

Rev.  
Hults

# Editorial Now & Then



Well, gentle readers, as March arrives and Spring Break threatens to fill the streets and highways with America's youth once again, our senses are being bombarded with news of politics. The Grand Old Party has a horse race on its hands in spite of Dubya's Daddy's friends. Governor Bush, a second generation wimp, is watching his well-laid plans to buy the White House slip away, and he doesn't know whether to pout or sneer. He says he's running on his record -- well, we were handed a list recently that shows how well Texas has done under the old Skull and Bones alumni, and we feel we must share it with our readers.

"The state of Texas, under the leadership of Governor George W. Bush, is ranked: 50th in spending for teachers' salaries, 49th in spending on the environment, 1st in percentage of working parents without insurance, 47th in the delivery of social services, 42nd in child support collections, 5th in the percentage of population living in poverty, 1st in the percentage of children without insurance, 48th in per capita funding for public health, 1st in air and water pollution, 41st in per capita spending on public education, and 1st in executions, averaging one every two weeks in Bush's five years in office. That's what he calls 'compassionate conservatism'."

Dear Mr. President,

Well, your last term is about up, and it has been an interesting eight years. I'm not going to judge you, history will do that. My purpose is make a request that you take one more executive action before you leave office.

During your first campaign you often said, to the country, "I feel your pain."

I'm asking you to feel the pain of one man. I'm asking you to feel the pain of a boy growing up in poverty, amid racism and violence. I'm asking you to feel the pain of a young man who was forced to fight for his people's rights against the oppression of a hundred years. I'm asking you to feel the pain of a man whose freedom was taken away because of the lies told about him in a court of law. I'm asking that you feel the pain of a man who has been in a cage for twenty five years, unable to be with his people, and being slowly robbed of his health. I'm asking you to feel the pain of Leonard Peltier.

I know that many people have pleaded for freedom for Mr. Peltier. We here on the Oregon Coast have an organization that is joining with people all over the word to plead with you for this man's freedom. We have organized a telephone campaign, so be expecting some calls. We in the northwest will be calling you at 202-456-1111 on Thursdays, the northeast folks will be calling on Mondays, the southeast on Tuesdays, the mid-west on Wednesdays, and the southwest will call you on Fridays. We have been told that if 100 phone calls come into the White House on any given day, you are notified.

Please, try to feel the pain of those who call to ask for your help for Mr. Peltier. He is considered the American Mandela by some. He is considered a political prisoner by many. He is in truth just a man who loves his people, just as you and I do. His love took him down a road that caused him to make mistakes, just like your road and mine.

It is in your power to stop this pain, with the forgiveness in your heart. Please don't let the heart of this nation's Native Americans be buried at Wounded Knee. Open your heart and the prison door, and let the healing begin, while it is still in your power.

I ask you this in the name of those who have fought for freedom for their people. I ask this in the name of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, your namesake Thomas Jefferson, Nelson Mandela, and most of all I ask this in the spirit of Crazy Horse.

Respectfully,  
Billy Lloyd Hults

P.S. For more information you can visit the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee web site at <http://www.freepeltier.org>.

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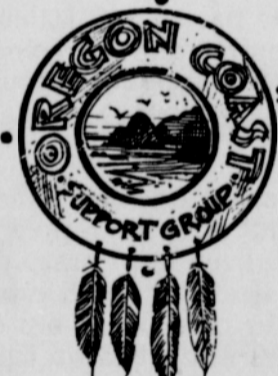
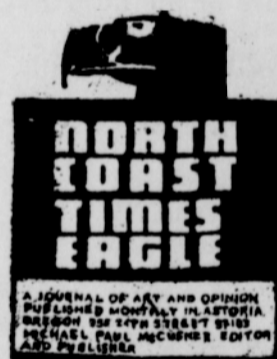
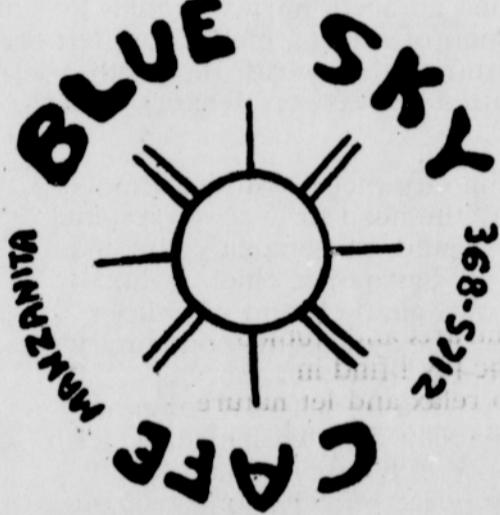
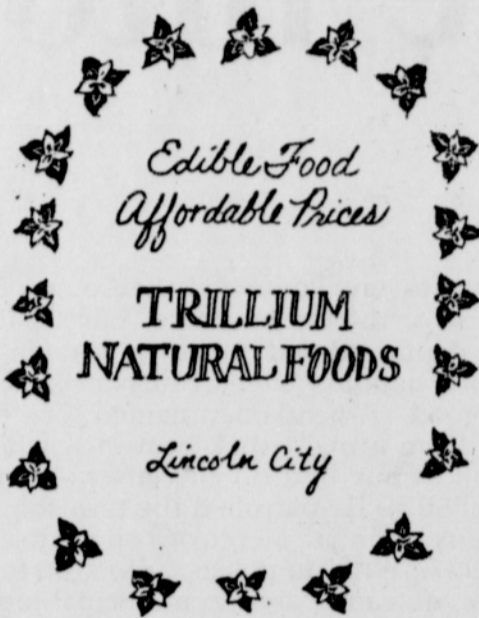
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# 2 UPPER LEFT EDGE MARCH 2000

I remember being in the kitchen with her trying to keep ahead of the Thanksgiving dishes one year, everybody in the big old house eating drinking talking laughing, the ceiling above us hung with every style of egg beater ever made, photographs and art filling every space left on the walls. There was a painting in the living room of her as a young woman in a plain brown dress with straight short brown hair and she is playing her violin. As we worked and laughed and drank I watched her laugh fill her face until her eyes were almost hidden by her rising cheeks forced up by her wide smile. She moved with the grace and rhythm of a natural musician. She worked with an energy that was born from the joy she found in what she was doing. She loved what she did and who she did it with. She let it show. She was married on Feb 29th, 1964, and so would only celebrate every four years. Feb 29th, 2000 would have been her ninth anniversary celebration of her thirty-six years of marriage. Her husband, children, people she played music with, people she worked with, people she would have a glass of wine with, and I, will miss her very much.

Sigrid Clark  
1940-2000



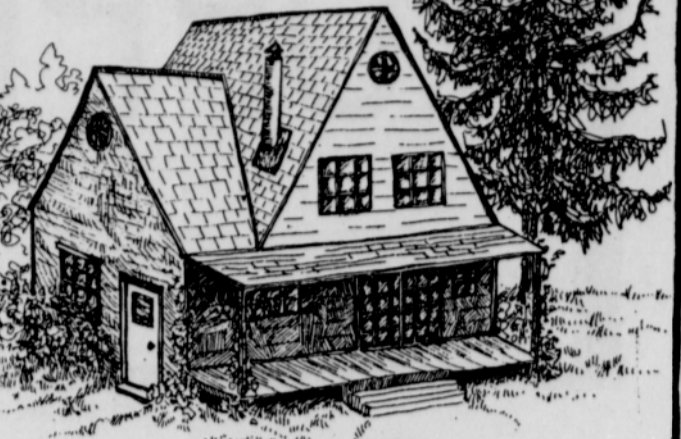
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### WHERE TO GET AN EDGE

Cannon Beach: Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, Oxburn's Grocery, The Coffee Co., Coffee Calafia, Bill's Tavern, Cannon Beach Book Co., Hane's Bakerie, The Bistro, Midtown Café, Once Upon a Breeze, Copies & Fax, Haystack Video, Mariner Market, Espresso Bean, Ecola Square & Cleanline Surf  
Manzanita: Mother Nature's Juice Bar, Cassandra's, Manzanita News & Espresso, & Nehalem Bay Video  
Rockaway: Neptune's Used Books  
Tillamook: Rainy Day Books & Tillamook Library  
Bay City: Art Space  
Yachats: By-the-Sea Books  
Pacific City: The River House, Eugene Public Library, Friendly St. Market, Happy Trails, Keystone Café, Kiva Foods, Lane C.C., Light For Music, New Frontier Market, Nineteenth Street Brew Pub, Oasis Market, Perry's, Red Barn Grocery, Sundance Natural Foods, U of O, & WOW Hall  
Corvallis: The Environmental Center, OSU Salem: Heliotrope, Salem Library, & The Peace Store  
Astoria: KMUN, Columbian Café, The Community Store, The Wet Dog Café, Astoria Coffee Company, Café Unknotown, & The River  
Seaside: Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Café Espresso  
Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Biblot Art Gallery, Bijou Café, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Cap'n Beans (two locations), Center for the Healing Light, Coffee People (three locations), Common Grounds Coffee, East Avenue Tavern, Food Front, Goose Hollow Inn, Hot Lips Pizza, Java Bay Café, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizza, Marylhurst College, Mt. Hood CC, Music Millennium, Nature's (two locations), NW Natural Gas, OHSU Medical School, Old Wines Tales, Ozone Records, Papa Haydn, PCC (four locations), PSU (two locations), Reed College, Third Eye, Multnomah Central Library, and most branches & the YWCA  
Astoria: Garo's Java House, The Black Sheep, Blue Mt. Café, & Rogue River Brewery  
Cave Junction: Coffee Heaven & Kerby Community Market  
Grants Pass: The Book Shop (out of Oregon)  
Vancouver, WA: The Den  
Longview, WA: The Broadway Gallery  
Naselle, WA: Rainy Day Artistry  
Nahcotta, WA: Moby Dick Hotel  
Duvall, WA: Duvall Books  
Bainbridge Island, WA: Eagle Harbor Book Co.  
Seattle, WA: Elliot Bay Book Co., Honey Bear Bakery, New Orleans Restaurant, Still Life in Fremont, Allegro Coffeehouse, The Last Exit Coffee House, & Bulldog News  
San Francisco, CA: City Lights Bookstore  
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"If a man does his best, what else is there?"  
- General George S. Patton (1885-1945)

Editor,

History will show that the Oregon Board of Forestry has never quite come to terms with the environmental effects of the forestry practices it regulates. Oregon's Forest Practices Act is the biggest collection of perplexing impediments to business efficiency this country has seen in quite some time. Legislated under the spell of Earth Day sentimentalism, the Act's goal seems to be the tortuous slow death of basic American values like private property rights along with the shredding of what's left of the American free enterprise system. It has contributed immeasurably to the overall complexity of intensive forest management. For example, the Act requires replanting almost immediately after an area is clearcut. This has had unforeseen consequences. We are planting more trees today than we are cutting, and now there are just too many small trees. All over the place there is more wood growing like crazy than there ever used to be, so naturally foresters have no choice but to prescribe more vigorous harvest to relieve the over-crowding. Also there are biological reasons for these frequent harvests. Immature trees make finer toilet paper and a better grade of chipper wood than the trees they replaced. State of the art conveyor systems handle the smallest pieces quickly and are the best way to keep on top of the timber crop. So much wood fiber is being produced that overseas exports on chip ships like the New Carissa are imperative to stay abreast of production.

Clearcuts are the best tool we have to ensure sustainable harvest. Partial cuts don't pencil out when forest practice laws are allowed to take valuable land out of production. There is just no other way to compensate for riparian setbacks and mandatory reforestation costs. Expenditures like site preparation and reclamation, replanting, reproduction release (herbicides), predator abatement (traps and poison), fertilization, pre-commercial thinning, not to mention the administrative costs for internal security, public relations, genetic

engineering and other research, fire protection, plus capital investment in roads and gates. Thus it can be seen that under Oregon's Forest Practices Act, clearcuts are essential to sustainable intensive forest management.

Trees are America's renewable resource. If we're not suppose to cut them, why were they made of wood?

Woody D'Brie  
Seaside

Dear Editor,

Cannon Bitch, Assholia, Sleazaside, Queerhart and Whoreington. I have always dismissed these terms of endearment as small town rivalries. Professor Lindsey's column last month revealed to me that things are getting personal.

The snobbery! How dare anyone residing around these parts judge Seaside? This is Clatsop County, people, how classy can things get?

Are folks really so aloof as to say, "Our town is superior because we won't let anyone paint their house hot pink or let their lawns go. We don't have any neon signs, either. We would rather burn our homes down than have a sterile corporate chain merchandising monstrosity in our town. Even if the 'Music Man' came to pitch to our fair City Council. We will never end up like poor old Seaside.

Seaside has made some poor choices which are apparent, but nevertheless it is my home town and I'm standing up for it.

So, please everyone, stop taking yourselves so seriously because it is making me physically ill. Remember, we are all lucky to live here. It is a beautiful area with a kicked-back atmosphere. That is true no matter in which city limits you reside.

Seaside Pride, County Wide!!  
Val Mace

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FROM THE LOWER LEFT CORNER  
Victoria Stoppiello

This side of Sand Island

Lying in bed the other night I heard fog horns. We don't hear fog horns very often, but when we do, they sound like they are in the front yard. A long belch, a yawning burp. Awww-ohhhh. And then an answering burp from further away. The nearer voice sounds like it has strayed to this side of Sand Island, but can't be—there'd be alarms of all sorts, because a ship with a voice this loud would surely be aground if in the old north channel.

From our docks, Sand Island seems only a stone's throw away, an easy row for an experienced oarsman. My dad told me he used to row there when he was a teenager. Maybe this summer I'll get my neighbor John to take me. John, like my dad, is a fastidious fisherman. I like both elements—the fisherman part, but especially the fastidiousness when it comes to boats. I feel safe on a boat where maintenance has been taken to an art form. That careful beauty is something easy for me, an ignorant passenger, to observe, but perhaps I can be fooled by a tidy boat, fooled into thinking the engine, running gear, and safety equipment are all in order. The remains of our fishing fleet, however, especially the old trollers, aren't well-maintained.

Twenty years ago it was Garibaldi, Oregon, on Tillamook Bay, that had boats like these, certainly not Ilwaco or Westport, the great salmon ports of Washington with "easy" access to the ocean. I put easy in quotes, because crossing any bar at the wrong time or tide can be life threatening. Ilwaco, although it is tucked just inside one of the most dangerous river entrances in the world, was always a prosperous place, while Garibaldi had it tough. Garibaldi had lots of fish to catch but a hard time getting to them.

Five rivers flow into Tillamook Bay, five rivers calling out to homing salmon, five rivers dropping silt from the clear-cut hillsides of the Coast Range into the bay—famous rivers for steelhead, salmon, and ruggedness: Trask, Wilson, Tillamook, Kilchis, and Miami.

Shipping into Tillamook Bay stopped long ago and so did dredging the bar. The Bayocean spit, dividing Tillamook Bay from the Pacific, seemed undecided about whether to be land or part of the sea—accreting and promising for human use a hundred years ago, turning into a series of lonely dunes and ponds fifty years later. Nearly breached by storms, its sand also contributed to the filling of the bay. With all that sand and silt, the channel became more circumspect, unintelligible, except to the seasoned hand. My dad summed it up simply, "Can't make any money, too hard to get out," meaning a spot of rough weather would keep the Garibaldi fishermen home when boats from other ports could still get out to fish. Now even boats from easier ports look like Garibaldi's derelicts, there are so few fish to find. Our hand on the land has had its impact.

Now the foghorn voices come not from the old river channel, the natural bend and flow of the Columbia that dropped islands here and there and laid a beach at Ilwaco's doorstep, but from a new channel plowed into the river bottom and out between jetties to the open sea. A constant task, picking up the river bottom and throwing it overboard further on.

I'm told the channel bottom is clean as a hound's tooth, scraped and scoured to a smooth, lifeless surface that provides no catch hold for any living thing. This speeds the flow of the river so silt can't drop out. It speeds the flow of traffic, too, right past these old river-based communities. The old islands are still there, along with new ones formed by dredging spoils. "Spoils" is a good name for them because truly they are part of despoiling a place. A blanket of spoils kills whatever was underneath and sometimes creates a home for something new and unintended that brings another set of problems.

The sound of foghorns—their reality is different from my romantic notions. Big ships heading for Portland and Longview are part of a demand for more and more competitive ports, bigger and bigger ships, and deeper and deeper channels, passing us by. We're becoming a sleepy village, on a backwater of an old estuary, our activities muffled by fog, waiting for a return to prosperity that may never come. Victoria Stoppiello is a writer living in Ilwaco, at the lower left corner of Washington State.