

Rev.  
Hults

# Editorial Now & Then



## Mr. President, Yes, or No, did you ever stop beating your wife?

Say you hired a carpenter to build you a house, and in half the time he estimated, he had over two thirds of the work done; well, if you really look at it about three fourths; and he asks you, "How am I doing, boss?" What do you say? "Take your pot smoking, liberal friends, and clear out, I don't need your kind to build my house!"

What is it that makes some folks want to crucify carpenters?

We are just a little bit cranky with The Oregonian lately. Well, hell, let's just include all the Media. Recently the Big 'O' printed a full page list of Our/Your President's campaign promises of two years ago and listed them alphabetically under the headline, "Promises, Promises" with a cute cartoon of "Slick Willy" on the side. Well, now, your "page surfing" reader might well imagine that it is the old tale of promises made and not kept, as there is no "Box Score" printed which would be more in keeping with the 'O's new image of slow television that gets your fingers dirty.

The reader was asked to actually read the story and count the yesses and nos and come to their own conclusion. Well, we did it. The score was 60 to 31 with 2 pending. Of 93 promises made during the campaign two years ago, Slick Willy succeeded in fulfilling sixty of them in two years, and to the satisfaction of "The Media". It is interesting to note that the Nos included the promise to lower the deficit by 100 Billion Dollars. A deficit that had been growing out of control for more than a decade. He was given a failing mark on this promise because he only reduced the budget by 98 Billion Dollars. The Draft Dodger promised to reduce the number of Aircraft Carriers from 14 to 10; he reduced it to 12. I don't know if you understand how hard it is to take as big a toy as an aircraft carrier away from someone as powerful as a U.S. Navy Admiral, but Billy took two. I goes on and on, but we are curious why. Dave Barry called it the Failed Clinton Administration before the inaugural, while addressing the National Press Club. (Hmn?) Is it the strange combination of a Razorback Rhodes Scholar? A draft dodging Commander in Chief? A President who smoked pot?

Image is everything?

Apparently; ask the Ford Motor Co. what killed the Edsel. They will tell you one joke, "A Buick sucking a lemon."

Well, we of course blame Dave Barry for the media perception of the Failed Clinton Administration

What can be done? Well, we humbly suggest that Mr. Clinton pull the ultimate waffle and change party. He could run as a Republican in 1996. Your beloved editor would gladly welcome him to the party of Tom McCall. The Repu' cans as well as the Democrats can write some pretty good law when nobody cares who gets credit. And, it really doesn't matter. What matters is what the house looks like when the job is done. And what the family who live in that house think about it. We think it's coming along, but the carpenter could use some help from the owners.

## More Stuff...

This month, Valentine's day to be exact, finds us celebrating the Birthday of Oregon, its 136th. We recently were reading Terence O'Donnell's "That Balance So Rare" (The story of Oregon), Oregon Historical Society Press. We are reminded that the more things change... well, for example, one John H. Mitchell, described as an "accomplished lawyer, politician, scalawag and womanizer," was sent to Washington D.C. where he, "despite dishonesty and sexual transgressions, . . . served as Republican senator from Oregon for a total of twenty-two years." Packwood in 98?

Speaking of Mr. O'Donnell, he is currently writing the history of Cannon Beach, and we are trying to get permission to print some parts of the manuscript prior to publication. Wish us luck.

One part of the history of our community that has recently come to our attention, is the village on the banks of Elk Creek which was visited by William Clark and Sacajawea, in an attempt to get whale meat from the folks living here at the time. Clark (arguably our first tourist) states that the village was called. . . we love this. . . No-Cost, and he did in fact draw a map of the village showing the location of the "tents". Recent excavations near the school have apparently uncovered possible fire pits and middens (piles of shells, indicating kitchens). The City of Cannon Beach, to its credit, is investigating the possibility that the site could be mapped, again, and, we would like to suggest, restored. If there is interest in this, please -- contact the Edge, the City of Cannon Beach or the Cannon Beach Historical Society, The Smithsonian, The Lewis & Clark Society, all your friends; and we could have some real fun.

Okay, we must first thank you, we both know who you are. . . as a matter of fact we could list over 45 names. . . **Friends of the Edge**. Let us tell you about them. One is a local woman whom we met one lunch time in Bill's. She said, "I want to give you some money for the paper," or something; we were being introduced to a couple from Warrenton at the same time. She wrote a check and handed it over, we glanced at the numbers, twenty, "Thanks" we said, and then saw the other zero. The chin became disengaged and a puzzled expression filled our face. . . "This is" . . . we mouthed. "Yes, I really like the paper," she said. We also received cash from the Salt King of New York, who seems to share her fondness for giving away zeroes. We only asked for ten bucks each, folks, . . . Our first donation, we know for a fact, came from a man who lived in the woods this last summer, and could probably use that cash at the moment, but would never take it. Anyway. . . Well, we are obviously humbled by this support, but not enough to not say Happy Valentines Day!! Time for your "Edge Support Payment #2".

You, our Friend and Advertisers, have managed, in spite of the obvious human failings of your beloved editor, to keep this paper going for almost three years now. We have grown, and you have supported that growth; we are getting bigger, we are feeding more mouths, we are speaking to more ears, eyes, minds; we are on the edge. Are we having fun? Well, nuff said. The Check's in the Mail, Right?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

were in a prime of sorts, this title certainly applied. In more recent times voices have been heard to question if it still rings true.

The Edge says yes, it does.

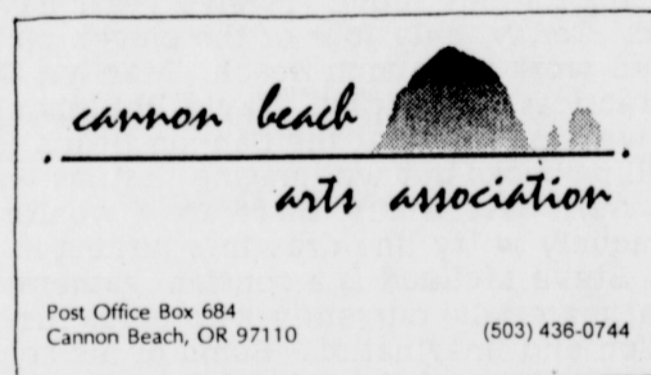
Even though the building population has vastly erupted into new neighborhoods of three-story, 12 room and mostly vacant houses; even though the downtown area has lost, to some degree, its small town appeal and you can walk down the street some days and not know anyone you pass, Cannon Beach has never even slowed down artistically; the community remains strong. Two prime examples of this are: the Chamber of Commerce Building, beautified and embellished by a number of local artists, from the drinking fountain outside to the clasps around the beams to the osprey nest wind-vane on the roof; and the Cannon Beach Arts Association Gallery, monthly stocked with a the works of a variety of local artists and staffed primarily by volunteers.

And an expanding population of artists is making itself felt around the region and beyond. This month **Leslie Wood** and **Suzanne Williams** are two of a show of "Women Photographing Women", starting Feb. 11th at the Ricciardi Gallery in Astoria. **Barbara Grant** has long been part of the backbone of the art community; she has a show of her paintings coming up this spring at the C.B. Arts Association Gallery. **Fred Dwello** takes time off in the winter, cleans his studio, and prepares for his next choice of works, this year possibly woodblocks with an air of the southwest. **Ursula Ulrich** continues shaping concrete and plaster into beautiful indoor and outdoor tiles. **John Fraser**, Cannon Beach's dada artist, is creative with his computer. **Jim Kingwell** carries on the legacy of glass blowing. **Sally Lackaff** works on this newspaper and is binding a bunch of her hand-drawn wildlife books. **Patrick Rock** welds dangerous steel sculptures, paints huge paintings, and trudges to school every day. **Prissy Martin** continues to fashion delicate and intricate dried flower wreaths and arrangements, a craft she has reigned over for years.

The literary and audio arts are prevalent, too. **Grant Wood** is probably writing as we speak. Newcomer **Michael Burgess** will be writing out of C.B. too from now on. **Wes Warmund** and **Tom Jiroudek** are Altamira, an acoustic duo that performs around the area. A bunch of local musicians (**Gary, Eric, Lisa, Billy, Jody** and many more from beyond) get together for acoustic music every Friday evening at Bill's Tavern.

Some of these may be people you've never heard of, so we at the Upper Left Edge urge you to keep a copy of this paper, maybe line something with it, because it is likely you will recognize these names someday. And understand, these are just a few of the diverse population of artists who continue to make Cannon Beach what it is and has been to this day. The Edge is proud to be acquainted with so many of them.

Sally Lackaff



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