

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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Too Soon Old, Too Late Smart.

There was notice taken in the local and regional media when Bill's Tavern in Cannon Beach was closed. The dilapidated old building, that had hosted generations visiting the Oregon Coast, and generations living in the prosperous village, was torn down in March. It was the only tavern in the town. There are cocktail lounges, but taverns are different. Taverns are more blue collar, neckties raise more eyebrows than overalls and rubber boots in taverns. Taverns are for the workers of the town, rather than it's owners. The regulars, as well as the regular visitors, spent a long hot summer watching construction, moaning and groaning about this and that feature of the new building. While Ken Campbell and Jim Oyla the owners of this venerable institution spent the summer spending money while all those about them were making it. They had decided to become a Brewpub as well as a tavern. They bought the equipment, hired a young Brewer, Jack, and built what Tom Ayers, local architect, designed. The result opened last month relatively quietly, as the owners had hoped. The regulars were noticeably concerned with the ambiance, and the arrangements in general. Every thing in the new building looked too new. A lot of the stuff in the old building wasn't in the new building and there was new stuff there. The acoustics were terrible and it looked like the "Local Scoop with beer" or "Machismo Mouse by the Sea."

Mr. Ayers' building has two service areas, one for accompanied minors and non-smokers, the other for the rest of us. The beams and posts in the interior are joined with large pieces of metal that are meant to reflect the pattern in the restored Art Deco backbar. To this observer they seem more Zuni than Deco, but to each, etc.

There are industrial strength bathrooms and a kitchen that not only seems to function, but produce copious amounts of very good food. In the middle of these two areas and upstairs they make beer. The one thing that is now completely different is that Bill's Tavern is now Bill's Tavern & Brewpub. They no longer just sell beer, they build it. On the premises. They manufacture something out of raw materials, they are industrial. Fewer trucks will be sent from Portland to slack the thirst of locals and visitors. New jobs have been created locally. It seems to be working. Gahndi would be pleased.

Jack, the young brewer, has produced a variety of libations in various forms. There are Porters, Stouts, Ales, and even a RootBeer. They also serve Bud. Jessica, Ursula, Cliff, David, John, and some new folks are still serving to people who are not in a hurry, Darin and The Rock are back in the Kitchen with another bunch of folks new to Bill's. The local regulars have settled back into their routines, and the visitors are checking it out. Scratches are appearing in the bar, old signs and artifacts are filtering back to the walls. The best guess is that by Spring Break it will feel normal.

Change is the only constant, they say, and change has occurred at Bill's, but it also seems to be a constant that groups of people will regularly gather in a public place, relax over refreshments, and exchange the pleasantries and trials of their day. Sam Adams' public house and brewery has been said by some to be the birthplace of the American Revolution. The Inns, Saloons, and Taverns of this world have always seemed to provide fertile ground for ideas and dreams. This is again occurring at Bill's Tavern & Brewpub.

The notice taken in the closing of Bill's was because this public place, and the people who gathered there were an important part of people's lives, for several generations. That importance still seems to be 'there' and the 'there' is coming back to 'there'. This is good.



Citizens! Prepare yourselves! I have inside information projecting a serious population boom for the township of Cannon Beach. Those swollen midriffs sported by a significant segment of our village ladies are not simply the manifestation of some Rubenesque soma fashion trend. Evidence suggests that we are fairly wallowing in pregnancy and fecundity. The public works department is rumored to be increasing the square footage of the sign at the entrance to Cannon Beach to accommodate the digits citing civic population.

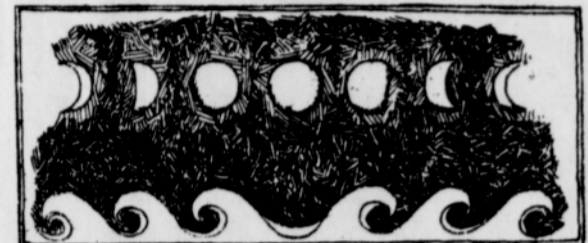
Sage local observers attribute the womb bloom to a range of climatological and social forces acting in concert.

Unseasonably warm, perfumed and languorous nights, particularly romantic light shows during meteor showers, unusually dense pollen dusting by trees and blossoms this spring, and prolonged failure of the Falcon Cable System may have all contributed in some small way.

I, for my part, lay full blame on the closure of Bill's Tavern. In the bird and bee way of things, two must tango to achieve threeness. More than sheer coincidence is at work here, people, I assure you. Bill's closed down in March. Most of these pregnancies come to term about January or February. One need not be a Rhodes Scholar to see a pattern developing. Those swains who frequented Bill's Tavern stumbled home to the conjugal bed nicely anaesthetized, interested, but biologically inept. Medical research documents the diminution of, ahem, sexual performance when male creatures ingest a few pints of barley pop. No T.V., swoony weather, and no Bill's Tavern to staunch those gnawing sexual proclivities. What can one expect? An Era of Parturition in Cannon Beach, that's what.

I attended a baby shower this weekend, a noteworthy first for me, I assure you. By all indications these events may go on for months! In the sundry social circles I frequent, all conversation drifts toward topics like "Lamaze," (whatever that is), "parenting," and breast feeding. The girls I hung out with now gather in little maternal clumps, hugging teddy bears and dolls to practice mothering techniques and openly chat about women's biology. As a confirmed bachelor, the last birthing room chat gave me the fierce heebie-jeebies and a queasy stomach to boot!

I guess I may as well resign myself. The next few years promise more goo-going and chin-chuckling than is humanly decent. The old gang of girls hasn't got time for surfing anymore. They sit at home crocheting booties and sewing comforters. Their husbands will probably bring the babies to Wednesday night poker! What's a bloke to do?



ASTORIA TIDES					ASTORIA TIDES				
DECEMBER - High Tides					DECEMBER - Low Tides				
DATE	A.M.		P.M.		DATE	A.M.		P.M.	
	time	ft.	time	ft.		time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Mon	2:24	7.7	1:28	9.4	1 Mon	7:47	2.9	8:35	-0.7
2 Tue	3:06	7.7	2:07	9.3	2 Tue	8:28	3.0	9:13	-0.6
3 Wed	3:49	7.8	2:50	9.1	3 Wed	9:13	3.1	9:54	-0.4
4 Thu	4:35	7.8	3:39	8.7	4 Thu	10:03	3.1	10:39	-0.1
5 Fri	5:24	7.9	4:36	8.2	5 Fri	11:02	3.1	11:30	0.3
6 Sat	6:17	8.0	5:46	7.6	6 Sat			12:10	2.9
7 Sun	7:13	8.3	7:08	7.2	7 Sun	0:27	0.8	1:24	2.5
8 Mon	8:09	8.7	8:32	7.0	8 Mon	1:29	1.3	2:38	1.9
9 Tue	9:02	9.1	9:46	7.2	9 Tue	2:32	1.6	3:46	1.0
10 Wed	9:53	9.5	10:51	7.5	10 Wed	3:33	1.9	4:46	0.2
11 Thu	10:41	9.9	11:50	7.8	11 Thu	4:30	2.1	5:39	-0.5
12 Fri	11:26	10.0			12 Fri	5:23	2.3	6:29	-1.0
13 Sat	0:43	8.0	12:11	10.1	13 Sat	6:14	2.4	7:15	-1.2
14 Sun	1:33	8.1	12:54	9.9	14 Sun	7:03	2.6	7:59	-1.1
15 Mon	2:20	8.2	1:36	9.6	15 Mon	7:50	2.7	8:41	-0.9
16 Tue	3:05	8.2	2:17	9.2	16 Tue	8:36	2.9	9:21	-0.6
17 Wed	3:49	8.1	2:59	8.8	17 Wed	9:22	3.0	10:00	-0.1
18 Thu	4:31	8.0	3:42	8.3	18 Thu	10:10	3.1	10:38	0.4
19 Fri	5:14	8.0	4:29	7.7	19 Fri	10:59	3.2	11:17	1.0
20 Sat	5:57	7.9	5:24	7.1	20 Sat	11:55	3.2		
21 Sun	6:43	7.9	6:32	6.6	21 Sun	0:00	1.5	12:57	3.1
22 Mon	7:30	8.0	7:47	6.3	22 Mon	0:48	2.0	2:02	2.8
23 Tue	8:17	8.2	9:00	6.3	23 Tue	1:41	2.5	3:06	2.2
24 Wed	9:03	8.4	10:05	6.5	24 Wed	2:38	2.8	4:04	1.6
25 Thu	9:47	8.7	11:02	6.8	25 Thu	3:33	3.0	4:54	1.0
26 Fri	10:29	9.0	11:53	7.2	26 Fri	4:25	3.2	5:39	0.4
27 Sat	11:10	9.2			27 Sat	5:14	3.2	6:22	-0.1
28 Sun	0:40	7.5			28 Sun	6:01	3.2	7:02	-0.4
29 Mon	1:24	7.8	12:32	9.6	29 Mon	6:46	3.1	7:41	-0.7
30 Tue	2:07	8.0	1:14	9.7	30 Tue	7:31	3.0	8:20	-0.8
31 Wed	2:48	8.2	1:59	9.6	31 Wed	8:17	2.9	8:59	-0.8

BASEBALL

Next year begins in a few months and the Cubs have some serious karma to work out. There is a famous piece about a Cub game in 1917 against the Reds, in the Fireside Book of Baseball. It seems Jim Vaughn was pitching for the Chicago nine and Fred Tooney pitched for Cincinnati that day. It was a no hitter for both pitchers. But the Cubs still managed to lose 1 to 0. This has been going on a long time. Will we start this year better than last year? Can we start worse? Will we get Davey Johnson, Jim Leyland? Will Grace be at first, will Sosa be back, will Harry?



Will the last person in the tunnel turn out the light?
Graffiti in Saigon 1973



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