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March – April 2017

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The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

Russian Hill Upholstery & Décor is still located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill.

XXXXXXXXXX

It's been more than six months now since The Joint, a barber shop at 1014 Larkin was opened by Walter Bishop-Jones, AKA Barber Walters. And ever since they've opened, I've been promising the lovely Emma Buchanan, the director of operations there, to write about the extraordinary number of barber shops we have in Nob Hill. And I would if I wasn't so busy with my other business (and if this was a half-way decent publication).

A quick search: The aforementioned The Joint on the aforementioned 1014 Larkin, 1512 Barber Shop on 1512 Pine, Metropolitan Barber Shop on 1018 Bush, Gentlemen's Barber Shop on 878 Bush, and Peoples Barber Shop on 1259 Polk. (I'll bet this list is incomplete.)

XXXXXXXXXX

This is the March/April 2017 issue of the SF Herald, and 18 years ago, in the March/April 1999 issue of the SF Herald, there was an article called "Fetish Turf War" which was about shops that sold leather and other items to the fetish and bondage crowd. Two of the stores mentioned were in the same location on Sutter off of Polk: Felicity's Fetish (upstairs) and Foot Worship (downstairs).

From that article:

Just over a year ago, Hank Wolny, a self-described bored retiree, opened Foot Worship. It sure is a change from his previous job of running a housing company and pre-cut lumber operation.

Hank remembers his calling.

"After I retired I was bored, and shoes have always been a fetish. I enjoy seeing high-heeled shoes on ladies and decided to incorporate it into

business. It's been fun. The customers have been a delight."

I ran into Felicity recently and she mentioned that Hank was retiring right about the time this issue comes out. Something about moving to Wyoming because he likes Dick Cheney. Go buy some pumps before Hank rides off into the sunset.

15 years ago in the March/April 2002 issue of the SF Herald there was a blurb about "Jack" dying. He was the hobo who used to hang around the Sutter/Taylor area. The owner of Yaketty Yak Café (which sadly met the same fate as Jack) allowed a heartfelt shrine to Jack there which consisted of a table holding cards signed by the café regulars, a bottle of Michelob, two roses, a Tower of Power album, and a picture of the deceased by an artist named Jaehoon Han.

There was another painting on the wall of the café of Jack flipping the bird by an artist named David Lee. It won first prize at some place in New York. The place sent David two tickets to pick up the prize in the Big Apple - one for David and one for Jack.

Jack had died of his third heart attack. The café owner mentioned that Jack always had his heart attacks during the holiday season.

Near the end of his life Jack got religious and slept on the steps of Grace Cathedral.

Fiction is Stranger than Truth

For years we believed these stories. And compared to "The Amityville Horror" they were believable...

Roots

"Roots" was a best-selling book written by Alex Haley that was published in 1976. A year later it became a smash hit television mini-series. "Roots" was supposedly the true story of an ancestor of Haley being taken from Africa to America in the 1700s and forced into slavery.

In addition to their commercial success, the book and mini-series were lauded by critics, and encouraged many black Americans to visit Africa to trace their heritage, the way Haley supposedly had.

It was later revealed in court that Alex Haley had plagiarized certain passages in "Roots" from "The African," a novel by white author Harold Courlander, which had an almost identical plot.

Alex Haley died in 1992, and a year later Philip Nobile wrote "Uncovering Roots," an expose in the Village Voice. In addition to the aforementioned cases of plagiarism and false genealogy, Nobile revealed that much of "Roots," Haley's supposed heartfelt tribute to his African ancestry, had been written by Murray Fisher, Haley's white Jewish editor at Playboy magazine.

Despite all this, "Roots" was remade as a television mini-series in 2016.

Sybil

Back in 1993 I was at Kepler's Books in Menlo Park with some friends and saw Russell Johnson (the Professor on "Gilligan's Island") signing copies of his memoir.

Someone mentioned they heard Johnson complain that he had been typecast as the Professor, and that had doomed his show biz career.

"Ha!" I proclaimed. "He could have shed being typecast if he sunk his teeth into some ground-breaking, melodramatic role like Sally Field did."

My friends all agreed with my brilliant, spot-on analysis. Sally Field went from being known as Gidget, then the Flying Nun before being taken seriously as a dramatic actress for her role in "Sybil," the tale of a woman with Multiple Personality Disorder. (Actually, she's probably better known for winning an Emmy Award for it and shouting, "You like me! You really like me!" as her acceptance speech.)



“Sybil” was a best-selling book from 1973 that told the supposedly true tale of a woman with 16 different personalities caused by childhood abuse from her crazed, sadistic mother. Three years later it became a smash hit television movie with Sally Field in the title role.

The book and movie raised awareness of Multiple Personality Disorder (less than 100 cases suddenly morphed into 40,000 cases, almost all of them female).

In 2011 Debbie Nathan’s book “Sybil Exposed: The Extraordinary Story Behind the Famous Multiple Personality Case” was published, alleging the tale was tall.

In the 1950s, “Sybil” (real name Shirley Mason) got addicted to numerous psychiatric drugs prescribed by her therapist Connie Wilbur.

Shirley later told Connie that she was other people with different names. Connie spoke of her patient to others in the psychiatry field. When Shirley sent Connie a letter in 1958 claiming that her multiple personalities were an act to get her attention, Connie dismissed it.

As the New York Post’s Kyle Smith wrote in his article “*Sybil*” is One Big Psych-out:

“The two fabulists joined forces with journalist Flora Schreiber, a self-aggrandizing spinster whose trade was in trashy, made-up ‘true’ stories for magazines like *Cosmopolitan*.”

“Sybil” was born.

At the end of the television movie, Connie (played by Joanne Woodward) tells the audience that Sybil now lives happy and free as an art teacher.

Shirley Mason became a victim of her own success. Thanks to the book and movie, people began to realize that Sybil was really Shirley. Ms. Mason was forced to quit her job and move in with her therapist.

Connie fared better than her patient. She became a top expert in the booming Multiple Personality Disorder industry, as unscrupulous doctors planted suggestions of past abuse in the heads of impressionable patients.

Psyches were misdiagnosed, innocent people went to prison, lives were destroyed.

If you read the Wikipedia page for “Sybil” or “Shirley Mason” you’ll find some defense that the Sybil story is true. Possible, but not probable.

(Hey, I know this is off the subject, but I’ll hate myself if I don’t mention it. Apparently Russell Johnson - the Professor on “Gilligan’s Island” - was a war hero whose plane got shot down in World War II. I didn’t mean to disparage him earlier. He was more of a man than I’ll ever be. Or any of my multiple personalities will ever be.)

Julia

“Julia” is a 1977 movie starring Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave, based on a short story from Lillian Hellman’s 1973 book “*Pentimento*.”

The critically-acclaimed film tells the supposedly true story of Lillian Hellman and her childhood friend Julia. Julia grows up to become a successful psychiatrist. As the Nazis begin to take over, Julia recruits Lillian to smuggle money into

Germany to help fund the resistance movement.

Though it may have been a good story, eventually people began to realize that’s probably all it was. Even the movie’s director, Fred Zinnemann, realized he’d been had, stating, “Lillian Hellman in her own mind owned half the Spanish Civil War, while Hemingway owned the other half. She would portray herself in situations that were not true. An extremely talented, brilliant writer, but she was a phony character, I’m sorry to say. My relations with her were very guarded and ended in pure hatred.”

In 1979 author Mary McCarthy appeared on the Dick Cavett Show and claimed of Hellman that “every word she writes is a lie, including ‘and’ and ‘the’.”

Hellman, ever the proud communist, filed a \$2,500,000 defamation suit against McCarthy, Dick Cavett, and the Public Broadcasting Service (from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs).

Hellman died in 1984 so her executors dropped the lawsuit.

The panic over Orson Welles’ “War of the Worlds”

You’ve probably heard the one about how people in the 1930s heard the radio play (presented in the form of a newscast) and actually believed that Martians were taking over New Jersey.

As it turns out, the broadcast had very low ratings and hardly anyone thought an alien attack was occurring. Some newspapers wildly exaggerated and fabricated the story to discredit radio - the emerging industry they were competing against. (They should have tried discrediting the internet, too.)

On Halloween in 1975, when I was 10 years old, my family watched a television movie called “The Night that Panicked America” - a dramatic recreation of how the whole country

believed the radio play and freaked out.

We visited my grandmother and great aunt a few days later and asked them if they remembered the actual “night that panicked America” in 1938. They said they didn’t recall anything like that happening and seemed puzzled by the whole fuss.

Deep down I always found this one a little hard to believe. But people love a story about how stupid other people are because it makes them feel more intelligent. Even if they were stupid enough to believe it.

The Kitty Genovese Murder



Yes, she was murdered, but... well, let’s take it from the top.

In 1964 Kitty Genovese returned home from her job at a New York City bar at around 3 a. m. Just before entering her apartment building’s front door, she was attacked by a man who stabbed her in the back. Screaming in agony, she eventually died - but none of her 38 neighbors called the police, as they didn’t want to get involved.

This tragic story from Kew Gardens in Queens was published in the New York Times (that “newspaper of record”) and quickly spread throughout the country, then across the world.

As it turns out, only a few of her neighbors knew she was being attacked, and some of her neighbors did try to help her. One was Sophie Farrar, who stood 4’11” and cradled

Kitty in her arms until the end. Farrar was unarmed and didn’t know the attacker had fled until she arrived. Kitty Genovese died a violent death, and the vast majority of her neighbors spent the rest of their lives unjustly branded as cowards.

There were two attacks, not three as the Times reported. The first attack punctured Kitty’s lungs, so she wouldn’t have been able to scream loudly during the second attack. A neighbor in the building across the street, Robert Mozer, heard the screams from the first attack and yelled, “Leave that girl alone!” out the window. Winston Moseley, the attacker, ran away.

Realizing the police hadn’t shown up, Moseley returned for a second time, stabbing Kitty some more, then robbing and raping her.

At least two people called the police while Kitty was still alive. It was the coldest night of the year, so most windows were shut. So even if she had been able to scream after the initial attack neighbors would have had trouble hearing her.

Charles Skoller, a prosecutor at Moseley’s murder trial said that “no more than five or six neighbors saw and heard enough to know that Kitty was in mortal danger.”

Most thought it was a domestic dispute or a brawl outside.

The infamous “I didn’t want to get involved” quote from Moseley’s murder trial belonged to a timid soul named Karl Ross - a friend of Kitty’s who was always drunk. As Kitty was being murdered in the stairwell, he opened his door, saw what was happening, and closed it. But even he wasn’t as cowardly as thought. After phoning a friend who told him not to get involved, he climbed out his window, went across the roof, and into a neighbor’s apartment. After hesitation, they called the police.

A possible reason Ross “didn’t want to get involved” is that he was thought to be gay. And to put it mildly, homosexuality wasn’t as accepted in

pre-Stonewall 1964 as it is today. Months before the Genovese murder, the Times ran a front page story with the headline, “Growth of Overt Homosexuality in City Provokes Wide Concern.”

The Times story of the Genovese murder, however, failed to note that Kitty lived with her lesbian lover, whom the police initially suspected of being the killer.

After Kitty’s death the 911 phone number to alert police was started. The psychological term “Bystander Effect” was born - which noted that if you’re in trouble you’re more likely to be helped by one or two witnesses as opposed to many, who will assume other people have already taken action.

A big reason that Bill Genovese, Kitty’s brother, joined the U.S. Marines was due to the Times story. “I did not want to be one of those people who sat by and did nothing...” he said while promoting ‘The Witness,’ a documentary he stars in about the murder.

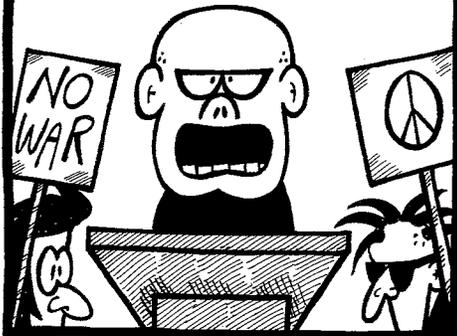
Bill went to Vietnam and lost both his legs.

In 1977, in a display of unbridled gall, Winston Moseley wrote a New York Times editorial arguing for his parole, stating, “The crime was tragic, but it did serve society, urging it as it did to come to the aid of its members in distress or danger.”

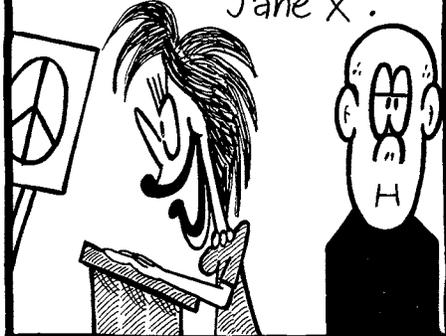
Winston Moseley died in prison on March 28, 2016.###

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Hey-this issue's comic has that Jane character in it. She was the wife of Chauncy's high school pal and she really hated Chauncy. No one knew why.



She tried to shoot Chauncy and was sent to prison. She fell in love with her cellmate, came out, shaved her head, and called herself "Jane X".



She became a "social justice" warrior and... looks like she's at a political rally. Wow, I can't wait to read this new comic.

Here goes...



**GOOD
CLEAN
FUN**

WRITTEN, DRAWN
AND © 2017 BY
GENE MAHONEY

**ONE
WORLD.**

**ONE
PEOPLE.**

**ONE
IDIOT
NAMED
JANE X.**

**THE
OCCUPY
PROTESTS.**

**SAN
FRANCISCO.
SEPTEMBER
2012.**

VERY NICE!
WELL SPOKEN,
JOE!

CLAP
CLAP

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP



LET'S HEAR IT FOR
PRIVATE
JOE SMITHERS.

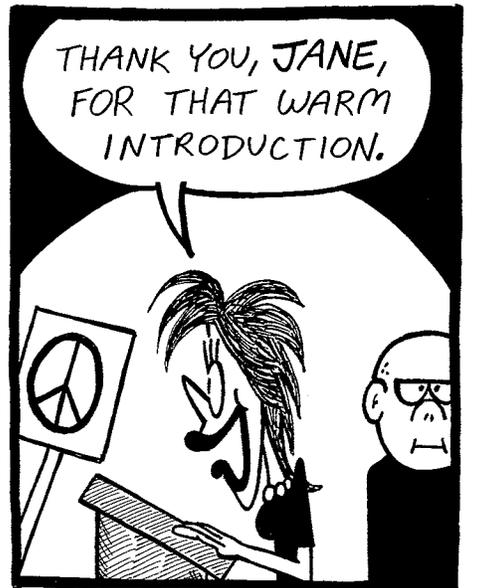
CLAP
CLAP

CLAP
CLAP



WE'RE SO PROUD OF
JOE - A FORMER
U.S. SOLDIER WHO
REFUSES TO FIGHT
ANYMORE!

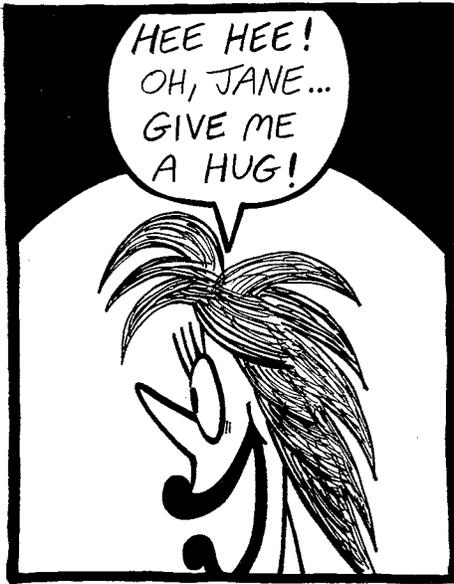








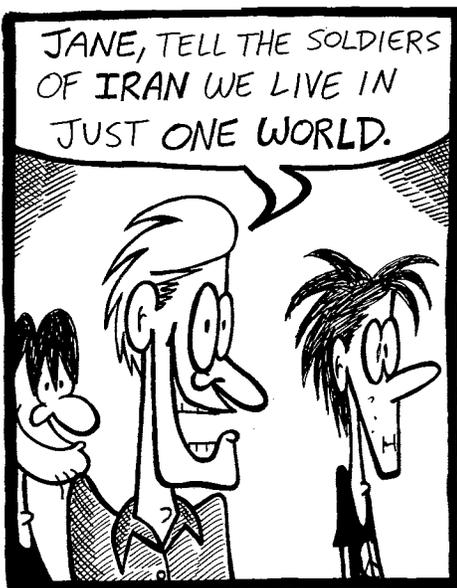
SORRY...
I HAVE A
DENTIST
APPOINTMENT.



HEE HEE!
OH, JANE...
GIVE ME
A HUG!



BACK OFF, LADY,
OR I'LL CALL
A COP!



JANE, TELL THE SOLDIERS
OF IRAN WE LIVE IN
JUST ONE WORLD.



SHUTTUP,
HIPPIE!
GET A
JOB!



HEY, EVERYBODY,
HOW ABOUT WE QUIT
TALKING ABOUT
POLITICS FOR A BIT?.



HOW ABOUT
THOSE GIANTS?!
YOU THINK THEY'LL WIN
THE WORLD SERIES?.



♪ TAKE ME OUT
TO THE BALL GAME,
TAKE ME OUT TO
THE CROWD... ♪

COME
ON
NOW!

EVERY-
BODY!

GO TO THE HERALD
WEB SITE AND VISIT
THE "GOOD CLEAN FUN"
ARCHIVES TO SEE SOME
OLD COMICS FEATURING
JANE X
(THE FORMER JANE TRIPP).
HER DEBUT:
"CLASS OF '83"
HER FAREWELL:
"OCCUPY JANE"

A Letter to my Neighbor, Shamu

By Allison Parks

Shamu is my neighbor. I don't know his real name, but I do know one thing: come rain, snow, or a hellfire shower of meteors, Shamu will be outside of his apartment, topless, sitting in his little wicker chair. I say the chair is little because Shamu is anything but little; he's a juggernaut, a whale of a man with a spine-chilling pony tail and matching mustache. He looks like Ron Jeremy ate himself then ate everyone he's ever slept with, then ate 600 candy apples because he was still hungry.

Since Shamu doesn't have a job, his physique is on display for the neighborhood to take pleasure in all day, every day. This is because I unsuspectingly moved in next door to a Christian charity project, which is basically housing for the homeless (thanks for the warning, Hedgerow Property Management—I'll get you!).

"Shamu, why do I have to stare at your massive white gut every single day?"

How do these housed homeless give back to their community, which has so graciously given them free apartments? Plant a nice vegetable garden for the neighbors to enjoy? Keep their building nice and tidy? Perhaps even better their own lives? Oh no, they scream at medics while being forcibly strapped to gurneys in the night for mysterious reasons, they rev their hoopties at high volumes, and they start ear-piercing fights that sound like they were transcribed from a special needs debate class.

Here is an actual fight between a couple that I heard at 4am. Enjoy:

Woman: You get the fuck out, asshole!!

Man: Fine, I will, fuck you, I'm never coming back!

Woman: Like a give a shit!!

Man: Uh, you, uh, go take a shit!

Needless to say, he got her with that zinger. But let's not talk about them, today.

Today, I want to write a letter to Shamu, the flagship hobgoblin from the housing project. Even if you don't send a letter, Oprah says it's good to express your feelings in letter format. Perhaps when I move out I'll tie it to a brick and pelt Shamu in his rotund gut with it.

Dear Shamu,

Why aren't you wearing a top? It's 35 degrees outside, aren't you cold? I know I'm cold, and I'm wearing an anorak. Is your blubber so dense that you can't even feel the cold anymore?

Shamu, don't you get bored? Sometimes your degenerate homeboys stop by to chat, and once in a while your cat will grace you with a visit, but for the most part, you're alone. No TV, no frosty King Cobra to sip on, not even a Barely Legal to flip through. Why don't you get yourself something to do out there?

Shamu, how do you stay so fat? I know you don't have a job since you never leave that chair. Where do you get the money to acquire the food to keep yourself in an insulating igloo of fat?

Shamu, why do you leer at me whenever I get out of my car? Are you lusting after that chocolate croissant in my hand? Have you surpassed traditional food altogether and now desire to eat me? Isn't it enough that I have to stare at your massive white gut every single day? Must I endure your creepy stares as well? Shamu, does it bother you when I grimace back at you? Even when I glare right back into your beady little eyes, you won't break the stare. Why Shamu, why?

Shamu, when you roll off your bed each morning, put on your trousers and rainbow suspenders, or shorts if it's a little warm out, do you ever look in the mirror and think, "Am I punishing people by making them look

at my pale, protruding, ever expanding gut?" Would it be so terrible to put on a shirt?

I guess what I'm trying to say Shamu, is please, please go back in the house, or I will kidnap your cat. Springtime is upon us and I'm afraid you'll start wearing even less. Springtime is also mating season, so I worry Shamu...I worry that you'll find a she-Shamu in a tattered sports bra to sit with you outside your apartment. Then I'll have two of you to look at. I just can't do it, Shamu. I just can't.

Your vengeful neighbor,

Allison

Honky Tonk Woman

By Ace Backwards

Robert Crumb tells a hilarious "Honky Tonk Woman" story. It's the summer of '69. And Crumb — the great hippie countercultural hero — has fled the debacle that the Haight Ashbury has turned into at that point. And he's living at some half-assed hippie commune in rural California. Trying to "get back to nature." That bit.

And the release of a new Rolling Stones single was considered a major event at that point. 1969. These 60s rock stars were considered great visionaries at that point. They were the leaders of the Cultural Revolution. And every new Beatles or Stones single was a matter of great import.

And these hippies had scored a copy of the just released "Honky Tonk Woman" single. So they brought it to the hippie commune where Crumb was living. And everyone in the commune gathered around. And they played it over and over — at least 20 times in a row. Much to Crumb's chagrin. Earnestly discussing the profound meanings of the song, trying to decipher the exact meanings of this cutting-edge communique from the great cultural visionaries that were the Rolling Stones.

So Crumb has to sit there and listen to these stupid, naive, 20 year old hippies – at this half-assed hippie commune that he was living at in 1969 – that would collapse shortly after. Going on and on about this incredibly important new Rolling Stones single. “Honky Tonk Woman”

But Crumb would get the last laugh. Mick Jagger would later ask Crumb to draw a cover for the next Rolling Stones album.

Something really hip. Like what he drew for the Janis Joplin album cover.

Crumb turned the Stones down flat. Crumb HATED the Rolling Stones.

After being forced to listen to “Honky Tonk Woman” 20 times in a row in a half-assed hippie commune in 1969? Can you blame him??###

How Karma Works

By Ace Backwards

Whenever it rains I sometimes think of this funny thing I once saw during another rainstorm about 15 years ago.

It had been raining pretty steadily for about 2 weeks. And I, as homeless street bum, had been outside for most of it. So I was more than a little bedraggled and wet behind the gills at this point. And the storm was just starting to peak and explode at this exact moment. Big sheets of water raining down, pounding against the pavement.

So I’m standing there on the street corner, soaking wet, waiting for the light to change. When this lady comes rushing out of Cody’s Books. She looks like an affluent, suburban housewife-type. Perfectly coifed. And she’s wearing an expensive rain jacket. And she has an expensive rain hat. And she has a big expensive high-tech umbrella. I mean, she probably only has to walk a half-a-block from Cody’s Books to her parked car. But you can tell that she is determined that not a single drop of water is gonna land on her pretty little head.

Meanwhile, I’m standing there in my raggedy-ass soggy-ass homeless street bum get-up. And I admit I felt more than a twinge of envy at her comfort level.

But then, just as she’s rushing across the street she accidentally steps in one of the biggest puddles I’ve ever seen. This big pot-hole in the road. She was submerged in water practically up to her knees. And what with all the splashing and kicking she got pretty soaked.

I burst out laughing. HAW HAW!! I couldn’t help it. It was so funny. I mean, the one thing that she wanted to prevent from happening is exactly what happened.

So I turn to cross the street with a bemused smile on my face. And at that exact moment a big AC Transit bus goes blasting down the street. And it hits this big puddle of water in the gutter. And the water splashes right up in my face. It was like getting directly hit by an ocean wave. Almost knocked me over.

So now I’m standing there sputtering and cursing and completely soaked. And, to add insult to injury, all the people who had seen me laughing at the lady are now pointing at me and laughing at me (personally, I didn’t find it nearly as amusing as the previous incident).

But in a way it was great. It was a perfect illustration of how karma works. Karmauppance. What goes around comes around. Only usually there’s a little more of a time lag between the cause and the effect.###

Herald Flashback: March/April 2004:

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

This guy named Mike has bought the hippest cafe in... well... San Bruno from the previous owner (also named Mike) and he’s looking for artists to display their work on the walls and have receptions where people show

up and scarf down food and try to meet potential dates while pretending to be interested in the artwork. This coffee house is on San Mateo Avenue (which is downtown San Bruno) and the name of it is Never Too Latte. Cute, eh?

This new Mike guy used to work on aircraft in the navy and then worked as an airline mechanic for United, here at SFO, for 14 years. On his off time he played in Goth bands. I asked him if he wore white pancake face makeup and black eyeliner and he said yes, though I bet he never showed up for work looking like that. Is it just me or is there something disturbing about a guy so into the Goth culture (which is fixated on death) working on airplanes?

There was this taqueria in downtown San Bruno... I don’t know if it’s still there... but their logo was a picture of Jesus being crucified. It was a close-up of his head and upper chest nailed to the cross, blood pouring down from his thorn of crowns. Intense. I remember eating there once and I told them I thought they made a mistake on the bill, but no one there could understand English, so they picked up the phone trying to find someone who could understand me, so I finally just told them it was okay.

I remember this cute little Chinese restaurant just off downtown San Bruno called Lucky Pot. This nice guy (I think his name was Andy Chin) and his wife (Krissy Chin? I think that was her name, they both wore name tags) owned it and they made a mean Shrimp with Broccoli. I walked in there (1996, I think) and ordered it as a rice plate lunch special. Delicious. I didn’t eat there again for 2 years but as soon as I walked in Andy looked at me and said, “Shrimp with Broccoli coming up!” Man! I ate there once and go back 2 years later and the guy remembers what I had. And he assumed (correctly) that I wanted it again. I can just imagine a bunch of women in Marin County reading this now, saying to themselves, “Oooh, that’s so spiritual!” I recommend this place (whatever it’s called).###

Nob Hill Business Heaven:

These businesses advertised in the Herald in the late 1990s and early 2000s, when it was a newspaper. I don't think any of them are still around anymore. The Green Bean guy and I never got along. I think he's the only client I've ever had that I flipped off. I used to have breakfast at Yakety Yak every morning when I lived in the neighborhood. Geary Rent-a-Box was the global headquarters for the Herald (that's where the paper's address was). Anyway, I had a page to fill, so this is it. I hope it brings back some memories. *(Sniff)*.

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Andalusia

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Dale Singh
Master Technician

(415) 861-DALE (3253)
(415) 822-SAAB (7222)
(415) 931-5570

150 TURK STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

Fuel Injection System Cleaning \$105

Using specialized equipment, our technicians will quickly and effectively clear the throttle body, intake manifold, ports, intake, valves and combustion chamber. Under high pressure, we will clean the injectors and injector system.

Air Conditioning Service \$169.50

Our technicians will perform a system performance test, check the system for leaks and recharge your A/C system with up to 2 pounds of R134A Freon and 2 ounces of system oil and leak detection dye.

Cooling System Flush Service \$124.50

Pressure test cooling system, check all hoses and radiator for proper operation, flush cooling system and install new coolant.

Brake Fluid Flush Service \$95.75

Replace brake fluid in master cylinder, ABS unit, calipers, wheel cylinders and brake lines.

(Mention the San Francisco Herald for the above offers. They expire on 4-30-17.)