

Don't give a clue to who's in the loo

Women say safety trumps transparency in design of toilet

BY TOM CARTER

IT WAS made quite clear at a meeting in December that any new public toilet — green or not — created for the Tenderloin better not have transparent or translucent walls, or women won't be using it.

Those were the strong feelings voiced at a neighborhood meeting hosted by the TL CBD and Hyphae Labs Dec. 15 to hear what the public wants for a free toilet on the street, especially safety features.

Hyphae founder Brent Bucknum, who got \$20,000 seed money from the CBD to build the prototype, said the walls would probably be "polycarbonate and bulletproof" with "rounded" corners for easier cleaning. For security reasons he suggested they be translucent, showing a shadowy image to anyone outside, without revealing any physical features of the user inside; the blurry body outline would suggest what the user might be doing, sitting down or shooting up.

A woman who works at St. Anthony's pooh-pooed that.

"Women in the Tenderloin wouldn't want transparency," she said. "Too many have been victimized. It would be risky and they'd feel unsafe."

It was the same reaction Bucknum's informational talk drew at the Tenderloin Collaborative in November

when women reacted negatively to being seen through a bathroom wall, no matter how indistinct the figure inside. They said they wouldn't compromise their privacy to use it.

Conversely, impenetrable walls, which the city's JC Decaux toilets have, make policing difficult.

"Our concern is when there's a need in there," said TL Capt. Joe Garrity. "You hope it's a medical emergency, but sometimes it's not."

Portland addressed that problem with its four public loos, using slant-

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PHOTO COURTESY OF THE PORTLAND WATER BUREAU

The Portland public loos allow only a shin-high view of the person inside.

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CAUTION-COLORED KIDS' ROUTE

Safe Passages on mean streets

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BARMAN A STAR IN TENDERLOIN

Frank of the iconic 21 Club

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CENTRAL CITY

EXTRA

SAN FRANCISCO

TENDERLOIN



PHOTO BY C. MALCOLM THOMPSON

Bernard Barton poses with his sons in their 320 Turk St. apartment, where he lived until his death in 2000. In 1978, he was interviewed for Study Center's Neighborhood Oral History Project, of which this is an excerpt.

Bootlegger at 16

Resident recalls the central city of decades ago

BERNARD Barton was living at 320 Turk St. in the Tenderloin with his two sons when Isabel Maldonado interviewed him in May 1978. Born in Denver in 1915, Barton came to San Francisco five years later with his parents and three brothers. They "landed at" the Terminal Hotel at the foot of Market Street, then moved to a house in Bernal Heights and from there to San Bruno, "just a wide stop in the road" down the Peninsula, he said. He recalled a San Bruno roadhouse called Uncle Tom's Cabin, "a bootleggin' joint, French dinners and a real lively place." The family moved back to the city in 1926 to Irving Street near 48th Avenue, then to Sunnyside on the other side of Glen Park. A series of depressions leading up to the 1929 stock market crash were, he said, "bad years for our family" and there was "a lot of bootlegging going on everywhere." Prohibition, instituted in 1919, wasn't repealed until 1933.

Were you involved in bootlegging?

Yes, in the early 1930s. I was 16 and my girlfriend and I would drive down to

Morgan Hill, all undeveloped then, on the other side of San Jose. There was an Italian ranch where I'd pick up a load of brandy and wine every Sunday afternoon and drive it back into San Francisco. I [delivered it] to a private bootlegger who had a house out in the Sunset, and he'd give me five bucks and a gallon or two of wine. His house had a sub-basement wine cellar. People would come right up to the house to buy the stuff — \$2 for a half-gallon of pure alcohol with the juniper juice right in it, and a dollar a pint for good whiskey, three months old maybe. It was pretty good stuff, made up in the hills in Oakland. They didn't put too much red pepper in it. I did the deliveries for a couple of years.

What other work did you do as a young man?

My father was a mattress maker, an independent contractor, though his business was wiped out when they invented spring mattresses in the 1930s. I worked at that when I was a kid, 13 or 14 — a dirty job, but I'm thankful for it because it developed me physically and gave me a motivation to work and stick to a job, no matter what. We used hair for the mattresses. Long horsetails were the best but cheaper grades mixed in pig bristles. Then there was Egyptian sta-

ple cotton, the best grade of all, beautiful, almost like floss. Mattresses were made and remade. And there was moss that they gathered from trees, but the dust from the moss was terrible. My father had the contract for

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Neighborhood
ORAL
HISTORY PROJECT

GOOD NEWS for...

BOEDDEKER PARK USERS

They will have all summer to bask in the park after all because the complete reconstruction that was to start in January has been pushed way back again. Summer will see many days of music in the park, Betty Traynor, Friends of Boeddeker Park chair, promised at the group's January meeting. She'll seek a grant from the TL CBD, which has been generous in the past, and will try to get on the People in Plazas program to schedule concerts. Meanwhile, tai chi classes will continue at 11 a.m. Thursdays and the park will be open, as usual, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and the playground from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. for children accompanied by adults. Bureaucratic changes have delayed the \$5.5 million remake. "It's the changed permit process that's holding us up," said Alejandra Chiesa, of the Trust for Public Land, the key partner with Rec and Park in landing \$5 million in state grants to redesign Boeddeker. "We hope to have the permits by April," Chiesa said. The bidding process will take four months, putting construction "probably in the fall." And then the park will close for 18 months. ■

TL's top AIDS provider to close

CEO scrambles for others to take the 3,000 patients

BY MARJORIE BEGGS

THE announcement that Tenderloin Health will shut down surprised many and despite raised fears that the closure this spring would jeopardize services to 3,000 central city residents — poor and homeless HIV/AIDS sufferers and those at greatest risk of becoming infected.

Debt, operating deficits and cuts in government funds sealed the fate of the organization and "have made it impossible for us to keep our doors open," CEO David Fernandez said in Tenderloin Health's Jan. 6 press release. He expressed confidence, however, that TLH's counseling, case management and housing services will not be interrupted, and that in the next 90 days he'd develop a plan for other providers to take over TL Health's substantial caseload, the most AIDS patients served by any medical clinic in the neighborhood.

Department of Public Health Director Barbara Garcia and Human Services Agency Director Trent Rhorer, also quoted in the press release, said their agencies won't abandon TL Health's clients, and they'll work to find other providers. TL Health sees 250 clients in its medical clinic, houses 750 clients at four sites, provides HIV/AIDS prevention and testing services to 1,400 and dental services to 500.

Tenderloin Health's history began in 1985 when gay activist Hank Wilson, S.F. Network Ministries Director Glenda Hope and community activist Dennis Conkin used a \$2,500 grant from the Columbia Foundation to create

the Tenderloin AIDS Network. For five years it was a program of Network Ministries, which continued as its fiscal sponsor for another two years as the city gave \$100,000 to the nascent program, at that time called Tenderloin AIDS Resource Center. TARC's services and budget grew along with the burgeoning AIDS funding nationwide, but that funding began to dry up early in the 2000s, and TARC in 2006 merged with Continuum HIV Day Services to become Tenderloin Health.

At the time of the merger, TARC, serving more than 13,000 people annually, had 52 employees and a \$5.8 million annual budget. Continuum had 25 employees and an annual budget of \$2.4 million. Financial problems dogged TARC and, says the press release, "the large amount of existing debt" that Tenderloin Health had assumed was a "major issue" when Fernandez became CEO in 2009.

Tenderloin Health's current budget is \$6.4 million. Its debt, Fernandez told the Bay Area Reporter, includes \$680,000 owed on bank lines of credit, the biggest portion of its \$1.4 million in accounts payable. Despite chipping away at its debt, TL Health had one U.S. Health and Human Services grant of \$400,000 run out in August and another, for \$358,597, ends in March.

"Dennis called me with the news about Tenderloin Health closing," Hope told The Extra. "I was

just stunned — I feel personally distressed about this. It was such a struggle to get the organization open, and now, to see it going down the tubes makes me mad as well as sad."

Hope believes that the city is scrambling to find providers to fill the gap but worries where the money will come from. "If the city doesn't find others to serve Tenderloin Health's very vulnerable clients, they'll get worse and will put more pressure on vital city services that are already being slashed," she said. The nonprofit's closing should be "a rallying cry" for people concerned about essential services disappearing, she added.

Fernandez told The Extra that talks are under way with potential providers, but TL Health's plan to name them by the end of January, a timeline announced in the press release, wasn't realistic.

"Most of them don't want their names out there until negotiations are further along," he said. "What we are

doing is talking with clients and tenants to assure them that we're committed to keeping services in the area and trying to keep staff employed in providing the services." TL Health also held a community forum Jan. 26 to update clients, neighborhood providers and others that drew 50 people, Fernandez said.

"We still hope to have services transferred by April 6 — but that's just a target date," he said. ■

"To see it going down the tubes makes me mad as well as sad."

Glenda Hope
S.F. NETWORK MINISTRIES
DIRECTOR

Public toilet: How to pay for a monitor

➤ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ed slats along the bottom of the walls so the person inside is visible only shin high. In the three years the toilets have been on the streets, there have been no incidents, according to Portland Water Bureau spokeswoman Anne Hill. Grating in the same place could work, too, she said. That idea had some support at the meeting, the second sponsored by Hyphae and the CBD.

The community's suggestions are to be considered in producing a blueprint and master plan for what Bucknum hopes will be the nation's first public toilet for which human waste is trucked away for composting. The first public meeting addressed where to locate a public restroom. Attendees marked their choices on maps, and the answer was, essentially, anywhere.

The project, which fits into the CBD's war on outdoor defecation and urination — using the street for a toilet rather than a toilet on the street — is shaping up to be a three-unit, mobile structure that will squat on a parking space and not be hooked up to the city's sewerage system.

More than a dozen people

were at the meeting at the CBD's 134 Golden Gate Ave. office: representatives from the mayor's office, Department of Public Works, Department of Public Health, nonprofits and the Yerba Buena CBD. Only a couple of Tenderloin residents attended although the meeting was publicized in emails to those who had shown previous interest and particulars were published in a story in the Central City Extra.

Dina Hilliard, CBD executive director, again insisted that the toilet project include a paid monitor, preferably 24/7. Bucknum said for that added expense he hadn't ruled out selling advertising on the toilet. Nick Elsner, from DPW's division on street-use permits, said no ads are permitted in the public right-of-way, a ban that includes parking spaces, and it would apply to a toilet in the street, unless a deal could be struck with the city to issue a waiver.

Maintenance and cleanliness were as much of a concern as safety. It was suggested that Clean City, which does sidewalk cleaning for the CBD's blocks, could help with bathroom cleaning and that biohazard bins for syringes should be placed inside.

A number of topics were discussed with no decisions, leaving questions dangling in the air such as: How much bathroom time is to be allowed to do your business and get out? How should the time's-up warning be given? How much authority should a monitor have to intervene in illegal or inappropriate behavior? Should a monitor be trained as a community guide? When do cops intervene? At what point should consistent abusers be banned, who bans them and how is a ban enforced?

"Ten to 12 minutes inside isn't very long, especially if there's diaper changing," said Hilliard.

Other suggestions included: inside, a red emergency button to push; lights that brighten when the toilet's in use, dim when not; and prominently posting rules outside.

The next topic to be addressed is design. The public is invited to submit written suggestions at the Luggage Store at Market Street during February, Bucknum said. His goal is to have a prototype ready this summer. His small East Bay ecological engineering firm needs \$80,000 more to make the prototype. ■

CENTRAL CITY
EXTRA!
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Safe passage for kids along gritty route

Boys & Girls Club, CBD, Kelly Moore depict secure path to school

BY TOM CARTER

WORK began on the Tenderloin's version of the yellow brick road when 60 volunteers picked up paint brushes on Martin Luther King Day to color sidewalks on Jones Street for the neighborhood's delayed Safe Passage program for kids.

Unlike in "The Wizard of Oz," this 11-block yellow road doesn't lead to the wizard; it's meant to promote security for kids walking to school through the seedy neighborhood and to motivate ill-behaved adults to respect the children and make nice.

"This community has the highest concentration of kids in the city," said Pat Zamora, supervisor of the Boys and Girls Clubs in the TL and on Treasure Island, as youngsters around her used cardboard stencils and brushes to paint the west sidewalk between Golden Gate Avenue and Turk Street yellow. "We're designating the area visually — it's a presence."

"People don't think of the kids," she explained. "Sometimes kids can't speak for themselves. So it's making them more visible and community-involved. It's not against anybody. It's for the community."

Winnie Phan, club alumna and California Boys and Girls Club 2010 Youth of the Year, later said at a sidewalk news conference she was happy with the caution-colored route.

"We were never safe," she said.

A version of Safe Passage began in 2006 when concern mounted over exposing the neighborhood's 5,000 children to rampant drug dealing and street violence.

"Older Boys and Girls Club members started walking the younger ones home," Dina Hilliard, TL CBD executive director, said. The idea spread as after school program staffs and volunteers emulated the practice. Police and the TL CBD got involved and volunteers started coming from the Salvation Army and Glide Memorial United Methodist church.

"We're just formalizing it," Hilliard said. "We're giving it a name and providing a visual designation."

The sidewalk mural project, which was to have started in June, is the second phase, made possible by a collaboration of a dozen nonprofits, government agencies and private companies. It had to have DPW permits and Arts Commission approval.



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

Itziel and Lisbeth Macias, sisters in matching jackets, came with their mother, standing behind, from their Turk Street apartment just around the corner to pitch in for Safe Passage.

"The project is not reliant upon any public funding or resources," said Hilliard. "It is completely self-sustained within the community and more likely to be successful because of the personal investment and interest from the community."

On the nation's official MLK Day of Service, volunteers came from the Boys and Girls Club, La Voz Latina, the Bay Area Local Initiatives Support Corp., and from nearby apartment buildings. Many youth volunteers wore orange T-shirts and passed out colorful informational cards explaining Safe Passage.

One Latino family showed up with the mother holding her infant while supervising her two daughters, Itziel and Lisbeth Macias, who attend Redding Elementary School and live on Turk Street. Local artists volunteered, too, as well as three Kelly Moore Paint Co. executives who supervised paint distribution. The company donated 30 gallons of non-slip yellow paint for this initial phase, plus buckets and brushes.

"This is extremely expensive paint," Hilliard reported at the Tenderloin Futures Collaborative meeting two days later. Originally, the CBD estimated paint would cost \$25,000. But Kelly Moore stepped in and took care of it all.

The CBD has budgeted \$10,000 for the project, \$6,000 for the artist to complete it. The neon yellow, blue, pink and green mural design that runs on the outer half of sidewalks from Golden Gate up Jones and Leavenworth streets to Ellis Street where it jogs west for one block. The path is also on one block of Golden Gate, Turk and Eddy streets between Jones and Leavenworth. Several service organizations with children's programs are on the route.

Artist Sylvester Guard's design is a procession of large yellow brick-like rectangles outlined in black. Groups of them are separated on the pavement by encircled icons such as butterflies and keys. Guard's ver-

sion varies from the predominantly green sidewalk mural by John Janonis. His original design in 2010 went before the Arts Commission for approval last year when he died in his SoMa apartment in August, delaying the project and causing a search for another artist. (See The Extra, October 2011.)

Volunteers were to complete the yellow "brick" work on all 11 blocks that day, leaving Guard to paint the circles. But only two blocks were finished in three hours.

"The scope is huge," Hilliard said, "much bigger than we thought." The CBD will organize another volunteer day, she said.

Before the painting is done, the TL police will put volunteers through a two-hour training session to become orange-shirt safety monitors. Capt. Joe Garrity said he can commit only a few officers during the to-and-from school hours.

When the trial period ends in June, Hilliard said, the CBD will assess how well the paint held up under routine pressure water cleanings. Probably a CBD survey then will ask Safe Passage users and supporters for project evaluations. If it is successful, Hilliard said, the CBD would consider making the mural permanent by burning it into the pavement. ■

Volunteers on MLK Day were able to only paint two blocks, leaving nine more to complete the route, for future sessions.



PHOTO COURTESY TENDERLOIN CBD

Artist Sylvester Guard reworked the sidewalk design of the late John Janonis and made a yellow brick passage, recalling the "Wizard of Oz."



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER



Frank, barman

His landmark ground zero dive is more

BY TOM CARTER

SATURDAY 9 P.M.

THE bar is warm, cozy with colored lights here and there and from the jukebox and glowing beer ads. Every stool is occupied. Each square inch of wall space is covered with advertising and knickknacks. A few people stand, including four young women in the corner en route to a Warfield show on Market Street a block away. They laugh raucously, competing with Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman" blasting from the jukebox positioned near the muted TV set featuring a swarm of college football players.

Frank the bartender — thinning hair under his signature snap-brim hat, mustache just a lip-shadow in the dim light — moves up and down the bar, hands finding jobs along the way, his untucked short-sleeved maroon shirt hiding a small potbelly. He calls customers by name, knows their drink and at least a bit of their history. He greets them with a sympathetic smile, as he has for 39 years.

The six women and 20 men here now would make the bar — scarcely the size of two SRO rooms — claustrophobic if not for the wide-open glass front door. Easy come, easy go.

The two quietest men in the bar are on my right, a big white guy sitting, and a big black guy standing. They're turned, facing each other, smiling and talking in sign language. Left to me is Scotty, close white hair, aging face, Susan seated just as the bar curves, in her 40s with tired eyes, and Jim Mack, tall, sport-

ing a dark ponytail, garrulous, looking younger than 40.

Scotty and Mack are in here every day, Susan "every chance I get." They've all been coming here for years. Frank says Mack, from San Mateo, was "just a kid" when he showed up 20 years ago.

The 21 Club is a Tenderloin landmark, but Frank says the majority of his customers don't live in the neighborhood. And some are out-of-towners working in the city.

I order a Sam Adams and Frank says he doesn't have it, just four beers he names off. I pick Stella Artois. What he sells most is Bud. I tell him as a neighborhood institution he's worth a story.

"I know," he says. "But maybe the neighborhood would be better off without me."

"Nobody in here's saying that," I say.

Frank's sensitive. His detractors say he pushes demon rum, adds to public drunkenness. The killings outside his door in recent years, some after his 2 a.m. closing time, give the 21 Club a black eye. The shootings across the street a couple of years ago outside the now-boarded-up Grand Liquors have only helped drag the Turk and Taylor intersection's bad nighttime rep through the gutter, too. This is ground zero for drugs and violence in the Tenderloin.

Esquire calls the 21 Club "the diviest bar in the Tenderloin." That reality can't be denied. But Frank's 21 Club is also a community center of sorts and an arts venue of some import.

Frank pours Ten High whiskey for Mack's bourbon and soda.

"This is the best bar in the goddam world," Mack says. "I've been all around the world and there's nothing more special than coming in here."

Susan corrects him: "Best in the universe."

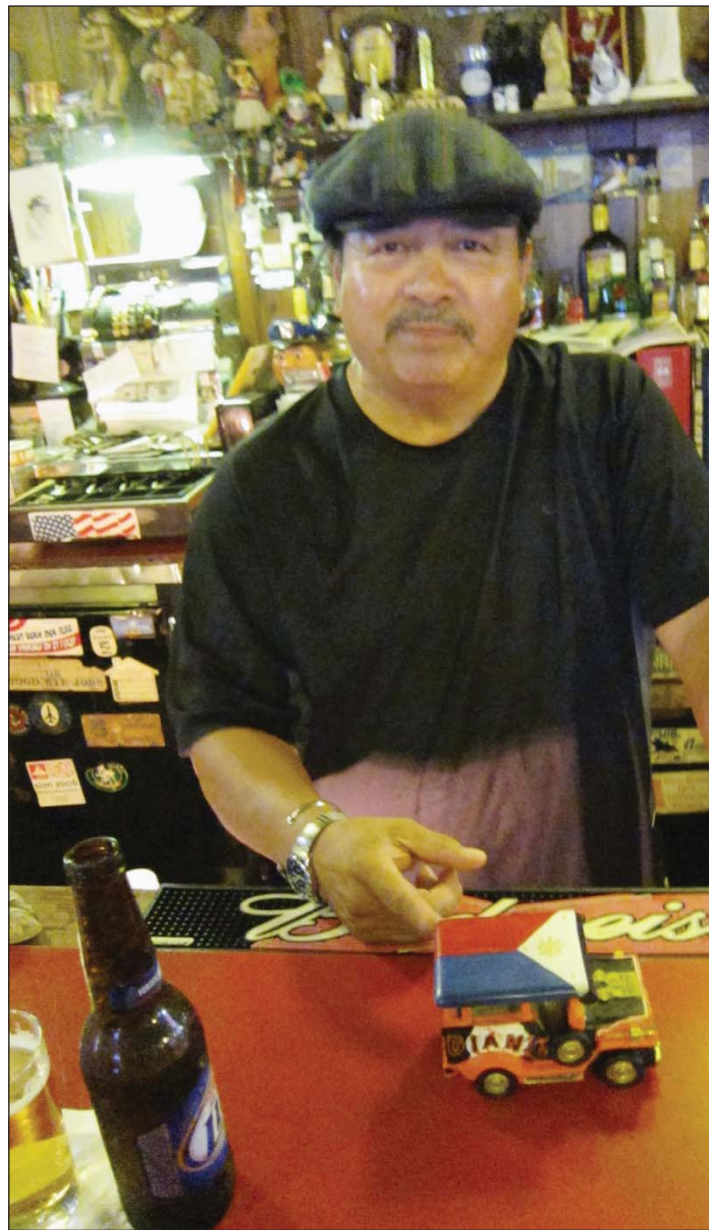
"Frank keeps a good jukebox," Scotty says. "And he's consistent."

"One of the nicest people in the world," Mack says. "Gives everybody a second chance, takes care of people who've had tough times, gives 'em a fair shake." Mack lowers his chin. "All of us here have massive scars."

"He's kind, level-headed and generous," says Susan, bleary-eyed but clear about that. "I love Frank. It's the most satisfying relationship I've ever had in my life."

Oldtimers remember twice-a-season tailgate parties at Candlestick that Frank used to throw at Giants games for his "regulars," grilling good steaks for them. Now he brings in a roast turkey on Thanksgiving and hosts monthly poetry reading nights, emceed by Ed Bowers, who writes the Tenderloin Art Beat for this newspaper. A good poem gets a free drink.

Frank is 68. He says patrons are nervous about when he's going to retire. He lives in Sonoma County, owns the business, but not the building, and keeps his last name close.



Frank, owner and charismatic barkeep of the popular watering hole, eye like a man with nothing to hide but his last name, and that's just

Ed Bowers, poet and organizer of the monthly Ground Zero Poetry readings, which make the 21 Club a neighborhood arts venue, plays an electric keyboard as a poet recites her work.



PHOTO BY LENNY LIMJOCO

Frank says his job is hard on his wife who works during the day. He takes the handoff from his daytime barkeep at 6 p.m., shuts down at 2 a.m., cleans up and drives home. Six days a week. A few years ago it was seven days. But that became unbearable.

Over the years, a wide, steady stream flowed past the 21 Club, mostly at night. Actors, theatergoers, and SRO residents walking down Taylor Street, all liking a funky, edgy little bar, the stale smell, the motley characters, the closeness and loose talk and, of course, the barkeep who remembers everybody and knows the neighborhood. It's unforgettable.

"Frank is the soul of the Tenderloin, a great guy," Richard Livingston, manager of nearby EXIT Theatre, told me once. "And the 21 Club is a window on the world."

But big customer flow is past tense. Joe's burned and closed three years ago. Frank's tributary of foot traffic from it shriveled, the last vestige of what it was in the old days before crack cocaine became a sidewalk best-seller. They won't reappear while shifty drug dealers loiter outside. Every night there's a bunch.

Frank shakes his head. "My regulars keep me going," he says. "It's stupid to keep hanging on unless it gets better out there. Look at all the storefronts boarded up."

TUESDAY NIGHT

Four people are on stools at 6:15 p.m. A guy walks in briskly and Frank asks where he's



of the 21 Club

re like a Tenderloin community center

Behind the bar is an eclectic collection of gimcracks and odd items, many reflecting Frank's Pacific Islander heritage as well as sports memorabilia of the 49ers and Giants.



PHOTO BY LENNY LIMJOCO

looks you in the being street smart.

going. To the bathroom, he says, and Frank tells him it's for customers. "My dad works here," the guy says. "No he doesn't," Frank shoots back. The guy walks out.

Joe is seated to my right. Like Frank, he's from Sonoma, had to work overtime. He decided to avoid commuter traffic and kill time with a beer, something he's been doing here for 10 years. He knows Frank well enough to play golf with him. They fuss over a long pass Vernon Davis dropped in the end zone two days before.

"I come down here, and if I don't see Frank inside I won't come in," Joe says. "I think a lot of people feel that way."

Frank puts a Stella in front of me.

John, the older guy a seat down on my left, lives in a rent-controlled Nob Hill apartment and dislikes the bars in his neighborhood. He's a 21 Club regular. Why? He leans forward, "It's a dive," he says, and smiles. "You saw the Esquire mention? A great bar, but we don't want it popular." Luckily, Esquire magazine naming the 21 Club and three others in San Francisco among the "Best bars in America 2008" didn't open the floodgates, although Frank may not agree.

Frank can't get the dope dealers out of his head. Every night it's a migraine.

"They look like they're coming out of here," he says. "They're not. They're smoking and they're mean, rude and cruel."

The old order is history.

"I have homeless friends, and they won't come down here," John says. "They're scared."

"I'm sorry Original Joe's burned out," Frank says. "But I hung on. I'm stupid. Nobody drank at Joe's. They drank here, all the help, then they went to Joe's. And the working girls came from Market Street, too, and Warfield employees."

"What's the attraction of Turk and Taylor?" Frank asks nobody, puzzled how his front yard went to hell.

"You need more cops," John says. When Golden Gate Theater has a show, cops are all over the place. "For the swells," he says. The street is clear. Then the show is over, the cops go away, and the dealers return. "The city thinks putting shops in here will clean it up. They've got it ass backwards. Clean up the streets first."

A squad car pulls up at the curb. A cop gets out. The gathering of eight probable dealers, men and women in dark clothes, head across the street. They linger next to the parking lot. The cop stays five minutes, climbs back in the prowler and pulls slowly away.

The dealers drift back and linger in front of the Club.

"They've got a warning code they send, 5-0, and that's not Hawaii," Frank says. "There, did you hear it?"

None of us heard anything, but the dealers amble across the street and look back at the club while a black and white cruises by. Soon as it's gone they return.

"Eighty percent of them are from Oakland and Richmond," Frank says. Tenderloin Capt. Joe Garrity puts neighborhood drug arrests of out-of-towners here nearer 90%.

"They've got to be seen here," Frank continues, then floats his haunting question again, "Why Turk and Taylor?"

FRIDAY NIGHT

The joint typically would be filled now, but only four of the stools are taken. Frank slides me a Stella. Poet Ed Bowers, who runs 21 Club's monthly poetry night, comes in. Ed doesn't drink now. Frank pours him a Coke.

"Everybody is accepted here but thieves and people who would beat the crap out of Frank," Bowers declares, then remarks about the strangely slow night.

"Yeah," Frank says, "it sets the record. When it's busy out there," he nods toward Turk where outside a half-dozen black girls are hanging out, "it's dead in here. Jukebox isn't even going. But I kinda like that."

An oldtimer at the end of the bar blurts, "I had a bar in Martinez next to the mothball fleet. One day I did \$12."

Three days a week Frank takes a walk at Fort Mason, before work. His feet are on rubber floor slats all night and they hurt, but not when he's busy and moving.

Bowers tells Frank news about a half dozen people they know. Frank tilts his head slightly to hear something unusual, smiles at weirdness, then tells Bowers about a couple more customers. Frank is the 21 Club diaspora's repository of personal histories, the nexus of communication.

"Hi Frank!" a woman with a cane yells as she walks in and heads for a stool. "I hurt myself again!"



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

Bowers leaves to go walk his ex-wife's great Dane.

A nice blonde in a long coat and high heels comes in, puts her elbows on the bar and asks Frank for a Jameson. He pours the double Irish whiskey. She drains it, leaves a fin. "Thanks, Frank," she says, adding over her shoulder as she walks out, "I'll drop by after work."

She's a Warfield staffer, Frank says, "about the only thing we've got going" for business from Market Street. "It's sad."

A disheveled man slides onto a stool by the door and starts in.

"Give me five dollars, Frank, please," he whines. "I need a drink, man." ■

Outside the 21 Club, at the corner of Turk and Taylor, street people gather day and night, which gives a menacing vibe to the surroundings, belying the community center atmosphere within the bar.



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

ABED "ABE" EID
Corner store owner

Family, friends and the Tenderloin mourn the unexpected passing of Abed "Abe" Eid, owner of G&H Liquors & Grocery at 201 Jones St. Three days before New Year's, Mr. Eid died of a heart attack. He was 55.

For almost 30 years Mr. Eid ran his corner store on one of the grittiest blocks in the Tenderloin. Most days he could be found sitting on a stool or standing behind the counter, for 16 hours. Mr. Eid was a respected neighborhood fixture and his store was a safe haven from the chaos on the streets. He ran his business with the community in mind.

"Abe loved this store. He was here all the time, and there were never any problems," says Mamum Siddi, three-year employee of G&H. "He always treated me like a brother, never like I was just an employee. He was a very good person."

Mr. Eid received many awards over the years. A few years back, he was awarded a Certificate of Honor from the mayor's office for being an excellent neighbor. In 1989, he helped spearhead a campaign to remove fortified wines from Tenderloin shelves by ending sales in his own store, although during that first quarter it cost him \$10,000 in sales, he was quoted in the New York Times.

"It's my principles, my dignity, more than money," Mr. Eid said in a 1989 Times interview about why he chose to stop selling fortified wines.

For his loyal customers, Mr. Eid stocked the shelves according to their

wishes. He made sure there were plenty of WIC products. He respected mothers and cared for children, often giving kids candy and ice cream. Sometimes, if a customer asked for an item not in stock Mr. Eid would leave immediately, and have the product stocked within hours. He treated his

personal tragedy. Mr. Eid, she said, was her rock, always there to lend a hand and tell her things would be okay. If Rochelle hadn't stopped by the store for a few days, Mr. Eid would give her a call or come by her apartment to make sure she was all right.

"He was my friend, my mentor, a shoulder to cry on. He was admired by all," she adds.

Rochelle wasn't the only customer Mr. Eid cared for. He demonstrated similar kindness to many and went out of his way to meet the needs of all.

"He had a big heart," says John Connolly, who lives down the street and has been going to G&H for 11 years. "He was one of the most caring individuals I've ever met."

Connolly, a coordinator for Episcopal Community Services, says Mr. Eid's store is the best mom-and-pop in the neighborhood. And the reason for his success was that Mr. Eid was loyal to his customers and never judged them.

His death was unexpected and the cause, a heart attack, caught many by surprise. Those who knew him well said he was a strong man without a history of heart problems. After his death, neighbors and community leaders brought flowers and condolences. One of the largest neighborhood memorials sprung up on the corner of Jones and Turk streets, according to neighbors.

"I believe in angels," says Rochelle, misty-eyed. She has taken Mr. Eid's death hard. But, she smiles and looks upward. "Abe is up in them clouds, with his wings on, flying over the TL, looking down and watching over us."

Mr. Eid, a Muslim, was originally from Palestine. He died on a Wednesday night and by Friday, family and friends were in the mosque dedicating prayers to him. Afterward, well over 500 people, according to family, met at Woodland Memorial Park in Colma, where Mr. Eid was laid to rest.

The days following his death, hundreds of guests visited the Eid family home in San Bruno to pay their respect to his wife, Sylvia, their four daughters and only son, Frankie.

Frankie Eid has stepped up and after ending his locksmith career will be running his father's store.

"There is no way I'm going to let this store go to waste," says Frankie Eid, who has been working almost every night since his father's death. "My father dedicated his whole life to this store."

Customers continue to come in and offer their sympathy, bringing so many flowers that Frankie says there isn't enough room for them all. ■

— BRIAN RINKER



Abed Eid (right) is congratulated by police Capt. Kathryn Brown (left) as he receives a mayor's office Certificate of Honor for being a good neighbor Feb. 28, 2006, for not allowing any nuisance and non-sense outside his store.

PHOTO BY JOHN NUITY

AMANDA JANE BURKS
Big heart, constant smile

Amanda Jane Burks died with a sterling reputation of loving and caring for everyone and being a guardian angel of children.

She was a regular volunteer at TNDC's children's after-school program under the Franciscan Towers where she lived 16 years.

"She felt like those kids were her own," said Laura Choe, who has been with the TNDC program 13 years. "She looked out for them, advocated for them and was very strong."

More than a dozen mourners gathered at Curran House to say goodbye Jan. 10 in a memorial to a woman they said had a big heart and a constant smile. Ms. Burks moved into Curran House after TNDC's Franciscan Towers burned in October. A few months later she moved to Oakland with her daughter and died there, apparently of a stroke, Dec. 26. She was 80.

Ms. Burks had suffered two strokes in recent years, and Mike Williams, her fifth-floor next-door neighbor at the Franciscan, took care of her for a while.

"I made her meals every day and took them to her bedside," Williams said. "I knew her before she moved up to my floor. She used an electric wheelchair and had a vibrant personality, always a joke or a smile. She loved all the children."

Ms. Burks' sister, Sedonia Broussard, 85, said she visited her once a week from elsewhere in the neighborhood until her sister moved to Oakland. They had planned a big dinner in January.

"She loved everybody and helped everyone she could," Broussard said. "She was a Good Samaritan. We were blessed to have her." ■

— TOM CARTER

WAYNE OLIVER
Bad lungs, good heart

Wayne Oliver was afraid he'd die if he went to sleep. And that's what happened four days before Christmas. He was found dead on his bed, Bible by his side, in his second-floor room next to the elevator. An Ambassador Hotel assistant building manager and a social worker found him.

"He hadn't been feeling well, and hadn't been seen for a while," said Jackie Mollitor, another hotel social worker, after Mr. Oliver's memorial Jan. 3.

Mr. Oliver had lived at the hotel nine months and wasn't well-known. But four residents who saw him regularly described him as thin, 5 feet 6, with a craggy, sallow face. He was nearly lost in his black leather jacket. They said he avidly read the Bible and kept it on his bed in his tidy room. He was an "all right" guy with "a good heart" once you got to know him.

"He had a face that looked like he had seen a lot," Mollitor said. "I called him 'Mr. Oliver' because we were never formally introduced. He always looked in a bad mood, but when I said hello he would perk up."

J.L. Marriable said he talked to Mr. Oliver every day. Originally from New York, Mr. Oliver had two sisters, one a BART administrator; the other worked in the New Jersey criminal justice system. One had given him a cell phone.

Marriable said Mr. Oliver suffered from severe emphysema and had told others he thought he'd die if he went to sleep.

"He was a real smoker," Marriable said. "I used to give him a couple of bucks when he needed it, never for cigarettes, oh no. He did crack, too. I'm not putting him down, though. I've been clean a year myself. He was a good person." ■

Mr. Oliver was 53. ■

— TOM CARTER



A shrine of flowers sprouted at G&H market after Abed Eid's death.

PHOTO BY BRIAN RINKER

City and County of San Francisco
February, 2012 Monthly

CALL FOR ARTISTS:
DAGGETT PARK PUBLIC ART PROJECT REQUEST FOR QUALIFICATIONS

The San Francisco Arts Commission is currently seeking artists for a new public art project, which will be located in Daggett Park, a planned open space sited in a triangular parcel bounded by 7th Street, 16th Street, and Hubbell Street in the Showplace Square neighborhood. Deadline for applications is Friday, February 3, 2012 (11:59 PM Pacific Daylight Time). For further information and eligibility, visit sfartscommission.org/pubartcollection.

SAN FRANCISCO DEPT. OF THE ENVIRONMENT

The City & County of San Francisco along with the San Francisco Green Business Program is proud to congratulate and honor the 49 newly recognized Green Businesses of 2011!

The 49 green businesses recognized at the 6th Annual SF Green Business Awards Reception are made up of architects, designers, retail spaces, clean technology firms, law offices, commercial printer, CPAs, caterers, nonprofits, and more. Some of these green businesses are large with multi-floor operations and others are small home offices. The one thing they all have in common is that they have all met extremely stringent environmental standards set forth by the San Francisco Green Business Program in areas such as waste reduction, energy efficiency, water conservation, and pollution prevention. By implementing these green standards in their business practices, these awardees have shown their commitment to making a positive environmental impact to improve their business and their community.

To see a list of San Francisco Green Businesses and find out more about the Green Business Program visit www.SFGreenBusiness.org.

SAN FRANCISCO COMMISSION ON THE ENVIRONMENT

Commission on the Environment Policy Committee meeting is scheduled for Monday, February 13, 2011 at 5:00 p.m. at City Hall, Room 421, San Francisco, CA 94102.

2012 BOARD of SUPERVISORS
Regularly Scheduled Board Meetings

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC – Come see your San Francisco government in action. Tuesdays, 2:00pm, City Hall Chamber, Room 250.

- January 10, 24, 31
- February 7, 14, 28
- March 6, 13, 20, 27
- April 3, 10, 17, 24

INFORMATION ABOUT BOARD of SUPERVISORS COMMITTEES

All meetings are held at City Hall in the Chamber (Room 250) or Room 263.

Please check the website for further details, including agendas and minutes:

<http://www.sfbos.org/index.aspx?page=193>

**Meeting days and times are subject to change; please consult the website to confirm weekly scheduled meetings. <http://www.sfbos.org/index.aspx?page=2314>

Budget & Finance

Supervisors Chu, Avalos, Kim
 Wednesday at 10:00 a.m. weekly

Government Audit & Oversight

Supervisors Farrell, Elsbernd, Chiu
 2nd and 4th Thursday at 1:00 p.m.

Public Safety

Supervisors Avalos, Olague, Mar
 1st and 3rd Thursday at 10:30 a.m.

City and School District

Supervisors Campos, Olague, Chiu
 2nd and 4th Thursday at 3:30 p.m.

City Operations & Neighborhood Services

Supervisors Elsbernd, Chu, Olague
 2nd and 4th Monday at 10:00 a.m.

Land Use & Economic Development

Supervisors Mar, Cohen, Wiener
 Monday at 1:00 p.m. weekly

Rules

Supervisors Kim, Farrell, Campos
 1st and 3rd Thursday at 1:30 p.m.

The City and County of San Francisco encourage public outreach. Articles are translated into several languages to provide better public access. The newspaper makes every effort to translate the articles of general interest correctly. No liability is assumed by the City and County of San Francisco or the newspapers for errors and omissions.

CNS#2249340

Recalling the '30s in the central city

► CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

San Francisco Hospital, where they must have had 2,000 moss mattresses. I also used to write all my father's bids and contracts and other business things.

So after the bootlegging, what jobs did you have?

In 1933 I got a job at Associated Press, Fifth and Mission at the Chronicle Building, as a copy boy — \$12.50 a week for a six-day week. Then, when Roosevelt passed the minimum-hour law, I only worked five days a week and 40 hours for the same amount of money. I worked there until 1938. By then, I'd taught myself to be an automatic operator on a teletype machine. I was a junior operator, then a senior operator, one of the best, making \$43 a week. I remember covering the Joe Louis fights, setting up the teletypes right in the linotype room, right next to the linotype operator who was handling that so they could put an extra out on the street.

What did Fifth and Mission look like then? Were there neighborhood characters around?

It was dingier than now. The big parking garage wasn't there, lots of little bars, restaurants, hotels and wholesale florists. Hanno's Bar was there, the famous Hanno's in the Alley where all the Chronicle sportswriters and politicians and newspapermen hung out. Herb Caen was just starting then. I didn't know him — the reporters were in the big editorial room on the third floor, and Associated Press was on the second. I remember the sports writers were big drinkers.

So what happened to your job in 1938?

I got bumped — you know, seniority. I was on my honeymoon when I got the

telegram saying I'd lost my job. I worked summer vacation relief [at AP] and then got unemployment relief. Unemployment was something new in '38. I got \$15.30 a week and I remember the two of us lived on it. We moved to the Mission, a nice neighborhood, mostly Irish, where we got a house-keeping room where you could cook. We just hung on — I remember making extra money by buying a cigarette rolling machine and selling cigarettes in the bar at 20th and Mission streets.

Was that McCarthy's?

No, but I drank and ate a lot at McCarthy's. It was wonderful. Steamed clams and clam broth and a big schooner of beer for a dime and shot of whiskey for 15¢. When I was working at AP there was the Dawn Club on Annie Alley where Turk Murphy and all the rest of those jazz greats got started. And there was this famous bar for newspapermen, Breen's on Third Street near the Examiner building [open until 1979 when the building was razed].

Did you stay at AP?

Little by little I was called back for extra and vacation work, and by the time we were at war in the early '40s I was working all the time, at AP as well as at United Press, the old News building at Fourth and Mission. My AP boss loaned me out to UP one night — Wendell Wilkie was making a speech up in Seattle and they needed somebody to cover it on the teletype here in San Francisco. So I'd work at United Press when there was no AP work, but then I was goin' pretty steady there. I'd work in both places and then, in 1944, I also went to work for the Office of War Information in the propaganda department here in the city. I was the supervisor in charge of teletype communications for the whole Pacific area.

What did you do when you weren't working?

I worked day and night. When I wasn't working I was trying to sleep. But there was radio. Radio was a terrific thing in the '30s. I remember the early crystal sets when we were in San Bruno in the '20s — a marvelous thing, you know, the little wire you put on the crystal rock and try to pick up a station, maybe hit San Francisco if you were lucky, just picking something out of the air, with earphones. And of course when the electric radios came it was marvelous. Sunday was the day for all the comedy programs. There was "Amos and Andy" at night and the whole country stopped to listen to them and to "One Man's Family." There were no delayed programs — you listened no matter what time it was.

When you weren't listening to the radio did you go out at night?

I had my favorite bars for after work. I remember one that was marvelous — you'd enter a garage and then pretty soon if you were known, you'd go in through a door with a guard on it. There were blackout curtains and you'd enter the beautiful ballroom, maybe with two bars and an orchestra set up at one end and tables in the middle — marvelous. Club Deauville, that was it, somewhere north of Market, maybe Bush or O'Farrell.

Do you remember other places?

There were dance marathons in halls north of Market in the early and mid-'30s — people just danced until they fell down or won. The places were real crummy, with balcony seats, and the prizes were maybe a couple of hundred bucks, not much. They tried everything in those days to entertain people. I had friends who did the dance marathons and I'd go in to see them, but I was working and I didn't have time for anything else.

How did you wind up here in the Tenderloin?

In 1939 when my first wife and I split up, she moved to Reno and I moved back with my folks, in the Portola district off San Bruno Avenue. But she came back in five weeks and we moved to 10th Avenue just off Irving. We split up again in '44 and I lived in various places. It was hard to get a room in San Francisco because this was wartime and what they called the Okies came here for shipyard work. The town was open 24 hours a day, all the theaters and the stores wide open and the shipyards going around the clock, three shifts, seven days a week. I lived two blocks this side of Fillmore and later I moved to Daly City, got married again for a year [Barton married four times], then went back to my folks off and on, and then moved downtown here. I'd never lived downtown except during the war.

Bernard Barton didn't reveal how long he had been living in the Tenderloin when this interview was conducted. He lived at his apartment at 320 Turk St. until his death in 2000. This is the second of a series of excerpts, edited by Marjorie Beggs, from the Neighborhood Oral History Project interviews that Study Center conducted in 1977-78 under a federal CETA contract. ■



PHOTOS BY C. MALCOLM THOMPSON

Bernard Barton
in the doorway at
320 Turk St. in 1978.



Across the street from their Tenderloin apartment in 1978, Barton's sons play catch in front of a laundromat, today is a taqueria, and the KokPit bar, now TL Tobacco & Market. Across Leavenworth Street is John's Coffee Shop, now Sam's Locksmith.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

ARTS EVENTS

Selections: Works from Hospitality House's Permanent Collection, artists' reception, Thurs., Feb. 9, 5-8 p.m., Luggage Store Gallery, 1009 Market St. Group exhibition of works created over 43 years by Tenderloin artists in the Community Arts Program. *Selections* runs through April 13. Information: Ivan Vera at 415.553.4525 ext. 304 or ivera@hospitalityhouse.org.

COMMUNITY: REGULAR SCHEDULE HOUSING

Supportive Housing Network, 3rd Thursday of the month, 3-5 p.m., Dorothy Day Community, 54 McAllister. Call: 421-2926 x304.

Tenant Associations Coalition of San Francisco, 1st Wednesday of the month, noon, 201 Turk St., Community Room. Contact Michael Nulty, 339-8327. Resident unity, leadership training.

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH

CBHS Consumer Council, 3rd Monday of the month, 5-7 p.m., 1380 Howard St., room 537, 255-3695. Consumer advisers from self-help groups and mental health consumer advocates. Public welcome.

Health & Wellness Action Advocates, 1st Tuesday of the month, 5-7 p.m., Mental Health Association, 870 Market St., Suite 928. 421-2926 x306.

Healthcare Action Team, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 1010 Mission St., Bayanihan Community Center, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Focus on increasing supportive home services, expanded eligibility for home care, improved discharge planning. Light lunch. Call James Chionsini, 703-0188 x304.

Mental Health Board, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., City Hall, room 278. CBHS advisory committee, open to the public. Call: 255-3474.

National Alliance for the Mentally Ill-S.F., 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough St., 5th Fl. Call: 905-6264. Family member group, open to the public.

SAFETY

Neighborhood Emergency Response Team Training (NERT). Central city residents can take the S.F. Fire Department's free disaster preparedness and response training at neighborhood locations. www.sfgov.org/sffdert, or Lt. Arteseros, 970-2022.

SoMa Police Community Relations Forum, 4th Monday of the month, 6-7:30 p.m. Location varies. To receive monthly email info: 538-8100 x202.

Tenderloin Police Station Community Meeting, last Tuesday of the month, 6 p.m., police station Community Room, 301 Eddy St. Call Susa Black, 345-7300. Neighborhood safety.

NEIGHBORHOOD IMPROVEMENT

Alliance for a Better District 6, 1st Wednesday of the month, 6 p.m., 230 Eddy St. Contact Michael Nulty, 820-1560 or sf_district6@yahoo.com, a districtwide improvement association.

Central Market Community Benefit District, board meets 2nd Tuesday of the month, Hotel Whitcomb, 1231 Market St., 3 p.m. Information: 882-3088, <http://central-market.org>.

Friends of Boeddeker Park, 2nd Thursday of the month, 3:30 p.m., Boeddeker Rec Center, 240 Eddy St. Plan park events, activities and improvements. Contact Betty Traynor, 931-1126.

Gene Friend Recreation Center Advisory Board, 3rd Thursday of the month, 5 p.m. Works to protect SoMa resources for all residents. Gene Friend Rec Center, 270 Sixth St. Info: Tim Figueras, 554-9532.

North of Market/Tenderloin Community Benefit District. Full board meets 3rd Monday at 4 p.m.. Call 292-4812 for location or check nom-ticbd.org.

SoMa Community Stabilization Fund Advisory Committee, 3rd Thursday of the month, 5:30 p.m., 1 South Van Ness, 2nd floor. Info: Claudine del Rosario 749-2519.

South of Market Project Area Committee Housing Subcommittee, 1st Wednesday of the month, bimonthly 6 p.m., 1035 Folsom St. Health, Safety and Human Services Committee 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday bimonthly, 1035 Folsom, 6 p.m. 487-2166 or www.sompac.com.

Tenderloin Futures Collaborative, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 11 a.m.-noon, Tenderloin Police Community Room, 301 Eddy. Presentations on issues of interest to neighborhood residents, nonprofits and businesses. Information: 928-6209.

Tenderloin Neighborhood Association, 2nd Friday of the month, 842 Geary St., 5 p.m. Nonprofit focuses on health and wellness activities to promote neighborly interactions. Info: tenderloinneighborhood@yahoo.com.

SENIORS AND DISABLED

Mayor's Disability Council, 3rd Friday of the month, 1-3 p.m., City Hall, room 400. Call: 554-6789. Open to the public.

Senior Action Network, general meeting, 2nd Thursday of the month, 9 a.m.-noon, Universal Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. Monthly programs, 965 Mission St. #700: Senior Housing Action Committee, 3rd Wednesday, 1:30 p.m. Call for health program and Senior University: 546-1333 and www.sfsan.org.

DISTRICT 6 SUPERVISOR

Jane Kim
Chair of Rules Committee, member of Budget & Finance Committee and Transportation Authority.
Legislative Aides: Matthias Mormino and Viva Mogi. Jane.Kim@sfgov.org, 554-7970

We moved

Central City Extra, as a publication of the nonprofit San Francisco Study Center, has moved to 944 Market Street. We're on the 7th floor of a building at the confluence of Market, Mason and Turk. Zendesk is practically across the street and the cable cars turn around nearby.

The Office of Self Help and S.F. Mental Health Clients' Rights Advocates are with us here, too, as they have been for many years.

We're a block and a half and a world away from our previous home of nearly 40 years in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market. No one can appreciate the nuances of mid-Market more than a longtime business or resident.



WE ARE WHAT WE SAVE

