

MOTORCYCLE MYSTERY

It was a dark and stormy night..... a rain-soaked local wheels his disabled machine into the local service station at 9pm. At 8:30 am the next morning, the motorcycle is seen in the parking lot of a local grocery store.

10am the same motorcycle is seen in Whale Park. And we let the local peace officers continue the story..... On 12-20-92 1115 hrs. Ofc Matthews and I issued a parking citation to a Honda 750cc motorcycle... improperly parked at Whale Park. After running the vehicle through LEDS and NCIC dispatch advised the motorcycle was listed as stolen from San Francisco in July 1992... Ofc Zbinden was stationed at the C.B. Conference Center in an un-marked unit where he could keep a visual on the motorcycle. Ofc Matthews was stationed two blocks away to assist in the arrest if necessary. I remained mobile in the area. A short time later I advised Ofc Zbinden that a male subject was walking toward the motorcycle and was carrying a helmet. When the subject reached the motorcycle and began moving it toward the street Ofc Zbinden and I moved in and arrested the subject without incident. The subject was described as follows: race, white. Eye color, blue. Hair color, brown. Hair length, long. Hair style wavy/curly. Facial hair, sideburns. Build, thin. Complexion, medium. General appearance, casual and dirty, speech, low pitched and raspy, miscellaneous, calm... (From CBPD Report)

The "male subject" tells it this way.....

As I approached the service station, where I had left the bike the night before, I realized something was wrong. Some prankster had moved my cycle to the center of a park where it sat happily with a parking ticket wafting in the breeze. No matter, a ticket would give me something to not think about today. I was determined to enjoy myself. I began to back it down to the sidewalk when my thoughts were interrupted by someone yelling the word "Freeze!". I was going to ignore this too, but some excitement usually follows that word so I glanced up to see a plain clothes policeman pointing a very nasty looking pistol at my face. I looked dumbly at this very nervous looking man with the gun wondering when I was going to wake up. I heard another voice yell "Get down on your hands and knees!". At this point I was faced with an interesting problem. If I were to keep my hands aloft and get down on my knees, 600 pounds of motorcycle were going to fall on top of me probably sending my jumpy friends with firearms into a shooting spree. I explained my predicament as calmly as possible, engaged the kickstand, and slowly got on the ground realizing this was no dream. Five police cars and at least as many officers later I have a knee in the back of my neck, my head is being wrenched back by my hair, handcuffs have been cranked down so tight that they have successfully cut off the circulation to my hands, while there is a gun trained to me "covering me from escape". So much for Sunday!

I managed to find words as my face was pushed into the ground, "Uh...Excuse me. What the hell is going on?" I was caught off guard when they told me that my bike had been reported stolen and I was the felony suspect.

"It's a mistake," I replied. "It's my bike." I was lifted off the ground as I explained who I was, that I lived here in town and worked as a carpenter, that I wasn't going to run off yelling, "you'll never take me alive coppers!" Could we please loosen the cuffs a bit? No. Snappy retorts run through my head, "Seen one too many Dirty Harry flicks eh?". I held my tongue, we musn't make this any worse. "Take me to my house then. I have the title to the bike there."

After much deliberation an entourage of police cars bristling with man and fire power proceeds to my house. Oh well, there goes the neighborhood. After being led, shackled, into my house, I show them where to find the title and the phone number of the guy I bought it from. I expect, now, that my ever so tight bracelets will be removed and we can sit down with that elusive cup of coffee and sort this whole thing out. Wrong again.

The day dragged on. Taken to the station and searched, my clothes thrown to the ground, and locked in a cell without a belt or shoelaces. By this time I'm in a perfectly ugly mood. "I want to call my lawyer!" They'll get to that, which subsequently they didn't. "And bring me a goddamned cup of coffee!" This I repeated so many times that they finally warmed up some stale instant crap just to shut me up. I was finally read my rights an hour and a half after my "detainment", which I later explained to Rambo and his buddies was a little late; considering that anything I said before that time was inadmissible in court, and that they should be more careful with "dangerous criminals" like myself. They hemmed and hawed and read me my rights a second time (just to be sure) and asked if I would be willing to tell them my name, height, D.O.B., etc. Which I did considering they had my license any way. I was then photoed, printed four times, and generally harrassed until they

couldn't think of any more indignities to subject me to. Then with half the day gone I was released with the taste of very bad coffee in my mouth.

I wasn't shot, or hurt, too bad. I didn't, according to my captors, have my rights violated. Although, it was never mentioned in the police report that they had drawn their guns for no reason. Yet, aside from being asked not to leave town until it was worked out (which it finally was, a mistake had been made in the paper work of some police department) nothing has changed. Except, of course, the fact that I had guns pointed at me, and that I was manhandled to the ground in front of the entire town were I'm trying to make it as a contractor. I can't seem to get the nightmare out of my head of some rookie cop shooting me by accident. I feel abused and pissed off, and aside from everything else, they took away my Sunday!

Apparently they had legal right to do everything they did, but this is Cannon Beach for Christ sake. I don't live in the city, because of this sort of thing, and I am not a criminal. Where do these yahoos get off pointing their guns at me? If I had been approached by a person who said, "Excuse me, sir. Could I ask you a few questions?" I probably would have bought him a cup of coffee and sat down with to talk in a civilized manner. Instead far too many overtime hours, from our "underfunded" police department went into staking out my machine, while T.J. Hooker and Columbo fantasized about their big bust. Something is definitely wrong with this picture. Do these kind of people and tactics really belong in Cannon Beach? Are we really that paranoid?

Its food for thought. Our police seem to have quite a reputation for being, shall we say, over zealous in their work. It may be time to take a closer look at these people, if for no other reason, so that you can be confident that when addressed by the word "freeze" it means to be careful of the dangerous roads, and not the dangerous people.

I learned quite a lesson from this whole experience; when your Sunday rolls around, no matter what day it is, stay in bed.

David Mittel

Again from the CBPD, "Mittel was fingerprinted, photographed and released at 1:30 hrs. The motorcycle was impounded at Gary's Arco."

So what is the mystery? How did the motorcycle get from the service station to the grocery store? How did the motorcycle get from the grocery store to the Whale Park? The CBPD list three officers involved. The subject mentions five. Who were the other officers? County Sheriffs? Who called them, and why? Why were weapons drawn? Why wasn't this mentioned in the report? How did the CBPD write a parking ticket, get a check from California (which was wrong), set up a stake-out, call the Sheriff and get two deputies to the scene, wait until the subject showed up, bust him, take him to his home, take him to the station, run him for priors, read him his rights after an hour and a half in jail (twelve forty five?) etc., and have him back on the streets in the record time of two hours fifteen minutes, total? How much did this cost?

If you can figure out this mystery please write us at the Edge. We might even give a prize for the best, the funniest, and the real solution. Your lawyers can call our lawyers.

In times like these, it helps to recall that there have ALWAYS been times like these. Paul Harvey



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IS ENROLLMENT CLOSED?

by
Suze O'Banion

On a cold day in January, as I waited for my hot, black cup of coffee to cool, I began skimming THE UPPER LEFT EDGE. Into my first sip, I spotted, surfer, Emily von Hinckeldey's review of Kenny Doudt's book Surfing with the Great White Shark. As I read the reprinted Jacket trailer, a flash of admiration burned through my mind and I inhaled deeply at the thought of surfing the icy Pacific. THAT'S HOOTZPAH!

As I read her words, I found myself drawn into von Hinckeldey's use of earthy lyricisms, comradic nicknames, and surf lingo. Her use of surferese successfully conveyed the exclusionary message that no newcomers are welcome to this complex, dangerous, intimate, ethereal world. How veteran must a veteran be? How local must a local be?

von Hinckeldey's review was not my first introduction to surfing, however; it was the storytelling of a Point Old Timer which first apprised me of many nuances of this sport and lifestyle. Particularly disquieting were his tales of fierce territorialism and possessiveness in this surfing Shangri-la.

This longtime veteran, himself a past victim of the humbling, forceful hand of the sea, spoke with tremendous passion, conviction, and open self-righteousness; the Point has been his bailiwick for almost two decades. This man makes no excuses for his surf-preservationist attitudes toward abusers of the Points unwritten bylaws.

Although a "beginning surfer," von Hinckeldey seems to have already adopted an elitist attitude and uses her review to warn nonsurfers, i.e. nonmembers, "IF YOU DON'T SURF NOW, DON'T START". This disposition can be expected of those who have surfed the Cove and Point four-score seasons, not a self-proclaimed newcomer. The Old Timers have been seduced by this surf for years and haven't the desire to share her favors with outsiders; not without proper initiation - some pass, some don't. It would appear that von Hinckeldey has passed; and, like others in the surfing sect, would like to maintain exclusive rights to this patch of brine - understandably! Who wants to share such a lover? Especially those who have taken the time to know her every corner, curve, carress, temper... her climax.

Although I do not surf, I have managed to absorb a vicarious basic understanding of the world of locals and surfing. I can relate to the concerns of these longtime surfers and their protective, maternalistic instincts: if too many people discover this place, its still pristine, intimate, unique atmosphere will be altered forever. However, with all do respect, this expression of elitism echoes, too closely, the other 'isms that plague this planet. Is this not an unsettling irony since what we're discussing is an ominous power whose ancient forces gave all of us life? This salty mother dosen't discriminate against anyone willing to risk it all on her vertiginous waves - can or should, then, humans?

I perceive the Cove, and other spots like it, as sacrosanct. Personally, I would not attempt to surf these waters without an invitation from a resident surfer; this is as much out of fear of open retaliation and collective backlash as the unpredictable power of the wave.

von Hinckeldey writes a seemingly sincere review of Kenny Doudt's book and surfing in general. She succeeds in romanticizing and tantalizing the uninitiated with her intriguing descriptions while denying them access to these temptations. It is revealing that, rather than offer empathy and instruction to the neophyte, von Hinckeldey merely teases with her coquettish come-ons. It is easy to get the impression, in von Hinckeldey's final statement, that she views herself as a bonified member of this tight clique as well as the self-appointed enlistment officer. She's in... now enrollment is closed. Perhaps von Hinckeldey should rethink Kenny Doudt's advice, "You just have to live. There is no other way". Indeed, a man like Kenny Doudt is an inspiration - to all of us. His experience didn't stop him from sharing this form of Zen with his sons; likewise, von Hinckeldey's warning shouldn't stop others.

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