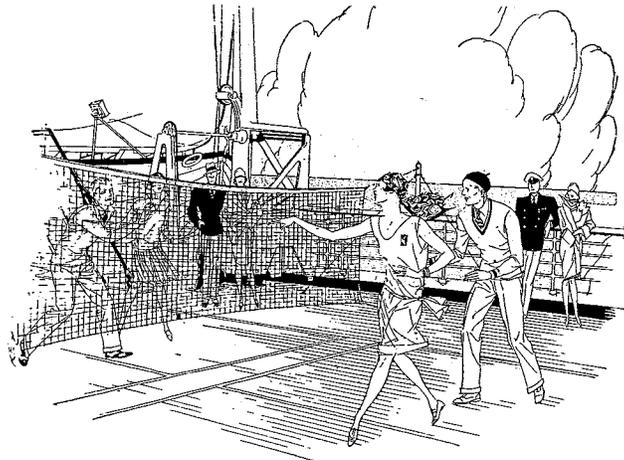


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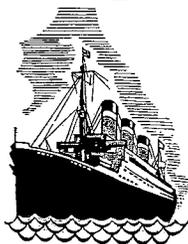
May – June 2017

SanFranciscoHerald.Net



Why it pays to go to Europe in Spring

TRY to sail in Spring, before the midsummer rush. More room on board. The nicest fellow travelers. Trains abroad not so crowded. Hotels and resorts more truly European. And your trip in Spring is less expensive, too. Now one more tip: *when* to go is important; *where* to go is worth knowing, too; but *how* to go ranks highest of all. Let those who know—the travel-wise—tell you about the famous meals served on Amer-



ican ships; the unexpected luxuries; the home-like stateroom that you'll learn to love; the prompt service of stewards who understand your language. Your steamship agent will recommend the *Leviathan*, the world's largest ship, if you're in a hurry—less than six days and you're there.

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United States Lines

FORTY-FIVE BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

Cable Car Cleaners (California at Hyde) shut its doors in March.

XXXXXXXXXX

Women's only 2 day self-defense seminar, May 20 & 21. 6 week fitness challenge starting May 23. At Krav Maga Training Center, 1455 Bush Street. Call 921-0612 for more info.

XXXXXXXXXX

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

XXXXXXXXXX

If you're wondering where the front covers of the last few issues of the Herald are from, they're ads in the January 1929 issue of National Geographic. That issue has an article titled "Turkey Goes to School," which explained how that nation was abandoning Arabic script in favor of the Latin alphabet used throughout the western world.

From that article in 1929:

New Turkey is definitely stepping away from other lands where the Arabic script still prevails, just as she did when she abolished the fez and tried to free women from the veil. But this may prove a link rather than a breach. Persia and Afghanistan are already following the superficial changes which Turkey recently adopted.

How times change. And not only for the better. From "De-Boning Turkey," by Mark Steyn in the April 16, 2007 issue of National Review:

The modern secular Muslim state - a country that gave women the vote before Britain did and was Israel's best friend in an otherwise hostile region - certainly, that Turkey seems to be being de-boned by the hour: it now has an Islamist government whose Prime Minister has canceled trade deals with Israel, denounced the Iraq elections, and frosted out the

US Ambassador because he was Jewish; a new edition of Mein Kampf is prominently displayed at the airport bookstore. In other words, the Zionist Entity's best pal is starting to look like just another cookie-cutter death-to-the-Great-Satan stan-of-the-month.

XXXXXXXXXX

What's up with that broken clock with "Rainbow" printed at the top along with a picture of a rainbow that's hanging off a building on Larkin Street? I think it's between Sutter and Bush. Or maybe Post and Sutter. Or maybe Bush and Pine. I forget. Was there a Double Rainbow ice cream shop there once? What's the deal? If anyone knows drop me a line at P.O. Box 843, Redwood City, CA 94064 (I know, I'm trying to get a mailbox in Nob Hill).

XXXXXXXXXX



Speaking of clocks, back in 2015 some guy wearing a straw pork-pie hat stopped me on Market Street and told me that it was my lucky day. That he was really an incredibly wealthy man disguised as a bum, and that if I gave him \$25, he would give me \$10 million to repay someone with a good heart like me. As he gave me his pitch, I noticed we were standing next to San Francisco's last clock tower, the Samuels Clock, installed by Samuels Jewelers in 1915. It didn't work despite it being a city landmark. Not

only that, it had been vandalized. A semi-literate letter had been posted on it from a resident of the city admonishing the person who did it.

A few weeks later I walked by the clock again and it was fixed. Some bum was laying on the sidewalk, using it as a pillow, so hopefully it's still intact. Newspaper articles claim that it's the last clock tower in San Francisco, but isn't there one on Van Ness and O'Farrell, if memory serves correctly?

XXXXXXXXXX

In 2005 I was emailed a submission for the Herald reminding all of us what a tragedy (or rather, act of evil) the 1978 Jonestown Massacre was. It made an impression, bringing back memories of the Seventies, a decade someone once summed up as the Hangover from the Sixties' Party. Though "Drink the Kool Aid" is routinely used in popular lexicon (even though the cult followers really drank poison-laced Flavor Aid), the actual massacre isn't. Odd, really, as it was the largest single loss of American civilian life in a non-natural disaster until the events of September 11, 2001.

The author of the submission was Tom Kinsolving, son of Lester Kinsolving, the journalist who warned the Bay Area about Jim Jones, the diabolical cult leader of the Peoples Temple, until it was too late.



Jim Jones in 1977

Photo by Nancy Wong

Shortly after the email Tom, his sister Kathleen, and I think their father (I could be wrong) flew out from back east to attend Berkeley Rep's production of a play about Jonestown.

I didn't attend the play, but I went with them to a Q and A event made up of journalists who covered the Peoples Temple in the Seventies. After the panel answered a few questions, implying the local press tried doggedly to expose Jones, Tom politely called out from the audience that their answers weren't true, and backed his assertions with old newspaper clippings, telling them that they "blew it." The journalists onstage were left speechless. One even hung his head in apparent shame.

If you search online you can find "Madman in our Midst," a very interesting article Tom and his sister Kathleen wrote about what they claim really happened, and how the powers-that-be let it happen for their own benefit. It should put to rest any of the "Jim Jones was a nice man until he went crazy near the end" nonsense.

Youtube has clips of sermons by Jim Jones, gospel music by his chorus, a KQED television report on the massacre right after it happened, as well as the usual Your Hit Parade-type countdown of ridiculous yet trite conspiracy theories.



Recently released ahead of the 40th anniversary of the massacre next year is a book by Jeff Guinn called "The Road to Jonestown: Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple." I just read the chapter on Lester Kinsolving's eight part series in the San Francisco Examiner that got axed after the fourth installment due to pressure from Jones' lawyers. Guinn cuts the Examiner more slack than the Kinsolvings do, noting that Lester Kinsolving made a few minor errors in his reporting, and that his articles ignored what good the Temple did and solely focused on the negative

aspects, giving some credibility to claims that the articles were merely attack pieces.

XXXXXXXXXX

About a month or so ago I awoke at around 4am on a Sunday morn and turned on the old clock radio. On it a woman talked about how Eric Snowden was a traitor because he exposed behavior by American intelligence services many thought violated the Constitution. Then she voiced regret that Hillary Clinton, who violated the Espionage Act and endangered national security by setting up a private email server to enrich herself with a bogus charity, wasn't elected president. Then she said there was a special place in Hell for women who don't vote for other women running for political office. Then she said she would never vote for Sarah Palin (who is a woman who ran for political office).

I thought it was a radio broadcast of someone with schizophrenia, but it turned out to be former Secretary of State Madeleine Albright at the Commonwealth Club. Maybe future speakers there will have more consistent viewpoints.

The Commonwealth Club is here in Nob Hill at 555 Post Street and they're having a North Beach Walking Tour on May 18th.

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The Herald Book Club: In 1980 a guy named Charles Higham wrote a controversial book called "Erroll Flynn: The Untold Story," the supposedly true biography of the late swashbuckling movie star whom the author claimed was really a Nazi spy who had numerous gay affairs, including one with another Hollywood legend, Tyrone Power. In 2007 Ben Macintyre wrote a critically-acclaimed, though much less famous biography about Eddie Chapman, a Nazi spy who happened to look like Erroll Flynn.

No, this doesn't explain anything. I just thought it was a decent intro.

Eddie Chapman was an English career criminal who happened to be in the quasi-British isle of Jersey when the Nazis took it over. The Germans figured he'd help them spy on Britain as he was facing years in prison back there. After he lands in Britain he reveals who he is and announces he wants to help his native country defeat the Nazis. But can he be trusted?



Eddie Chapman

"Agent Zigzag" by Ben Mcintyre. Find it online, in the library, or at a bookstore (before they all go out of business).

Rock stars like Morrissey and Sting seem to have an admiration for Ronnie and Reggie Kray, the London gangster brothers from the Swinging Sixties. Blur sang about them. The Kemp brothers from Spandau Ballet played them in a movie. Celebrities may want to turn their attention to this less sinister crook who had a selfless side to him as well. ###

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Telegraph from Berkeley

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away . . .

By Ace Backwords

(Written June 5, 2015)

Yesterday, me and Charlie Cheapseats were hanging out with Hate Man in People's Park, talking about the old days.

"When I first visited Berkeley in the summer of 1974 there was always a huge street scene happening on the Berkeley campus," I said. "Back then it was hard to tell the street people from the students. 'Hippie' was definitely the style."

"Yeah," said Cheapseats. "Nowadays the campus is almost completely dead."

"Yeah. There are just a few loner type street people that mostly keep to themselves."

"There used to be tons of street musicians, too," said Cheapseats. "Remember that guy Rick Starr who used to croon those Frank Sinatra songs while singing into that fake plastic microphone?"

"Yeah," I said. "And Larry the Drummer. He used to drive everyone nuts bashing away on those buckets all day long."

"All those characters are gone. Whatever happened to Paul of the Pillar?"

"Even the Christian preachers don't show up anymore. They used to be surrounded by huge mobs of people heckling them. It was great entertainment. Like a Roman amphitheater where they threw the Christians to the lions."

"Even that nut the Happy Guy is gone. The guy that used to stand on a

bucket saying 'Happy, happy, happy' all day long."

"And if you started heckling him, he would point his finger at you and shout, 'CIA!! CIA!! CIA!!'"

"Remember the lower Sproul drum circle every weekend in the 1990s?"

Suddenly, Hate Man had enough of our reminiscing.

"I hate your guts with all this talk about the old days!!" said Hate Man. "I wanna' kill you. I hate people who constantly dwell on the past. I prefer to live in the present moment and appreciate what's going on now. Instead of all this lame nostalgia for the good old days."

I realized recently that, nowadays, I live in a permanent state of mourning for my past. I remember when I was a young man, this old guy once warned me about the danger of living in the past as you get older. "You can get stuck in a rut if you don't keep evolving with the times," he said. "You stop growing as a person. You turn into a fossil. You end up yearning for the return of the Good Old Days that will never come back." . . . I never thought I'd fall for that trap. Because (in spite of my pen name) for most of my life I was a very forward-looking person. Whenever I finished an art project, my first thought always was: "Yes. But the next project is going to be the Best Thing Yet!!" But then suddenly, a couple of years ago, it was like there no longer was a next project . . . *sigh*

"I knowdja' mean, Hate Man," I said. "It's like that famous scene in the book 'Be Here Now' where Ram Das is constantly talking about his past adventures or his future plans. And his guru says: 'The past and the future are an illusion. Only the present is real. Be here now. Live in the present moment. That's where all the action is.'"

"Yeah," said Hate Man.

"My problem is, I yearn for the past. I fear and dread the future. And my

present moment usually sucks. So I got all the wrong bases covered."

Hate Man chuckled at that line.

Now I'm sitting here looking back fondly at that conversation I had with Hate Man and Charlie Cheapseats in People's Park. It seems like only yesterday . . . Actually, it was only yesterday.###



R.I.P. Hate Man, 1936 - 2017

Note from Napa

Scattered, Mothered, and Covered

By Allison Parks

Recently, after living in sin with my BF, I've moved back in with the 'rents. Normally, I possess a monk-like tolerance of my mother's nagging, and can calmly tune out the incessant speaking—if you can recall the SNL skit where Chris Farley is a woman reading the Zagat's guide to her husband (Adam Sandler), that is her to me—but now I've lost my tolerance entirely. Some days I want to hang myself with underpants like the Unabomber, but then I'm afraid she'd lay at my grave nagging that my decomposing fat wasn't properly fertilizing the foliage around my

tombstone. Even in death, there will be no freedom from the nagging.

7am, the knocking begins.

“Allison, are you awake?” she squeals. “I found a shoe in the kitchen. Is this your shoe? Let me know if this is your shoe, is the other one in there? I can’t find the other one out here. Allison?”

Knock knock knock.

“Allison, do you have boots? ‘Cause when winter comes, you’ll need boots and they’ll be on sale now because they’re out of season.”

Knock knock.

“Allison.”

“Yes, I have boots,” I say, draping my underpants over the chandelier.

“Ohh, where did you get them? They had boots in your size? Did you get the boots online, or in the store? ...Online? From where? ...That’s good because I didn’t think you’d be able to find boots in your size.”

When I’m not barricaded in my room, the phone rings. “Allison, where are you? You’re not home yet. Do I need to call the highway patrol? I’m worried. Just call and let me know you’re OK. Allison, call your mother.”

When I get home, there she is, lingering in the kitchen, waiting to tell me things in tortuously lengthy and obvious detail.

“Allison, I’ve made fajitas. There are extra ones, so when you get up tomorrow you can make yourself, one, maybe two fajitas. You can wrap them in Saran wrap and put them in a little baggie. Put them in the fridge when you get to work, then at your lunch break, you can just pop them in the microwave.”

For some reason, she thinks I am incapable of waking myself up and have never used an alarm clock before. I also am too useless to prepare for the traffic forecast of the day.

The sun rises and the knocking begins.

“Allison, are you awake? Okay, I just wanted to make sure you got up in time. Do you have work today? Well, you may want to leave soon, it’s a long drive. Did you take a shower last night, ‘cause I don’t think you have time to now. Well, don’t get snippy with me, I just don’t want you to be late. Fine, I just won’t speak, how is that?” Five minutes pass.

Knock knock knock.

“Allison, do you have clean clothes? I did some laundry and that dress you like is out here. Maybe you could wear it with your flats and a nice headband?”

Some days I’ll get off a little early and do an arm crawl to my bedroom to hide from her view. She instantly senses my car in the driveway.

Knock knock knock.

“Allison, why are you home? Allison, when they let you off early you should offer to stay and help out, that’s how you get ahead. Don’t be a slacker. Now that you’re home, you should get on the treadmill. You’ve turned into veal.”

Lately I’ve been a little backed up, which has fueled her unnatural interest in my feces.

Knock knock knock.

“Allison, did you make a bowel movement today? Allison? What color was it? If it’s too dark, that means you’re sick. But if it’s too light, that’s not good either. Allison, did it sink? Or float? Don’t strain too hard or you’ll get hemorrhoids like your brother.”

Knock knock knock.

“Allison, quit ignoring me, if there’s a problem with your stools, I think I should take a sample to the doctor.”

Friends, I beg of you, please take my mother on a play date so I can have some peace. Or, until I move out, pray to God for her to steer clear of the Hanes-Her-Way noose that tempts my every waking moment.###

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“I know, I know you must think that I’m, you know, you must think I’m pretty sick or somethin’, you know, you must think I’m pretty sick. Right? You must think I’m pretty sick? Hmm? Right? I’ll betcha, I’ll betcha you really think I’m sick right? You think I’m sick? You think I’m sick? You don’t have to answer that. I’m payin’ for the ride. You don’t have to answer that.”

**Give Gene Mahoney a call today at
(650) 430-5534**

Herald Flashback: 2014

The Naked Truth

By Mr. Fabulous

I had found a new agent, and one of the first auditions he sent me on was for an HBO series. I would be reading for the part of a father. It was an older, more mature role than I was used to. My agent told me to dress conservatively, maybe wear a suit.

I flew to New York the next day and took a taxi over to HBO's offices. I checked in at the main desk and rode an elevator up to the 11th floor. The elevator opened and a receptionist greeted me. She walked me into a small waiting area and told me to take a seat.

I was sitting alone in the waiting area when one of the show's production assistants walked through. She was carrying a stack of scripts. She saw me sitting in a chair and stopped. "Hi, are you here for the audition?"

I stood up. "Yes."

"Can I get you some coffee?"

I shook my head. "No, thanks. A beer, maybe..."

She laughed. "Right. I hear that."

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm a little nervous..."

She started to walk away. "I'm sure you'll be great."

I smiled. "Thanks, baby."

The girl stopped suddenly. She spun around. "What did you say?"

"What's that?"

"Did you call me 'baby?'"

"Oh...yeah. Is that bad?"

"You called me 'baby?'"

"I call everybody baby."

"You're auditioning for GIRLS and you called me 'baby?'"

"I didn't think—"

She dropped her pile of scripts on a coffee table. "Do you know who I am?"

"Are you one of the PA's?"

"OH-MY-GOD..."

"Baby, wait—"

"OH-MY-GOD." She put her hand to her head. "I don't believe it..."

I tried to get her attention. "Wait, listen—this is TV, right?"

She was rubbing her forehead and looking at the floor. I waved to get her attention. "This is TV, right? We say 'baby' all the—"

The girl stepped in front of me. She stuck out her hand to shake mine. "Hi. My name's Lena. This is my show. You're auditioning for my show. Do you know why I started this show?"

"Listen, I really thought you were a PA—"

"Let me tell you why. So that women wouldn't have to be called 'baby' and take crap from guys like you."

"I call everybody 'baby.' Men, too."

"Well, you must be very proud."

She was standing very close. Suddenly, I recognized her. "WAIT—you're the girl who always takes her clothes off, right?"

She was rubbing her forehead. "Listen, just forget the audition. Just pack up your stuff and leave. Now."

"I'm sorry."

She waved her arms. "Please. Just go."

I picked up my coat. "But you're the girl who doesn't wear any clothes, right?"

"What?"

"I mean, that's you, right? You do all the nude scenes?"

"Yes, that's me."

I smiled. "Wow, I've seen you..."

"OH-MY-GOD-OH-MY-GOD —Jeff—JEFF!"

A man came running into the room. "YEAH?"

The girl pointed at me. "GET HIM OUT OF HERE. NOW."

The guy stepped in front of me. "Sir, I need to ask you to leave."

I already had my coat in my hand. "Sure thing."

I started to walk to the elevator. I could hear the girl stomping her foot behind me. I pushed the elevator button and turned to look back. She was pointing her finger at me. "You will never work in New York again. Do you hear me? I can promise you that."

The elevator opened. I stepped in, pressed 'Lobby,' and rode the elevator down to the street.###

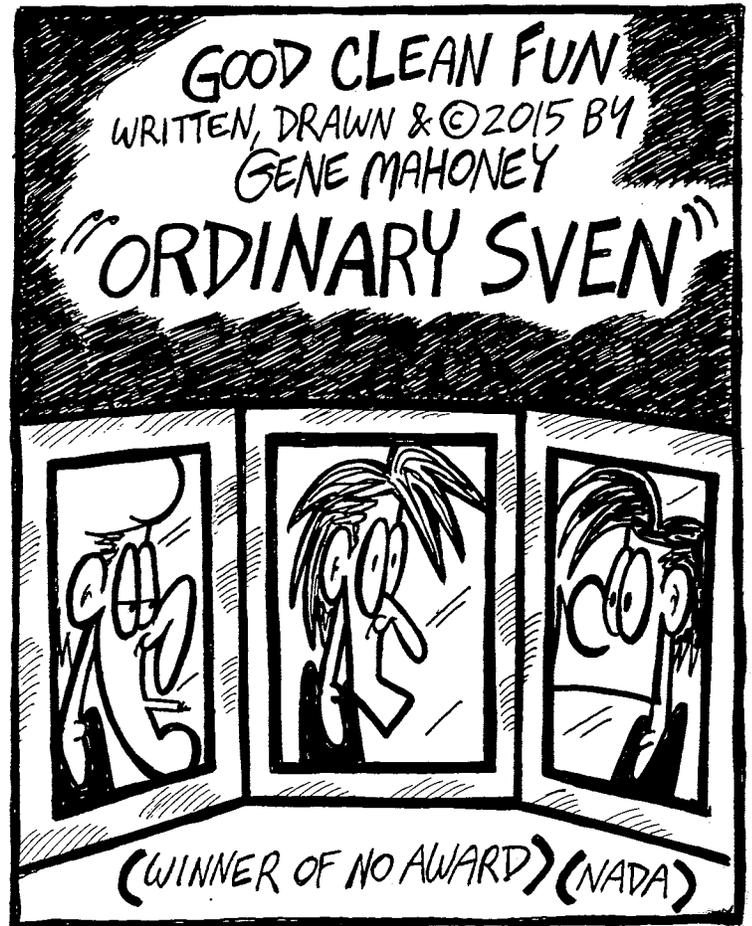
Sorry, no comics this issue. One of my advertisers had the nerve to buy a time sensitive ad, so I couldn't put out the issue 3 weeks late as usual.

Go to SanFranciscoHerald.Net and check out the archives for a heartbreaking 2015 "Good Clean Fun" comic called "Ordinary Sven."

It's in living color, too.

My apologies for an error in the last issue. In a reprint of a Society Page column from 2004, I mentioned that a taqueria in San Bruno had a picture of Jesus being crucified as their logo. A mention of "thorn of crowns" was made instead of "crown of thorns."

You'd think I would have caught it after 13 years.



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