

Editorial Now & Then



Rev.
Hults

As we end the year here on the Edge, we are tempted to look back and celebrate what success we have shared in over the last year. Looking through past issues we have several reasons to celebrate. January '93 we did our last story about the Trojan nuclear power plant (it was shut down, forever); our first and only story about the Western Youth Ranch in Lincoln City (it didn't happen). In April, we began our first three-part serial, the story of Sally's great-grandmother roaming through Alaska at the turn of the century. We also began our series on the Cannon Beach Watershed, which is ongoing.

We have tried to let folks know that though we are a small paper in a small town, what goes on in the rest of the world is of concern to us, and what goes on in this small town should be of concern to the rest of the world, because we are reflections of each other.

Our Watershed here in Cannon Beach is owned by a corporation based in England. The estuary that is being developed in Seaside is rumored to be owned by folks from the Middle East. Our main source of revenue is from tourists from all over the world. Here in the bookstore we have had customers from Russia, Japan, India, Germany; an Opera singer from Ireland, a poet from Thailand, a teacher from Australia. Some of them pick up the paper and some subscribe; we have regular readers in twenty states and Australia. So, though our home is on the Edge, we try to speak of things that are common throughout the country and around the globe. We hope you enjoy our work, and we wish you and yours the very best in the coming year.

We would like to thank you all for your warm support; both advertisers and subscribers have showered us with overwhelming numbers of checks (more than four!) And we promise to use that money wisely. (We are going to get our paperwork together so we can send out more bills!)

Actually, what we call files are in fact piles. The beloved rev. apparently has an imaginary secretary. He will put papers in the file basket, bills in the out basket, and his imaginary secretary goes on an imaginary coffee break. Eventually, all paper that is not to be recycled (the beloved rev., being a sensitive

environmentally aware guy, does his own recycling!) finds its way into various cardboard boxes carefully placed in the corners of closets, and under tables, and desks, where it is kept secure until it can be entered, or downloaded, or whatever else he imagines his imaginary secretary does and then, hopefully, it is recycled. We hope this explains some of our problems with correspondence, but we imagine our imaginary secretary will eventually get caught up. 'Til then, I guess, use your own imagination.

The Sahalie City Council Meetings

Well, the Seaside City Council did it again. It refused to vote in public either for or against the Sahalie project. In spite of the Oregon Open Meeting laws, the council will vote in secret (do we even get to know who voted which way?) Dec 13th. Written testimony will be accepted until 5pm Dec 1st, then it is up to the council to decide, finally. There will be a candlelight vigil held outside of City Hall from 5pm until the decision is made. This is all that can be done for now. If this frustrates folks they do have one other chance to vent their spleens Dec. 7th, when the Seaside Planning Commission (who started this whole thing) meets at City Hall to decide on a Conditional Use Permit for the Sahalie Project. The Planning Commission has a new Chair (we are told the former chair left the country) who has a background in law, so hopefully the City Comprehensive Plan might be brought up for a change.

A man who is willing to meet you halfway is usually a poor judge of distance.
Dr. L. J. Peters

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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We're mad as hell, and we're not going to take it anymore!!

Who the hell are these guys? Cascade Trust? Trust people who won't even give their names? Trust people who hide behind lawyers and hired environmentalists and hired archeologists and real estate agents/developers who call themselves public servants; we think not! Trust people who say the Wildlife Agencies, the biologists, the native peoples, the surveyors, and most importantly the citizens of Seaside, Oregon are all wrong? Not a chance! Trust people who appeal to the greedy by promising millions of dollars in tax revenue, or threaten the costs of a lawsuit to get their way?

Never!
There were attempts to compromise, to keep the development on the east side of the land away from the salt marshes, the heron rookery, the native village sites, but no, the big ticket condos were the ones with the ocean view. So it looks like a fight for all the marbles.

There were attempts to work in the system, but no, bulldozers started punching a road and bringing in pilings to build the damned bridge before the City Council could even decide to not decide.

There were attempts to stop this insult to the land with the law and the democratic process, but no, those in power didn't even follow their own laws.

This is no more than an attempt by some very rich people to make more money at the expense of the rest of us. Who profits from this? The students and citizens from Seaside who testified against it? The Native Peoples whose ancestors' graves may lie under the tennis courts? The (as the Astorian calls them) "stylish contingent from Cannon Beach", who have spent their own time, money, and energy to save the last of the salt marshes in the area? Who? We know lawyers are paid, and archeologists are paid, and environmental consultants are paid and real estate folks are payed. And of course Cascade Trust will profit. Was anyone else paid? Are any of the folks who had to decide yes or no investors in Cascade Trust? We don't know. No one will tell us. They just say 'trust us, we will take care of the pollution that runs off the parking lots; trust us, we'll take care of the wetlands; trust us, if we find any native graves, we'll stop digging our \$20 million dollar 69 unit Condos.' Trust my ass!

So, by the soul of my Great Great Great Osage Grandmother, I bring down the wrath of the Father of all Waters to wash away this scab on the breast of Mother Earth.

Trust this, Cascade, the earth will tremble, the winds will howl and the great waves will wash it all away. I have seen this, it will be. You build it and they will come.

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