

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2945 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ www.upperleftedge.com

It is never too late to give up your prejudices.

-- Henry David Thoreau

Downloading Arizona Concluded

Temporary Tempe

After being forced back on the freeway to Needles, we checked the map (1972 National Geographic) and decided we would follow the Colorado river along the California / Arizona border on the Arizona side. (You can smoke in bars in Arizona) We eventually found ourselves in Lake Havasu where there are no buildings over thirty years old, and, if you want, you can see the London Bridge. We didn't want. You can also see the banks of the once mighty Colorado River turned into lakefront property for folks with too much money in their pockets and time on their hands.

"How many forks to Phoenix?" Mike asked. This might sound like an odd question, but when we were eating the first night in Grants Pass we discovered that the average fork was the equivalent of forty miles on our map's scale. So using a fork like a navigator would use a compass we could quickly measure the miles. We decided to crash outside of Phoenix because it was at least one fork too much for Mike. We stopped at the local Motel 6, and in this case it was six ten dollar bills, not six ones for a night's lodging. Broker and wiser, the next morning we rolled into Tempe. Tempe is a University town. Our Microtel was on University Ave. Its swimming pool was about the size of Personal Assault Vehicle but it didn't take Mike long to take up residence with his cigarettes, suntan lotion and Elmore Leonard paperbacks. I put in a call to the one person I knew in Tempe. A young woman I had met at Bill's one evening.

Like a lot of older gentlemen I have been known to glance at an attractive younger woman upon her entrance at the local tavern. This woman required more than a glance on my part. She was attractive, yes, but not as they say drop-dead beautiful, a slight figured short haired blonde woman wearing glasses and comfortable clothing. I felt like a good friend whom I had never met had just walked in. And sure enough she sat down on the empty barstool next to me and ordered a garden burger. Feeling as I do, that we here in Cannon Beach should be friendly to all of our guests, I said something witty and intelligent like, "Come here often?" She gave me that indulgent but disappointed look that young women save just for old fools, but then smiled and said she used to visit Cannon Beach with her family, and had decided to stop off on her way south. "Arizona," she answered when I asked another profound question. I just about blurted out, "Tempe?" but held my tongue, deciding perhaps I should put more thought into my questions since I was several barley pops to the wind. "Tempe, actually," she said. So then I smiled and we stopped sparring, and started talking. She told me her name, and why she was going to Tempe, and neither one of those is any of your business. And then we talked some more and she finished her burger, and we talked some more, until she finally said, "Well, I've got to get back on the road." I put out my hand and said it was a pleasure. She took out a notebook and said, "Can I have your address?" Well, I wrote my address, phone number, e-mail address and web site address, and was trying to remember my social security number while she wrote down her address and phone number in Tempe.

I wrote her and called, and started sending her the paper, and she called back and I said I was coming to Tempe for Spring Training, and bringing Uncle Mike, and would like her to meet him. She said she would like me to meet her new boyfriend.

So, I called her, and she had the flu and said maybe we could get together in a day or two. That left only one option. Long Wong's. On our last visit to Tempe ten years before a young woman took Mike & I to Long Wong's, a bar whose motto was, "Real people having real fun." It's a small, friendly place that has live music every night and as good a staff as you could ask for. The current manager, a woman named Sara from Texas, has been there for nine years, and the bouncer was the same guy who was there ten years ago, always a good sign. I always feel better when I walk into a bar, if the bartender is a little wary, and gives me that look that says, "You are welcome to drink here, but we aren't going to have any trouble, are we?" I've found that with a strange bartender it is best to tip as soon as you are served your first drink. (And always remember Uncle Mike's Motto: If it doesn't fold, it's not a tip.) Sensing that I was harmless the staff became friendly, and Long Wong's became my bar of choice in Tempe. Oh, it's true I did wander about and Mike did drag me into the local Hooters, because as he said, "We're on vacation, and no one we know will see us." Let it be said here, that as one who respects women, and has fought for the

equal rights amendment, it was a little embarrassing. Especially when what looked like a grandfather, son and grandson (age ten or so) sat down next to us. The grandfather was looking bored, the grandson was looking as embarrassed as I was, and the son was, well just looking.

The woman who was obviously managing the waitresses was probably in her early thirties, attractive, (he said, redundantly) and seemed to have skills that would arouse envy in a Marine drill sergeant. I sipped my beer and watched the waitresses work the room, which was filled with (surprise!) mostly men. Yes, they smiled, leaned over tables, made grown men blush and stammer, and were leered at as they walked about in their push-up or Wonder Bras. It made me wonder who was being exploited by whom. After I finally dragged Mike out to the street, it was back to Long Wong's for me. I somehow prefer live music to scantily clad women. Mike headed back to the pool to rest for tomorrow's baseball game, his first in ten years.

The day dawned bright and sunny, the temperature was climbing, and we were barely awake when Mr. Logan arrived with Janea in tow. They had flown down for our Tuesday poker game on Ron's part, and Cubs baseball on Janca's part. She is even more of a Cubs fan than I am. She knows Mark Grace, she has sat on Harry Caray's lap, and she can keep score. Needless to say we get along famously. After a short drive that took a long time because the closer you got to the stadium the more it looked like a slowly moving parking lot, we arrived at Ho Ho Kam, the new springtime home of the Chicago Cubs. Ten years ago on our last visit the stadium was the kind of Triple A ballpark you would expect to see in Eastern Washington or South Carolina, an aging wooden structure with grass berms beyond the outfield fences, filled with folks on blankets drinking beer and burning their winter white bodies to a crisp. The new stadium is all concrete and has tons of bathrooms and concessions, and a VIP hospitality suite, and fancy scoreboard, and a Cubs store where I went immediately to buy two hats, one for me and one for the Professor. (Don't ask, I would never tell a man's hat size. It's much too personal, and in some cases very embarrassing.) Then, as Ron, Janea and a surly Uncle Mike went off to find the seats, I went to the VIP window to collect my press credentials. Yes, as I have already explained to the IRS, this was all work for me. The sticker I put on the back of my laminated Upper Left Edge Press Pass said "Good for admittance to CLUBHOUSES * FIELD * PRESS BOX * MEDIA DINING ROOM ONLY!" NO Autographs * Not Transferable. Subject to Conditions. Ah, the joys of owning a newspaper. It was dated March 14th, Einstein's birthday. I wandered up to the Press Box, but didn't take out my clip board to take notes; most of the guys there were either typing on their laptops or talking on their cell phones or both. Pretty boring. I decided to find the others and enjoy the game.

When I got to the aluminum bleacher seats blazing in the sun, and finally spotted Mike's Panama sticking out amongst the Cubs hats, it was already the third inning, and even though it was barely one in the afternoon Mike was clutching a cold beer. "Remember Bakersfield," I said, "You asked me to remind you." He meekly handed over the beer, which to my delight turned out to be Bud. Ron and Mike are, to put it mildly, not baseball fans. Mike came along just for the pool time, and Ron was here for poker. That left Janea and I to coach them on what was going on and why it was important. It didn't do much good -- they became very cranky by the seventh inning and couldn't seem to understand why there was no time limit on this game. Well, to make a painfully long story short, the Cubs lost, and we headed for the Resort where Ron and Janea and the Cubs were staying. We were at a motel, and they were at a resort because they have real jobs and credit cards. After slipping into a Gin and Tonic, and watching Mike order several Jack Daniels, (he pointed out to me that I was only to remind him about drinking beer, damn it!) Janea and I decided we would leave them to their own devices and go to the game together tomorrow. After the cheering died down, we settled in for dinner and a few more libations.

The following day Bob had arrived, and when we met them for coffee and bloody Marys in the morning it was decided that while Janea and I were at the game the three of them would take a side trip to the desert and see some place called Apache Lake. Janea and I had a lovely time, yelling, screaming, watching Sammy Sosa hit home runs, drinking beer, chatting with other fans. A truly wonderful day. So when we got back to the bar at the Resort we were contentedly smiling when three specters of death sat down. Their eyes were bugging out and Mike was muttering over and over, "One thousand feet down. No guard rail, one thousand feet down, no guard rail."



WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS
1999 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	MOON	HIGH JUNE				LOW JUNE			
		TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1 Tues	•	1:45	8.5	3:26	7.0	8:56	0.6	8:45	2.9
2 Wed	•	2:18	8.4	4:06	7.0	9:29	0.5	9:24	3.0
3 Thur	•	2:55	8.2	4:48	6.9	10:03	0.3	10:07	3.1
4 Fri	•	3:37	7.9	5:32	7.0	10:42	0.1	10:57	3.1
5 Sat	•	4:26	7.6	6:20	7.1	11:26	0.1	11:57	3.0
6 SUN	•	5:27	7.1	7:11	7.4	•••••	•••••	12:17	0.4
7 Mon	•	6:43	6.7	8:02	7.7	1:07	2.7	1:15	0.8
8 Tues	•	8:05	6.5	8:52	8.1	2:18	2.1	2:15	1.0
9 Wed	•	9:22	6.6	9:40	8.7	3:25	1.3	3:15	1.3
10 Thur	•	10:30	6.9	10:26	9.1	4:26	0.3	4:12	1.5
11 Fri	•	11:33	7.2	11:12	9.5	5:22	0.6	5:06	1.7
12 Sat	•	12:31	7.4	11:59	9.7	6:15	1.3	6:00	1.9
13 SUN	•	•••••	•••••	1:26	7.6	7:06	1.8	6:53	2.0
14 Mon	•	0:46	9.8	2:20	7.7	7:56	2.0	7:46	2.1
15 Tues	•	1:35	9.6	3:12	7.8	8:45	2.0	8:39	2.2
16 Wed	•	2:24	9.3	4:03	7.8	9:33	1.7	9:33	2.3
17 Thur	•	3:15	8.8	4:53	7.7	10:21	1.2	10:30	2.4
18 Fri	•	4:09	8.1	5:44	7.7	11:08	0.7	11:30	2.4
19 Sat	•	5:08	7.4	6:35	7.7	11:57	0.0	•••••	•••••
20 SUN	•	6:14	6.8	7:26	7.8	0:34	2.3	12:48	0.6
21 Mon	•	7:25	6.3	8:16	7.9	1:41	2.0	1:41	1.1
22 Tues	•	8:37	6.1	9:02	8.0	2:47	1.6	2:35	1.6
23 Wed	•	9:43	6.1	9:45	8.2	3:47	1.1	3:27	1.9
24 Thur	•	10:42	6.3	10:25	8.3	4:40	0.5	4:16	2.2
25 Fri	•	11:34	6.5	11:02	8.4	5:27	0.0	5:02	2.4
26 Sat	•	12:22	6.7	11:38	8.5	6:09	0.4	5:46	2.6
27 SUN	•	•••••	•••••	1:06	6.8	6:49	0.6	6:28	2.7
28 Mon	•	0:14	8.5	1:48	7.0	7:27	0.8	7:09	2.8
29 Tues	•	0:49	8.5	2:28	7.0	8:02	0.8	7:49	2.8
30 Wed	•	1:25	8.4	3:06	7.1	8:36	0.8	8:28	2.8

A.M. TIDES • BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING® P.M. TIDES
LITE TYPE DAYLIGHT TIME BOLD TYPE

It seems the lake they visited was accessed only by a narrow gravel road that wound through the mountains. "Worse than Boonville!" Mike said when his eye finally began to focus, "much worse." Bob, being a little more mature, was able to laugh about it now that they were safe in the friendly confines of a bar. According to Ron the only thing that saved them was the fact that he had rented a four wheel drive personal assault vehicle. "That is one of the few roads that they are justified on, and there they should be mandatory," he mumbled, his hand still shaking enough to make the ice in his drink tinkle.

Janea and I and the bartender were finally able to calm them down enough to turn their thought to the poker game. Since we still only had four players we put in a desperate call to Bill's Tavern and threatened Darrin's life if he didn't get on a plane that minute, but alas to no avail. He had some dumb excuse about work and poverty. The game was typical, I lost. The next night we took Bob's car, a fancy white convertible, and had dinner at a fancy restaurant because Lynn, Professor Lindsey's niece, was working there. We surprised her, and made her wait on us, and generally acted like tourists. I really don't think our behavior that night has anything to do with the fact that she no longer works there.

Did I mention that it was Spring Break in Tempe? The college town was even more full of college kids than usual,

(continued on page 5)



BASEBALL

A quarter of the way into the season, Sosa has a quarter of the homeruns he hit last year, and the Cubs are in second place in their division. They just got a veteran reliever and our pitching is looking good -- could this be the year? Go Cubbies!!!

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