

(Continued from page 2)

one saying something to the effect that "If no one else is going to do anything about it, I'll do it myself." There were no messages from either the Cannon Beach police or the Oregon State Patrol. True to his word, Steve apparently drove down on the beach, loaded the dangerous stuff in his car and delivered it to the Cannon Beach police station. Well, that's when things got ugly. He was told he couldn't leave it there, he was causing a potential public health emergency. He was shouted at and told to wait in his car with the toxic stuff. Now, any one who's met Steve knows he has a problem with authority figures, and doesn't take kindly to being yelled at, so he took the bucket out of his car and went home, where the next day he was served with a summons. His crime was driving on the beach, carrying a \$250 fine. At the subsequent hearing he pleaded No Contest, and paid his fine. End of story? Well, we aren't sure. We still don't know several things. Why did it take so long for a dangerous, yes, life threatening situation to be resolved, and then only by a citizen breaking the law? What finally happened to the deadly bucket? Why were we told Steve hadn't called when the police report shows that he had? Why hasn't the State Patrol ever called us back? Why didn't the Cannon Beach Police leave a message if, as it says in the police report, they called me back? Why isn't there some information on the beach entrance signs about who to call and how to react when someone finds dangerous material on the beach? There seems to be a problem here, we aren't sure if it is anyone's fault, but it is a potential life and death problem. And we are actually glad that Steve, as foolish and dangerous and illegal as his actions were, did something about it. He shouldn't have been put in that position, and he shouldn't have to have a criminal record and a financial burden to deal with because he was concerned about the wildlife or children who might have come in contact that dangerous stuff. There will be a McLeod Fine Fund jar at Jupiter's or you can send a few bucks to the Edge and we will pass it on. Or if anyone is interested in getting some kind of volunteers organized to work with the proper authorities on this problem, that might be helpful.

This just in; Steve's fine was reduced to \$50 after some second thoughts by the Judge. But, \$50 is still \$50.

Our headline this month was suggested by the lovely Liz Lynch who is the mother of, among other things, our web site. It got us to thinking, about education, and all the stuff with young people, these days. While in Portland for a gig we read a copy of the Willamette Week, which had a piece written by Seniors from Lincoln High School. Your beloved editor's son graduated from Lincoln High School, last year. It was the best piece of journalism we have read in the above mentioned weekly in decades. The reason being, there was no filter between the speaker and the listener, the writer wrote what the young people said, and then presented it to us, the reader, and explained why it was important for us to know this. We need to know things so we can be prepared to deal with them. And if we are prepared chances are better that things will go favorably. If we're not we have to do the same old dance again, until we figure it out.

When it comes to being prepared, knowing history is possibly the best tool we have. We recently finished the latest offering from David Horowitz; no, the other one. Our Mr. Horowitz's *Inside the Klavern* (The Secret History of the Klu Klux Klan in the 1920's), edited by the above gentleman, is basically an edit of the minutes of the La Grande, OR, Chapter #14 of the KKK from 1922 to 1924 when they withered or wandered away to other pursuits, but when you read those minutes you hear the voices without filters. The book, published by Southern Illinois University press, will not appeal to many others than Oregonian historians and perhaps those who want to figure out stuff that's going on now, both distinct minorities. Being both, we read it and were fascinated with both the compassion and cruelty of the KKK in those days. There was not a lot of Klan physical violence mentioned, but the social destruction was obvious, and sadly unintended. They believe burning a cross on a hill overlooking La Grande was a celebration. These folks truly believed they were doing what was best for them and theirs. It is a sad tale.

David does an elegant job of bringing this history into context, in his Conclusion, and we found ourselves drawing parallels between the Jazz age Twenties that spawned this Klavern and the Free Love Sixties that gave birth to the Moral Majority in the Seventies. It's almost the same dance, The Now & Then, as we call it. Leafing back through the pages we found references to Teacher Testing (the school system echoes large in this book), Family Values, War on Drugs; it's all there. This was, in Oregon, the birth place of the Militias, Operation Rescue (though it makes strange bedfellows, the Klan and the Catholics), along with the Skinheads and the Posse Comatas', and the Contract with/on America. Sad, but true.

The House of Representatives' recent attempt at nailing the Ten Commandments on the school house door, for instance, somehow reminds us of that burning cross on the hillside.

Big Wheels turn and turn, little wheels spin round and round. Wanna dance?

It's a free country.

I like Mike's bike!

**Mike's Bike Shop**  
Rentals • Repairs • Sales  
24 years downtown, on Spruce Street  
436-1266  
(Out of state inquiries, 800-492-1266)

**DUANE JOHNSON  
REAL ESTATE**

436-0451  
• FOR ALL YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS •

**YACHATS NATURAL FOODS**

Natural Foods-Organic Juices-Organic Coffee-Deli  
Coffeehouse setting with an Ocean View.  
Across from the Post Office.  
Box 822, Yachats, Oregon, 97498 (541-5470-4065)

HOWEY BOYS AND GIRLS  
IT'S THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S OWN  
EDDIE THE EAGLE

"Ella kids, it's Eddie. I know some of you have been wondering why the NRA would choose me to educate ya'll on gun safety. The answer is a simple one. I'm the national bird of the USA and it's a helluva serious crime to kill me. Bottom line, I'm the only safe critter to get the job. What if we sent Willy the Elk in here? How about Jimmy the Duck or even Steve the baby Bunny? A total bloodbath. No one's safe with a bunch of gun toting minors around, not even yer peers. That's why I've had this job since 1988. Well, I'm going out, as always, in a hail of bullets. - Eddie"

Government in the U.S. today is a senior partner in every business in the country.  
Norman Cousins

JIM WEATHERS  
**CARPENTRY**  
436-1885

**FROM THE LOWER LEFT CORNER**

**A Mouse In The House**  
Victoria Stoppello

We finally got the mouse. For the last week or so, there has been evidence of a mouse in our kitchen. At first I thought her tiny scat were just my husband's loose tea leaves run amuck on the counter, but after a few days, I realized the shape and color were similar, but to tell the truth, the tea leaves were more irregular in their size and appearance.

Being prevention oriented, we checked for entrances and stuffed steel wool around the pipes under the sink. Still, she was getting in. The mouse wasn't interested in much, only the crumbs neglected near the toaster. She never broke into a loaf of bread, never chewed through a plastic bag to nibble on a muffin. But she did walk, nightly, across the area we use to make sandwiches, cups of tea, and the occasional batch of scones. So this behavior was unacceptable, and we set traps.

The mouse wasn't fooled by the fake cheese on our old-fashioned traps. Obviously the plastic slice of cheese is more for our eyes than for a mouse's sensibilities, so we added peanut butter, a pungent and all natural enticement—one that mirrors the mouse's food in the wild—seeds, nuts and berries, including raspberries.

I have had personal experience with the love for raspberries by mice. Years ago we lived on acreage in the Nehalem Valley. The house was large and the yard a little overwhelming: an orchard, rows of blueberry bushes, and a neglected, tangled patch of ever-bearing raspberries. One late summer evening, I went down into the field to pick raspberries, a task made complex by the lack of rows and the high grass that had invaded the garden. A soft summer breeze sighed in the conifers, a golden light illuminated every blade of grass, and the soulful song of the white-crowned sparrow punctuated my occasional thought. As I picked in this quiet, meditative mood, other activity nearby began to intrude on my consciousness. Something, many somethings were skittering and leaping around me, through the grass, under the raspberry vines. When I stood still for a minute, I caught glimpses of the creatures: small mice, twenty, thirty, who knows how many, were climbing nodding grass stalks until the seed heads bent to the ground. Overripe raspberries were devoured on the soil where they had fallen. The bread and the wine, the seeds and fruits, were being consumed at a joyful, delirious pace. So involved in their party, the mice didn't hesitate for a moment for my presence. One boldly, and probably unconsciously, ran over my foot. Everywhere that I could hear around me, there was the delicate snap of tiny grass stems, the rustle of dead leaves, the busyness of mice at an end of summer feast. A sense of joy in the abundance, of the simple happiness of plenty to eat in the company of friends and family, came over me. This was the field mouse equivalent of the birds' post-breeding migration, when adult birds and their newly fledged offspring disperse over a wide area to consume as much food as possible to get ready for the rigors of fall and winter.

The mouse in our house, however, was in a springtime condition. I looked at the little body dead in the trap—plump with bright dark eyes and pink nose, a glossy healthy-looking coat, probably from eating bird seed scattered beneath our feeders. Whiskers as wide as the body, and a finely furred tail just as long. Here was a fine female. She didn't get to this maturity living from our kitchen, literally living off crumbs. No, she was an outdoor mouse who was pushed to find additional food by some change: less bird seed or an impending pregnancy.

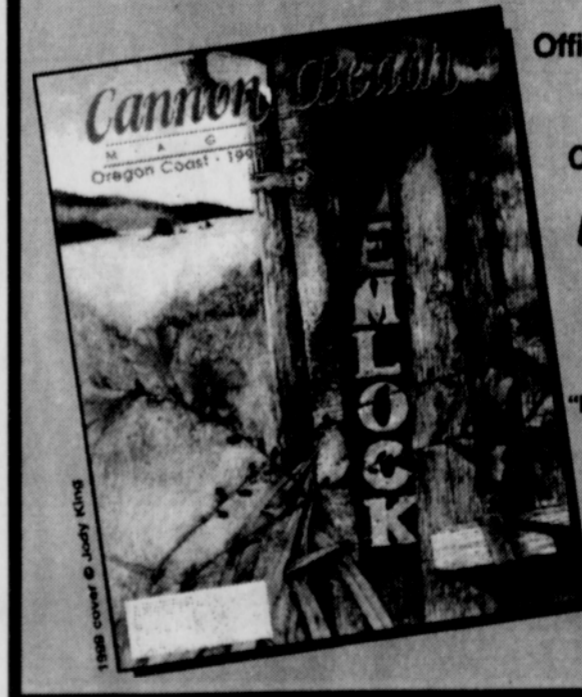
If I could have fed this mouse outside and let her live, I surely would have. Why end her small bright life? Well, I don't want anybody's feet on my kitchen counters and that includes mouse feet. I removed the body and wiped down the counter with bleach one more time, but I couldn't shake the image of this tiny creature who just wanted a bit of the excess from our lives. There's a saying that mice are a sign of wealth, and it's obvious that their success is linked with ours. I guess that's true, but it's still a sad day when I feel I must kill something just because it wants a place at our table.

Victoria Stoppello is a writer living in Ilwaco, at the lower left corner of Washington state.

**NOW IN PRODUCTION!**

- 14TH EDITION -

**- Cannon Beach Magazine -**



Official Information Guide & Fulfillment Piece  
Cannon Beach Chamber of Commerce

**UNPARALLELED  
QUALITY &  
DISTRIBUTION**

Advertising Sales:  
"Early Bird" Rates End 8/30/99  
First Come, First Served!

- FOR DETAILS -  
COAST GRAPHIC ARTS  
436-0721  
cga@seasurf.com

**WILDLIFE ON THE EDGE**  
By Sally L. Lackaff

is a volume of handwritten and illustrated observations on Northwest flora, fauna, and more.  
Published by LEFT COAST GROUP

"WITH A NATURALIST'S EYE AND AN ARTIST'S HAND, (Sally) GIVES US AN EXQUISITE INTRODUCTION TO COAST RANGE AND BEACH WILDLIFE."  
~ Ursula K. Le Guin

Available at MADE IN OREGON stores,  
Or from the publisher at: [www.upperleftedge.com](http://www.upperleftedge.com), or  
P.O. Box 1222, Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Next time a man tells you talk is cheap, ask him if he knows how much a session of Congress costs.  
Dr. Lawrence Peters