

UPPER LEFT EDGE

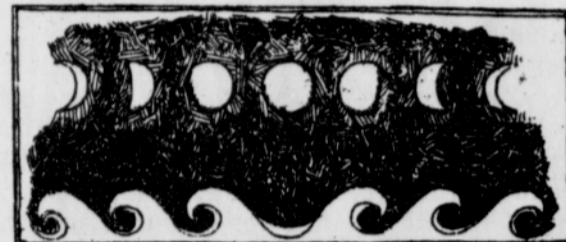
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FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 4222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2945 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ www.upperleftedge.com

“I yam what I yam, and that’s all that I yam.” Popeye (the sailor man)



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

OCTOBER - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME

DATE	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Thu	10:01	6.6	9:30	7.3	3:27	0.4	3:41	2.4
2 Fri	10:47	7.2	10:32	7.7	4:23	0.1	4:40	1.7
3 Sat	11:29	7.8	11:28	8.1	5:11	-0.2	5:32	0.9
4 Sun			12:09	8.3	5:56	-0.4	6:21	0.1
5 Mon	0:21	8.4	12:47	8.8	6:39	-0.3	7:09	-0.6
6 Tue	1:13	8.4	1:26	9.1	7:21	-0.1	7:57	-1.1
7 Wed	2:05	8.3	2:05	9.3	8:04	0.2	8:45	-1.3
8 Thu	2:57	8.1	2:46	9.3	8:48	0.7	9:34	-1.3
9 Fri	3:52	7.7	3:30	9.0	9:34	1.2	10:27	-1.0
10 Sat	4:50	7.2	4:18	8.6	10:25	1.8	11:25	-0.6
11 Sun	5:54	6.8	5:14	8.0	11:23	2.3		
12 Mon	7:03	6.7	6:23	7.4	0:29	-0.2	12:33	2.7
13 Tue	8:13	6.7	7:41	7.0	1:38	0.2	1:49	2.7
14 Wed	9:16	7.1	8:56	7.0	2:46	0.3	3:03	2.4
15 Thu	10:08	7.5	10:01	7.1	3:46	0.3	4:07	1.8
16 Fri	10:53	7.8	10:55	7.3	4:37	0.3	5:01	1.2
17 Sat	11:31	8.1	11:43	7.5	5:20	0.4	5:47	0.7
18 Sun			12:05	8.3	5:58	0.6	6:28	0.3
19 Mon	0:26	7.6	12:36	8.4	6:33	0.8	7:06	0.0
20 Tue	1:08	7.5	1:05	8.4	7:06	1.1	7:42	-0.1
21 Wed	1:47	7.5	1:32	8.4	7:38	1.5	8:16	-0.2
22 Thu	2:26	7.3	1:57	8.4	8:09	1.8	8:48	-0.2
23 Fri	3:06	7.1	2:24	8.3	8:40	2.2	9:20	-0.1
24 Sat	3:47	6.9	2:54	8.2	9:12	2.5	9:54	0.0
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME ENDS								
25 Sun	3:31	6.7	2:29	8.0	8:49	2.8	9:33	0.2
26 Mon	4:21	6.5	3:13	7.7	9:35	3.1	10:21	0.5
27 Tue	5:20	6.4	4:08	7.3	10:34	3.3	11:22	0.7
28 Wed	6:24	6.5	5:22	7.0	11:49	3.4		
29 Thu	7:25	6.9	6:48	6.9	0:31	0.8	1:08	3.0
30 Fri	8:19	7.4	8:07	7.1	1:39	0.8	2:19	2.3
31 Sat	9:06	8.0	9:15	7.5	2:38	0.7	3:20	1.4

BASEBALL

Holy Cow, Cubs Win! Cubs Win!! That’s what Harry Caray would have yelled when the Cubbies beat the Giants in a one game playoff for the National League Wild Card. He would have yelled his heart out. But Harry’s voice was stilled last Valentines Day. Bill Murray sang “Take me out to the Ballgame” in his place during the seventh inning stretch. And Harry’s grandson Skip was calling the game. There was a hot air balloon that had a cartoon of Harry painted on it floating over the bleachers, Harry’s favorite hang-out. Sammy Sosa didn’t hit any home runs, he hit two singles that helped win the game.

Baseball will be over for the year by the time we again write this column, and someone will have won the World Series. Will it be the Cubs? The odds makers say no. But then the odds makers would have bet that no one would hit sixty six home runs this year and miss the record by four. What a year, what a game, holy cow.
Go Cubbies !!!!



“He took me to the place where rocks stack up -- against the wind, against the odds. He said it was a sign that we were winning. Art. Human hands stacking rocks.” T. Dunn

Those who don’t read this paper regularly might have missed a mention we made of the stacked rocks in the last issue, but Judy Osburn, (one of the group of grown women who are actually in charge of this village) read it and showed us some of the photographs she had taken over the years. We showed them to Uncle Mike, and he wondered about telling so many people about something like this. Taking a friend to a special place is one thing, tour buses are something else. We are not too worried, they are mostly gone at the present time. They never last long. They are never the same. We decided to print the photos and showed several other folks. The local bi-weekly did a nice layout in color. Judy said she counted over two hundred stacks one year and that it had been going on for at least five years that she knew of; reports go back much farther. The winter tides erase them finally. Sometimes people knock them down, like the slack-jawed cretins we mentioned last month. And other times, well, you wonder. This last time we heard they were knocked down there was an accompanying rumor that Christian zealots, fearing Pagans and Witchcraft, had done the deed. So, we went to look. They were mostly down but a few new ones had gone up, and on the large rocks where the smaller rocks had been stacked, someone had scratched pentagrams, lots of them. It was like some strange graveyard, where the stones had been toppled and symbols substituted.

We’ve heard of certain artists seen in the area over the years, but like those who knock them down, no one seems to take responsibility. So, we’ve decided to do some stacking ourself. Care to join us? It’s a delightfully silly way to spend an afternoon. And yes, we still think it means we are winning.



Top five photos by Judy Osburn



Bottom two photos by T. Dunn

