in glass; and deep, overhanging eaves. To these elements Bailey added significant structural refinements. He was the first to revive the pioneer technique of assembling floors and roofs of rough 2-by-6s laminated on end, eliminating the need for joists, rafters, sub-flooring and heavy insulation. To adapt houses to Portland's hills he devised delicate-looking — but deceptively strong — umbrellas of wood stilts grounded in concrete pyramids. A resourceful builder widely considered an expert on construction materials, Bailey also designed sliding wooden window frames before cheap aluminum ones came into vogue.

Bailey's greatest innovation, however, was more conceptual: He was the first local architect to fully incorporate the automobile into housing design, bringing the middle-class fixation on cars to custom-built homes for Portland's emerging elite, people such as Lee Hoffman, John Gray and Bill Naito. Yeon's and Belluschi's patrician designs ignored the car; Bailey's acknowledged and even emphasized it. A child of his time, Bailey grasped intuitively

that in America's post-World War II boom the car had become *the* national symbol of prestige, a possession to be displayed proudly in an open carport, not concealed behind garage doors. Bailey's carports and driveways were integral to even his most expensive homes, and he sometimes gave them ingenious touches, as in the Dixon house (1952) on Southwest Fairmount Boulevard, where the remarkable semicircular driveway, mounted on stilts, is made of laminated bentwood 2-by-6s. Seen from below, it resembles a gigantic ship's hull.

But Bailey left his mark on the region by designing well-sited houses of elegant simplicity. He wasted little effort on rooms where people seek privacy: His bedrooms and bathrooms are monkish cells, without character or amenities. All Bailey's instincts were social; his communal spaces are his masterpieces. To walk through one of these rooms is to realize how few improvements have been made in kitchen and living room design over the past 30 years. The rugged touch is there in the unfinished cedar ceilings and in the

expansive stone or Roman brick hearths, but otherwise these rooms are uncluttered and refined.

In the living rooms, huge windows barely break the line between high, peaked ceilings and generous exterior eaves, beneath which stretch slatted walkways on all sides. The spacious kitchens often are only partly separated from the living rooms, and, where the site allows, clerestory windows capture strong south and west light. With the exception of the relentless asphalt tile flooring, which was all the rage in the '50s, these rooms are timeless.

Bailey took pains in building as well, and his knowledge of materials enabled him to cut costs without sacrificing beauty. His contractors, Barnard and Kinney, employed master cabinet-makers for the built-in desks, dressers and cupboards that Bailey designed in oak or alderwood. The simplicity and quality of his construction show to best advantage in the beach houses that he built for himself and others at Nes-kowin, Neahkahnie and Salishan. In fact, Bailey's work can be seen as an incorporation of the rustic, uncomplicated features of seaside dwellings into everyday residential design.

Bailey's houses have worn well and have been respectfully, even reverently, maintained by their original and subsequent owners. Fortunately, because residential buildings are so difficult to study or even to see, Bailey left behind a generous collection of plans and photographs, available in the Oregon Historical Society's library. Until the definitive book on the Northwest Regional Style is written, these remain Bailey's enduring legacy. **NW**



Jet lag is more than an inconvenience — for the one in 10 passengers who fly regularly for business reasons, it can be debilitating. Consider the high-powered executive who's flown halfway around the globe, steps off the plane and — still groggy from flying — gives away the farm. More seriously, jet lag contributes to pilot fatigue, which is a serious safety issue.

And yet, jet lag has become as universal as colds. And like the common cold, regular exposure doesn't foster immunity. Further, research in prevention and cure for the jet-lag problem remains skimpy.

Skimpy, but on the increase. The airlines and NASA are not content to settle for folk remedies. Several extensive studies are in progress to help frequent fliers avoid or minimize the headaches, fatigue, muscle stiffness, disorientation and insomnia that result from crossing time zones too rapidly.

Researchers have developed a number of their own pet theories about antidotes — mental imaging, diet modifications, exercise, medications, sleep deprivation and other tactics. But little disagreement remains over the biological process that creates jet lag: Daily biological rhythms controlled by the brain's internal "clock" are disrupted — for several days or up to a week for extremely long flights.

Scientists are gaining greater understanding of how the daily rhythms — known as circadian — function by observing subjects who in essence suffer from permanent jet lag, people in whom the biological clock has gone askew. Heart rate, blood pressure, respiration and other body functions — which fluctuate throughout the day in normal individuals — are thrown off so that the person suffering from sleep disorders or a long flight experiences peaks and valleys at opposite times from the rest of the living. They may be wide awake at 2 a.m. and find getting up in the morning next to impossible.

One important cue that keeps the internal clock synchronized with the environment is natural sunlight. Dr. Alfred J. Lewy, a professor of psychiatry at Oregon Health Sciences University, showed that sunlight as perceived through the eye has a profound effect on behavior, mood and energy levels. The pineal gland, located near the hypothalamus portion of the brain, secretes a hormone called melatonin that helps us become drowsy and go to sleep when

CLIFF COLLINS is an Aloha writer who specializes in health issues. RODD AMBROSON is a Lake Oswego free-lance writer.



FREQUENT FLIERS' BONUS: Fatigue

By Cliff Collins

the sun goes down.

The work of Lewy and others in treating people who become depressed in winter by exposing them to intense light has led to therapies that use light to help avoid disruption in rhythms from jet travel and shift work. Lewy's theory proposing a bright-light exposure schedule for travelers, one which he himself uses when flying, has gained

wide acceptance. It works like this:

Once you arrive at your destination, getting out into the sunlight within the first day of arrival will hasten your adjustment to the new time zone. When traveling from west to east through six time zones or less, get outdoors in the morning. Conversely, when flying from east to west through no more than six time zones, get outside in the late after-

noon. Do this for at least the first day or so.

For eastward travel over six and up to 12 time zones, air travelers should avoid morning sunlight and should go out in the middle of the day. Far westward fliers should receive midday light and avoid late afternoon light. For trips of these distances, such as to Europe and back, it's best to observe these light schedules for several days after the journey. Doing so will speed internal rhythm adaptation and aid sleep, Lewy says.

Our internal clock tends to "free run" naturally if regular light schedules are disrupted. If test subjects are blind or put in caves for days at a time, their internal clock tends to run on a 25-hour day. Because the internal clock runs slower than the time the Earth takes to spin on its axis, lengthening the day by flying toward the sunset is easier on the body. Eastward flights have the opposite effect, usually making sleep more difficult.

Lewy warns that, even though the eye is the conduit for the regulatory functions light provides the body, you never should look directly at the sun. Being outside is all that's required to obtain the benefits. Even if the sky is overcast, outdoor light is many times brighter than most indoor light. Regular home and work lighting is not intense enough to provide the physiologically positive effects of sunlight.

Suggestions offered by other researchers also may help air passengers avoid jet lag:

- Start "living on Tulsa time" from the outset. That is, set your watch by the time it is at your destination and begin thinking from then on about what activities you would be doing if you were there already. Visualization can be employed here, allowing the unconscious mind to slow down or to speed up the body's biological rhythms.

- Dr. Charles Ehret of Chicago promotes an "anti-jet-lag diet" that has gained popularity. It's a complicated regimen that employs "feast" and "fast" days and begins three days before a lengthy flight. For details, see his 1983 book, "Overcoming Jet Lag."

- Walk around and stretch if you can and avoid stiffness by doing isometric exercises in your seat. Wear comfortable clothes, and bring along a set of earplugs and an eye mask to help you get to sleep.

- Caffeine and alcohol can exacerbate jet lag. Alcohol accelerates dehydration, and the high altitude intensifies its physiological effects. Consider water or juice, though, because the dry air in the cabin causes dehydration. **NW**

Although I long have considered myself a full-fledged Oregonian, at this time of year I keenly feel my essential foreignness. Unlike my native-born friends, I have no childhood recollections of spending dismal hours in the fields picking berries. Say what you like about berry-picking — and few of my friends have anything good to say about it — for generations it was a rite of passage.

The berry season is upon us again, and the unusually fine connoisseurship among natives of Oregon berries in every stage of their development is a wonder to behold. The Eskimos, I've heard, have some 25 different words for snow, so fine is their observation and delineation of the white stuff. The situation is similar for native Oregonians who have labored among the raspberry canes, blackberry brambles and huckleberry bushes. My friend Bob Johnson, a native who had such a boyhood, is scarred for life — in both senses — by the experience.

Johnson and I drink wine together, and while musing over the fine points of a good pinot noir, he can call to mind the most extraordinary distinctions of berry scents.

"This is similar to dusty raspberries picked too early," he might offer. Or, "This wine tastes a bit musty, like blackberries left too long on the vine." You get the idea.

I, on the other hand, am good only for finding such odd scents as tar, gravel and wet pavement.

Another mark of a true Oregon upbringing is a passion for huckleberries, which appear in August. Although I like huckleberries — that's what native Oregonians insist on calling wild blueberries — I am nowhere near as exhilarated by them as I am by strawberries and raspberries. Maybe the rapture huckleberries evoke has something to do with the memories of camping trips that always seemed to be a joint endeavor along with huckleberrying.

But my moments come now

MATT KRAMER is a Portland food and wine writer. PAT McLELLAND is a staff artist for The Oregonian.

and for the next month or so, when the strawberries and raspberries are in their glory and wild blackberries are soon to follow. I've never tired of eating Oregon strawberries, and the prospect of their arrival enables me to skip past those monstrous California versions without a whimper.

As for raspberries, I have said it before and believe that it cannot be said too often: Oregon grows the greatest raspberries in the world, bar none. They remain one of the last delicacies, like exquisitely subtle jokes: To appreciate them you really have to be there. In an age where so-called fresh fish are transported thousands of

are no less good, maybe even better, than in more complicated offerings. One of the great strawberry desserts, for example, goes by the uninspiring name of Eton Mess, named Eton, I imagine, for the English boarding school of the same name. An Eton Mess is nothing more than fresh strawberries mashed with a fork and combined with sweetened whipped cream.

The late James Beard liked an improbable-sounding strawberry preparation that — like the old line about Wagner's music, it's better than it sounds — is indeed better than it really tastes. The dish is simply ripe strawberries with freshly

THE CANE SCRUTINY

By MATT KRAMER

miles, the richly scented and fragile Oregon raspberry is as delicate and untransportable as a dandelion puff.

The inevitable end for berries is dessert, although they do find their way successfully into such foods as corn muffins — very good with raspberries mixed into the batter — or as a topping on unnumbered cereals or with waffles and the like. Concocted from berries, too, are cold soups, for which I can't say I've yet developed a taste.

The greatness of berries is that even when prepared in the simplest possible manner, they

ground black pepper sprinkled over them. Whoever first thought of such a combination was an adventurous eater, to say the least.

I like my berry dishes a bit more traditional, and the recipe that follows surely is that. French in origin and impressively easy to make, the berry gratin is a classic country dish of simple and memorable goodness.

BERRY GRATIN

Ingredients (serves 4):

3 large egg yolks



- 1 to 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons heavy whipping cream
- 3/4 pound fresh raspberries, strawberries or blackberries, hulled and rinsed
- Softened vanilla ice cream or sweetened whipped cream to serve alongside

In a heavy saucepan set over low heat, or in the top half of a double boiler placed over simmering water, combine the egg yolks, confectioners' sugar and heavy cream and beat with an electric mixer until the mixture is thick and a pale lemon

color, about 5 minutes.

Preheat the broiler and arrange the shelf so that it is about 5 inches from the heat source.

Place the berries in a single layer in a shallow, heatproof pan that is just large enough to hold them. The classic gratin dish is white porcelain. Drizzle the egg mixture as evenly as possible over the berries. Slide the dish under the broiler and heat for 1 to 2 minutes, or until the egg mixture has glazed. Serve immediately with softened vanilla ice cream or sweetened whipped cream alongside. KW

In Search of a Proper Work Space

By Andy Rocchia

Gardeners have plenty to do these days, and most of them manage to get from one task to another without wasting too much time and energy.

But a comfortable, functional space in which to tend to the garden's nitty-gritty — mixing

sprays, putting a new coupling on the hose, repotting an overgrown clivia and so forth — makes the work much more pleasant. For such jobs, a wheelbarrow barely makes the grade.

If using something akin to a wheelbarrow has been your *modus operandi*, take the time this weekend to scout about for an area, either indoors or out, that will make a proper work space, preferably a place that is screened from the showier, more presentable parts of the garden.

The space should be sheltered and big enough to accommodate a workbench that can be set under the eaves of an outbuilding. It should offer a wall on which shelves can be hung for much-used items such as bottles of liquid fertilizer, a bag of slug bait, pruners and plant ties. And beneath the bench there should be room for other materials — peat moss and other soil amendments — that won't be affected by a bit of damp.

If no such space can be found, here's an expedient, summery solution: Put a picnic table or portable folding patio table at some fairly central point in the garden. If the table can be put under a tree that provides some shade with foliage so thick that the locale is rain-free, all the better.

Such a setup has obvious disadvantages, but one advantage is that a little spilled dirt or puddles of water won't matter. All you will have to do is hose off the table once you have finished working.

Making More

Every month sees an opportunity to make more of favorite plants. Back in February, for example, you could have increased your supply of hostas and day lilies by gently but firmly pulling apart or taking the knife to those "mother" plants out in the borders. At that time the roots were still in a dormant condition, and the divided plants would have recovered quickly.

The end of June and most of July are good times to divide various perennials that flower early and then go dormant. Bearded irises and other sorts of irises can be lifted once they have finished flowering. Bleeding hearts, Oriental poppies and hellebores

ANDY ROCCHIA is *The Oregonian's* garden writer. Additional Rocchia gardening tips frequently appear in *The Oregonian's* Friday Living section.



Most outdoor work spaces require a bit of screening. . . .

Northwest/DANA E. OLSEN

may be divided later in the summer.

Right now, root-layering many shrubs is easy. The best candidates are those that tend to produce lanky limbs near ground level: cotoneasters, daphne, rhododendrons, both ordinary and sasanqua camellias, buddleia, forsythia, spireas and viburnum.

Make a slit — not more than an inch or so in length — halfway through the lower side of the stem to be layered. Treat the slit portion to a hormone rooting powder; then lay it on the ground and cover it with soil. Attach the tip of the stem to a stake set vertically alongside the plant. Roots eventually will grow from the slit. If the branch is strong and springy, weight the dirt-covered portion with a rock or brick.

Come summer's end, check for root formation. If rooting has

been substantial, cut the layered portion from the plant. Let the new plant remain in the same site over winter; transplant it in a permanent location next spring.

Turf Tip

About a month ago, most lawns were growing so rapidly that if the mower didn't have a grass-catcher attached, the clippings had to be raked up. Heavy layers of clippings could have smothered the turf.

But from now through the rest of the summer, if clippings are short they will not smother the grass; leaving them where they fall may be OK. They can be a valuable source of fertilizer. The growing grass plants contain all the basic fertilizer elements that gardeners applied to their lawns

early this spring, but when clippings are removed, some of that fertilizer goes, too.

Contrary to popular opinion, grass clippings don't add to thatch buildup, which actually comes from old, decaying plant stems and roots that the grass plants have outgrown.

If you still prefer to bag clippings, however, recycle them by spreading them on the compost pile.

Clippings can be used as a mulch if they have been well-rotted, which takes about two weeks. If the lawn was treated earlier to a "weed & feed" type of fertilizer, don't put the clippings on the flower beds or dump them in the vegetable garden.

Rose Longevity

As cut flowers some roses keep better than others. According to research gathered for *The Florists' Review*, roses with either small, glossy leaves or stiff petals last longest, perhaps because their rates of water loss or transpiration are low.

Lavender and yellow roses tend to have the shortest vase life. Cut-rose longevity also depends on cutting at the proper time. Cutting is best done when the buds are barely cracking. After cutting, keep the stems in water at all times. If recutting is necessary, do it under water.

Better Tubers, Roots

Growing the perfect vegetable is difficult. Some produce looks as though it came directly from Dr. Frankenstein's lab: too hot-tasting, woody-textured radishes and hairy carrots with forked roots that are bitter-tasting, to boot.

Root crops such as these must be sown in well-prepared, enriched soil. Be careful about feeding, though. Fresh manure on beets causes the overly lush green growth. A lack of potassium causes carrots to be bitter, but sunscald on the shoulders of the carrot will produce bitterness, too. Fresh manure causes hairiness and forked roots.

Carrots will have better color if dried, pulverized cow manure is sprinkled along the rows when the seedlings are about 5 inches tall. Wood ashes are a quick source of potassium; sprinkle them in a very thin layer over the seedbed.

Radishes go bad when they don't get enough water in hot weather. NW

Enjoy
The
Lazy
Days
of
Summer

In An Old Fashioned
Glider Swing!

Seats Four

ONLY \$695⁰⁰

(Delivered and Assembled in Portland Area)

Call Mark At: 644-3730

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

STARK STREET
LAWN & GARDEN EQUIP.
SINCE 1965

Professional Sales &
Service For Quality Outdoor
Power Equipment.

• LAWNMOWERS • CHAINSAWS
• TRACTORS • TILLERS • CHIPPER/
SHREDDERS • TRIMMER/
BRUSHCUTTER • BLOWERS & MORE
Trades Welcome

TORO STIHL HONDA

Ariens ECHO SNAPPER

"SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY"

255-5393
11827 S.E. STARK STREET

HOLGATE CENTER
IS A NURSING
CARE COMPLEX



WE OFFER

Quality nursing care for the elderly. The center has a place for your loved ones. For details please call, write or visit at your convenience.

3320 S.E. HOLGATE PORT., OR. 97202
PHONE 231-1411

Garden Checklist

- Investigate the need for more stakes or even twiggy sticks around chrysanthemums, New England asters, peonies and dahlias.
- Give petunias and other recently set-out annuals a feeding with an all-purpose fertilizer.
- Spray roses with a fungicide such as Funginex to control black spot.
- Remember to keep thinning out sowings of radishes, carrots and lettuce at the early stages of their development.
- If you can tolerate the looks of it, lay down a black plastic mulch around tomatoes. Leave a large enough opening around the plants so that they can be watered adequately. The plastic will act as a mulch to retain soil moisture and also will hold a substantial amount of warmth.

Home Plan

Comfortable living describes this 1,558-square-foot house. The spacious, two-story entry, with a window and a plant shelf, offers easy access to the vaulted living and dining rooms. The living room also features an optional fireplace and a bay window that overlooks a covered porch. The roomy kitchen flows into the family room. Centrally located on the main floor are a powder room and garage access.

Upstairs are a utility area, two bedrooms, which share a full bath, and a master bedroom with its own bathroom.

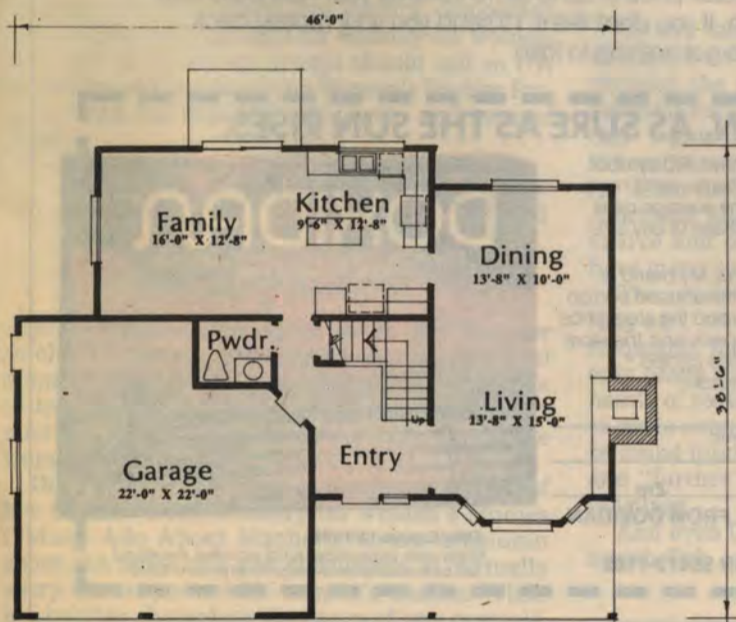
Address inquiries about plan No. 1558 to J.G. Dahlquist, 14111 S.E. 14th St., Vancouver, WA 98684. The price for a set of five plans is \$195. Please add \$5 for postage. Each additional copy is \$15. Plan books are available for \$3.



Plan No. 1558

1,558 square feet

Home plan furnished by
AMERICAN INSTITUTE
OF BUILDING DESIGN
Oregon Chapter



Save 33% On
Stainmaster® Carpet...



Then Enjoy It Free Until 1989!

Kick off your shoes, wiggle your toes and feel the soft comfort of new Dupont Stainmaster® Carpet under your feet. Now through June 30, you can save 33% on the finest carpeting made, in 300 colors and styles at Design Linens.

Then for the rest of the year, you'll enjoy deferred billing.

No deposit, no payments, no interest until 1989.

Choose from berbers, velours, friezes, sculptures, textures, shags and more. All specially treated to fight stains. And all on sale now.

Luxurious Trevira® Plush sale prices start at just \$16.99/yard, **including** our superior installation and premium pad, guaranteed as long as you own your home. Custom-coloring on deep, rich plush carpet starts at just \$29.99/yard installed.

Give us a call for your free at-home appointment: (503) 223-5070. Then kick up your heels and enjoy 33% savings on Stainmaster Carpet - and no payments until 1989.

Installed prices are slightly higher on orders under 30 yds., and does not include stairs, upholstery and removal of old carpet. Custom colors have 60 yd. minimum. Copies of all warranties are available upon request from our decorators or by mail. Credit terms require credit approval.

SHOP-AT-HOME
FOR CUSTOM CARPET AND
WINDOW COVERINGS.
CALL (503) 223-5070
FOR FREE APPT.

Design
LINENS

Beaverton • Clackamas • Gresham • Portland

A Country Way

If we leave Coos County fair before dark,
I'll show you a way to the beach by back roads.
We'll exit at the carny's game,
Roar past the gatekeeper on your Harley
And head toward Lampa Mountain,
Snake up the shadow side
Down the sunbathed west side
No traffic in our way —
A straight shot.

I'll know exactly where we are.
Just when you'll think we're about to hit
Highway 42,
We'll veer off to Rosa's orchard,
Slip through the loose fence.
You'll grab two apples
And some wild cherries
To eat as we ride Prosper Road.
We'll lick juice from our finger tips
And watch the valley widen
Toward the river's mouth,
Imagining how it empties into the ocean.
At sunset we'll stop at sand dunes.
We'll walk hip-to-hip over the sea wall
To the crash and slow
Roll of the Pacific
Spread clear to Japan.

Virginia Corrie-Cozart
Salem

Wind

I know wind across grainfields
nodding, whipping,
cutting circles. I know
windwhistles
blowing window-rhythms, shaking
my fear,
and orange butterfly nudged
from flower-rest.
I know wind's deviate way of stealing
debris, scattering
broken pieces; dancing
carnal skirts; exploring
under, into dark moist places;
around
and around, a carousel
humming happiness,
around
and around humming grief —
the nomad
milling around objects,
then trolley riding without goodbye.

Joanne Stevens Sullivan
Portland

Mute Voices of the Past

I cannot purge your key from my bright ring,
And enigmatically at last let go,
Because mute voices of the past still sing.

Both lock and love long, long ago took wing.
This key, still shining, has nowhere to go.
I cannot purge your key from my bright ring.

Keys tinkle like small bells whose clappers swing
In marching cadence to arouse the slow,
Because mute voices of the past still sing.

To never hold your key again would bring
Malaise abysmal, seeds of sorrow sow.
I cannot purge your key from my bright ring.

Though strong in almost everything, I cling
To gauzy scenes that tantalize and grow
Because mute voices of the past still sing.

Could this key be to lock my memories in,
Those iridescent moments with their glow?
I cannot purge your key from my bright ring
Because mute voices of the past still sing.

Carol Bond
Lake Oswego

The Dandy Deal from Doxidan®

STIMULANT/STOOL SOFTENER LAXATIVE



“Try Doxidan on me. Free.”

With gentle Doxidan, you'll feel better in the morning as sure as the sun rises. And I'm so sure you'll like it better than the laxative you're using now, I want you to try Doxidan on me. Free. *Jan*

Try Doxidan. Buy a 10-pack. I know you'll like it. So I'll send you a coupon worth the average retail price of up to \$2.10 towards your next purchase of any size Doxidan. If you don't like it, I'll send you your money back. Either way, you've got nothing to lose.

DOXIDAN. AS SURE AS THE SUN RISES.

- YES** I like Doxidan. Here's the UPC symbol from the Doxidan 10-pack. Please send me a coupon worth up to \$2.10 (the average retail price) towards my next purchase of any size Doxidan.
- NO** I like what I'm using now. My brand is _____. Here's the unused portion of Doxidan, the UPC symbol and the store price sticker from the Doxidan 10-pack and the store receipt with the purchase price circled.* Please send me my money back.

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: **THE DANDY DEAL FROM DOXIDAN**
P.O. BOX 7182,
Young America, MN 55473-7182



Offer Expires 12/31/88
*If the store price sticker is not included, the refund will be limited to the average retail price of \$2.10.

BEST BETS

Edited by Karen Brooks

All good outdoor summer concerts, like Tom Wolfe's fighter pilots and astronauts, take their measure from an elusive quality called "the right stuff." For the Alan Shepards and John Glenns it has to do with a casual disdain for fear and danger; for concert-goers, it has to do with an outright disdain for the pretentious and the predictable. Something raw — some communal and creative instinct — breaks loose in an open field palpitating with live, uninhibited music. The best concerts, then, succeed by paying close attention to atmosphere and innovation. And so you might say that the **Second Annual Alpine Concerts** — six musical events staged from **July 10-Aug. 28** in Welches, 20 miles from Mount Hood — has the right stuff. First, there's the admission: \$6 a head in advance — very friendly. We like it. Second is the inspired programming. Check out this **July 24** triple bill: **Beausoleil**, the high-voltage boys from the bayou; **Gatemouth Brown**, the raucous, red-hot Texas blues guitarist; and piano-man **Dr. John**, master of the Mardi Gras sound. Or the **Aug. 21** flash from the past: **Mason "Classical Gas" Williams** and **Ken Kesey**. Other concerts include the Preservation Hall Jazz Band (July 10), Riders In the Sky (July 31), the Chicago Chamber Brass Ensemble (Aug. 14) and the Lionel Hampton Big Band (Aug. 28). Shows are held on the Rippling River Resort golf course; tickets at the gate cost \$8. All concerts begin at 3 p.m. except for Lionel Hampton, who will appear in an evening performance at a special ticket price. For more information call (800) 452-4612.

TRACK AND FIELD: ONE MAN'S MEET

Some call him the local Kryptonite. Others call him the godfather of Oregon track and field and the creator of the state's first marathon. One thing is for sure: Ralph Davis, who recently retired as Portland State's head track-and-field coach, is not your average guy. He is — among other things — imaginative. As one former student tells it, "He was incredibly strong — 200 pounds and in his 50s. He'd do a handstand on a bench and then, in that position, do push-ups touching his nose." That's one way to keep the old workout routine from getting dull. Davis also is known for having keen organizational skills and a good eye for a good time. For this Olympic summer, he's putting on an event that takes a love of sports and of healthy competition as its *raison d'être* — the **Multnomah**

Athletic Club Invitational Track and Field Meet at Lincoln High School on Saturday, **July 16**. To enter this mini-Olympiad costs only \$1 — a shockingly low fee in a time when the pursuit of money is a sport in itself. Among the 12 track and five field events is something for everyone, from superstars to high school hopefuls. Even spectators won't be able to get away with sitting on the sidelines: A one-hour recreational walk to get spectators in shape begins at 10 a.m. Field events start at 11:15 a.m., and the running event is scheduled for 11:45 a.m. All events will have competition by sex and age groups, 14 years and older. For lovers of track and field, this meet promises to be the local treat of the summer. Call the Multnomah Athletic Club, (503) 223-6251, for more information.

FIRECRACKER FEVER

Despite some lovely vistas, St. Helens never has been much of a tourist draw. Though it lacks the spiffy accommodations, the high-end hotels with bubbling hot tubs and chic eats, it has what is becoming an endangered species in these parts: genuine character. Locals here have earned the title, and the buildings are authentically quaint — a blessed change from the pseudo-funky look that abounds in more commercial areas. If you haven't found reason to venture here, consider the town's free **Annual Fireworks Show** at 10 p.m., Monday **July 4**. This is one of the largest firework displays in Oregon, some \$10,000 worth of crackers shot from the end of Sand Island, the state's only marine park. It's a real blast to camp out on the island and watch the show blow, but you must have a boat to go this route. Otherwise, Columbia River Park is a fine viewing spot. A number of activities are scheduled to raise funds for the firecracker blowout, including an auction at 7 p.m., Thursday, **June 16**. Call Diane Dillard (503) 397-9203 or Cheryl Breslin (503) 397-5453 for more information.

CROSSWORD ANSWER

Puzzle on page 26

P	O	C	K	A	D	L	I	B	W	H	E	L	M	E	B	B	S		
O	G	R	E	L	I	A	N	E	R	E	D	I	A	F	L	O	E		
P	L	A	Y	S	E	C	O	N	D	F	I	D	D	L	E	F	O	R	E
P	E	N	N	A	M	E	S	L	E	T	G	O	S	T	E	W	E	D	
A	R	E	O	L	A	S	H	A	R	T	E	S	T	A	T	O	R	S	
T	E	N	S	O	M	M	E	B	A	R	R	E	N						
B	A	S	E	S	H	A	R	P	I	N	G	U	P	O	N	E	A	R	
A	L	O	R	P	A	N	S	U	R	I	S	O	S	L	O				
S	M	U	W	I	N	C	E	B	L	A	N	D	S	L	O	G	S		
H	A	N	D	I	E	S	T	S	L	U	R	O	N	E	W	A	Y		
D	A	N	C	E	A	T	T	E	N	D	A	N	C	E	O	N			
S	E	T	T	E	R	A	N	T	R	E	H	A	S	H	E	D			
A	C	H	E	S	B	E	A	R	D	P	I	P	E	D	O	R	E		
S	H	E	D	M	I	D	I	L	E	A	R	C	R	I	B				
H	O	T	R	I	N	G	T	H	E	B	E	L	L	R	U	N	E	S	
R	O	O	N	E	A	R	I	A	S	C	O	T							
D	R	U	M	O	U	T	A	M	O	R	S	P	U	L	S	A	T	E	
R	I	M	A	T	E	S	N	I	D	E	B	O	R	E	A	L	I	S	
A	L	P	H	T	I	C	K	L	E	T	H	E	I	V	O	R	I	E	
F	L	E	A	T	R	O	L	L	T	E	N	S	E	U	N	I	E		
T	E	T	S	O	A	T	E	S	A	N	T	E	D	G	E	N	S		

Face Lift...

Continued from page 14

Hotels — in particular — are forging ahead. Atlas, a San Diego-based company, spearheaded the Semiahmoo resort, spending \$33.5 million on the Inn at Semiahmoo alone. Spokesmen base their hopes for success on the pent-up demand for an upscale resort within driving distance of Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia. So far a third of the inn's business has come from lower mainland Canada, and the rest primarily from the northwestern United States.

Some jobs have been lost, others gained, including almost 200 at the inn. Where once the smelly business of handling fish kept the jingle alive in locals' pockets, now the sweet smell of success garbed in designer wear promises a fat tax base and new jobs. Other effects are harder to gauge.

"I haven't yet noticed that much of an impact by guests on the town," says City Manager Dale Ennor. "Still, I think Semiahmoo has brought a new awareness to Blaine and perhaps shown the people the possibilities for their future."

How to/How Much

Interstate 5 passes along the outskirts of Blaine. From the south, take Exit 274 to Bell Road, then Blaine Road, then follow the signs. From the north, take Exit 276 through town to Bell Road. The closest airport is in Bellingham. In addition, the Bellingham Sea-Tac Airporter, (206) 733-3600, services Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. Private boaters should check with the resort or the Inn at Semiahmoo for moorage space.

Although clothing is relatively

informal, guests dress up for Stars and usually wear fashionable attire while walking around the inn. Pack athletic clothes for the health club, the golf course and the biking-jogging trails. Blaine sits in a rain shadow and receives 15 percent less precipitation each year than Seattle, but rain gear is advised, nevertheless.

Vancouver, British Columbia, is an hour's drive to the north. It is a cosmopolitan city, with excellent restaurants and shops and good museums. Closer to the resort, Gray Line offers both sightseeing cruises to the San

Juan Islands and sport fishing charters for salmon and bottom fish. Excursions depart from the resort. Sailboat rentals are available at the marina.

Room rates range from \$90 to \$150. The resort charges court fees and service fees at the health club and, of course, greens fees at the golf course. For information or reservations, write or call: The Inn at Semiahmoo, 9565 Semiahmoo Parkway, Blaine, WA 98230. 1-800-854-2608 (United States), 1-800-542-6082 (California), 1-800-854-6742 (Canada) or (206) 371-2000. For information on home sites and condominiums call (206) 371-5100. **NW**



THE FAR SIDE

By Gary Larson

© 1988 Universal Press Syndicate 6-12 Larson

Having a Ball

NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By JUDITH PERRY/Puzzles edited by Eugene T. Maleska

ACROSS

- 1 Small indentation
- 5 Extemporize
- 10 Submerge
- 15 Declines
- 19 Blunderbore, e.g.
- 20 Tropical vine
- 21 Fluke larva
- 22 Ice field
- 23 Take a back seat
- 26 Watson's warning
- 27 Saki and Sand
- 28 Release
- 29 Potted
- 31 Interstices
- 32 "Ah Sin" co-dramatist
- 33 Dynamo parts

- 34 Half a score
- 35 Amiens's river
- 36 Unproductive
- 37 Fenway foursome
- 40 Belaboring
- 42 Musical aptitude
- 45 Indonesian island
- 46 Animadverts
- 47 "Armageddon" author
- 48 European capital
- 49 Doak Walker's coll.
- 50 Flinch
- 51 Insipid
- 53 Plods
- 54 Most convenient

- 56 Disparage
- 57 Ticket type
- 58 Act as gofer
- 62 Sofa
- 64 Carry on
- 65 Went over again
- 68 Throbs
- 69 Awn
- 71 Emulated Pan
- 72 Swedish coin
- 73 Carport
- 74 Southern France
- 75 Limerick poet
- 76 Manger
- 77 Sizzling
- 78 Be successful
- 82 Viking alphabet
- 83 "Boys Town" actor

- 85 Peace Nobelist: 1987
- 86 Light bed
- 87 Expel
- 89 Cupid
- 90 Beat
- 94 Fissured
- 95 Derogatory
- 96 Aurora
- 97 River in Xanadu
- 98 Borge will do this for laughs
- 101 Kind of market
- 102 Gnomelike creature
- 103 Strained
- 104 Unicorn fish
- 105 Asian festivals
- 106 "Solstice" author
- 107 Chipped in
- 108 Roman clan

DOWN

- 1 Dad
- 2 Girl watcher
- 3 Davit
- 4 Convention orator
- 5 President of Mexico: 1946-52
- 6 Cubes
- 7 Neighbor of Burma
- 8 Bavarian river
- 9 Night-stand sight
- 10 Scriptural
- 11 Pussyfoot
- 12 Taro part
- 13 "— Liza Jane"
- 14 Bands stand for them

- 15 Lacking vigor
- 16 Boast
- 17 Shipworm
- 18 Pips
- 24 Holiday happenings
- 25 Nobelist in Physics: 1938
- 30 Mountain lake
- 32 Half a centaur
- 33 Flavorful
- 35 Private rooms
- 36 Incinerate
- 37 Blowout
- 38 Soprano Gluck
- 39 Proclaim widely
- 40 Medieval guild
- 41 Protect
- 43 Filamentous plant
- 44 Rubicund

- 46 Rifle
- 48 Spreads
- 50 Sommelier's charge
- 51 Mixture
- 52 Alfred of acting
- 53 P.G.A. winner: 1949
- 55 Old hat
- 56 Rating symbol
- 57 Painter's pigment
- 59 Characteristic
- 60 Gazelles
- 61 King Birendra's land
- 62 Cumberbund
- 63 Repeat
- 66 Buffalo's county

- 67 Society entrants
- 69 Alfred of testing
- 70 Impatient
- 71 Excuses
- 74 Sonata movement
- 76 Fools it
- 78 Source
- 79 Mark and Dorothy
- 80 Wear away
- 81 Cardinal's cap
- 82 Logger's sport
- 84 Neb. tribe
- 86 Crooked
- 87 Rough sketch
- 88 Lunar trench
- 89 Tarsus
- 90 Aplomb

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19				20					21						22			
23				24					25						26			
27								28					29	30				
31								32					33					
			34				35					36						
37	38	39				40					41				42	43	44	
45					46						47				48			
49				50					51	52				53				
54			55					56						57				
			58					59				60	61					
62	63							64					65			66	67	
68						69	70						71				72	
73						74						75			76			
77						78			79	80	81				82			
			83	84					85					86				
87	88							89					90			91	92	93
94								95					96					
97								98	99				100					
101								102										104
105								106										108

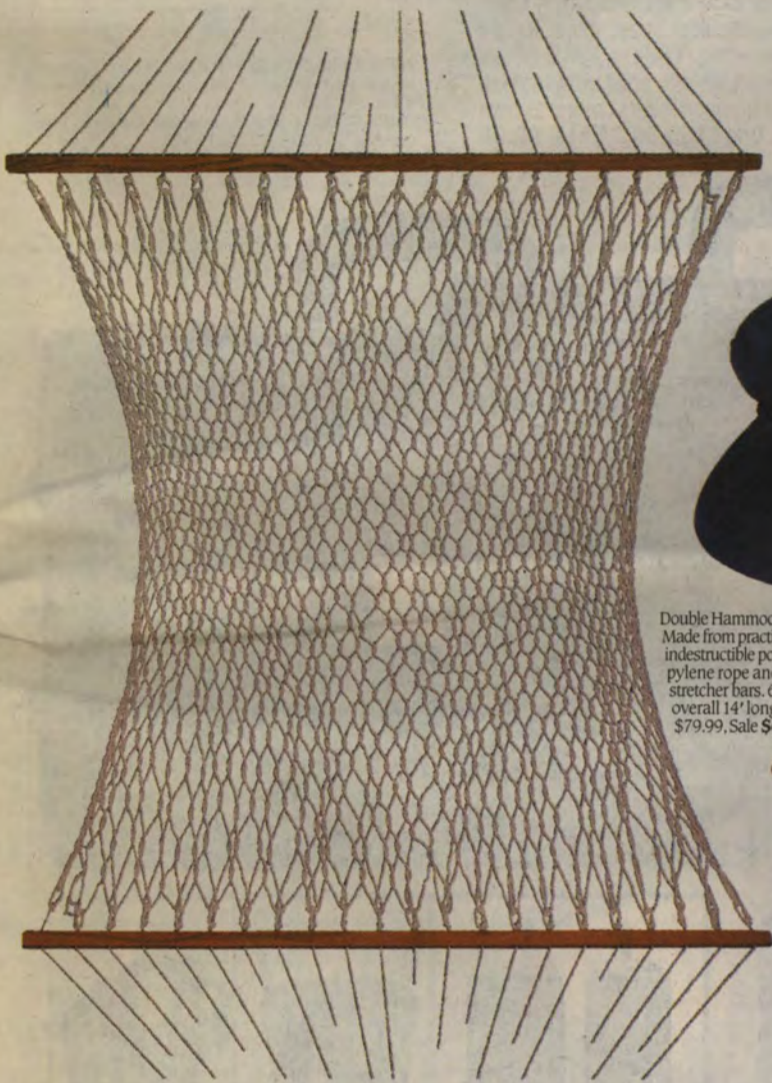
- 91 Dress design
- 92 Connection
- 93 Sigmata objects

- 95 Bagpipe player
- 96 Propensity
- 99 "Watchful" name

- 100 One with a clutch

Crossword answer on page 25

Mother Him On Father's Day.



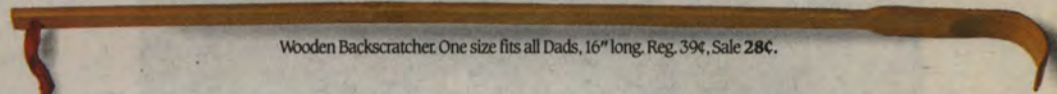
Double Hammock. Made from practically indestructible polypropylene rope and oak stretcher bars. 60"x 84" overall 14' long. Reg. \$79.99, Sale **\$69.88**.



Greek Fisherman's Cap. Navy cotton with navy nylon cord across brim. Reg. \$12.99, Sale **\$9.88**.



12 oz. Deco Style Tumblers. With anodized finish, in cobalt, emerald, violet, silver, gold & turquoise. Reg. \$3.99, Sale **\$2.88** each. Matching anodized straws. Reg. 79¢, Sale **48¢** each.



Wooden Backscratcher. One size fits all Dads, 16" long. Reg. 39¢, Sale **28¢**.



Director's Chair. Solid rubberwood frame, natural color, with 100% cotton canvas in a rainbow of colors. Reg. \$29.99, Sale **\$24.88**.

Show dear old Dad what thoughtful, penny-wise habits you inherited from him by attending this week-long sale. Where the five paternal favorites shown above are more than 20% off. And if one of these items won't make Dad forget about the time you accidentally backed the car through the garage door, there are hundreds of other items at Pier 1 that will.

**Pier 1
imports®**

A Place To Discover.®

Pier 1 imports Apply For Pier 1's New Credit Card At All Participating Stores.

Beaverton: 9307 S.W. Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy., 292-0105. Clackamas: 11211 S.E. 82nd., 654-1700. Portland: 14410 S.E. Stark St., 255-4828 • 5331 S.W. Macadam (John's Landing), 248-0359.

Sunday, June 12, 1988 **27**

EXPANDABLE CASES

GIFTS FOR DAD!
SAVE 25%-35% ON
LEATHER CASES

Expandable leather business cases, the perfect gift for Father's Day!

A. Attache from Jordan, with 5 file folder dividers, more! Burgundy, brown or black. Orig. 175.00, **SALE 129.99**

B. Portfolio case from Mallard, 4 compartments, shoulder strap, more. Brown or burgundy. Orig. 100.00, **SALE 69.99**

C. Mallard's portfolio brief with locking top flap, 4 compartments, more. Brown or black. Orig. 135.00 **SALE 99.99**

Meier & Frank, 621 S.W. 5th Avenue, Portland OR 97204
 Please send the following items: O 6-12-88; D. 59

QUANTITY ITEM COLOR SIZE TOTAL

M&F CHARGE _____ MERCHANDISE TOTAL _____
 REMITTANCE ENCLOSED _____ SALES TAX, IF ANY _____
 (No COD'S) _____ SHIPPING, HANDLING _____

Add 3/4 handling fee per package for local delivery. Add 6/7 handling fee per package for outside local delivery. Oregon residents: for estimates on delivery charges, call toll-free 1-800-452-6323. Washington residents add sales tax.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE 24-HOURS A DAY: Portland 241-5120; Oregon toll-free 1-800-452-6323. Vancouver during store hours 1-206-256-4411.

ORDER BY TDD: 8:30-5:30 for operator weekdays; leave message 24 hours. 503-241-3077.



A. Attache expands extra 1" in depth. Just unsnap inside tabs.

B. Portfolio case expands to full 5" width.

C. Portfolio expands to extra 1" thickness!

MEIER & FRANK

GREAT GIFTS FOR DAD. FATHER'S DAY JUNE 19