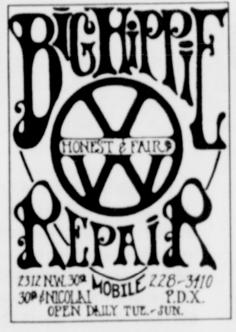
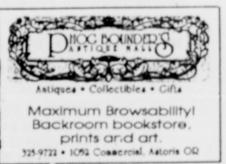


Jet lag gray white entrances to northern latitudes bring feelings warmer than blustery wind welcomes and the over whelming abundance of living speeds forgotten are the cities way of gracious reception on the pathway home through a patchwork lined life line and over that familiar rise again to the great blue storming salutations before dropping along the silky ride descent toward layers of clothing seemingly unfamiliar but nonetheless quite welcome with a wool cap and heavy boots dragging gratefully wind blushed cheeks collecting running mist across the favored resistant surfaces fluid ice to one side among the offerings of sculpted evergreens and ever mixing planes reflected and played with by the sheets and sheets of empty glass faces staring back waiting for summer to shed lonely burdens unattended against coastal winter storms and so forth the empty pathway wide enough for hundreds in the presence of one speaks in wavering tones and pulls at thoughts and memories that are the pillars for the fabrication of feeling and sense of places traveled and returning home ...

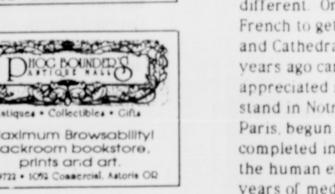


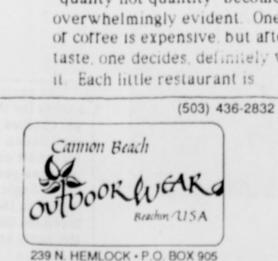




Open Daily







CANNON BEACH, OR 97110



IMAGES FROM EUROPE By Margie Curtis

Narrow cobblestone streets lined with neat brick buildings; bicycles everywhere: canals flowing above sea level; cold, cold winds; lean and hardy pedestrians; fresh flowers for sale on every block, in every rail station; and marvelous. numerous trains and trams:

There are many nationalities. and a very tangible lack of racial tension. English is spoken as a second or even third language with more precision than the average American uses. Excellent marijuana is available at the "Coffee Shop" -- yet tylenol is not permitted for sale at the pharmacy. A land of contrasts

Belgium and France are just a bit different. One needs to know French to get along. Old villages and Cathedrals built 600 to 900 years ago can, however, be appreciated in any language. To stand in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, begun in 1130 a.d. and completed in 1290, one wonders at the human effort involved in 160 years of medieval construction. Time takes on another dimension. walking across a bridge which was originally constructed during the Roman Conquest.

Gradually the existence of quality not quantity becomes overwhelmingly evident. One cup of coffee is expensive, but after a taste, one decides, definitely worth it. Each little restaurant is

decorated like a charming parlour. lace curtains draped in arcs around each window, even in the corner pub. Quality, easy to get used to, especially in beer. Dutch beer and French wine seem to have very

little competition. Two weeks is not long enough to see another continent, yet one image will remain with me, and begs to be shared. On a cold, wet, windy afternoon, as I headed home from the grocery. I found myself looking into the eyes of a little girl. about 3 or 4 years of age. She sat on the back of her Mom's bicycle, her cheeks red and wet from rain. She sat so straight and wide eyed, quiet and uncomplaining. I realized she was used to this weather, and the back of a bicycle. Her face stayed with me. I stood up against the North Sea wind a bit more bravely, and soon left Europe with an admiration for people everywhere who live their lives and raise their families without cars, and many other luxuries.

Returning to America, the streets look too wide, the cars too numerous, the buildings haphazard and unaesthetic, the people more overweight. Oh, but it's home. Ours is the child in the family of world cultures. Maybe we can yet learn quality, frugality, a lean and hardy courage toward life. Maybe, someday, we too can be old and beautiful.



UPPER LEFT EDGE APRIL 1993 7