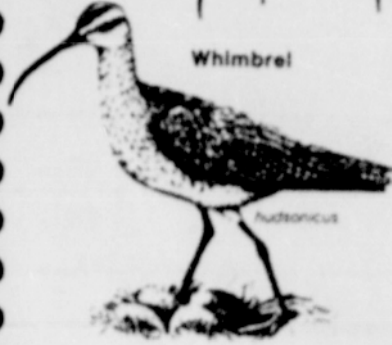


# SPUD'S WILDLIFE REPORT INC.

## SIGHTINGS:

Early May ~ 1 pair whimbrels on North End Beach.



**Whimbrel** *Numenius phaeopus* L 17 1/2 (45 cm)  
Baldly striped crown; dark eye line; long, downcurved bill. Typical call is a series of hollow whistles on one pitch. Fairly common; nests on open tundra; winters on beaches, mud flats, wet fields. In flight (page 136), the North American subspecies, *N. p. hudsonicus*, shows dark rump and underwings. European *phaeopus*, rare vagrant to east coast, has white rump and underwings. Asian *variegatus*, regular migrant off western Alaska, shows whitish, variably streaked rump and underwings.

Mid May ~ There are 9 baby mergansers in Ecole Creek, resting in crevices w/ their mother

River otter sighted in early May, but by now has cruised North for more fishing & mating purposes



Late May ~ The puffins are back & are digging in at Haystack Rock... Tourists beware

Surfers report 2 ORCAS off Short Sands Beach ~ a rare treat.



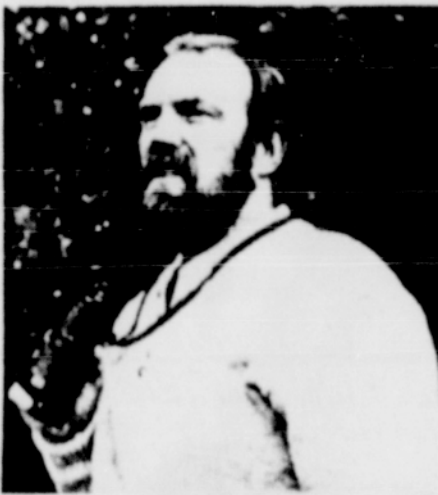
### Clearcut

I walked where the forest once had been.  
Three solid steps across a stump,  
concentric, expanding circles,  
text of six hundred years.  
But what about the drama?

Attacked by insects, browsed by elk,  
twisted and tortured by gale winds,  
They survived.  
Their kingdoms were toppled  
by chainsaws and greed.  
Scarred ruins are what remain.

Tom Carlson

(This poem dedicated to  
George Washington Hayduke)



DAVE BARTHOLET:  
WILDLIFE ARTIST

Dave, a self-taught artist was born in Tacoma, Washington, in 1949. He started his professional career in 1971 selling mostly through galleries and private commissions. In 1982 he decided to take his show on the road & participated in juried art shows

throughout the country including The Pacific Flyway Show, The Pacific Rim Show, Trails West Western Show, The Houston Hunting Show, The Western Art Assoc. Show, The Rocky Mtn. Elk Foundation Show & many more. During his youth he was greatly influenced by his parents, Matt & Jean Bartholet, as the family spent most of their spare time in the Wyoming woods. It was while on these trips that Dave developed an awareness and love for wildlife. Therefore when his art career was launched there was no question what his subject matter would be. Today his works are found in galleries and private collections throughout the U.S., Canada, Japan, and Europe. Aside from painting he still enjoys his visits to woods and marshes near his home in Cannon Beach, Oregon, where he operates the Dave Bartholet Wildlife Gallery.

Dave Bartholet—Wildlife Gallery  
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cannon beach

arts association  
GALLERY  
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### Black Shadows Of Today J. Dooley

Three crows preening  
in the smoke of  
sunrise dew

Claw of a tree  
holds six  
lizard scaled feet

Over my back lawn  
Over my cup of coffee  
Over my morning cough

HAWH!  
One convulses  
HAWH! HAWH!  
Another notions

And the last  
has an eye on me  
the other  
pointed  
toward the fading stars

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As we get bigger the ads might get cheaper or more expensive; we'll let you know.

Classified ads are \$5 and subject to abuse.

Letters to the Editor are encouraged, but remember we are covered under the First Amendment.

Threatening letters will not be published, however they will be graded, so don't forget - neatness counts.



### Meanwhile in Newport... Alex LaFollette

He's vigorous, he's been around more than a little while and he thinks he knows at least one reason why there are so few salmon these days.

"It's those damn fools in the Fish and Game. They're the reason we got so few fish in these rivers now."

Specifically, what he's talking about is the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife's modern hatchery program.

"Years ago, there was hatcheries on all these little rivers on the coast. We'd put our weir in the river, get the fish that run up and hold them in the pond til they got ripe, when we could take the eggs."

"We'd milk out the eggs into a bucket, fertilize them and put them in the flume to hatch."

He explains that the flume was a long trough with gravel in the bottom and water from the creek running through it.

When the eggs hatched, those little fish would stay in the gravel til they'd used up the egg sack that's on them when they first hatch, then they'd just go down the flume into the creek. That's all there was to it. They grew up in the creek just like the natural spawned ones.

"The advantage was that so many more of the eggs hatched. We kept the gravel in that flume cleaned out so it was better than even the best places in the creek."

"But the biggest thing, the reason we could keep so many fish coming back, there was even gill nets in all the bays and rivers then and we still had lots of fish, the biggest thing was we used the fish that was native to that stream."

"Now they got just a few hatcheries and when one's short on eggs they haul eggs in from someplace else. You might have a Rogue River fish trying to make it in the Trask. Doesn't make any sense at all. Those fish have lived in their home river til that's the only place they really know how to live, to breed when they come back. You haul in a bunch of foreign fish and they ain't going to make it. Dumb, that's what it is, dumb as trying to raise bananas in your corn field. The bananas won't make it and they won't help your corn any neither."

He prefers we do not use his name but says he has more information at home and invites us there to see it. We most assuredly will accept the invitation.



Haida Indian Dream-Masks

S.L. 92