Wild in the City!
AN URBANITE’S GUIDE TO FINDING FOXXES, FALCONS, & ELEPHANT SEALS JUST AROUND THE CORNER
PLUS: VOYAGE TO THE PARALLONES WITH MERRILL SHINDLER
HIKING AND BIKING GUIDE TO THE BAY AREA
SAN FRANCISCO'S SPORTING BARS

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FREE-FOR-ALL
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Mimeographed opera masks

My son is presently in the Multicultural Institute Nursery School, and is part of an all-Asian class. The teachers are enthusiastic and knowledgeable about the various cultures represented. They encourage the children to bring in things from home that represent their culture. My son has brought in some Chinese New Year decorations, and is learning about the Chinese New Year traditions. He is learning to count to ten, and can sing some Chinese songs. He is also learning about Chinese food, and has tried some new foods. He is very interested in learning about different cultures, and is asking lots of questions. He is happy to make new friends, and is learning to share and take turns. He is also learning to be polite and to respect others. He is having a great time in nursery school, and is excited to come to school every morning. He is happy and healthy, and is making good progress in his learning. He is very grateful to the teachers and the nursery school for providing him with a wonderful learning environment. He is looking forward to a bright future.
YERBA BUENA
Cut through the smokescreen over jobs
and you still find a half billion dollar price tag
By Bob Levering and Jerry Roberts

"While we do not often cheer a picket line, the work of the Yerba Buena construction industry is proposing to set us up to convey their disgust with the Yerba Buena Development. Their determination is attracting our admiration and our hope that it will work!"

-SF Chronicle editorial, April 9, 1975.

The Chronicle and the downtown business interests represent don't give a damn about jobs. But they love using the issue of jobs to divide and confuse opponents to their plans to Man- hattanize San Francisco. The Ex/Chron, who have trumpeted the project from its inception, let us recall, own parcels of land adjacent to Yerba Buena Center and stand to profit handsomely from appraised land values.

The current round of banner waging over jobs— and the setting of labels, the environmentalists—is once again blaring a crucial distinction long clouded over by the Ex/Chron's calculations on the difference between the public and private parcels of Y.B. The public part is four construction projects, a convention con- tention/extension/hall, a parking garage, a pedestrian concourse and a heating/cooling plant. The private Y.B. consists mainly of 18 major sites to be leased to private developers.

The simple truth is that there aren't enough jobs at stake in the Y.B. public facilities to justify the enormous public expense and the cost of construction up to $1 billion to build them. Of the estimated 22,000 to 36,000 new "permanent jobs" at Y.B., no more than 338 will be in the public facilities. And of the 9000 to 14,000 construction jobs predicted for the entire project, less than one-fifth will be in the public portion.

Nobody denies the need for jobs in San Francisco. Joseph Sullivan, head of Carpenters Union local 22 and president of the SF Building Trades Council, claims that some 25% of the city's construction union workers are out of work. Members of the SF Council, representing thousands of unem tire workers through some 30 community groups, present staggering statistics of upwards of 50% unemployment in SF black neighborhoods. But trying to solve SF's job problems by ignoring the social and economic consequences of the solu- tion is likely to cure a depression by going to war.

Build neighborhoods, not Y.B.

There are lots of city services and public buildings that are in desperate need of repair. Hospitals and libraries need to be built. Daycare centers and low-cost housing could be constructed. Neighborhoods could be rehabilitated. All would be far greater, the majority of people in the city rather than line the pockets of a few fat cats.

The hardball tactics over jobs also obscures the real effect of Yerba Buena on working people in SF. Redevelop- ment exists to remove the Yerba Buena. It is growing more and more out of 700 businesses and past 6700 blue collar workers out of their jobs, as well as snatching away and fighting thousands of people, many of them retired single union men. If the Yerba Buena promoters are able to out in 30 years, they did so probably destroy so many jobs back then?

The current leaders of Y.B.'s trade unions have a sorry history on Y.B. Initially, the SF Labor Council opposed the entire project, precisely because it was throwing working people out of houses and jobs. But in 1967, as Chester Hartman has described in his excellent book, Yerba Buena: Land Grab and Community Resistant in San Fran- cisco, labor did a monumental flipflop, following ILWU leaders Dave Jenkins in helping to dump then Mayor Jack Shelley, deserting Jack Morrison's candidacy and backing Joe Alioto, former head of the Redevelopment Agency.

Nowhere is the incessant relationship between the labor bureaucrats and the Alioto machine clearer than at the Redevelopment Agency. Besides Jenkins, who has a consultative job in RDA, two union officials—Stan Jensen of the Machinists and Joe Moses of the ILWU—on the five-member agency board where they regularly move against working-class neighborhoods.

Paid in full, RDA

Three years ago, when Yerba Buena foes were trying to force a citywide vote on Y.B., the unions put out pamphlets entitled "What Ever Happened to Yerba Buena Center and Those 36,000 Jobs?" The besotted bakery "Keenley lawyers who couldn't care less about the San Francisco wage earner" and was signed by representatives of the SF Labor Council, Building and Trades Council and the ILWU. But a labor leader later disclosed that there was no attempt to print the pamphlets, and they were written and paid for, distributed by the Redevelopment Agency.

And once again, labor leader appear to be doing the bidding of the Redevelopment Agency. Sources inside the agency told the Guardian that Redevelopment helped organize the Labor Council break- fast meeting April 8 at the Del Webb Townhouse at which the demonstration against the Yerba Buena foes was announced. Agency Director Arthur Evans admitted that phone calls inviting labor leaders to the breakfast were sent out from Redevelopment offices. "They initiated the meeting," Evans said. "But they asked us to help out.

The jobs issue is also being used as a smokescreen to conceal Yerba Buena's horrendous financing provisions which will cost city residents at least half a billion dollars over 30 years for one exhibit hall (Brooks Hall in the Civic Center currently loses $200,000 yearly), a parking garage (which will probably lose money) and a pedestrian concourse and a heating plant (which will cost the city money to maintain). Alvin Skooy's proposed abandonment of his right to arbi- tration and fiscal/legal privilege in favor of minority jobs and guaranteed TOOR housing leaves SF citizens, for the moment at least, without a public de- fender against the quasi-legal attempts by the Redevelopment Agency and the PGE & Elelens to railroad the taxpayers into signing a blank check for a boondoggle convention center that could bleed the city budget day by day over the 35 years. The city is guaranteeing $210 million worth of "lease revenue" bonds for 35 years to fund construction of the public facilities. But the $210 million figure is deceptive: the repayment schedule calls for annual payments of $18.6 million. Over the life of the bonds, that totals $560,000,000. And that's the minimum figure. The lease agreement sets no limit on how much the city might have to shovel down the Yerba Buena hole. The city, in fact, is responsible for any and all expenses of the project, including construction cost overruns and all Agency operating expenses.

Where's all the money coming from? First, every penny of property tax pro- duced by private Y.B. development gets plowed into paying off the bonds on the public Y.B. projects. All those promises of Y.B. "broadening the tax base" were emptied as we always said they were. One-third of the city's hotel tax, instead of going to community cultural centers and other expensive programs, is earmarked for Y.B. And if that's not enough to pay off the project? Well, then the city is legally bound for decades to use other sources of cash—more hotel tax, federal community development funds or even, if necessary, dipping into the general fund.

Who gains by this outrage? Most of all, the development industry. The Y.B. lease with the city guarantees Redevelopment will be pushing its destructive fingers into the city's neighborhoods for at least 35 more years.

Other people benefit as well from this one-way convey of power to public subsidies. Such as the trustees of the bond agreement, the good folk of Bank of America. And the fat contracts the SF special districts office gets for putting money in their tax-exempt Y.B. bonds. And the Ex/Chron and all the other to protect Manhattanizing boosters with their "office industry" and highrise buildings.

The burglary tools

These Y.B. boosters are using the "lease revenue bond" as their tool for fiscal burglary. They've chosen them because these bonds, unlike general obligation bonds, don't require a two-thirds vote— or any vote—for the city to float them. And the lease revenue bonds pay the bondholders a higher rate of interest— as much as 25% more than G.O. bonds. The cost to the city for using lease revenue instead of general obligation bonds over the 35-year life of the bond: a whopping $116 million of additional principal and interest.

For years, we've opposed the kind of out-of-scale height, high-intensity development proposed for Yerba Buena. Higher rise the city more in silicon valley than they produce in taxes. They represent city subsidies for peripheral commu- nities. The SF Board of Supervisors has to overload on bridges, freeways and city streets. They ruin the city.

And at the very least, the public portion of Y.B. must be stopped, and without any shenanigans about the TIDOR housing. While we don't recommend it, private Y.B. development can move ahead without the public facilities. 1/3 of 18 large private sites are already committed, and construction on one of them, the PTT building, has already begun.

We say it again: if Redevelopment and city officials want this white elephant convention center, let them put it on the ballot. And not as a phony majority vote on a vague policy statement worded by the PGE & Elelens. This minuscule Redevelopment plan has gone far enough. Put a general obligation bond to the voters. And when that's defeated, let the voters decide on a plan for Yerba Buena that benefits all of the people.!
City Hall/PG&E wins another one

Chalk up another victory for PG&E! City Hall over the citizens of San Francisco! On April 9, in an arrogant rebuke to San Francisco, PG&E, a private-public power to its own people, Federal Judge Lloyd Burke in a federal court the latest and most promising legal challenge to the 63-year-old PG&E franchise.

First, Schenck denied any "private right" action to the case. He acknowledged the recent ruling of Federal Judge Lloyd Burke in another Raker Act case filed by Peninsula customers of SF's Hetch Hetchy water supply. Even then, the judge raised the possibility of higher rates imposed on non-SF users.

Burke had upheld the rights of "private person or entity" to sue to enforce the conditions of the Raker Act, and he said they were valid as part of the city's new water rates. (City Attorney Tom O'Connell is appealing the decision. Notably, in his brief, O'Connell copied word for word some 13 pages of the PG&E briefs as part of the Schenck case.) How can the Peninsula water users successfully sue to enforce the Raker Act if they lack Hetch Hetchy water rights, but the people of San Francisco can sue to enforce their water rights to Hetch Hetchy water? You can drive a convoy of PG&E trucks through this loophole in the law, because Burke himself went against the whole question and said only that Burke didn't discuss the James-Whitehead analogy in the Amtrak case of last year.

It's obvious why Burke didn't discuss the Amtrak case. Burke simply doesn't apply. The Amtrak case decided only that railroaders and/or employees, not users, had a right to sue to force better service and passenger scheduling under the Amtrak Act.

The Amtrak rule applies to the railroad carriers, not the railroaders. In the case, the Amtrak judge ruled that the passagenger's grievances were not in conflict with the legislative intent of the Amtrak Act. However, the legislative intent of the Raker Act was clearly established in the briefs in 48 US Supreme Court ruling in 1980. Justice Hugo Black wrote the majority opinion as follows:

"Congress clearly intended to require the ownership of its grant and distribution of Hetch Hetchy power exclusively by SF. Direct retail sales in the state, by SF to its citizens, would thus be afforded power at cheap rates in direct competition with private companies, particularly Pacific Gas and Electric Co."

Schenck didn't even bother to discuss Black's historic decision upholding the Act, the Act which he was asked to enforce in the Schenck case. The judge did not even say in effect that they have their own municipal distribution system and deliver their own Hetch Hetchy power to their right-of-way owners in San Francisco. Thus, his "legislative intent" argument is on the thinner of reeds, an irrelevant Amtrak case, and not on the "legislative intent" established by years ago by the US Supreme Court.

At the same time, he let stand without comment one of the shabbiest scams in San Francisco history and about the official city of San Francisco is left in the country! The PG&E/City Hall/Raker Act/pharmaceuticals-solitary alliance has kept the city's cheap Hetch Hetchy public power from SF citizens and have kept the cost of PG&E's expensive private power.

Schenck further flew in the face of the Schenck decision when Burke said he didn't declare to review the accountability of the Raker Act as required by the Act. Burke did say that the city is in "reasonable compliance" with the Act despite his official duty to enforce the Act. He didn't even mention Section 2 of the act.

According to this "reasonable compliance" argument used by several inferior secretaries, Justice Black wrote in 1960: "We are asked to accept these administrative interpretations. We cannot accept the contention that administrative

Headlines editorial roll

San Francisco Progress readers may have noticed the unexplained disappearance last month of Rick Seifert's column "City Sketches" from the paper, which is distributed exclusively through some 210,000 San Francisco (twice a week. Asked whether the reason for the sudden disappearance was Seifert's liberal slant, Progress editor Tom Watson told us, "If they are targeting a paper to try to starve them out, then fine. He would be better off writing for the Guardian than writing for us.")

Seifert said he was dropped for political reasons. According to KRON, San Francisco Chronicle publisher published the letter from Watson dated February 22 warning him that his column was about to be dropped. When Seifert asked Watson what was going to happen to his column Watson said that he would be cut out of the paper and that they were looking for someone to write a column that would be more popular with the readers. Seifert said that the paper had told him that he would have to write a new column about local issues and that he would have to write it in a way that would be more popular with the readers. Seifert said that he would be better off writing for the Guardian than writing for us.

How to bury a news story

A few tips on how to bury a juicy story, as demonstrated in the SF Chronicle, Feb 1, 1975.

1. Put Omaha in the headline so nobody will read it.
2. Put the story at the bottom of page

Purchase of TV Station in Omaha is Set

A. H. Constant, president of Chronicle Broadcasting Co., said last night that his company has arranged to buy WOY-TV in Omaha, which the SF Chronicle has said should be bought by the Federal Communications Commission.

Constant, who made the announcement jointly with the U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of California, said that the acquisition would be made in a sale agreement with the American Broadcasting Co. for $14.5 million.

B. The Chronicle has said that the purchase would be made in a sale agreement with the American Broadcasting Co. for $14.5 million.

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Multi-Culture Institute crumbling?

The Multi-Culture Institute (Guardian 3/22/75) has started to unravel at the seams, SF Supervisor Terry Francois, MCI director at the Recreational and Golden Gate Equine Training Center, which has already plowed off 40 of the equestrians at the park’s polo field.

Public opinion was outraged, however, after a two-vote of the supervisors to permit construction in a city park, supposedly protects SF public open space from such encroachments. But Golden Gate Equine Training Center wiggled off the Prop. K hook when Deputy City Attorney Robert Kennedy ruled the lease for the stables was granted before Prop. K actually took effect.

The City Attorney’s office also says there’s no conflict of interest behind the Equestrian Center lease, even though its owner, Al C. Rosell, and Rec Park Commission member Felton and some partners in a combination project 11 days after assuring Prop. K received the stables, should not be so far out of reality as they claim they can’t prosecute the Mayor until he gets his hands on the crucial bank documents, according to San Francisco, it was supposed to be a 2.3 million bank loan that allowed the Mayor to finish his 30-year-old purchase Paciﬁce Park East for $1.5, now the only major shipping tenant of the park.

Alioto promised to yield the docu- ments, and now he is no longer to be surprised, he’s turned them over yet, and he refuses even to say who has pos- sessing them. Ford has been left staring at his head and justifying his refusal to prosecute the Mayor by saying he lacks evidence that Alioto’s post dealin- g constituted a “perfidious” conflict of interest in the city. Meanwhile, the mayor’s press secretary, explained, “What’s happening is, nobody wants to talk to you.”

Finally corrected outside a federal court- room when he was trying an antitrust case, Alioto admitted, “I honestly don’t know who has the loan documents,” adding, among other things, that Ford could expect to get the evidence. Meanwhile, Alioto says he will no further than saying, “As the court has instructed us, ‘That’s all in the court room now, it stands with the Mayor in the case are doing an able job of handling it.”

Says the attorney: “Alioto knows exactly to me that Joe was calling all the shots.”

Joe Alioto is still calling all the shots

Seven months after he ﬁled suit against D. A. John Grosso for professional malpractice, Alioto claims he can’t prosecute the Mayor until he gets his hands on the crucial bank documents, according to San Francisco, it was supposed to be a 2.3 million bank loan that allowed the Mayor to finish his 30-year-old purchase Paciﬁce Park East for $1.5, now the only major shipping tenant of the park.

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Joe Alioto is still calling all the shots
"Madame," said theiest, "do you expect me to return these children to their illiterate, ignorant mothers?"

Guilt, anticommunism and an easy escape for the children of Saigon's rulers

By Katy Butler

The man standing in front of me is tall and thin. He has a receding chin, watery blue eyes and thin blond hair. He's wearing a T-shirt and sneakers. His belt holds up a bunched and baggy pair of jeans. He looks like someone who is not quite right.

"Do you know where I can get one of these orphan kids?" he asks one of the beefy Military Policemen guarding the Ho Chi Minh Hall at the president's where hundreds of Vietnamese children are recovering from the bombings.

The four MPs stand, arms crossed. They've been turning away eager would-be adoptive parents, curiosity seekers, and press people for the last three days. "You'll have to go through your local adoption agency," says one. "You can't come in here..."

"But," the man says plaintively, sliding his hand through his hair, "I live all the way up in Santa Rosa, and I'm new there... The MPs won't budge.

I insist the temptation to follow the dejected Santa Rosa man as he turns away. I want to follow and find out what muddle of emotions brought him to this point. But he's half-way across the street, country-bound to try for a Vietnamese child.

While holding behind a green "volunteer" badge, I blend in with a group of hearty middle-American women who have come to babysit the hundreds of Vietnamese children laying on mattresses in Harmon Hall, a huge room shaped like a small stadium where fans gather.

Posing as a volunteer, I locate Mollie McConnell, the Vietnamese wife of a former American serviceman who is acting as a volunteer interpreter. Together we talk to the children, to piece together part of the real story behind the babysitting.

In "Operation Babysit," President Ford called it, the babysitters act more like a leper's bell than a door opener. White scores of unscared volunteers clamber over the children, press people are limited to brief inspection tours and limited areas of the room. The voluntary agency workers who are processing the children hide in off-limits offices, protected by MPs. It's hard to get a look at the records.

With good reason. There's lots to hide.

"Orphans" with parents

The so-called "orphan" airlift, which produced three days of human interest stories and baby pictures in the local press, was not what it seemed.

April 7, Jane Barton, who worked for an American Friends Service Committee Hospital in Vietnam for two years, visited the first two "orphan" planes at Harmon Hall.

"Lots of kids say they have parents," she told me. "They were saying, 'I want to go home.' I met an eight-year-old boy who told me he had a mother and a father. But just before the planes came in, a volunteer took him and hid him in a back room."

Barton says she met three other children-two brothers and a sister who told her their parents were both fishing people in Binh Dinh province. Several weeks earlier, the children said, Sisters of Charity had come by their parents' home and encouraged them to place some of their nine children in an orphanage to relieve financial strain. The children's parents consented, and two weeks later the parents sent the children themselves to a large plane, on their way to the United States.

The orphanages have not checked with the parents of Jane Barton's husband Dave, who also went two years working in Vietnam. "The press is using us to prove this. We're saying the agencies should have proved to them that they had permission. They should have released paper."

Do they have release papers? Not all of them, concedes Ed Cummings, a worker with Catholic Office of Refugees and Migration. "It's not the country without the necessary paper work," he told the Guardian. The children's marks,倒是, are "the real orphan," for the most part. All the agencies maintain that the children had been released to them and were free to leave the country.

At the week went on and translators began talking to the daily press, officials were forced to concede that many of the airlifted children were not orphans. Bob Wahl, director of International Affairs for the Agency for International Development, told me many Vietnamese children are placed in orphanages "because their families couldn't afford another mouth to feed.

Twelve years ago, orphanages played the same role in the United States, a point pounds by the B-52 author. "The orphaned children were quickly adopted by other families on the block so they could stay in their old neighborhood," Wahl said.

Such an approach would put the Western-mannered Saigon orphans out of business. And a booming business it has been. Catholic Relief Services, one of the groups behind the babysit, had a $3.9 million budget for adoption and refugee services in 1973. Some of that income came from the American Catholics; the vast majority--594--came from US government sources such as the Food for Peace program or US economic assistance for International Development (AID).

"The orphanages are a source of power," and the adage that 'power corrupts' applies," says Geoffrey Gates, who spent a year in Vietnam with International Voluntary Services and returned to study orphanages. In an article in "Americal Report" written in December, 1977, Gates said, "The brightest, fluffiest, glibpest, and bestselling are more to be interested in the growth of their institutions than in the welfare of the children."

Gates described a Buddhist orphanage outside Saigon, built in the late Sixties with American and British money, that included a dining hall and sleeping quarters. "Now," Gates writes, "the children's dinner hall has been converted into a modern bakery with living quarters for the workers. The bakery is doing well in Saigon competition because of tax advantage to charitable institutions. Only a fraction of the profits are used to care for the orphans."

The problem, he says, is the almost universal reluctance to withdraw aid at their own expense. In 1969, Gates reports, a foreign voluntary agency, in cooperation with the Saigon government, offered small subsidies to poor families to ease the economic burden of bringing their children home from the orphanages.

"The orphanage directors opposed the program from the beginning," Gates says. "Even when a child's parents were located and asked the agency for help to relieve the child, the orphanage administrators would often refuse to release the child. The Ministry of Social Welfare could not legally force the cooperation of the orphanages. After a year of failure, the program was terminated."

Tran Tung Nhu faced similar problems in a parallel program she administered for the International Children's Fund in 1973.

She approached Father Olivier, an 80-year-old Catholic priest who Overseas 6,000 children housed in the Redemptorist Order's orphanages in the south. "Madame," Olivier told her, "you expect me to send your illiterate, ignorant mothers?"

Olivier refused to participate in the program, telling Nhu that he had grown up in a Canadian orphanage because his parents had been poor. The orphanage, he said proudly, had produced 100 priests.

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I'm a very important person and I've got to have one of those Vietnamese children.

Meanwhile, the AID airlift swung into full gear. An Air Force C-5A cargo jet dropped 17 howitzers and 750000 rounds of ammunition in Saigon that day. The planes also unloaded 300000 tons of food and medical supplies at Tan Son Nhut.

Secret exodus from Saigon

Senator Warren said today that the AID airlift operations had “exceeded all expectations.”

I would like to say that the airlift operations have been very successful. The planes have delivered more than 300000 tons of supplies to the people of South Vietnam in the last month.

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The man in seat four of the jury box was being questioned during selection of a juror in the Zebra murders trial. He was soft spoken and seemed strong and dignified. For the past 20 years he has worked for the Navy as a marine machinist, and he's raised six kids. He exhibited no prejudices in response to questioning by either prosecution or defense, and in fact was unusually well qualified to serve because during the winter of 1972-73 when the case was being ballyhooed by the Chronicle and the Examiner he had been working at an East Coast port. He said he was not familiar with the Nation of Islam. Mr. Jones seemed the perfect juror.

He remained in the box for several days until the prosecutor, Deputy District Attorney Robert Podesta, exercised one of his peremptory challenges and excused him.

Mr. Jones was one of a dozen blacks excused without explanation by the prosecutors. During the jury selection the prosecutors used 93 of their 160 challenges against blacks, leading a defense attorney to speak out angrily about what he called a "systematic exclusion."

The jury which has been selected probably represents a fair enough cross section of ages, occupations and races. However, the 12 men and women who will decide the innocence or guilt of Manuel Moore, Larry Green, J.C., Simon and Jessie Cooks include ten nonblacks and only two blacks.

Some of the blacks bumped by the prosecutors had apparent pro-defense biases, and they were removed for much the same kind of reasons that led the defense to exclude prospective jurors with pro-police sympathies, or with anti-black prejudices. Such exclusions are to be expected in an adversary proceeding in which both sides are hoping for a jury favorably inclined toward their point of view. But other blacks, like Mr. Jones, exhibited no such clear-cut biases.

One, a postal employee, gave all the right answers to the questions put to him. But something was bothering him. Asked by a defense lawyer, "Do you understand the legal propositions explained to you by the court?" he answered, "I understand everything."

After the prosecutor removed him from his seat in the jury box, I asked him what he meant.

"I knew I'd be excused," he said.

"You know, I really think I had a clear and open mind. But I've been in court watching the process for a week and a half now and I don't think the prosecutor wants more than one or two black people on the jury."

Why were the prosecutors excusing most blacks? Certainly law-abiding black people are as repulsed as law-abiding whites by murder, kidnapping, robbery and assault—same of the charges in the case.

But this is a prosecution built on an informer's word that the defendants are members of a white-killing cult he claimed is a secret vessel within the body of the Nation of Islam. According to Anthony Cornelius Harris, the Muslin turned informant, the accused men are Death Angels. Black jurors are not going to feel any more threatened by those defendants than they would by anybody accused of criminal acts. Their judgment is less likely to be unhinged by a personalized fear of the mere notion of a Death Angel. It would be possible to suggest that the most impartial juror would be devout black citizens who have no reason to be frightened by the accusation of a white-killing conspiracy. Jurors like Mr. Jones. Jurors of the sort excused by the prosecution.

White jurors, on the other hand, will be barraged by months of testimony about people like themselves who, they
Raudbaugh of the Chronicle: ‘Certain Black Muslims are killing white people, and the question is whether these four are the ones.’

Harris story, white-killing conspiracies and his issues. Yes, The Fear is like a shroud dropped over the heart of the matter in the Zodiac talk. It’s a matter of whether, or not, the realm of things is as simple as, ‘The Richmond five men are charged with a variety of offenses in a $1200000 indictment returned by a grand jury. The question—the only question—is: are they innocent as presented, or are they guilty as charged?’

But in America, any matter linking race and violence is never a simple matter. Each of us is a prisoner within our skin. Judge Joseph Karash, who is presiding, is white, and therefore has the luxury of being able to deal with questions of race based on the way things should be. But reality is indifferent to the blandishments of good will. Of necessity, and despite whatever disappointment or bitterness it might cost them, the defendants and will but one of their four lawyers must live with the fact that it means to be a black person in a white nation. Perhaps if this were not the case they would exist neither the reality nor the fantasy of a Death Angel. The difference in white and black birthplace. “A person is supposed to be a black person. Does Judge Karash really believe that attitudes built up over a lifetime’s experience can be banished with wishful thinking or appeals for impartiality?”

No, the real consequence of The Fear is that it begets within us, and no matter how high the good will and sanity of our world is, at any moment, subjected to the danger of the city, it swells up unsuppressed to cloud our judgment and obscure our vision. The most difficult task facing the jurors is to see the judge, and the reporter’s—will be maintaining a separation between the facts presented in evidence and the visceral horror stirred by the racial context in which the crimes have allegedly been committed. It was within this mind that one morning during a recess in the trial, Charles Raudbaugh, who is covering the trial for the Chron, said, “I thought it was a most complicated and difficult case.”

“The case is very simple, my friend,” Charles replied. “Certain Black Muslims are killing white people. And the question is whether these four are the ones.” Now Charlie is the main supplying the most San Franciscans with their news about the trial. Yet he believes about the case—that “Black Muslims are killing white people”—is biased, unproven, anything but objective and a pretty good example of The Fear speaking. It is also the belief of the San Francisco police, and has been for several years, dating back to a time well before Anthony Harris told his tale. Charlie is a typical example of how Ali Muhammad preached enough racial separation and white antagonism to pervert some of his followers to take him literally and literally. Which may or may not be true—but certainly don’t know. But what matters is that Charlie is able to hide behind the myth of objectivity which informs most daily American journalism, and so we never have to open up in print to the opinions and beliefs which are the filter through which we see the news.

Charlie has been reporting police and court news since 1972. He is competent, knowledgeable, experienced and entitled to his opinions. And he’s got plenty of them.

“Those are my innocent victims in San Quentin,” Charlie says. “The men in there worked their way in. In all my days I’ve only known two innocent men who’ve been convicted.”

Some of these young black guys think they don’t make it because of prejudice, Jadidah.”

People who read Charlie’s news reports in the Chronicle are entitled to know his opinions too. The reason is only too apparent. Sadly, it was put best by a journalist for a powerful black politician, Kwame Nikrumah of Ghana.

“What a journalist sees,” Nikrumah wrote, “depends on what his education has been, what his intelligence is, what public role he has and what his general outlook on the world is—in other words, on his political consciousness.”
Careless pilots and overloaded tankers
The next big oil spill is only inches away
By Art George

On Jan. 2, 1975, the tanker Michael L. Brown, bound for the PG&E generating plant in Pittsburg with a load of bunker fuel, ran aground in Suisun Bay while under the direction of pilot Perry Stilts. A subsequent inspection found that the ship was 15 feet overloaded. Luckily, there was no major oil spill.

Less than three weeks later, on Jan. 21, another oil tanker, the Norfolk, heading for the Phillips Petroleum wharf in Martinez, ran aground, foundered free and then ran into the Benicia-Martinez bridge. The Norfolk’s pilot, Leo Westhoff, had run into the same bridge four years earlier. Again, only good fortune saved San Francisco Bay from a major oil spill.

In 1971, we weren’t so lucky. Two oil tankers collided in the fog beneath the Golden Gate Bridge, coating the Bay in sludge and wreaking havoc among local wildlife. But the close calls continued: any day could see a repetition of that disaster—or worse, a spill involving deadly chemicals or radioactive cargo.

The Coast Guard, alarmed by the increasingly frequent groundings, collisions and close calls, is slowly abandoning its laissez faire attitude toward ship safety on the Bay. For the first time in anyone’s memory, the Coast Guard has taken strong action against the pilots involved in the Michael L. and Norfolk incidents. Both Westhoff and Stilts have been charged with negligence, and the Coast Guard has moved to revoke their pilot’s licenses. “What has been allowed in the past won’t be allowed any more,” asserted Commander Peter Sterbling, head of the Coast Guard’s marine safety division of the Vessel Traffic System on Yerba Buena Island.

Sniffing the bottom
The core of the problem is the economic pressure on shippers and oil companies to load their ships to the limit—and over if possible—and the economic pressure on the pilots to accept the ship’s and bring them in on time, whether or not this means taking chances.

Add to this an irrepressible regulatory miasma, with jurisdiction overlapping between the federal government, the state Board of Pilot Commissioners, the port commissions of every port town in San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento to River, and the two guildlike pilots’ associations: the Bar Pilots, who guide the ships from the Pacific Ocean to the San Francisco Bay, and the Inland Pilots, who take the ships through the Carquinez Strait to Sacramento and Stockton.

The situation leaves a lot to be desired,” says Coast Guard Lt. Douglas Brown with calculated understatement. “The pilots are generally competent, but up till now they’ve been virtually immune from prosecution.”

Brown, who at 27 has already spent ten years in the Coast Guard, is in charge of investigating the Michael L. grounding, a case he hopes will result in greater federal control over the pilots. Right now, both the state and the federal government are empowered to license and regulate pilots, and there is no record of any formal training or license.

In fact, Capt. James Barnhard, president of the Bar Pilots Association, can’t even recall the last time a pilot’s license was suspended.

San Francisco Bay demands skilled pilots. At low tide, the channel through the Richmond Bridge is 35 feet deep, and lined on both sides by the treacherous Potato Patch sandbars. Even more dangerous is the shallow channel from San Pablo Bay to the Carquinez Strait, the route taken by oil tankers delivering crude to refineries in Pittsburg, Martinez and Benicia.

Brown, “They have to work to live, and they don’t want a bad reputation with the agents. So they won’t take a chance. Their judgment says one thing, but their pocketbooks say another.”

Stilts says that the pilots do their very best to get the ships in on time. “When the weather is bad, we don’t want to put our lives at risk.”

The Vessel Traffic System monitors all the ships’ movements and can detect one that is overloaded or drawing too deeply, they contact the pilot and watch the ship’s progress until the problem is cleared. But they will not tell the pilot to stop or otherwise advise what to do. “It’s up to the pilot to determine whether he can make it with two or three feet less,” Sterbling says. “If he can’t get it up safely, he should stop. If he continues and an error is made, then he must answer for it.”

Super tankers in the Bay?
Despite the 1972 Ports and Waterways Act, which gave the Coast Guard blanket authority to take action “as necessary” to prevent collisions and groundings, Sterbling sees the Coast Guard’s role as entirely after the fact. He rejected a request by the Inland Pilots Association for an absolute draft limit for the northern reaches of the Bay. “They want to put super tankers into the Bay for the job of a person who is supposed to have experience in piloting those vessels,” Sterbling told the Guardian. “It’s the pilot’s job to figure out draft and tides. That’s what they get their fee for. The Coast Guard in no way wants to put the pilots out of business.”

Instead, the emphasis is on responding to accidents that have already happened, as in the negligence charges against Stilts and Westhoff. An action against the two pilots has sent waves through the shipping industry, and Stilts says that it’s a headwind for the nation’s top, most expensive, maritime attorneys.

Setting limits on the Coast Guard might take action in the future against not only pilots but ship’s masters and even the ship itself. Under recent amendments, the Coast Guard is proceeding “a bit cautiously, to judge what Congress wants to do, how far Congress wants it to go.”

Sterbling is also wary of choking the shipping industry. “Business is very watchful of what we’re going to do,” he said, “and business is a bit unhappy about our new role.”

The Coast Guard, he continued, does not want to “alarm” the industry, but plans to act “realistically” while dealing with the practicalities of marine economics. Another officer added that the Coast Guard wants to avoid responsibility for mandating strict controls that would increase the price of fuel oil and driving up costs.

Meanwhile, bigger and bigger ships enter the Bay every year, loading more freight at once. This puts added temptation to overload the ships: the larger the vessel, the greater the temptation to add a few more inches of cargo.

Sterbling even foresees that mammoth super tankers, with drafts of more than 200 feet, may be a reality. “If they unloaded half their cargo onto smaller ships outside the Golden Gate," he said, "as long as they could get in and out, it would be okay."
A proposed radical literary magazine, based in San Francisco, is making news even though its first issue won't roll off the presses for nearly a year. Merle Woll, associate publisher of New Dimensions, took the unusual step of airing her differences with the three white male founding editors by writing to donors and friends of the new journal, charging the editors with "racism, elitism and sexism," and demanding that the editorial board be expanded to include "a majority of women and Third World People." A week later, on March 14, the editors fired her. Her story has been picked up by several local women's and community newspapers, radio stations KPFA and KPOO and is scheduled to appear in [NAME], the national journalism review.

Three former Ramparts editors, Paul Jacobs, Richard Parker and Adam Hochschild, started organizing New Dimensions almost a year ago, soon after the three left Ramparts together following a dispute with other staff members. Hochschild, also a former reporter for the SF Chronicle, subsequently wrote an article for the Washington Monthly detailing complaints he, Parker and Jacobs had with the collectivized decision-making procedures at Ramparts.

"For the rest of us"... The three decided to try putting out their own monthly, one they describe in their prospectus as a "political and personal mailings as "a magazine for the rest of us," meaning people "from insurgent Democrats to fascist, who want reversing social change in America." They project a periodical of "socialists" and "radical politics" which would also contain fiction, poetry, humor, the arts and even a "how-to-do-it-clearly column," adding "a bit of the whole Earth Catalog" and "a bit of the old Ramparts." The trio brought to the project substantial background and experience in journalism. Jacobs, the best known of the three, has been a writer and counts dozens of articles on subjects from labor history to race relations in the US to Vietnam. Hochschild was a correspondent in the Middle East. He is familiar to many in the Bay Area for his KQED "Newsmuseum" commentaries on the Arab-Israeli conflict. Woll worked for many years as a labor union organizer and achieved some notoriety in labor circles. Jacobs, Hochschild and McCarthy are still working for the participation in the red-hating attacks on Harry Bridges and the ILWU which led to the ouster of the longshoremen's union from the CIO. Hochschild, besides working as a Chronicle reporter and a Ramparts editor, served on George McGovern's national campaign staff in 1972. Parker founded and edited the Santa Barbara News and Review and wrote a book entitled The Myth of the Middle Class. In August 1974 the three hired Merle Woll as associate publisher. She had worked for several years as a fund raiser for Pacific Change, a SF-based group which raises money for social change organizations. The response to New Dimensions has been exceptionally good so far. Woll and the three editors have raised or received pledges for some $400,000 mostly from large contributors. The reaction to their initial promotional mailings has been phenomenal. Mailings were sent to some 136,000 selected names from 24 mailing lists, including those of Ms., Rolling Stone, Ramparts, Harper's and the American Civil Liberties Union, and response has run more than 8%—one of the largest ever recorded for any magazine. Meanwhile, all was not well on the home front. Woll claims the male editors made several racist, anti-Semitic or sexist comments in her presence. Her split with the editors was triggered by a letter sent early this year to recruit a female news editor for the paper. At least one recipient of the letter, Saundra Sturdean of UC/Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies, found the letter "insulting"—particularly a provision which indicated that any woman hired for the post would have to successfully complete a "trial period" of undefined length before being permitted to join the editorial board with the three male editors. She wrote to the magazine expressing her lack of interest in the job: "that person is certainly not me. Nor is it any woman I know who has even a hint of radical politics or the slightest understanding of love for herself and her female and male comrades." The conflict within the office deepened. Woll became convinced the magazine could not fulfill its promise as a radical publication unless women and Third World people were a majority on the editorial board. Her demand was rejected. Woll then went public. On March 5 she wrote a letter on New Dimensions stationery to the magazine's donors, potential writers and friends describing the controversy and demanding a restructuring of the editorial board. She was fired a week later. The editors also locked her out of the office and refused to return her personal files and belongings. Woll has taken this case to the press, hired a lawyer and filed a formal letter of complaint with the federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission charging New Dimensions with sex and race discrimination.

No comment... Jacobs, Hochschild and Parker have been reluctant to talk with the press about the conflict on the advice of their counsel, Tom Silk, but they have issued two statements to inquiring reporters. The more recent one, issued April 10, denies the "personal accusations" made by Woll and asserts that Woll helped to draft the application form sent to recruit a woman news editor and approved the final draft. The statement continues, "Most of her other accusations are similarly unfounded; in almost all cases they involve remarks distorted, taken out of context or invented." Woll acknowledges she saw the first draft of the application letter but insists she suggested major changes in it and did not see the final version of the letter until after it had been printed. She says she finds the letter "offensive." It is probably too early to assess the impact of this dispute on the new magazine. But two changes have already taken place. Deborah Johnson, formerly an editor at Community Press Features in Boston, was hired to begin work at the end of April and will not have to serve a "trial period." Parker insists, however, that this change was not a result of Woll's demands but rather because she was "seriously confidient in Deborah." For her part, Johnson says she was deeply concerned by the controversy surrounding Woll's firing but is willing to plunge into the job since she finds the other editors "responsive." The editors have also hired Louise Kellenbom as Art Director and intend to hire another woman editor.

The dispute has had minimal effect on the journal's finances. One donor told the Guardian she does not intend to give the magazine any more money as a result of the controversy. "The facts do not lie: three men ran the magazine and set its own intention of running it in the future." But with the possible exception of another woman donor, the major backers are sticking with the magazine.

Where the money comes from... The editors have good relations with several contributors. Richard Parker is a close friend of Stanley Steinbaum, a Warner Brothers executive who is married to a Warrner heir; Steinbaum, listed in the prospectus as chairman of the magazine's board of advisory editors, has long been a benefactor of left-liberal causes (like Ramparts, the McGovern campaign and Daniel Ellsberg's defectors). Paul Jacobs has ties to the Institute of Pacifica Heights mansion, belongs to the exclusive all-male Concordia Club in SF (which has a $1200 initiation fee) and has good contacts with many left-liberal fat cats. And Adam Hochschild is heir to the Ames, Inc., fortune, a company which has profited from mines in South Africa. Several sources speculate that Hochschild could virtually by himself bankroll the whole project himself.

The big problem for New Dimensions—whatever the Woll dispute has had on the magazine's image with its liberal/radical/socialist constituency, says Vice Delota, Jr., a member of Carter's for Your Sims, declared to Woll that he would not write for the new magazine unless there were major changes in response to her demands. Wrote Delota: "It appears from what you have written that the dimensions are as new as one would suspect."
"Did you really take the bus up to Santa Rosa?"

Fred Harris brings his 'New Populism' to the Bay Area

By Katy Butler

T he rain pours down on the Golden Gate Transit commuter bus to Santa Rosa as it rolls onto the Golden Gate Bridge. Former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, who is running for president of the United States as an evangelical of the "new populism," closes his copy of the Examiner, hunkers down in his bus seat with his arms crossed over his large stomach and dozes.

A stocky bulldog of a man, with his black hair slicked back off a lumpy potato face, he hardly looks like a presidential candidate. But he isn't running his campaign from a TV studio. This morning he talked to union men in Sioux Falls, S.D. Lunchtime, he spoke in Denver. He's got two coffees in California tonight.

Since last June Harris has been on the road, riding planes and buses in what he calls a "people's campaign." Running on a shoestring budget, he has been staying in supporter's homes and addressing small groups of consumer and neighborhood activists, progressive Democrats, union people and anyone else who wants to join his populist campaign.

"People call me "get my message" "It's the most massive change in politics in my lifetime," Harris tells me in his smoky country and western voice. "In the past, you couldn't talk about issues, you had to be busy raising money." The new law provides federal matching funds to any candidate who raises $500 in each of 20 states, in amounts of less than $250. Harris says he has raised $250,000 so far, and volunteers are signing pledge cards at the rate of 1000 a month. The depression, apparently, has quickened interest in Harris's issues.

Outside the bus window a massive rainbow touches down on a smooth, hillyside dotted with scrub oak. "Look at that," says Harris. "Makes me want to be president. But then, so does everything else." Harris talks about how working-class Americans fit into his campaign. "We're getting some of the Wallace people. They're not really Wallace people. They're people who have been ignored by the system. I'm talking about the people who have been left behind by the system in liberalism. They're no more racist than the rest of us in the country. They get my message the quickest. They're the ones who are having the hardest time paying their bills. They know they're being overtaxed and they know what these corporations are doing to them. But Wallace doesn't say anything against the super-rich and the giant corporations."

Harris says over and asks advance man Peter Barnes how the schedule's running. "We're a half hour behind," Barnes replies. Barnes is the West Coast editor of the New Republic and a leading light in the movement to break up concentrated land ownership. Barnes tells me he first met Harris in a small plane above the Central Valley. "When we landed, Harris told newsmen it was about time we bust up the big land monopolies," Barnes tells me. "I'd never heard a United States senator talk like that." Like most of the campaign staff, Barnes is working in the campaign as a volunteer.

"Take the rich off welfare"

At the Santa Rosa Veterans Memorial building, that evening, Harris spouts out his populist themes. He's a curious combination of the down home preacher, spreading the good word, and the clever, well-educated scholar. He attacks "Wall Street," Nelson Rockefeller and "elitism," but he's not averse to quoting from Senate reports or Rand Corporation studies—a departure from old style, anti-intellectual populism.

"What I'm up to is based on two assumptions," he tells the crowd of 200 Santa Rosa lawyers, small businessmen and Democratic clubbers. "One is that people are smart enough to govern themselves. The other is that a widespread diffusion of economic and political power ought to be the expressed goal of government," he slaps in matter-of-factly. "Our problem right now is that too few people in America have all the money and the power. Everybody else has very little of either."

Harris ticks off the changes he says he'd make happen. Tax reform: "Instead of a graduated tax system, we've got a graduated loophole system. I say, if we can take the rich off welfare, we can get this country back to work.

Immediate price controls on monopolistic industries like steel, automobiles, and some food. A rollback in the price of domestic crude oil. A public oil, gas and energy corporation to develop resources on public land.

A gray-haired woman in the second row nods instantly. Next to her, her husband sits with his arms crossed over his narrow-polled suit. Other Santa Rosans laugh at Harris's jokes, and burst into applause when he says, "I hear President Ford visited a geothermal plant up here today. Well, that plant ought to be mines and yours."

He talks of foreign policy: "They've got a new name for people like you and me, who are tired of poppin' up these dictatorships all around the world. They're saying that you and I, why, we're neo-Fascists. The American people are not retreating from the world. They're advancing towards principle. They want to see some principle again in what we do, and there's no reason why principle ought to stop at the water's edge."

By the end of Harris's speech, the crowd is 18 feet applauding. Harris jokes, "Don't stand up for me."

"He's going to win"

Then he gets serious. In a tone faintly reminiscent of a mail order radio preacher, he says: "A list of the big shots up there in Washington don't make early commitments of support. Some of them want to wait and see which way the wind's going to blow. What I'm asking you to do is to decide which way the wind's going to blow. If you say, "I want to say how Fred Harris personally, he's the best person in this race, I'm for him, and he's going to win," you have to say that he's going to win— you say that other enough and strongly enough and you yourself will make that come to pass," he says. "That's how simple it is."

A few more questions, handshakes and conversations and Harris is back in a car, driving to another coffee in Larkspur, this one organized by Barbara Boxer, formerly of the Pacific Sun, now with John Burton's office. To this well-heeled crowd, Harris gives a subdued version of the Santa Rosa speech.

In the case afterwards, Steve McNa- mara, publisher and columnist for the Pacific Sun, asks Barnes in wonder, "Did you really take the bus up to Santa Rosa? How was it?"

On the road back to San Francisco, Harris cracks open a beer. He discusses next year's strategy with his other volun- teer advance man, Paul Schaeffer, a 23-year-old organizing prodigy out of the McGovern and Robert Kennedy cam- paigns. The press, he suggests, may have to make their own arrangements to cover him. A campaign press bus may get in the way of the "people's campaign." He wants to keep it simple and low-budget.

Beyond the curve of the Golden Gate Bridge, the lights of the San Francisco skyscrapers have to rise "The new populism," Harris says slowly, with a sigh. He pronounces it "people-bum." "I offer the cure for all of the nation's ills. From the heartbeat of protest on down."
Saturday, April 19

19

SEEING-EYE dogs will not be admitted. Out. If you get on the phone now, you can attend a benefit preview of "Fanning" proceeds go to the Pacific Film Archive. A new, first run film, "Fanning," is now showing at the Pacific Film Archive.

20

COUNTRY ME, classic country music. 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

21

DON'T MONK AROUND. "Fanning" is being shown by Frederick Wasmann at the Civilian Community Center in Ashland. 7:30 p.m. City Hall.

22

SINGING KINGS, by Band music moves into "Fanning." It's a talk by Daniel Ellichem. 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. Open to the public at the Pacific Film Archive. Nova Scotia Music Center, 700 E. 8th St.

23

HOMECOMING and for the Future of Humanity -- a talk by Daniel Ellichem. 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. Open to the public at the Pacific Film Archive. Nova Scotia Music Center, 700 E. 8th St.

24

SECRETORY and original compositions by your favorite performers. Jutiusa Ortola, E. J. Simon, Paul Darrler, John Bannister, John C. Dwayne and brother Bjarkeid plat the poetry while Maleysc Roberts brings the music. 8 p.m. Open World Film Center, Hazle,

25

WOMEN'S NIGHT of poetry, with Susan Hanks, Ann Segall, Fraser, Paula Gunn Allen, Julia Strother, Jocelyn Green, Kathleen French and Lenny Daniels, and song with Cantold, Ulu Pierce and Janet Smith, 8 p.m. Open World Film Center, Hazle.

26

DOUBLING UP. Bruce Conner appears to show a few of his early shows, 7:30 p.m. Pacific Film Archive.

27

DOUBLING UP. Bruce Conner appears to show a few of his early shows, 7:30 p.m. Pacific Film Archive.

28

BONE UP on some fine jazz with Julian Tellever and his band. "Fanning" is being shown by Frederick Wasmann at the Civilian Community Center in Ashland. 7:30 p.m. City Hall.

29

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Sunday, April 20

20

CELEBRATION for the benefit of the Great Dog Nursery School. music, food, crafts and games. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Canby Park, Diamond Heights Blvd. Balfour.

21

SOUTHLAND, a six-hour documentary by the Third World humiliation. songs by Coburn, Willy Collins, Eddie Palmieri, Marion Smith and others. 7:30 p.m. KPRK, 641 FM.

22

DAYBREAK Reader No. 3, a collection of readings by Benjamin Franklin. 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. Pacific Film Archive. Nova Scotia Music Center, 700 E. 8th St.

23

SCENIC LIGHTING for the benefit of the Great Dog Nursery School. music, food, crafts and games. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Canby Park, Diamond Heights Blvd. Balfour.

24

MUSIC FROM VIENNA, works by Beethoven, Schumpert and Schumacher, performed by the San José Symphony Chamber Orchestra. 8 p.m. Arts Center Community Center, 2020 24th St. 2117 Channing Way. 840-6101.

25

DANCE OF SELF and dance performance by Howard based on her book, 8 p.m. Pomona Library, 1618 20th St. 285-3022.

26

DOUBLING UP. Bruce Conner appears to show a few of his early shows, 7:30 p.m. Pacific Film Archive.

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Journey to the Farallons Island

As the trend-like clouds over the East Bay began to tinge pink, under the last vestiges of a silver moon, the fishing boat Blue Horizon pulled away from her mooring at Sausalito dock one April dawn, bound for the Farallons," cables our far-voicing correspondent, Merrill Shindler. The trip, sponsored by the Golden Gate Audubon Society was ostensibly to observe pelagic (sea) birds, because it was a voyage to a mysterious island chain, glimpsed only briefly by San Francisco's finest.

"The Farallones (the name means rocky islet in Spanish) might well be called the Bird Islands. Among all the many rocky islets along the Northern California coast, the Farallones are the largest, with the greatest constant population of sea birds. The reason is their proximity to the continental shelf, just one mile farther west. The upwelling from the sea bottom carries huge schools of shrimp and small fish to the shores of the Farallones, providing abundant food."

"As we passed through the Golden Gate and past Point Bonita in the teeth of a stiff breeze, the California murres dispersing in the water. The murres are one of many sea-birds which nests along the exposed rocky cliffs of both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In size it equals a small gull but has shorter, stiffer wings and a sharp bill. Its color is dark brown on the back, head and throat, and white on the underparts."

Cormorants and tufted puffins

"An occasional cormorant flapped past, its long neck stretched far ahead of its almost clumsy-looking, black body, as if trying to part company with such a slow companion. The boat headed west among a large escort of fishing boats, rolling over broad ocean swells, then turning north to avoid a trio of squalls visible over the largest of the Farallones. The southeastern islet of this cluster contains some 100 acres and is the main bird sanctuary, occupied by a team from the Point Reyes Bird Observatory. The island is jagged in outline, with numerous caves, coves and promontories. An old coastline, and perhaps others of glacial age, may now be considered as a post-sea level, can be distinguished by numerous water-worn caves. This rugged maritime scenery is literally covered with pelagic birds. The few land birds which stop here are migrants, residing for a day or two, then on with their journey.

"Though there are many species of bird on the Farallons, not all are easily visible. Many burrow into cracks in the rocks and in the caves, emerging only at night. The most picturesque bird in this maritime avairy was the tufted puffin, sometimes called a sea parrot—a funny character with a reddish bill. The puffin lays a single egg, the color varying from lilac in a nest of dry, wild weed, scraped together. The rocks of the South Farallon were cemented from the guano, interspersed with patches of pale green whose motions fit had taken root. Lower down where the waves broke against them they were blackish in color, cleansed by swift sea winds and sea baking bitterly in the sun."

"The cormorants on the face of the cliff were alive with activity. The largest and commonest, both nesting; the cormorants lay three to five light blue eggs and we could see them carrying about nips of bits of mate and rust to their nests. On a good day the island would also house gulls, cormorants, pelicans, gulls, western gulls and black-footed albatrosses. During our visit we sighted a peregrine falcon—a very rare creature driven almost to extinction by the destruction of the falconary and DDT poisoning which produces thin shells and almost wiped out the entire species some years back."

"A century ago, before the island was closed to visits, humans came close to wiping out all the bird life on the island. It was during the Gold Rush, when food for all kinds was at a premium in San Francisco. Egg-gathering at the Farallones became a lucrative and well-organized industry. Workers, wearing loose-fitting, jackets with large pockets inside the front, would pack the eggs from the nests among the rocks where the murres and gulls laid their eggs. Murre eggs, greenish in color with dark markings, were considered highly palatable and were in great demand. However, there was strong competition for egg gatherers—the western gull, moony-breasted, pearl-backed, "with pinions fit for an angel's wings", is a great thief; sometimes stealing eggs from beneath a sitting murre."

Petaluma ahoy!

"When the men made their morning run for the eggs, the murres took flight at once, leaving the contest for the eggs between the gulls and the gatherers, the gulls often breaking the eggs before the men could reach them. When their jact-
The deer on Angel Island are so bold they’ve been known to approach with a picnic lunch.

continued from previous page
SF’s only native turtle, the Pacific pond turtle, lives out at Lake Merced. But don’t take one home: the species is threatened by collectors.

Marin
Ron Tolman, head naturalist at Point Reyes, says there are at least two mounds located in the National Seashore area, and maybe as many as five, depending on their terrestrial roaming. It’s hard to catch a glimpse of this well-camou- flaged animal, but with luck, its felinelike curiosity will overcome its natural shyness. The area’s 10,000 mountain lions left in California; up until 1963 it was a bounty animal.

A good place to spot members of the Bay Area’s abundant Mule Deer population is the Dipsea Trail from Muir Woods to the ocean. The trail begins at the Muir Woods parking lot that is farthest from the entrance to Muir Woods National Monument. It’s a surprisingly up-a-dump, tree-covered hillside before bursting into sunny meadowlands and proceeding over hill and dale to the ocean.

The deer on Angel Island are so bold they’ve been known to approach with an occasional picnic lunch. Don’t expect them to find you among the throng at Ayala Cove. Get away from the crowd by taking the Sunset Trail to the top of Mt. Linniemore.

The rock outcrop on the western slope of Mt. Tam and the Nicasio reservoir to the north are good places to look for bighorn. The 22 inches, 20 pounds) southwest am- ales whose tunnelling is the base of farmers and gardens. The Bergids have rather appealing black and white faces and powerful legs and claws with which they can dig themselves to safety within 90 seconds when cornered. They are very brave animals and will take on dogs.

2 You can find the Pacific giant sal- mander at the Aulneon Canyon Ranch, about three miles north of Stinson Beach on Highway 1. It’s open without charge 10 am-4 pm on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays from March 1-June 30. Now is a good time to visit the ranch: the egrets and blue herons are about to hatch. The ranch has six miles of trails; maps and tours are available.

3 The Richardson Bay National Audubon Sanctuary, 376 Greenwood Beach Rd., Tiburon, is open 9 am-5 pm daily except Monday and Tuesday. You can take a conducted nature walk Sun- days at 9 am, and there’s a lecture program Sunday afternoons at 3 pm. The sanctuary has inland ducks and land birds (towhees, hummerbirds), shore birds (sandpipers, dowitchers), gophers and grass snakes. Take the Belvedere-Tiburon exit from Highway 101; Greenwood Beach Road is about two miles from the freeway. For more info, call 388-2554.

4 Also for bird watchers: the Point Reyes Bird Observatory offers courses and camping trips to members. Regular membership is $75, students $55. Contact Merril Swartz, PO Box 442, Bolinas, CA 94924, or call 868-0696.

Naturalist Elizabeth Terwilliger offers weekly field trips exploring the birds and wildlife of Marin County. Most trips are on Monday from 10 am-2 pm, bringing your own lunch and the info on upcoming trips, call 388-6431.

Peninsula and points south

5 Twenty miles north of Santa Cruz on Highway 1, just before Highway 1, New Year’s Road leads to Point Arena State Park. Here you can leave your car, walk about a half mile, and a park guide will take you to the beach where you can get as close as 20 feet to an enormous, somnolent elephant seal. It’s the largest of the pinnipeds (flippered mammals), as much as four tons in weight and sometimes as long as 20 feet. From January to March, they move along the San Mateo coast, preparing for the next round of life on Ano Nuevo Island off-shore.

6 The Peninsula watershed region has lots of wildlife, but the hiking trails are open only to organized groups like the Sierra Club. If you have a home, you can apply for a siding permit from the SF Water Dept., 697-4424. Otherwise your best bet is one of the walks lead by a naturalist from the Coyote Point Junior Museum. The next trip is May 31, and numbers are limited. Call 345-5335.

7 The Palo Alto Baylands Preserve has 50 species of birds year round, in- cluding hawks, herons, and song sparrows. Take the Embarcadero Road exit from 101, east past the Palo Alto municipal airport.

8 The Fitzgerald Marine Reserve, on California Avenue, Moss Beach, north of Half Moon Bay, is a good place for those who like poking around in tidal pools. Lots of invertebrate marine animals, like barnacles, anemones and starfish. Call 728-3584.

East Bay

East Bay has the greatest variety of bird life in the Bay Area, and in fact ranks fifth in the nation, with 178 different species recorded in the Audubon Society’s annual Christmas count. There are seven kinds of owls, five kinds of hawks, three kinds of cormorants, five kinds of weas, two kinds of herons, two kinds of egret and some ring-necked pheasants.

There is also at least one peregrine falcon. This bird, endangered by en- crusting civilization and a renewed interest in falconry, has become so rare that a $6000 electrostatic protector sys- tem, augmented by 24-hour guards, was installed to safeguard a nest in the East Bay Hills.

9 The East Bay’s numerous and spaus- cious parks support an array of wild life. It includes oak, pine, bamboo, and even bovids. From Wild- east Peak in Tilden Park you can watch scarlet hawks swoop in the valley below and spot gray foxes and coyotes in the distance.

10 Near the eastern end of the San Mateo Bridge, the Coyote Hills Regional Park has a bicycling trail through the intertidal mud flats which is home to many kinds of birds and small mammals, principally field mice and rabbits.

The East Bay Municipal Utility Dis- trict (EBMUD) offers hiking permits at $1 for one year, $2 for three years. With the permit, you get maps of trails connecting the regional parks and back country trails not otherwise open to hikers. Permits and maps are available at the San Pablo Reservoir office on San Pablo Dam Road between Rich- mond and Orinda. For more informa- tion, call 835-3500.

Bay and ocean

San Francisco Bay supports several species of shark, including the leopard shark, which can grow as long as six feet, although the average is about three. They’re actually rather timid: we eat them, not the other way around, as they are not for food of the shark’s meat sold in local fish markets.

The Harbor Seal is an endangered species, but you can still see them in the Pt. Reyes seal area.

11 Some of the most spectacular sights in the realm of wildlife is the annual migration of the California gray whales. The whales go south in late October and early November. The calves are born off Baja in the winter, and in the spring the migra- tion north begins. The best months to see the annual parade are March and April. The Point Reyes lighthouse area is a good spot to grab a sandstone view, along with the nearby Chimney Rock. Besides whales there are sea lions, pelicans and cormorants.

The Bodega Bay Institute, PO Box 640, Bodega Bay, CA, 94923-6419, offers many classes on the marine environment, including cruises up and down the coast on the schooner Golden Dawn, the largest active sailing ship on the Pacific Coast. One cruise May 15-18 is $140; a shorter cruise May 24-26 is $110. In addition, there is a weekly dinner trip to the Prov- idence Mountains west of Needles April 27-May 3 for $125, and a two-day “Isle- nes and Psychedelic” trip (cushion and drill) in May 31-June 1 for $42. The fee usually includes meals, equipment and lodging if needed.

Injured animals

Last year, the members of the Wild- life Rehabilitation Center of the Bay Area handled more than 7000 injured, ill and orphaned wild creatures. If you find an injured animal, here’s what to do and what not to do:

• Don’t pick it up. You might easily aggravate the injury, and a wild animal in pain can be very dangerous. Note the location of the animal and contact the nearest Wildlife Rehabilitation Center (listed below) or humane society.

• Don’t try to rescue what seems to be...
be an abandoned fowl. Does often leave their fawns hidden in secluded thickets and return for them after feeding. If you think the fawn has been orphaned, note the location and inform the nearest center.

Before you try to replace a baby bird that’s fallen from its nest, make sure you know where the nest is and that you can return the bird without injury to if or yourself. If an entire nest has fallen, a Wildlife Rehabilitation Center will send someone out to wire it securely back into place.

All members of the Wildlife Rehabilitation Council will care for wild creatures, but some are equipped to handle specific needs. Here’s a list, with some of the problems they handle:

- Abandoned or orphaned livestock calves
- Animal Control
- Bird Rescue Recovery Center, 2701 8th St., Berkeley, 841-9086. A leading center for handling local birds, particularly old-guarded birds.
- Luise Boyd Jr. Museum, 76 Albert Park Lane, San Rafael, 454-6096. Has a salt water tank for the care of marine mammals. They recently rehabilitated a young elephant seal.
- Peninsula Humane Society, 1225 Coyote Pt. Dr., San Mateo, 344-7643. Emergency veterinary care for wild animals, plus a holding section for animals that have to be moved to a center for special treatment.

Save the whales!

“A whale ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.” - Herman Melville, in Moby Dick

The great chronicler of cetaceans didn’t mention that whales, what with their massive brains, may well have more native intelligence than either Yale or Harvard graduates, even if they don’t write books. However, their gentle brand of intelligence cannot by itself save them from extinction in the face of continued search-and-destroy missions by Japan and the Soviet Union, who have refused to accept the worldwide moratorium on whale hunting. To raise public awareness of this urgent issue, various groups around the world are observing World Whale Day on Saturday, April 27. The Greenpeace Foundation of Vancouver, B.C., is sending four vessels into the Pacific to intercept the Japanese and Soviet fishing fleets.

Locally, there will be a day-long observance on the Monte Vista, starting at 11 am. Bring a picnic, fly a whale kite (on sale there), and, if you can, take part in a down vigi outside the Japanese and Soviet consulates on April 26. For more information on Whale Day and what you can do to help the whales and their porpoises (endangered by commercial tuna fishing), contact these groups:

- Project Jonah, PO Box 476, Bolinas, CA 94924, 686-0616; ask for Gene McNaughton.
- Oceanic Society, Blvd. 240, Ft. Mason, St. 9122, 441-5970; Mary Crowley.
- Friends of the Earth, 529 Commercial St., SF 94111, 391-4270; Barbara Weiselman.

You take the risks and the owners get nine-tenths of the money. And it’s a young man’s game—you’re thrown on the heap young in cirases.

By Stephanie Hughes

We had trouble photographing Bombay the tiger. We wanted him to look fierce, or at least noble, but he kept eating flowers. When Dave MacMillan, his trainer, yelled in his ear, all he got was a look of sleepy adoration.

Even Rick the photographer, who’d been explaining on the ride down how he wouldn’t get too close because he might be allergic, was within a couple of feet now, waving and stamping, but Bombay went right on chewing daisies. No way, I thought, is this puny cat wild enough for Marine World.

Dave MacMillan is the macho one.

Age 28, athletic, with a tough Liverpool accent and skin-tight pants (“The male of every species” he explained seriously, “is always more beautiful”), he runs a 15-tiger show at Marine World. The tigers, 400 to 600 pounds each, mark their way through the act, but backstage afterwards they hang out big houses, looking up hopefully to be petted as Dave goes past.

So I thought the macho and whip-cracking were just faking until, during the photo session, a baby elephant strode into sight. Suddenly Bombay simply changed shape, down into a stalking position, shoulder muscles popping up from nowhere, like Pogo’s after a shot of adrenalin, after riding the eyesight. I forgot all my suspicions that the tigers were drugged, and felt queasy at the thought of how I’d just hugged him. Rick started wondering if he’d get better shots from up a tree, or perhaps from a helicopter.

Dave yanked on Bombay’s chain and the beast settled down again, except for the eyes. “But that chain couldn’t hold him,” I remarked, trying to sound conv- ersational. “He doesn’t know that,” said Dave. “He’s had this chain since he was a cub and still believes it’s stronger than him. He thinks I am too. It’s my job to keep him thinking that.”

What made Dave want to be a tiger trainer? “I thought that my dad was in the circus, so me and my brother Brian just naturally joined him, when I was 14. That’s how I got into working with animals.”

“We went all over Europe, the family, from circus to circus following the work. We used to do Soundtracks in the summer and go down to France and Spain for the winter season. Then we went down through Africa and round to the East.”

Weren’t Africans a bit blase about lions and tigers? “You’d be surprised. Places we went in Africa the people’d never seen a lion.”

The family came to the States three years ago to work for Barum and Bailey. “Had a bit of bother with my visa. Showed them the letter of employment and all, from the circus, but they didn’t really take it seriously. Must have filled their quota of animal trainers.”

But they finally made it over here and settled in Los Angeles. Dave and Brian both felt that trainers get a bad deal working for other people. “You take the risks and the owners get nine-tenths of the money. You get on say how the animals are housed and fed. It’s not regular work. And it’s a young man’s game—you’re thrown on the heap young in cirases.”

So they started saving for their own animals. Tigers, untrained, cost around $2000 each. Dave got Bombay as a cub of two weeks, and another year-old cub, and he and Brian (who trains elephants) worked all day with the tigers, trained at night in bars. The tigers lived in the house with them “The neighbors loved it—free show all the time”. Until Dave and his wife Chris had two babies. How do you house-train a tiger? “You can’t!”

Raising cubs is a lot of work, so now they look for half-grown tigers. “It’s still a lot to do. We do the feeding and cleaning—it’s the only way you build up trust with an animal. They need regular shots, just like a dog on cat. And when one of them gets a cold it goes round all of them, and we don’t get any rest.”

How does he start to train a new tiger? “First few weeks, don’t do anything. Just feed and clean him till he trusts me. Then I can start him in the ring, jumping. How—with fear or reward? ‘Reward’. It’s more effective and safer. They get bits of meat and affection. But the animal has to know who’s boss. You can’t let it for a moment.”

And the sea offers too!

In the early 19th century the sea otter, hunted for its fur, became extinct along the California coast. At least that’s what everyone thought until 1937, when a moto cracker was spotted in Monterey Bay. Since then we’ve had a miraculous recovery, but the strict conservation laws that permitted recovery are now under attack by the commercial fishing industry, which claims otters expanding north from Monterey Bay are eating all the clams, crabs and abalone. The state Department of Fish and Game recommends moderate reduction, but environmental protection, but otter people (who say there are only about 1000 otters—Fish and Game says 17,000) want to move them to an offshore island like San Nicolas off Santa Barbara. For more information, contact:

- Friends of the Sea Otter, Big Sur, CA 93920.

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You never get used to doing your job right, I’m just about, I’m not used to doing my job right, I’m just about, that’s all.”

How does he feel about keeping wild animals captive? “Tigers, and wolves too, they’re an endangered species. In the wild their average life span is five years, less if they’re hunted. In captivity, it’s more like 25, and most of that’s breeding time. All my tigers were born in the states. You can’t import them any more, and I wouldn’t do so. There’s enough breeding stock in zoos and circuses to keep the species alive. Seeing tigers is good for people—it makes them realize how magnificent animals are. They don’t think about preserving what they’ve never seen.”
TEN GREAT HIKES

By Jerry Roberts

S

en, people who go hiking live a lot longer than those who don't. Harold Atkinson tells me. For 60 years, Atkinson has been hiking on Mt. Tamalpais. He Koreans and Chinese to climb the mountain: since 1920 he's worked up there—building trails, saving existing trails, fighting fires. He's seen people battle fires—usually for no more reward than his pleasure in doing the work. His approach is to make his words about a long life ring true. He is 72 but looks 50. He is turned and fit, his skin still tight over his big bones, his mind alert, his movements easy. It's the walking, he says.

"I know a woman who now's 84. Hikes every Sunday. Another friend of mine you just died at 96. Hiking is the best exercise there is."

Hiking is nature's robust health and graceful old age? It can't hurt. Besides being good for you, hiking is the cheapest recreation going: a pair of boots worn out every couple of years, your transportation costs, maybe a buck to get into a park and you've got it licked. And there's no shortage of places to walk. Seventy-five cities, county state and national parks, two national forests and dozens of miles of hiking trails within 50 miles of SF (see Guardian, 5/10/73) keep you safe from getting left behind while walking the same trail twice in your life.

The wildflowers are blooming now so you can enjoy the scenery, too. To get your start, here are ten walks we happen to like, guaranteed 100% subjective.

North

Cataract Gulch, Mt. Tamalpais (388-2070). Recommended by Harold Atkinson. If you go hiking at least twice a week (buses leave SF Terminal 8:15, 9:45 and 12:45 on weekends), get off at Pantoll and walk the Easy Grade Trail up past Mount Tam to the parking area above. If you have a car, drive right to the Cataract Gulch entrance. It is about pad uphill Ridgecrest Boulevard from Rock Springs. From here, walk north on the Lagunitas Fire Road which branches off the Benstein Trail to the left. In less than a mile you'll reach the Pacific Meadow. You can snack for a drink from the artesian well. "Water on Tamalpais," says Harold Atkinson, is not extremely good.

Across the meadow, get on the Kent Trail and follow it north and then west as it gradually descends four miles through the woods until you reach Alpine Lake, a good spot for lunch. Now you want to turn south on the Helen Mark Trail. Walk over the foot bridge and in two miles you'll reach Cataract Gulch Trail, Cataract Creek runs down the slope of Tamalpais into Alpine Lake as a series of steep, running rapids. The water will be reduced to a trickle, but right now the carnations are running full and running down the side of the road. The trail follows the carnations up for almost two miles (Laurel Dell, about midway, is a good place to enjoy the scenery). The water will be reduced to a trickle, but right now the carnations are running full and running down the side of the road. The trail follows the carnations up for almost two miles. From here, the trail leads back to the road at Rock Springs. About minute.

Collier Springs Trail, Mt. Tamalpais. This is the most direct, if strenuous trail to Lake Lagunitas. You'll have to search a bit to find the trailhead: it's on the north side of Ridgecrest Boulevard about halfway between West Peak ( Radar Station) and Middle Peak. If you quickly find yourself walking west until north once you're on the trail, go back. You've strayed onto the International Trail. The Collier Trail follows the middle fork of Lagunitas Creek (some maps show it as Collier Creek). Trail.

About a quarter-mile in you'll come to Collier Spring, a lovely boulder with a refreshing spring. Keep on the trail, you can water the wash and shadows move. From here it's about a mile to a half to the lake, all downhill. 15-20 minutes and the darkness is the vegetation is lush. The trail is narrow and sometimes quite steep. You'll wind into South Shore Road at the lake, where there's great swimming and sunbathing. Find a quiet place away from those who drive in (ugh), take off your clothes and listen to the breeze.

Go to Alamere Falls, Point Reyes National Seashore (663-1053). The big problem with Point Reyes is all the other people, but its four distinct ecosystems, spectacular sea and sky views, variety of wild animals and the 40 miles of wildflower blooms in bloom make up with it worth while. Take 101 to Highway 1 at Marin City, head west, 10 miles north, take the Alamar/Seal Lagoon. At the end of the lagoon, turn back (Le) on Mesa Road and drive to the point. Alamere Falls Trailhead is there. Follow it north west along the coast bluffs until you reach Alamere Falls. Take the beach to the beach or continue on the trail until it hits the beach. Come back for a spectacular view of Alamere Falls which drops 120 feet down to the beach. About a 3/4 mile. This trail is pretty popular. "I often want to get away from it at Point Reyes, try walking along the Ridge Trail," I was told part of the park. It follows Inverness Ridge and has nice overlooks of meadows and forest. The problem: it doesn't lead anywhere, so hardly anyone uses it. If you're planning to backpack or stay overnight at Point Reyes, please make sure you have reservations. All Saturdays for this summer are already booked.

East

Huckleberry Trail, Huckleberry Botanical Preserve, Oakland (531-9300). The East Bay Regional Parks District finally built this section of trail on one year after the former owner bulldozed two knolls of it as a bargaining tactic. It is a good combination of chaparral and woodlands growth. Drive south on Skyline Boulevard from Rt. 24 (Walnut Creek). Huckleberry is not very well marked, so watch closely for the parking area which is between Shiloh Park and Redwood Park. Keep an eye on house addresses—the closest one is 7900, and if you're heading south and see 7090, you've just gone past the preserve. From the parking lot, walk south on the 16-mile trail. You'll see coffee berry, California buckwheat (they won't ripen until September) and some of the largest madrones around. Most of the walk is beneath the trees, but there are several excellent views of Mt. Diablo, the Contra Costa hills and Shasta Peak. It is a great place for the bulbous bar knolls where you can eat lunch and get into the hummingbirds.

Best bets for quiet walking in the rest of the East Bay Regional Parks District: East Bay Regional Park, Redwood Regional Park, Old Serpentine Valley and Redwood. Note: The Park District employees are presently striking. They have no backcountry hiking lists at some parks.

Summit Trail, Mt. Diablo State Park, Contra Costa County. The argument about whether The Mountain in the Bay Area is Tamalpais or Diablo will probably be waged eternally by champions of both. ("The view from Diablo is surpassed only by Mt. Killiman- jan," one ranger told me.) But that's no reason to miss the view from either. Wait for a very clear, sunny day and head to Mt. Diablo. Across the parking lot the signs for 24 E. In Walnut Creek, get on 680 South and exit at Danville/Diablo Road. The road runs through a gate, but why drive when you can walk? (Anyway, it's longer by car than by foot.) Park your car and go through the pedestrian gate. From here it's about five miles to the top. Up the summits is 17 feet above your eyes and you'll get a credible 260-degree view. If it's clear you can see 35 counties. Mt. Tam to the west, Mt. St. Helena to the south, Hamilton to the south, and to the east, the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers and the Sierra Nevada. The different wildflowers have been identified in the peak, and many of them—especially baby blue eyes and poppies— are bursting into bloom right now. A dollar to get to the park, $3 to stay over night.

South

Merry-Go-Round Trail, Mt. Madonna County Park (608-2634). Take 101 south to Watsonville Road and head east 150 miles to the park. It's free to hike, 91 to camp. Pick up the trail in the parking area. This is a three-mile loop trail that gains and loses 500 feet of elevation. You walk through four distinct settings—open grassy meadow, thick brush, sparse forest and heavy woodlands. On the way are good views of the Gilroy Valley and deep canyons and ravines. While you're there, go see the Giant Twins—two 150-foot redwoods. Both have goosebumps—burnt-out middles caused by years of accumulated dust burning into flames. Also there's a pair of white fellow deer which were brought from Europe by William Randolph Hearst for his estate and now roam the parking area. They are unusually large and have palmate antlers like a moose, rare for deer.

Ivron Trail to Tip Top Falls, Portola State Park (948-0908). This trail is an 1700 foot trek, tucked away at the southwestern tip of San Mateo county, offers 14 miles of quiet hiking. Drive south on 280 to the Alpine Rd exit (Palo Alto) and follow the road to Alpine Road south for 15 miles to the Portola Park Road. Stop at the Ranger Station to pay your donation fee and ask whether the footbridges across Ivron Creek are up. (They take them up during the rainy season so they won't get washed out.)

Drive on another quarter-mile to the last parking area. If the bridges are up, you'll soon pass the Ivron Trail sign you see the paved road. If the bridges are down, stay on the road for about a mile and take the third Ivron Trail sign. From here the trail winds 25 miles down and ends at Tip Top Falls, a ten-foot fall and a lovely spot to picnic. It's dark, moist and cool, a quiet walk on which you'll want to look to the color and life on the forest floor.

Blue Ridge Trail, Henry Cowell State Park (408-779-2778). It takes about 2 hours, about 2 hours, but it's well worth it. The park has remained largely "unim- proved" though lately the rangers say there's been a whole spate of articles written about it which has resulted in an upsurge in the number of visitors. Take 101 south of San Jose to Morgan Hill/Dunne Avenue and head east for 16 miles. Pick up the Blue Ridge Trail at Park Headquarters. It's a 17-mile loop in all. Don't panic, you can stretch your legs on the way in and get some great views without walking the whole way.

On a clear day you can see Yosemite Valley about 100 miles away. That's Half Dome and El Capitan, though you might not recognize them because you're used to seeing them from a different angle. There are also good views of the Sierra and the Santa Cruz Mountains. Another lovely walk in Coe is the Middle Ridge/Fish Trail (seven miles round trip), which features some of the finest wildflowers of the state, as well as a stand of ponderosa, unusual outside the Sierras.

Graham Hill Trail, Henry Cowell State Park. (408-335-4598) Cowell Park lies just north of Santa Cruz and contains one of the only single redwood groves left in the state. There are several good trails meandering through: Graham, Powder, Mill, River. Most of them seem to lead eventually to Big Rock Hole, a first-class swimming spot. You'll see a huge flat rock (called, originally enough, Big Rock) where you can sun yourself. When you've basked enough, drive right into Big Rock Hole—deep, green and refreshing. Cavort about with the trout and then go visit the park's main feature, Redwood Grove. 

SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN, APRIL 11
CASTLE ROCK STATE PARK

EIGHT GREAT BIKE TOURS

By Nancy Dunn

Bicycling is a great way to discover the wildlife in the urban environment. Start with the 74 miles of landscaped bike trails in SF's Golden Gate Park. The best time is just after 9 am on weekdays when the commuter craze is over and your only company should be a few other early-bird cyclists and joggers. On Sundays the eastern half of John F. Kennedy Drive is closed to automobile traffic, and the bicycle density descends on the park.

An easy ride with not too many ups and downs is the route from GG Park to Lake Merced. Leave the park near the polo field via the well-traveled bikeway along Sunset Boulevard. About a mile down the trail you can catch a great view of the ocean (weather permitting) through the school yard just opposite Pacifica Street.

When you reach Lake Merced, swing left onto Lake Merced Boulevard and peddle south to El Camino Drive which takes you up the western side of the lake. When you run into Skyline Boulevard again look for the bike trail to the Lake Merced Sports Center and leave the traffic behind as you head back into the park for a tour of the side past the fishing area and into the golf course. On your way home, walk your bicycle across Sunset Boulevard to the Great Highway and pedal back through the dunes to GG Park.

One trip with an eagle's eye view of the ocean that even a smoker can manage begins at Spreckles Lake in GG Park. Head north through grass on 37th Avenue to Arista and follow that quiet residential street to its termination at 45th. At a bend in the road, on your left, a narrow walkway lined with shrubbery and find yourself amid the ruins of the old Adolph Sutro mansion. Below you can see the Cliff House, the surf crashing on the rocks, and perhaps some harder or less knowledgeable—cyclist tolling up the hill that you are about to tumble down at breakneck speed. To descend safely from the cliff, follow the walkway around to the left to a gravel road that leads down to Pacific Avenue. Just past the tourists, past the Cliff House and the remains of Playland, then left on Kennedy Drive into the park.

Even ascending Twin Peaks is not the torture it seems if you approach from the right direction. Tom Standig suggests this route in his Bay Area Bicycling. Leave GG Park heading south on 7th Avenue, follow Laguna Honda Boulevard to Woodside Avenue at the Forest Hill trolley station, then drag down and pedal up Woodside to Portola. Dismount and walk the short distance to Twin Peaks Boulevard. You're halfway to the 52-foot summit, and the rest is a moderate grade with an increasingly unobstructed view.

MARIN

Marin county has a BMC climbs and a MTB stage race. A must-see Maribenec tour is the Great Golden Gate Bridge. Follow the bike path under the bridge and begin your experience at the turnpike's ascent at the top of the hill. You'll have your reward: a postcard-plus view of the bridge and the city. The Marin Bike Trail follows a military road weaving in and out of arroyos, eventually sliding down to Fort Ross, a ruralified military installation that looks like an abandoned summer camp.

Then it's a beach at Rodeo Lagoon, sprinkled with birds and birdwatchers. From here you can see the ocean and then over to the other side of the lagoon. Heading home, stay on the main road through the Highlands' back door; a three-quarter-mile, one-lane tunnel with a two-minute traffic signal to prevent cars from colliding head-on in the middle of the road. The last car into the tunnel; the downhill side should take about a minute, and on the other side Alexander Avenue, leading in one direction to Sausalito (and a 75¢ ferry ride to SF), in the other to the GG Park.

The best route up Mt. Tamalpais is a surprisingly easy 2000-foot ascent up the old railroad grade of the Sausalito and Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railroad, known as the "Crookedest Railroad in the United States." To enjoy the views from the top, you'll be hauled up the side of the mountain by pulling steel carts or, if you're feeling weak, descended by gravity alone, with only their brails to save the occupants from disaster.

The bike route begins at the Mill Valley Iron Station. Pedal past the movie theater to Blithedale. Turn left on Blithedale to your obviously circumvented by trees and wooded hills. Look for a well-maintained fire trail on the right, with a gate prohibiting motor traffic. The road climbs up the side of the mountain, briefly turning into a paved road, then a road, then a road, then a road. A quarter mile later and you're at a branch leading to the Mountain Home restaurant and a chance to coast home along the Panamint Highway. Continue uphill past the ruins of the old railroad grade to the cool forest of Fern Creek Canyon. A mile ahead is the West Point Lodge, a surprising outpost of civilization offering refreshment to anyone who comes by. From there it's a mile and a half to the summit and an exhilarating 12-mile downhill coast back along the paved road to Mill Valley.

COMMITTING AND URBAN BIKING

A great traffic condition enters freeway feeders. Stretchers with parking lanes usually have room for an alert cyclist to pass between the parked cars and moving cars, but watch out for opening doors. The SF Bicycle Coalition (address below) knows the best routes for bypassing traffic and skirting the most brutal hills. Remember that bicyclists have to follow traffic regulations; ride on the right side of the street and watch out for stop signs and one-way streets.

Hazards to look for, in addition to the obvious four-wheeled menace, sewer gates at grade expansion joints that can grab your tire and send you for a trip, a dog in the street, unstable roads (ride on, you can outrun them); and hordes of the new bikeway through the city. There is a real plan for bicycle trails—"I won't take my bike through that," says Tom Standig.

The only mass transit program for cycling commuters is the Golden Gate Ferry (398-1141), which allows cyclists to travel between SF and Sausalito for the same 75¢ pedestrians pay. The Harbor Ferries between Pier 43 and Tiburon (461/or one way, 75¢ round trip) and Angel Island ($2.25 round trip) allow bikes on a standby basis if there's room after all the foot traffic embarks, you can get on board (otherwise you wait until there's room on the next boat).

On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays you can take a boat from Tiburon to Angel Island for $1.75 (children 1.15), plus 25¢ for your bike. Call 435-2131 for schedule; be prepared to wait on sunny days. Also on weekends and holidays, the AC Transit Pedal Hopper runs every 90 minutes between the SF Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge in SF and the intersection of the Golden Gate Bridge in SF. Barn 604/plus for your bike. BART has 53 permits allowing you to bring your bike anywhere on the system. Call 415-200-6463 for more info. After 9:30 pm and after 6:30 pm, call 415-465-1100; they'll send you a questionnaire. Return it by May 8 and you'll be notified when to appear with your bike inspected and when to expect your permit issued. It's all very official, and in June the...
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EVERYTHING FOR THE JOGGER

Outdoor Permanent exhibit of Bay Area Bicyclists, available for $2 from Ten Speed Press, PO Box 4180, Berkeley, CA 94704. Also available from Ten Speed is Joanna Johnston's AP's Best Bike Tours, ($3), a charity description of trips further afield on the back roads of the Delta, Russian River and Peninsula. The East Bay Regional Park District (11500 Skyline Blvd., Oakland, CA 94619) has trail maps for cyclists.

Tom Cuthbertson's Anybody's Bike Book ($3), a small paperback you can carry with you, is a good introduction to do-it-yourself bike maintenance. And for the last word on just about anything in the cycling world from selecting a bike to training for professional racing, there's Eugene Sloan's new edition of The Complete Book of Cycling. At $12.50, it's a good gift for someone who likes to read about cycling as much as actually doing it.

Groups
You can get more information on tours, maintenance and cycling politics from these groups:
BP Bicycle Coalition, 1405 7th Ave., SF.
Meets the second Thursday of every month at Laguna Honda School, 1380 7th Ave., 7:30 pm. Encourages biking as a serious transportation alternative and lobbies at City Hall for better bike routes. Membership minimum $5/year, includes sporadic newsletter.
Sierra Club, SMR College, Oakland, 658-7470; 550 Bush, SF, 981-8646.

Runs tours of 25-50 miles every weekend, geared for difficulty. Quarterly schedule of activities (including hill and backpacking) available for $1 by mail from Oakland office, or you can pick it up for $3 at either office.

East Bay Bicycle Coalition, 600 16th St. Oakland, CA 94612. Meets second Friday of every month at the San Leandro Pub lic Library, 500 Eastlold. Pressure for better bikeways and storage facilities, wants daily shuttle bus service across Bay Bridge for cyclists. Evaluates trails in Berkeley, East Bay Regional Parks. Membership $5/year includes quarterly publication, Rule On.

Diable Wheelman, PO Box 5095, Concord, CA 94524. Racing, weekend touring, bike repair workshops, safety education. Monthly meetings and newsletter for members only $6/year. Membership applications and touring schedules available by mail or at Contra Costa bike shops.

Alexander Lindsay Jr. Museum, 1901 1st Ave., Walnut Creek, 935-1978. Supplies nature guides for groups of ten or more touring the Delta, Tilden Park or Las Trampas Park near Dan ville. Trips are $1.50 per person, paid in advance. Saturdays and Sundays must be reserved one month in advance.


AYH will also help you put together your own trip. Membership $10 ($5 under 18), $4 gets you the newsletter only.

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Sporting bars around the Bay

The where and how of liar's dice, darts, pinball and more

By Merrill Shindler

I n Understanding Media, Marshall McLuhan writes, "The games of a people reveal a great deal about them. Games are a sort of artificial paradise like Disneyland, or some Utopian vision by which we interpret and complete the meaning of our daily lives. In games we devise means of nonspecialized participation in the larger drama of our time...

A game is a machine that can get into action only if the players consent to become puppets for a time."

The dice are cast

Dice are the world's oldest gaming implement. And the game is played with them approaches the infinite, whether direct dice games like craps or big red, or track games where the dice are auxiliary, like backgammon or parcheesi. At Harrod's Club, 498 9th St., the game is the most popular of the pop dice games, liar's dice. There are five dice in each cup. You and your opponent top your cups to conceal your throws from each other. Then, peeking at your own throw, you call out a combination like two, six, three, which your opponent tries to better ("Three fives," or whatever). If you think your opponent is playing bonum, you can call his or her bluff. If your opponent can come up with what's been claimed (using all ten dice, as non wild), you lose. The game is usually played for a best two out of three for drinks, and nobody seems to care that it's technically gambling. "Bon" is popular too—nothing's wild, five dice are thrown once, with the high becoming "bon." Then you throw the remaining dice and your opponent must better that throw. Then there is "ship, captain, crew," where you play either high or low, first making a "ship, captain and crew" (1, 2, 3 or 4, 5, 6) then shoot for the rest of the crew (either 1, 2, or 6). Confused? Bill McNally at Gambli, 625 Kearny, is the local gamemaster par excellence. He sells all the implements necessary for bar dice, or the ancillary accessories. For ten dollars, McNally reports that backgammon has caught fire all over the city and can be played at Stars, 3-pint game, or the London Wine Bar, 415 Samson, and McNally says he's hoping to open the city's first bar dedicated to cards, dinner and dancing to go along with the boards.

Sports, Italian style

The strangest amalgam, these Italian sport bars—a cross between social clubs and coffee houses with plenty of beer and the occasional match ball. The Caffe Italia, 708 Vallejo, lacks only a beer bad game in the backyard to become Piazza. The pool table dominates from center floor, surrounded by 30-inch tables, with a jukebox (the non-pogo hits by Pippo di Capo and 1 Pocho), a small table soccer game, a couple of pinball machines, a bar in back and posters and paintings all over the walls of Dolomiti and Cortonian, hangning with pictures of winning soccer teams (Fiorentina 1968-69). The barkeep will make salami or pepperoni sandwiches for you upon your espresso, cappuccino, cafe latte or soft drinks of greentea, tamarind, coconut milk, and montrichard (watermelon), when he's not involved in a heated discussion over some piece of news from Italy in the past Italian daily.

The Bohemian Smoke Store, 566 Columbus, is an informal sort of club filled with vintage Italian gentlemen who drop in for a glass of wine or an espresso and a few hands of card games like tete et briscola.

In the Twenties and Thirties, when there were 28 dragueuses in North Beach, the Anchor Cafe, 515 Columbus, was known as Anchor Drug. The word "Drugs" was scrapped off by the present owner some years back, but the "Anchor" name remains. The Anchor is the place you go to lay down a few dollars and read the cover of postcards from Italy over the bar. The card playing is hidden behind a决定, but you don't have to be in the same breath the advertisements to Heaven and the Blessed Virgin when a bad rubber is dealt.

The Caffe Sport, 574 Green, will drive your eyes crazy. It's like falling through the rabbit hole into a baroque cocci trompe l'oeil version of Florence. There are complex Florentine tiles everywhere, along with filigree mirrors and ornately carved and painted wood on walls and doors—even the bar stools are covered with applique cartoon scenes of San Francisco (the Golden Gate Bridge, the old Cliff House, Market Street). And the pinball machines, surrounded by this later-day Italianian indulgence, look down right baroque. Cappuccino and espresso are poured from a sparkling new Faema machine, and lunch and dinner are served in the candled, carved restaurant—especially good are the sandwiches for lunch, served with olives and pepperoncini, while dinner is more elegant, leaning toward fish dishes like calamari, gambas, anchovies, ostriche and pesce fritto.

The North Beach sport, after drinking, carousing and playing cards, is boose ball. Bocce ball is more a lifestyle than a game—the courts are filled with dozens of kickballers, all shooting, imitating the bar for guidance and deploring the knuckleballs of the equally agitated players. There are two bocce ball courts in SF: one almost out of North Beach; at the end of Van Ness by Aquatic Park; and the other in the heart of the Tenderloin. Like the 11th Street, the Masimo Bocce Ball Court at Mason and Lombard. This must be the busiest sports court in the city. The right amount of brato for an outsider to really get into the game without understanding all the rules going on in Italian (is that a rule?), even the boundary lines are marked in Italian—punting, pallina and palina are as the rules on the walls, which may translate as no violence or vendettas allowed.

Darts and ale

Darting is perhaps the oldest and most legitimate in the long, gymnicky line of leisure games. Like his cousin, the closest companions, strong talk and straight drinks, the game is simple to the point, requiring no flashlight lights and ringing bells, only a good eye and a steady hand. Today with the proliferation of English-style pubs in the US, the game has blossomed into a full-fledged culture. So established is American darting that a Los Angeles museum travels yearly from New York to London to face a contingent from Fleet Street.

Darts, according to the British nadia Britlandema, "is a predominantly British game played by throwing darts at a circular numbered board. The board is divided by thin wires into 20 sectors, valued at points ranging from 1 to 20. A narrow outer ring running through all sectors doubles the value of the sector for the darts thrown into that part of the sector and a narrow inner ring triples it. While the bull's eye itself has a small outer ring worth 25 points, the inner circle worth 50 points. Throwing is free style from 8 to 9 feet away, with the center of the board 5 feet 8 inches from the ground.

Each player has three darts... The usual game is to start with any double score (dart thrown into the double ring) and then subtract this and sub subsequent scores from 101. The winner must reach exactly zero with a final double..."

"It's like being on drugs," complained one darter at the Edinburgh Castle, 930 Geary, "I come here at 8 pm and stay until the place closes. It's not the money I lose but the sleep I miss."

For others, the dart culture provides a warm social atmosphere, "Look," said Peter Moyjer, a car salesman and darter at Ye Oke Bell and Exeh, 5024 Geary, "it's a helluva lot better than looking at the bottles. The barkeepers, they're always looking at the bottles. The barkeepers at Ye Rose and Thistle, 1624 California, estimates that the dart board brings in a major part of his business. Ye Rose has two boards upstairs and one downstairs and sends out teams to other bars like Terry's Lodge, 1368 Irving, though interbar competitions aren't as common as you'd expect. The snap here is dink driving. As one pub owner told me, "By the time a team drives, say, from San Mateo to San Rafael and back, they'd have a sinful.""

While "301" is the most popular of the darting games in the US, "baseball isn't far behind, with nine innings making a full game. Most pubs purchase British-made boards of pressed cork and hemp, and the darts (known as "needles" or "points") are as important to the individual player as clubs are to a golfing buff. Some prefer to throw a six-inch steel shafted version weighing up to 27 grams (about an ounce), while others prefer the lighter, lighter wooden design. Even the method of delivery varies extremely.

At the Abbey Tavern, 4100 Geary, one bearded fellow stands at the eighteen foot line, listing far to the right, and flings the missile with a ferocious downward swipe. Another fellow shot straight from the hip, standing about five feet off-center. And there's a fellow out at The Loft, 5422 College, Oakland, who has trouble finding the mark when sober. He never seems to play until he's well fortified, then his shooting partner helps him to the bar, groups him up, points out the target and he puts the point right where they want it.

It's just a bagatelle

Bagatelle was a 19th century English street game, played with a cue and nine balls on a baize-covered table that had nine holes arranged in an ellipse at one end. From it developed Russian bagalette—a "childish variety having holes, pins, arrows and bells," according to the Oxford English Dictionary—and from Russian bagatelle came pinball.

At the Paradise Cafe, 273 Broadway, Petronio Don is playing Gottlieb's Spin-A-Car (Gottlieb is to pinball what Steinway is to pianos, though Billy is a strong contender) while a couple of players stand around watching him, shifting from foot to foot, hoping he will soon quit.

continued next page
continued from previous page

"Because they think they can beat it, that's why they're waiting. Everybody beats the machine once in a while. That's why we keep on coming back. If I never beat them, I'd give up." While Dan is talking, the balls spin all over the board. His palms are copped around the corners of the cabinet, pushing, vibrating, making the glass top rattle, keeping the ball up there. His long, index fingers rest on the red buttons on each side that control the flippers, the pivoting fingers that guard the ball out shot at the bottom of the playfield.

Dan launches another chromium ball. It spins along the ellipse at the top of the board, loses momentum, kisss two bumpers and goes where it was supposed to, through a passage that says "Special when lit." It is lighted. One hundred points. The ball strikes a humungous bumper that bounces it against a white rubber rail. The slingshot behind the rail sends the ball along the playfield. In the time of one heartbeat it is with in range of Dan's left hand. He wants a fraction of a second, flips the flipper, slowly trapping the ball in the acute angle made with the rail, then, all concentration, he eases his finger off the button. The ball rolls downward a half inch along the flipper. Now! Dead on the mark the ball hits the center, guarded by baffles and buffers. The machine becomes incandescent and on the back glass the score is clicking into the scoreboard.

Now I'm at Pappy's Place, 142 Stockton, a real dive in North Beach with two pool tables and a pinball machines against one wall, and I'm working the Showboat machine. I've been drinking Yellowstone bourbon with short beer chasers and I'm very interested in the . . . Zen of the game. Pat, a tall, lanky fellow with a scratch of red hair, is telling me, "It's the wrist. I used to play basketball when I was in high school. Shot two-handed but I didn't do so good. Then I learned to shoot with one hand, just using the wrist." He demonstrates, letting his wrist bend back and then bringing it slowly forward like a temple dancer. "Same thing with pinball. Some people, they push with their shoulders, all they get is a lift. Me, I push with my wrists." Out at the Beach Chalet, 1000 Great Highway, my friend Mia is telling me that pinball provides an index of character. "I can tell from the way you play that you're self-centered, impatient and used to having your own way all the time."

"I don't know nothin' about that," says an old fellow named Lucius, "although you got to be patient. I don't care who you are. Seems to me its the young ones who want to win all the time, but it's the older ones want a challenge."

Finally I realize how it must play. At the Bohemian Cigar Store, 566 Columbus, on the edge of Washington Square Park, I announce to the ancient Italian gentlemen eying me from behind its pappinto, "I am not going to play the machine. The machine is not going to play me. I am going to become the machine."

"You do that," he said, and somehow it worked. I felt the weight of the ball in my fingertips, the pulse of the 20 volts in my arteries. The score mounted and the lights flashed demonically. "How's that, old gentleman?" I asked, trying to sound cool. "Good shots," he replied, sounding as if he might even mean it.

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**Do it yourself divorce and other tips on the high cost of coping**

Charles Sherman estimates his book *Do Your Own Divorce* (Nolo Press, $6.95) has cost California lawyers $64 million. No wonder the state bar association has charged him with "advertising and soliciting the unauthorized practice of law" and hauled him before the Alameda county disciplinary board.

After two days of public testimony Tuesday, Sherman, unlike most lawyers facing disciplinary action, demanded a public hearing, the board took the matter under submission. Their decision, expected sometime this month, could range from excommunication to a slap on the wrist to disbarment.

Sherman, who hasn't practiced law in two years, says he isn't afraid of what the bar association will do to him. But, he told the Guardian, "it's the opening wedge of a general attack on do-it-yourself divorce." Already, he told the Guardian, pressure from the legal industry has forced some newspapers to drop ads from do-it-yourself divorce groups. He attributes the campaign to "screwing up" by street-corner lawyers. These are the guys who are losing the money. The big downtown high-class lawyers couldn't care less.

Getting married is a very simple process with a minimum of forms and confusion, Sherman said. But getting divorced requires pages and pages of documents, each needing to be filled out correctly, he charged.

"A simple divorce doesn't need all the complicated forms," Sherman asserts. "You do need a clerk who can determine the prima facie fairness of what a couple has worked out in an uncontested divorce. If you want to fight, then you can fight under the old system."

The "old system" means lawyers, who charge $250 to $400 to do a simple divorce. They reply that divorce can be very complicated, especially where children or property issues are concerned, and doubtly so when the divorce is contested.

But for a simple divorce, Sherman's book is probably all you'll need. There's background material, moral support and instructions for filling out the necessary legal forms that come with the book. Sherman says he wants people to believe they can tackle the legal problems facing them.

Couples who have decided to get a divorce have several options:

1. Bare bones, which no one recommends, is to tool down to the county clerk and buy the necessary forms and fill them out yourself. In SF a divorce packet costs $2. In other counties you have to buy the forms separately, and often one form or another is unavailable. In Santa Cruz the clerk will tell you the forms only to lawyers. No instructions come with the form, and it's fairly easy to get hung up by filling the wrong form in the wrong sequence.

2. Sherman's book, *Do Your Own Divorce*, is a much better choice. The sixth edition, scheduled to come out in May, will include updated forms and information on topics like how to avoid the filing fee by qualifying as a punter (right now it costs $46 in SF, $52 in Alameda counties). If you want the advice, he says, the 1987 edition, in the stores now, has a sticker saying what forms have been changed and how to get an updated copy.

3. For people who want help, but don't want to pay a lawyer, there are two organizations that charge $30 for educational information and clerical help—but no legal advice. Bob Anderson, head of one of the organizations, the WAVE Project, stresses that they can't even answer the question, "What are my rights?" Because that would be practising law.

The WAVE Project is directed at people who think that their minds that they want a divorce, people whose cases will be uncontested and who don't want to spend a lot of dollars to have lawyers do simple things they can do for themselves, according to their low-key brochure. The brochure explains how simple most divorces are and adds that you could just forget the WAVE Project and do it yourself. The book is $6.50 and may be sold at "educational information." For more information, call SF, 982-1371; Oakland, 655-4421; Palo Alto, 326-9404; the fifth, 937-6393; Fremont, 792-7976.

The California Divorce Council re- leases its own newsletter, "published by member's book. You fill in the necessary information on the sample forms and they type it up. "A typing service and or personal low work," as at one local staff member described it. Fee is also $5.50. More information: San Francisco, 441-5175; Mill Valley, 383-0370; Berkeley, 549-0484; Sunnyvale, 733-8960. Another case is I.A.T. International, staff at either company will refer you to professional help.

4. The Pro Per Collective in Berkeley offers free divorce workshops. A lawyer and a member of the collective answer questions people may have in using Sherman's book. Legal advice is not given. A workshop is held when enough people are interested in attending. Open to people in the greater Bay Area. Donations are requested but not necessary. More information: 849-4512.

5. For people who want to go it alone, the courts, it is very poor. San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation has a domestic relations unit which provides a ten-week backsound of cases. To qualify for their assistance you must have under $3500 in income, if single or $4500 for a couple, with $600 added to the ceiling for each child. Intake is on Monday and Thursday from 9 to 11 a.m. at Rm. 212, 1095 Market, SF. Phone 626-6582.

Oakland Legal Services Foundation's domestic relations unit is booked until the later part of May. Their staff will determine whether your income is low enough on a basis of personal financial information you give them over the phone. Call 451-9261.


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**SUPERMARKET SUPERBARGAINS**

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<th>Meat</th>
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<tr>
<td>Beef, chuck roast, Ib. (Bell)</td>
<td>$6.94</td>
<td>Apr. 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pork chops, Ib. (Cala)</td>
<td>$1.09</td>
<td>Apr. 20</td>
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<td>Chicken, stewing, Ib. (Foodland)</td>
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<td>Artichokes, med. size (Bell)</td>
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<td>Avocados, salad size, (El Rancho Super)</td>
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<td>Grapefruit, pink, (El Rancho Super)</td>
<td>$10.99</td>
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<td>Oranges, naval, (El Rancho Super)</td>
<td>8 lbs. 99c</td>
<td>Apr. 22</td>
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<td>Oil, Wesson, 24 oz. (UFI)</td>
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<td>Eggs, extra large, doz. (Foodland)</td>
<td>$5.94</td>
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<td>Dishwashing liquid, Lady Lee, 32 oz. (Lucky)</td>
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<td>Cheese, Gourmet Swiss, Ib. (Lucky)</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
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<td>Magazine, Coldfront, Ib. (Bally)</td>
<td>$3.94</td>
<td>Apr. 22</td>
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<td>Coffee, Hills Bros. 2 lb. (Towers)</td>
<td>$1.79</td>
<td>Apr. 20</td>
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<td>Toilet paper, Northern 4-pak, (Pay 'n Save)</td>
<td>$0.63</td>
<td>Apr. 21</td>
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Saint Francis Supermarkets will help you crack the food retailers' technique of offering "loss leaders"—steal items sold below cost to attract you into the store. If you're willing to forgive the inconvenience of crosstown shopping, you can really save money. Stores where addicts are not listed are either in the phone book or part of a multiple store chain. Here is just a few of them.

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**BARGAINS**

**BIG SAVINGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE:** Herman's Baby News has slashed 10-50% off the price of all items in their children's department. Some stores in SF and Daly City. Save until April 20 on clothes, furniture, strollers, car seats, sets of wheelies, etc. Total: $9.30 a.m.-9 p.m. On Sunday the SF store (2555 Taylor) is open 9:30 a.m.-9 p.m. and the Daly City store (Two Westlake Mall) is open noon-5 p.m. **PLAYGROUPS: Do It Ourselves Childcare** is an excellent pamphlet published by the Childcare Switchboard.
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'Manhattan Transfer - the art decò sound of jazz

S

peculation on musical trends is always a hazardous if amusing pastime. One con

sequently feels the risk of distorting fact to suit fancy. But lately many observers of the field have reached the same disquieting conclusion: pop music is alight, if not ever. Even Ringo Starr has said he's had next the waiting for the next big thing. All we have left, say some, is the past. To these believers, the Manhattan Transfer, a group that opened the Boarding House last week, might well be the savior of style over substance.

The style is apparent from the moment the Transferees file on stage, dressed in evening clothes, like a group of high steppees from a Depression-era musical.

The leader of the group, Tim Hauser, has made up to resemble the late Adolphe Menjou, while the other male singers, Alan Paul, looks like the Arrow collar man with eye make up. For them, the two characters from 'Manhattan Transfer', Laurel Massie and Janis Siegel, wear glossy gowns and sultry poses in their roles of spoiled brat and lusty socialite.

The audience is receptive. Backed by a 16-member orchestra—which costs the group more than they're paid for the engagement—the Transferees break into their first number, "Tuxedo Junction," a jiving, hand-slapping tune from the early Fortyes. They perform it with the maniac speed and brilliance that is the mark of cabaret acts of the time. The audience reaction is immediate: peals of ecstatic laughter at the appropriateness of the imitation. The audience grows more and more enthralled as the pastiche wears on.

Music Now, Apr. 20, 4:30 p.m., with soprano Kay Collette, pianist Barney Babbs, Jupiter on harp, Ben Fong-Torres on drum, Standards by Kay Collette, Ben Fong-Torres, and Eugene. The show is part of the "Jazz at the Lighthouse" series. Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

In the Exploration: Jeffrey Leaver with originaliues, Apr. 23, The Cypress Ensemble, Apr. 23, 9:30 p.m., part of the "Jazz at the Lighthouse" series, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

Organist Harold Harris plays the harp, Apr. 20, 6 p.m., at the "Jazz at the Lighthouse" series, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

Johnny Appleseed, Apr. 20, 2:30 p.m., by SF Children's Orchestra, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

New Music Festival: East Bay New Music Center/Ensemble and composers from Mills College for Contemporary Music, Apr. 23, 8 p.m., part of the "Jazz at the Lighthouse" series, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

Victoria and the Crystal Pistol, Apr. 24, 6 p.m., at the "Jazz at the Lighthouse" series, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 476-6075, $5 minimum donation.

Tim Hauser, Laurel Massie, Janis Siegel and Alan Paul: Art Decò nostalgia

The Manhattan Transfer's sinuous sound soars above the crowd. It's a full-dress, six-piece suite of Roaring Twenties flapper tunes, expertly performed with soulful harmony of a Southern Baptist choir. And to top it off, there is the perfect coda: "You've Got My Heart's Desire," sung with understated sincerity and emotion by Paul, who gained much experience in this genre through his band "Joe's Garage". He has the act down so far he even strolled down the audience and feasted kisses a parting, blushing admirer.

The Manhattan Transfer has been called a spoof or "camp," perhaps because its music captures the spirit of the past in a wry mocking mood. Not that they aren't serious about their music, but they don't kowtow at the altar of pop culture. They are serious only to the beat of their ability to take anything at all seriously—which is not much. They're not a spoof or "camp," because they don't distort their material; it's just that their performance re

The group recently recorded an album with Atlantic. It's musically faithful, but unfortunately suffers from the absence of the visual detail needed to understand their show. Sales haven't matched the sensation of the group's live shows.

The Manhattan Transfer is now in San Francisco on the last leg of a definitely successful national tour. In Los Angeles they played to packed houses at the RKO for a month; newspapers and magazines across the country have published photos and publicity. Far be it from us to jump off the bandwagon: we advise everyone to catch the Manhattan Transfer. There might be something new in their act, but then originality is no assurance of pleasure. Besides, you can at least contemplate the glasses of the past while awaiting the thrill of the present.
Contact Improvisation, a new dance form, April 21-22, 8-10 pm, Car's Fine Palace, 2547 8th St., Berkeley, 843-1091.
Donald Merrill plays classical and flamenco guitar April 27, 8:30 pm, Mahala's Coffeehouse, 912 Union, SF, late.
Jackson Browne and Phoebe Snow, May 3, 6 and 9 pm, Berkeley Community Theater, Alameda/Aldo, dailies, 7-5104.
Ballet Hispanico of New York City, May 4, 8:30 pm, U.S. Memorial Gymnasium, Golden Gate/Masonic, daily, 7-6140.
Lesbian Rap every Tues, 7:30 pm, Berkeley Women's Center, 2112 Channing Way, Berkeley, 548-4342.
Hector's Birthday Party, at the L.I.R., general meeting, April 23, 8 pm, nonmembers welcome, L.I.R. Center, 83 6th St. Mission 431-7272 or 431-1794, for more info.

Gay Freedom Day Commem, Apr. 20, 2 pm, 12 Sharon, SF, call 431-1794 for details.
Gay/Advances in, every Tues, 8 pm, 121 Leavenworth, 922-6247.
Daughters of Kittles don't die, every Mon, 9 pm, 1006 Market #402, 861-6680.
Gay Men's Bay, every Fri, 7 pm, First Baptist Church, Harriet Demo, Berkeley, 864-1758.
Lesbian Rap every Tues, 7:30 pm, Berkeley Women's Center, 2112 Channing Way, Berkeley, 548-4342.

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MOVIES

Animation Series: East European Animation, Apr. 20, with "Labyrinth" and "Don Quixote vs. the System"; Modern American and Canadian Animation, Apr. 27, including "Mirror People" and others by Cathy Rose, both 7:30 pm, Courten Hep Mill College, 632-2700 ext. 262-05.

Canyon Cinematheque: The Films of Barry Spinello, Apr. 17, with the filmmaker in person; Robert Breer presents his films on Apr. 19, both 8:30 pm, then Apr. 27-28, every, the 10th annual Ann Arbor Film Festival Tour, only chance to see it anywhere on the West Coast, all at SF Art Institute, 600 Chestnut, 332-1514, $1.75.

Cinerama: Images of Africa, Twice a Summer's "Vandals,
April 21, 7:30 pm; "The Nile," Apr. 22, 12:30 pm, Peter Watkins presents his film "War Dance," Apr. 20, 7:30 pm, McKee Theatre, Creative Arts Bldg., SF State, 1600 Holloway, 469-1629 or 486-1867, $1 every, otherwise free.

College of Marin: "Five Million Miles to Earth," Apr. 17, 7:30 pm; "H.L. Stowe's Women," Apr. 20, 8 pm, "Dr. Strangelove," Apr. 22-23, 8 pm; "Strawberry," part of Japanese film series, Apr. 25, 8 pm; "High School," Fred Wilhams documentary, Apr. 30, 8 pm; "Mysticville," silent science fiction with Fritz Lang, May 1, 7:30 pm; "Sound of Waves," May 2, 2 pm, all San Francisco, College of Marin, Kentfield, 454-6073, all $2.


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San Francisco Bay Guardian, April 15 through May 2, 1976

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health.
continued from previous page

De Sica's conception is felt in any number of small ways in "A Brief Vacation." It is in the big ways, in its totality, that the picture falls short of the mark set by De Sica's best work. Zanattini's melodramatic script proves effective as entertainment, but it undermines De Sica's art; the conversations—proletarian suffering followed by doomed romance—are too rigid for De Sica to break out of. There is recognizable life within the frame of this picture, but nothing spills over.

"A Brief Vacation" has some poignant moments that glow with De Sica's special light, but, at a whole, the film fails to be merely superior entertainment. "A Brief Vacation" is a film that recalls the great artistry of which De Sica was capable, without achieving it.

The first hour of "Funny Lady" is like a wisecrack version of "The Band Wagon," and it's very funny, but the film soon turns into a sluggish backstage romance as Barbra Streisand, again playing Fanny Brice, drag her expensively costumed body two hours, played by James Caan and Omar Sharif. After asking us to agonize for an hour and a half over which of her conquests Streisand will end up with, the filmmakers dispense with both lovers in the space of five minutes, and not even for the sake of giving Streisand a big solo finale. Apart from this, the chief curiosity of this picture is the way the filmmakers have sought to make its old-fashioned romance acceptable to audiences in the era of Women's Liberation. The only one of the picture is that Fanny Brice can't live without her man, whoever he turns out to be, so the filmmakers are stuck with that. To compensate for Fanny's essential backwardness, the filmmakers attempt to make her at least some sort of human being by giving her lines that would not seem out of place in the mouth of Alex Portnoy, Streisand does the best she can, the odd play Yiddishisms, and she delivers a speech about sexaholism with the eloquence of Lawrence Olivier reciting the soliloquy from "Hamlet."
SPECIAL NOTICES
Speaker Poetry Salon Saturday April 20th at 7:30 pm at Tamarack Hall, 3215 Park St. (Near Army & Mission) San Francisco. Call 392-7118 for info.

Santa Cruz Spring Fair, Sat., Satin, Sun., 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. Pacific Garden Mall, Arts and Crafts, Fine Jewelry, Fine and Fine Arts, Live Music, Street Fair, etc. Stop by Pacific Garden Mall for street fair info. and how to get to Pacific Garden Mall. For more info. call 457-2020.

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DOORS TO AWARENESS Special Gay Sesame Workshop in Berkeley. Sun., May 19, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. (with breakfast), 315A 16th St., Berkeley. For more information call 444-5300.

FOCUS SIBS: Gay men and women, with siblings. A support group for gay people with siblings, or for those who are gay and thinking of coming out. Call 444-5300 or 328-7620.

LAVANDAR U. Classes and parties for gay women and transsexuals. For info. call 621-9710.

DROP-IN GROUP For gay and lesbian students who desire a nonhostile, nonjudgmental, nonthreatening environment. Tuesday, Thursday, 7:30-10:00 p.m. 415 Post Street.

DAYTIME DROP-IN GROUP For gay and lesbian students who desire a nonhostile, nonjudgmental, nonthreatening environment. Tuesday, Thursday, 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. 1500 8th St.

GAY STUDENT CENTER A support group for students with gay/lesbian friends, or who are gay, helping them deal with the stresses of college life. Call 701-5277.

GAY STUDENT SUPPORT GROUP A support group for gay, lesbian or bisexual students who are interested in discussing issues related to their gay and lesbian sexuality. Call 762-6520.

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TO get the most out of a vibrant entertainment center like the Bay Area you need an expert to help with the legwork. That's where we come in. Our sleuths run all over town for you, ferreting out the little-known items for our Free for All, superfruits, calendar, events and special entertainment sections. See page 15 in this issue and read about our far-flung correspondent. Merrill Shindler's latest expedition to the Farallones, then read on to discover where to find the elephant seals on the San Mateo coast and the rest of the residents of the Farallones. This and the parts of page 21 for 34 sporting bars that have dart games. See page 23 for 25 great free happenings in the Free for All section of our regular double-page centerfold calendar.

Each issue, Nancy Dunn puts together complete listing for clubs, movies, theatre, events and great deals. Each issue, we separate the wheat from the chaff in our monthly calendar for the fortnight, giving you day-by-day the chosen choices, lectures, exhibitions, parades, festivities and other events and redeeming social importance.

We do everything from the impossibility ambitious (The Best of San Francisco 1974, the Best of the Bay Area 1975) down to the niche gallery supercalifer that tell you where to roster on St. Patrick's Day, who has the bargain matinees and where to get the best homemade candy and ice cream in town.

Larry Pettman is back in our pages to review movies, while Merrill Shindler continues to operate as critic at large and general hoop vivant. Plus we have regular columns on books, music, the arts, rock and roll, even street music.

We also produce three major entertainment sections each year (summer, fall and winter) four major book sections (recent topics: women, local publishing, the 1960s: coming up: current fiction) and a batch of neighborhood guides (Clement Street, the Haight, Chinatown, the Mission).

In fact, we've uncovered so many good small entertainment bargains that they are collecting them in a book, San Francisco, a Treasury of the Arts (The Arts), which will be published this summer as a Bay Guardian/Headlands Press book.

ENTERTAINMENT GALORE: Special summer, fall, and winter entertainment sections each year. Emphasizes how to get tickets and beat Ticketron, details on student rush and cheap masonry, good craft, on high nights. Fall of 1973 section picked out free entertainment on the campuses that everyone can go to (Cal, Stanford and Cal-San Francisco). Also Cal-Poly, the community colleges, the specialties at the UC Med Center-SF, the good speakers at adult education and alternative schools). Extensive film and film series, changes on the town. (Early summer, winter, fall.)

FREELOADING THROUGH THE WINE COUNTRY: Touring and tasting a get a 60-on-enroll for just one issue. Special wine guide, how to make your own (8/16/75, updated each fall).

ON THE WATERFRONT: A guide to the SF Bayfront—with everything from old merry-go-round horses and trolley cars to fine Persian rugs and antique wood cabinets, restaurants with 50hamburgers and 50h spot支持sandwiches, where to rent a boat and buy bait, good fishing spots (4/2).

SPIRITUAL GUIDE: Zen centers, showers, classes in meditation, yoga and martial arts for the converted and the curious. Religious groups serving meals to the public and list of spiritual book stores (2/8/75).

GAY AND PROUD: Where to go to dance, dine and drink. Addresses to the bar scene for men and women. Counseling and support groups, books and book stores (1/2/75).

GUIDES: Six Major Vacation Areas in Northern California (6/21/73): hotels, restaurants and scenic drives all within a few miles of SF. Where to and what to do when you get there. . .The Ski Country (11/29/72, updated every fall): how to avoid the rip-offs on the slopes, safety regulations, etc. . .San Francisco (1/17/74): where to find the best choirs, concerts, museums, fudge, Sunday brunch and more . . .The Best of the Bay Area (1/11/75): the best crime novel, the best interiors and the best morals . . .Women's Directory (11/30/74): health, shopping, skills and communications resources . . .The New Highs (6/17/74): drop-ins and strollers guide to the best drug store but still funky Haight Street . . .Sail Away! (5/3/74): marinas, sailing classes, and tips on hitchhiking a ride to Angel Island or the Aegian. . .Ringo! (10/10/74): 14 places to win real money under papal auspices.

SUPERLISTS: Where to Rent Bikes (6/8/72), Where to Dance Up a Storm (6/12/73), Where to Get Treasure Island Candy (8/2/73) and Homemade Ice Cream (5/24/73), Bars with Fireplaces (12/13/72), Outdoor Cafes in San Francisco (6/16/72), Where to Register on St. Patrick's Day (3/14/74, updated every March), Directory of Dance Classes (7/5/72), Bars that Serve Free Horse D'oeuvres (4/27/73), Where to Find Mafra's Guide to San Francisco Restaurants (6/22/72), Cheap Movie Matinees (10/16/72) and Schoolbook Stores with Cheap/Free Films (7/7/72). Where and When to Buy Fresh Fish (2/26/71), Sunday Brunches (6/7/72) Where to Take Dells Arts (5/7/73). Where to Get Fresh Maine Lobster (12/5/72), Book and Record Recycling (10/4/72).

For-Free-All Listings in Entertainment (each issue) 20 Must-Do Home Bar and Gourmet Truck Stops (3/17/73), Enthusiasts, 30% to Baer's, The Best of the Big Bay Area (5/7/73). The Best of the School Classes (each quarter).


A PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO CHINATOWN: All about Chinatown from fish markets, grocers, a list and critique of Chinese movies, a directory of dim sum lunch spots with a sample menu, bakeries, after hours spots like Sam Woh's which stays open until 1 am (6/7/73, updated 2/2/75).

A COMPLETE NIGHT OWL GUIDE: Everything you need to know to cope, enjoy and survive after midnight: towaways, restaurants, bars, baths, switchboards, gas stations, clubs, even places you can get fresh doughnuts and good cappuccino (8/27/73).

LEARN ALL ABOUT IT: The pick of the comer adults' alternative, weight, extension, credit, just for fun—you can take each quarter at Bay Area schools. Lists virtually all schools, where to get catalogs, how and when to register, the costs, etc. Outlander's Slate supplement. Even gives you the intricacies of where and how you can enroll for just one favorite course at the major universities. (Four times a year, at the start of each quarter.)

GETTING INTO HOT SPRINGS: 70 great spots in resorts and the back country, a complete guide to Northern California. Price: building your own soaking tubs.

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