

Gene,

I apologize for getting you involved in this. I was hoping I could warn the chipping community myself, but after researching the below chips, I am now in fear for my very life.

PLEASE... if something happens to me, I need you to post this IOTD ASAP! It is VERY important that word gets out quickly in case some of these chips have already found their way into the hobby.

Thank you Gene. You may be the hobby's last and only hope.

Ed Hertel

Ladies and gentlemen, today's IOTD is not meant to entertain, but to be taken as a dire warning about what I believe to be CURSED chips. Yes, you heard that right – CURSED CHIPS!!! People, I believe that after you read the below story that you will have no choice but to believe what I say.

Let me start at the beginning.

A few days ago, on a cold and rainy morning, I was awoken by an unearthly moaning sound coming from the direction of my front porch. Fearing that someone was hurt, I hurriedly rushed outside only to find a solitary little box on my doorstep. Inspecting the package, I found no address label nor any sign of who might have left it there. Upon opening the box I found stacks of casino chips, consisting of four colors, all with the same hot stamped "86" on both sides. A cold chill ran down my spine.

I did what I always do when I find new unknown chips – I started researching. If only I knew then what I know now, I would have forgotten that I ever found the chips and burned them on the spot. But no... I couldn't do that. I'm a chip researcher and with that comes great responsibility. Was it smart? Probably not. But darn it that's what I do! The word "hero" gets bandied about a lot...

Oh yea, back to the story.



Records for the chips show that they were ordered in 1974 by a George Heiden at the 86 Tavern, 86 E Sherman, Lebanon, Oregon. There were 1000 chips ordered, and yes, every single one of them was in the box on my doorstep. After over forty years not one chip was missing. It was as if breaking up the set was impossible. They belonged together. They are one.

With the information provided from the Mason records, I started digging into this 86 Tavern in Lebanon, Oregon. What I found was as horrifying as it was tragic. I feel the need to warn the general audience now that the story you are about to read is the truth and probably too graphic for the faint of heart. I take no personal responsibility for what happens after this point. You have been warned.

The 86 Tavern tasted blood for the first time in December 1948. It was then that a man named Otis Burr found out that this bar was not a place for a good time, but instead the playground of the devil himself! One night while imbibing on a few beverages, Otis was pulled to the ground violently, slamming his body into a stool causing "serious injury to both body and nerves" to the point he couldn't even work anymore. Of course he "claims" that he slipped on some spilled beer, but what else is he going to say in his \$10,000 lawsuit against the owners James Meyers and Roy Severson? You can't sue a demon.

Otis' lawsuit would drag on for a year, but his fate was set the second he walked through the tavern door. There would be no settlement. The courts, obviously seeing right through the "spilt beer" claim, dismissed the case and sent Otis home. Once touched by the devil though, there is no going back. In the years to come, his house was robbed and eventually burned down. And to prove the harshness of the curse, Mr Otis Burr, poor soul, eventually passes away.

There would be a string of owners of the 86 Tavern over the 1950s – Bruce Baker (sold 1952), Jack Walton (sold 1954), Cecil Gantenbein (sold in 1958) and Clint Anderson (sold 1959). There is no doubt in my mind that these innocent and brave men were driven from the bar by malevolent forces far beyond their control. What other possible explanation could there be?

One man however took control of the 86 Tavern and refused to be bullied out of his bar. His name was Lester "Red" Cosner and unfortunately for him, the fifty year old owner would soon find that his nickname was ironically fitting.

On June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1959, evil would once again prey upon the 86 Tavern in the form of a drunkard named Ivan Dale Hetland. The young 25 year old was an appropriate form for the devil. The ex-convict was a repeat customer of the 86 Tavern and had been thrown out for fighting the night prior. On this day, he had returned and continued his hard drinking and general menace.

"Red" Cosner decided that enough was enough. He took Hetland's beer and ordering him to leave. Hetland in turn, summoned the strength of the dark side and let loose a tremendous punch that cracked across Cosner's face, sending him flying backwards and violently smashing his head on the ground. The impact was so severe that the bar owner was rushed to the hospital where emergency brain surgery was

required to try to save him. Unfortunately, Red's fate had been sealed ever since he signed the papers for the bar. After spending a couple weeks in a coma, Cosner passed away.

## Injuries Take Life of Man Hurt in Fight

Statesman News Service

LEBANON—Tavern owner Lester T. (Red) Cosner, 50, of Lebanon, died Thursday in a Eugene hospital of head injuries received June 5 in a fight in his tavern.

Cosner had been in a coma since he struck his head on a bar rail while trying to remove a customer.

Manslaughter charges are expected to be filed Friday against Ivan Dale Hetland, 25, Lebanon, according to Courtney Johns, Linn County District Attorney. Hetland is in jail in Albany on an earlier charge of assault with intent to kill.

Cosner was owner of the 86 Tavern on Sherman street in Lebanon. Since the accident the tavern was sold to Howard Haynes and Bob R. Hansen.

Surprisingly, Ivan Dale Hetland did not say the devil made him do it (which clearly was the case), but instead plead guilty to manslaughter charges and was given a ten year sentence.

The 86 Tavern had claimed another victim, but unfortunately it was still hungry.

Cosner's widow knew the score and wasted no time in selling the tavern. While her husband was lying unconscious, dying, in the hospital, she had the ownership transferred to two locals named Howard Haynes and Robert Hansen. It would be a mistake they would very soon regret.

After what I can only imagine was two years of haunted insanity, Robert Hansen, half owner of the cursed 86 Tavern, was pushed over the edge. In November 1961, friends went to Bob's house when they became worried that hadn't seen him in days. They found him sitting in his car, a garden hose leading from the tail pipe into the window. He had been dead for a couple days.

Readers of the local paper, innocently searching for details about the evening's Al Jolson black-faced show at the local junior high school, were subjected to the gory details:

## Shades of Al Jolson



An evening of rollicking, tinseltown entertainment is the goal of an Albany musical group tonight when the Albany Choristers present their sideline Minstrel Show at the Junior High school auditorium. Blackface artist De Vere Pischi is just one of the entertainers scheduled to perform. The show will start at 8 o'clock tonight. A second performance is scheduled Saturday at the Elks Lodge, also at 8 o'clock. Tickets are on sale at the door both nights. (See story, page 3.)

## Apparent Suicide Noted at Lebanon

LEBANON—A Lebanon man was found dead in his car this morning, apparently the victim of suicide, according to Police Chief Karel Hyer.

He was Robert Hansen, 36, 497 W. Ash St., owner of the 86 Tavern at 86 East Sherman St.

Chief of Police Karel Hyer said that a garden hose was found leading from the exhaust pipe into the car which was parked in the garage. He said that the engine of the car was cold and the gas tank was empty.

No suicide notes were found by 12:30 p.m. today.

Hyer said that the body was discovered by Alfred Bates, Glen Faulkner and Evelyn Sitch, all of Lebanon, who went to the house to investigate after not having seen Hansen for the past few days.

Linn County Medical Examiner John Guepe and deputies from the sheriff's office were helping Lebanon police with the investigation.

Another victim of the curse of the 86 Tavern.

It is here that the story of the 86 Tavern goes dark. It's as if the bar was somehow removed from history – perhaps on purpose, perhaps...

I spoke to a librarian named Alice at the Lebanon library and she confirmed that George Heiden from the chip order did indeed own the 86 Tavern in the 1970s. His involvement with gambling is not reported, but one thousand chips is a little more than is needed for a small friendly game.

In 1977, the bar changed its name to “Curt's 86 Tavern”, so George must have moved on (one way or another).

I was going to ask for more information but the phone suddenly went dead. When I immediately called back, I was told there was nobody named Alice working there – at least not since the tragic fire three years earlier. The person on the other line refused to talk about anything related to the 86 Tavern and quickly hung up.

Now people, I know what you are thinking... you're thinking that these events could be explained by other, perhaps real-world, reasons. Maybe any one of them in isolation could, but taken as a whole, I think there can only be one true explanation – PURE EVIL!

Today, the address for the 86 Tavern is vacant. The white painted front with the cute little green awning betrays the horrors within. If you are ever in Lebanon, Oregon, I implore you to stay away from East Sherman Street. Although the danger is clear, the temptation is strong. Evil is best left alone – closed behind sealed doors.



So my friends, I submit to you my research as a warning. If you should come across any of these chips, PLEASE just walk away. I fear that even telling you this story might endanger your soul, but I think it is important that you are warned. You never know if one day the chips will show up on YOUR doorstep.

The "86" chips are sitting next to me as I write this. Although I know they make no sound, I can hear (or feel) a faint hum emanating from them -- as if they are projecting straight into my head. They tell me things. Frightening things.

My note:

Happy Friday the 13th from Ed Hertel and the "Illegal Of The Day" Team.