

Editorial

Now & Then



Rev. Hults

Welcome to the Edge of winter. Our careful readers will notice some changes in this issue. First it is with tears in our eyes that we inform you that baseball season has once again come to an end, and Mr. Baseball will be taking a well deserved rest at Betty Ford or Serenity by the Sea until spring training brings his ground hog-like form to cast his shadow again on these pages.

Also, you may have noticed the lack of our beloved Dr. Karkeys, lo, these last months; again getting all misty eyed we must report that the good doctor has succumbed once again to that tragic life style choice, Musician. (Oh, will they never learn?) Yes, Dr. K has run off to pursue a cowperson wanna-be life style in Austin, Texas, but plans to send us occational reports scrawled on the backs of cocktail napkins. (Soaked in Jack Daniels and with Howdy Pardner! printed on the front, no doubt!)

Now on a more pleasant note, we are in this issue welcoming two new, and on-going features for all ages. Joanie Ausmues (a personal friend of Uncle Mike) will be sharing her unique mazes with us, and Rob Milliron will be reviewing music, movies, and food from a younger point of view.

Also in this issue is an excerpt from a new book, independently produced by the author, who lives on the coast, and has a different perspective when it comes to travel guides. The Meeting Ground (Journeys into Wild Places) by David Siegmund, takes the reader on trips that don't list RV facilities or camp ground fees, but do let you feel the places he has visited and definitely makes you want to go feel them for yourself. The color photographs (that we regretfully cannot reproduce here) are beautiful, and the text can be read like poetry. The author wanders about the coast selling his book and walking the "wild places"; nice job. He wandered into the book store the other day and shared his book with us, so we are happy to share part of it with our readers, if you want to read it all you can send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage to Windshadow Press, Box 207-F, Westlake, Or 97493 or ask at your local "new" bookstore or gift shop.



Speaking of books and the bookstore, as some of our more intelligent readers have figured out, your beloved editor is also the proprietor of Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, and as such comes in contact daily with folks who also like old editions. We have been running a list of Used Book stores which we blatantly stole from Perpetua, that lists stores from Manzanita on down south. We would like to elaborate on this, and would welcome folks from Portland, Eugene, Astoria, the Long Beach Area, etc. to send us information on their stores, or stores they know about; we'll list them for free. (It is a form of recycling)

While we are on the subject of free listings, the same goes for Art Galleries, Musical Events, Community Meetings, Theatre, Political Statements, any notices that **we** think are cool. (Don't you wish you had your own newspaper!)

We had the pleasure of a visit to Seaview, Washington recently, to observe the first day of clamming in three years (boy, we're glad we don't let cars on the beach in Oregon). A brief visit with Terrence O'Donnell (historian and curmudgeon extraordinaire) was concluded with a wonderful dinner at the 42nd St. Cafe, (these are the folks who now are also running the Crab Broiler at the Seaside/Cannon Beach Junction), and we recommend it without reservation, but perhaps you should call ahead anyway considering how full the parking lot has become these days.

Important Notice to Subscribers! It is time to check your files (we will try to check ours but we seem to have forgotten where we put them) and renew your subscriptions if you have been getting the Edge for a year or more. (Some friends in Colorado just sent us a check so we remembered.) It costs a buck an issue to mail plus those cool wine sacks we stuff it into and the precious time the Beloved Reverend spends hand scrawling your address on each one, so we don't make money on the deal.

Important Notice to Advertisers! It is time to consider if you want to be a part of the Edge family. As you know we don't spend a lot of time billing people when we run the ads, and we don't expect people to send us money if they are having a tough time, we would rather see you stay in business; but if things are going ok we could use the support. We are trying to build a reputation for quality which we believe is reflected in our advertisers as well as our content, and as we grow in size and circulation we hope to be a benchmark for people who want more than cheap and fast; people who want their goods and services honest and human.



Local colour

We hear in town that the cutting has begun on the watershed. The Beloved Reverend has not had the strength to view the carnage, but we are sure all the rules were followed and good money was made by all. We at the Edge propose, again, but more seriously this time, that the folks from Cavenham come to the Chamber and talk to the people of Cannon Beach about exactly what they plan to do with their land and our lives.


We did recently have the chance to see some pretty nasty earth sculpture on county property, bulldozer art, but a great view. As we can see by the poetry from Lincoln City, in this issue, it is a problem up and down the coast. The problem continues; the solutions, alas, wait. More on that later.

One thing we can do is let our feelings be known. The Edge and a lot of other publications try to give a voice to people who can articulate simply their feelings on the situations facing us. So, if you can write a declarative sentence, and have something to say about something we might need to know about, write it down, send it in, at least we'll read it. We might print it 5000 times, cool, huh? You see, part of the point of the Edge (love that phrase) is to be a participatory paper (there we go again); to encourage folks who may not be WRITERS, to write, and to participate in that art, much like you would in community theatre, or playing in a week-end band. We see so many people who have learned so much since the last time they were encouraged to write in high school, or college, that we wonder.....

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