



THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

It's Always Appropriate to Raise the Words

We Begin the New Year With New Writing

After reading several manuscripts submitted for this edition, I found myself narrating my movements and thoughts in the quiet morning. Pausing the music from the computer, I went downstairs to breakfast sounding out my progress in my head. I thought of the writers who had sent their work to me, a stranger and gatekeeper. "I just want to be heard," I imagined them saying. "This story, this poem, is the fruit of my labor. Let it out. Help it to breathe."

I have one of the best jobs in the world, and I'm grateful for the opportunity to shepherd and present the work of some of my neighbors to you.

Maybe reading these pages will turn on your inner narrator, too. And it might inspire you to put your own words on a page or screen and share them. The *Voice* is open to your submissions all year long in a column titled *Other Voices*. But in the January and August editions, poetry, essays, and short fiction take over while our regular journalist contributors enjoy a break. This neighborhood is flush with



Beauty Under Foot. The colors of the days in Noe Valley are not confined to the skies or the weather they promise. And if paint or chalk isn't your preferred medium, try a kind word or smile for a stranger. We're all made of stardust and the bodies we inhabit temporarily will change to ether all too soon. While we're here, be beautiful. *Photo by Jack Tipple*

stories waiting to be told. I'm sure yours is one of them.

...

It's with particular pleasure that these pages have the artwork of Judith Levy-Sender and the writing of her husband Ramón Sender. Residents of Noe Valley since 1984, the two have been active in

promoting the local literary scene while crafting their own work. An introduction by and to Ramón Sender and his as yet unpublished autobiography *My Life* begins at right. A sample from the 550-page manuscript and Judith's art are inside.

— Jack Tipple, Co-Publisher

It's Time to Tell About *My Life*

Discovering the Clown Within And Writing About It

By Ramón Sender

Born Madrid, Spain, during the general strike of 'Red October' 1934. My mother Amparo was assassinated by fascists in 1936. Our father brought us here to an American family. Teenage studies in piano composition with Robert Erickson 1961-62, San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

In 1961-1962, I created the SONICS electronic music series at the S.F. Conservatory, which evolved into The San Francisco Tape Music Center. Our series of monthly concerts continued over the next three years. Also, we developed an electronic music studio. In the summer of 1966, we moved the center to Mills College, with Pauline Oliveros as director.

In January 1966, I co-produced the Trips Festival with Stewart Brand. This three-day event became a historic milestone before in April 1966 I moved to Limeliter Lou Gottlieb's ranch in Sonoma County. I set up yoga, chanting, and meditation classes and composed easy chants. When the county finally closed us down, Bill Wheeler offered us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5



It's What's Cooking! The building that houses Omnivore Books on Food at 3885A Cesar Chavez St.—and its sister enterprise Noe Valley Pet Company, around the corner on Church Street—is glowing with holiday cheer, now that the whimsical and colorful mural by Josué Rojas is complete. Store owners Celia Sack and Paula Harris had the artist include their favorite elements of animals and food to bring a sense of joy to the neighborhood. And Omnivore's trademark chicken is proudly displayed also.

Photo by Jack Tipple

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After a tough fall market due to rising interest rates, all of a sudden, in the last months of the year, buyers are making moves. Inventory that has been on the market for too long is going pending. I just helped buyers win a beautiful home against two other offers — the home ended up going about 12% over asking. The appraisal came in a little OVER the offer price. Looking at history, San Francisco home prices won't stay put for long. Good homes in good locations here will always do well. We don't know anything else for certain about the future of our real estate market except that competition and prices are lower than anytime in the recent past — AND, we don't know for certain how long that will be true now that economic headwinds seem to be softening. After 15 years of selling real estate here, and being among the top home listing agents in the City, I "face it as a wise (wo)man would and train for ill and not for good." **Jessica has helped her clients weather storms in the toughest SF markets. If you are considering a sale, let Jessica's intelligence, experience, and wisdom guide you!**



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On the Square



Don't Be Scared. Local realtor Tyler Williams was quite safe this Halloween season, having hitched a ride with a friendly hippie skeleton in his classic 1974 VW bus. Williams distributed his business cards while the skeleton passed out candy at the Town Square on 24th Street.

Photo by Jasmine Williams

Where's Mazook?

The Crossword, Crime Report, and Cost of Living columns are also missing from this edition. It's time for their winter break and the Editor-in-Chief and her band of contributing elves are off on their various staycations.

Not to worry. They'll return full of love and dedication to their tasks of creating the February edition of the *Voice*.

Until then, please enjoy this issue full of the writings of your esteemed literary neighbors.

As for Mazook, you can often find him at the parklet in front of Martha & Bros. on 24th Street—nosying around for the news and what's behind it.

—JT

LETTERS

Essence of Gopher

Editor:

Thank you for the informative gopher article ("Residents Contend With Glut of Gophers," December 2022). The reporter Matthew S. Bajko and photographer Art Bodner captured the essence of the situation.

Carolyn Faget
Diamond Heights Boulevard

Tired of Mud Slinging

Editor:

You call that balanced journalism ("Residents Contend With Glut of Gophers," December 2022 *Voice*)? We call it reckless slander. Who in our pocket community did you interview? We live and dig in any patch of ground you haven't defiled with your concrete, asphalt, and prickly succulents—well, the flowers are okay, quite tasty, thanks. But look, we were here first. Can you spell indigenous? If you want to keep from tripping over our holes or mounds, wear sensible shoes and watch where you're going!

Lotta Burrows
Topaz Open Space Neighbors

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE VOICE welcomes your letters to the editor. Send an email to editor@noevalleyvoice.com. Please include your name and contact information. (Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication.) Be aware that letters may be edited for brevity or clarity. We look forward to hearing from you.



THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

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The *Voice* welcomes your letters, photos, and stories, particularly on topics relating to Noe Valley. All items should include your name and contact information, and may be edited for brevity or clarity. (Unsigned letters will not be considered for publication.) Unsolicited contributions will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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A project of the Sidewalk Search Party, which is a campaign of Community Living Campaign.

For more information, contact Jennifer Walsh at 415-821-1003, ext. 111 or jennifer@sfccommunityliving.org

24th Street Color



When Modern Was owner Dona Taylor created this arresting window display with an antique red fabric top and weaved numerous neckties through the vintage wire mannequin shell to create the skirt. You can view it at 4001 24th St., at the corner of Noe Street.

Photo by Jack Tipple

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Ramón Sender

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

his remote 320-acre spread. I spent 1969-1971 there with my partner who gave birth there to our son. I took up my childhood instrument, the accordion, to blues-jam with guitarists. By 1972, the county again closed us down. I put together a 32-chapter history of both ranches, currently available on Amazon.

In 1974, Alicia Bay Laurel and I traveled to South America to write *Being of The Sun* (new issue just published) a compendium of our favorite spiritual exercises. Living on private property again in 1975, I concentrated on my writing and joined the Occidental Community Choir for whom I wrote several works. About this time, I discovered my 'inner clown' and *Zero the Wanderwaif* began appearing, his name derived by chanting my social security number. When my future fantasy novel, *Zero Weather*, was published, I returned to San Francisco for a double career as author and clown.

Also, I re-met Judith Levy and we married a few years later. In 2001 Judy and I began a reading series titled *Odd Mondays* that over the next few decades presented hundreds of authors and people of interest to the public. It continues under the leadership of Richard May and his partner. 2004, I retired from the Noe Valley Ministry administrative position to devote myself to my own projects.

In 2008, editor David Bernstein's book *The San Francisco Tape Music Center: 1960s Counterculture and the Avant-Garde* tells the story of our group of creative artists. ●

I will start at the beginning, with apologies to those who have read this before in my book about my mother Amparo, *A Death In Zamora*. I was born on October 29, 1934, at a lying-in clinic in Madrid, Spain, and my father, Ramón J. Sender, a well-known radical journalist and novelist, told me that the first sound I heard was machine gun fire from an emplacement outside the hospital where my mother delivered me.

Starting with the September, 1933, elections, the next two years are remembered as 'The Black Years' because the radicals became more aggressive; while the conservatives turned to paramilitary and vigilante actions. Government statistics listed 330 people assassinated, 213 failed attempts, and 1,511 people wounded in political violence. Sympathy strikes erupted in the main cities and in other countries – for example, the San Francisco Longshoremen in 1934. In



Ramón Sender and Judith Levy-Sender in 2015.

Photo by Beverly Tharp

from My Life

By Ramón Sender

Spain, a total of 113 general strikes were called and 160 religious buildings destroyed. Sounds almost like these times in the good old USA.

Historically, my birth month became known as Red October because the miners struck in the northern province of Asturias. The Spanish government responded with armed force to control the protesters, and my journalist father traveled north to cover the miners' massacre. Moors, known as Regulares, entered Spain for the first time since Queen Isabella kicked out non-Catholics in 1492. A young general named Francisco Franco transported them from Spanish Morocco. They raped the women, bayoneted the children, shot everybody, and reignited a latent hatred for Muslims.

A drop into hell, with no return label? Unaware of this, I rested peacefully in my mother Amparo's arms. When my little sister, Andrea, came along some sixteen months later, she usurped my place, but a nursemaid joined us, Aisia, who I adored. On what sort of planet had I landed? Did I pick this venue ahead of time, and if so, in the name of our galactic goddess Aditi, why? This puzzle reverberated throughout my life. Not until my late forties did I set foot on Spanish soil again and recover my birth family, although these basic questions remain unanswered. I keep alive the hope that, by the time I finish writing this memoir, I will have found some explanation other than the innate tendency of the male of our species to kill one another.

In 1983, forty-six years after I was evacuated as a two-year-old, my wife Judith and I went to Spain on our honeymoon. With her fluent Spanish filling in for my lack of my mother tongue, we gradually recovered my mother's tragic tale. Judy's parents had suggested a hotel where they stayed many years earlier and, by an incredible coincidence, it happened to be only a few blocks from my father's first rented room. My mother's attic apart-

ment was only eight blocks away. Everything important to our search was within a ten-block area of where we stayed! I should add that my father, during his lifetime, refused to give us, his fostered-out children, any information about our mother's assassination, and insisted on silence from the Spanish family. The full story can be found in my book, *A Death in Zamora*, now available in an expanded third edition. Here I offer a brief version from the interviews that Judy translated during that harrowing Spanish summer, as well as other details. I owe her an enormous debt of gratitude for her untiring support throughout this experience. My mother, Amparo Barayón, was born in 1904 in Zamora, a historic town in the northwest part of old Castile near the Portuguese border. She grew up in and around her father's café, a central meeting place for progressives, and photos show a lively looking young woman with bobbed hair, a style considered 'shocking' at the time. She trained as a concert pianist, but also began to sell accounts for the newly formed telephone company.

My father, Ramón J. Sender, came from a small village in the Pyrenees, Chalamera del Cinca, Teruel, in the province of Aragón. At fifteen, he began to write articles for a local newspaper. As a seventeen-year-old, he ran away to Madrid, slept in the park and, to fend off his abusive father's attempts to reclaim him, matriculated at the university. Intent on beginning a journalistic career, he frequented the Ateneo cultural center and other locales where intellectuals and writers met. His father dragged him home, and by the time he was twenty, he had become the virtual editor of 'La Tierra, de La Asociación de Labradores y Ganaderos del Alto Aragón,' which his

father directed.

After completing his military service in Melilla, Spanish Morocco, he returned to Madrid in 1923 and joined the staff of the Madrid daily, "El Sol." His first novel, *Imán*, won the national prize in 1930. Based on his war experiences, it described the military catastrophe that took the lives of more than ten thousand young Spaniards. Meanwhile my mother, 30 years old, transferred to Madrid where the phone company had built the city's first skyscraper, La Telefonica. She rented a little garret on a nearby side street, Calle del Barco, cloche hat and all. My father met her at a workers' strike meeting and asked her what she was doing for money. She explained that all the strikers were destitute. "Well, I need a typist," he said. They began to meet outside his rented room on the Plaza Santa Barbara to exchange typed pages. She met some of his radical friends, and they called her 'une petite bourgeoisie,' because she attended Mass. To prove them wrong, she volunteered through the strike committee to place a bomb in the telephone switching equipment. When a distant explosion interrupted their Plaza de Santa Barbara get-together, she proudly announced her deed. Then she told them she had to leave and go to confession, which they considered astounding. My father included this incident in his novel, *Seven Red Sundays*, giving her a pseudonym.

As we pieced the story together, one day my father knocked on Amparo's door, and said, "Quick, let me come in! The police are after me!"

He had written an article the government did not like, and the Guardia wanted to arrest him. I believe my parents' intimate relationship began when he went underground in her attic apartment. They started to live together, radical for those times, although a women's liberation movement was sweeping through the major Spanish cities.

When I was born, my father's older sister, Conchita, urged them to marry. She was more conservative, but many younger couples were just living together. After my sister, Andrea, was born in February 1936, Conchita finally convinced Amparo to sneak off and get us baptized. I don't think my father knew about the baptism because he was violently anti-Catholic. He persuaded Amparo, who had taught catechism in Zamora and was quite devout, to give up going to Mass. At some point, our parents did have a civil wedding ceremony at El Escorial, according to Conchita. My sister, Andrea (Nena), was born on my father's birthday February 3, 1936, and we moved to an apartment across from the zoological garden in El Retiro, similar to Central Park in New York. My crib had a blue sailboat painted on the headboard. We heard the elephants trumpet, the lions roar.

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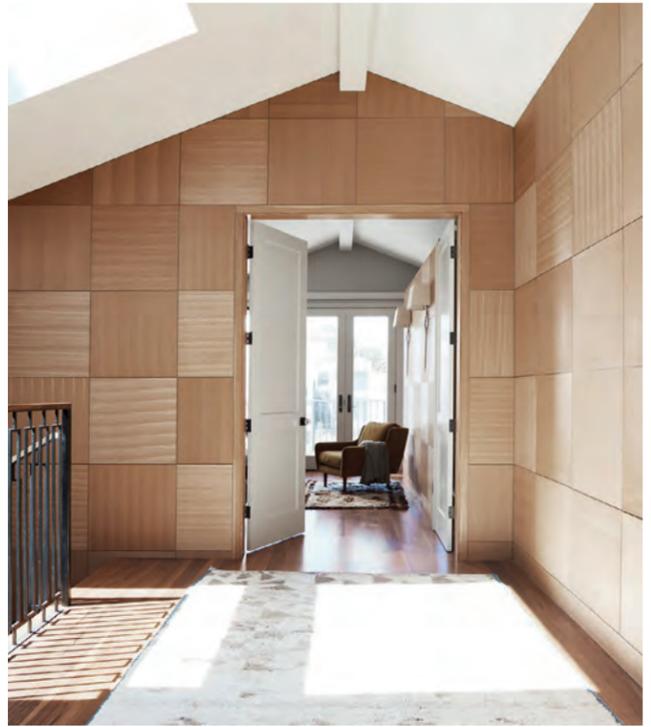
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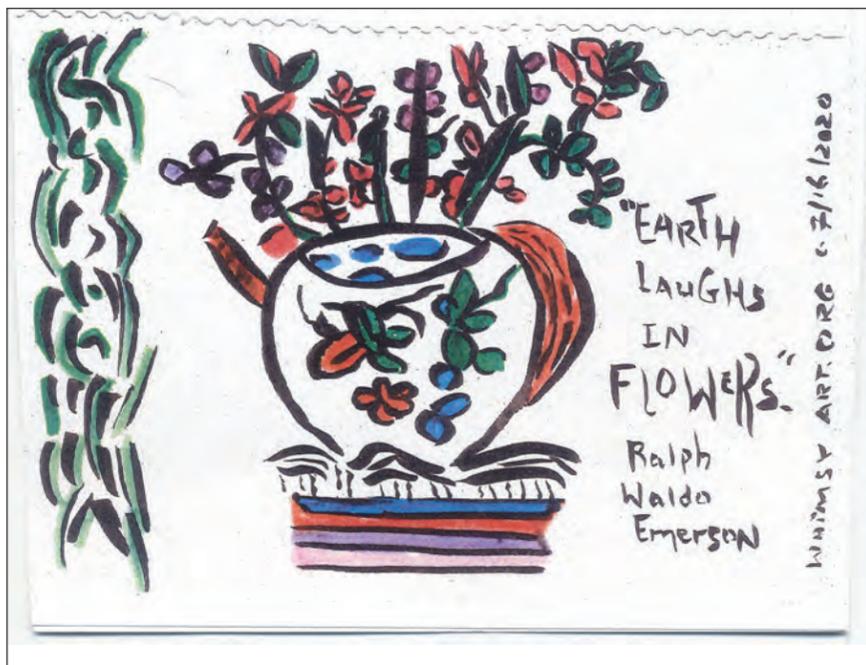
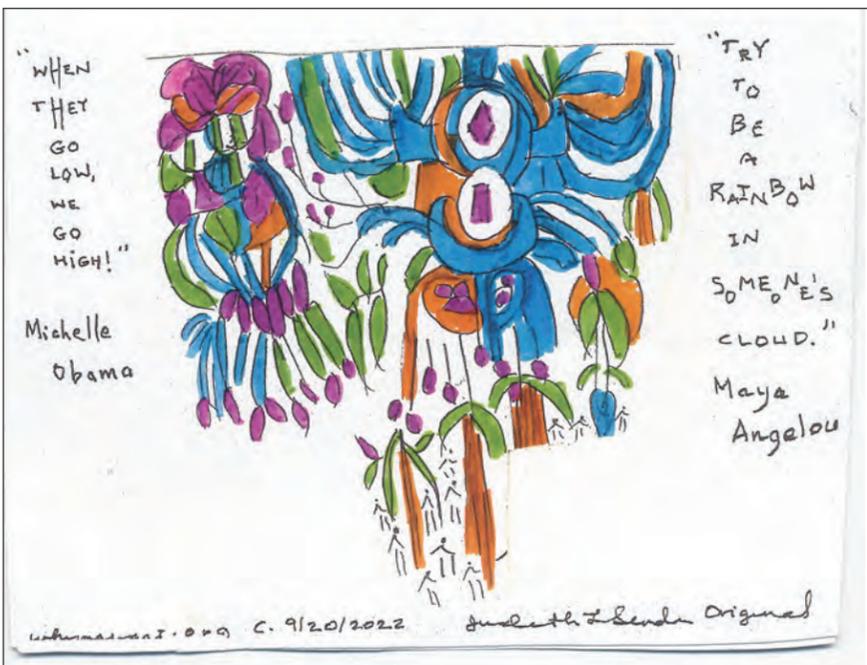
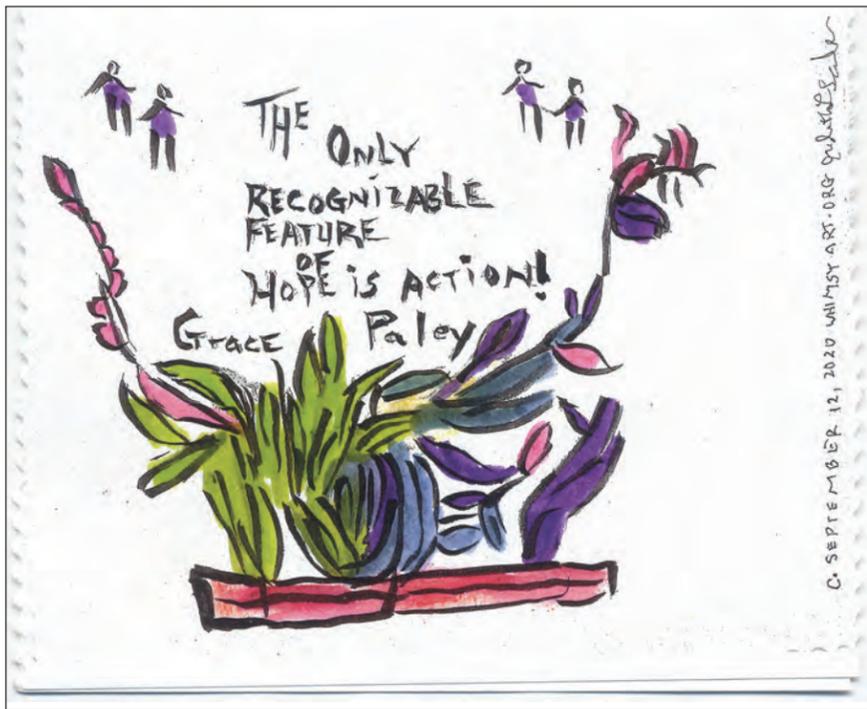
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Whimsical Healing

Art by Judith Levy-Sender

The process of drawing on cards and writing my own or others' quotes has been balm to my time during post-retirement as a SFUSD Junior and Senior High teacher since 1999 and since Ramón and my retirement from the Noe Valley Odd Mondays' Speaker Series in 2017. This pandemic has really been a test of fortitude for us all and a time to hone our capacity to make the most of our creativity in our later years. There is a chance to be creative and to share. With my editor and mentor's help, my husband Ramón Sender, I've self-published two books of poems, drawings, quotes: Lines Whimsical and Otherwise in 2001 and Transitions Visible and Invisible in 2011.

It is joy to be a Noe Valleyan, a reader of the Voice, and to spur others to creativity. I enjoy being a self-taught artist and a lifelong student of poetry and a forever embracer of the creative process.

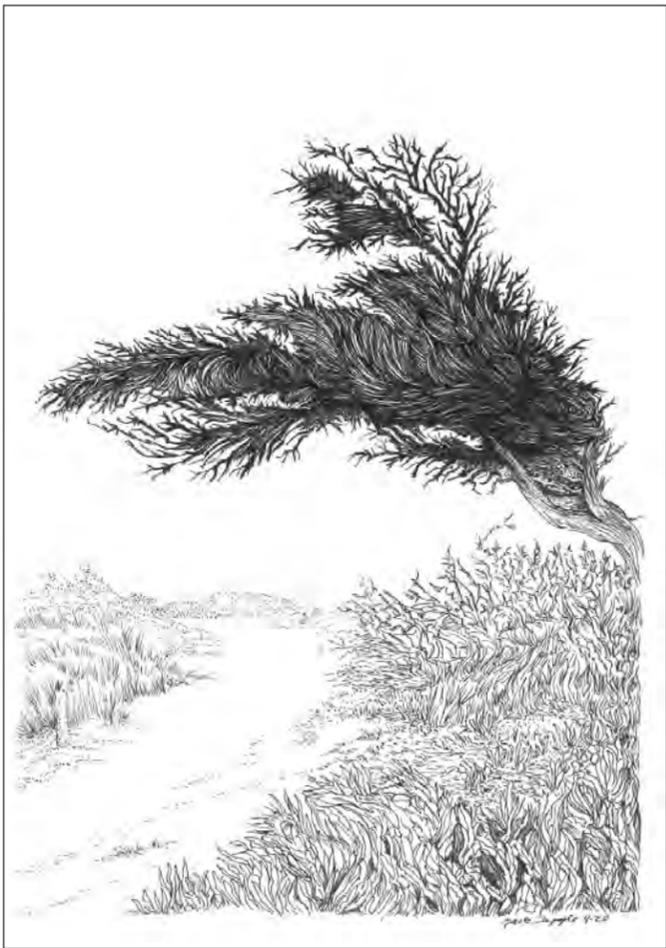


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Go Climb a Street. In this case 22nd — up from Church Street.

Photo by Jack Tipple



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I set out afoot on my second rediscovery quest to Noe Valley that late Autumn Sunday. Starting from the hotel on Van-Ness, the route was more direct this time. But one thing was indistinguishable from the initial journey last Spring: the sun glistened against a cerulean sky.

On Market Street, my smooth course cracked upon a pile of broken glass bits covering the sidewalk. Stepping around the mess, I narrowly dodged a street lady shouting obscenities. Then as screaming sirens drowned her out, I proceeded with a purpose. But farther down, veering onto the plentiful palm-tree-lined Dolores, the soothing 10:00 AM church bells at Mission Dolores Basilica restored my serenity. And the uphill trek to 24th street became exhilaratingly effortless.

My sister, Janet, resided in Noe Valley from 1985 until 2003, when she, her husband, Tom, and their twin boys, Aidan and Finn departed for Brunswick, Maine, where they prevail today.

My tenure in San Francisco began in 1984; After detouring to New York in 1986, I returned in 1990. In 2006, I sold the home I eventually purchased and moved back to Newport Beach, my hometown.

Going deeper into the district this trip, I ventured up to Janet's debut apartment in 1985 on Cesar Chavez, then named Army Street. At the windowed door framed by a cozy tree-shadowed archway, I peered inside at the steep wooden steps I once thought of as a "stairway to the



stars."

On my first evening visit, I climbed that stairway to the second floor and entered the living area through elegant French doors. Green-eyed, I took in the authentic wood-burning fireplace and bay windows boasting glittering hillside views.

Then a student at The Academy of Art, Janet, and two classmates hit the jackpot when they landed the Victorian-style digs.

Susan Broxon currently resides in Corona Del Mar, Ca, where she works in wealth management and as a part-time writer. An avid walker, her heart remains in the hilly streets of San Francisco.



Photos by Susan Broxon

Sundry Sunday

By Susan Broxon

Meanwhile, I strived not to compare it to the dismal one-bedroom dive I shared in the upper Tenderloin, where it was difficult to discern the dirt coating the windows from the brick wall they overlooked.

Amusingly, in 2005, my former apartment building on Bush Street was converted into Academy of Art student dorms.

As a visitor, I was drawn to the neighborhood camaraderie. However, in 2001, I confirmed a place in the community following unexpected unemployment, and I was often falsely mistaken for a resident and a mom.

So, leaving Cesar Chavez, I mapped the forgotten path to the Upper Noe Recreation Center on Day Street, where I spent countless afternoons with my then-toddler nephews. Though Google reported the center closed on Sunday, it was uplifting to discover the doors open and the playground bustling upon arrival.

Presently star basketball players in Maine, Aidan and Finn learned to dribble and throw in the center gym at two years old. Respectively competitive, Aidan, more sensitive, sometimes got red-faced and stomped his feet if he missed a shot or "dropped the ball." Luckily, he was calmed by sing-alongs in the recreation room, fortified by "choc milk."

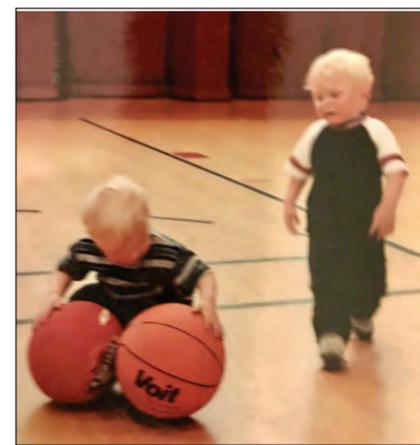
escapes me.

The sun spread like a warm blanket outside the store on the south sidewalk where tables were set. Every time we stopped there; my serotonin levels skyrocketed. And it was Finn's happy place too. One afternoon while devouring blueberry yogurt, he waved his plastic spoon and joyously called out to an approaching Bicyclist, "I'm eating yogurt!"

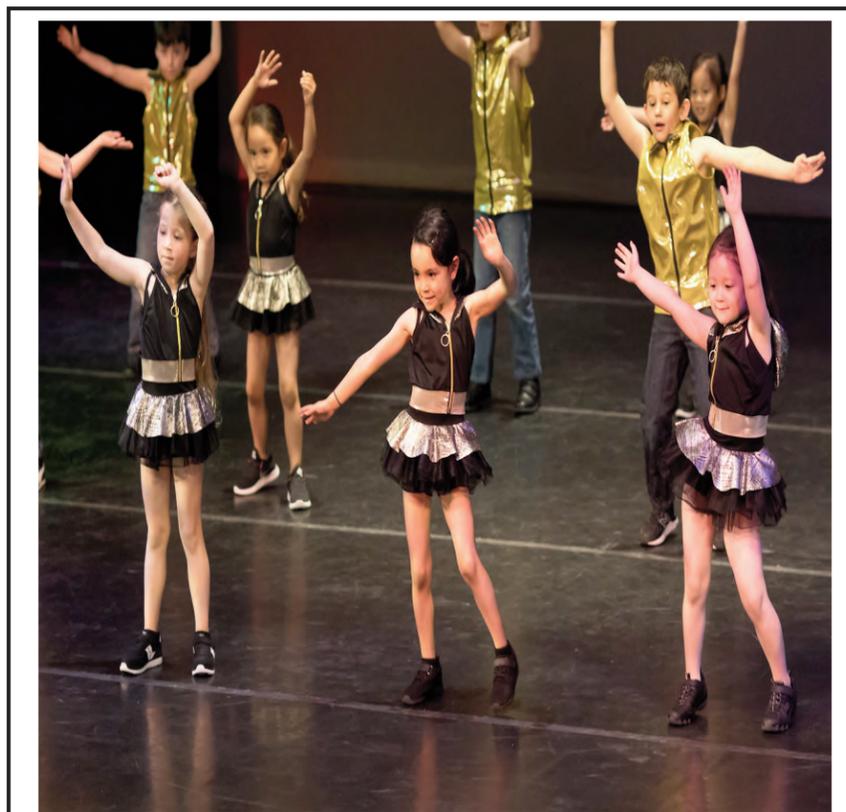
The Cyclist zipped by us obliviously, but when I turned around, I felt my face flush with humbled glee. At the following table, the deli guy sat, chuckling. Shortly after the store's closure in 2003, I encountered him on the street. Caught unusually solo that day, I considered confessing that I was "just an aunt." But I let it go, leaving him to harbor the faux notion that I was the mother of the two bewitching blond boys.

I ended the afternoon in the Square, eager to embrace the "little red rider" slide as I had last May. But, seeing a swarm of kids occupying it, I settled in the plaza and basked in a wistful accordion and violin rendition played by two gentlemen.

It's still so easy to feel at home in this sentimental section of town.



Vintage Finn and Aidan



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No Plain Parklets Here. And outdoor dining areas such as this one created by NOVY restaurant on 24th Street are often splendidly decorated. Photo by Jack Tipple

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Frodough approached the donut shop at the intersection of Church and 24th street. He had been dieting for the past week, eating nothing but kale salads and carrot smoothies. He desperately needed a donut.

The warm maple-y smell wafted out from the front door that was left ajar. He walked in and peered through the glass counter, looking for his favorite donut. Bingo! There it was, a round donut with chocolate frosting, rainbow sprinkles, and a neat hole in the middle. "One of those please", he glee'd. He slipped out his credit card from his wallet. The woman behind the counter reflexed, "Cash only!" She pointed to the clearly marked sign over the counter. Frodough's face turned red, ashamed he had forgotten. He checked the interior of his wallet, and to his dismay, no cash. He must have spent his last dollars on the Muni bus ride there.

A loud laugh rang out. A tall man behind him in line exclaimed, "My good lad, seems you are short of some dough!" He was old and weathered, had a long gray beard, and a pointy beanie atop his head. He was wearing a grey car mechanics jumper, smeared with grease and oil. His uniform read, "Grand Al's Automotive."

"Surely you know the store is cash only. I've seen your fuzzy shoes in here before." Grand Al said. Frodough was known around the neighborhood for his fluffy brown slippers that he wore nearly every day. "There is an ATM around the corner."

Frodough replied dejectedly, "I haven't my ATM card."

"Hmm, well maybe you are in luck," Grand Al replied. "I was planning to bring a donut to my brother but am running late for work. How's this? I will buy you a donut, but you need to bring one to my brother?"

Frodough replied cheerfully, "Certainly! That's no problem at all."

"Wait!" Grand Al Replied. "You shouldn't be so eager to agree to my terms when you haven't heard the extent of my offer". A darkness fell over the donut shop. The air chilled. Birds cried outside with an unnatural squawk. Grand Al said in a low voice, "You must bring the donut... to my brother... ON THE TOP OF TWIN PEAKS."

Frodough gasped. Twin Peaks! Without a car! He knew the journey from here would be daunting. He contemplated the offer for a few moments but was inter-



Photo by Jack Tipple

into the trunk of his car and handed Frodough a silver jacket. "I know its sunny down here, but the weather can change quickly, especially near the summit, take this puffer. It was crafted in the hills of Patagonia, it's as warm as wool, yet as light as a feather."

He placed his hand of Frodough's arm, a sparkle in his eye, "Good luck young Frodough." He got in his car and drove away.

Frodough was alone now. He looked up 24th street. It climbed gradually at first, but in the distance, it became quite steep. Atop the hill, two twin peaks and a large metal tower loomed. The locals called it Sutron's tower. Fog always seemed to gather at its base.

Frodough gathered his things, tied his jacket around his waist, and took his first step up towards the peak.

To be continued.

Lord of the Dough Part I: The Fellowship of the Donut By Elliot Carlson

rupted by a load growl from his stomach. His hunger made the decision for him. "I accept," he said confidently.

"Very well!" Grand Al turned to the clerk and said, "Three donuts please, two for the lad and one for myself."

They exited the store and he handed Frodough a donut. They began to eat. Smitten with joy, Frodough, donut still in his mouth, said "Thank you sir, I was so hungry, and this donut is fantastic! You know I have been dieting the past week". Grand Al slapped Frodough on the back "No problemo, little dude." Less than a minute later and they were both done eating. "I must be going now Frodough, do not forget our arrangement!" He looked puzzlingly at Frodough, "Have you no bag to carry the donut?"

Frodough shook his head, "No".

"No matter," Grand Al replied. He pulled out a container of floss from his pocket, cut off a piece of string, threaded it through the donut hole and around Frodough's neck. As he tied the string, His face was close to Frodough's, he whispered, "Whatever you do, do not eat that donut, it will tempt you, and it will require

all your strength to resist. Donuts have a power over men, the one pastry that rules them all."

He leaned back and smiled. "Here. Some items to help you in your journey." He handed over a small hard white container. "Airpods. May they bring quiet to you in the loudest of places, when all other peace is lost." Next, he reached

Elliot Carlson moved to Noe Valley around two years ago, and lives with his girlfriend on 24th street.

He enjoys the challenge of walking to the top of Twin Peaks and loves the donuts at Happy Donuts. Last year he read all the Lord of the Rings books and was inspired me to write a spoof with our neighborhood as the setting. Presented here is part one of a planned three part story.

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(vê vr) v. [Fr.] to live; to experience.

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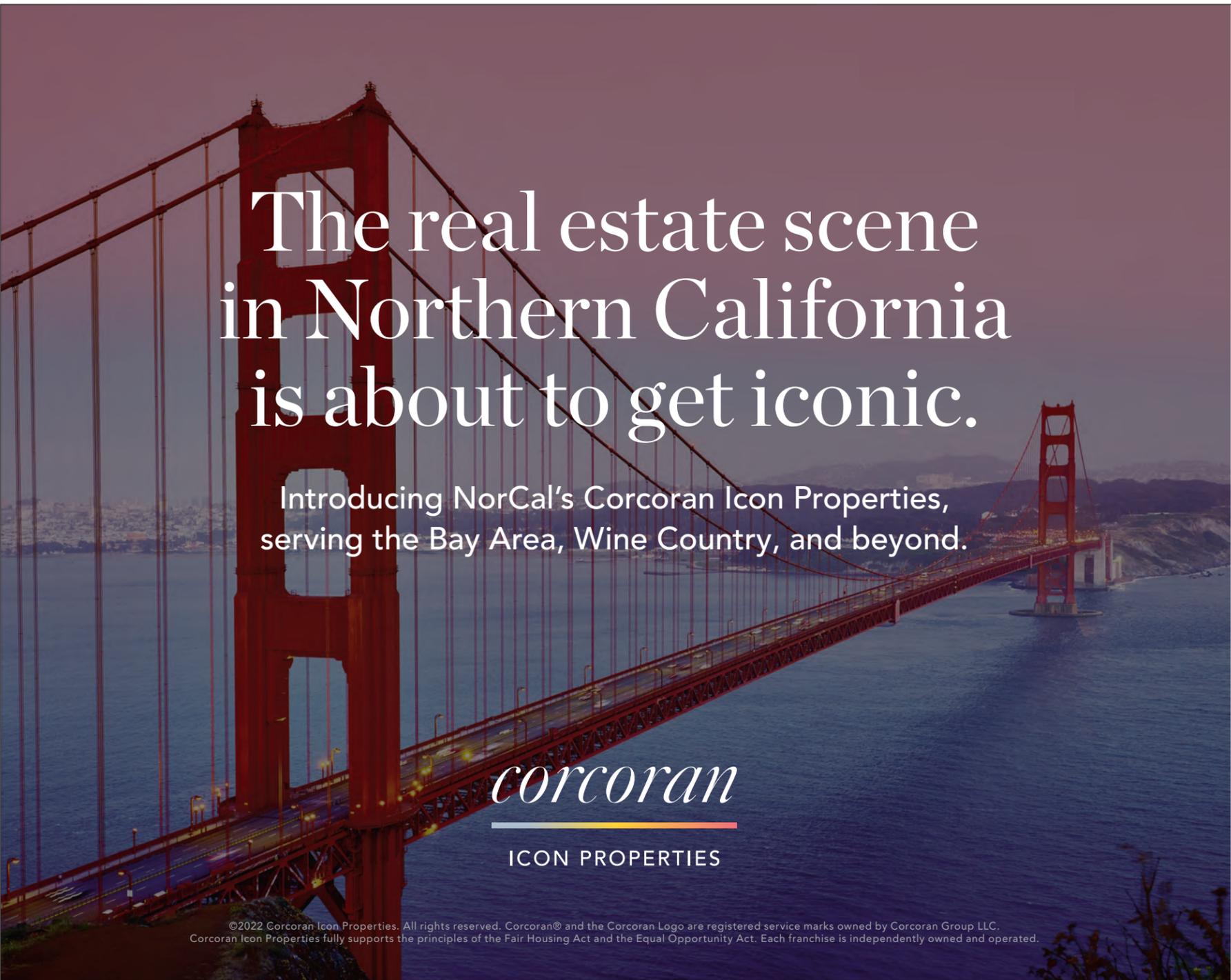
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Petey Boy was dressed all in white, a miniature white linen suit that had been worn by his cousin Charlie, a year earlier, on his special day. The sleeves were a tad long, but the matching shirt and tie were just perfect, not to mention the white knee socks and shoes and Petey's very own shiny white teeth. In his lapel his mother stuck a white carnation that she bought at the last minute. It smelled icky Petey Boy thought, kind of like somebody died.

"Stand up straight," his mother demanded before they entered St. Anne's along with dozens of other boys and girls shrouded in whipped cream. "And don't forget what monsignor told you: no chewing, it's the body of Jesus Christ for goodness sake. Just let him melt in your mouth and make sure your prayer hands are pointed to Heaven."

"Yes ma, I'll remember," Petey Boy said looking up at her with those sky blue, obedient eyes. He was only eight but already knew how the world worked; you had to pick your battles if you wanted to get anywhere. He fingered the wrinkly five-dollar bill in his pocket, the one he filched earlier that day from his mother's black patent leather purse and smiled. "That's right dear, a smile will show God your love for him is real. Think of him and smile, think of him and let his almighty love surround you."

"Like my fuzzy blue blanket ma? The one I sleep with when my stomach hurts?"

"Yes darling, exactly like your blue blanket, now run along and get in line, you don't want to be the last one to the altar."

Laying it on a little too thick was one of Petey's specialties, it was something he learned from his older sister, Greta--the only useful bit of wisdom he ever got from her. It was a gift really that kept on giving; teasing and bullying was much



Photo by Jack Tipple

Dressed in White

By Rob Leone

more her style.

Once when their parents were out, she convinced Petey to sprawl on the kitchen floor and allow himself to be doused with ketchup. "Think of it," she said, "when Mom and Dad come in I'll pretend to be crying and we'll all have a good laugh. It'll be hysterical." There were hysterics, but of a different kind when Ma saw him motionless on the black and white linoleum covered in fake blood. It was at that moment that Petey knew just

how ill-conceived this prank was and that there would be consequences. As it turned out they all fell on Petey boy like a ton of bricks. "Daddy," Greta pleaded, stretching out the a in daddy, her red rimmed eyes brimming just enough, "he fooled me too, you know I would never do such a thing."

When he was old enough, Petey tried to push her head into the toilet during a disagreement about who would get the last piece of chocolate cake wrapped in wax paper and sitting in the fridge but

being thin and wiry she escaped before any real damage could be done. Petey did snicker though because Greta would get kind of jumpy every time she heard the toilet flush.

The line up to the altar was slow moving, giving Petey time to think about how he would spend his five dollar windfall. He had narrowed it down to the pair of goldfish he coveted in the window of Pets 'n Things or save it to buy fireworks for the fourth of July, which was only a month away, but at eight years old a month seems like a lifetime. Either way he would have to conceal the purchase from his parents.

Finally, it was Petey Boy's turn. "Body of Christ" the priest said as Petey opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue after replying "amen." The host was smooth and slimy; it stuck to the roof of Petey Boy's mouth as he waited for his lord and savior to disintegrate. The tips of the priest's fingers, which were damp and clammy with holy water, stayed a little too long on Petey's cheek, but Petey Boy didn't even notice, his mind was fixed on that five-dollar bill. First thing the next morning, he'd bicycle over to Smith's hardware and pocket a handful of firecrackers and pop bottle rockets, sneak out the alley door then head for Pets 'n Things to spend his mother's five bucks. He could hardly wait.

Rob Leone's work has appeared in Ravens Perch, Hawaii Pacific Review, Prometheus Dreaming, Spank the Carp, Tuliptree and Rosebud. He co-wrote "Rights of Passage" a play produced at New Conservatory Theatre Center in San Francisco.

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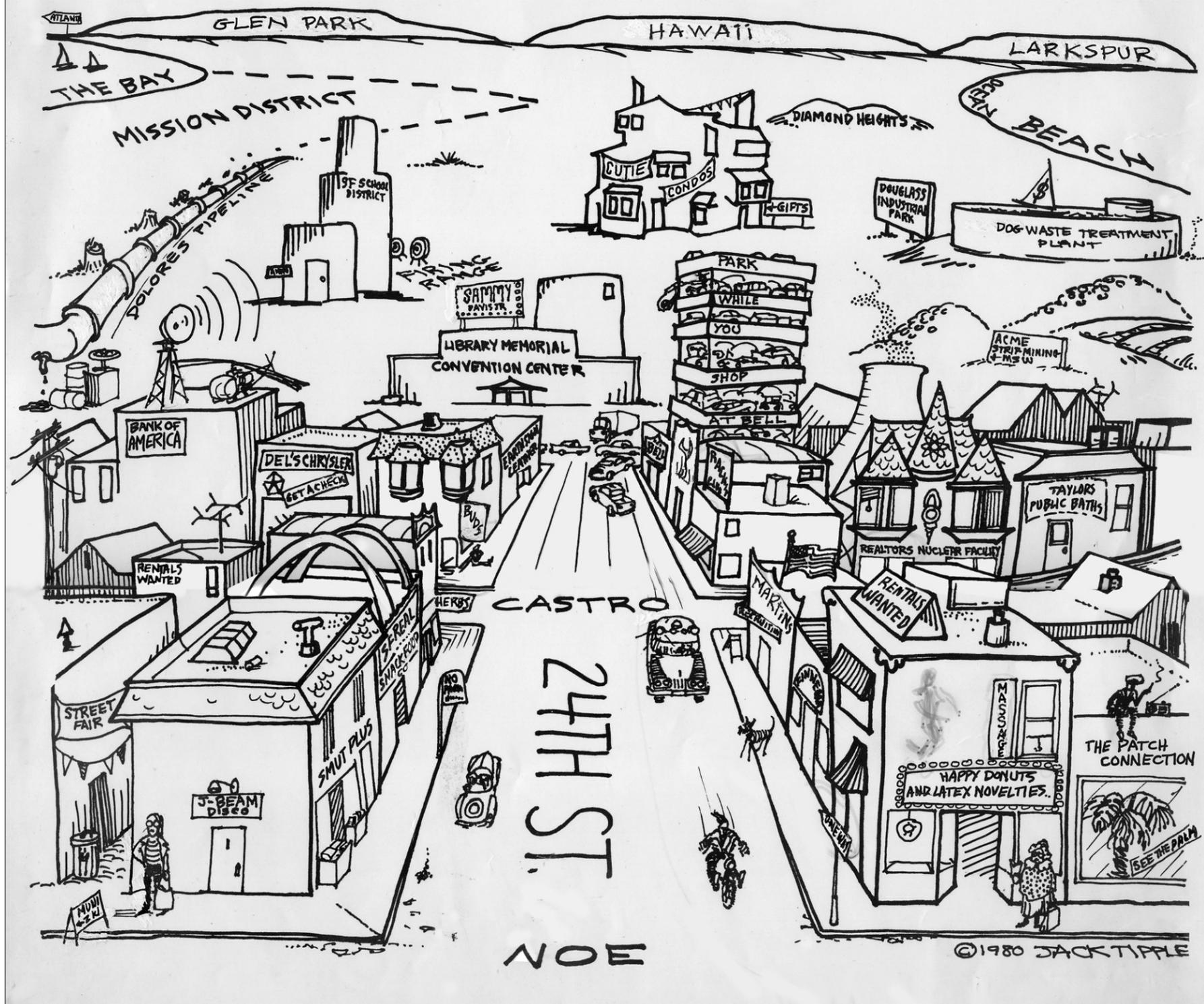
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Looking Back on the First 46 Years

A Tongue-in-Cheek Dystopian Noe Valley from Our Pages in 1980

The Noe Valley Voice office (not pictured) was a rustic tiny back room in the Noe Valley Ministry building on Sanchez Street that had a blanket for a door, but was the scene where a gang of part-time journalists hatched dreams of being the Voice of their community. Somewhat to our surprise, the Noe Valley neighborhood embraced our efforts. Letters and inquiries from new contributors poured in and our mostly volunteer effort was buoyed by revenue from local merchants wanting to advertise in our pages. We grew to an average of 64 pages, each containing over 200 ads. Our bank account could pay for more than printing and lattes and bagels. Memory is sometimes faulty, but it seems like there was a recession, energy crisis and the internet, all of which challenged our efforts. We've continued— mainly due to the supportive words from our neighbors and the incredible offerings from our contributors. We couldn't have lasted this long if it weren't for them.

Looking Forward with Your Help

Your Help is Needed

While the Voice has a solid base of financial support, it doesn't cover all expenses. To breathe a little easier, we come to you, dear reader and ask for your checks, in any amount you can afford. Send a contribution our way and we're guaranteed to continue and even flourish. Thank you for considering.

The Noe Valley Voice
PO Box 460249
San Francisco, CA 94146

Thanks again!

The Good Life Grocery, a San Francisco natural food store on Potrero Hill (since 1974) and in Bernal Heights (since 1991), is entering a new era of leadership. Long-time employee and General Manager Samantha Zuvella has joined Lester's wife Kayren Hudiburgh as co-owner of the business. Small business ownership transitions can be difficult, yet through a gradual, step-by-step approach The Good Life Grocery made this transition comfortable and seamless for the owners, employees and customers alike.

1. How long have you worked for The Good Life Grocery? What drew you to GLG and kept you there?

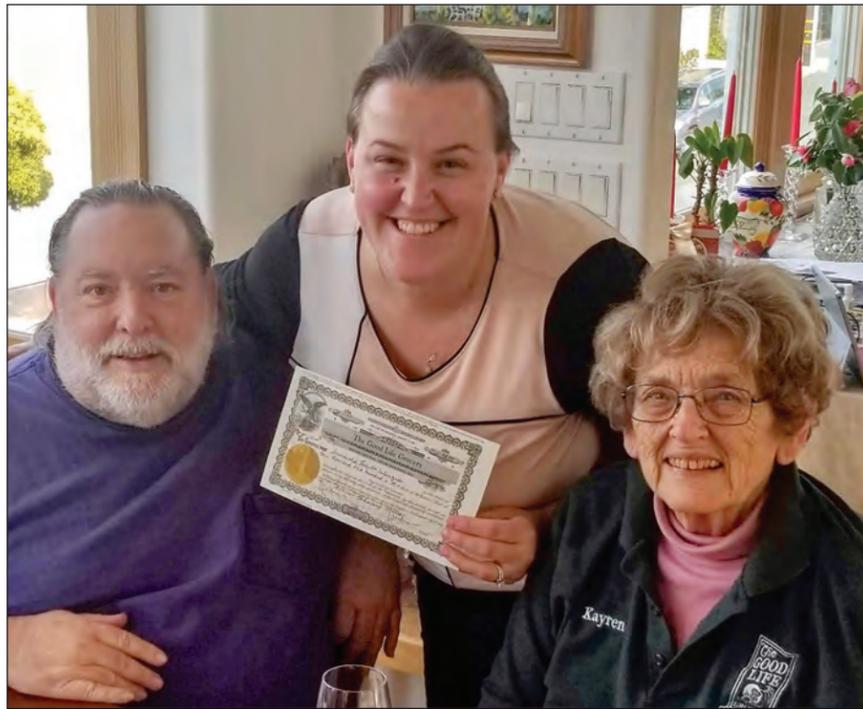
a. I have worked at GLG for over 18 years. It was my first real job after baby-sitting and I was a teenager in high school. I was excited to work in the neighborhood that I lived in, and I always loved meeting new people. The opportunities for growth, and the everyday challenges and excitement are what have kept me at GLG. I wanted to be financially independent and live on my own, and I knew that I had to take on every opportunity to obtain more responsibility so that I could earn a higher hourly pay.

2. Specifically, how has your role in the business changed over the years and how did that happen?

a. In 2004, I was hired as a courtesy clerk, or "bagger" at the Potrero location.
b. cashier
c. file clerk for Accounts Payable with Lester
d. Store Supervisor because the other SUP was leaving
e. Then trained by Lester as Accounts Payable Manager for both stores. This role gave me the experience I was looking for to connect with my education from SF State in Business and Accounting. I also took over Payroll as well as monthly financial reconciliation for our Accountant.
f. Then General Manager's Assistant at the Bernal Heights location
g. Then Store Manager at Potrero which meant managing both the Grocery and Deli Departments as well as Customer Service
h. Then I became the General Manager, overseeing Management at both locations while keeping all my financial responsibilities. The prior GM, Greg, retired a few years back, and then the Store Manager, Mike, of the Bernal Heights location also retired. We didn't have anyone at the moment to fill the position, so I jumped for the responsibility.
i. In 2021, I became a minority owner/partner of the business, and in 2022, I became 50% owner/partner with Kayren Hudiburgh. I am still the General Manager and CFO of the business.

3. What inspired you to want to be an owner of the business and when did you start to consider it?

In 2013, I almost left GLG to go work for a much larger organization that was offering me higher pay and lifetime benefits. As much as I loved working at Good Life, I didn't see the future in it for me at the time, and I gave Kayren and Lester Zeidman my resignation notice and told them I would be leaving in a few months. It was



Lester Zeidman, Samantha Zuvella and Kayren Hudiburgh.

Ownership Transition at The Good Life

An Interview with new co-owner Samantha Zuvella

By Paul Terry

how Kayren and Lester reacted to me wanting to leave, that made me reconsider and start looking at GLG as my life-long career, rather than a 1st job. I knew that Kayren and Lester wanted the business to live on well past them. I truly care personally about the employees that I work with every day, and I knew that if I became an owner, I would be able to help them. I would be able to give them some of the opportunities that had been given to me by Kayren and Lester. I would be able to teach them and give them the responsibilities they wanted, so they too could be financially secure, as well as feel connected with the business and proud of themselves. Since 2013, I knew I wanted to become the owner of the business one day, and every year after that I continued to work towards that goal.

4. Since becoming an owner, have your thoughts or intentions about small business ownership changed?

a. No. I think I have been thinking like an owner for several years. I knew all of the challenges that would come with owning a small business because I was already dealing with them every day for several years. I have been fully committed to this job and the success of the company for many years prior to becoming an owner.

5. Ownership transitions can be a stressful time for any small business and a lot to figure out. What do you think made this transition successful? (You could comment on your relationship with Lester and Kayren; the transition process; and/or additional help/support received, etc.)

a. This transaction was successful because we all have the same goal- for GLG to thrive as a successful business for many years to come, while bringing the com-

munity together with good food, and good people. There is so much trust, respect, and patience between us. Though this was a business transaction, it felt personal, and it felt emotional. I felt like I was making them proud, and I am honored to have their trust and to have been given the opportunity. Paul was a major help in helping us accomplish this ownership transition. He facilitated necessary meetings, kept records of agreements and kept

us on track on our deadlines to continue to work towards the goal. Without Paul's hard work and help to keep the wheels turning on this transition, I do not believe it would have happened.

6. How did the pandemic lead to operational changes for GLG? (Selling your products in a different way? Reducing or expanding certain aspects of the business? Hiring more or fewer employees?)

a. The pandemic brought positive light to Grocery Careers as an essential business and customers were much more appreciative than ever that we were there, every day without fail, to serve them in such a time of need. It brought us waves of employment applications and qualified candidates wanting lots of responsibilities. Supply Chain issues are what affected us the most. We weren't able to get our everyday products so easily, so our buyers worked extra hard to find other options from other suppliers to keep food staples on the shelves for our customers.

7. On a personal level, how do you manage through these challenging times? (Any specific strategies/activities that have been helpful - a mindfulness or meditation

practice, physical exercise, support from your immediate family, being a parent; something else?)

a. I try to take it day by day when it is overwhelming. I have always been a person that likes a challenge. It is overcoming those challenges that is most rewarding. The feeling of getting through it, working with a team to find resolution, and then finally accomplishing the goal are worth all of it. I am a goal setter, and though it may take me longer than expected to accomplish the goal, one day, I know I will get there. Other than my family and close relationships, overcoming challenges is one of my most favorite values of life.

8. What should people know about managing a grocery store that you think they don't? (A chance to educate how hard it is to run one and what you all do to make a difference?)

a. There are a million different pieces to the puzzle, and sometimes the pieces change sizes. It is figuring out how to rearrange the puzzle to keep it complete. Having a strong team to help keep it together and move the pieces is extremely important. Every day there is something new. Our employees are our biggest asset. Investing in them will help them feel connected and committed. Most employees won't ever see grocery as a career opportunity, others may find out along the ride that this is their passion, and they want to learn it all.

9. What would you like people to know about if there are customers of GLG?

a. I want our customers to know that we will go the extra mile to find the product you are looking for. If it is not in our stores, we can special order it for you, or we will cut it into our shelves to offer it to you daily. We welcome your feedback, and we encourage you to request items that you would like to buy in our stores. We will do our best to get them for you.

10. How is GLG doing now? Do you feel positive about the future of your business? Any future plans for the stores that you can share?

a. The GLG isn't going anywhere. We are working hard to offer our customers the best shopping experience. We are proud to say we will be offering Online Shopping options with Pick Up or Delivery service very soon.

11. Are there any specific products or store services that you'd like to promote?

a. Most customers don't know that we can do special order catering for your next event. We can do anything from pasta dinner for 100 people, to a beautiful Charcuterie board cheese platter for your holiday table.

Paul Terry provides management consulting for small business clients in transition with a focus on partnerships, exit planning and successions.

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History

By Helen Dannenberg

Book end with face, needs a tongue
for completion

kindness of friends
makes it bearable
just
no exit until the concrete dries
a temporary ramp
relief ~ reprieve
return to the world
can I
where to borrow strength
thoughts alone
eat alone
sleep alone
breathe alone
clouds drift
in the mist of my brain
In the midst of what
smart people
link thoughts, ideas

she dies leaves husband, children, grand children
another lives
has none of those
war bombings food rationing
a pandemic
lock down quarantine
Recovery, renewal, readjustment

Helen Dannenberg's work can be found in the SF City College magazine Forum, the Noe Valley Voice and in the Publications of Community Living Campaign, Litquake and Older Writers Labratory.

Dream Cloud

A lenticular cloud is a circular cloud that forms around Mt. Shasta and elsewhere

By Daniel Raskin

Meet me, meet me, please meet me,
Meet me in the middle of the air.

I'll rise from bed down here,
You waft over from your blankets there.

Shasta's the place for our assignation.
Have no fear for complication.

Aeolus will oblige with a lenticular cloud,
A pillow for your bottom. We'll entwine inside.

After love, rain will shower us fresh.
Arachne will weave us party dress.

We'll dance in a crater by milky moonlight.
Euterpe will play notes sweet and bright.

We'll sup on Orion's hunted game,
And sleep by the warmth of Hestia's flame.

Aeolus was the ancient Greek keeper of the winds. Orion was a hunter in Greek mythology, Euterpe was the muse of music, and Arachne was a weaver. Hestia was the goddess of the hearth.

Daniel Raskin lives in Bernal Heights. He writes with The Older Writers Laboratory at The Bernal Library, The MERI Center at UCSF and at Laguna Writers.



JANUARY EVENTS AT OMNIVORE BOOKS

WED JAN 11	LISA BRYAN IN CONVERSATION WITH MICHELLE TAM + DOWNSHIFTOLGY HEALTHY MEAL PREP: 100+ MAKE-AHEAD RECIPES AND QUICK-ASSEMBLY MEALS + 6:30 P.M. FREE! Discover an easier, more balanced way to meal prep as you whip up 100 fresh and healthy dishes that happen to be gluten-free, from the creator of the popular blog and YouTube channel Downshiftology.
WED JAN 25	VASUDHA VISWANATH + THE VEGETARIAN RESET: 75 LOW-CARB, PLANT-FORWARD RECIPES FROM AROUND THE WORLD + 6:30 P.M. FREE! Whether you already follow a low-carb lifestyle, or simply want to add more healthy dishes into your vegetarian rotation, these recipes, drawn from traditional cuisines that are rich in whole foods, will delight and inspire you to eat well and feel great.
TUES JAN 31	NOAH GALUTEN IN CONVERSATION WITH KAYOKO AKABORI + THE DON'T PANIC PANTRY COOKBOOK + 6:30 P.M. FREE! We all want to eat "better," but what does that mean? This book is here to say: Don't panic. Noah gives you the tools to create kitchen staples and vegetable-and-bean-centric dishes (with just a little meat too) that will become the everyday meals you will make over and over in your home.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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May the Steps You Take be purposeful. Find your truth and speak it. Then you'll find beauty surrounding you whether you're washing dishes or your face — making tea, or just making time to gaze into the crystals on your window sill. There's rose and gold waiting.

Photo by N.A.C.

She Remembers Being Pretty

By Grace D'Anca

Elephants glide
on apron shaped ears
in the wet blue sky
toward buffalo clouds parting for steeples
and astonished ancient stone houses
straddled like cracked cookie jars
among weeds of concrete skyscrapers
wearing sunglasses
remembering the naked sun.

Ghosts on stilts
don't wait for stoplights.
They own memories
forgivable, forgettable
exploding in the bottom of a broken basket.

The queen of tears
ranks the rulers on the kitchen table
and makes sure all the pencils work
before she dusts around the edges
hoping for a surprise.

Crows she is afraid of
send her messages
from across town. She puts on
her father's faded fedora
spits on her shoe and turns in circles.
This she learned from the grandmother
she never met.

Her house
is so old the doors don't shut
and all the keys in the collage
don't work anyway. Her no-color
hair is too long for an old face
her cheeks withered apples now.
and she wonders what to do with dryer lint
and blood from the dead chicken.

Her mind is a Frida Kahlo painting.
In the humility of the laundry room
she knows never to buy anything red
unseen because it's likely to be too yellow.

Even now
with clown feet and polka dot hands
she smells of satin sachet
and remembers being pretty.

Grace D'Anca came to S. F. mid-60's. She performed with small theater and improv dance ensembles, worked 45 years as a creative arts therapist with children, youth and adults, and collaborated with community groups to create murals, mosaics and cultural events in the Excelsior District. Retired, she has come back full circle to writing, making art and drama, and dancing with the mirror.

Remembering My Grandmother

By A. D. Winans

Oh, how I hated that Third Street hotel
My grandmother old and wrinkled
Sitting in the lobby with withered men and women
Reclining on worn couches
Staring off into space
With eyes like death warrants
The smell of death
the smell of funeral parlors filling
the lobby

My grandmother pale and sickly
Her voice shaking like an earthquake tremor
Rose slowly to hug me
Wore her years like rosary beads
Oh, how I hated those visits
Watching those old people shuffle
In and out of the hotel
On their way to a Sunday walk
Or a meal at a Tenderloin cafeteria
Looking like wasted corpses
On a 24-hour pass from the morgue

Skeletons living behind drawn shades
In a single light-bulb room
Sealed like tombs
Walking in endless circles
Like a mad conductor
At an abandoned railway station
Oh, how I hated those visits with death
Seeing my own mortality
In my grandmother's eyes

The old hotels are gone now
Torn down in the name of progress
But they will always live on
In the back of my mind
My grandmother shuffling along
The corridors of my skull
Reaching out to me
With bone-cold hands

These transitory images
That will not leave me alone
Replay themselves over
And over again
Like a bad horror movie

Feet cursed with neuropathy
I struggle in the morning
To get out of bed
Wake two-three times a night
Trudge down three flights of stairs
To retrieve the morning newspaper

In my dreams my grandmother's voice
Calls out to me
From the dark gloom of that hotel
Death crouched low like a track sprinter
Waiting on the starter's gun

*A.D. Winans is an award-winning native San Francisco poet and writer. He has lived in Noe Valley since 1993. His work has appeared internationally and translated into 11 languages. Awards include a PEN National Josephine Miles Award for Excellence in Literature, a PEN Oakland Lifetime Achievement Award and a Kathy Acker Award in Poetry and Publishing. His latest book, *cityscapes: a quilt of poetry* was published in 2022 by Cold River Press.*

www.coldriverpress.com/HTML/AUTHORS/winans/cityscapes.htm

State of the Market Noe Valley

NUMBERS SOLD FROM 9/1/22 - 12/27/22

Numbers reflect where the Noe Valley market ended last year.



SINGLE FAMILY HOUSE

7	4	24	\$2,095,000	\$1,211	-3.41%
# Active < \$3M	# Pending < \$3M	# Sold < \$3M	Average Sales Price	Average \$/Sq Ft	YOY Avg Sales Price Change
5	1	8	\$3,779,000	\$1,324	-4.5%
# Active \$3M +	# Pending \$3M +	# Sold \$3M +	Average Sales Price	Average \$/Sq Ft	YOY Avg Sales Price Change



CONDOMINIUM

4	1	28	\$1,564,000	\$1,051	-2.9%
# Active < \$3M	# Pending < \$3M	# Sold < \$3M	Average Sales Price	Average \$/Sq Ft	YOY Avg Sales Price Change
0	0	0	N/A	N/A	N/A
# Active \$3M +	# Pending \$3M +	# Sold \$3M +	Average Sales Price	Average \$/Sq Ft	YOY Avg Sales Price Change



The changes in market dynamics that began in late spring/early summer 2022 generally continued in autumn due to the ongoing economic headwinds, including high inflation and interest rates, reduced consumer confidence, and volatile stock markets, though all have fluctuated significantly over the period, and some readings have recently improved. The great majority of indicators continue to describe a market that has substantially cooled and “corrected” since Spring 2022, when it appears that a long, dramatic, 10-year market upcycle peaked.

While the market has corrected, thousands of Bay Area homes continue to sell, some very quickly at over asking price. With the shifts in market conditions, pricing correctly has become imperative for sellers. If you have had thoughts of selling, contact us for a more in-depth analysis of your home value and how this recent shift in the market affects your plans.

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Alice lived with the shade down, in a one room apartment—only a crack of light where the shade didn't quite reach the sill. From the outside, you could almost imagine that she had a small cactus on the window ledge. In the right light you could see a ring of pink porcelain with a smear of dirt.

Bill lived next door—his shades were down too. He had two windows on the incline, facing the street.

Alice had known Bill for thirty-five years. Bill sang and mumbled a lot to himself and only went out to walk down Gough Street to the Cala market wearing his grey tweed blazer, and fedora one size too large. "I have to stay warm," he would tell Alice when he brought her a can of evaporated milk and a pound of MJB in a green can. "It is San Francisco, Alice—never gets warm."

Alice had three lamps: one was porcelain with a silk shade—the overhead light had one bulb missing and a few dead bugs lying on the mint green fixture. She had no way of getting up there to change a bulb. The third one was copper—shaped like a cone that had seen better days; she could twist the neck of the lamp to shine like a spotlight wherever she needed. "See kid," she told me once. "This is how I read the paper. This magnifying glass and my lamp. Now scoot—that's all of Alice you are going to get."

And that's all I ever saw of Alice. As a kid all I knew is she was Aunt Alice. My grandmother visited her. When we drove there, she would pull up to the curb and turn her wheels out so the car wouldn't roll. "Now stay here—I'll only be three minutes." She'd pull out a wrapped box from under the seat. "I am bringing this box of Sees to Alice—I put a twenty inside—poor Alice." Then she'd slide out of



Photo by Jack Tipple

Sutter Street and the breeze tapped me on the head and whispered in my mind. I looked right and on the incline were six windows—their ledges inches from my feet. Shades dusty, yellowed and despairing, were pulled down. If windows could cry, they these would have moaned for soap and water, and a squeegee.

I wanted to tap. Who goes there, but I zipped my wind breaker and yanked my hood over my head. I hope it never comes to this—I'd die down there or off myself. I spoke to the windows. "Are you sad down there. I hope you are not lonely. What do you do all day?" Don't know why I felt their plight. I had never seen their faces or known their names.

I stepped on and raised their window shades—maybe there are some slightly shaken, yet sharp-minded eccentrics in there with a rich past: A seamstress for the ballet beading a dress, a voice teacher lifting her palate, a violinist giving a lesson—maybe a hooker waiting on a trick.

I stopped at the corner and fell back on one heal. Aunt Alice, you in there? I brought you a light bulb.

On the Bottom Floor

By Andrew Pelfini

the car. I counted the windows while I waited. Six windows almost touching the ground. The people inside if they looked out, could only see the feet, ankles and calves of pedestrians. It felt creepy.

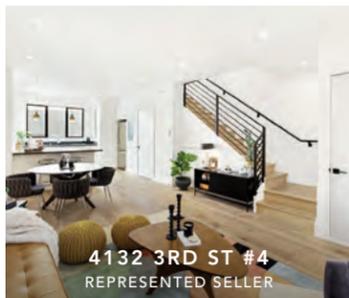
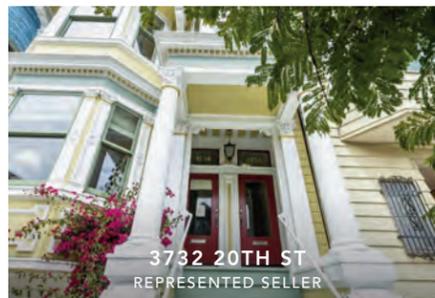
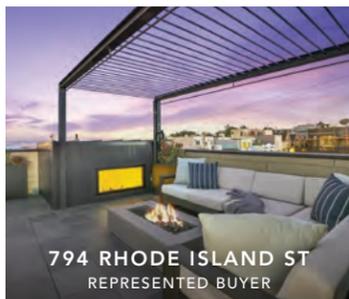
My Aunt Alice retouched photos and needed to be in the dark to get the job done—at least when she was young. Her friend Miriam lived next door to Bill. Poor Miriam my grandmother would tell me, she was the daughter of the Blum's—

You know the ice cream and chocolate people. When she was young, she had everything good now she's a little off in the head. And she called Bill, "deaf Pete", never knew why, but she had names for a lot of things.

I hoped I'd never have to live in a basement apartment. I rarely think about that now, but yesterday I was walking up

Andrew Pelfini is the youngest of six, native to San Francisco. He has been writing prose in multiple genres and has published an anthology of collected works from the Intergenerational Writing collective in which he has been a member for twenty years.

By trade, Andrew is a psychotherapist and graduate educator. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings, he can be found at the bar of the Academy of Ballet among the community of Adult students.



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“Sunny Jim” Rolph: A Self-Made Man

By Dale Fehringer

High on the top of Sanchez Hill, in San Francisco’s Noe Valley neighborhood, sits a Tudor Revival style house with incredible views and an interesting history -- a legacy from a largely forgotten old-time San Francisco politico.

“Sunny Jim” Rolph was a self-made man, born in San Francisco in 1869. He grew up in the Mission District, entered the shipping business, grew rich and powerful, and served as president of two banks. He ran for mayor in 1911, with a rowdy campaign that included fist fights, egg-throwing, and police riots. He won and held office for 19 years – the longest in San Francisco history. As mayor, he expanded the Municipal Railway, pushed to build the Twin Peaks tunnel that opened the western portion of the city, and led efforts to re-build City Hall, which had been damaged in the 1906 earthquake.

He was a dapper man-about-town with a friendly word for everyone and clothes for every occasion: cowboy boots, railway man’s hat, construction outfits, even an Indian headdress. He would sometimes stop his car on his way to City Hall to offer rides to pedestrians, and he loved to talk with his fellow San Franciscans. He always had booze, even during Prohibition. At the 1920 Democratic National Convention in San Francisco, delegates were offered free bottles of whiskey, compliments of the mayor.

Rolph’s mansion on the top of Sanchez Hill, which some people called the “Pleasure Palace”, was unique. It had ostrich skin floors, redwood rafters, and a fireplace built with stones from Yosemite’s Hetch Hetchy Valley. It housed the mayor’s hard-drinking parties, some with guests of questionable virtues. It’s rumored that the original home was built for Rolph’s mistress, actress Anita Page, and the story goes that it did not include a kitchen, since she wasn’t going to be doing any cooking.

He successfully ran for governor of California, taking office in 1931 during the

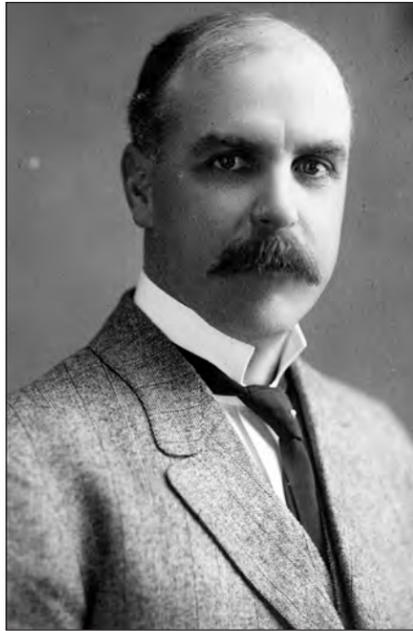


Photo by Bain News Service - Library of Congress, Public Domain,

Great Depression. He established the State Park System and instituted the first California Sales Tax, which some called “Pennies for Jimmy.” A recall movement was launched in 1933; as it was progressing, a vigilante group in San Jose pulled two suspected kidnapers from jail and lynched them. Rolph condoned the lynching, saying justice had been served. The press roasted him for that, and he became known as “Governor Lynch.” That took the wind out of him; he grew despondent, suffered a heart attack, and died six months later. His body was brought home to lie in state in San Francisco City Hall.

Now all that is left of “Sunny Jim” Rolph is a beautiful house on the top of Sanchez Hill and memories of the things he did for San Francisco.

Dale Fehringer is a freelance writer and long-time resident of Noe Valley. He shares office space in his Jersey Street cottage with his wife, Patty, and feline roommates, George and Gracie.

JANUARY CALENDAR



Woman with Dog and UFO. Paint pens and acrylic paint on canvas. 12x9 inches. By Nanci Reese.

Recent paintings by long time Noe Valley resident Nanci Reese will be on display at Gallery Sanchez from January 22 to March 12 with an opening reception January 22 — 1 to 3 p.m. Gallery Sanchez is located in the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. Email reeseartsf@gmail for a viewing appointment.

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 Virtual meeting. All welcome.

Al-Anon Noe Valley

Contact: 834-9940
 Website: al-anonsf.org
 Meetings: Wednesdays, 7:30-9 p.m.
 St. Philip Church, 725 Diamond St. (park on Elizabeth Street side; enter on 24th Street)

Castro Community on Patrol

Website: castropatrol.org
 Email: info@castropatrol.org

Castro Merchants

Contacts: Masood Samereie, President;
 Dave Karraker, 415-710-0245
 Email: Dave@mx3fitness.com
 Address: 584 Castro St. #333, SF, CA 94114
 Meetings: Email info@CastroMerchants.com

Diamond Heights Community Association

Contact: Betsy Eddy, 867-5774
 Address: P.O. Box 31529, SF, CA 94131
 Website: www.dhcasf.org. Meetings: Second Thursday, 7 p.m. Call for location.

Dolores Heights Improvement Club

Email: info@doloresheights.org
 Website: www.doloresheights.org
 Meetings: Third Thursday of every second month. Bank of America, 18th and Castro.

Duncan Newburg Association (DNA)

Contacts: Deanna Mooney, 821-4045;
 Diane McCarney, 824-0303; or Sally Chew, 821-6235. Address: 560 Duncan St., SF, CA 94131. Meetings: Call for details.

Eureka Valley Neighborhood Association

Website: <https://evna.org>
 Address: P.O. Box 14137, SF, CA 94114
 Meetings: See website calendar. Castro Meeting Room, 501 Castro St., 7 p.m.

Fair Oaks Neighbors

Email: hello@fairoaksneighbors.org
 Address: 200 Fair Oaks St., SF, CA 94110
 The Fair Oaks Street Fair is traditionally held the day before Mother's Day.

Friends of Billy Goat Hill

Contact: Lisa and Mo Ghotbi, 821-0122
 Website: www.billygoathill.net

Friends of Dolores Park Playground

Contact: Nancy Gonzalez Madynski, 828-5772
 Email: friendsofdolorespark@gmail.com
 Website: friendsofdolorespark.org

Friends of Glen Canyon Park

Contact: Jean Conner, 584-8576
 Address: 140 Turquoise Way, SF, CA 94131
 Plant restoration work parties, Wednesday mornings and third Saturday of the month.

Friends of Noe Courts Playground

Contact: Laura Norman
 Email: lauranor@yahoo.com
 Address: P.O. Box 460953, SF, CA 94146
 Meetings: Email for dates and times.

Friends of Noe Valley (FNV)

Contact: Todd David, 401-0625
 Email: info@friendsofnoevalley.com
 Website: friendsofnoevalley.com
 Meetings: Two or three annually.

Friends of Upper Noe Recreation Center

Contact: Chris Faust
 Email: info@uppernoerecreationcenter.com
 Website: uppernoerecreationcenter.com
 Meetings: Email or check website.

Friends of Upper Noe Dog Owners Group (FUNDG)

Contacts: Chris Faust, David Emanuel
 Email: info@fundogsf.org
 Website: www.fundogsf.org

Glen Park Association

Contact: info@glenparkassociation.org
 Website: glenparkassociation.org
 Address: P.O. Box 31292, SF, CA 94131

Juri Commoners

Contact: Dave Schweisguth, M17-6290
 Email: dave@schweisguth.org
 Website: meetup.com/Juri-Commoners
 The group is on hiatus and seeking a new leader. Contact Dave.

Liberty Hill Neighborhood Association

Contact: Dr. Lisa Fromer, president
 Email: efromer3@gmail.com
 Meetings: Quarterly. Email for details.

Noe Neighborhood Council

Contact: Ozzie Rohm or Matt McCabe
 Email: info@noeneighborhoodcouncil.com
 Website: noeneighborhoodcouncil.com
 Meetings: Quarterly at Sally Brunn Library, 451 Jersey St., with date publicized on website and Nextdoor.com.

Noe Valley Association-24th Street Community Benefit District

Contact: Debra Niemann, 519-0093
 Dispatch: To report spills or debris on 24th Street, call Billy Dinnell, 802-4461.
 Email: info@noevalleyassociation.org
 Website: noevalleyassociation.org
 Board meetings: Quarterly. See website.

Noe Valley Democratic Club

Contact: Carrie Barnes, President
 E-mail: noevalleydemocrats@gmail.com
 Website: www.noevalleydemocrats.org
 Meetings: Monthly at the Valley Tavern, 4054 24th St., with dates publicized on website.

Noe Valley Farmers Market

Open Saturdays, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and Tuesdays, 3 to 7 p.m.; 3861 24th St. between Vicksburg and Sanchez.
 Contact: Leslie Crawford, 248-1332
 Email: info@noevalleyfarmersmarket.com

Noe Valley Merchants and Professionals Association (NVMPA)

Contact: Rachel Swann, 225-7743
 Meetings: Last Thursdays, Old Republic, 4045A 24th St., 9 a.m. Call to confirm.
 Website: www.NoevalleyMerchants.com

Noe Valley Parent Network

An e-mail resource network for parents

Contact: Mina Kenvin
 Email: minaken@gmail.com
noevalleyparentsubscribe@yahoo.com

Noe Walks

Contact: Chris Nanda
 Email: christopher.n.nanda@gmail.com
 Website: NoeWalks.com
 Meetings: Saturdays, 10 a.m. Starts 24th and Sanchez. Ends Noe and Duncan for photo.

Progress Noe Valley

Facebook: [ProgressNoeValley](https://www.facebook.com/ProgressNoeValley)
 Email: progressnoe@gmail.com
 Website: progressnoe.com
 Meetings: Check Facebook page for current meeting and event schedule.

Resilient Noe Valley

Contact: Antoinette
 Email: resilientnoevalley@gmail.com
 Newsletter: <http://eepurl.com/gYuCD5>
 Website: www.resilientnoevalley.com

San Francisco NERT (Neighborhood Emergency Response Team)

Contact: Noe Valley NERT Neighborhood Team co-coordinators Maxine Fasulis, mfasulis@yahoo.com; Carole Roberts, carole_roberts@faludi.com
 Website: <https://SF-fire.org>
 New classes will be commencing soon. Visit the SF NERT website for more information.

San Jose/Guerrero Coalition to Save Our Streets

Contact: Don Oshiro, 285-8188
 Email: contact@sanjoseguerrero.com
 Website: sanjoseguerrero.com
 Meetings: See website.

Friends of Slow Sanchez

Contacts: Christopher Keene, Andrew Casteel
 Email: info@SlowSanchez.com
 Website: SlowSanchez.com

Upper Noe Merchants

Contact: Info@UpperNoeNeighbors.com
<https://uppernoeneighbors.com/merchants/>

Upper Noe Neighbors

Contact: Chris Faust, President
 Email: Info@UpperNoeNeighbors.com
 Mail: 235 30th St., SF CA 94131
 Meetings: Bi-monthly on third Wednesday. Confirm Zoom link by email.

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE
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I am a senior, home from college for the weekend. Dinner is over. My brothers and I are playing poker. Mike is a sophomore in high school. Tom is 10, but he's dealing the cards rather professionally. My father, who sipped a few bourbons during dinner, has now disappeared into the basement.

A tranquil scene, three brothers playing cards in their Noe Valley kitchen. Then my father's voice comes up from the basement.

"Boys, come down here."

A moment later, my dad's head pops into the kitchen. He shouts, "Jeeerusalem, what are you three doing? We've got a mouse in the basement!"

The key in gauging the level of his anxiety is the word "Jeeerusalem." Only a few times, under grave distress, has he used this partial oath, a risky advance toward taking the name of the Second Person of the Trinity in vain.

As we descend the stairs, I feel that the problem of the mouse will resolve itself by the time we reach the basement. With my father's shouts, and the footfalls of four hunters on the stairs, what mouse would be so foolish as to remain in our basement?

But our mouse waits for us in the yellow lights of the basement's two bulbs. This is our prey, a small gray mouse no bigger than a spool of thread. I can see that the mouse is not injured or fearful. It is my dad, who grew up in the city, and who has never owned a dog or a cat, or seen a mouse, who is frightened by this tiny creature.

The mouse watches as my father hands out our weapons: a rake for Tom, a spade for Mike, a hoe for me. He reserves for himself a lawn edger with its lethal wheel. These implements are all in splendid condition, having never been used.

"Tom," my dad says. "You advance with the rake, and when you get close, let him



The Big Game Hunters

By Daniel C. Murphy

have it."

"Mike, if the mouse gets by Tom, use your spade on him."

"Dan, you wait. If he gets by Mike, you hit him with the hoe."

Four men ready for battle against a mouse, our odds look pretty good.

Tom advances, rake in hand. The mouse realizes that this hunting party may be serious. He tries to saunter past

Tom. If a mouse could whistle by a graveyard, this would be the mouse you would choose. My dad shouts, "Get him, Tom!" Poor Tom, a 10-year-old boy, looks back helplessly at his commander, and then at his two brothers, and decides what he must do. He brings the rake crashing down two feet from the innocent mouse.

"Tom, what are you doing?" yells my father. "Mike, it's up to you."

The spirit of insubordination fostered by Tom is contagious. Mike slams his

spade to the ground, deliberately missing the mouse.

Now it is my turn, and I summon all the stagecraft from every theatrical event I have ever witnessed. With a mighty blow to the cement, I miss the mouse with eight inches to spare. A professional wrestler could not have been more convincing.

My dad, the last hope of family honor, stands at the garage door, grasping in his hands the hickory handle of the lawn edger, whose bright steel wheel can cut a mouse in half like a slice of pizza. It is a scene of heroic justice: this mature man, who has sounded the battle call over a mouse and watched as each of his sons turned weakly away from duty, is now face to face with the single and only leader of the enemy, a brave little chap, dressed in gray.

Up goes the lawn edger, and down it comes with a bang. My father has missed the mouse by a greater distance than any of us. "Well," says my father, searching for a victory somewhere in the night's events. "Anyway, we got him to leave the basement."

But my father is wrong, for the mouse, hearing his words, stops at the garage door to turn and nod goodbye, a mouse so clever that he might be a magician's assistant. I believe then that I hear the mouse say, "Thanks. You are a very kind and generous family. I will visit you again."

Daniel C Murphy is a retired attorney who lives on Church Street with his wife, Lloyd, a retired schoolteacher. Dan Murphy has been a longtime contributor to the Noe Valley Voice.

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Cheers!
- The Swann Group



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