

A TALE OF TWO 'TENDERS

Well, I've never been to Springers
But Stone Harbor fondness lingers
Three summers strong, I can attest
It's true, the Seashore at its Best.

Served the guests at Hahn's Restaurant
"Order, please, whatever you want"
Lobster, lime pie, a libation?
Have a seat at Hahn's, you're on vacation.

Forty-eight years ago, you know
Hahn's and Henny's, the spots to go
Come meet two guys from Hahn's Backroom
Serving up drinks, folks would consume.

Tables circled the bar that was square
Stationed at each end, quite a pair
North end post was Bill Robinson's
South end: Ed Bailey. Hahn's big guns.

Opposite berths, polar archetypes
Same bar gig, men of disparate stripes
Mr. Robinson was Errol Flynn
Mr. Bailey, more Jackie Gleason.

Bill's bar: ordered, neat as a pin
Ed's: less so, "where the heck is the gin?"
Each style, unyielding, not supple
Forged through grit o'er years. Hahn's odd couple.

They packed the place at summer's peak
(Least concern – bartender's technique)
Souls bellied up to Bailey's bar
Tickled to catch this "on the rocks" star.

Ed's "everyman" charm masked foibles
Each summer returned the "loyals"
Ed was jolly, serving up cheer
IF, orders were mixed drinks, shots, beer.

His mood could shift just a teeny
When asked to make a martini
Stir, shake, add fruit, not his strong suit
Nor fun to watch him execute.

Ah! But Bill Robinson rejoiced
If cocktails were the patrons' choice
Balanced, artistic precision
From shaker to glass, a vision.

Not shy to showcase this talent
Yet his air - dignified, gallant
A master mixologist? perhaps
Surely a dashing display; snaps.

Each had their own swagger, appeal
Unique quirks that could seal the deal
Ed's were many, but one I'll share
A classic case of rank warfare.

After closing came Bailey's stunt
'Tenders from Hahn's long bar upfront
Young men who would neatly made stacks
Of quarters earned breaking their backs.

Nearly done, tips piled up, stable
Up comes Bailey to the table
With one big bump mounds are broken
Nary a peep, no words spoken.

Need bills for coins, restack's begun
And pray Ed Bailey's had his fun
We waitresses watch and took heed
Hiding amusement at this deed.

While carried out much less, than more
“Bailey’s Bump”: established Hahn’s lore
Young bartenders bowed to the pro
From Hahn’s Backroom, tip your chapeau.

That was not Bill Robinson’s way
Cool as a cuke, he skipped horseplay
Both new fans and regulars all
Drank in his skill with alcohol.

Measuring, muddling, his expertise
Shake, strain, stir, add a twist? yes please
Bill was a true virtuoso
The technician of Hahn’s combo.

And to this memorable duo
Sweet Stone Harbor thoughts I do owe
Bill in his crisp white shirt looked sleek
Ed’s “relaxed” look matched his physique.

Additional folks come to mind
As my flashbacks to Hahn's unwind
Awesome "meet-ups" as a waitress
Dare I say, "brushes with greatness".

Early one evening, one such delight
A pleasant pair out for a bite
Lobster was on their agenda
Mr. and Mrs. John Facenda.

Some shifts I worked beside briefly
The most poised waitress you'd e're see
A Rosemont student, soon to be
Pat Ciarrocchi of Channel 3.

And that busy barboy named Scott
(Who knew he'd sire a big shot?)
Cordial, "gentlemanly" the word
Now dad to a swift songbird.

Such encounters hold second place
To the two gents from Hahn's back space
I'll never forget their contrast
Entertaining fun unsurpassed.

Summer treasures, Stone Harbor-grade
Gentlemen, gems, this twosome made
Laughs, good times, unavoidable
And Hahn's life so enjoyable.

That's "How I spent my Hahn's summers"
Sorry, Stone Harbor newcomers
Can't visit this fabled icon
Like its buddy Henny's, it's
gone.

Rose Marie Seekamp

Adult

