

I'd give \$1000 to be a millionaire. Lewis Timberlake

CART'M Recycling in Manzanita at the Dump is celebrating its second spring in operation with The Second Annual Trash Art Show and Gala, to be held Friday, May 19th, from 6 - 9pm. Live Music with Kid Siegel & the Moneymakers and The Crackpots. Food and drink available with a donation -- all ages welcome!

Come and experience artists letting their creative flair loose with Sculpture and Wearable Art, made entirely with recycled stuff, no holds barred.

CART'M Recycling is a non-profit community group of volunteers who manage the Manzanita Transfer Station, providing a recycling collection depot and a Resale Store, where all manner of used items, including building materials, are available for purchase. For information contact

Lane deMoll at (503) 368-7764 or lane@nehalemtel.net.



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Through New Eyes

by Bill Wickland

It could be yesterday here

FIVE MILES ON AN UNPAVED logging road felt like forever, but any place I've never been to before gives me that feeling, and this beach is worth whatever it takes.

Just north of Gardiner, the road takes off down what we call a hill, but would be a mountain in the Midwest. A quarter mile of it goes through an old-fashioned clear-cut that happened about six years ago from the looks of it; regrowth is still low enough that you can see a long way clearly, but it is greening up fast.

The forested part is so lush and thickly grown that headlights are a must at four o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. Lights are a good idea on that narrow lane anyway, to let drivers coming the other way know you are there.

Two or three roads take off from the main one, inviting me to come back with more daylight in front of me, maybe on just two wheels, or in something more maneuverable than the trusty '77 Dodge Colt.

I'm reminded of myself when I was a back-seater heading into the coast range from Portland. I know the ocean is just over that hill. Are we there yet, Dad?

And I realize that I haven't been on a logging road in twenty years, since I last went hunting morel 'shrooms off of Hwy 18. That was an active Weyerhaeuser road, and they locked the gate on my buddy Ward and myself. We had to walk up the highway to the place where folks sold fresh brown eggs. They used to have a key to that gate lock, but not any more. The mister, hooray for our side, kindly guided us out a back way he knew about.

In the here and now, there is no gate on the highway end of this logging road, and it leads to within a hundred yards of the breakers at high tide.

Off-highway vehicles are allowed on the beach and in the dunes there, so you see the regulatory signs about that, and the sign warning about sneaker waves, but the beach doesn't seem to have a name. Neat. In year 2,000, we still have an un-named beach reached by a former logging road.

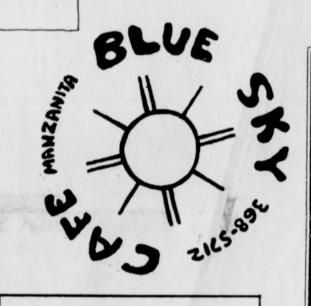
The beach goes as far as these 61-year-old eyes can see in each direction. And it wouldn't be so bad if you did get locked in there, but there are no locks.

Picture this scene from the final November of the previous century: the summer is over, and the first big storms of winter have not yet visited us. The driftwood should be all burned up for weenie roasts, right? Not so! There is so much driftwood there, you could build a shanty and heat it all winter long. There must be driftwood on that beach that drifted north from the '65 flood of California's version of the Smith River.

That has to mean that as beautiful as it is, the beach isn't very crowded yet. I can't give away its name, because it doesn't seem to have one.

Taking my cue from that, I won't name the road, either.

Bill Wickland is a life-long writing person and sometimes journalist who has recently moved to Reedsport on purpose.



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The Cannon Beach Arts Association presents:

May 6th - May 30th, 2000 **Barbara** Grant **Tide Line** with juried group show

Best known for her luminous land- and seascapes, Grant takes this opportunity to experiment with the use of flotsam and jetsom found on the beach near her home. These objects are incorporated in a series of prints illustrating fish and other sea creatures in rich blacks and subtle colors.

> Reception - Saturday, May 6th, 6pm **Cannon Beach Gallery** 1064 S. Hemlock, Cannon Beach, OR

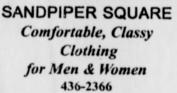




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Money, it turned out, was exactly like sex, you thought of nothing else it you didn't have it and thought of other things if you did.

James Baldwin, Nobody Knows My Name

