

Living with an impressive chunk of geography can help put the frailty and wonder of human actitivy in perspective. Frequent visits with rivers, mountains, or the ocean often take some of the pressure out of work and play That's a big part of the reason many of us choose to live in such places. Sometimes it brings out the best in us: our intelligence, creativity and compassion

In a town like Cannon Beach, most of the jobs are geared to the service of tourists, and it is the task of the workers to attempt to please our visitors, and to do it for little more than minimum wage

The sheer number of visitors bump the stress levels. It becomes difficult to simply walk down the sidewalk, or to shop. It is relentless, but it is worth it because there are no employment alternatives and we do want to live here.

But even the best of us begin to resent the boorish behavior exhibited by a portion of our visitors, and wonder where to draw the line. Is it the distinguished looking driver who waits in a crosswalk, driveway or loading zone, believing that their convenience outweighs the safety of others? Or perhaps the yuppie, impatient in line at a friendly restaurant, who walks in and proclaims to a table that they have taken enough time with their meal? (That one brought the owner/chef out of the kitchen with a heavy skillet.)

Or, maybe it'll just be one blundering TV-brain too many, unplugged for a change and unable to read labels, speak courteously, or listen. One of the people whose small children stumble into everything, scream insistently and are never in their double-wide strollers

One might imagine marching these offenders at gunpoint into the sewage ponds. Or, maybe, hypnotizing them so that they'd do it voluntarily After all, if they think "Married. .. With Children" is funny, they might believe they

were going pearl diving Unfortunately, the composition of their brains and the sewage ponds being roughly equivalent, their heads would achieve neutral bouyancy while their bodies would bloat and tend to stick upwards. I'm afraid the sight of all those feet might scare the migratory birds. Darn





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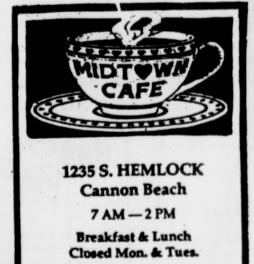
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"Flowers and even fruit are only the beginning,

In the seed lies the life and the future." Marion Zimmer Bradley Garden Design Magazine

Recently I visited the late Connie Hansen's garden in Lincoln City, Oregon. It is now owned and maintained by The Connie Hansen Garden Conservancy, a nonprofit group who are dedicated to preserving the garden as a public treasure. The garden encompasses four city lots. It was designed and planted by Hansen over a period of 20 years, from 1973 to 1993. It features species compatible with coastal wetlands; azaleas, irises, primroses, hardy geraniums (cranesbill), hostas and over 300 species of rhododendrons. A variety of trees; Stewartias, Dogwoods, and cut leaf maples, to name a few. As a botanist trained at the University of California, Berkeley, Hansen knew plants intimately and hybridized irises.

Hansen died March, 1993, at the age of 84. When she started her garden she only had part of the four lots. During the 20 years, she eventually acquired more land. According to past publications that I had read, much of the land was covered with blackberries and brambles when she started her garden. As my guide led me through the meandering paths, over bridges and under boughs of tall rhododendrons, we walked with caution so as not to step on ferns or other low growing perennials she had planted. I was overwhelmed to think this garden had been created by one woman in her later years, but could feel the joy and enthusiasm she might have experienced while building it, one day and one shovel of earth at a time. She carved and created the landscape like an artist, blending chosen species compatible with native plants that grow in the coastal wetlands.

When Hansen died the property was bought by a private party who tried to negotiate with Lincoln City to buy and preserve the garden. These plans failed. A group of people came forth, and with the help of a generous gift, the ownership was then placed in the hands of The Connie Hansen Conservancy.

My guide, "Scotty" Robert Scotton, explained the steps the conservancy had successfully completed so that the garden could be open to the public: buying the property, filing for non-profit status, negotiating with the city and neighboring property owners concerning parking and many other permits in order to comply with regulations for a public use area in a residential section.

I was in awe of the incredible energy the group has shown and of their dreams for the future. Between the spring of 1993 and the fall of 1994 the garden and house had not had serious maintenance. Blackberry vines, morning glory and other weeds covered some of the original design. Trees and shrubs needed pruning. Discovered paths throughout the garden were overgrown. Single file bridges that crossed over the fresh water stream that runs through the property had to be rebuilt. As members of the conservancy restored the garden, they became more familiar with the hundreds of plants Hansen had planted. Scotton pointed out the two ponds she had built with no access, yet no explanation of her intention was evident. She also would dig one hole and plant three unrelated plants in that hole. As a fellow plantswoman, I surmised she probably was tired of digging holes but couldn't resist collecting plants.

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