

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



Welcome to Vol. 4, #1. Do you realize what the odds were, three years ago when we began The Edge, against you reading this? Assuming, of course, that somehow between the time this is written and the time the paper is ready for the printer, the magic will work, and the money will be found to print and distribute it, once again. We are truly proud and amazed at not just the survival of The Edge, but the growth and support we have experienced over these three years.

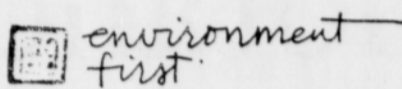
So, here we go. . . We welcome some new voices this month: Ann Osborne, daughter of dear friends, Don & Donna (see Arts in America, page 14), who discusses reaching womanhood in this particular small town; Lisa Heath on the rigors of waitressing (@ \$2.00 an hour); and the Globally Famous Bill Gates (see Under Forty Billionaires), reaching out to our Capitalist/Republican/High Tech readers. Both of them. Mr. Gates' column and future columns that we will be reprinting are purchased from syndicates like the New York Times and Universal Press. We would like your thoughts on this project. We feel it is a way to give our readers access to voices they might not normally hear, without wading through the Big "O" or the "Grey Lady" (NY Times) and the endless violence, titillation, and whining.

Now for something a bit more fun. April 22nd is not only Earth Day (hug a tree and use a condom), but it is the debut of the first-ever Musicians Ball in Portland. Yes, we mean the old Mayor's Ball under a new name. Many of our readers are unaware of how important this event is to your beloved editor, and Uncle Mike, and Dr. Karkeys. You see, we were there at its conception, as well as its birth. The first Ball, the Inaugural Ball, was an event to celebrate the election of Bud Clark, Citizen Mayor of Portland, and to pay off his campaign debt. It accomplished both. Phil Thompson, whose ad for his landscape architecture business can be found in these pages, was in charge of "events" during the campaign, and as your beloved editor had assisted in finding musicians to do benefits for Bud, he asked us to take on the Inaugural Ball. We decided to ask all the bands that had volunteered for the campaign to play the ball. This added up to thirty-three bands. The only way they could all play in the six hour time span was to have several stages going at once. The "experts" told us we were crazy, that chaos would result, and everyone would hate it. Well, that's why we rarely listen to experts.

The event continued for the eight years Bud was in office, and raised well over a quarter of a million dollars for various charities. Now, since the current Mayor refused to lend the title of Mayor's Ball to the event the musicians, who had done all of the organizing and performing anyway, have decided to take care of their own and raise money for the music community in Oregon. We say, go for it, and see ya at the Ball! (Assuming they send a limo, of course.)



The Sahallie Project goes back to the Seaside City Council!! LUBA, the Land Use Board of Appeals, remanded the project to the Council; so it looks like we start again. For those less than constant readers, Sahallie is a proposed Upscale Condo project that some people called Cascade Trust want to build on a site on the Necanicum River in Seaside, OR. Besides being almost the last delicate example of a coastal salt water estuary, and the site of heron rookeries, and a pre-historic indigenous camp site, it was also the focus of some very creative re-zoning by the former council. So, stay tuned, and get out your protest signs: the game is again afoot!!



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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The greatest sin	Fear
The greatest deceiver	One who deceives self
The greatest mistake	Giving up
The most expensive indulgence	Hate
The most ridiculous asset	Pride
The meanest feeling	Unhappy at another's success
The greatest secret of production	Saving waste
The cleverest man	He who does what he thinks right
The greatest need	Common sense
The greatest puzzle	Life
The greatest mystery	Death
The greatest thought	God
The greatest force	Love

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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The Upper Left Edge is a monthly broadsheet (approximately 12"x21") publication with a current distribution of 5,000. It is circulated throughout the Oregon and Washington coastal communities and larger metropolitan areas which serve them. As stated in the upper left corner of the Edge flag, it is FREE to the vast majority of its readership; though there is a rapidly increasing number of subscribers worldwide. Now in its third year of continual growth, The Upper Left Edge relies on advertising funds to keep it in print.

Advertising rates are as follows:

Business Card Size Ad	\$25.
1/16th approx. 3x5	\$35.
1/8th approx. 4x7	\$50.
1/4th approx. 6 1/2x9	\$100.
1/2 page	\$150.
Full page	\$300.
Back page	\$350.

... per month. Payment is due the 15th of the month prior to the issue in which ad is to appear. Camera ready art is requested. We are usually on the streets by the first weekend of the month.

When you live in a small town, where there is a Volunteer Fire Department, you get to know the men and women who volunteer, who take courses, and practice on their own time. The bookstore is one door away from the current Fire Station, so we often see our neighbors from the local Service Station or Real Estate office sprinting by, and pickups with small flashing red lights and Volunteer Fire Department plaques on their license plates pulling up as the big doors open and the solid bass tones of the truck engine rumble down the block. They leave their jobs, homes, and one recent Friday night in particular an untouched beer on the bar at Bill's Tavern, to help their neighbors. Usually, it is a chimney fire; lots of folks have wood stoves here. But sometimes it is much more serious. The Littell's house burned to the ground that Friday night, and there was nothing anyone could do. Everyone got out safe and things are starting to come together for the Littells as you will read in the letter below.

We at the Edge would just like to add our thanks to our Volunteer Fire Department. You make us feel a little safer and very proud of our small town. -ed

To the editor,

Dear Friends,

The outpouring of love and support from friends and neighbors (both near and far) and the "kindness of strangers," has comforted us, amazed us, and at times has left us practically speechless. We thank each of you for helping us through this very difficult time.

To the Cannon Beach Volunteer Fire Department who struggled mightily, fighting to save our home, we thank you for your truly valiant efforts.

To those friends who magically appeared at the scene to shower us with comfort and to give us, quite literally, the clothes off their backs, a huge thanks; Paul & Suzy Nofield and Sharon & David Clyde. Thank you, Verla Trump, for so much: catsitting Turbo; washing smoked clothes; watching over the ruins and "shooting looters on sight." Thanks of monster proportions to the Johnson family (especially Suzy), who went out of their way to try to save Tilly, our little calico.

Thank you to the friends and neighbors who helped get us off the street and fed: Mike & Marsha at the Blue Gull Inn, Chris & Enken at The Turn Inn, Ellie & Noel at the Dolphin Inn and Candy Nelson, Pacific Produce. Your support and hospitality were immediate and unconditional.

Thanks to all of you who showed up on our door step with hot food, groceries, money, clothes, gift certificates, and offers of meals in your homes and restaurants. And to Maggie Kitson, who generated the initial energy for a benefit and the Chamber of Commerce for sponsoring that event; to the wonderful musicians who played and sang; to those merchants who donated to the silent auction; to those who purchased those items; to those who provided food and beverages; and to those who showed up and danced and visited.

We hope we have not forgotten anyone, and if we have, it is only because this has been a confusing and stressful time for us. We are feeling better now, thanks to all of you in our home town. If we've seemed distracted when saying 'hello' recently, it may be that we were wondering if we were wearing your clothes. If we were, thank you.

Our sincere thanks and
endless gratitude.

Michael & Nancy Littell

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GOOD FOR A YEAR'S READING OF THE EDGE

