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## "If you've seen one sunset, you've seen one sunset."

The Beloved Reverend Billy Lloyd Hults

In Michael Burgess's columns he has on occasion spoken of the quantum physics of death. The short version is that when we die, that which we call our spirit or soul escapes the mass that is our bodies and accelerates to the speed of light and thus is everywhere at once all the time. We have experienced that again in this small village. Change, being the only constant, is hated and feared. The speed of change is perhaps why. Some times it is so slow you think it will never come, and sometimes it doesn't; sometimes it is literally at the speed of light.

Last month's paper held a quote by the Irish poet Brendhan Behan, "There is no bad publicity, except an obituary notice." When one decides to publish a newspaper, one is expected to provide a certain amount of information to the community at large, and though the Edge tends to ignore those expectations in many cases, there are some obligation that we must fulfil no matter how painful they might be for us personally.

You, see, one of our precious family members accelerated to the speed of light on Halloween afternoon. On her way to work at Bill's she apparently crossed over the center line going down the hill on 101 between Seaside and Cannon Beach, over corrected, left the road and hit several trees. Heroic efforts including the Jaws of Life were used but she was gone.

Valerie Anne Mace was an amazingly beautiful young woman, in all the ways that women can be beautiful. She was smart and pretty, quick and funny, she was gentle and strong, talented and curious. She was barely legal when she came to work at Bill's, a feisty redhead with a "Seaside Attitude"

Yes, she was a Seaside Girl; a 'white trash trailer park honey' was how she put it, or words to that effect. She had a persona, a comedic talent for accents, an encyclopedic knowledge of trash television and a work ethic of amazing proportions. Double shifts for several days in a row were not unusual for her. She had a strong sense of family and was devoted to her younger brother, and her family embraced hundreds of people. On a stormy afternoon when you walked into Bill's and she smiled at you. Mexico was not as warm; when her eyes sparked, the gray skies parted from the light. Her light continues to shine through the windows at Bill's on these cold winter days.

Val contributed to the Edge occasionally and one occasion commented about the feud between Cannon Beach and Seaside. "How dare anyone residing around these parts judge Seaside? This is Clatsop County people, how classy can things get?" "Remember", she said, "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 has made some poor choices which are apparent, but never the less it is my home town and I'm standing up for it."

Perhaps her words will help to bring the two communities closer together; she would have liked that. If she could love us both, perhaps we can learn from her. So, the next time you are about to make a crack about "Sleazeside" or "Cannon Bitch" stop for a moment and think about Val.

We all miss her so very much.





A subject that is beautiful in itself gives no suggestion to the artist. It lacks imperfection. Oscar Wilde



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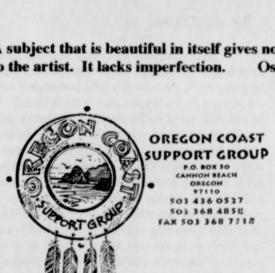
As we huddle around the stove and dream of Spring Training and the beginning of another 'next year', we are reminded that being a Cubs fan is a truly strange thing. We are a weird lot, but all in all stronger for our strangeness; stoic, but nurturing, ever hopeful but tragically realistic. Thus when we received a Cub's 2001 Calendar from Janea - A Serious Die Hard Cub Fan, who once sat in Harry Carey's lap - and turned to the October photograph of the friendly confines, we weren't surprised to see the stands empty on a clear Autumn day. It is a lovely calendar, but it would be nice if next year there were some photographs of Wrigley Field full of fans in October



Gather with other concerned citizens to commemorate "Human Rights Day" and the cause of Leonard's freedom on Sunday, December 10, at 12 noon in Waterfront Park in

Wheeler, Oregon. There will be speakers, information packets and blank, pre-addressed postcards, and some ceremonial remembrance of Leonard. Refreshments will follow at a private residence in Wheeler. Please join us on this vigil with The Oregon Coast Support Group.

For info call Donna or Don @ 503 368 4858



## **Leonard Peltier**

Leonard Peltier, a Native American wrongfully imprisoned for over 24 years, has yet another opportunity for release from prison. President Clinton has announced he is finishing his review of the case and is studying the granting of Executive Clemency.

There is a total lack of evidence against Peltier's conviction and imprisonment, and world leaders like Desmond TuTu and organizations like Amnesty International have called for his release. Evidence previously withheld, or coerced by the FBI, has continued to cast doubt on Mr. Peltier's guilt, yet during parole hearings his attorneys have been denied the opportunity to testify, and the manufactured evidence not presented. Leonard's health is deteriorating, and he is at risk for kidney failure, blindness and stroke. Time is short, and we cannot wait. Postcards, letters, faxes, and phone calls are needed NOW to President Clinton.