

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 11

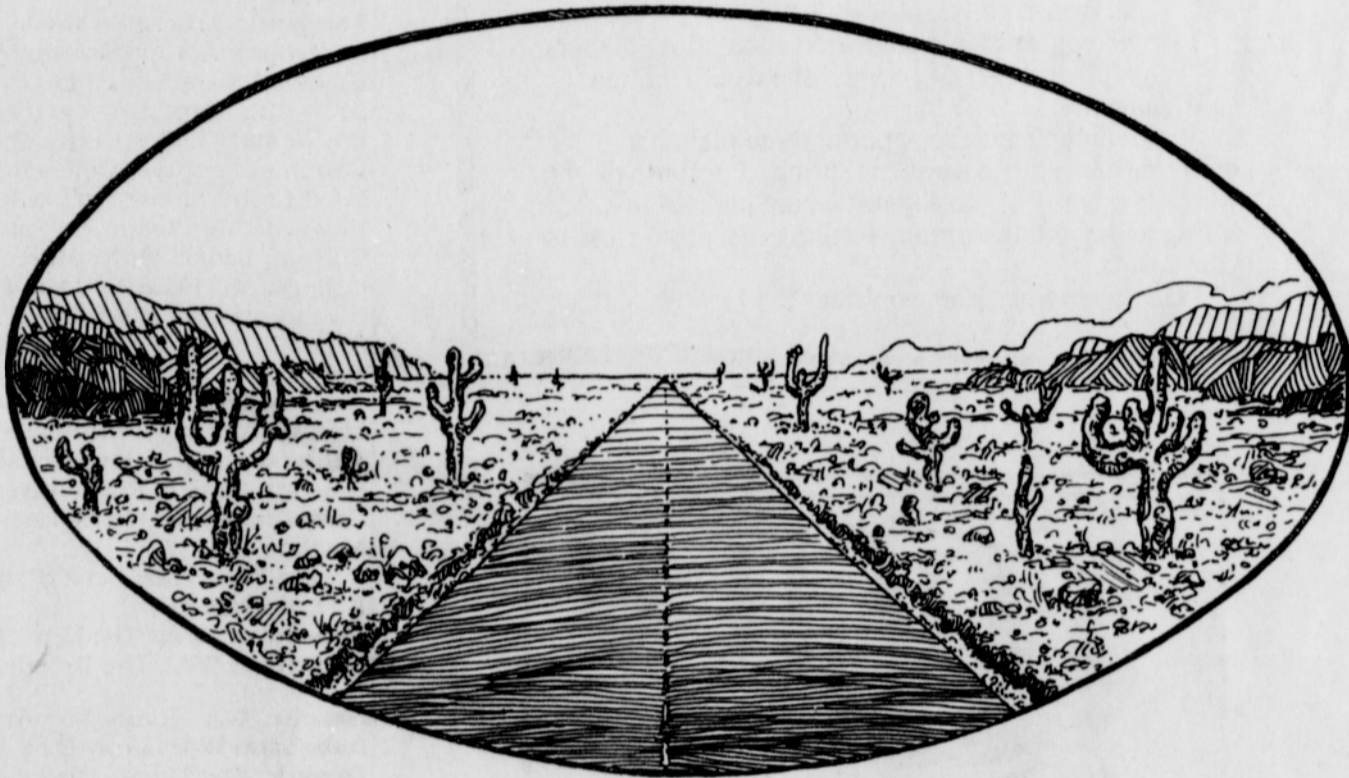
APRIL 1999

FREE!

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“The road goes on forever,
and the party never ends.”

Robert Earl Keen, Jr.



MOONS & TIDES

WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS
1999 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

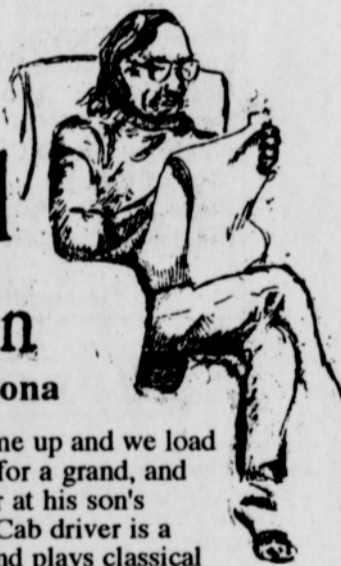
DATE	MOON	HIGH APRIL				LOW APRIL			
		TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1 Thur	●	0:35	8.5	12:53	8.0	6:55	0.5	7:02	0.8
2 Fri	●	1:04	8.5	1:33	7.8	7:32	0.3	7:33	1.2
3 Sat	●	1:31	8.4	2:13	7.5	8:07	0.3	8:03	1.6
DAYLIGHT TIME STARTS 2 A.M.									
4 SUN	●	2:57	8.4	3:54	7.2	9:41	0.3	9:33	2.0
5 Mon	●	3:23	8.2	4:38	6.8	10:16	0.4	10:06	2.5
6 Tues	●	3:54	8.1	5:28	6.4	10:55	0.6	10:46	2.9
7 Wed	●	4:32	7.8	6:28	6.2	11:41	0.8	11:36	3.3
8 Thur	●	5:20	7.5	7:36	6.1	12:41	1.0
9 Fri	●	6:24	7.2	8:42	6.3	0:43	3.5	1:51	1.1
10 Sat	●	7:43	7.0	9:39	6.7	2:02	3.5	2:59	0.9
11 SUN	●	9:01	7.2	10:28	7.2	3:16	3.0	3:58	0.7
12 Mon	●	10:07	7.5	11:10	7.8	4:18	2.4	4:49	0.4
13 Tues	●	11:06	7.9	11:49	8.3	5:12	1.6	5:34	0.3
14 Wed	●	12:01	8.2	6:02	0.8	6:17	0.3
15 Thur	●	0:27	8.8	12:53	8.4	6:50	0.0	7:00	0.4
16 Fri	●	1:04	9.2	1:44	8.4	7:36	0.6	7:42	0.7
17 Sat	●	1:42	9.5	2:36	8.3	8:23	-1.1	8:25	1.0
18 SUN	●	2:22	9.6	3:29	8.0	9:11	-1.3	9:10	1.5
19 Mon	●	3:04	9.5	4:25	7.6	10:02	-1.2	9:58	2.0
20 Tues	●	3:50	9.1	5:26	7.2	10:56	-0.8	10:53	2.4
21 Wed	●	4:42	8.6	6:31	7.0	11:55	-0.4	11:57	2.8
22 Thur	●	5:45	7.9	7:40	6.9	1:01	0.0
23 Fri	●	7:00	7.4	8:45	7.2	1:12	2.9	2:10	0.3
24 Sat	●	8:20	7.1	9:43	7.5	2:29	2.7	3:15	0.5
25 SUN	●	9:32	7.1	10:32	7.9	3:40	2.2	4:11	0.5
26 Mon	●	10:34	7.3	11:13	8.3	4:40	1.5	4:59	0.6
27 Tues	●	11:26	7.4	11:50	8.5	5:31	0.9	5:41	0.8
28 Wed	●	12:14	7.5	6:15	0.4	6:19	1.0
29 Thur	●	0:23	8.6	12:58	7.5	6:56	0.1	6:54	1.3
30 Fri	●	0:54	8.6	1:39	7.5	7:34	0.2	7:28	1.7

AM TIDES • BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING® PM TIDES
LITE TYPE STANDARD TIME THRU APRIL 3 BOLD TYPE

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then

Downloading Arizona



So, Okay, Mike comes and picks me up and we load his car down with stuff, hit the bank for a grand, and head off to Portland. We park his car at his son's house, and go to a bar to call a cab. Cab driver is a biker, who lets us smoke in the cab and plays classical music so you can hear it. We get to the car rental place at the airport, get the usual hassle and find our costs doubled by "insurance" we pay after they run Mike's card through five or six times. Finally after a false start we get a Maroon Miata Mirage, with a tape deck. I slip Beethoven in the deck and we hit I-5. About Roseburg playing John Prine, we started to get hungry, and yes, I started to get thirsty. We drove around, actually stopped at four places, had a beer and coffee at one, but decided it might be better in Grants Pass. Back on the umbilical cord, finally at around eight or nine we found a place called something Irish, but it had a country band in the next room (mercifully the door was closed), a grown-up woman for a waitress, and served breakfast all night.

We then cut off to Cave Junction, where we stayed at the local motel, which will remain nameless. We found a tavern across the street, with the world's loudest jukebox, in the world's smallest bar. Mike gave up early, but I sat for a few and pretended to watch sports on TV. The next morning I got up and went across the street again, where one of the Upper Left Edge outlets is to be found in Cave Junction: Coffee Haven. It's basically an espresso stand. I gave them one of our books, and introduced myself. The young woman behind the counter said something like, "Oh, yea, cool." I paid for my coffee and left. Then we headed for the Redwoods, with Miles Davis on the deck.

We stopped at the "Simpson Grove". I have said a lot of nasty things about logging companies in my time, and I still think they were well deserved, but still, I must thank the Simpson Co. or family, or whomever saved those particular trees. Yes, they are special, holy, humbling; no words describe what they feel like when you are among them. We even drove by the Pacific Lumber mill. You know that story, they were the folks who owned most of the Redwoods for the last maybe fifty years. They did a pretty good job of cutting without raping, until this junk bond trader came along and did a hostile takeover, and told them to cut it all in five years. Which led to protests which led to the death of an Earth First! kid, and finally lead to the Feds buying the Headwaters forest for just about the amount the junk bond dealer owed the Feds for defrauding investors. And in part that is why we came this way.

I've mentioned Bruce Anderson and the Anderson Valley Advertiser before. Well, since we were in the neighborhood I thought we should drop by and thank

him for distributing the Edge in Boonville, and tell him that we thought he had the bravest paper in America, and that he deserved the Pulitzer for his five part series on the Burning of Ft. Bragg, and his work on the Judi Bari story. I urge anyone who believes in a free press to subscribe to the Anderson Valley Advertiser. It costs \$38 a year and they need it. Send it to AVA Box 459, 12451 Anderson Valley Way, Boonville, CA 95415. Do it now.

On the map Boonville looked like a piece of cake. Around four thirty we stopped in Laytonville. I spotted a tavern, and we parked. Inside, we asked about food and beer and smoking. Food, the veteran waitress told us, could be found at the hamburger stand in the parking lot across the street, and we were welcome to bring it back, and she would provide the beer; smoking, on the other hand, this being California, was not allowed inside, but... the local health officials, who apparently enforce this latest prohibition, made it clear from the get go that they were off at five PM, and so... We regretfully couldn't wait because we were off to Boonville. (To be continued; Downloading Arizona: The Road to Boonville)

BASEBALL

Oh, Cubbies. Well, your beloved editor arrived at Spring Training just as the last chapter of the Kerry Wood saga came to an end for this year. No, not the chapter about his throwing out his elbow, the last chapter, where he was busted for peeing in public. Yes, a little more maturity is needed by Mr. Woods. The Cubs need a lot more pitching, and there isn't a lot available, even if the front office was willing to spend money, which it apparently isn't. The Cubs will have their usual bats swinging for the ivy, Sosa, Grace, and a few more, but without pitching when the regular season starts, well, with the basement of the Cactus League as a starting point, 'Doomat of the National League' seems to be a position that that we might reclaim this year. Yes, it is a dirty shame. After briefly visiting the post season last year, and having the homerun derby, and "The Kid" coming back, Die Hard Cubs fans once again thought this could be the year. But then there is 'the curse'.

Is there anything to look forward to? Well, yes, we did see some hope for the future. A 19 yr. old left hander, who could throw strikes, and a few minor leaguers worth watching. Derrick White was very impressive. This is the kind of guy you have to call a 'professional baseball player', at thirty years old he has spent his career in the minors. He plays left field like it was a pool table, all the balls find the pocket in his glove. He faced every pitch with his eyes open and hit 'em were they ain't. If there was a hole in the infield or the outfield, that is where Mr. White would place his shot. In the last game we watched, they took him out of left field, to get a look at a rookie. And to our surprise they put him at first base. He did the job he was given. Nothing got by him. If we were coaching, Derrick White would be our starting left fielder this year. Of course the story this year is Sammy Sosa, his homeruns, and his newly acquired 'bow' to the fans after each homerun. Some pitchers have taken umbrage and have called it 'showboating'. Sammy says he learned it in Japan, and that it is meant to show respect to the fans. Well, the Japanese don't yell at the umpire, or throw at a batter's head. And if Sosa intends to survive this season, we suggest he show some respect to the guy throwing the ninety mile an hour curveball at him. One day Sammy Sosa hit two home runs, one cleared the scoreboard and the berm, and went six rows into the parking lot. As we were leaving the stadium, in front of us was a father with his two boys, about five and seven years old. One wore a worn and faded red ball cap with a Cubs sticker on the front. He said to his father, "Sosa hit a couple of home runs, just like you said, Dad. One of them went all the way over into that parking lot." He said, pointing, "Ya think we should go get it, Dad?"

The rest of the team is working hard, but with the usual exception of Mark Grace, there isn't much there, there. Glenn Allen Hill is a fine example of potential with no production. We watched him slip and fall on his butt during routine pop ups, dropping the ball out of his glove, and hit like he was playing work-up with his girlfriend. We suggest bringing White up and sending Hill down.

It looks like a tough but interesting year for the team, the managers, the front office and the fans. Go Cubbies!

Retire is being tired twice, I've thought. First tired of working, then tired of not. Richard Armour



UPPER LEFT EDGE APRIL 1999