

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



During their last concert The Band invited back the folks they had worked for, and with; the folks they admired; and did a show. It is one of our favorite film soundtracks. It is the thought of that last time the music will be as it is. An ending. In this Edge we have invited back a few voices, those we could get in touch with, or are still taking our calls. As we mentioned last time, this is the last Edge for a while and when we come back it is bound to be a little different, maybe bigger, maybe more voices, but still as real as we can make it. We might be sending out a small version in April, (a 'Slight Edge'?) and possibly May, to keep everyone informed of how it goes, and so you can all get your horoscopes, and tide tables, and a question to Uncle Mike, and whatever else. We might make this a yearly feature so your cranky but beloved editor could tend more to his spiritual walks on the beach, and vespers, if the Church of Bill's survives renovation.

Speaking of Bill's, these are hard times on the Edge. The closing of the only Tavern in town has caused many otherwise rational grown-up men to wander the streets of the village, hollow-eyed lost souls. It even sent Chief Stumblefoot, a consulting Medicine Man in The Rastified Church of the Cowboy Buddha, fleeing to the Islands; which depleted the ranks of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Society's Wednesday poker games. Men have been drinking at home and some are said to be watching television; the daily dialogue has ceased. It is a silent spring.

But... if things work like we hope they will, we might survive the summer onslaught, and Bill's will re-open, and we might, in fact, grow and prosper, cool, huh?

While we are on sabbatical we will keep in touch and you can still write to us, or call us, or even e-mail us at bhults@pacifier.com. So; "Call us at the ocean, the lines are open!"

We are obliged in this our last issue to thank those who made this thing we call 'the edge' happen, so here goes; in no particular order, thanks; Jerry Brown, Dr. Karkeys, Sally, Mike, Professor, Alex, Rory & Mar, Ralph Nader, Mary Anne, John & Lisa, Joan, Don & Donna & Annie, Mary, Sandra & Mark, June & Barker, Maggie, Ken, Cory, Brandon, Cliff, Bob Dylan, Ursula, Vivian, Andria, Kim, Kathrine, George, Tony, Margi, Sandy, Mr. Buckley, Charles & Ursula, Darlene, Valorie, Vi, Tim, Marley, Jeff, Fluffy, Sam, Pat, Patra, Spud, Bill & Myrna, Bob & Susan, Bill & Hillary, Jim, Keb Mo, Taj, Leslie, Watt & Willa, Kathleen, Pat at Ambling Bear., Bill & the folks at TY Press, Ron, Steve, Bud & Sig & Racheal, Eric & Mimi, McCusker, Wickland, Ewing, da' Boys, Joe, Ganor, Ron, Anonymous, Kim, Geraldine, Pat & Pat, Jaun, Becca, Joe & Joe, Pat and Mike, Sally, the other one, Mary, James, Rippy, Taylor, Sheri, Bill, Steve, Kelly, Eveline, Mac, Ward, Ed & Ed, & everyone who pick us up and read what we had to say, and looked at how we were saying it, and smiled. Thanks.

To all of those we have not included in this silly list, we will, maybe someday, be able to express our gratitude, or maybe not, we'll do our best.

Not one shred of evidence supports the notion that life is serious.

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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STUDIO M.A.R.S.

for ECAP: Don Osborne

As many Cannon Beach Citizens know, the city has begun the lengthy (& perhaps tedious & cumbersome) task of formation of an Ecola Creek Watershed Council.

Before Governor Kitzhaber & his staff developed the Watershed Council as part of the salmon recovery plan in Oregon, a group of citizens formed ECAP (the Ecola Creek Awareness Project). We were concerned about water quality (remember the spraying?) and we were concerned about the health & status of the entire watershed.

We all live in a watershed; everyone and everything. It is "that area from which all precipitation flows to a single stream (or other body of water -- like the Pacific Ocean in our case)." Our catchment area is about 20,000 acres. All water drains into tributaries, into Ecola Creek and into springs and into the estuaries and ocean. Our watershed is much more than the holding tanks or the "springs" on lower Ecola Creek.

The two issues we (ECAP) want to make clear for all of us who are stakeholders in the watershed are these:

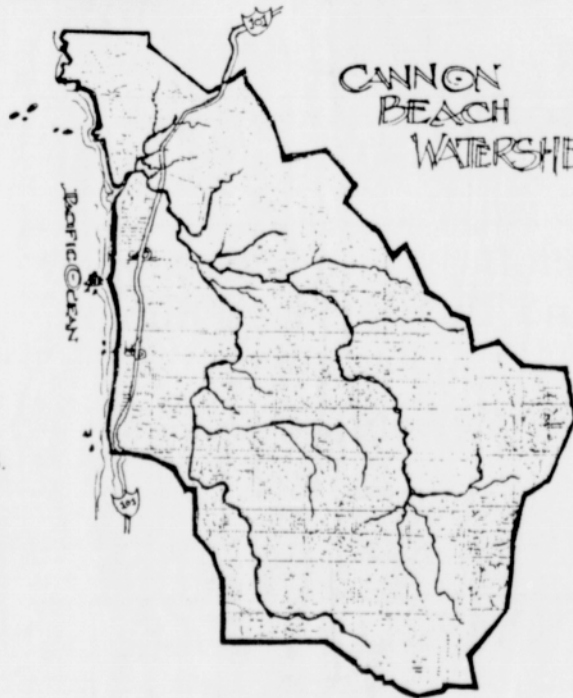
1. We can no longer take clean water for granted. The cumulative impacts of human actions include, but go well beyond, chemical pollution.
2. The entire habitat and the inter-related ecosystem of the watershed are part of the health of a watershed. Habitat loss and fragmentation, exotic species, excessive water use, clearcuts, road building, landslides, spraying, recreation, overfishing and more, all contribute to degradation.

As interest grows about our watershed we hope to provide ongoing reports about status and needed actions to our watershed council and to citizens in Cannon Beach. Perhaps partnerships among scientists, citizens, policy makers and resource managers as well as business and corporate users will assure an accessible, healthy watershed.

ECAP brochures are out and about the town available for your review. We hope to increase interest and care about the watershed and perhaps our longer term goal of public ownership of the entire watershed will be realized.

for ECAP -Don Osborne
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The Upper Left Edge joins ECAP in seeking the goal of public ownership of our watershed. We urged the city to buy it when Cavenham had it on the market. We think it is foolish to turn a natural and historic creek like Ecola (named such by William Clark because it was here they bought the whale meat that got them through their last winter in Oregon) into just another drainage ditch for industry. A bond issue along with matching funds and grants to buy and protect the watershed would not only insure the future of clean safe water, but would provide a laboratory to study our surviving native salmon run, our bird and mammal populations, and be a wonderful addition to the attraction of Cannon Beach as a place for a quality vacation experience. If you own land in Cannon Beach consider the value of a guaranteed clean water supply and a beautiful view in all directions.



Billy Hults had flickered across the landscape of my past several times. He knew Turtle Vandemarr and had done hard time at the Goose Hollow Inn. I watched his washboard magic tenderize a crowd at the Melody Ballroom as prelude to a splendid Doc Watson concert.

Then he showed up here by The Rock. He began gently shoe-horning me out of my customary stool at Bill's, the first one at the bar as you enter the door. The second stool was almost as suitable, so I burnished it instead. He harangued and I battered back on a flood of subjects and tomfoolery. I like tender surliness.

One evening my friend "Mac" MacTarnahan popped into Bill's. He established the Portland Brewing Company some years ago and visits Bill's Tavern periodically to take a core sample of its nightlife. He bought some of us a pitcher of his product, and I introduced him to Billy.

"Billy, let me buy you a pint of my ale," he offered.

"That's nice," said Billy, "but I only drink Budweiser. The quality never changes. I am planning a little project, though, and I could use some backing."

Billy, I was to discover, goes right for the jugular, no messing about or shilly-shally.

In the next quarter hour Billy spilled out his notion--a little dreamy I figured--for publishing a paper, sooner not later. Oh, yeah, I told myself, when pigs fly!

Shame to us of little faith. Scarcely a month later, Billy strode into Bill's with a bundle of newspaper, the first issue of The Upper Left Edge. As I look back on that afternoon, I recall Billy Hults seated there looking craggy and canny, an odd blend of Samuel Clemens and George Armstrong Custer before Little Bighorn, and I realized he had the equipment to make it work.

On that first broadsheet, Billy printed business cards, gratis, as advertising, recruited a crew of writers and volunteers, and sent copies out on the streets. In succeeding years, the publication gained a fierce momentum, wide circulation, and the superb talents of folks like Ms. Sally Lackaff and Michael Burgess. The Upper Left Edge spoke with a singular voice, and I am certain the echoes will reverberate across our coastal landscape for many years. I am proud to have played some small part in its presentation.

This winter has witnessed many passages, ends and beginnings. The Upper Left Edge will be sorely missed. Billy would counsel his readers to persevere in the righteous battle.

"Remember," he would say, "If you're not a little bit upset at the way the world's going, you're not paying attention!"

He would also want you to understand that every end is a beginning. Good-bye, and thank you gentle readers.

Professor Lindsey

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