

Dad turns 90

*"The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long."*
— Duke of Albany to conclude *King Lear*

AT 37, HE GAVE ME LIFE. AN ACCOUNTANT, VET-eran and sportsman, Dad gave me a work ethic based on loyalty to employer, a sense of humor with an edge, and an example of a happy, long marriage.

His devout belief in fair play, replaying a tennis point rather than have an unhappy opponent, probably spurred me to become a soccer referee. My C in mathematics, however, precluded a comparable career; my B in English demanded journalism, not academia. Never a soldier, though with an appreciation for those who serve, my life's battles have been so minor in comparison that Albany's quote from *Lear* comes to mind.

Unlike *Lear*, Dad is still kicking. But only just. He turned 90 in mid-March and we gathered in his brick three-bedroom duplex south of London to share a weekend of gaiety that exceeded his regular chocolate quotient but exhausted a worn, curved body that has survived civilization's leap from horse-drawn buggies to space rockets.

From working-class beginnings, Dad was a scholarship boy who attended a minor private school, endured England's Great Depression, helped defeat Hitler (at a cost), then settled into middle-class suburbia, with a daily train journey "up" to London, and four decades crunching numbers for the power company.

Growing up in a family of two parents and two sons, four years apart, my Mum's sewing prowess was the centerpoint of our existence, followed closely by sports, as spectators and participants. We learned to lip read the telly amid the rumble of the sewing machine that accompanied British life in the 1960s and 1970s, the era of The Beatles' music and haircuts, Twiggy's fashions and dreadful accent, and, regrettably, "bovver boys," shaven-headed thugs who fended off diversity with knuckledusters.

Dad gave me my first nickname, "Titch," a moderately polite but demeaning variation of runt or short-ass, until I "fined" him sixpence each time he said it. That gradually weaned him off using it. Sixpence won't buy you a Milky Way now, but for a grubby nipper then it was a fortune.

Tennis and more sedate lawn bowls filled his later years, but



Patrick Webb



Bill and May Webb, parents of The Daily Astorian's Patrick Webb, pose for a doorstep photo at their home in Surrey. Bill Webb marked his 90th birthday in March.

Dad was always a keen sportsman, a finesse badminton player who made his opponent scamper, a fullback in soccer, and a spin bowler in cricket, an unglamorous position akin to a baseball closer. As a batsman, he once had scored 47 runs when his team reached the tea interval. Despite Dad's pleading, his captain declared the innings over, so he never reached the coveted milestone of 50 runs.

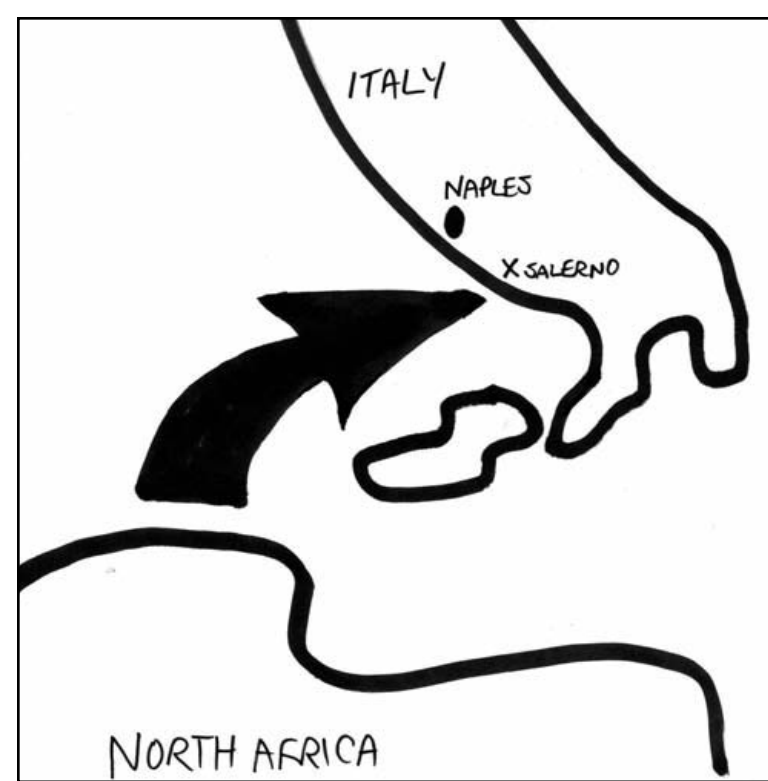
Basil Fawley's catchphrase, 'Don't mention the war!' was the watchword in our household.

For cricket, he wore a green-and-white batting glove with a metal reinforced left thumb, and that was probably the only way we boys found out about his war wound, other than Mum making sure any horseplay didn't get out of hand.

Basil Fawley's catchphrase, "Don't mention the war!" was the watchword in our household. For more than 40 years, the only two fragments I knew about Dad's World War II experience were comments while watching a weekly history TV show called *All Our Yesterdays*. One was the joy of eating watermelon in the desert and once he let slip an inadvertent remark about the choking smell of soldiers' bodies in burned-out tanks.

Dad was part of England's version of Tom Brokaw's "Greatest Generation" who kept the Germans from repeating the success of Romans, Vikings, Celts and Normans who invaded, shed and diluted our Saxon blood. Dad was wounded during the Allied invasion of Italy in 1943. Salerno doesn't get the press of Normandy two years later, but by jingo it still hurt.

The Queen's Regiment, the "black cats" found themselves celebrating Christmas Day 1942 in Kirkuk, protecting Iraq's oilfields from the Russians. They then took part in the longest wartime land movement of any mechanized army, south and



Daily Astorian graphic
The September 1943 invasion of Italy, including the landings at Salerno from temporary bases in North Africa, was a key step toward the Allies winning World War II in Europe. Hundreds of Allied troops poured ashore and met with heavy resistance.

east across North Africa, eating the dust Rommel had chewed shortly before.

From Mediterranean bases on the desert shores, their landing craft assaulted heavily-armored enemy positions south of Naples in September 1943. Some souls didn't make it off the beach.

A small while later, high in a church tower, Dad's life changed forever. A sniper spied a radio operator with a handset to his ear and went for a headshot. Instead, the bullet passed through Dad's left hand. His buddy regaled a regimental reunion with his reaction: he held up his left hand, gushing blood from two places, said "Oooo, look!" then fainted. In the parlance of generations of Tommies fighting overseas, he had "copped a Blighty," a wound bad enough to be sent back to England. He would never again hold a rifle.

Three years later, almost to the day, after convalescence and a return to his accounting job, he married my mother, a perky office girl five years his junior.

The wound is not visible, but it forever affected his confidence, and meant he was like the character in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* who won't tinker with mechanical stuff, a characteristic I learned by example.

A neighbor used to tease him about the "walk that does you good." Now Dad walks with a frame, when he walks at all. He fought against installing a chairlift for the narrow staircase; now, life would be impossible without it.

His deafness, and the memory demons that pluck at his once-sharp mind, are as painful as the spasms in his legs that send him tumbling to the bathroom floor. Every time my phone rings, I expect the worst.

Each sunrise heralds challenges. Getting up, shaving, washing and weeing. Mundane survival is life's goal. The carers who dress him are from Estonia and similar exotic locales. Complete strangers minimize the indignity.

The decades have taken a toll on this old soldier.

— P.W.

English-born Patrick Webb is managing editor of The Daily Astorian.

Open forum

Fragile ecosystem

Igrew up in Astoria, and I spent many hours hiking, biking, fishing and kayaking along the lower stretches of the Columbia River. As an adult, I taught, for many years, a freshman inquiry class called "The Columbia River Basin" at Portland State University.

I consider the lower Columbia River my extended back yard, and it holds special significance aesthetically, spiritually, ecologically and economically. I've canoed where Lewis and Clark made their winter camp in 1805, bicycled around Cape Disappointment and kayaked among the dense spruce forests near Aldridge Point. I've observed the incredible wildlife that exists among the Columbia River estuary islands. I'm keenly aware of the importance of the Bradwood site, in particular, for young salmon as they prepare for their ocean-going voyage.

Liquefied natural gas, whether at the Skipanon site near Warrenton or the Bradwood site 20 miles upriver, threatens this rich and fragile ecosystem. It threatens people, too — the likely harm done to those who make a living fishing in the lower Columbia and the potential for catastrophic explosion from

human error or terrorist activity.

Oregon landowners between the Skipanon and Bradwood sites will have their land cut up by a 36-inch pipeline, requiring an initial construction easement of 120 feet, and a permanent 50-foot right of way. The same havoc could apply to the Mount Hood National Forest.

LNG is not needed in Oregon because of natural gas reserves. Nor should it become part of Oregon's energy future because of the proponents' failure to build LNG terminals in California. The California State Lands Commission recently revoked NorthernStar's application to convert an old oil platform off Ventura Harbor into an LNG import terminal. That is the fifth and final LNG terminal proposed for California over the last decade that has met its demise.

Who is pushing and backing LNG in Oregon? For Bradwood, it is two Texas businessmen, William "Si" Garrett and Paul Sloane. Garrett is the chief executive of NorthernStar Natural Gas, a Texas company, and Sloane is president. For the Skipanon site, it is Leucadia National Bank of New York, and their point man is Peter Hansen, chief executive officer of the Oregon LNG project.

What is their commitment to the health and vitality of the lower Columbia River? What local knowledge do they have of the area? The goal in their eyes is profit at the expense of people, farmland, fish and wildlife. The amount of money they have spent on their propaganda campaign to sway commissioners and the general public is flagrant and offensive, but their push for LNG will not stop those of us who love our region and know that energy alternatives and energy conservation are the right course of action.

GREG JACOB
Hillsboro

Brain transplants

Watching Congress in action during the health care vote and accompanying rhetoric makes one wonder if — whatever this plan includes — it just might cover brain transplants. A few of the Republicans are in desperate need, as well as some of the tea party folks. Their rhetoric could not have been generated from a healthy, stable mind.

I doubt seriously if, out of the 430 representatives, more than 30 have read and understand the bill. The odds are against even one out of 1,000 citizens, including myself, who

may be directly affected, having a clue. But it seems no one is short of opinions.

I'm happy that President Obama and the Democrats finally made something happen, and folks who have simply been out of the mix will be included. My fear is that the real issue, the exorbitant annual cost of health care per person, will not be significantly reduced. The world's industrialized nations pay one-half our cost per person or lower. So far the insurance companies, the cause of the exorbitant cost, are still included.

MURRAY E. STANLEY JR.
Astoria

Lily thieves

To whoever removed the Easter lilies — which were firmly anchored down — in less than 24 hours after they were placed at our three family graveside plots: We hope you are enjoying them.

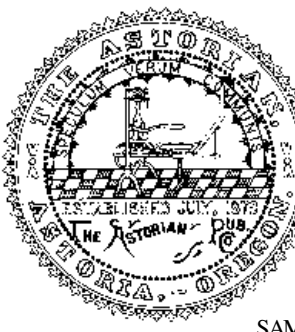
Since the Christian Easter season and Easter lilies also last for several weeks, we are hoping you will return them, so that we, too, might honor those whom they were meant to be for.

VINCE and
SHIRLEY TADEI
Astoria

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

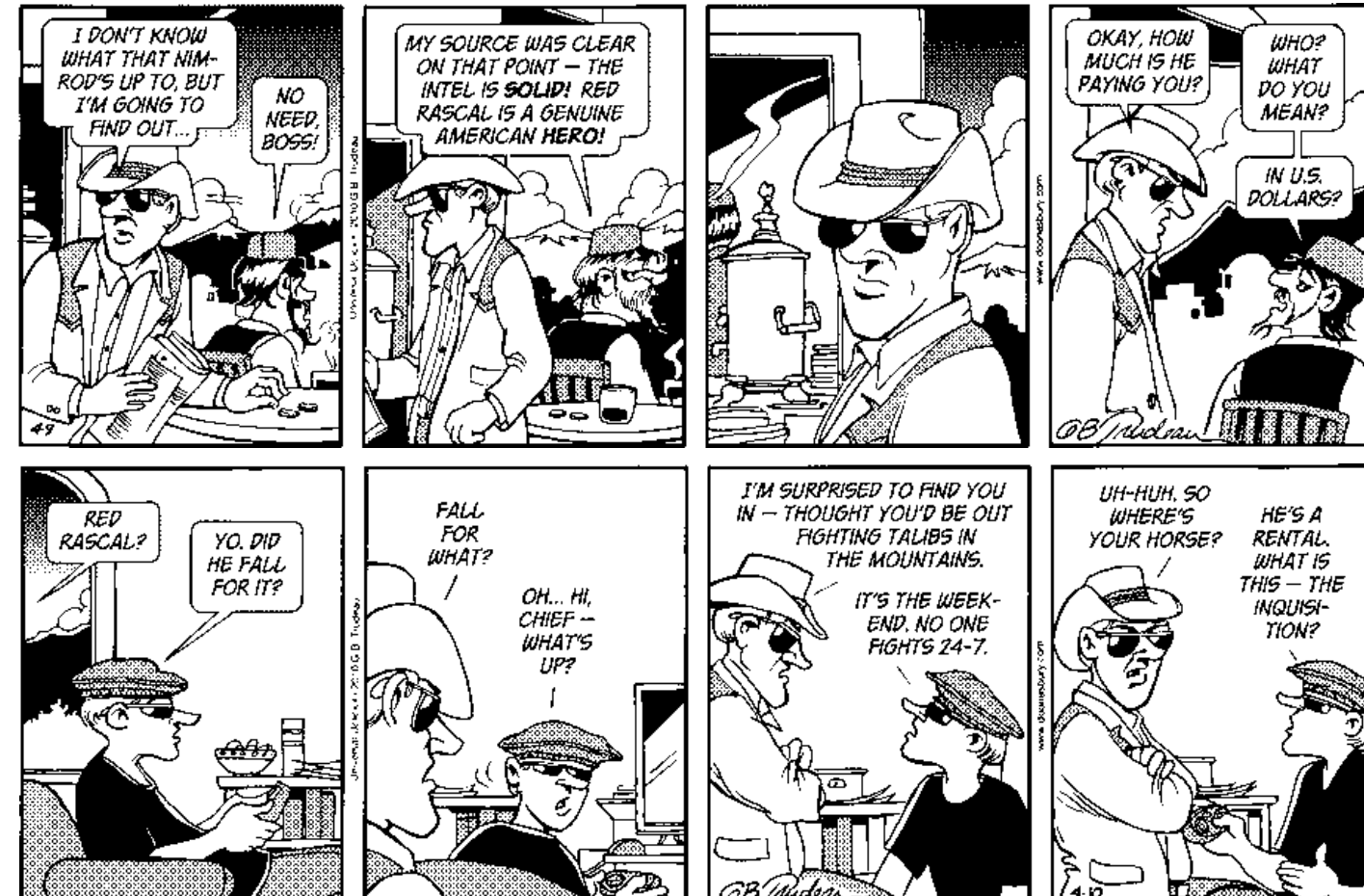
Founded in 1873

- STEPHEN A. FORRESTER, Editor & Publisher
- PATRICK WEBB, Managing Editor
- BETTY SMITH, Advertising Manager
- CARL EARL, Systems Manager
- JOHN BRUIJN, Pre-press Manager
- DEBRA BLOOM, Business Manager
- SAMANTHA McLAREN-BOWMAN, Circulation Manager

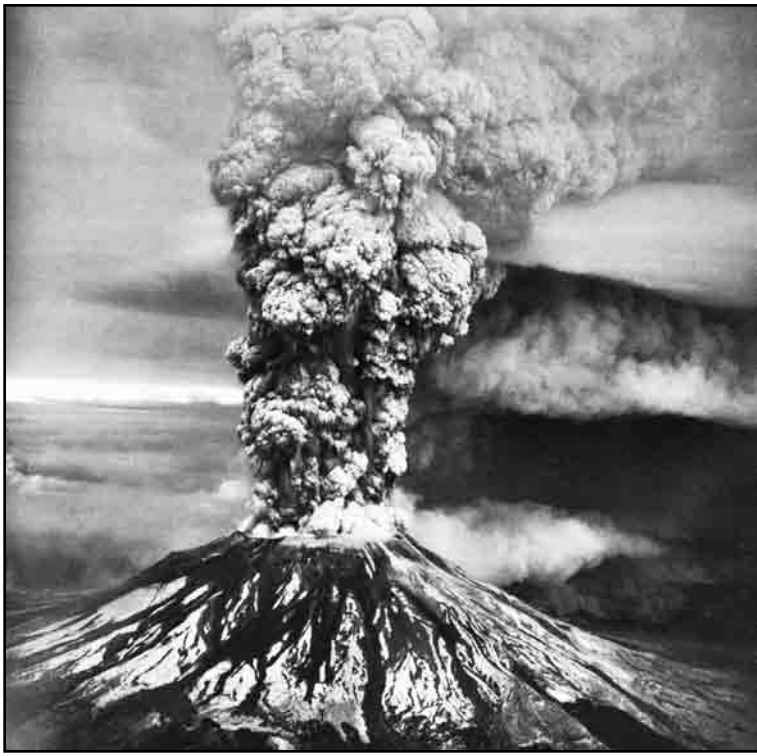


Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



I dream of America, the land of greatest potential



AP/U.S. Geological Survey file
Mount St. Helens erupts, May 18, 1980. The explosion happened three days after Patrick Webb emigrated from England to the United States. "It was bizarre to stand on the deck of my inlaws' home in Ridgefield, Wash., and watch the ash cloud turning the sky black, then switch on national television and see the same view," Webb said.



Bill Smith Photography, Vancouver, Wash.
Patrick Webb married a dairy farmer's daughter, the former Debbie Estep, six weeks after he emigrated from England, so it was not unexpected that they would toast their marriage with milk punch. Webb will toast his 30 years in the United States Saturday, though perhaps not with milk punch this time.



Daily Astorian file photo
Patrick Webb, right, plays Malvolio in the River Theatre's production of "Twelfth Night" in Astoria in 2007. Looking on are Deborah McEuen, of Astoria, left, and Lisa Fergus, of Seaside. The show was Webb's 10th in the U.S., but only the British-born amateur actor's second appearance in a full-length Shakespeare play. He played Lucius Brutus' slave, in a modern-dress version of "Julius Caesar" at his high school in Surrey in the late 1960s.

Saturday is the 30th anniversary of the day I stepped off a Pan-American aeroplane at Seattle Airport and became an American resident.

Aged 23, I waved goodbye to my native England and embraced this land of wonderment, opportunity and freedom.

After 30 years here, I love the United States of America.

It was 1980. I had just written about Britain's first race riot. My inherently racist home was about to catch up with the necessary strife that the U.S. endured in the 1960s. In my new homeland, Jimmy Carter was a lame duck in the White House; American hostages were held captive in Iran; the U.S. was boycotting the summer Olympics in Moscow, in protest at the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Fast-forward to 2010. I am bald. Pan-Am exists only in history books; that tangled abomination of concrete chaos has been renamed Sea-Tac International; and no one uses the word *aeroplane* anymore. The hostages were released, after 444 days and a brave rescue attempt, but we're still not happy with Iran. Afghanistan has armed foreigners wandering its streets, but now they're good guys like Astoria's Dean Perez.

The Carter presidency was far from stellar. Since leaving office, he's proved to be one magnificent human being. His latest success is helping win Africa's long-standing fight to eradicate Guinea worm disease. No ex-president in my lifetime has proved so hardworking. Whatever your cynicism level about beliefs, the way Carter translates faith into practical action is commendable.

When I stepped off that airplane, it was into the arms of a cuddly 23-year-old Northwest beauty. I married her six weeks later; at the end of next month, we'll celebrate our 30th wedding anniversary. Love remains wondrous.

As for those 30 years, it's been a stream of eye-popping experiences. I've spilled ink at six newspapers in five states and stammered through a bunch of radio shows. I've appeared in 10 plays, mostly comedies, singing once. I've refereed 1,000 soccer games, in torrential rain or baking sunshine. I've earned a couple of college degrees. I've even joined the Masons — my desperate grab toward respectability.

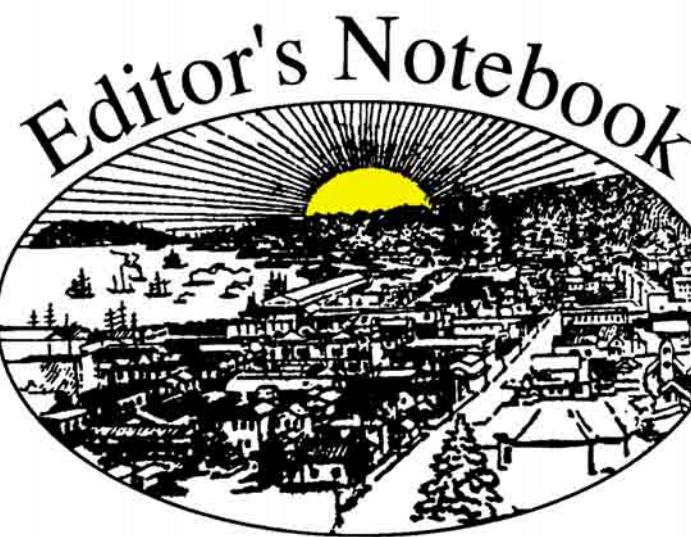
And I have changed, maybe mellowed and definitely adapted, as I have switched jobs and time zones, dug out from a flooded home, coped with a relative's dementia, and paid enough dues, one way or another, to become eligible for Social Security (if it still exists) in a decade or so.

Along the journey, I have discovered my own American truths, which may not be self evident.

The America I have grown to love is a nation of believers. We don't need snake-oil salesmen from the human potential movement telling us how to feel. We don't need Rorschach tests or pep talks. We have the greatest potential for doing good in the world.



Patrick Webb



And the time is now, if only we realize it. The theme of Pete Townshend's *Tommy*, the most significant piece of literature in the 20th century, should be our watchword. We don't need false gods, drugs or booze to be free. We only need to be ourselves.

But we must put our house in order. Here on the North Coast, it certainly means being more civil. We've gotten worse, not better, in my dozen years here. Few seek common ground — "you're

America fails regularly, but that's because it tries harder than anywhere else.

either with us or against us." I have lived in six communities in the United States. The North Coast is the most beautiful, most relaxed and most friendly. But also the most puzzling; why do some people want to make us into New Jersey? When I first heard stories about how the health of salmon reflects our health in the Northwest, I rejected them as New Age mumbo-jumbo. I was wrong. It should become our dogma. Read the salmon chapter in Timothy Egan's *The Good Rain* and you'll understand.

In 30 years I have shifted 180 degrees on states' rights. To a recent immigrant, it seemed absurd that thirsty Washington State University students could drive across the Idaho border to avoid committing a crime. (That discrepancy has since gone away; Idaho's drinking age has been raised from 19 to 21.) I had missed the point; this is a nation that unites separate-thinking states. Now, with the exception of the death penalty, I delight in these differences. Oregon allows euthanasia and medical marijuana; I'm supportive of one and against the other, but I celebrate Oregonians' right to set their own rules.

In the White House, Carter was replaced by Reagan, then Bush Sr., Clinton, Bush Jr. and now Obama. I'll save my thoughts on those fellas for another day, though suffice to say — and this is both obvious and inevitable — that none hit a home run every time at bat.

And so to guns. John Lennon was shot dead on a New York street in the December after I emigrated, so you can imagine how I felt then about Americans' easy access to lethal weapons. Silly me, I thought that the Second Amendment — "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed" — meant exactly what it says.

Would it be better if every American was issued a gun on their 21st birthday? Maybe Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson should invent a pistol, like those phasers on *Star Trek*, with two settings. One for deadly force, to be used sparingly, but handy for teachers to end campus shootings; and the other for "stun." This latter setting should be used when anyone around you is either a.) about to do something stupid; or b.) doing something stupid. Imagine the possibilities, and not just at Port of Astoria Commission meetings.

The single biggest joy about America, however, is not the Second Amendment to the Constitution but the First. Its words, its simplicity, and all its implications, give me goose bumps. Speech here is free. The U.S. government *guarantees* it.

During three decades, I believe I have earned the right to criticize the America I love. The same great country that sends men to the moon awards damages to a McDonald's customer because they spilled hot coffee. When are people *ever* going to take responsibility for their own actions?

So if reading this made you mad, fine. Do something about it. Speak out! Write a letter to the editor. Make your part of America a better place. Volunteer. Start a business. Join a club. Clean up the beach.

I used to bristle with annoyance when my family in England said, "You Yanks ..." and included me. Now I wear it as a badge of honor; that's *my* country you're attacking.

I'm one of you, in spirit if not in voice. I believe I have embraced this noble experiment. I've done my job, helped lead organizations, played fair, and sometimes played the fool in greasepaint and borrowed clothes. I've been a good neighbor and tried not to hurt anyone. OK, I'm not proud I used the "F" word to resolve a medical billing dispute, but sometimes you've just gotta get people's attention.

I love America. It is home; it sure beats everywhere else. America fails regularly, but that's because it tries harder than anywhere else. It falls and then it picks itself up. My America is a land of astonishing highs and lows.

I am privileged to live here. And I thrive.

Thank you, America.

English-born Patrick Webb is managing editor of The Daily Astorian.

• What do you think of America? Send your thoughts, with your name, age and hometown, to pwebb@dailyastorian.com

Open forum

Bye Bye Bradwood Landing

The nightmare is over. I am thanking all of you who labored and fought to keep the Columbia River open for all.

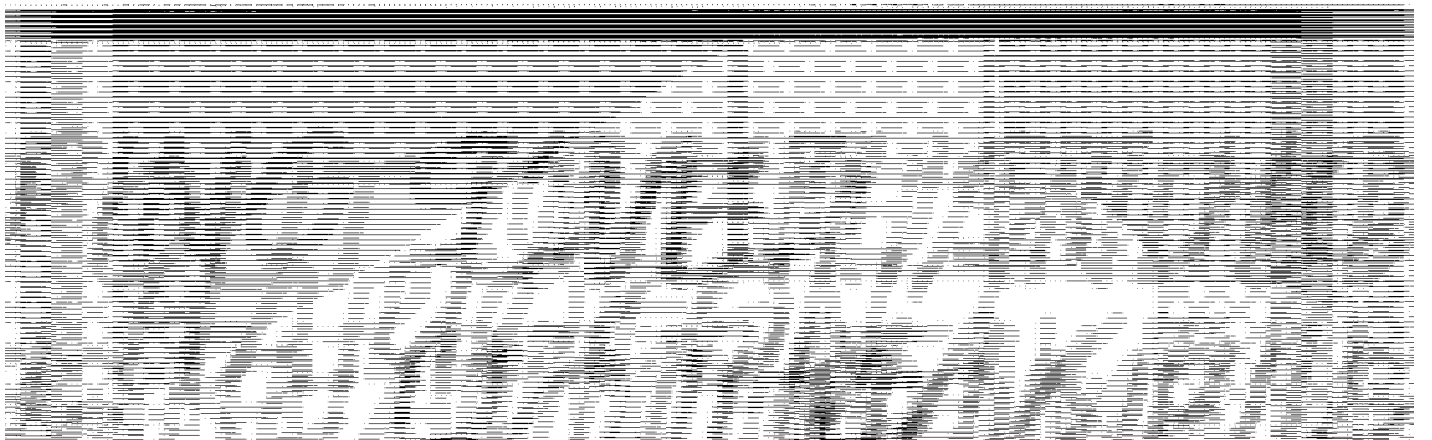
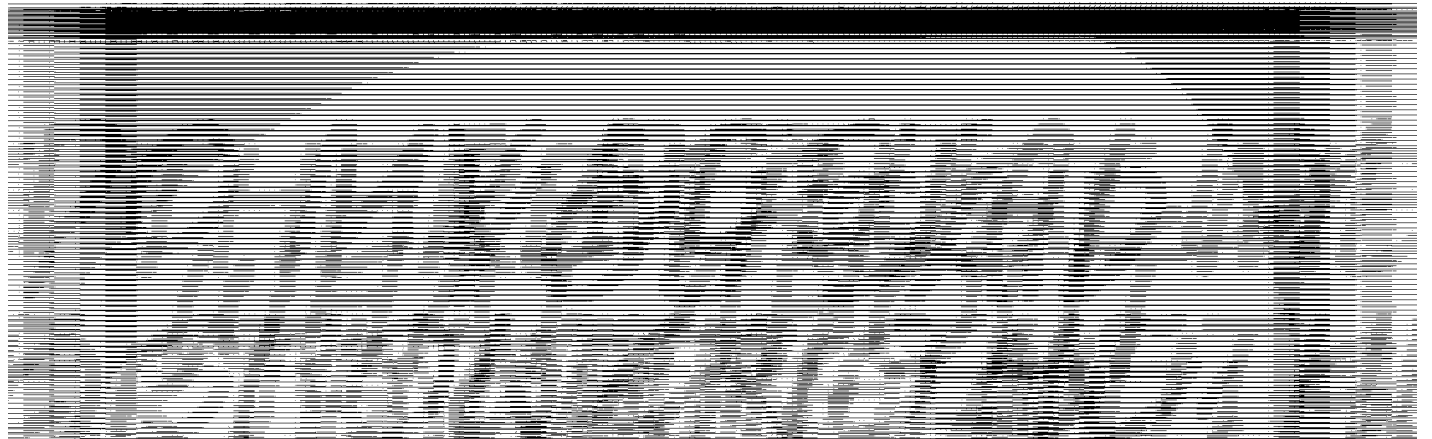
And for saving the homes, lifestyles and property of those who were to be impacted by the proposed pipelines. And for standing tall on the front lines in the conflict with the local politicians and their Big Oil and special interest group allies.

I am grateful to those who said, "Not on my watch."

DENNY ADAMS
Knappa

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873

STEPHEN A. FORRESTER, *Editor & Publisher*

PATRICK WEBB, *Managing Editor*

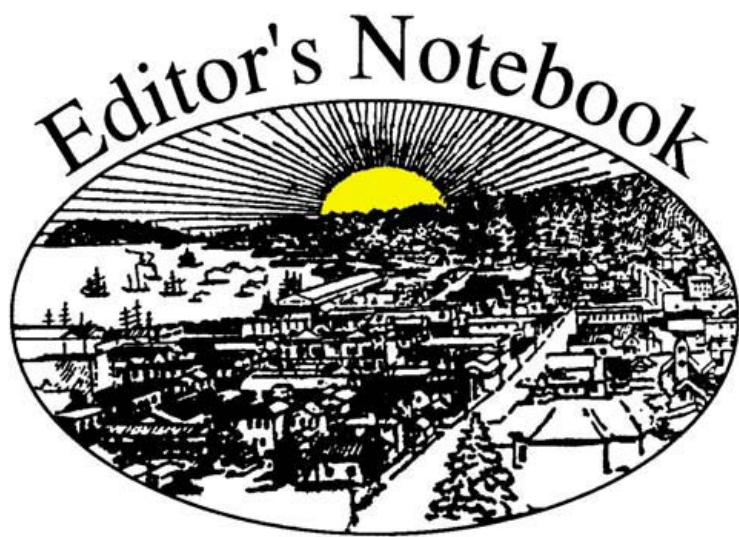
BETTY SMITH, *Advertising Manager*

CARL EARL, *Systems Manager*

JOHN BRUIJN, *Pre-press Manager*

DEBRA BLOOM, *Business Manager*

SAMANTHA McLAREN-BOWMAN, *Circulation Manager*



Don't forget, fan is short for fanatic

I am boycotting South Africa. Nothing to do with politics, however. My wife said I could go. But I fear my presence would jinx England's World Cup hopes.

Let the record show that the English soccer team has never won when Patrick Webb has been present.

My record is 0-1-3. In case readers are not used to box scores, that means one tie and three losses.

So Saturday I will be glued to the telly when England plays the USA.

I would love to be at the sparkling new stadium in Rustenburg, but as a talisman I stink.

My first England soccer game in 1993 was an unexpected but deserved 2-0 American victory. That may resonate with North Coast fans looking forward with optimism to Saturday's opening-round game. England must be favorites, but my boys have been known to underestimate "lesser" teams.



Patrick Webb

Deserved winners

That first England game was at Foxboro Stadium in Boston. The United States was hosting a four-team tournament that also featured Brazil and Germany. I arranged my summer around it, flying to Boston, taking the train to D.C., zipping home to Nebraska, then flying with a relative to Detroit. It was a super warm-up for the 1994 World Cup, during which I attended 10 games in Boston and D.C., plus the underwhelming Brazil-Italy final at the Rose Bowl.

The Boston game of '93 was totally dominated by the USA. Thomas Dooley, a German-born midfielder, is the best player to have worn a U.S. shirt in my lifetime. He scored the first headed goal from a crossing pass from Tab Ramos. Later, the injured Dooley was replaced by the flamboyant redhead Alexi Lalas. Minutes later, Lalas soared above the English defense to head in the second goal from a corner kick by Ramos.

History was being made that day; it was a defining moment in modern American men's soccer. The headline in the London Sun newspaper the next day: "YANKS 2, PLANKS 0."

Lalas was hip – he played guitar in his own band. But, most of all, he was passionate about soccer. With his distinctive hair and Uncle Sam pointy beard, he was instrumental in bringing positive vibes to U.S. men's soccer at a time while Mia Hamm was doing the same for the women.



All about respect

My second England game was a 1-1 tie against Brazil in Washington, D.C., a couple of days later. The man who led the England team at RFK Stadium made history too. Paul Ince became England's first black captain. I didn't notice – and that's the way it should be.

But it was not always so. When I was a teenager in the 1970s, standing on tiptoe behind the goal at south London's Selhurst Park, I was embarrassed by the barrage of racist epithets that black players endured when they visited Crystal Palace. "Get him with your spear, Clyde!" and "Hah, hah! They feed him bananas at half-time ..."

If my repeating these remarks offends, good. I was offended too. This sort of talk has no place, anywhere. Portland's beloved Clive Charles endured some in his playing days in Britain.

Today FIFA's "Respect" campaign to boot racism out of soccer has helped raise awareness worldwide.

Today FIFA's "Respect" campaign to boot racism out of soccer has helped raise awareness worldwide. Fans in Europe who spit racist abuse are hauled out by cops and banished. But the key change in the last two decades has been the increase in the number of successful black players. People don't yell at them because they would be insulting half their team.

Under Ince, England was ahead 1-0 when Brazil equalized. No fairy-tale ending. On to the Pontiac Silverdome for the England-Germany game. The better team won, 2-1. It was a great summer, despite the win-loss record. That same tournament saw the Americans play Germany at Chicago's Soldier Field, losing 4-3 but playing their best game ever. (I regret not attending, but I still have the video.)

No penalties, please

The only other England game I have attended was the 1996 European Cup semifinal at Wembley Stadium. As an almost-Londoner, I didn't have a good feeling arriving at my first soccer match on such sacred ground (I had previously only attended a Who concert there). So when English striker Alan Shearer scored three minutes into the game, I knew we were doomed.

Sure enough, Germany tied the score and England lost in a penalty-kick shootout, sending the crowd of 75,862 into flashbacks to the 1990 World Cup semifinal in which the same thing happened. Gareth Southgate (now an earnest young coach) was the goat in 1996; his weak penalty kick, saved by the German goalie, was derided in the British media by critics galore, including his own mother.

Stuart Pearce, one of two English players to miss his penalty kick in '90, did manage to score in '96. Pearce (whose



England's soccer captain Bobby Moore, carried shoulder-high by his teammates, holds aloft the FIFA World Cup, July 30, 1966. England defeated Germany 4-2 in the final, played at London's Wembley Stadium. From left to right, goalkeeper Gordon Banks (partially obscured), Alan Ball, Martin Peters, Geoff Hurst, Moore, Ray Wilson, George Cohen and Bobby Charlton.

playing nickname was "Psycho") is in South Africa as an assistant coach.

All about memories

So what can we expect from the lads Saturday? England and the USA are likely favorites to advance to the knockout stage from Group C. They will each play Algeria and Slovenia. Because of my Dad's wartime exploits, I know where Algeria is, but little about the quality of its soccer. Slovenia was part of Yugoslavia for most of my life, but its ancient sovereignty has been restored so its fired-up players may spoil our party.

Barring a meltdown, though, the second-place team in the group, likely the USA, will play Germany in the next round. The winner of the group, hopefully England, faces a slightly better chance against Ghana or Serbia. Of course, if the outcome Saturday is "Yanks vs. Planks" again, England may face Germany on June 27; and it will be ugly.

That 1990 semifinal loss to eventual champions Germany was England's highest finish in the World Cup since it won as hosts against West Germany in 1966. Regular readers will know how I felt, as a 9-year-old watching on TV, when our captain, Bobby Moore, climbed the victory steps at Wembley, wiped his muddy hands on his shorts, and accepted the gold Jules Rimet Trophy from Queen Elizabeth.

And that's why the 2010 World Cup will engross almost the entire population of the planet – and even some Americans, like Astoria's Hal Snow and my sister-in-law Jan – for the next month. Those memories of glory and heartbreak define the lives of true football fans; everything else is secondary. As an Englishman, I just hope the fans behave; as a referee, I hope that none of the headlines are about disputed calls.

I wish I was in South Africa. But telly will have to be good enough. After all, I don't want to jinx my team.

P.S. For the next four weeks, if you call or see me on the street, please don't mention any scores. Because of the time difference between here and Africa, I might have taped a game for later watching and NOT want to know.

English-born Patrick Webb is managing editor of The Daily Astorian and an Oregon soccer referee.

Open forum

Terns

This letter is in response to the May 26 story on estuary salmon recovery ("Feds say locals will lead salmon recovery," The Daily Astorian). I am all for increasing the survival of juvenile salmon.

There is a problem, it seems, no one wants to talk about. It is Caspian terns. I have spent many days fishing the Columbia River Estuary and have seen how these birds dive in the water and fly away with a small fish in their mouths. How many of these fish are juvenile salmon? I have not read in this paper, or any other public news source, any sort of study results.

I do know one thing. It appears that the number of Caspian terns is increasing. This non-native bird was introduced here. It appears logical to me that increasing the number of juvenile salmon will only enhance the increase of these predatory birds. If nothing is done to control the numbers of this bird, then I think it is a waste of time paid for by ratepayers and taxpayers.

KENNETH BEDELL Naselle, Wash.

Garbage everywhere

Have you ever wondered where your garbage goes? When you live on Southwest Juniper Street in

Warrenton, a large portion of it goes into my yard. Let me explain.

For the last two years or so, it happens at least twice weekly that I pick up other people's garbage and recycling blowing into my yard, driveway and around the house from the south and southwest. All that stuff eventually gets stopped by the tree line to the north and east of my house, and there it sits.

It is absolutely amazing to me that nobody will take responsibility for this. Two answers from the city of Warrenton were, "We don't have the funds to enforce this" and "but I told the developer and builders months ago that they are responsible for their garbage." Do they really expect this will do it?

I understand that sometimes garbage can get away from you, especially in a big wind. So, come and get it. But when a Western Oregon Waste truck stops in front of my property, lifts up the basket in front to dump its contents into the truck, and the whole thing goes flying in the wind onto my property, and when I call them after the two times I saw it happen and got a "We are sorry that happened" – but nobody comes to pick it up – this describes a pattern for all of it.

Anyway, it is still blowing in: garbage, recycling, stuff from builders, big empty boxes from utility companies, garbage from private owners, etc. Seventy-two more lots

(besides the 22 directly south from me already there) are going to be developed by the Gramson family southwest and across the street from me. Will anyone take responsibility for all that garbage they will generate and already have?

And, to add insult to injury, the "powers that be" are asking for the establishment of a "Juniper Improvement District" in the amount of more than \$600,000 to improve the road. Good grief. I figure that is about \$6,000 per property owner.

The road has served us just fine so far. If the developers want a "better road" for their 94 lots, let them pay for it up front, rather than charging us for it who already live here, especially since we have nothing to do with the new subdivisions and certainly derive no benefit from it.

Besides, it seems we already pay taxes to have and maintain our roads – and now they want us to pay in addition to that? I truly resent double taxation.

Garbage, garbage, and more garbage – I need your help. FRIDA L. FRAUNFELDER Warrenton

Put our heads together

It might be premature to get too cocky about the Gulf's misfortune ("An ill wind blows in our region's favor," The Daily Astorian, June 7), especially since it seems increasingly likely the currents will eventually bring the oil our way. The earth's oceans are contiguous, after all.

The massive oil disasters have

only just begun, and there will surely be more to follow, as fossil fuels become more difficult to find and take. Now, while we still have some relatively functioning natural systems left, would be a good time to thoughtfully reassess the effectiveness of what has passed for stewardship of the remaining estuarine and coast areas of the Pacific Northwest.

We often forget, with cheap factory food still easily available at the grocery stores, that people are just as dependent on the earth's ability to rebound after insult as the pelicans in the Gulf of Mexico.

We need to ask, for instance, what ecological roles "invasive species" play and start thinking of creative ways to use their abundance. How could scotch broom's nitrogen-fixing

abilities be used to nourish depleted clear-cut and coastal soils? How could spartina's gift of habitat creation be sculpted to protect vanishing insect, bird and mammal species? How much fragile wetland can we lose to building big-box stores, and industrial cash-crop production of animals, be they oysters, shrimp, chicken or pigs, before there's not enough left to support life at all?

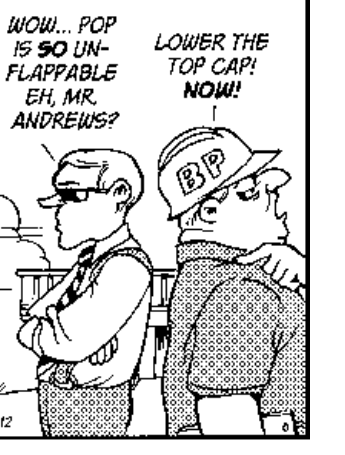
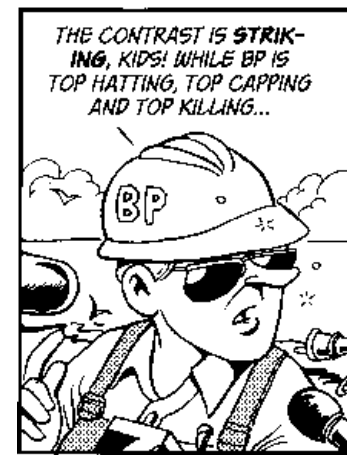
The beavers of Seaside build fantastic dams of scotch broom and blackberry, thereby restoring wetland and salmon habitat ("Beaver colony gets its teeth into restoration work," The Daily Astorian, May 21).

Perhaps humans can be as creative as beavers, if we put our heads together.

SUE SKINNER Astoria

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



THE DAILY ASTORIAN

Founded in 1873

- STEPHEN A. FORRESTER, Editor & Publisher
- PATRICK WEBB, Managing Editor
- BETTY SMITH, Advertising Manager
- CARL EARL, Systems Manager
- JOHN BRUIJN, Pre-press Manager
- DEBRA BLOOM, Business Manager
- SAMANTHA McLAREN-BOWMAN, Circulation Manager

