



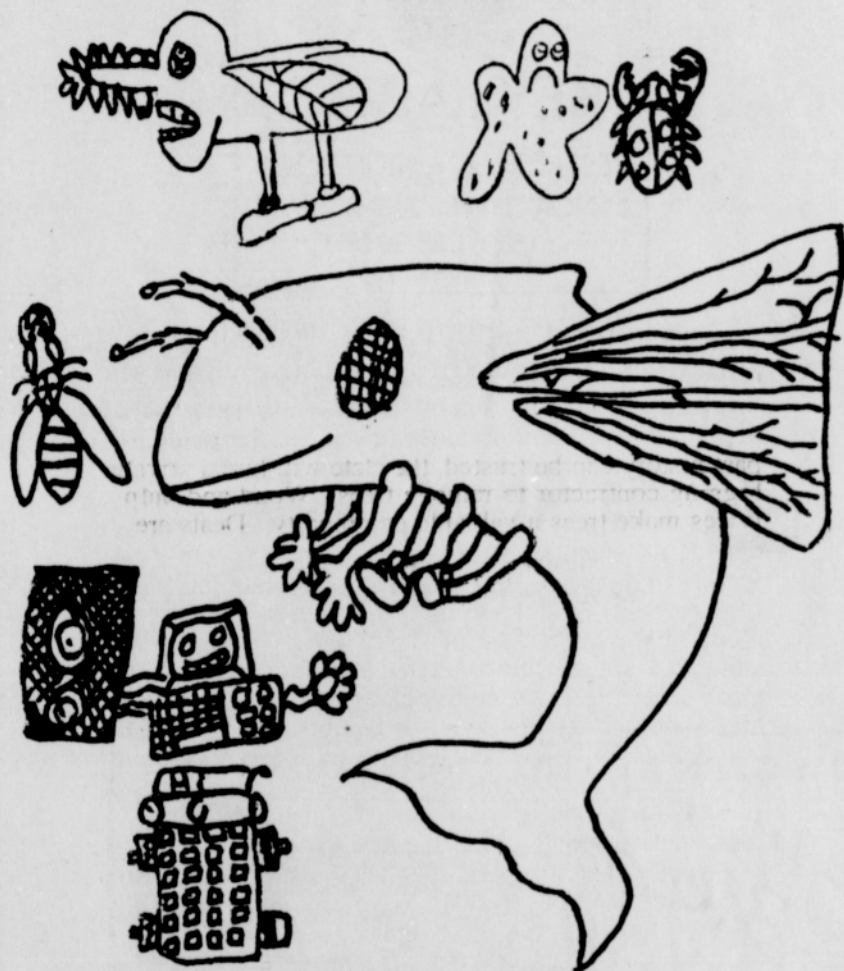
Joyce Stewart

Joyce Stewart is a local artist who lives in the beautiful but small town of Wheeler, Oregon. She works in both Mohler and Manzanita. She has also lived in British Columbia and California. Joyce paints with oils and does pictures of landscapes. Her greatest inspiration is Courbet. Joyce started painting in 1992. She got into painting at Clatsop Community College and at art classes. Joyce recommends that if you are interested in art you should go to Clatsop Community College because they have a very well funded art program, and ask for Jeff Wyman and/or Royal Nebeker who are some of Joyce's main art teachers.

Anne Mersereau, 11 yrs old,

PETERS MYSTERY INSECTS

PLEASE FIGURE OUT NAMES



(Answers: ChainSaw Bug, Virus Bug, Claw Bug, Wasp, Whale Fly, Computer Bug, & Typewriter Bug.)

Peter McClure, 8yrs old,
Tolovana Park

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UNIVERSAL VIDEO

"ALL THE USUAL CRAP,
AND LOTS OF GOOD STUFF
Too."

STEVE HAUGEN
JIM HAUGEN

If endings symbolize beginnings, shouldn't goodbyes be easier to say?
Unknown Author

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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As we start a New Year I would like to challenge each of you to change a few habits. Most of us like to think that as Oregonians we are environmentally friendly. After all we did enact the bottle bill and we have public beaches. But as individuals do we really behave in ways that demonstrate a priority towards protecting our environment? After witnessing the mass orgies at store checkout lines in December. I have to wonder if consumerism has replaced environmentalism. Perhaps it is time to take stock and make a few modifications. Most of us recycle, but do we do it properly or efficiently? Are we reducing our consumption of materials? Can we reuse materials? My challenge is to try to change or modify a poor environmental habit each month. These can be as simple as eliminating the use of plastic liners in garbage cans or as complex as eliminating meat products from your diet. It is not easy. I did this last year and was successful 9 of the months. The other 3 months, well all I can say is that I tried, had fun, learned something and in the end felt good about myself. Here are a few suggestions:

When purchasing products think of how it was made. Choose products that do not cost the earth by depleting natural resources and are kind to animals. Check to see if they are made of recycled content and are themselves recyclable.

Take public transportation. The shuttle in Cannon Beach is free, operates 7 days a week and uses natural gas.

Stop using a disposable product. Disposable razors, paper napkins and baby diapers are examples of throw away products can be eliminated from our lives.

Borrow books and magazines from libraries. Plant trees. Compost kitchen & yard debris.

Conserve energy. Turn down hot water heaters, furnaces and switch off lights. Don't leave televisions and radios running when you aren't in attendance.

Pay attention to and understand issues like global warming, power company mergers, solar heating & the depletion of fish runs. Check in the newspaper to see how your elected representative voted on these issues. If you are unhappy let them know that you will not vote for them again based on this issue.

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In Search of Silence

by Victoria Stopiello

She's in a funk, wants to move. It isn't just the size of the apartment, the fact that it is so small she can't move the furniture—it is also the lack of natural light. The few windows face north into a 14-story building. Even that you could endure with forays to the river or Central Park. But the noise, the noise is with you always when you live in Manhattan. Last night as she answered the phone, a siren blared in the background. It's the warm time of year when the windows are typically open. Out front on 23rd the quick-moving yellow cabs ply her street in packs. Motorcycles roar by in noisy coveys. The street is seldom clear of pedestrians—making it relatively safe at any hour but again, never quiet, never silent.

Wind is overwhelmed in this cacophony. The sigh of wind in trees, fluttering dry leaves and papers along the sidewalk, even this soothing sound is canceled by the incessant traffic, busses, delivery trucks, taxis and the occasional private car.

There's a book called "New York's Fifty Best Places to Find Peace and Quiet." One of them is a room full of soil in a basement. You can go there and experience the smell and silence of just plain earth. There's also a roof garden on the lower west side where the views of the Hudson, and slanting light on Manhattan's buildings, turn them into a cubist sculpture garden. There's the Cloisters, a collection of imported French monastery buildings in a park at the extreme north end of the island. There are other quiet places and luckily a lot of them are free. But getting there takes effort and a bustling, hustling subway ride.

Quiet. Something I used to take for granted growing up in small towns. Irritating quiet. It meant I was bored, like most teenagers. My attitude slowly changed. First it was living in a house right on the intersection of two feeder streets in Vancouver. The screech of brakes and roar of acceleration as drivers headed for the high school and college—both visible from our front lawn. I vowed never to live again on a corner lot.

Noise came into my thoughts again traveling in southeast Asia. Singapore is a city state, nearly as dense as Manhattan. The daytime traffic is as intense and amplified by the Asian custom of establishing right of way by honking your horn—literally the louder and more incessant your honking, the more you have the right of way. We found that if we wanted a quiet place to do some planning or just aural relief, the best place was a big western hotel lobby. Air conditioned, with few windows and thick carpets, the noise level dropped to imperceptible and we could count our money, figure out our map, or settle an issue between us with some concentration.

Bangkok was no different, perhaps even noisier, but quiet places were easier to find. The wats, Buddhist temples, were similarly constructed: a group of buildings surrounded by a garden with huge trees, all enclosed in massive masonry walls. You step through the few gates into the garden. Benches offer rest, water trickles into small ponds, a few flowers and uncluttered pathways soothe your eyes. Birds twitter in the overarching branches. Again a place to think, to get your bearings.

Last year in April, we visited that roof garden in Manhattan during crystal clear, perfect weather, the buildings bronzed by a late afternoon sun. Another day we walked from Wall Street home to Dawn's apartment on 23rd, a distance of several miles. A warm drizzle began and a few blocks later I found a big blue and white umbrella abandoned in a trash can. The timing was perfect and I still have my trophy. Manhattan was exciting, fun. Lots to see and do and eat! Always another neighborhood to explore.

But later in August, the excitement and stimulation of the city that never sleeps was only noise and irritation. Four months traveling on the eastern seaboard, exposed daily and nearly continuously to the impacts of human habitation, I'd had enough. I longed for the quiet, quiet to the ears and eyes, of a soft forest, the white noise of water meeting shore, the rustle of wind in trees, the quiet of a late hour in a small town, where footsteps mean a neighbor is headed home.



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