

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?

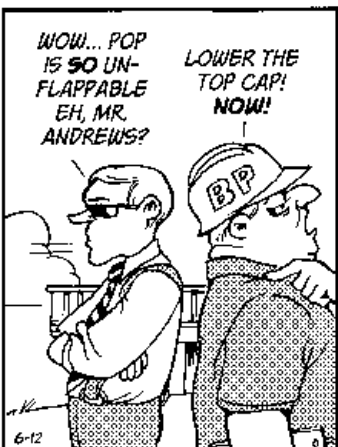
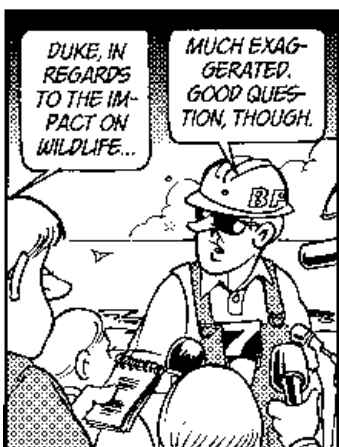
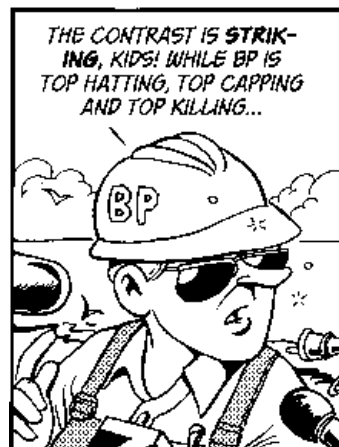
The beavers of Seaside build fantastic dams of scotch broom and blackberry, thereby restoring wetland and salmon habitat ("Beaver colony gets its teeth into restoration work," *The Daily Astorian*, May 21).

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

SUE SKINNER
Astoria

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



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