

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

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## No Matter Where You Go, There You Are.



### Dogs Run Free, So Why Can't We?

Knox Swanson first broached the subject to me, and I liked the feel of it: produce a roster analogous to that of a football team presenting photographs and short profiles of key local characters. Few communities, we concurred, possess the plethora of rounders, flashmen, fringe dwellers, bull-goose loonies, edge men, schizophrenes, beer hippies, dream stalkers, road Indians, and generally interesting folk, per capita, as we have right here at "the Edge". As James Taylor once said, "That's why I'm here!"

Even though the potential fascinated us, Knox and I aborted the project. Too risky. Might offend some friends. Besides, where would we fit in, and how might our respective sketches read? I shuddered quietly to myself, and let the notion slide.

Then last week a thing passed through me, and I had it: dogs.

Places indelibly stamp people and influence their natures. We laughingly refer to ourselves as "coastal mutants," a quirky lot revelling in horizontal rain squalls and dark months of brooding. The dogs of Cannon Beach, like the town folk, are a singular lot. Our town's cast of dog characters rivals that of its humans. I would like to present a lineup of dog notables, and I'll name names. Some feelings may be hurt, but libel suits lodged by dogs are rare, besides which most dogs in our town, with the possible exception of George, are non-literate.

In my mind, town dogs fall into five broad categories, although some overlapping occurs:

I. Vagabonds. These rogues wander unfettered, chasing vague scents on the wind. Oliver Dueber (deceased), George, Charley (deceased), and Rufus are fine examples.

II. Porch Dogs. A group of loungers working Osburn's Grocery porch, regularly cadging handouts. Among them, Rude Dog, Shredder, August (he has symptoms of stick-fetch disease), Kudra, Ruby Sroufe, and Java (a gentle giant whose hypnotic "dog-eyeing" would charm a sandwich from Simon Legree).

III. Truck Dogs. Dogs blustering and barking from beds of pickup trucks and vans. Jed Frailey, Kita, Mako (world's finest 3-legged surfer dog), Angel Childress, Pepper, Obo, Katie Sroufe, and Bear Lagerquist.

IV. Shave Dogs. These generally woolly beasts undergo seasonal shearing and, I suspect, personal disorientation. Barkley, Joe-Bob, Wilbur (Wilbur's shave jobs leave him a ringer for the Cowardly Lion in the

Cont. on pg. 3



Type / Catégorie: P  
Surname / Nom: LACKAFF  
Given names / Prénoms: SALLY LOUISE  
Nationality / Nationalité: UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
Date of birth / Date de naissance: 04 MAR / MAR  
Sex / Sexe: F Place of birth: OREGO  
Date of issue / Date de délivrance: 30 MAR / MAR  
Authority / Autorité: PASSPORT AG  
SEATTLE

So, here we are. May is upon us, and the migrations begin in earnest. Our own humble Ms. Sally will be returning to the fertile valleys of her youth, visiting France and Switzerland for the month, with her parents. We will miss her, but have promised to get the June issue out no matter what. Your beloved editor will be seeking volunteers soon. We will be receiving reports from Ms. Sally in the Alps and expect a dispatch from Mr. Wickland who called from Germany this week. The Edge is going Global!

This is my month to get out and stretch. The Boss (Beloved Rev.) has allowed me 30+ days to pack myself, a supply of sketchpads, and a new Rapidograph back to the old sod. A long time ago, as a child, I was lucky enough to be exposed to education in rural France, in varied locations nationwide. I have since my return to the U.S., often found myself wistfully thinking about, not only the bread, but the very oldness felt everywhere in Europe and for me, France in specific. There is a certain pleasure in touching a stone wall built hundreds of years before America was a twinkle in some monarch's eye. I felt this as a child, and now I have the opportunity to appreciate more intensely as an adult the deep beauty of the country and architecture I was so fond of. I also will be able to make more records of my discoveries. The paper will, I believe, be publishing various sketches and maybe a log -- if legible.

My absence for the month of May makes Rev. Billy's job that much harder, and he will be needing all the support, cooperation, and sympathy he can get. Please be patient with him dear readers... he has never had the opportunity to lay out a complete issue by himself, and therefore some experimentation is in order, some dabbling in perhaps slightly different methods than I would use... but The Upper Left Edge stands on its own with its own strength and resilience, and with the Reverend at the helm, will prove its worth without me. Until my return,

Sally



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

MAY - High Tides				MAY - Low Tides			
DATE	time	ft	PM	DATE	time	ft	PM
1 Sun	4:59	8.0	6:44	7.2	1 Sun	12:08	-0.1
2 Mon	6:06	7.3	7:44	7.3	2 Mon	0:22	2.7
3 Tue	7:22	6.8	8:40	7.5	3 Tue	1:34	2.6
4 Wed	8:37	6.6	9:30	7.8	4 Wed	2:46	2.2
5 Thu	9:44	6.7	10:14	8.1	5 Thu	3:49	1.6
6 Fri	10:41	6.8	10:52	8.3	6 Fri	4:44	1.0
7 Sat	11:32	7.0	11:27	8.5	7 Sat	5:30	0.4
8 Sun	.....	.....	12:18	7.1	8 Sun	6:12	0.0
9 Mon	.....	.....	11:59	8.5	9 Mon	6:51	-0.3
10 Tue	0:29	8.6	1:43	7.2	10 Tue	7:28	-0.5
11 Wed	0:59	8.6	2:23	7.1	11 Wed	8:03	-0.6
12 Thu	1:30	8.6	3:03	7.1	12 Thu	8:37	-0.6
13 Fri	2:02	8.5	3:42	7.0	13 Fri	9:10	-0.5
14 Sat	2:37	8.4	4:23	6.9	14 Sat	9:44	-0.4
15 Sun	3:16	8.2	5:06	6.9	15 Sun	10:21	-0.2
16 Mon	4:02	7.9	5:54	6.9	16 Mon	11:04	0.1
17 Tue	4:58	7.4	6:46	7.1	17 Tue	11:53	0.4
18 Wed	6:08	7.0	7:39	7.4	18 Wed	0:32	2.8
19 Thu	7:31	6.7	8:31	7.9	19 Thu	1:45	2.3
20 Fri	8:51	6.7	9:20	8.4	20 Fri	2:56	1.6
21 Sat	10:04	6.9	10:08	9.0	21 Sat	4:00	0.6
22 Sun	11:08	7.1	10:54	9.4	22 Sun	4:59	-0.3
23 Mon	.....	.....	12:07	7.4	23 Mon	5:53	-1.0
24 Tue	.....	.....	11:41	9.7	24 Tue	6:45	-1.6
25 Wed	0:27	9.8	1:03	7.6	25 Wed	7:35	-1.9
26 Thu	1:15	9.7	2:49	7.7	26 Thu	8:24	-1.9
27 Fri	2:03	9.5	3:39	7.7	27 Fri	9:12	-1.7
28 Sat	2:53	9.0	4:29	7.7	28 Sat	9:59	-1.3
29 Sun	3:44	8.4	5:20	7.6	29 Sun	10:47	-0.7
30 Mon	4:40	7.7	6:10	7.6	30 Mon	11:35	-0.1
31 Tue	5:41	7.0	7:01	7.7	31 Tue	0:02	2.4

## BASEBALL



What's the deal? Rookie Tuffy Rhoads starts the season with three home runs in his first three at bat, and The Cubs lose anyway. The Dodgers score 19 (nineteen) runs against us. We have divided the National League into three divisions and the Cubs would be last in the other two, too. The New uniforms look like we bought them second hand from Castro's minor league (they say CUBA, don't they?). What's the deal? Isn't this next year?

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