Rev. Hults

Editorial

Now & Then

FIRST!! A RETRACTION

paper!". Any paper.

If there is one thing that a newspaper fears above all else, it is getting the information wrong. Not just the famous Chicago Trib's "Dewey Wins!" headline, or spelling someone's name wrong, but serious information that people depend on and, if it is wrong, can cause them to be put in harm's way.

Our December Tide Table was WRONG! It

showed the December 1995 tides. We picked up next year's tables by mistake The locals were quick to notice, not only that December started on a Thursday instead of a Friday, but that the promised "clam tides" were

wrong. Folks, you can't imagine how something like that makes us feel. This last month we have been holding our breath. We had no way to correct our mistake, except by word of mouth, until this issue. We imagined a group of school kids on a field trip, with copies of The Edge in hand, frolicking to the beach, and being swept away by a tide they hadn't expected. The old ulcers flared to life. We take the accuracy of the paper seriously, and we want your trust in the Edge to be warranted. You have our pledge that this will not happen again, but we must remind ourselves; "Don't believe everything you read in the

We are proud, after two years of pleading, to welcome our former neighbor. June Kroft to our pages, with her ongoing thoughts on the garden, and stuff.

This month we begin a series of four page inserts that will inform our readers about some of the smaller groups and organizations around the edge. This is made possible by an \$800 grant from The Fund for Wild Nature. This issue we feature the Alliance for a Paving Moratorium. out of Arcata, California.

We feel obligated at this time to inform our readers and advertisers that the Upper Left Edge, like all things, has a beginning, middle, and end. We have passed the middle. The beloved reverend, having never been a publisher, editor, etc. before, decided to devote five years to this project. That was two years and eight months ago, and boy are we having fun. We have grown, we have plans to grow more, we will change and hopefully get better than we could have hoped. But, then, in April 1997, the Upper Left Edge as we know it will end. Oh, it may just take a month off and mutate into something that looks exactly like it, or ... Well, we also must take into account that if we don't get better at certain parts of this trip we may not even make it to five years. So, to all our 'friends of the edge' ... St. Valentine's day is coming, and we love you!



Hatred is like fire; it makes even light George Eliot rubbish deadly. (Mary Ann Evans)

Sex & Forestry

Yes it is true, herbacides turn seagulls in to well,... gay gulls. Wait till the OCA hears about this! Why, they will become Born-Again Environmentalists. Yes, a recent missive from the Coast Range Associations informs us that studies have found that 2-4 D works in the gender, as well as growth areas of animals, as well as plants, like alder trees sprayed to keep the tree farms free for "Doug Fir". The most frightening thing about the story was the map showing all of Clatsop County and where the spraying of some scarey chemicals is being done. The Coast Range folks are making the only maps in existance of this situation. Next month we will go into more detail. Our favorite quote in the piece they sent us is from a local Forest Dept. Official, "When I smell 2, 4-D in the air, it must be spring." Apocalypse Now, revisted? You can get your own map by contacting the Coast Range Assoc. PO Box 148 Newport, Or. 97365 Ph. (503) 265-8105 FAX (503) 8179. Send them some money, it's worth

## So, Your License Plate Light is Out?

There are several very good reasons why your beloved reverend does not drive an automobile anymore. Not the least of these is that, because of "implied consent", you are liable to be stopped by the police, in your daily travel, at anytime!! Anytime!! It doesn't matter what you are doing, how you are driving, where you are going, what you or your car look like; trust me. And they will stop you if your license plate light is out. They will check your papers, run you for priors, smell your breath and give your vehicle a very professional olfactory and visual once over outside and inside as well.

We have had, oh, three, four, ten folks come into the bookstore these last few months with tales of "police harassment" and abuse of the system, etc. etc. and we do sympathize. But as this month's insert will explain, it is not our fault or even the fault of the peace officers, no, it is a bigger foe we must fight. So, the next time the highways frustrate you and the authorities harass you, we suggest you complain to a group of folks who have more influence than this little rag on the powers that be; call the Chamber of Commerce.

#### Phone Book Fun!

Mark your calanders, folks. This year's collection and recycling of old telephone books is January 19th through February 3rd, 1995. As in previous years Cannon Beach/Arch Cape recyclers have five drop off sites for

their phone books: \*Cannon Beach Recycling Depot 2nd St. West of Spruce \*Cannon Beach City Hall \*Cannon Beach Post Office

163 Gower 155 Hemlock 3140 Hemlock

\*Tolovana Post Office \* Arch Cape Post Office

In the Arch Cape Deli Although this marks the fifth year of telephone book recycling in Cannon Beach, it will be the first year of collection on a county-wide level. The expansion is made possible by combined efforts of recycling programs in

Cannon Beach, Seaside and Astoria; with generous support from U.S. West. At the sites in the Cannon Beach/Arch Cape area look for the blue barrels with bright yellow

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live. Henry David Thoreau

### CANNON BEACH - THE CITY THAT MADE MCTARNAHAN'S ALE FAMOUS!



MORE MCTARNAHAN'S ALE IS SOLD IN CANNON BEACH PER CAPITA THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN THE WORLD, ACCORDING TO CANNON BEACH RESIDENT "MAC" MACTARNAHAN, WHO EARNED A GOLD MEDAL WITH HIS SCOTTISH ALE.







#### Notes from Colorado Jeff Custer

By the time you read this, it will be a New Year. The Holidays will be over, the new Congress will be sworn in and both the Edge and the People's Republic of Boulder will be facing true Wintertime.

I've been too stunned by the election, then distracted by Thanksgiving and Christmas, to write. Fall has passed and Fall has always been my favorite season -- leading up to Thanksgiving (any holiday devoted to eating and watching football can't be all bad), and then my Christmas birthday -- I'm sure that when I was too young to know the difference, I figured that all the fuss was just for my birthday. I think I love the Northwest because the weather can remind me of Fall for most of the year.

This November had a much different feeling. I won't add to our humble Editors' comments, I feel much the same. A few notes: the fundamentalist. anti-abortion "stealth" candidate that I wrote about a few months back was defeated this time by the same woman who almost (one vote) beat him as a write-in two years ago. In all, our center held -- both our Democratic House members were returned, as were the four Republicans. Unfortunately, most election reform and school tax initiatives were defeated. It seems to me that the folks (according to the papers, mostly white men) who were angry got out in force, while those of us who thought things were moving along well, had a more lackluster approach; overall, the "mandate" was a 51-49% vote nationwide -- any lesson here?

Like the Rev. Billy, I was glued to the tube this fall watching "Baseball". And I share all of his observations and feelings about the series (the only one we got this year!). It's also good to watch a flick like "Bull Durham", and reflect that baseball really is like life -- the players aren't rocket scientists, like most of us; they're crude, macho, imperfect, like most of us; and they just play the game -- but overarching it all is the mystery, the beauty, the spirit, the eternity of the game -- as in our world and our lives -- if we just pause to look for it.

The other day, a resident of the north part of the city found a tail dangling from a tree in his back yard when he went outside to find out what his dogs were barking about. Thankfully the mountain lion attached to it was paying more attention to the site of his deer kill than to the resident, and after the man beat a careful retreat, the lion faded into the brush. All the critters are stocking up for winter, and hopefully we can allow them to do so without any fuss. Our resident raccoons are on the prowl for unattended pet food and garbage, as well, causing great late night consternation for our dog.

Peaceful and Gentle New Year's Wishes!

More later -

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