

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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Are you intolerant if you don't tolerate intolerance?

Campaign speak 2000



We are delighted to inform our readers that Professor Lindsey has finished his manuscript for his upcoming book "Comin' in over the Rock" (an oral history of Cannon Beach) to be published this summer by Saddle Mountain Press. For those who missed his reading at City Hall a while back, we thought we would give you as sample of what to expect.

The natural charms of Cannon Beach have made property in the environs a valuable commodity from the earliest days of settlement. Owners and agents recognized its worth and sought to develop tracts of "sylvan glades" and "fabulous ocean viewsapes." As the prime oceanfront property dwindled, phrases like "a peek of Haystack Rock" or "near the beach" appeared in sales brochures more frequently. Eddie Beers coined the term "land maggots" in reference to our realty contingent. Early survey lines meted out parcels in hazy fashion. Current owners evince surprise when they find their homes located in city streets or their bedrooms firmly planted in a neighbor's yard.

In a kinder world, a rigid code of ethics would prevail. Kent Price and George Frisbee operated real estate offices in the early village. Stories circulated about Mr. Frisbee, a shortish amiable gentleman, and what came to be known as "Frisbee's Whale." When George took prospective buyers to view a piece of property close to the ocean, he liked to impress them with the natural wonders they could expect to see in the ocean adjacent to the their property. A rock pinnacle sits south and west of Haystack Rock. Waves surge across this wash rock rising from the ocean floor.

"And look!" Frisbee would point out for clients, "we have whales in the ocean here just offshore. You'll be able to see them from your living room."

People began to call the wash rock "Frisbee's Whale."

Dean Bonde sold real estate here for several years during the Seventies. He liked to tell this realty story when a collection of locals gathered for a beer in the evening.

"I was a real estate agent here when Oyala and Niemela drifted into town." (Jim Oyala and Jim Niemela purchased business property in Cannon Beach, including the Ratskeller Tavern, Simon's Seashore Restaurant, and adjacent property). "Oyala came first, looking desperately for a place to stay. I knew where a little cabin was available. Small, mind you, and a bit drafty, but cute. Had a real nice little quarter moon window in the front door. A one room beach cottage. Well, Oyala moved in. I drove by a few days later. Saw a T.V. antenna stickin' out of the roof. I stopped to say hello and see how he was gettin' along. Oyala said he was real cozy in there. Couple of days later I drove by again. I saw two T.V. antennas stickin' out of the roof. I knocked on the door. Oyala answered my knock. 'Say, Jim,' I said, 'I was just drivin' by and I noticed two T.V. antennas on your roof. That seemed peculiar to me.' 'Oh,' he told me, 'I forgot to tell you. I subleased the basement to Niemela.'"

I'd like to take an oblique glance at those public servants, the police and volunteer firemen, who maintained community order and safety. Prior to the early Fifties, if a ructious bar fight, burglary, or dead body disturbed the normal flow of

daily events, one contacted the County Sheriff in Astoria or the Oregon State Police. Mac McCoy, deputized and operating as de facto constable, handled later disturbances of the public good. A gentleman named Nick Rubin, retired from a night-stick beat in Portland, hired on as our first official city policeman in the late '50's. He patrolled the township in an enormous gunboat Mercury convertible, circa 1957. With no police station, no formal uniform, no radio, and no municipal judge, he sculpted the few city ordinances to suit himself. He periodically bullied a stray dog or counselled an aged, unruly drunk. Nick, a portly man of relaxed inclination, left the heavy stuff to the sheriff. He mostly walked and chatted up folks on Hemlock Street.

Following city incorporation, a move necessitated by the need for a sewer system, the city hired a mild, personable young man, John West, as its first police chief. John practiced his own gentle brand of police discretion. He quickly won the community's trust. John went by the book, but he sometimes tore out a few pages if common sense or compassion dictated leniency. John had a keen sense of humor, a damn fine quality in any peace officer. John recognized the flawed and foibled nature of the human animal, and cut some slack when necessary. A few incidents should serve to illustrate his modus operandi.

During one particularly harsh winter in the mid '60's, the Hippie woodcutters in town had been hard pressed to find stove wood to heat the beach cabins they inhabited. John received a complaint citing wood pile theft. John knocked on Larry Pershin's door in response. A nice veneer of snow lay on the ground.

"Larry," John began, "your neighbor claims you've been taking wood from his wood pile."

"What makes him think I'd do that?"

"Now Larry," John continued, smiling a wry grin, "come with me for a few minutes. I want to show you something. You sure you haven't been taking wood?"

"Oh, no."

John led Larry out into the yard. A clear string of footprints engraved in the snow led from Larry's cabin to the neighbor's house.

"Uh, I guess I'll take some wood over to him," Larry offered.

"Thanks, Larry. That's generous of you. I guess this case is closed."

On another occasion, a bird was discovered captive in a summer cottage. John was out of town. An officer responded in his absence, secured a key, and freed the captured bird. The officer left a note for the owner on a kitchen table.

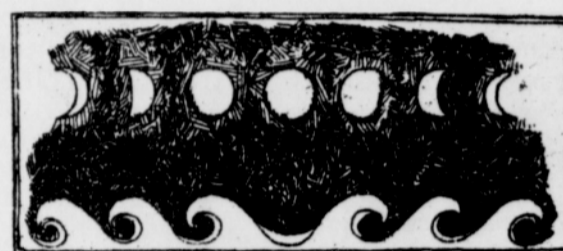
John returned to duty. An angry, hostile letter had been received from the disgruntled homeowner, criticizing John and the rude and foul-mouthed officer in his department. Bewildered, John confronted his patrolman.

"I let the bird out," he replied. "Then I left a note. I can't imagine what's the matter."

Girding himself up for the worst, John visited the homeowner. She produced a pencilled note, roughly scrawled on a sheet of newspaper, as follows:

I LET THE LITTLE FLICKER OUT.
OFFICER -----

The way the letters oozed together explained the misunderstanding. John tried unsuccessfully to placate the offended party. I guess Police work has its downsides.



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2000 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	MOON	HIGH MARCH		LOW MARCH	
		AM	PM	AM	PM
1 Wed	•	8:36	7:10	10:19	6:8
2 Thur	•	9:31	7:9	11:02	7:2
3 Fri	•	10:20	8:2	11:39	7:5
4 Sat	•	11:05	8:4
5 SUN	•	0:13	7:8	11:48	8:6
6 Mon	•	0:45	8:1	12:30	8:6
7 Tues	•	1:15	8:4	1:11	8:5
8 Wed	•	1:44	8:6	1:55	8:3
9 Thur	•	2:15	8:8	2:41	7:9
10 Fri	•	2:48	8:9	3:33	7:4
11 Sat	•	3:26	8:9	4:35	6:8
12 SUN	•	4:12	8:7	5:50	6:4
13 Mon	•	5:10	8:5	7:13	6:3
14 Tues	•	6:23	8:2	8:29	6:5
15 Wed	•	7:42	8:2	9:33	7:0
16 Thur	•	8:56	8:4	10:26	7:6
17 Fri	•	10:00	8:6	11:12	8:1
18 Sat	•	10:56	8:8	11:53	8:5
19 SUN	•	11:47	8:8
20 Mon	•	0:31	8:7	12:35	8:7
21 Tues	•	1:07	8:8	1:21	8:4
22 Wed	•	1:40	8:8	2:05	8:0
23 Thur	•	2:11	8:7	2:50	7:6
24 Fri	•	2:41	8:5	3:37	7:1
25 Sat	•	3:12	8:2	4:29	6:6
26 SUN	•	3:47	7:9	5:29	6:2
27 Mon	•	4:31	7:5	6:38	6:0
28 Tues	•	5:30	7:1	7:48	6:1
29 Wed	•	6:44	6:9	8:48	6:4
30 Thur	•	7:58	7:0	9:38	6:8
31 Fri	•	9:01	7:3	10:19	7:3

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BASEBALL

Oh my. With spring training underway and the Cubs under a new manager, hope is starting to 'spring eternal' once again. New players and veterans are trying to become that one thing that wins baseball games, a baseball team. We here at the Edge are delighted to finally be available in 'real' paper form to our friends in Chicago, thanks to a sports writer to be named later. We wish we could be there in person this season. So, pick up an Edge at various taverns and bookstores near Wrigley, and read the only paper in America with a sports section which has covered nothing but the Cubs for eight years. And a note to the residents of Waverly Avenue, board up your windows!! Slammin' Sammy and Mighty Mark will be joined by Jr. this year in trying to break some glass as they clear the ivy of the friendly confines. Go, Cubbies!!



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"Sometimes a scream is better than a thesis."
- Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

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