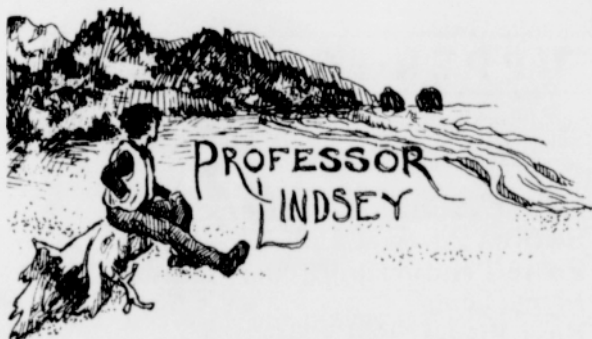
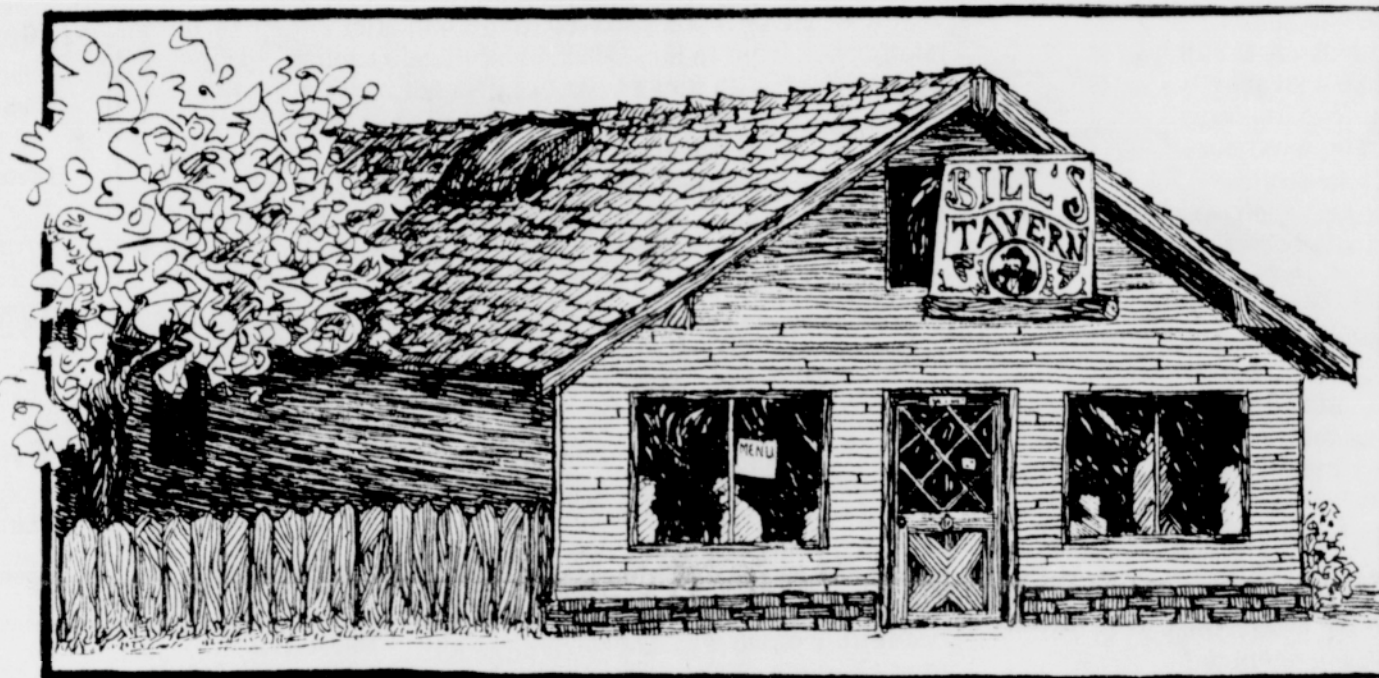


# UPPER LEFT EDGE

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## From Beasties and Grumplies and Things that go Bump in the Night, Dear Lord Protect Us.



"Wayside tavern window light  
Beckons unto me.  
'Tarry by the hearthside bright  
And seek good company'.

I stepped in to join the din  
So carefree and so loud  
Just to lose Old Mr. Blues  
And mingle with the crowd."

\*Peter Rowan

As titular mayor of Bill's Tavern and its longest constant, extant patron, the duty and moral obligation devolves on me to eulogize its passing and reflect, in brief, on its memory. In announcing its demise to the public, I feel like a military officer charged with the responsibility of notifying a mother or young wife of the death of a beloved son, father, or husband. Bill's served long and valorously and will not soon be forgotten.

In its seventy-odd years as the Imperial Cafe and Bill's Tavern, the public house has opened its humble doors to as scattered an assemblage of paupers and kings as any venue on earth. Mayors, congressmen, starlets, poets, loggers, fishermen, trappers, sages, and fools have dangled on its barstools and spilled their joys and agony into the cracks on the bar. Billy Hulst calls the window in the front door of Bill's, "the Window of a Thousand Wonders," and the appellation is fit. Like a kaleidoscope, this portal has admitted a shifting melange of characters that unsettles the imagination: a giant with a dwarf on his shoulders, Gypsy people, a Welsh choir, Olympic medalists, a Russian general in a cape, a mayor that whooped.

A scant, and dwindling, register of taverns share its lineage and a time-burnished patina of saltiness and good fellow-ship: The Goose Hollow Inn, Maxie's, The Desdemona, The Town Tavern in Port Townsend, The Marshall Tavern on Tomales Bay, and San Francisco's Buena Vista.

Cast your eyes around the interior. The northeast ceiling remains charred from a '30s fire. The oil-sealed, clear-fir flooring bears the pocks and stipples of countless caulk boots back in the days of rough and tumble.

Bill's was a harder place then, a place we children were counselled to avoid. Beargrease hung out there, a swarthy man fresh out of prison, who ran off with the Baptist minister's 16-year old daughter. The red-haired Olson Brothers downed a schooner or two from time to time--Bud Olson's Harley motorcycle had "killed eight people..." we were told. A shingle-weaver called Preach frequently screwed up his courage over dime beers at the bar. He specialized in courting recently bereaved widows, and the beer salved his troubled conscience. The air was deliciously thick with smoke and stories.

Glance at the old photograph that still hangs near the front door. The '47 Plymouth coupe in the photo belonged to a squat, tubercular man, an afternoon regular. He called the car "Honey Pot." In the early Fifties, he would exit Bill's at dinnertime and yell to passersby to help him find his lost car, the car he parked every day in the same spot one finds it in the photo--right at the tavern door.

In the last twenty years, the old place has been civilized and gentrified. Hamburgers and shrimp sandwiches have replaced the jar of hard-boiled eggs soaked in Polish sausage brine. Nike executives, fraternity boys, and snooty attorneys elbow the bar and ring the pool table. I doubt they hear the murmurs I hear, those spirit voices from a time gone by. On a quiet night in late January, when the wind and rain "come in over the Rock," if I close my eyes and rest quietly on the first stool, I can see the shade of Kathy Hennicksen perched across from me, sipping beer from her old coffee cup. The ghost of Happy Moore, an earlier owner, bellows out to her patrons from her impregnable position behind the bar.

A wake will be held before the tavern's final passing. On the day the pincers dig into the shingled flanks of the old structure, the wailing and keening of the lads will near rend your heart. We shall not know its like again. To Ken Campbell and the new Bill's, my very best in the coming years.

Gentlemen, I propose a round on the house.



MOONS & TIDES

JANUARY - High Tides				JANUARY - Low Tides			
DATE	time	ft.	ft.	DATE	time	ft.	ft.
1 Wed	6:21	8.0	6:24 6.5	1 Wed	0:25	2.2	12:45 2.9
2 Thu	7:08	8.2	7:44 6.2	2 Thu	1:21	2.6	1:52 2.6
3 Fri	7:57	8.4	9:02 6.3	3 Fri	2:23	3.0	4:00 1.3
4 Sat	8:48	8.7	10:11 6.6	4 Sat	3:26	3.2	4:54 0.5
5 Sun	9:39	9.1	11:10 7.0	5 Sun	4:26	3.2	5:44 -0.1
6 Mon	10:29	9.5		6 Mon	5:22	3.1	6:31 -0.7
7 Tue	0:04	7.4		7 Tue	6:16	2.9	7:17 -1.1
8 Wed	1:18	9.8		8 Wed	7:08	2.7	8:01 -1.3
9 Thu	0:54	7.9	12:07 10.1	9 Thu	8:00	2.4	8:45 -1.2
10 Fri	1:41	8.2	12:57 10.2	10 Fri	8:52	2.2	9:29 -1.0
11 Sat	2:26	8.5	1:47 10.1	11 Sat	9:45	2.0	10:12 -0.5
12 Sun	3:10	8.8	2:38 9.8	12 Sun	10:41	1.9	10:58 0.2
13 Mon	3:55	9.0	3:31 9.3	13 Mon	11:42	1.8	11:47 0.9
14 Tue	4:40	9.1	4:28 8.6	14 Tue			12:49 1.7
15 Wed	5:27	9.1	5:31 7.8	15 Wed	0:41	1.7	2:00 1.5
16 Thu	6:17	9.1	6:42 7.1	16 Thu	1:41	2.4	3:11 1.1
17 Fri	7:11	9.0	8:00 6.7	17 Fri	2:45	2.8	4:15 0.6
18 Sat	8:08	9.0	9:16 6.7	18 Sat	3:48	3.0	5:10 0.2
19 Sun	9:04	9.0	10:23 6.9	19 Sun	4:48	3.1	5:58 -0.1
20 Mon	9:58	9.1	11:22 7.2	20 Mon	5:38	3.0	6:40 -0.3
21 Tue	10:47	9.1		21 Tue	6:25	2.9	7:18 -0.3
22 Wed	11:32	9.1		22 Wed	7:09	2.9	7:53 -0.2
23 Thu	0:55	7.8	12:14 9.0	23 Thu	7:49	2.8	8:25 -0.1
24 Fri	1:35	7.9	12:53 9.0	24 Fri	8:28	2.7	8:55 0.2
25 Sat	2:15	8.0	1:31 8.8	25 Sat	9:05	2.6	9:23 0.4
26 Sun	2:45	8.1	2:07 8.7	26 Sun	9:42	2.5	9:51 0.8
27 Mon	3:16	8.2	2:44 8.4	27 Mon	10:20	2.4	10:20 1.2
28 Tue	3:45	8.2	3:21 8.1	28 Tue	11:03	2.3	10:54 1.6
29 Wed	4:14	8.3	4:02 7.6	29 Wed			11:35 2.2
30 Thu	4:45	8.3	4:50 7.1	30 Thu	11:54	2.2	12:57 2.2
31 Fri	5:20	8.3	5:49 6.5	31 Fri			
	6:03	8.4	7:05 6.2				

## BASEBALL

Though the dark winds and rains are still with us here on the edge, soon in Florida and Arizona, the pitchers and catchers will start showing up for Spring Training. And the cycle continues.

Baseball has reached an agreement on labor issues and inter-league play. Baseball is still exempt from the Taft-Hartley Act. Baseball still has no commissioner. We think baseball fans should write to their representatives in Congress and demand that baseball either find a permanent commissioner, or give up the exemption. We find the tactics of the owners of the Mariners outrageous, the White Sox ownership duplicitous, and the Reds owner's behavior, well, pathetic. This alone cries for someone to take control of these spoiled children with millions. But more importantly for the sake of the game and those who love it and still respect it as a special part of what is truly America, and for those owners who still have the respect for and the respect of the players and the fans.

GO CUBBIES!! This is next year!!



UPPER LEFT EDGE JANUARY 1997