

UPPER LEFT EDGE

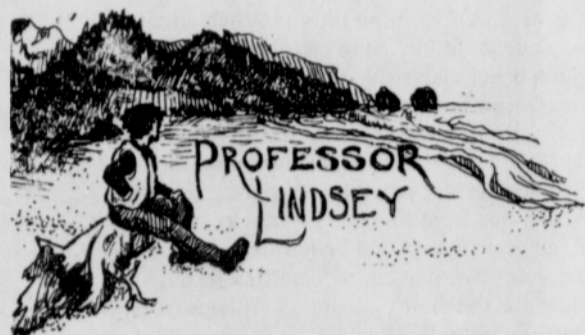
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Evil thrives when good men do nothing.



Your Professor has been scratching around like a winter wren trying to locate some tidbits worthy of a column this month. The gloom and chill have induced winter lassitude and torpor. Keeping life and limb together burns up additional spiritual calories this wintry season. The old rhythms abide. A snooze with a good book often carries the day.

Some musings and gossip, a reflection or two, may be the only ammunition in my journalistic quiver. I do smell some rumors afoot in the village. Word in the public houses is that my old adversary, the Chamber of Commerce, has sullied its financial nest. Oh really, I say to myself. Isn't that a surprise? Commerce run amok. How un-American! One can hope that when the organization is pulled face first out of the public trough and cleans up a bit, the community hall can be available again for community activities as originally intended. Hmm.

Work exigencies carry the Professor to Seaside during the week. Every morning he drops off of Tillamook Head and down into the Necanicum River bottom land. During commuting hours, Highway 101 appears to have developed its own mini-rush hour! Beaverton, Land of the Industrial Park, has nothing on us, by God! A lovely "Micro-tel" has popped up on the former site of the Heroin Arms Apartments just north of the Monkey Business Amusement Center. Yesterday a realtor posted a sign on the wetland south of the Seaside city limits advertising "Prime Commercial" property for sale. Previous excavation on the site had been halted by the Corps of Engineers some years past. Hmm again.

Seaside's downtown core area buildings look like Dresden after the fire bombings. One Seaside merchant told me 75 stores were vacant on, and peripheral to, Broadway. Yoiks! What has their chamber of commerce been doing? Maybe they need another "Million Dollar Show." If the city could just drum up a few Clatsop Indians, maybe they could establish a gambling casino on the Neawanna Estuary. I can see Jay Leno at the Neawanna Winds Casino. Wayne Newton and Barry Manilow might show up too.

One former teacher at Seaside High School overheard two kids talking one day. "Yeah," the kid told his buddy, "you go to Cannon Beach to make the scene, Gearhart to be seen, and Seaside to be obscene." Folks around here in years past compared the City of Seaside to a pile of fresh steaming dog poop at a picnic. They claimed the doggie doolie keeps the flies away from your picnic lunch! Now I don't like that kind of talk, and I don't think it's fair. Besides, as one of my old buddies often remarked, "a dog smells his own dirt first." Hmm once more. Those little pieces of folk wisdom generally fly right over my head, I guess.

Seaside is a beautifully disposed city. Its river, estuaries, and headland challenge artistic description. Old photographs of its early homes and buildings suggest grace and charm. The last few decades have not been kind. Multi-story ocean front motels and strip malls don't appear to be the answer. I understand a concerted effort is afoot to change things. I hope for the best.

Meanwhile, I'd like to plump for two fine establishments in south Seaside. Corpeny's Bakery and Coffee Shop assuages even the most discerning palates. I find myself curiously drawn toward its vortex of savory delights. On the darkest day, a meal at Corpeny's gladdens even the dank heart of your grumbly Professor. Tillamook Head Bookstore, also located on Avenue U, is a tiny, tidy cabin given over to a tasty array of reader's treats. Don't let its diminutive size fool you, this store has all the right stuff. Its proprietors, the Hayes, are consummate book sleuths and scouts. I give it high marks.

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



Well, here we are again in dark wet days of February, those of us who are left. This is the customary time of the year for even the locals to get out of town and go somewhere warm for a while. If circumstances prevent that option, folks tend to hole up. Outside is often out of the question, so we have time to do things like putting together newspapers or creating art of one kind or another pretty much for our own amusement; and occasionally good results from our efforts.

We are reminded of the story we printed several years ago of how the famous Oregon Bottle Bill came about; it seems there was this guy down by Coos Bay who just hated seeing litter everywhere. It just offended him, especially in the woods where he would hike, so he did a little research, and offered a solution. A container refund system: because bottles and cans made up the largest part of the trash, that should be where it begins. So, like a good citizen, he called his state legislator and explained his solution. His legislator bless his heart, listened and said he'd give it a try, but it was going against some pretty big players. He did it anyway; this was long, long ago children, and of course, the bill went nowhere fast. Well, the citizen had done his duty but had lost, end of story; not for this citizen -- for him it became a dance, an art form, an exercise in democracy and a celebration of the humble human spirit as it fought to prevail over the powers that be, simply because he believed it was the right thing to do.

He began to send letters, but not just Dear Legislator, in a simple white envelope, no, his letters were sent in envelopes from all over the world, strange stamps of unusual design and denominations bearing postmarks from exotic places, letters sure to be opened and read with curiosity. He traveled to Salem, occasionally, spoke with people in the hallways and offices. He was articulate and sincere, and though very shy, was willing to talk about his idea to almost anyone who would listen. Well, as we all know, he finally won, and then he quietly returned to his home and enjoyed his walks even more. I've purposely not mentioned his name because I want you to look it up so you will remember it. He's important in our history, and in our future, he was a citizen.

Yep, another one of those patriotic editorials we've all come to love.

It is a good time of year, here on the coast, to get in your work as a responsible citizen. Let's start by figuring out who's up to what on the State ballot. Ol' Bill Sizeless has a couple going, along with perennial favorites Don McEmpty and Long Mabon; oh well, it's a free and funny country. Dr. John has good stuff and St. Mark's still fighting the good fight, may the Buddha bless him. And the beloved Ex-D-Oregon Furse is still walking the



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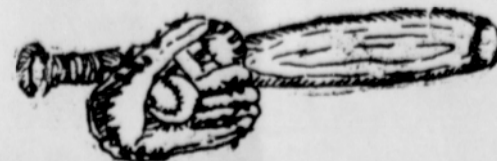
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		TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
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2 Wed	• 9:58	8.6	11:34	7.3	4:07 3.5 5:15 0.1
3 Thur	• 10:41	8.8	4:55 3.3 5:53 -0.1
4 Fri	• 0:13	7.6	11:22	8.9	5:39 3.2 6:29 -0.3
5 Sat	• 0:49	7.8	12:01	8.9	6:20 3.0 7:01 -0.3
6 SUN	• 1:23	7.9	12:40	8.9	6:59 2.7 7:32 -0.2
7 Mon	• 1:54	8.1	1:19	8.8	7:37 2.5 8:02 -0.1
8 Tues	• 2:24	8.3	2:00	8.6	8:15 2.2 8:32 0.2
9 Wed	• 2:55	8.4	2:44	8.2	8:56 2.0 9:05 0.6
10 Thur	• 3:27	8.6	3:35	7.6	9:42 1.8 9:42 1.1
11 Fri	• 4:04	8.7	4:37	7.0	10:36 1.6 10:26 1.8
12 Sat	• 4:49	8.7	5:54	6.4	11:42 1.4 11:20 2.5
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16 Wed	• 9:03	9.1	10:47	7.4	3:03 3.2 4:24 -0.5
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18 Fri	• 11:02	9.6	5:09 2.5 6:04 -1.1
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23 Wed	• 2:57	8.8	3:07	7.9	9:13 1.1 9:18 0.9
24 Thur	• 3:32	8.6	3:57	7.3	10:00 1.2 9:54 1.6
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26 Sat	• 4:47	8.1	6:01	6.2	11:49 1.5 11:24 3.0
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28 Mon	• 6:31	7.6	8:27	6.1	0:26 3.5 2:03 1.3
29 Tues	• 7:35	7.6	9:29	6.4	1:36 3.7 3:06 1.0

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BASEBALL

Can it be spring training time again so soon? The Cubs have spent some money, and Sammy Sosa says he wants to win. For years we have dreamed of a Cubs/Yankees Series. This could be the year. I know Cubs fans have been saying that for nearly a century, but it's a new century now, and no one has won a World Series in this one, yet. Go, Cubbies.



"My advice to you is get married: if you find a good wife you'll be happy:
- Socrates (470-399 B.C.)

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if not, you'll become a philosopher.

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