

UPPER LEFT EDGE

spring/summer 2016

FREE



DMITRI
SWAIN
2016

Every day is a journey, and the journey itself is home. ~ Basho

www.upperleftedge.com

WHERE WE LIVE

The words “economy” and “ecosystem” are derived from the same root – “oikos” -- which generally translates as “house.”

People are apt to think of these words as nouns. We say “the local economy will grow” or “this ecosystem will recover.” Speaking this way enables us to quickly name the web of relationships that comprise our world. It helps us feel secure, domestic, like we’re in control.

In truth, economy and ecosystem are derivatives of an ancient wild verb. They point to an intricate tangle of transactions that sustain the multiform residents of Earth. For us walkie-talkie critters these exchanges are marked by paper things like leases and bills and warranty deeds. So we know where we sleep, who we owe, what we own.

The paper you’re reading is cut from another perspective, shared by aspiring sapiens who know how very much we do not know. We’re restoring habitat for the muses in hopes they’ll teach us the art of housekeeping, how to care for the mysteries of home.

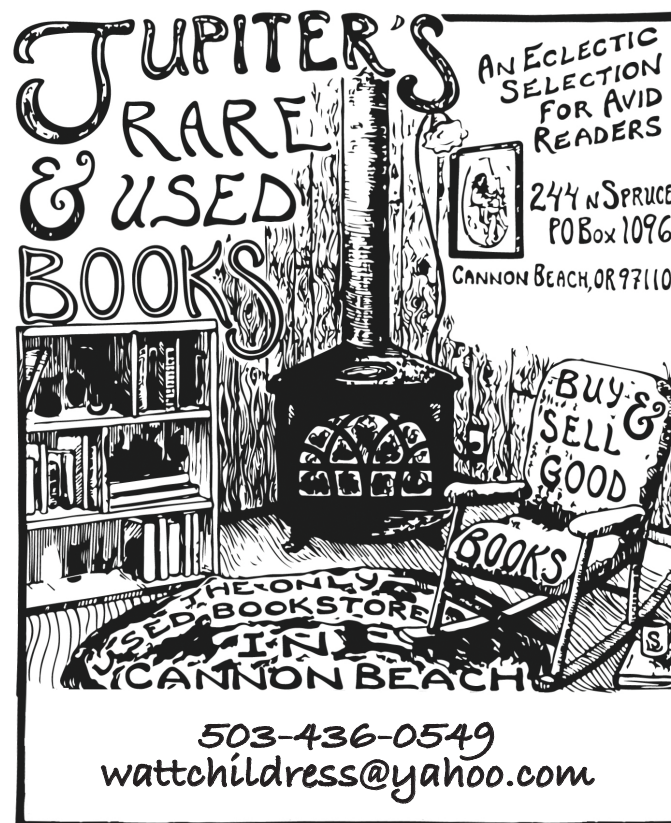
“The upper left edge is the place on the page where we start writing,” spoke our former publisher, the Reverend Billy Lloyd Hults.

Here we are always beginning to learn what it means to oikos on the edge, where left and right hands lift the greater good. Here we homestead relations among writers and readers, celebrate new inklings of wisdom and magic, whimsy and cure.

And here I pray as I stock the selves at my little bookshop, preparing for the next tsunami of tourists. May this paper help us understand the everyday miracles that hold life together as humans pass through. We are all visitors. To survive we must realize that our economy and ecosystem are housed under one common roof.

Many thanks to the fine wordsmiths who inhabit this edition. A deep bow to Dmitri Swain, whose superb illustrations will soon become cards to help raise funds for future issues. Bless the businesses that paid for production costs by advertising. And here’s to Lotte Greaver, who put it all together again so beautifully.

~ watt childress



Editor & Publisher

Watt Childress

Cover Art & Illustrations

Dmitri Swain

Design & Layout

Lotte Greaver

Webmaster

Bob Goldberg

Contributing Writers

Jennifer Childress, Watt Childress, Nick Fish, Jared Gardner, Jack Harris, Gambele Kerr, Eeva Lantela

Peter Lindsey, Matt Love, Mary Lou McAuley, Nancy McCarthy, Brent Peterson, Carol Vanderford, Jeff Wong

PO Box 1096 Cannon Beach, OR 97110 www.upperleftedge.com 503-436-0549

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Ichthyologists and fisheries biologists tell us that anadromous fish species moving offshore recognize their “home” streams by tasting and smelling the unique mineral constituents flowing into the ocean at the stream sites of their birth. If I were placed blindfolded on the upper reaches of Elk Creek and its watershed area, I would know I was home.

Home Stream

by Professor Peter Lindsey



Dmitri Swain

A distinct fusion of scents and textures of air emanates from the ground and understory beneath the ancient cedar and their arboreal associates: the sweet red alders, hemlocks, Sitka spruce, and vine maples. A clean, damp pungency rises from huckleberries (red and blue), sword fern, Oregon Grape, salal, assorted fungi, decaying wood, kinnikinnick, and elk droppings. The essences are ancient, a link and channel to our senses, a connection between the present and a time long gone by.

As a boy, I tramped the woods and stream bed with my pal, Gerry Sroufe, examining the natural world and sensing its rhythms: the time of band-tailed pigeons bolting in concert from snags below the watershed, the whistling call of bull elk in the rut, the dust drummings of grouse in summer alder thickets.

Our favorite haunt -- the fishing holes below L. David Firebaugh's water catch basin at the springs -- stood at the end of Warren Road. On one occasion in the 50s we discovered an old two-man hand saw, a "misery whip," crusted and rusty, in the streambed -- a remnant of the first cutting of the old trees at the turn of the century. I remember our excitement at finding the relic. Hefting it sent a sense of adventure through our young vitals. By the 1960s The Van Vleet Logging Company had already skinned many of the surrounding areas, leaving in its wake clear-cuts and logging trash: wire ropes, rusted truck bodies, ramshackle powder shacks. The romance of early logging, if it ever existed, was gone.

Elk, or Ecola Creek, courses several miles from

its headwaters below Onion Peak, burbling and chortling for several miles down logged-over defiles. Its North and West Forks meld about a mile east of Haystack Rock, lazing down through coastal tidewater and finally debouching on the Canadian side of Cannon Beach.

Man's intervention has altered the nature of the stream and its movement in several significant ways. In the zone where Elk Creek meets the sea, the fore dune north of the creek mouth has been stabilized with dune grass plantings and berming. Beneath the sand at the creek mouth, a substrate of cobble extends northwest toward Chapman Point. At the turn of the century the creek flowed tangentially north toward that point. In its current condition the general flow beachside is southerly, often extending dramatically southward during protracted summer dry spells.

As recently as the 1960s, daily tidal flux brought Elk Creek flowing into the township of Cannon Beach. Hemlock Street rested on fill, generally high and dry during the summer months. Boardwalks allowed pedestrians to travel through the downtown shops and businesses. Even on an August day, several feet of water swirled below the boardwalks at high tide. Muskrats floated in the brackish flow. During winter storms and strong tidal surge, flooding was the norm and boats frequently ferried citizens through town. Purposive diking and filling stanchoned the normal diurnal tidal cycle. The Pompey Wetland is essentially a man-made construct, a consequence of revetments and damming.

Clatsop and Nehalem-Tillamook Indians occupied seasonal sites along its banks near the Cannon Beach Grade School. Lewis and Clark remark on the native habitations in their journals. Public works projects have exhumed evidence of significant midden activity in the creek area proximal to the beach.

Early homestead locations existed in the creek's bottomland immediately east of the bridge and Highway 101. Crab apple, English Holly, and other fruit trees offer clues to specific holdings.

The first logging operations in Cannon Beach occurred along Elk Creek. Spruce Division #9 harvested select lumber for aircraft and naval purposes during WWI. The first commercial cutting was done at Spruce Park. Later a gentleman named Kenny Cahill removed timber from the Elk Creek Forks area. George Van Vleet commenced modern clear-cut logging in vast areas encompassing the Elk Creek Watershed and adjacent areas. His high lead logging brought industrial timber removal to forestland adjacent to Elk Creek.

In the spring of 1964 the most potent tidal event of modern times swept inland from the shore of Cannon Beach, an earthquake generated tsunami standing wave of four to six feet. Creek side habitation drifted upstream, the city's bridge and water/sewer infrastructure were swept away, and major tidal scouring and drift ensued. The effect on the local population was, and continues to be, unsettling.

continued page 4...

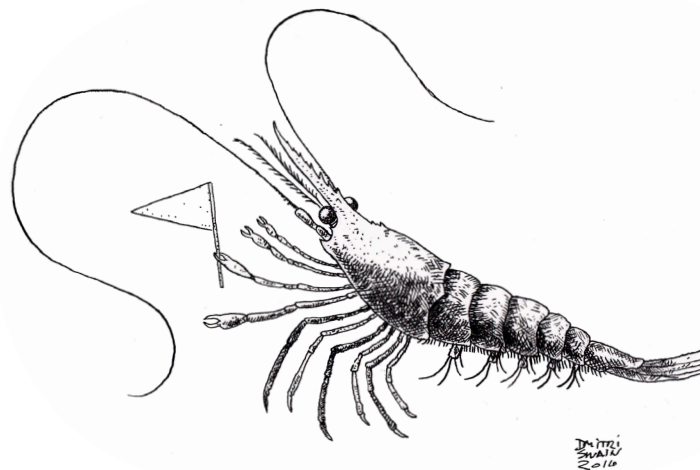
HOME Team Baseball

DREAM by Brent Peterson

As a lifetime Seattle Mariners baseball fan I look upon the spring with a mix of trepidation, dread, and a small, tiny, festering sliver of hope. It's something similar to stumbling through a magical meadow, searching not just for a unicorn, but for an awesome masculine and tough unicorn that not only has four legs, a horn, and happens to know where all those bastard leprechauns keep their gold... but can also effortlessly engage me in conversation about Metallica, Motor Head, Black Flag, and Game of Thrones. Yes, I know, I am a dreamer. But, as we all know spring is the time for baseball dreams and even Mariner fans in Cannon Beach get to think about gumdrop forests and the World Series.

To catch you up on last year, (for those of you who didn't manage to black it out) it was another terribly disappointing affair that started with high hopes and ended with tears, firings, and general recriminations. For those who are blissfully unaware - the M's manager, their General Manager, the hitting coach, the ball boy (not sure about that one actually) and around 70% of the team were fired and/or traded.

It can get a little bit confusing about who exactly is still actually on our un-blessed Northwest professional baseball team. So, I will let you know who we still do have that are rocking the silver, navy and teal--- we still have Felix Hernandez, the amazingly talented cy-young winning ace of this team, basically our own pitching Wolverine... who despite the Yankees astonished disappointment, still wears a Mariners jersey! We also have Kyle Seager, the unique young man who came up through the Mariners farm system and turned out to be good!!! (no, seriously, I kid you not), as well as Nelson Cruz,



and Robinson Cano, previous all-stars, full of talent and holding down the heart of the lineup. We also have the most fragile outfielder in the game... Franklin Gutierrez! (who, like the guitar featured in Spinal Tap, seriously, don't look at him you might break him).

The one thing that I do know as I simultaneously hear the cleated footsteps of the M's take the field alongside the stomping and panting of tourists crossing the coastal range, their little sticky fingers outstretched towards the sun...I can truly say that I am happy to see the Mariners back on the field and excited for baseball season. As the hope of the present grinds its inexorable way to the long days of summer...I'm pretty sure it's gonna suck! But we M's fans on the coast still hope for the best anyways! For after all...*we are the watchers on the wall and summer is coming.* Go Mariners!

Born and raised in the Northwest, Brent Peterson has worked and lived in Cannon Beach and the coast for over 20 years. When he is not chasing leprechauns and listening for Sirens he occasionally sits down at a computer to type words that are occasionally spelled correctly.

...HOME STREAM continued from page 3

The flora and fauna coincident with the streambed and its environs are complex and interrelated.

In the upstream sections, commencing 900 feet above sea level to tidewater, the permanent and migratory fauna populations are manifold: grouse, flicker woodpeckers, band-tailed pigeons, crows, ravens, water ouzels, creepers, owls, black bears, shrews, voles, beavers, raccoons, deer, mink, cougar, elk, and salamanders abide.

River otter muskrat, kingfishers, mergansers, brown pelicans, western gulls, grebes, bald eagles, and a congress of migratory ducks and geese occupy creek tidewater and beach reaches of the creek.

The floral palette is equally rich and vibrant. Sitka

spruce stocks dominate the conifers, with interstitial lacings of hemlock, red cedar, and nitrogen-fixing red alder. The red alder appear to flow in pinked waves through the creek bottom in their winter dormancy. Mountain ash, vine maple, skunk cabbage, sedges, sword and bracken fern, mosses, chanterelles, boletes, and amanitas carpet the forest floor and bogs.

A feast of berries challenges the cataloging: red, black, and blue wild huckleberries, thimble berries, salmon berries, salal berries, blackberries, elderberries, blackberries, and Oregon grape.

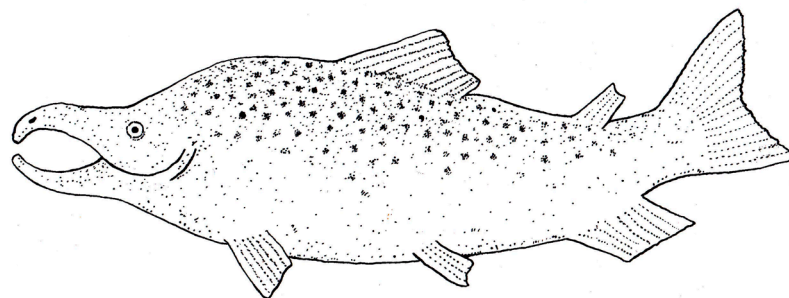
Elk Creek, the landscape of the whale, provides a plenitude of natural prospects for the hiker and walker on the North Coast of Oregon.

Professor Peter Milhouse Lindsey has been, at turns: an English professor, folklorist, human excrement burner, surveyor, union butcher, chanterellist, surf lifeguard, teacher, author, doll maker, dish washer, wood cutter, artilleryman, contractor, Santa Claus, candy man, cascara bark harvester, rolling pin turner, salmon troller, purse seiner, herring gill netter, distance runner, and beachcomber. Being of Scots/German stock, he likes a pot of barley pop at the end of a long day. His senses quiver when he encounters a succulent word or phrase.

*The revised edition of his book, **Comin' in Over the Rock**, will be available in early June. His folklore appears in **The Well-Traveled Casket, Oregon Folklore**, and **The Stories We Tell: An Anthology of Oregon Folk Literature**.*

SALMON CURRY *features* LOCAL BOUNTY

By Jeff Wong



Dmitri Swain

I'm honored to be asked by the Upper Left Edge to share one of my favorite recipes. As I write this, I'm traveling through Thailand with my fiancée Katie Crosman, co owner of Yoga Roots Manzanita who is here volunteering to combat human trafficking. I feel this curry recipe will be a true reflection of this moment in my life.

I've always been a wanna-be chef and chef groupie, but with a busy schedule that takes me from the deck of a fishing boat to the docks, or to meetings with chefs both on the coast and in Portland, I don't have much opportunity to exercise my limited culinary skills.

When I'm not working it's often much easier to grab a bite at one of our local partner restaurants -- which include The Big Wave Cafe, Blackbird, Offshore Grill and the Schooner -- than to prepare a meal back home.

One of my favorite dishes for a quick nutritious bite is my take on salmon curry. It works well with just about all seafood except for softer fleshed fish such as sole and trout. I generally like to use salmon because it's abundant, packed full of nutritional benefits, and reheats well for a lunch on the go or served cold for a picnic outing.

One of the reasons why I love this dish is because it allows me to utilize the bounty that our special place on the coast provides for all of us. Having some really great friends who are also local farmers and producers such as Kingfisher Farms, R-Evolution Gardens and Nehalem River Ranch allows me to make some dishes that truly represent our north coast. With our mild and temperate climate, I'm able to source varieties of vegetables that are often out of season with producers located in the valley. Please note that fresh ingredients are always better, but I suggested using bottled ginger and garlic for the sake of speed and time.

CSFISHERY

COMMUNITY SUPPORTED FISHERY

GARIBALDI, OREGON

JEFFREY WONG

503-522-0942

jmw@communitysupportedfishery.com

INGREDIENTS

- 2 teaspoons coconut oil
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced onion
- 1/4 cup local yellow squash
- 1/4 cup local zucchini
- 1/2 cup local snap peas
- 1/2 cup local thinly sliced carrot medallions
- 1/2 broccoli cut into small pieces
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 1/2 can light coconut milk
- 1/8 teaspoon Jacobsen Salt
- 1 lime sectioned
- 1 tablespoon bottled minced ginger
- 1 tablespoon fish sauce
- 2 teaspoons bottled minced garlic
- 1 (1-pound) wild local salmon fillet, skinned and cut into 3/4-inch cubes. Substitute wild local lingcod or other firm fleshed fish or add bay clams, dungeness crab or Oregon pink shrimp

PREPARATION

Heat coconut oil in a large nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Add the onion garlic and curry powder, sauté fish or seafood to quickly brown leaving rare, then remove from heat and set aside. Add coconut milk and remaining ingredients while squeezing limes and bring to a low boil. Reduce heat, and add fish or other seafood cover and cook until fish is done and shellfish has opened or is cooked through.

If you haven't heard about my company, I run Community Supported Fishery out of Garibaldi, Oregon -- the closest port town to the Portland metropolitan area. I supply fresh fish to New Seasons, Tillamook Meat, Manzanita Grocery and Deli, Manzanita Fresh Foods, Flying Fish, and Sheridan Fruit.

Jeff is a native Oregonian and a resident of Tillamook County. His family has had a home here on the north coast for over 50 years. Jeff is a member of the Garibaldi Tourism Commission and a local business owner. His focus is on sustainable food systems with an emphasis on local food distribution.

A Village Called Home

By Nancy McCarthy

Before I moved to Portland from California, my mother and I were homeless for a year, due to circumstances that are best left undiscussed.

My mother, who longed to return to the Northwest, where she had lived for several years, finally escaped the life we were living. She put me in her 1954 Buick Special in the middle of the night and drove to Portland. We had two suitcases and enough money to buy gas for the trip north.

Portland became my “home” for more than four decades before I took up permanent residence in Cannon Beach on Feb. 2, 2007.

At least I thought Portland was home. The city nurtured me through middle and high school and several colleges until I earned my master’s degree. I had boyfriends and husbands in Portland, lived in apartments and a large house there and worked through an amazing journalism career.

I wrote about urban renewal projects that threw people out of their homes in Northeast Portland. I watched through the years as the carefully crafted comprehensive plan for the Portland waterfront and local neighborhoods went sideways when the world discovered – and populated – this gem of a city.

By the time I pulled out of town nine years ago, the Pearl District had already been built and plans for many more high-rise, high-cost condos and apartments throughout Portland were on the city planner’s desk. Yet, housing the homeless had already been a local issue for 20 years.

But Portland wasn’t the only area I explored. I bought a small lot near the ocean just south of Lincoln City; my late husband and I built a 120-square-foot cabin on it. We brought in our own water and cooked on a propane stove.

In the woods on 20 acres along the Sandy River, we built a tree house 12 feet high, anchored by three cedars. We carried an air mattress across a precarious footbridge over a small creek, down a block-long path through blackberry bushes and up the stairs to the tree house to camp overnight. We ate supper on our tree house “deck” overlooking the river, where, in the full moon, the water looked like silver mercury swirling around the rocks.

But none of these places honestly felt like “home.” Something never settled in my heart.

In 2001, I bought the 520-square-foot cabin on the north side of Cannon Beach. By then, Alzheimer’s disease had defeated my husband’s speech, and all he could do to indicate his approval was to nod and smile.

At first, the cabin became a weekend respite – a getaway from the city’s confusion for both of us. A place to breathe in ocean air and to take quiet walks on the beach or in the woods.

But after my husband’s death, followed by a job offer to edit the Cannon Beach Gazette, the cabin became my permanent residence. Later, I moved to a slightly larger house surrounded by trees in midtown. And it is here – on the North Coast – that I have, indeed, finally found my home.

I know it is home because my heart says so. I still thrill at the view of Haystack Rock and the expanse of beach to the south from the “S” curves in midtown or the way the raindrops hanging from the branches outside my window sparkle in the morning sun.

Although I have no “blood” relatives, I have found “family” here who have welcomed me as a long-lost sister. In just nine years, I have met and become true friends with more people than I ever knew in four decades in Portland. They will never realize how much that has meant to me.

I have also come to appreciate what it means to live in a village where a true sense of “community” exists, whether it is contained in occasional town-wide potlucks or standing-room-only City Council meetings, where local issues are thoroughly thrashed out. This is a village that has a rich heritage of characters and caring that should never be lost.

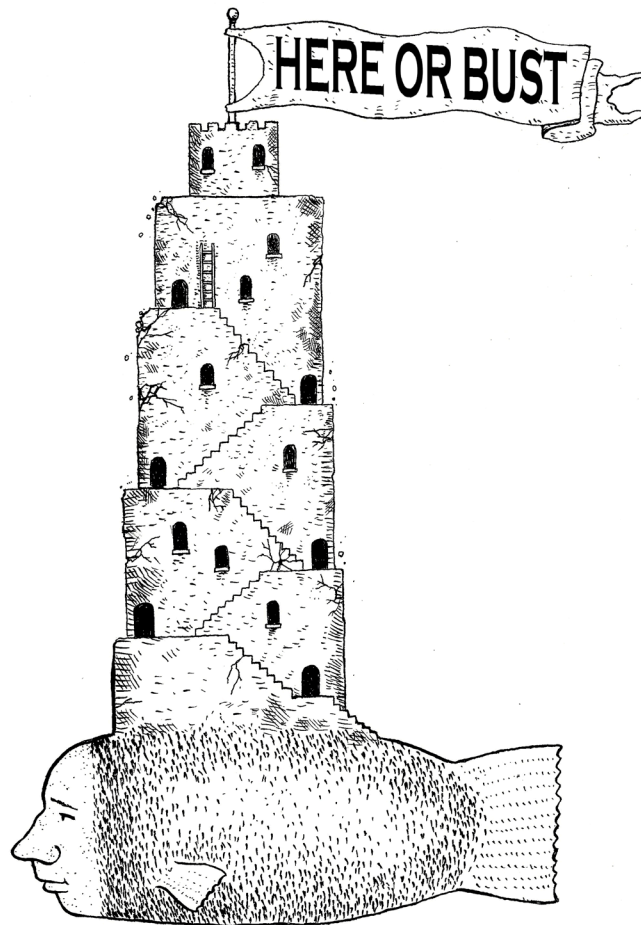
Guiding the village’s development is a comprehensive plan. First written in 1979, it was crafted following many conversations with residents who were asked how they wanted to maintain village life and still make room for changes that were bound to come.

The plan’s “fundamental principle,” is to “foster a community with a strong sense of place which provides its residents the quality of life that they desire.” That includes “community spiritedness” where innovative solutions are developed; diversity, “where residents have a variety of lifestyles” that are accepted by the community; and, finally, a “small town atmosphere that is characterized by a relaxed pace of life, a friendly informal setting.”

But lately, it seems this preamble to the comprehensive plan has been at odds with what the plan identifies as three major sectors of the village’s economy: tourism, the second home industry and retirement.

Although the plan directs the city to enhance these economic sectors “in a manner that results in the desired balance between the residential and resort elements of the community,” the challenge may be proving too difficult.

Beginning with spring break in March, and ending with holiday celebrations in December, the village we like to call home is turned over to daytrippers who have discovered this gem of a city. Despite ordinances that restrict home rentals to overnight guests, second homes in Cannon Beach have become a hot commodity for beach rental agencies and websites such as Airbnb and VRBO.



Dmitri Swain

As a result, life in this small village at least 10 months of the year – not counting sunny weekends in January and February – isn't too relaxed for those of us who call it home. Our two main streets are clogged with cars, the sidewalks are crowded with pedestrians and our parking lots are full. Vehicles are parked bumper-to-bumper in residential areas where homes are becoming commercial enterprises. That is hardly the "rustic streetscape" originally envisioned in the comprehensive plan.

With the pressure to be a resort destination outweighing efforts to maintain the town as a residential community, young families who do want to call Cannon Beach home can't find an affordable apartment or house. This means that those we need to be our volunteer firefighters, our police officers and employees in local businesses must live elsewhere.

But finding somewhere to live permanently anywhere on the North Coast is becoming increasingly difficult. Strangers are loving us to death.

As a result, our sense of "village" – a small community where everyone knows and cares about their neighbors, where diversity is celebrated and small traditions are cherished – is being threatened.

I have sat in meetings where city officials have grappled with the problem. Members of the city's affordable housing committee recently all but gave up when faced with the obstacles standing in their way to provide low-cost solutions. There's too little vacant land, and what is available is too costly to buy and provide services (water, sewer, power, streets). Small accessory apartments can be added to existing houses, but few property owners are building them, and those who do are renting them out to visitors.

Because two-thirds of the city's budget depends on lodging taxes, our property taxes are kept relatively low. Thus, the city has no real incentive to offer property owners who provide long-term rentals when they can earn so much more with overnighters. And residents enjoying those "lower" property taxes may also be disinclined to pay more for fewer tourists.

I was once an overnigher who fell in love with this community and wanted to settle here. I happened to be lucky to find a house that I could afford (but when I went to buy my current home, I had to sell two houses to do it – my northside house and my Portland house). I'm still in love with this village, but every day, I worry that what made Cannon Beach what it was when I first moved here -- a "friendly, informal setting – is slipping away.

I have no answers, unfortunately. It's a conundrum that can't be handed over to just a few individuals to deal with. The flood of tourism is as much an emergency as the impending tsunami; we all need to be involved.

Maybe it's time to take another look at the comprehensive plan. Cannon Beach is a community with a strong sense of place that provides its residents the quality of life that they desire, it says. Maybe we need to wrangle that "community spiritedness" we pride ourselves in and, together, develop some innovative solutions, as we have done in the past.

If we don't, we may just lose this place we call home.

Nancy McCarthy is a retired editor of the Cannon Beach Gazette and the Seaside Signal and South County reporter for the Daily Astorian. She worked as a correspondent, reporter and bureau chief for The Oregonian and as editor of some weekly newspapers in Portland, where she lived before moving to Cannon Beach full time nine years ago. She is a freelance writer for several local publications.

Amy Danger Waved Me Home

Sometimes there are days
when you think you know
exactly what to expect
but then the day
you thought you had tamed
jumps the fence
hurries off to go visit the neighbor
and strands you when it
decides to take the train home.
Well, that's how it was for me one
rainy afternoon
derailed, irritated, pouty
"just want to get home"
my mantra
couple more stop signs
couple more left turns
then
at the next intersection
she's in her car
both arms waving
with a huge hugging grin
lighting up her windshield.
What I remember now about that day?
It was the day that ended perfectly when
Amy Danger waved me home.

~ Mary Lou McAuley

Mary Lou McAuley lives in Astoria with her artist husband, Robert Paulmann. Her first collection of poetry – "The Other Door: Poems and Glimpses" -- was published last summer. She is now working on her second book.

GREEN INFRASTRUCTURE IS OUR COASTAL LIFE SUPPORT by Katie Voelke

The Oregon Coast harbors globally significant biodiversity, for real! There are species that exist here that are nowhere else on earth. And with our water and our warmth, we can grow rainforests, the richest terrestrial ecosystems.

The work that I get to do with the North Coast Land Conservancy protects these treasures for the sake of coasties, Oregonians, and the world. With these rich resources comes a responsibility to care for them and use them sustainably. Planning for connectivity at a landscape scale will maintain these important ecosystems, but we need to start doing it now. This is the kind of work that NCLC does at a small scale, with our prioritized natural land acquisitions. Yet the concept could and should be used more broadly, because it works for the land, for the people, and for the economy. The concept is often called *green infrastructure*.

The Conservation Fund defines green infrastructure as our natural life support system – an interconnected network of waterways, wetlands, woodlands, wildlife habitats, and other natural areas that support native species, maintain natural ecological processes, sustain

air and water resources and contribute to the health and quality of life for America's communities and people.

Similar to the pipes and systems of gray infrastructure where travel corridors connect, large areas are reserved for water storage, and sewage is filtered, our green infrastructure also needs to form a sensible network; otherwise it will not work. Streams need to connect in order to deliver water and salmon, just like roads need to connect to deliver cars. The leftover open space, even individual priority sites, ultimately will not protect the processes of wildlife migration, water storage and filtration, carbon sequestration, and so on, unless it is a thoughtfully planned network of connections.

We've had some recent experience that proves the theory right here on the coast. You know that spot south of Seaside near Circle Creek where the road used to flood all the time? Well, the road is in the floodplain of a major river, the Necanicum, and to make matters worse, there was a levee on the river. The levee kept that water off the land, meaning the land could no longer perform

its natural water storage function. The water had to go somewhere, so it flowed onto the road. By removing the levee and allowing the waters to pour over the riverbanks and into the floodplain, the wetlands and creeks are being rejuvenated for salmon and other wildlife, the water is being cleaned through natural filtration, and the highway is no longer closing regularly. This is a great win-win where green infrastructure planning supported gray infrastructure networks (i.e. Highway 101). It's not an either-or proposition: we can have both if we plan for it.

Let's keep the coast beautiful, clean, and thriving with biodiversity while also supporting a healthy human community.

Katie Voelke was raised in a home under oak trees where she spent many hours collecting bugs, making mud pies with her sister, and camping and hiking with her parents. She settled on Oregon's north coast with her husband Scott in 2003 and spent time doing field work with various conservation agencies. She found her calling working with the North Coast Land Conservancy, and now serves as executive director of the group. Although her job keeps her inside more than she would like, Katie manages to get her fix of the outdoors following in her parent's footsteps: bug collecting with her two sons and spending the summers hiking and camping with family.

THE BUSINESS OF GIVING by Eeva Lantela

A few years ago as I was planning my day to drive from my home in Arch Cape to Warrenton, I remembered to look at 'Trip Check' to see if 101 was flooding at Circle Creek. If it was I would not be able to go, and also an employee that lived in Seaside would not be getting to work at my gallery, DragonFire, and so I would need to cover for her. That was life on the north Oregon coast during the heavy rain season. I had heard the discussion over the years about how to fix this problem, with talk of expensive solutions like bridges and a new highway. Then I heard about the **North Coast Land Conservancy** plan. I had one word for them. . . Brilliant!

I often have thought about volunteering for various local causes, to give back to the community, but never seemed to find the time. Then I realized that what nonprofits need as much as volunteers is funding. As a business owner, that was something I could help with. "Wild" was born; a small section of DragonFire dedicated to selling items to benefit **NCLC**, **Clatsop Animal Assistance** and the **Wildlife Center of the North Coast**. I have been delighted and gratified with **Wild's** ability to make a difference.

Over the last couple of years I have met many people involved with **NCLC** and heard the optimism and intelligence about their plans for the future and how to realize them. I wanted to get involved and do more. Marsha and I recently had the pleasure of doing some hands on volunteer work with **NCLC** by planting willows in the ongoing restoration project at Circle Creek. There we saw the beauty and vastness of this property and heard about the pending agreement to purchase Boneyard Ridge from a timber company, a connecting 360 acre piece of land that also connects with Ecola State Park. All this land is for the public to enjoy. Trails and beautiful boardwalks are already being built. Now it gets really exciting: a few weeks ago Katie Voelke signed the purchase agreement. All that is needed now is the raising of a little more funds. As a community we can all participate in making this happen. No amount of money is too small, and hands on volunteers are always needed. Let's do it.

Eeva Lantela, an inspired Rooster, is passionate about living a creative life amongst all this beauty.



WILD SPIRIT
conservation for life.
A group show with over 25 artists.

Spring Unveiling Arts Festival
May 6, 7 & 8

In honor of DragonFire's 15th Anniversary, 15% of all gallery sales made during the festival will be donated to the **North Coast Land Conservancy**.
More details: dragonfiregallery.com

DragonFire GALLERY
503-436-1533 1st & Hemlock Cannon Beach

ARGENTINE ASADO by Jared Gardner

on the NEHALEM RIVER RANCH

Perched on a log at an early summer bonfire, with bottles of Malbec in hand, we're watching the brightest planets rise and laughing at the antics of children up way past their bedtime. Over at the grilling fire – the carefully tended fire of homemade hardwood charcoals we call leña - sizzling pieces of steak lightly crusted in seasalt are being heaped on plates and passed around. We tear off chunks of warm bread and gobble up slices of chorizo waiting for the plates of steak to reach us. There's nowhere I'd rather be.

I first fell in love with the Argentine style of BBQ - the Asado - my first trip to South America in 1995. Over the years, each subsequent trip and my engagement with the Argentine community in Portland expanded my appreciation for this communal ritual. I've been inspired by the passion with which my Argentine friends devote themselves to debating each detail – the making of the charcoal, the quality of the coals, the design of the grill or 'parilla' and of course, how to cook the meat. Depending on who you talk to, these experiences may have been the driving force for us to buy a grassfed beef operation on the beautiful North Coast of Oregon.

The ingredients are simple: quality meat, salt, fire. Bread, wine and, here in Nehalem, we've added roasted vegetables to round out the meal as a nod to my wife's vegetarian past and our many vegetable farming friends on the North Coast. It really comes down to taking your time to enjoy the landscape, the company, the ritual and eating as the cuts are ready. In my experience it is more forgiving to serve small bites right off the grill.

One of Argentina's most famous chefs is Francis Mallmann. A few years ago he made a television series called *Fires of the South* which explored wood-fired cookery throughout the wilds of Patagonia. He showed us cooking in situ on the beach, in the woods, along the river over a well-made fire using cast iron plates called chapas or skilletts or cooking 'a la vara', a wooden post and skewer set-up. That gorgeous series coalesced in the pages of his *Seven Fires* cookbook. It was that rich and poetic read that inspired us to take our asado tradition with friends and family to the next level.

Our ranch is nestled in a valley bordered to the north and south by the Tillamook State Forest. On the southern edge of the pastures, the Nehalem River rushes or meanders by depending on the season. In the fall there are Chinook, in the spring Steelhead, in the summer crawdads. Some days the wind howls out of the sea from the west tearing down branches and depriving us of electricity. Some days the sun gently warms the pastures and the bugs hum and the barn swallows chase each other around the sky. And every day I journey between my house, the barns and the cattle pastures, evaluating the grass, planning the rotations. I pass the beehives our friend has set-up in the eastern pasture near the willows. I pass the vegetable fields of Green Fork Farm and Sustaining Space Farms co-located on the ranch. And I'm struck by how beautiful this place is. How lucky we are to live here and be in life with this community.

The Vaca Entera Asado – or whole cow roast – is a celebration of all these things. The recipe, adapted directly from Mallmann's Seven Fires, has 3 ingredients: 1 medium cow (butterflied), 2 gallons of salt water. 2 gallons of chimichurri. To perform the recipe -- and a performance indeed it is -- requires 2 cords of hardwood logs, a stout roasting contraption with block and tackle (our friends at Del Fuego Iron Works <https://www.instagram.com/del.fuego.ironworks/> are the go-to source), pliers, shovels, axes, a team of 6 or so and enough wine, sleeping rolls, coffee, mate, music, stories and food to entertain the crew for a full 24-hour day.

It is beautiful and challenging. It requires the support of many friends, teamwork and collaboration to assemble the equipment and the dishes. It asks us to be in this place for several days and appreciate the shifts in the direction of the wind, the various moods of the light and sounds as we work to tend the fire. It asks us to be in this place where the cattle are born, live and where they die as well. We sit and sleep on the ground where the vegetables are grown and we'll sweeten our bread with honey from the bees who are worrying at our leftovers. It is a celebration of the animal and the rancher, the chefs and roasting crew, a skilled local butcher like Tillamook Meat, the community around us and this life we've made here.

Jared Gardner is a native Oregonian who was born in Portland. He and his wife Hilary own and operate Nehalem River Ranch, a 100-acre beef, pork and poultry farm located in Tillamook County. Nehalem River Ranch is certified AWA (Animal Welfare Approved) for the hogs and cattle. Their beef is grass-fed, and all the animals are pastured, in keeping with their philosophy of rotational grazing and holistic farm management. Most NRR products are direct-marketed to consumers, who can purchase a half or whole animal, with some sampler packs, retail and restaurant sales. For more information and to place an order visit NehalemRiverRanch.com or call 503-368-6328.



HOME

BY NICK FISH

We all have stories about a home. For some, a home is a sanctuary, a shelter from the storm. For others, it is a fading dream.

My family has lived in the same house in Portland for 20 years. We love to spend time at the Oregon Coast—a kind of second home. While we are very fortunate, we also know that one of the biggest challenges of our time is that too many families don't have a safe or decent place to call home.

Oregon is Our Home

We moved to Oregon in the 1990s so my wife Patricia could take a job at Portland State University. It was a big move, full of risk and uncertainty. We had no family or friends here, no history.

Patricia has thrived at PSU. She is a dedicated professor, and the author of books about civil rights pioneers Ida B. Wells and Avel Gordly.

I continued to practice law, representing victims of discrimination. I also hosted a public affairs show on television, served on the board of a local housing authority, and was an active community volunteer.

In 2008, I was elected to the Portland City Council, a dream job in a forward-looking city. As a long-time advocate for affordable housing, I ran on a platform of bringing all of the city's housing programs under one roof to better serve those in need.

For inspiration, I drew upon my parents' example of service, and my political apprenticeship with Massachusetts Congressman Barney Frank. For over thirty years, Frank was a national leader in the fight for decent, affordable housing.

Today, Portland is a tale of two cities. A growing, livable city with a proud progressive tradition that brought my family to Oregon. And, a city that recently declared a "housing emergency," because the competition for scarce housing is pushing rents and home values up, and pushing people out.

A city where my family lives in relative comfort, but also a city where a growing number of minimum wage workers, older adults, young people, working families, and new immigrants can't afford to live.

The House I Call Home

We bought our first house on an impulse. One night, while driving through the Grant Park neighborhood, I came upon a barn-like structure, glowing like a pumpkin, surrounded by mature trees. It spoke to us, and we bought it.

It is our first house, and the only one our two kids—Chapin and Maria—have ever known. Over the past 20 years, I have had a complicated relationship with our house. I have complained about it, neglected it, tried to sell it, and ultimately, have made peace with it.

My friends tell me it looks like a Manzanita beach house. It has weathered wood shingles, and nice views from the upper floor. At night, it is quiet and peaceful, except for the sound of airplanes in the distance.



Beyond the wood, glass and concrete — our home is a safe place, a refuge from the hurly burly of life. Over the years, it is where we have celebrated birthdays and graduations; hosted sleepovers and book parties; decorated Noble Firs for Christmas, and tables for Thanksgiving; shared meals with family and friends; laughed and cried.

The Oregon Coast: A Second Home

For my family, the Oregon coast is like a second home. We are just 90 minutes from the Pacific Wonderland.

We usually stay in motels—with resonant names like Sunset Surf in Manzanita or Webb's Scenic Surf in Cannon Beach. In the summer, Patricia and the kids like to camp at Nehalem Bay State Park.



We are a family of rituals. Clam chowder at Mo's, and breakfast at Pig 'N Pancake. Long walks on the beach, and hikes up Neahkahnie Mountain. Lazy afternoons hunting for books at Jupiter Books in Cannon Beach, Godfather's Books in Astoria, or the local public library (I

am a card-carrying member of the Cannon Beach branch). The search for the perfect sea shell. Contests to see how fast we can climb the Astoria column. Afternoon naps, followed by family movie nights.

We always feel welcome on the coast. The people are friendly and informal. And the scenery is beautiful beyond words. As Oregonians, we share the great pride in the public beaches, majestic surf, lush forests, and colorful maritime history.

Too Many People Don't Have a Safe and Decent Place to Call Home

In America, everyone yearns to have a home. It is part of the American dream. But that dream is fading for many of our neighbors. Too many families are living in poverty; too many children go to bed hungry; and too many people are sleeping on our streets.

The award-winning documentary *American Winter* features eight Portland families struggling to keep their homes during the Great Recession, and the non-profits that work tirelessly to mend a frayed safety net.

While the recession technically ended, many of those families are still struggling. They live in a "one strike and you're out" economy—one missed paycheck, one health care emergency away from losing their home.

For me, *American Winter* inspires mixed emotions. On the one hand, pride in the collective efforts of local government, nonprofits, and the faith community to respond to the crisis. On the other hand, shame that in a wealthy and powerful country so many people are falling through the cracks.

I know there are no easy answers to the persistent problems of poverty and homelessness. But I still believe in the dream, and I have faith that Oregonians will rise to the occasion.

Whether we live in a big city, or a small coastal town, everyone should have a safe and decent place to call home.

Nick Fish is a Portland City Commissioner who was first elected in 2008, in a special election to replace Erik Sten. He has worked on affordable housing issues for over 30 years, starting with his first job out of college, for former U.S. Representative Barney Frank. Nick is passionate about jazz, women's soccer, and old books. His proudest achievements are his two children, Chapin and Maria, ages 12 and 23.



HOME/LESS

WE TELL OURSELVES STORIES IN ORDER TO LIVE. ~ JOAN DIDION

■ BY GAMBELE KERR

Food. Shelter. Medicine. These are basic human needs. Some would go so far as to say that these are basic human rights. Currently these needs, or rights, have been transmogrified into a three-headed monster with a relentless and insatiable hunger for money. There is no end to its appetite and there is never enough money.

We can choose to trade all of our time in an effort to feed this monster. We can believe that if we just work harder, get a third job, or stop drinking lattes the monster will finally be satisfied and bestow upon us our hard earned rewards. We can pretend that this is normal, necessary, even noble. We can live by the hour and die by the hour.

I chose this sort of life for a long time. In an effort to provide for my daughter and myself I worked as much as possible. Two or three jobs. All day, every day. So lucky! Some people had no jobs but I had three! Then an elaborate series of events led to us living at the wondrous and departed Log Cabin on Manzanita's Laneda Ave. A lot has been said about that cabin. Eyesore, den of debauchery, haven for ne're-do-wells and hobos, incubator for joy and greatness, my favorite home ever. Missed by many, reviled by some, and deserving of a proper tribute someday.

But also the first place I could afford to live! Without working three jobs! What a revelation! What a joy to have free time to explore the beauty around me! What a joy to have free time at all!

Homes like these don't really exist in Manzanita these days and affordable housing in general is scarce everywhere. Many people fortunate enough to have jobs may not be fortunate enough to have a place to live. I'm among their number, mostly by choice. Sleep in a different place nearly every night. On floors, at jobs. In a car, knees curled to chest. Dog on chest. In a tent. On a tarp, covered in blankets and moonlight and love. In sheds. In other people's houses. On kindly offered couches. In kindly offered backyards. Parking lots and meadows and secret camping places that no longer exist.

Some tips for living like this: Always know where your toothbrush is, always do the dishes, be grateful for every kindness, don't stay anywhere too long, try not to be too visible. Try not to be offended by \$1,300.00 a night vacation rentals, try not to be offended by people who get mad at people who sleep in cars, and even if they call the cops remember that you are not a criminal. Embrace your feral nature, redefine your idea of home, learn that by inhabiting the story of your life you create a home everywhere you go. Know that you are lucky, so lucky.

And some tips for all of us: Recognize that some people in our community are struggling and lack access to basic human needs. Know that an amazing and kind member of our community died last winter because of this. Work to fix this so it doesn't keep happening. We can choose community over commerce. Instead of calling the cops when we think someone might be sleeping in their car why not see if they are okay? Check in with people. Make that unused space above your garage into an affordable, long term rental. Understand that affordable housing isn't affordable to



people making under \$1,500.00 a month if it costs \$800.00 a month, plus utilities, plus first and last and deposit, plus pet fee, if pets are even allowed. Allow pets.

Remember that poverty isn't a crime, but denying people access to basic human needs should be. Also remember that monsters are of our own making and that we can dismantle them when we decide that there are things more important than money.

According to the brilliant Native American poet, Joy Harjo, the west "is the direction of ending. It is the doorway to the ancestors, the direction of tests. It represents leaving and being left and learning to find the road in the darkness."

Maybe here, in our own upper left edge, we can be lights in that darkness.

Gambele Lynn Kerr was born in the seventies and lives in awe.

Susie

I knew him.
He had an old dog
named Susie.
Her hips were weak
so she wove down the sidewalk
with a flirtatious gait,
a soft, silky, big blonde girl.
They're both gone now.
There is a pile of old blankets,
plastic pails, black trash bags
in a heap on the curb.
Someone has been hired to haul
this home away;
each time they lift an armful,
golden dog hair
back lit by the sun
swirls away,
spins in tangles to the pavement
and disappears.

~ Mary Lou McAuley

Other Ways of Knowing

I study her.
Day after day
I sit and stare.
I watch how she
Curls over
On top of herself,
Splays out
And then inhales
Herself back in.

I notice how
Sometimes
Her face stiffens,
Is steep;
Sometimes
Soft and rounded.
Sometimes
She darts
Here and there and all over
And then I'm not sure
Of her,
At all.

I observe how
Her shoulders
Uplift,
Perky,
Sassy-like.
Flirting,
I'm sure of it.
But then
They will
Drop
Like a deep sigh;
Almost cave in.
Often times
They do.

At times
Her arms
Stretch so wide,
Her fingers
Reaching for me
Sparkly
Like a giggling child.
Other times
She hugs herself tightly
Wrapped up
Like a yoga coil,
Creating
An expanse between us.

This fickle one I love;
I want to
Know her
In a glance.
Without looking at
Her tell-tale edges,
To peer into her core
While gathering my notes
And answer -
"Is she incoming
Or outgoing?"
And with my proficiency,
I will guess.
Almost always
Incorrect.

But one time,
In that moment
Deeply corralling the clues,
Amassing my observations,
She startled me
And said,
"Forget your scrutiny.
How do I feel
To you?"

And I stood there
And let go
Of what I thought
Or didn't think;
And I felt her.
Absorbed
Her presence
Into me,
And knew her.

"Incoming,"
I said.
And this time
I was right.

...my beloved,
The sea.
She taught me this.

~ Carol Vanderford

Carol lives in Cannon Beach enjoying semi-retirement, hiking, and returning to her early loves - writing and surfing. Encouraged by Michael Burgess to follow her heart, she writes poetry and essays at her blog, unRaveling, while also privately exploring fiction. In her days before raising children, completing her BA and tackling grad school, she wrote human interest stories for the New Jersey Herald, inspirational radio scripts, and periodical articles.

Bringing Birth HOME

by Jennifer Childress

It's usually the middle of the night when I drive to my client's house after hearing she is in labor. The streets are quiet, often glistening from a recent rain. If I am lucky the moon will be up casting light on the ocean. As I near their home I realize again that I have no idea what to expect when I get there. It's my job to anticipate and prepare for any possibility, to simultaneously empty my mind of expectation and simply wait, trusting the mama and baby, trusting birth.

I pull onto their street. Their house is a little bit lit, some interior lamp glowing while the people on the rest of the block sleep. I let myself in, lugging packed bags of medical supplies and equipment. I know this place. We have had many prenatal appointments here. Each house has its own feeling that reflects the people who live there. I enjoy watching how houses evolve once there are children. A couple expecting their first child may have a house that's neat as a pin, but with their next baby the signs of family life explode out of every nook and cranny. I love to see how the individual personality shines through with degrees of order, colors on the walls, furniture placement, books and music. The family has created a home filled with their creativity, their interests, colors, smells and style.

At the door, I'm often met by my client's partner, sometimes their excited older children, a mother or sister, or maybe the family dog. Along with the other members of the birth team, we share the job of providing encouragement and care for this woman, this baby, this birth. We support the laboring mother, and as we do we are supported by the home environment, because that's what helps the mother feel safe while she births her baby.

It's one of the hallmarks of midwifery care that we don't judge the birthing mother. Just as the place she lives is unique, so is the way she gives birth. We trust her and her body to deliver her baby. We trust that she is normal and the way she gives birth is too. We broaden the definition of normal to include long labors and short, vocal and quiet, dramatic arrivals and births without much fuss. Sometimes we need to transport to the hospital and we work to smooth that transition too. It's our job to protect and guard this normalcy and act accordingly.

Birthing at home describes a feeling as well as a place. During a recent birth, I witnessed the baby pulse from her mother's body up onto her chest. She opened her eyes and looked around at the dimly lit quiet room, experiencing her first impression of life on the outside. "These are my people -- their voices, their emotions, their colors. This is my place."

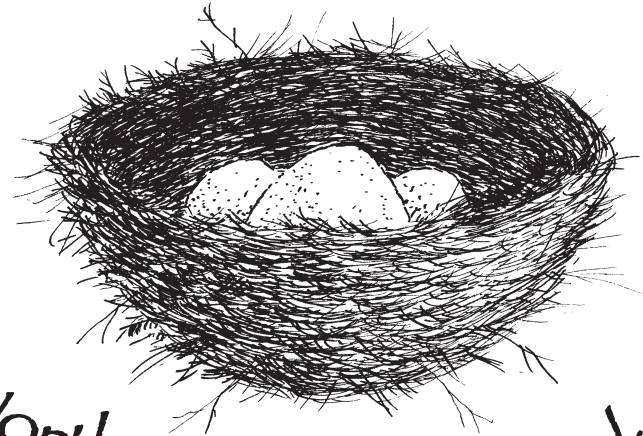
The experience of laboring and birthing in one's house enriches the home environment and contributes to making it a haven for the family to rely on in our increasingly frenetic world. The values built in that core can be so strong that they spill out into the greater community. Strong and healthy families of all stripes contribute to a healthy culture.

For women who choose to give birth in the hospital, coming home and taking the time to heal can be a beautiful rich experience. This period can feel a bit like the family has stepped out of time. There's only one job in this world and it is meeting the needs of the mama and new baby. We used to call it lying-in, and I

remember thinking it wasn't necessary for a strong modern woman. Through my own experiences I've come to see just how valuable it is to let the world pass by while the mama and baby learn to know each other as they heal and grow from this life changing experience of birth.

Homebirth is not for everyone. And that's ok. Women need to birth their babies where they feel most safe. But besides the key component of defending the freedom for families to choose their place of birth, one of the societal reasons we need to support it is that home birthing upholds the values of home – security, warmth, trust, and love. When we're passionate about that, the rest of the culture feels it. Then the businesses and institutions in our community strive to create environments that model these values too.

Jennifer Childress is a homebirth midwife who serves families up and down the north Oregon coast. She hikes, raises dairy goats, makes cheese and loves to play in her garden.



Dmitri Swain

North Coast Birth Workers

We are birth workers serving the upper left edge!
Contact us for an interview to see if one of us is a good fit for you.

Elisabeth Pietila • Labor Doula
Warrenton 503-791-6924

Jennifer Childress • Midwife,
Birthdance Midwifery, tillamookclatsopmidwife.com
Nehalem 503-368-5886

Lee Knott • Labor & Postpartum Doula
leerebeccaknott@gmail.com
Long Beach 206-383-5433,

Libby Silva • Labor & Postpartum Doula
Astoria 208-965-5094

Once upon a rainy day Matt Love (author and publisher of Nestucca Spit Press) and Jack Harris (co-founder and co-owner of Fort George Brewery) had a conversation about gentrification in Astoria, the city's growing popularity, and their respective, conflicted roles in this reality.

SOUL-SEARCHING with CIVIC BOOSTERS

Matt: Jack, I remember a while back we were drinking a beer in the Fort and I mentioned how I was starting to see a lot of people driving slowly through my neighborhood in Astoria's South Slope (overlooking Youngs Bay) in a way that clearly showed they were looking for homes to buy. Previously abandoned homes or ones on the market for the two years since I moved to town were suddenly getting snapped up. It felt like these were potential second home buyers and I actually talked to people from Portland, Santa Rosa, California, and Washington who were doing exactly that. I felt a little conflicted about that development because I had moved here and immediately began raising the profile of the city with my writing! In fact, I put out a book called *A Nice Piece of Astoria: A Narrative Guide*, that extolled the quirky eccentricities and magic of living near the mighty river. A few weeks ago I heard from someone in Iowa of all places. A cousin from the Astoria area had mailed her the book and she's now decided she wants to move here. I really don't know what to think about that. Is that good or bad?

Jack: My conflict comes from my experiences with other towns and cities that I have lived in. Before I moved to Astoria, I lived in SE Portland (Hawthorne District), Boulder Colorado and Cannon Beach. In every one of these towns I felt like I had arrived 20 years late. People had moved to them in the 70s as artists and entrepreneurs when rents were cheap, the general cost of living was inexpensive, and there was economic freedom to pursue dreams, buy houses and get established. By the time I was there in the 90s all of these spots were prohibitively expensive to live and work in without means. Those folks from the 70s had managed their growth very intelligently and created very attractive places to live. The attractive livability did not go unnoticed and drew people that wanted to live in those places....people that were moving from places that didn't protect their neighborhoods and towns from strip malls, big-box stores and automobile culture. These were people who already had enough money to buy a nice house and eventually pricing the locals out of their own town.

Matt: And you see that happening in Astoria?

Jack: It was a different town when I moved here in the late 90s and was able to buy my house for less than \$100k. It was inspiring to watch people my age start up small businesses and galleries and it really made me feel like I was finally in the right place at the right time. Previous leaders had set the town up to be a jewel by cleaning up brownfields and turning them into housing, protecting

the historic buildings and houses, developing the river walk and prioritizing access to the river for pedestrians. Fort George has gotten a lot of credit for the renaissance of Astoria, but the reality is that we stand on the shoulders of those who made our success possible. I am very proud of how we have fixed up the city block we are responsible for, but it didn't happen in a vacuum.

Matt: There's certainly nothing wrong with fixing up a dilapidated city block and employing people in the process. And making excellent beer! I like to think my book about Astoria helped renovate a few neglected or clichéd stories in town and unearthed a few other gems, like the Steinbeck wonders of the Triangle Tavern. I also wanted to call attention to a few aspects of living here that are metaphysical in nature to me, such as thinking about rain and living near such a vital watercourse.



Did I gentrify Astoria with my book? Perhaps. Maybe there should be a different word for it. And what is the word for the expansion of the motel on the Riverwalk that annihilates the view of the river and bridge from my beloved back table in the Triangle Tavern? I see this development as something truly portentous for Astoria.

Jack: My enthusiasm for living in Astoria has only increased over the years. I talk about it glowingly to anyone that will listen to me. My affection for this place is nearly as sincere and unjaded as the love I have for my family. It is hard to keep that to yourself. I have seen the local economy successfully make a pivot from resource extraction to tourism over the time I have been here. That sort of economy needs to publicize itself to attract the tourists that drive that engine. Those tourists see what we have and want to be a part of it. You have mentioned that Astoria needs a Tom McCall-like figure that will welcome people to visit, but discourage them from staying. I'm not sure how that kind of hospitality would be received or if there is even a practical way to successfully deliver that message to people. Maybe there is a way to target smart tourists who are actually happy where they are?

Matt: Tom McCall took a big hit from the Oregon business community for his famous 1973 statement on the CBS Evening News, "Come visit us again and again. This is a state of excitement. But for heaven's sake, don't come here to live." But let's

face it, that attitude still resonates today in Oregon, certainly Portland, and perhaps it's coming to Astoria. I have been astonished by the number of people I've met since I moved here in 2013, who are not from Oregon. Many of them have taken a writing workshop from me and they simply fell in love with Astoria and felt compelled to move here. And I must say, these people are very cool, progressive, artistic minded. I don't feel like they've displaced anyone but then again, they could afford to move here. The issue is: what happens if another 200 people like this move here. Would that increase the gentrification, drive up rents and housing prices?

Jack: Don't get me wrong. Astoria will benefit from the artists, writers, musicians and chefs that want to make this place their home. I'm not talking about closing the door behind me. However, in the last 10 years, Astoria has become a darling of national travel magazines like Sunset. The New York Times has also done multiple extensive travel pieces on Astoria, and in all of these publications, Fort George has been prominently featured. Now folks are buying second homes here or selling their houses in California (and many other places where housing is much more expensive) and moving here to get a bigger house with a view. This is having the very real effect of pricing locals out of the housing market and even making rental opportunities for a young, creative class prohibitively expensive.

Matt: *I should probably tell you that a feature writer from Sunset emailed the other day and wanted to interview me about Astoria. And you probably already know the Willamette Week did a big guide to Astoria where it wasn't clear to me that anyone from the publication actually visited Astoria. This town is hot and if you thought last summer was crowded with gridlock every day from Seaside to Astoria and all the way to Svenson, this summer is going to be even worse.*

Jack: Now I'm the guy who was here 20 years ago and I am wondering if this is an inevitable progression. While I am proud of the success Fort George has enjoyed, how complicit are we in this aspect of the evolution of the town I love? Is there no way to protect both the livability and affordability of Astoria? Are these mutually exclusive goals? None of these people with money wanted to live here in the 80's and 90's when the storefronts were empty and it wasn't safe to be downtown in the evenings. They are benefiting from the hard work that went on to revitalize this town over the last 20-30 years while making it impossible for kids who have grown up here to stake their claim. So my conflict is to understand how I can continue to use Astoria to promote my business without killing the goose.

Matt: *My conflict as a chronicler of Astoria life is nearly the same. Should I keep writing about Astoria and spreading the good word in my presentations? I truly love living here and am thankful for what this town has given me. But should I just shut up about it?*

Jack: Well, most of the mushroom hunters I know are pretty discreet about their favorite hunting spots, but I don't know if that is a practical technique for Astoria. I'm certainly not asking to freeze the City in time. Change is going to come. Fortunately there are a lot of people living here who are passionate about

the livability of our town and who are paying attention to boring details like land-use planning and growth strategies. There is nothing much more tedious than serving on bodies like transportation planning committees, but that is the important work that guides city and county government policies. By all accounts, the days of the good ol' boys getting their way in smoky rooms are long gone. We shouldn't take that for granted. I have a lot of confidence in the responsiveness of our city leaders. In the end it comes down to diligence from the citizens to define and execute growth and development that improves on our quality of life. I don't have the answers, but I do believe the system can work when people are engaged.

Matt: *Do you ever feel that establishing and now expanding your business leaves you a bit exposed to shots from some people in the community who want Astoria to remain exactly the same culturally and economically, even though that is no longer possible. I know I have felt this regarding my book about Astoria.*

Change can be difficult for everyone. Even though we are but one of many moving parts that are contributing to the evolution of Astoria and the North Coast we take our role seriously.

We are getting ready to implement some measures to reduce the impact we have on parking at our end of town. We are conscientious about when the brewery can start blasting tunes in the morning and how late our Sunday music goes to reduce the effects on neighbors. We try to support local educational and environmental non-profits. We also provide the Showroom for weekly educational lectures that are always free. Additionally we have provided forums for the City to use in planning growth, transportation systems and parks. We'll do anything we can to facilitate the conversation as to what direction the people of Astoria want to take this town. Any sort of success comes with detractors. The trick is to pick out useful criticism that you can learn from and react to that appropriately. I always wanted Astoria to be as proud of their local brewery as I am to live here, but I never anticipated that running a little brewpub would come with such a high profile. I am always looking for the balance between thick skin and sensitivity when issues arise. We have a lot of brilliant people on our staff with the same love for this area and concerns about leaving it in better shape than how we found it. I am confident that we can find the answers to any sincere concerns others may have about our growth.

Matt Love lives in Astoria and is the publisher of Nestucca Spit Press. He's the author/editor of 14 books about Oregon. In 2009, Love won the Oregon Literary Arts' Stewart H. Holbrook Literary Legacy Award for his contributions to Oregon history and literature. His website is www.nestuccaspitpress.com.

Jack Harris has been a professional brewer for 25 years and is currently the proprietor of Fort George Brewery and Public House in Astoria where he lives with his wife, son, a couple of dogs, a cat and a leopard gecko.

Change is going to come. Fortunately there are a lot of people living here who are passionate about the livability of our town and who are paying attention to boring details like land-use planning and growth strategies.

LET'S REMODEL THE COASTAL HOUSING MARKET

by Watt Childress

Affordable places to live are as hard to find on the Oregon coast as they are elsewhere. What makes the scarcity so palpable here is that it exists amid an abundance of large vacation homes. There are many rooms for tourists but too few for the people who serve them.

A local economy sours when the workers who run it can't afford to live there. In such circumstances the label of "community" begins to feel like false packaging. Relationships become impersonal, utilitarian, and one-dimensional. Separation sets in.

This sense of decline may nudge some gentry to reflect on the ethic of *noblesse oblige* – the inferred responsibility of privileged people to act with generosity toward those less fortunate. Not a bad time to re-watch episodes of *Downton Abbey*, bask in the light of a bygone world where wealthy elites lived in the same big houses as the laborers who cooked their meals, fluffed their pillows, and ironed their newspapers.

As today's housing market grows it displaces workers from community. Unless this pattern is addressed we will not solve problems by simply expanding urban growth boundaries, raising skylines, or filling in green spaces. These are often stopgap measures that can easily become yoked to the same market forces that benefit from rising prices.

Recently Oregon legislators took a step in the right direction by voting to lift a ban on inclusionary zoning. This enables local governments to require that affordable units be included in new housing developments. Public leaders have a bit more leverage to align growth with worker needs.

Unfortunately this benefit only applies to developments that are larger than those commonly found in small coastal communities. Also, in order to take this incremental step, lawmakers apparently cut a deal that curbs the

ability of local governments to vote on annexation. Now developers have a speedier way to extend the city limits.

Before we rush to enlarge our urban footprint, we should make more efficient use of our existing built environment. This is especially sensible on the coast, where vacation homes are often empty.

One idea that seems promising on this front is to remodel home interiors so there is more flexibility for tenancy. This is an application of what local architect Tom Bender calls "flex-housing." It enables a homeowner to rent part of their property to long-term tenants while reserving the rest for other uses. The changes can be undone or revised down the road, if necessary.

Surely some owners of vacation homes would like full-time tenants to keep an eye on their place. Transient renters are less prone to abuse property when a good tenant lives in the neighboring unit and it is understood that they play an oversight role with the property.

Of course, if local governments want to encourage long-term tenancy of homes, they can restrict short-term transient rentals. Homeowners who want to use residential properties as hotels can be required to secure bed and breakfast licenses. That means they must have someone living on site involved in guest management. Or governments can require that homes not be rented to different guests so frequently (no more than once every two weeks, for example).

The last time such restrictions were discussed in Cannon Beach, there was a backlash from stakeholders who profit from short-term rentals. Since then, the growth of companies like Airbnb may have changed the playing field somewhat. But restricting transient rental of homes requires



political will, and adequate enforcement means public spending.

I'm prone to consider financial incentives. An economist recently reminded me that when markets create public problems it is appropriate for government to use taxes and fees to leverage corrections. It is reasonable that homeowners who provide affordable rent to long-term tenants should receive a reduction of local taxes or fees.

We could go further. Perhaps affordable flex-housing could be incentivized by allowing owners

to generate revenue from part of their property with short-term transient rentals. Local governments could assign a limited number of transient rental licenses to homeowners who are willing to participate. Part of their property could be used as affordable full-time housing to locals. The other part could be rented to vacationers.

And what happens when the owners come to the beach? That's when the power of community could really kick in. Most people who vacation aren't just visiting the scenery. They're reconnecting with locals who they've come to know, many who provide valued services and are a central part of the vacation experience.

Here's a mental exercise for owners of vacation homes (and folks who aren't, yet visit this area frequently). Think of a favorite local hotel, café, shop, or pub. If you are like me, a big part of visiting a beloved travel destination involves the folks who work there. Consider what it feels like when those people are harried because their places of employment are understaffed due to housing difficulties. Think about how it feels when turnover is so swift that we never develop a real rapport with anybody.

By contrast, imagine that some of the favorite folks you see on vacation are also neighbors. Relationships can take root. You can swap stories on the porch or have a barbeque in the back yard, get to know what's really happening here. Surely many visitors would like to deepen their connections with this amazing place and it's year-round residents.

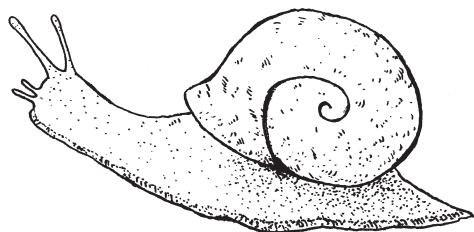
Some may think it far-fetched to envision this remodel of the coastal housing market: from large empty spaces and sporadic superficial contact to intimate quarters and personal friendships. Yet Baby Boomers are downsizing, and Millennials are investing in tiny homes. A deeper instinct is drawing us closer, back toward community.

Wouldn't it be great for vacationers to become part of the local pulse, connect with folks who live here? This kind of shift would not just open a door for affordable housing. It might raise the consciousness of tourism.

Watt Childress curates Jupiter's Books, located in a yellow cinder-block garage in downtown Cannon Beach (on Spruce Street, across from the playground). He publishes the Upper Left Edge and serves as chair of the Tolovana Arts Colony.

Dmitri Swain is an artist living on the north Oregon coast with his wife and daughter. He received his Bachelor of Science in Fine Arts from Portland State University in 2011, with an emphasis in printmaking.

Lotte Greaver lives in the woods and is grateful for morning birdsong.



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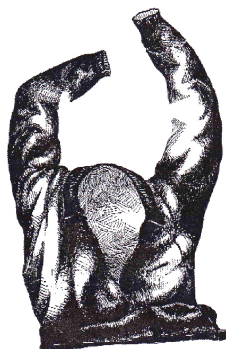
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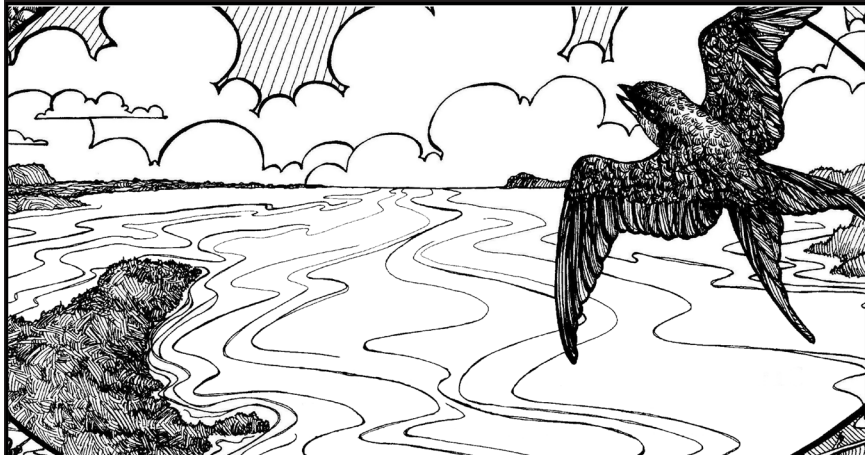
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