

The seaside village seethes with arts, culture and eats

Trinidad Art Night is set for Saturday, July 30, from 6 to 9 p.m. at venues all around Trinidad. Trinidad Art Center, 426 Trinity Street next to the school parking lot, features abstract expressionism acrylic paintings by Reuben Mayes. Wheat weaving artist Kathy Reid will give a weaving demonstration at 7 p.m. at the Center.

Trinidad Art Gallery at 490 Trinity St. presents the work of wood turner Tom Kingshill and photographer Jim Lowry. Music by JD Jeffries and Howdy Emerson early in the evening. Moonstone Crossing Winery, 529-B Trinity St., features paintings by Barbara Caldwell and across the street at the Trinity Eatery, photographer, aluminum metal and photographic paper print artist Jeffrey has his work on view.

Local sing-songwriter Bruce Taylor will perform live at the Eatery patio and massage therapist Rebecca will offer a chair massage for \$10.

Trinidad Museum at 400 Janis Court features five rooms of exhibits and harp music by Howdy Emerson at about 7 p.m. Trinidad Coastal Land Trust Simmons Gallery features watercolor and pastel paintings by Paul and Nancy Rickard.

Saunders Plaza venues include Canary and the Vamp jazz age music outdoors and acrylic paintings by Matt Brody at Headies Pizza and Pour in an exhibit titled "What did we learn from the pachyderm?" Jade Bamboo offers face painting.

The Lighthouse Grill features Susan Mayclin Stephenson's oil paintings, prints and notecards. Jeff Stanley's prints and cards are on offer as well. Photography by Jimmy Callian is on view at Forbes and Associates-Sarah

Corliss in Saunders Plaza. Windan Sea and Trinidad Trading Company offer local art and jewelry.

The RLA Trio and Francis Vanek on saxophone will play at Trinidad Town Hall from 8 to 10 p.m. Dancing. Refreshments. There is a \$5 to \$20 sliding scale admission for this event. The other Trinidad Art Night venues have no charge.

Event sponsors are Atlas Engineering, Lighthouse Grill, Forbes & Associates Sarah Corliss, Moonstone Crossing Winery, Adriana and Edward Smeloff, Trinidad Art Gallery, Trinidad Chamber of Commerce, Trinidad Coastal Land Trust, Trinidad Museum, Trinidad Eatery, Trinidad Retreats, Trinidad Trading Company and Windansea.

Jolie Einem of Westhaven Center for the Arts organizes the event.

For information, email trinidadart95570@gmail.com.

Lions Club Breakfast

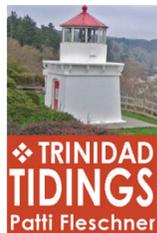
Trinidad Lions will welcome hungry breakfast diners on Sunday, July 31, from 8 to 11 a.m. at Trinidad School.

Order pancakes and eggs with a choice of sausage or ham, or biscuits and gravy and eggs. Coffee and juice accompany the entrees for only \$8 for adults and \$4 for children.

Browse the Lions Club book selection while breakfast is being lovingly prepared.

Trinidad Chamber of Commerce Mixer coming

Greater Trinidad Chamber of Commerce members and guests are invited to attend a summer mixer at Trinidad Art Center, 426 Trinity St., on Wednesday, August 10 at 5:30 p.m. Mix, mingle, eat some barbecue, meet the new directors, and hear retro vibes from DJ John A's vinyl collection.



❖ TRINIDAD TIDINGS
Patti Fleschner

Union nicknames for local places

By now, Union readers know that Trinidad is, for headline purposes, the Seaside Village. But what about other area communities? Here's a list of our alternative names for local places:

Arcata: The Micro Metropolis
Arcata Bottom: The Bottoms
Arcata's Green Belt: The Chlorophyll Corridor
Bayside: The Watery Wayside
Blue Lake: The Peaceable Hamlet
Crannell: The Begone Boomtown
Cutten: The Stately Suburb
Dow's Prairie: The Rustic Homestead
Eureka: The I Found It! Town;
The Victorian Seaport
Fairhaven: The Industrial Wonderland
Fieldbrook - The 'Brook
Fifth District: The Sprawling Fifth District
Korbel: Turn Around, You Went Too Far
Manila: The Sandy Outpost
McKinleyville: The Place Across From Tyee City; Mack Town
Northtown: The Plucky Promontory
Orick: The Burly Burg
Samoa: The Salty Suburb
Sunny Brae: The Sleepy Shire
Trinidad: The Seaside Village
Westhaven: The Arts Enclave; The Sequestered Stead
Westwood Village: Fletcheron
Willow Creek: The River Resort

Scenes from a small town trying to preserve its values and traditions

In one of the early episodes of *Yellowstone*, the cowboy soap opera set in Montana (now streaming on Peacock), a land development company is about to begin construction of a gigantic housing project that will grow the small town quickly and sizably, a development that some want and some don't. What's at stake? The town's character, its traditions, and the matchless landscape that contains them.

Unfortunately (it turns out, at least for the developer) the project is located next to John Dutton's mega-ranch, and John Dutton is not a man to be messed with. One scene finds the horseback-riding rancher (Kevin Costner) looking across a barbed wire fence enclosing one of his prairies onto a newly planted (by the movie crew?) green of the developer's pristine golf course, where the CEO himself looks up from his putt to confront the enemy he believes he has out-manuevered, and says so. Yeah, we'll see about that, replies the smirking, soft-spoken, larger-than-life Costner (a great choice for this role.)

If the project is allowed to come to fruition, well, there goes the neighborhood, the viewer feels, this wonderful landscape loved by cowboys, sportsmen, outdoors people, and of course the Native Americans who have always lived there and who would just as soon stand back and watch all of the above simply go away.

So much for the dynamics, not that hard to get, even if you haven't watched the show: Big Rancher, Big Developer, The Original People, Small Town in the country (trying to hold onto its traditions). Perhaps this sounds familiar?

Well, the Big Developer, exuding smugness as Big as the investor wealth he controls, at some meeting or other, brags that he can do what he wants on the land that he has purchased because "this is not California where you have to do what you're told; this is Montana where you do what you want."

Moreover, a perfectly good

water source, a virgin mountain stream, runs right through the developer's property, so the town is left off the hook for having to supply that commodity.

It looks like Nature will win (pristine waters flow forever.) The developer will win (make a lot of money.) The Town will win (get the housing.)

Even the Native Americans will win, at least this time, as the deal will bring in more customers for their casino. The tribe's president (as wise as he is experienced in the white man's ways) has a long-range plan for all the money they'll be making from the casino, that is, to one day buy out John Dutton.

So much for the Dutton Clan.

Wait a minute. What was that explosion up there in the mountains on the Dutton Ranch? What's going on with the Virgin Mountain Stream? It has been re-routed. The result? No more water to feed the new housing

development; therefore, no more housing development.

John Dutton wins after all. John Dutton always wins. Not even Nature can stand up against a man as big as him. For over his career he has appointed the Sheriff, The Governor, a U.S. Senator or two. John Dutton is Nature, at least in Montana.

Nobody saw that coming.

Nor did we. While many of us were looking the other way, Cal Poly Humboldt purchased a sizable piece (16 acres) of the bottoms. The city had recently annexed the land to make it ready for development. What do you think the University plans to do on that site?

Well, this is not Montana, where you can do what you want, as the movies have it, but California, where rules matter. Although the governor sometimes comes from the movies, once he takes office it's not the movies anymore, but reality.

As for the university, as part of the state, it has all the money and power of the state behind it to do what it has to do to achieve its directives.

Ummm. I wonder where that leaves our small town by the bay with its tradition-loving folks and its dreams of sustainable growth at a manageable pace?

Where is a Taylor Sheridan when you need him? (writing six screenplays at the same time I hear) I guess we'll have to write the next chapter of this saga ourselves. We can start the chapter with the Virgin Mountain Stream in our town that recently got re-routed across the freeway, first to encircle the Craftsman Mall and now it's been re-routed up to the Bottoms. Whether that's a good thing or a bad thing, when boundaries get moved it matters which side you end up on.

The guy on the horse never loses in these kinds of situations, it seems. For one thing, he's taller than the guy standing on the ground on the other side of the fence with a putter in his hand. Only one of them has enough power to change the course of rivers.

Daniel Duncan's novels and a screenplay may be found at SmallWorldBookpress.com.

If I hit you in the arm, does that mean I get to keep the cookie?

• **Friday, July 1 4:33 a.m.** A man brought in by ambulance fled the ER wearing only black shorts.

4:55 a.m. A man described as disturbed and suffering a mental health episode ran in and out of yards down Ribeiro Lane, at one point entering someone's home.

5:23 a.m. A man and woman were described as running down Ribeiro Lane at Felix Avenue, yelling all the way. The man tried to open someone's gate, then there was some commotion in a neighbor's backyard. The folks there are on vacation, but now a light was turned on inside - coincidence?

7:26 a.m. Educators at a Janes Road elementary school located next to the hospital discovered a break-in, with multiple doors kicked in and a trail of blood throughout the school. Nothing immediately appeared missing, and police were asked to review the corpuscle-rich video.

8:08 a.m. One person's ceiling was another woman's floor at a Seventh Street senior housing facility, said floor and the downstairs resident enduring bouts of screaming and stomping during the upstairser's snitty episodes.

10:15 a.m. A behemoth residential RV and associated truck took up the bus parking spaces at the Arcata Marsh Interpretive Center parking lot. Another motorhome with Oregon plates had been taking up six parking spots. Meanwhile, a travel trailer towing vehicle was taking up two

spots, with all the usual wretched refuse discarded about the vicinity.

10:26 a.m. Unleashed service dogs five in number romped and charged about the Plaza. Someone was warned.

10:48 a.m. Screaming was heard outside a Boyd Road business. A man and woman were walking a dog when a raccoon attacked it, dragging the hapless pooch under a fence. The man wrested the doggie from the raccoon's jaws, but was concerned about the possibility of rabies.

10:54 a.m. A Q Streeter said his landlord had blocked his payments on Venmo, and was concerned that he'd be evicted.

2:58 p.m. A tent set up under a tsunami sign on South G Street provided unintended symbolism.

9 p.m. As a Samoa Boulevardier moved out of an apartment there, the embittered cohabitant threatened to throw out her animals, like any of this was their fault.

• **Saturday, July 2 9:49 a.m.** Police were asked to stand by as possessions were retrieved from an apartment on Samoa Boulevard. The resident said his boyfriend had "gotten rid" of his animals via unspecified but ominous-sounding means.

• **Sunday, July 3 1:08 p.m.** An elderly Arabian Lane resident said her granddaughter, presently located in an RV out front, was suffering from COVID and was threatening to come into her house and infect her very grandma.

• **Monday, July 4 5:14 a.m.** An Alliance

Roader complained of having been doxxed by her ex-boyfriend's new girlfriend.

10:09 a.m. The now-infamous anti-Semitic flyers delivered in plastic bags appeared on Sunset-area driveways.

12:18 p.m. A nocturnal de-beautifier's twofold tactics for uglying up an H Street backyard were to throw garbage around and rip out the flowers.

3:44 p.m. An Alliance Road resident was sure someone was inside her apartment, possibly locked in her bedroom.

8:53 p.m. When challenged, householders dumping their personal trash in a Uniontown pizza parlor's bins went from insouciant nonchalance to derisive laughter, displaying acute symptoms of their particular dickheadedness sub-variant.

• **Tuesday, July 5 10:46 a.m.** A Creamery District shop was left with a broken window and smashed planter boxes.

11:57 a.m. A man who stole a cookie hit a concerned store employee on the arm and strode off towards the Plaza, where he was arrested.

7:21 p.m. Downstairsers turned the tables on the classic practice of weaponizing the floor, usually conducted from above. In this case, ferocious first floorians poked their ceiling, roiling the very ground beneath the feet of their second-floor nemeses. Then they argued with one bloke when he went out to his car.

8:53 p.m. A cell phone stolen in a Uniontown supermarket bathroom pinged to a homeless camp near the marsh.

• **Thursday, July 7 1:59 a.m.** A woman

said a man brandished a gun at her at the marsh, grabbed her brown purse, then ran off toward an encampment.

4:11 a.m. A man at the marsh kept saying, "I have not fulfilled my responsibilities to the county" and other ramblings, and wondered if its safe out there, basically because of all the sketchingtons like him roaming around.

5:46 a.m. An alert citizen reported two areas of concern. One was a "questionable"-looking box taped to a taco shop, the other was the muffled cries of someone stuck in an M street storage locker.

8:46 a.m. An anti-Semitic flyer was discovered in Hauser Court.

10:27 a.m. A campsite near the Breakfast Club clearing burgeoned to trail-blocking proportions.

12:59 p.m. When someone attacks and tries to bite you, you remember their face. And now that face was found, attached to a man sprawling in the Community Center entrance with a bunch of bags. The fighty-bitey bagman was moved along.

3:57 p.m. A man who had a warrant out for his arrest wandered into the police station to complain about "everyone on the street harassing him by looking at him." After giving police a good look at him, he was arrested.

• **Friday, July 8 1:47 p.m.** A black bongo (singular) with a matching strap and white head was stolen from the Plaza, reducing the park's pitter-patter potential and allowing improved listening conditions for the roaring motorcycles and raging fustspots.



❖ THE FUTURE OF ARCATA
Daniel Duncan

