

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 9

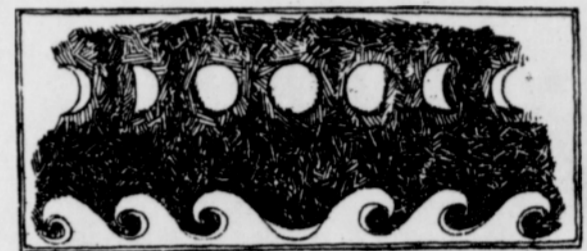
FEBRUARY 1998

FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2915 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ pcez.com/upperleftedge

## "It's more like now than it's ever been."

the chalkboard at Bill's



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

FEBRUARY - Tides

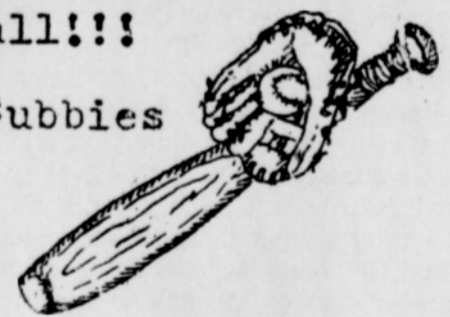
WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES  
STANDARD TIME

DATE	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Sun	3:26	9.1	3:28	8.4	9:37	1.5	9:47	0.4
2 Mon	4:11	9.1	4:31	7.6	10:36	1.4	10:35	1.2
3 Tue	5:00	9.1	5:44	7.0	11:42	1.3	11:30	2.0
4 Wed	5:55	9.0	7:04	6.6			12:55	1.1
5 Thu	6:56	8.9	8:22	6.6	0:34	2.6	2:09	0.8
6 Fri	7:59	8.9	9:30	6.9	1:44	3.0	3:16	0.4
7 Sat	8:59	8.9	10:28	7.3	2:53	3.0	4:13	0.0
8 Sun	9:53	9.0	11:18	7.7	3:55	2.9	5:02	-0.3
9 Mon	10:43	9.0			4:50	2.7	5:46	-0.4
10 Tue	0:01	8.0			5:38	2.5	6:25	-0.4
10 *	11:28	9.0						
11 Wed	0:40	8.1	12:10	8.9	6:23	2.3	7:00	-0.3
12 Thu	1:16	8.2	12:49	8.7	7:04	2.1	7:32	0.0
13 Fri	1:48	8.3	1:28	8.4	7:43	2.0	8:02	0.3
14 Sat	2:18	8.3	2:06	8.1	8:20	1.9	8:31	0.7
15 Sun	2:46	8.3	2:45	7.7	8:57	1.9	8:59	1.1
16 Mon	3:14	8.3	3:28	7.2	9:35	1.8	9:29	1.6
17 Tue	3:44	8.2	4:18	6.7	10:18	1.9	10:04	2.1
18 Wed	4:19	8.1	5:21	6.2	11:10	1.9	10:47	2.7
19 Thu	5:04	8.0	6:37	5.9	0:14	1.8	11:44	3.2
20 Fri	5:59	8.0	7:55	6.0			1:27	1.6
21 Sat	7:05	8.0	9:03	6.3	0:57	3.5	2:36	1.1
22 Sun	8:12	8.2	10:00	6.8	2:12	3.5	3:35	0.5
23 Mon	9:13	8.6	10:48	7.4	3:20	3.2	4:26	0.0
24 Tue	10:10	9.0	11:32	7.9	4:18	2.7	5:12	-0.5
25 Wed	11:04	9.3			5:12	2.2	5:56	-0.8
26 Thu	0:13	8.4			6:02	1.6	6:37	-0.8
26 *	11:55	9.5						
27 Fri	0:53	8.8	12:46	9.4	6:51	1.0	7:18	-0.7
28 Sat	1:32	9.1	1:37	9.2	7:39	0.6	7:59	-0.4

## BASEBALL

Play Ball!!!

Go, Cubbies



Art has operated in the gap between what we know and what we dream.  
- Edwin Schlossberg

Late winter sloshes onward. Churning surf sends sneaker waves - roar, boom, hiss - shooting across the beach to tear at the shoreline, exposing flotsam buried decades before. Whitish foam tumbles down the beach. Look close: each white clump and blob contains masses of iridescent bubbles, made of oils spilled from a million dead diatoms (single celled planktonic plants), oils which, wind-blown, leave streaks and smudges on eyeglasses and beachfront windows. South winds continue to blow, mountain tops stay chilled, and woodland critters - with winter still here and springtime approaching fast - venture to the lowlands for food. Elk gather to graze in lowland meadow clearings, and birds gather in town, convening around feeders and waiting for windfall dumpster meals.

Birds - the feeder outside my window whirls and chatters with avian energy. Swirling blotches of light and dark reveal diverse colors - many, the dark shades of forest birds drawn into the sharp light of human-constructed clearings. Smaller birds perch, dark on their tops and lightly colored on their undersides, providing feathered camouflage when viewed against the ground from above or against the sky from below. In their very tissues, they manifest a long history living high in the trees and low on the food chain.

Two of our most common birds are aliens; like most of us, they are the descendants of European immigrants. And, like the peoples of Europe, the birds of Europe have fared well in lands overseas, adaptable to diverse environments, fiercely aggressive toward the natives. The European Starling, an iridescent black bird with white blotches and a pointed yellow beak, has been a growing presence in our area in recent years. In 1890, 100 of these birds were released in Central Park, in New York City, and most North American Starlings seem to have descended from this ancestral flock. Abruptly, they spread across the continent in vast, black clouds, evicting native nestlings from their nests, and establishing year-round populations while other birds are compelled to migrate. (In this year-round persistence, they are aided by a unique and masterful use of their bill: inserting it into soil, opening it, and tilting their head to look in the resulting hole for dormant seeds, insects and larvae, dug in deep for winter). Now, even

on the Northwest coast, we can see the awesome, swirling black mass of Starlings in flight or hear their gurgling chirps and bawdy whistles as they scour lawns and line wires. The House Sparrow (or "English Sparrow") was also introduced to the American east coast from Europe. You have seen them: males have a black "bib," grey cap and chestnut-colored sides, while females are a buff color with a light colored eye-stripe. Having long ago adapted to living in the paved and deforested world which Europeans take everywhere they go, they are well suited to urban life and tend to appear in places shortly after sprawl or deforestation have swept away native animals and vegetation. These sparrows are semi-domesticated, being dependent upon us for much of their food, which we provide both intentionally and not. They are a growing presence on the northern Oregon coast; turn your head during a downtown snack and they'll make short work of your bran muffin.

Other birds, natives to lands east and south of us, have occupied the northern Oregon coast in recent years. House Finches, magenta-topped, have replaced their locally-native relatives, the similar looking and forest-loving Purple Finches. White- and Golden-Capped Sparrows, enthusiasts of the city and meadow, appear in abundance on our City's streets, while forest birds - the once-abundant, tiny, brown Winter Wrens, and Varied Thrushes, orange-striped and Robin-like - seldom venture in to town. We have cleared the trees, changed their habitat, made opportunities for those birds which share our preference for bright sunlight and wide-open spaces. (Like proverbial canaries in proverbial coal mines, small birds are also very susceptible to the effects of pesticides and other introduced contaminants.) Locally native birds can be coaxed back into the city limits with feeders, specially-sized bird houses, and - most importantly - the retention and replanting of native, forest vegetation. Still, as construction continues, pushing back the forest edge, native birds will continue to loose local ground.

Some forest birds still do venture freely into town. These birds have deep local roots, roots which run deeper than our own. And, like the mountains and rocks which encircle our town, they were charged with significance in Native American ceremony, and served as enduring mnemonics of indigenous lore.

There is the Stellar's Jay, with pointed black crown and electric blue body - in local legends, Jays are chattering advisors to those facing challenges, and a messenger of impending danger. Chestnut-backed chickadees, with black



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