

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 10

MARCH 1999

FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2945 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ www.upperleftedge.com

What don't kill you can make you strong.



Hults has been haranguing me again. I've tried to get enough daylight between obligations to begin writing on my Arts Association project. I promised Hults I'd pen a short teaser piece--a small antepast serving before I launch into the main opus. The press of time and work exigencies make creative hours scant. This writing stuff is hard! I refuse to cut into nap time. Some things are sacred. I'll throw him this crumb, and then I'll just have to lay low for six or seven months. My faithful readers will just have to watch television or take up crocheting for a while.

Now for a taste of local history.

Whenever I hear our C.O.W.S. moo, I hark back to 1964 and our only significant tsunami event. During spring break of that year, my buddy Al and I were ferreted-up in a motel room with a brace of young college coeds. It was a dreary evening outdoors, the dreadful wind and rain clattering the aluminum windows in Larson's old motel by the current Surfsand. We lounged around in the musty old room these girls had rented, watching Jack Paar on a black and white television. In 1964 boys had to leave girls by midnight, so Al and I were preparing to make our move, a move home in our case. Suddenly Paar was interrupted by a public service announcement telling us that an earthquake in Alaska had occurred and might precipitate a tidal wave on the Oregon Coast. We walked outside, strolled a block to the beach, and were greeted by a two to four foot standing wave slamming logs and water up the ramp at Steven's Motell!

As we ran back to the motel, old Mac McCoy, our local constable and fire chief came driving down Hemlock Street in his red Jeep, siren blaring, and told us to hit for high ground, that Silver Point was the evacuation site.

Cannon Beach was a very sleepy town in 1964. Some 50 or 60 souls, most of the resident populous, gathered on Silver Point, chatted, compared notes on what precious keepsakes each of us had brought away with us in this emergency and generally hung loose.

After about an hour in a spitting mist and total darkness, a very scary hush settled over the sea. Stepping out of our cars, we could hear sea recession, a very un-nerving sensation, something I've never encountered before or since. The sea simply went away from us and headed for the horizon, sucking all the shore-side debris into its maw. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed and it headed back, thundering and churning like a whole round house of locomotives. It flailed huge timbers and logs at the base of the point and rattled our under-pinnings. Gradually, it resumed its familiar pattern.

The next morning dawned clear and springy. The sea was clean and glassy, horribly transparent and shimmering. It quivered, but generated only one small shore-break wave. In that wave one could plainly discern all the stuff of our lives: sheep and cow carcasses, pieces of boats and pilings, bottles, tree trunks of every specie, gas cans, crab floats, light bulbs, garbage, fence posts.

In the aftermath we fragile mortals surveyed the damage and told our tales. My brother had been partying near Chapman Beach at a bonfire. He headed home to find the Elk Creek Bridge washed away. One family rode out the wave in their trailer as it floated up Gerritse Creek on Ecola Park Road. One home drifted off its pinnings and stumbled up Elk Creek. Eighty-six year old Emmett Wallis, the world's oldest rock and roll drummer who had recently appeared on the T.V. program "What's My Line," was the last to leave town. He had spent the evening at Bill's Tavern and couldn't be persuaded to move.

The town was without water for about a week. Pipe lines had been swept away with the bridge and we were in a fix. The National Guard hauled water to us in tank trucks. June Sweeney ran a tiny lunch room in the old Waves roller skating rink that she called the Peppermint Lounge. In the days that followed "The Wave," her restaurant was one of few in operation. She sold hundreds of her notorious "Bitty Burgers" at 25 cents a piece, peppermint ice cream and homemade pie, and the only restaurant coffee in town. Weeks later she told us about that coffee.

"My boy Hotsie was at home getting ready to take a bath about the time that tidal wave hit. We'd just filled the old bath tub for him. By good luck the tub was still full when all the dust had cleared that night. I've been using that water in the tub to brew coffee for the last few days. Pretty lucky, huh?"

I loved those simpler times. Imagine our current crop of tourists sipping triple latte drinks laced with bath water. It makes me smile!



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

March - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
STANDARD TIME

DATE	HIGH TIDES			LOW TIDES		
	a.m.	ft.	p.m.	ft.	a.m.	p.m.
1 Mon	0:01	8.2		5:48	1.8	6:26 -0.5
1 * ☉	11:40	8.9				
2 Tue	0:39	8.4	12:24 8.8	6:33	1.5	7:02 -0.3
3 Wed	1:14	8.5	1:07 8.5	7:15	1.3	7:35 0.1
4 Thu	1:47	8.5	1:47 8.2	7:55	1.2	8:07 0.5
5 Fri	2:16	8.5	2:28 7.8	8:34	1.1	8:37 1.0
6 Sat	2:45	8.4	3:10 7.3	9:12	1.1	9:08 1.5
7 Sun	3:13	8.2	3:57 6.8	9:52	1.2	9:41 2.1
8 Mon	3:44	8.1	4:52 6.3	10:37	1.4	10:20 2.7
9 Tue	4:22	7.8	6:00 6.0	11:32	1.5	11:10 3.2
10 Wed ☾	5:11	7.6	7:15 5.9			12:39 1.5
11 Thu	6:15	7.4	8:24 6.1	0:17	3.5	1:50 1.3
12 Fri	7:26	7.5	9:23 6.5	1:34	3.6	2:54 1.0
13 Sat	8:34	7.7	10:12 7.0	2:44	3.4	3:48 0.5
14 Sun	9:33	8.1	10:54 7.5	3:44	2.9	4:34 0.1
15 Mon	10:26	8.4	11:32 7.9	4:36	2.3	5:16 -0.2
16 Tue	11:16	8.7		5:24	1.7	5:55 -0.3
17 Wed ☉	0:08	8.4	12:05 8.9	6:09	1.1	6:33 -0.3
18 Thu	0:44	8.7	12:53 8.8	6:54	0.5	7:11 -0.1
19 Fri	1:19	9.1	1:42 8.6	7:39	0.1	7:49 0.3
20 Sat	1:55	9.3	2:33 8.2	8:26	-0.2	8:30 0.8
21 Sun	2:34	9.3	3:28 7.7	9:15	-0.3	9:13 1.4
22 Mon	3:16	9.1	4:30 7.1	10:10	-0.1	10:03 2.0
23 Tue	4:05	8.8	5:41 6.7	11:13	0.1	11:04 2.6
24 Wed ☾	5:05	8.3	6:57 6.5			12:25 0.3
25 Thu	6:18	7.9	8:10 6.7	0:18	3.0	1:40 0.4
26 Fri	7:36	7.8	9:13 7.2	1:38	3.0	2:49 0.2
27 Sat	8:47	7.8	10:05 7.6	2:52	2.6	3:47 0.0
28 Sun	9:49	8.0	10:50 8.0	3:54	2.1	4:35 0.0
29 Mon	10:42	8.1	11:29 8.3	4:47	1.5	5:17 0.0
30 Tue	11:29	8.2		5:34	1.0	5:55 0.2
31 Wed ☉	0:03	8.4	12:12 8.1	6:16	0.7	6:30 0.4

BASEBALL

Well, Spring Training has started in Arizona & Florida. Read all about it next issue. "The Cubs begin the road to the Series!" And your beloved editor is going! No, the Cubs aren't that desperate for pitching. It's just that after ten years it's time for a short vacation, and nothing sounds better to the rev. than baseball, sunshine and a perfect Gin & Tonic. But if the IRS is reading this it's all business. Uncle Mike will be piloting a rental with your beloved riding shotgun all the way to Tempe. We have Press credentials, a cheap Motel and a few phone numbers. GO CUBBIES!!!



WILDLIFE ON THE EDGE

HARDBOUND COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS AND HANDWRITTEN COMMENTARY ON LOCAL FLORA, FAUNA, AND INSECTA BY SALLY L. LACKAFF

LIMITED FIRST EDITIONS ON SALE FOR \$20

IN ASTORIA: LUCY'S BOOKS, COMMUNITY STORE, RIVERSEA GALLERY

IN CANNON BEACH: JUPITER'S RARE & USED BOOKS, CANNON BEACH BOOK CO, CANNON BEACH GALLERY

ELSEWHERE: MOTHER NATURE'S IN MANZANITA, RAINY DAY BOOKS IN TILLAMOOK

THROUGH THE PUBLISHER, LEFT COAST GROUP
www.upperleftedge.com

FOR A PERSONALIZED COPY: CONTACT THE AUTHOR WITH REQUESTS AT P.O. BOX 1012, ASTORIA, OR email rehayes@transport.com. POSTAGE PAID!

SAM ABSHER

North Coast Construction, Inc.

ADDITIONS
GENERAL CONTRACTING
QUALITY CONSTRUCTION
REMODEL
LEVEL - STABILIZE

Cell: 440-0278 Fax: 717-0389
P.O. Box 2577 Gearhart, OR 97138
738-7563 CCB# 114007

UPPER LEFT EDGE MARCH 1999