

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 9  
DECEMBER 1993

FREE!

To: \_\_\_\_\_  
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UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS PO BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 503 436 2115

## In spite of everything, I still believe that people are good at heart.

Anne Frank



Christmas '82 shuddered in wan and cheerless to confront the remnants of my family huddled in the Old Seaman's Home on Laurel Street. Our mother had died the previous year. Brother Tim and I had been squeezing at subsistence, limping along day by day on the smell of an oily rag.

A spell of weather bore in, so cold that thrushes crumpled over in roadways, their will to live exhausted. Water burst from cabin pipes and glazed in sheets outside unattended homes. Our food stores became piteously depleted. A week before Christmas a trip to the cupboard or refrigerator revealed little for celebration: an assortment of old Jello boxes, three jars of frozen marinara sauce of indeterminate vintage, half a frozen blackberry pie (baked in the fall of '81), and several remaining tins of tuna fish from a sale case purchased at Osburn's Grocery a month before.

Matters had reached a deep state of gloom and despondency. One noon as I prepared our daily tuna sandwiches, my brother rebelled. "By God," he called to me, "I'm not eating any more bloody cat food!"

Our sole heat source, a wood-burning stove piped into a masonry chimney, was rendered inoperable. Creosote leaching through the chimney threatened fire. We chose shivering. On December 23rd the temperature outside was 17 degrees. Inside our house, 21 degrees. We slept inside sleeping bags, dressed, underneath the covers on our beds. Frost rimmed the inside of our mullioned windows.

No money for gifts. Work ran short. Clients either didn't, or couldn't, pay us. In desperation I fashioned a doll house gift for my goddaughter from shingle scraps. To fend off depression, Tim and I cut firewood to fill in our days, gleaning drift logs on the frozen beach.

On the Eve of Christmas I walked to the beach, lachrymose, despondent, welled up with images of Dr. Zhivago wasting in his house of ice. I had 38 cents to my name. The air at the sea was still, so taut cold one could almost hear it sing. At the water's edge, a legion of dead Dungeness Crab corpses littered the beach, flash frozen and stretching north and south as far as I could see. Gathering an armload for a Christmas feast was tempting, but one never cooks a dead crab. I left them, noting the irony, and trundled home grumbling in the chill air to a fitful sleep.

Scandinavian lore says that all the world's animals talk at midnight on Christmas Eve. Perhaps a stray cat eavesdropped and recounted my abject state to a neighborhood cur. He, in turn, may have mentioned my



These words, written by Anne Frank in her diary, remind us that often hope and faith in the future are all there is left for the children of our world.

During this season, when we focus on children and the family, we feel it is important to remember this, and do our best to make sure they do have a future filled with hopes and dreams.

Anne died in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, along with millions whose only crime was to be born in the wrong place, at the wrong time, or raised with the wrong beliefs. We are the ones who decide what is right and wrong for ourselves and our children.

The Anne Frank Exhibit is currently touring the Oregon Coast, in Astoria through Dec 5th, and then in Tillamook in January.

We urge all of our readers to see the exhibit and to take their children. By showing our children what was done in the past, we can prevent this from happening ever again. It will be hard to explain to them, especially the younger ones, but if Anne has taught us anything, it is that our children are, and must be, stronger and braver than we have been.

In the final scene of the play "The Diary of Anne Frank", Anne's father stands center stage with her diary in his hand. His last line is, "She puts us to shame."

As Mark Twain said, "Humans are the only animals who feel shame, or need to."



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

DECEMBER				
WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES (STANDARD TIME)				
DATE	A.M.	S.	P.M.	S.
1 Wed	2:01	7.5	12:52	8.1
2 Thu	2:40	7.6	1:32	9.0
3 Fri	3:19	7.6	2:17	8.7
4 Sat	4:04	7.8	3:12	8.2
5 Sun	4:50	8.0	4:15	7.6
6 Mon	5:40	8.2	5:33	7.0
7 Tue	6:31	8.4	6:59	6.7
8 Wed	7:25	9.0	8:18	6.8
9 Thu	8:15	9.5	9:29	7.0
10 Fri	9:08	9.9	10:31	7.4
11 Sat	9:55	10.1	11:27	7.7
12 Sun	10:43	10.2	—	—
13 Mon	0:20	7.9	—	—
13 "	11:31	10.1	—	—
14 Tue	1:09	8.1	12:18	9.9
15 Wed	1:55	8.2	1:03	9.5
16 Thu	2:38	8.2	1:49	9.0
17 Fri	3:22	8.2	2:36	8.4
18 Sat	4:04	8.1	3:25	7.8
19 Sun	4:46	8.1	4:21	7.1
20 Mon	5:27	8.1	5:30	6.5
21 Tue	6:13	8.2	6:44	6.2
22 Wed	6:59	8.3	7:58	6.1
23 Thu	7:45	8.4	9:05	6.3
24 Fri	8:31	8.6	10:04	6.6
25 Sat	9:13	8.8	10:54	7.0
26 Sun	9:56	9.0	11:40	7.3
27 Mon	10:38	9.2	—	—
28 Tue	0:22	7.5	—	—
28 "	11:13	9.4	—	—
29 Wed	1:02	7.8	12:01	9.4
30 Thu	1:39	8.0	12:43	9.4
31 Fri	2:17	8.2	1:29	9.2

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

DECEMBER				
WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES (STANDARD TIME)				
DATE	A.M.	S.	P.M.	S.
1 Wed	7:17	3.3	8:03	-0.5
2 Thu	7:58	3.3	8:40	-0.4
3 Fri	8:44	3.3	9:19	-0.1
4 Sat	9:39	3.2	10:02	0.3
5 Sun	10:41	3.0	10:54	0.8
6 Mon	11:51	2.6	11:49	1.4
7 Tue	—	—	—	1.9
8 Wed	0:51	1.9	2:15	1.1
9 Thu	1:54	2.3	3:18	0.2
10 Fri	2:53	2.6	4:17	-0.5
11 Sat	3:50	2.7	5:08	-1.1
12 Sun	4:47	2.8	5:57	-1.4
13 Mon	5:39	2.9	6:44	-1.4
14 Tue	6:31	2.9	7:29	-1.2
15 Wed	7:21	2.9	8:11	-0.9
16 Thu	8:10	2.9	8:51	-0.4
17 Fri	8:59	3.0	9:31	0.2
18 Sat	9:53	3.0	10:10	0.9
19 Sun	10:48	2.9	10:50	1.5
20 Mon	11:51	2.8	11:35	2.2
21 Tue	—	—	—	2.5
22 Wed	0:24	2.7	1:59	2.0
23 Thu	1:23	3.2	2:58	1.4
24 Fri	2:20	3.5	3:50	0.8
25 Sat	3:14	3.6	4:35	0.3
26 Sun	4:03	3.7	5:17	-0.1
27 Mon	4:52	3.6	5:57	-0.4
28 Tue	5:37	3.5	6:34	-0.5
29 Wed	6:20	3.4	7:11	-0.6
30 Thu	7:06	3.2	7:47	-0.6
31 Fri	7:48	2.9	8:22	-0.4

destitution in an aside to the Beers' family dogs, Duffy and Lydia, on that night. I can only surmise that the Beers family heard their dogs whispering together at midnight and elected to gather us in on Christmas.

Whatever the facts, my brother and I were invited the next morning to a splendid Christmas bouillabaisse at the Beers' home, replete with levity, drink, and rich seasonal provender. Our gratitude endures.

If your animals talk to you this holiday season and mention someone of need, please heed them. May the spirit of compassion prevail this Christmas in your lives.

## BASEBALL

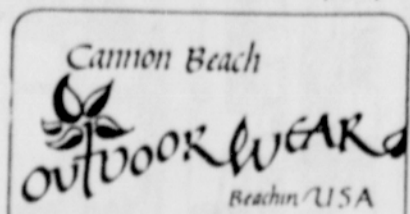
The Cubs have traded for pitcher Willy Banks. Ernie Banks was famous as "Mr. Cub" and for saying "It's such a nice day for baseball, let's play two!" Let's hope Willy brings that spirit back! Go, Cubbies!

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