

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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Welcome to issue number six of the Edge. You will notice that we are increasing the quantity of the paper, as we continue to work on its quality.

This month the Astoria Visual Arts, Inc. list of artists and galleries in the area is included in this issue, in hopes that given better access to artists people will be more able to support the arts community on the Upper Left Edge of America.

We would like to thank our readers who have written and asked us to send them the paper, and the businesses who have sent us ads. To both those groups we say: Where's the money!

We know it is our own fault for being vague, so let's make it simple.

Ad rates: \$20.00 display
 \$400.00 back page
 Subscription rate: \$5.00

Our next issue will be about politics; we encourage everyone to express their opinions both in the Edge and at the Ballot Box!

See you soon, your beloved editor, and still one of 3 million homeless veterans.

The Rev. B. Hults



ROLAND'S NEWS STAND, NEXT TO CANNON BEACH POST OFFICE. OPERATED BY ROLAND BURROWS IN THE SUMMER DURING HIGH SCHOOL YEARS, 1932-1936

Sales of this postcard benefit Cannon Beach Historical Society. Available at the Chamber of Commerce.

AUGUST SNAPSHOTS AND AN OBITUARY

Saturday's expectant post office faces hoping the mail will be out before 10 (okay before 11:00). The porch line up at early morning (before 8:45). And those who keep office hours after 9 am. (I'm looking for Chris - oh, he just left.) The library faithfuls who keep those shelves open to the public every day in the summer. Yuri and Phoebe are working overtime this week. It's Maureen's turn to call off the name at the top of 25 others waiting for breakfast in the coaster courtyard. (Jensen for one.) Coffee break at the bookstore. There's John with a tray of bevs for all the employees. Linda smiles triumphantly as she waits of the next person ahead of forty five others. But smiling still. Grant on the pizza bench. Tom & Rich on the recycle truck. Early morning political discussions at a coffee shop. A dog barks incessantly in a parked car on a hot day. Local and visitor tempers flare at yet another sound intrusion. Crowds of people staring at John's van. Local musicians play and must confront the impact of merchandising ordinances on their music. Steven on his bike, George running behind. So glad to see Ed on the Shuttle. People stare at Phil's hair. Don and Donna are at their pizza stations for another night shift. Everybody hopes Leighland had a great time on vacation. Eric and Mimi are glad 2 PM means closed. Carol waters flowers. A local decides whether to stand in line or go without. A visiting child grins at everyone in sight full of the joy of a day at the beach. Judy O drives by happy to share a smile.

But Donald Kontz isn't in any of these pictures. He died last week. Emily tells me he left peacefully with a smile on his face.

As I recount these "snapshots" I think of the numbers of times I've been startled at the sight of Ev Browning... only to realize it was only someone who looked like Ev. Ev's gone. Awhile ago he was in lots of pictures. Now only in pictures in my head.

So it is with Donald. Giving, dedicated, dependable, stubborn, faithful, oddly funny Donald Kontz. His absence sharply reminds me of how fragile life is. Oh, it might be easy to say how schmaltzy it sounds...regardless of the sound - life is precious.

The daily images of folks about our town are rare. It might seem as if they occur everyday - but never in the same way these may happen just this day. To honor you, Donald, and all those gone from sight, I'll stop a little and take note of the rare and beautiful snapshots around me.

MEANWHILE, IN NEWPORT

A local patron of the distiller's art couldn't believe his ears when a comely bartender at the Galley Ho Restaurant refused his invitation to go skinny dipping. "I'd like to, I really would but I can't," she said. "I don't have a bathing suit."

Overheard at the Coffee Shop:

"A lot of these hippies would like to see us go back to the old ways. Actually, if you listen to them, they want to live that way too.

"Okay, why not? Let them go out and set up their own tribe. Then when things get a little boring, we'll go raid them. Sounds like fun. Steal their horses, spear a couple of the guys, rape the women then we can come back and have a party. It'd beat the hell out of Summer re-runs on TV." (Spoken by a member of the Siletz Nation who really doesn't want his name used.)

Don't Get Too Stoned While Camping Dept:

1st voice: Oh, umph, owwww.
 2nd voice: What's wrong?
 1st voice: My leg's asleep, I can't feel a thing.
 2nd voice: That's good.
 1st voice: Good? What's good about not being able to feel my leg?
 2nd voice: It's afire.

Alex LaFollette



"He didn't say 'al dente,' did he?"

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Tuesdays and Thursdays 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. Weekly
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*The monthly curbside orientation is held on the last Wednesday evening each month promptly at 6:30 p.m. at City Hall.

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NEAR THE EDGE... BY JIM

REMEMBER! A MINE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO HAVE!