

# THE NEW DEEP CITY PRESS

San Francisco's KRO 357 Horizon \* Volume 2 Number 1 \* March 1976

50¢



**DON'T TILT  
THE METER!**

**MORE TRUE LIFE  
CAB STORIES**

**EL DUCKO RECOUNTS  
THE BIG GAME**

**JESUS: PERSONALIZED**

*and*

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rocky shops**

*plus*

**A FULL COLOR  
CITY CAB  
MINI-POSTER!**

**TUNE IN 452.100 MHz ON THE  
ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM**



# THE NEW DEEP CITY PRESS

Volume 2 Number 1

March 1976

MADE IT!!! Only a month and a half late, but it is polychromatic. Now get ready for the gala Red, White, and Blue BICENTENNIAL FREEDOM ISSUE due on the 4th of July 1976. Freedom is the issue. We'll bless America with San Francisco's KRO357 Horizon. Start writing now!!

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 Sai Baba and His devotee  
 Drupada

*Founder* Don Fassett

*Published, Printed, and Designed by* Ralph  
*deep in the City*

\*\*\*\*\*  
 KOOL BREEZE  
 \*\*\*\*\*



δοξ μοι πού στῶ καὶ κόσμον κινῆσω  
 -Archimedes  
 \*\*\*\*\*





\*\*\*\*\*

# YELLOW ON THE MAKE

\*\*\*\*\*

**W**HAT BEGAN with Lockheed Aircraft has now become a fad. Whenever a big corporation finds itself in the red, it does not go bankrupt as the little guy would, but instead it rushes to the government, who more often than not extends a "loan" at the expense of the taxpayer to keep the corporation in business. It's all done in the name of "national interest," though the deficit of the Federal Budget for the fiscal year of 1977 threatens to exceed the entire budget for 1950, a war year. The Treasury Department has a wonderful way for handling this discrepancy. It prints more money.

With Yellow Cab we have a similar situation, albeit on a lesser scale, but even more painful,

because the consumers of San Francisco directly foot the bill, instead of being numbed by rhetoric and higher taxes in



the distant future.

Whatever happened to free enterprise? Has it gone by way of the Dodo bird? Just as a man should be allowed to make a million if he creates a marketable item, so should a company be allowed to bungle its way into oblivion. Capitalism, a la Adam Smith, is run by a basic law, supply and demand. If Yellow Cab became a memory, San Francisco would not suddenly find itself without cabs. I'm sure the surviving companies would be quite willing to absorb this increase in business. Perhaps even a new company or two might rise out of Yellow's rubble.

The beauty of City Cab is that it truly is a free enterprise operation. The drivers do not get paid but work for themselves. They cannot allow themselves the luxury of sitting in front of the Fairmont, for they know at the end of their shift they must plunk down twenty-five twenty-five at the window or be out of a job. While Desoto and Luxor may have a regular clientele in the Marina and Pacific Heights, City Cab depends more on the Mission and the Western Edition. We are the poor man's cab company. More than any other cab company we need those countless two and three dollar fares. If the rates were increased, (we already have one of the highest in the country) that worker in the Mission or that man coming downtown from the Haight Ashbury might just decide on an alternative means of transportation. When the radio is like a tomb, we all suffer. If Yellow wishes to increase their rates, fine. But in the name of free enterprise, that should be no reason why we should be forced to raise ours also.



## MANAGEMENT'S CORNER

Good News!!!

The first of the Bicentennial cabs have arrived. There are more on the way.\* The dentless duo are 1229 and 1240. They are part of a company policy to upgrade the fleet.

A new garage facility has been leased, and should be in operation by early February. The downtown location at Seventh + Folsom Streets will provide convenient access for wounded vehicles. The new mechanic will be Al Glaser. Stop by and introduce him to your cab.

As a further demonstration of good intentions, Howard's supply of rubber bands and chewing gum has been auctioned off. American and Eagle Cab were the only bidders. Unfortunately, they wouldn't take Howard. You'll see him driving 1216 all over town.

Bad News!!

This has been an unusually dry winter. A situation that would keep the number of accidents down. Unfortunately the opposite has been true. During November and December the accident rate was up, up substantially. The number of rear-enders indicate a lot of careless driving. Careless driving is expensive for the owners, higher insurance rates and repairs; for the drivers, time off or dismissal. It's a new year, let's make it a good one from both sides. Having a conversation with Fred is no way to start the year.

*\*As we go to press (at least a month late, as usual), the other new cabs on the road are: 1204, 1205, 1227, 1260, and 1264. And, of course, the new garage facility at 7th and Folsome is in full operation.*







The Wind of the Old Days: When you hear Frank Taylor call "City Cab on the Horse" he is not asking Tom Duncan for a track tip. It is, in fact, a remembrance of things past when cab driving was an art form and the Horse was a cab stand at a restaurant called the Sea Horse near the Embarcadero. Drivers would play the Horse for the sailors going to the East Bay. If that stand was full, drivers would go to the Hub (Haight and Market) or the Switchback (Market and Clayton). And where are they now? Well, it's not that old cab drivers fade away; it's just that they go Yellow. If there was ever a City Cab reunion it would have to be held at Eighth and Townsend. In time we will all walk that long gray line with the exception of Don Fassett...

Man bites Dog! Rita had just dialed a cardiac specialist when she realized Ralph's complaints about circulation had to do with the Deep City Press. Ralph is now considering using "Yellow Journalism" you should pardon the expression. In passing, I reminded him of Lynn Wall's protest a few years back. Mr. Wall had brought a mule to the steps of City Hall and had it smoke pot. Police then arrested the mule and carted it away. Ralph leaped to his feet and shouted, "Great! We'll run a feature

on it entitled 'Lynn Wall Loses His Ass at City Hall'." Easy, Ralph. Easy.

Stop the press: Warren Hinckle, editor of the now defunct City Magazine, performed a classy Last Hurrah by inviting all City Cab Drivers to the magazine's farewell party for a Coppola drinks...

Night Flights: Ah, Springtime! Archie Hensen, Last of the Cowboys, thought it was true love when he picked up a girl with edible underwear but it turned out to be a brief affair... Chuck Posada took an extra day off and the Excelsior closed down... Ray Wiltshire formerly "Melba's Toast" is fast becoming the "Mr. Bubbles" of 22nd and South... Eric Spillman forgot about giving up his shift and becoming a part time driver when he realized that "I would be a grown man whose main problem still would be getting a car for Saturday night..." Pat McMahon will observe St. Patrick's Day by giving orders only to our Irish cabs - 0'1, 0'2, 0'3... Doug Beede is getting so hooked on chess, he wants to drive knights... Greetings to Pete Derenale, our new G.M. He certainly has the garage jumping. He said he wanted to start with a clean slate so somebody put a blackboard in the john... John Clemens picked up a little old lady very "under the weather" and took her home. She gave him the keys to the front door but they didn't fit. So she took her cane and started breaking the glass panels on the door. A man came rushing to the door and said "Lady, you don't live here." After getting her to the proper house, she asked for his name so she could get him next. "Marc Paulsen" he answered... And, Ernie, call Sederick.



# THE BIG GAME



## HOWARD COLDUCK calls 'em like he sees 'em

**T**HIS IS Howard Colduck, speaking of sports, bringing you today's game. Brought to you by Quaylewdies, breakfast of champions.

Today's contest pits the Deep City Cabs versus the Hoboken Zephyrs. We'll be back with the lineups after some words from our sponsor.

Wanna get lewd? Do you have too

much get up and go? Are you considered ambitious, forthright and even downright outspoken? Try Quaylewdies, breakfast of champions. Recommended after the nightshift.

And now back to the game. Here is the starting lineup for Deep City. Leading off playing centerfield, number 0.357, Elmo Duck. Batting  
(Continued on page 26)



# WHY THERE SHOULD BE LESS AUTOMOBILES AND MORE CABS

by david holton



**C**ONTRARY TO President Ford's prognosis that "things are on the rise," anyone living in San Francisco can present ample evidence to the opposite. As Shakespeare's Mark Antony said during another crisis of leadership, there is no reason to doubt that Ford is anything but an honorable man. However, like most honorable men, Ford can be led astray. After twenty-two years as a loyal member of Congress, President Ford has fully contracted that disease of bureaucracy. His eyes see the world in terms of abstracts. Through the help of some clever aides, also honorable men, I'm sure, Mr. Ford can rightly stand behind that eagle and be optimistic over America's future. The numbers that he quotes to back up his claim have been manipulated by the best CPA's and lawyers money can buy.

Probably we do better with a cab-driver as president. They deal not in abstracts but in people. People. Big people, short people, dudes, hustlers, cheapskates, big spenders, thieves, junkies, sailors on leave, pregnant women, business men looking for whores, wide-eyed tourists from Kansas City, frightened old women, friendly young women-- people. And as people go, most are not too bad to get along with. They enjoy the ride, say what they please, and give the driver his or her rightful due.

Presidents may be dead and their wars with them, but the effects of their "vision" go on and on. Cab-drivers experience daily the human litter on Market Street, these refugees from the Yerba Buena Project who the Federal, State, and City governments have passed over in human terms. The ragged apparitions exist solely as numbers, something the census must record every decade, something the bureaucrats wish would go away. Market Street would be such a nice street if it weren't for the people messing it up.

We see all too well the results of Lyndon's Great Society on the Fillmore, once the grand black lady of San Francisco. Whole blocks wiped out like Hiroshima. The human rubble wanders aimlessly, as if they were searching in an alcoholic fog for a lost house or club, that has long since met the bulldozer's snarl. Many of those displaced from their houses had to move to the model cities' sector of Hunter's Point, a disastrous federal project that sequestered the poor from the rest of the city.

A man skiing in Vail does not see the pollution sticking to the Berkeley hills on a hot day. He can think in terms of economy and defense when he allots so many billions to research on a nuclear warhead, while red penning research on energy alternatives. The effects of the internal combustion engine on people have been disastrous. Surely there



must be some sort of connection between the rise in cancer and the amount of foreign chemicals we breathe into our noses everyday. Some hospitals are now establishing special cancer wards for children. Are we to accept this as normalcy? Are we that pathetic a species that we can only wait like dinosaurs for the poison to kill us?

A growing number of scientists say we are going to run out of oxygen in the not too distant future. A single automobile consumes more air than a hundred people doing pushups. Jacques Cousteau's firm evidence points to the growing pollution on the continental shelves. The Mediterranean Sea edges toward deadness. The Atlantic comes next.

The healing jungles of Brazil follow. Finally the Pacific, some thirty years hence. Anyone who reads the newspaper can already tell you about the Sierra Pines.

Impossible, Ford would say. An alarmist! We got loads of time. Jobs for the sake of a flower? Never! I'll let the next president worry about the Clean Air Act.

We may sacrifice a lot more than jobs if we don't act soon. The weather is changing all over the world. Wind patterns are shifting. It rains where it's not supposed to rain and vice versa. Two years ago in the Sudan a great tragedy occurred when a drought took its toll. Until the twentieth century, the  
*(continued on page 22)*





# SMITTY'S BLUES

by DAVID FRANKEL

There once was a taxicab fleet  
That owned every good spot on the street  
And all they needed to get  
Was the Hotel Lafayette\*  
To make the monopoly complete.

They'd every stand between Kearny and Polk,  
But nonetheless claimed to be broke,  
And since all of the gypsies  
Made money hand over fist, these  
Poverty cries were a joke.

Come hell or high water, each year  
They demanded an increase in fare,  
And though rate hikes caused tsuris,\*\*  
Their business was tourists;  
If you can stay at The Mark, wudda you care?

And each year the supervisors got tough,  
And said "Things all over are rough.  
If you can't afford it,  
Then submit to an audit.  
This time we're calling your bluff.

"Yes", they said, "You've gone far enough.  
We're tired of hearing your guff.  
We don't need  
Another Lockheed.  
NEXT TIME you're getting rebuffed!"

But one day they just went too far,  
And, like the proverbial straw,  
The next fare increase  
Caused all business to cease.  
It was cheaper to purchase a car.

So the supes finally did what they hafta,  
And the city was joyous with laughter;  
Prices rolled back  
To what people could hack,  
And everyone rode happily ever after.

\*Located in the gristle of the not-so-tender loin, the Lafayette is not your basic tourist hotel.

\*\*Yiddish word for problems, like those of normal working people caught in the economic squeeze.



## INTERVIEW

### Pete Derenale

New Man on McKinnon Avenue

**T**HE WELL ATTIRED gentleman that many of you may have observed in and about the City Cab yard and office is none other than Pete Derenale, a man who first paid gates in 1929. The Deep City Press felt that anyone who could make a living in the cab business after the crash of '29 merited further investigation. Mr. Derenale is City Cab's new general manager. This correspondent feels that anyone who got through the last depression certainly has something to offer all of us at City Cab. In order to learn more about this gentleman and to introduce him to the City Cab fleet Mr. Derenale granted us this exclusive interview.

*City:* Pete, how long have you been in the Cab business?

*Derenale:* Since 1929. In 1929 I went to work for the Yellow. I was driving Red Top with a fellow named Billy Burke who was a fighter and later became a referee. We worked out of the Yellow garage at 245 Turk. I drove for about two years. And then I left temporarily because of my age. I was only 15 years old. Then in 1933 I re-instated myself back into the union and I've been with the union ever since.

*City:* Was your work then primarily for the union or for Yellow?

*Derenale:* Well, actually what I did because of my age was park cars for

the Yellow on Market Street. I've been in the industry well over 40 years. My actual confirmation date with the union is 1933, but I started driving in December of '29. I drove Yellow from '33 to '35 and then I left there and went to work Luxor. After that I drove for many of the independent cabs. Most of the people today use the slang pirate or bandit. I always referred to them as independents. I drove for Pomoroy, Sunshine, Red and White, Green and White and White Top. There were a lot of small operations whose names I don't remember. In the old days we had a situation similar to today with Yellow having all the stands. In 1922 we had the first cab strike. The unions were just starting to form in those days. But after the general strike of 1934, that's when labor became noticed in San Francisco and an active force in the cab business.

*City:* Why did you decide to come to City Cab?

*Derenale:* Well, it's a funny story. I had planned to retire last year but because of the new Federal Retirement Act, I was advised that it would be to my advantage to work for a while. I was going to go to work in the bail bond business because in the 14 years I've been a union officer I went down to the Hall of Justice many many times helping the fellows, seeing what I could do for them. I knew my way around there pretty good and was familiar with all the guys down there. But the last day I worked for the union Phil Rancatore called me and said he had to talk to me. He asked me if I would accept this job. I told him



yes that I would try it. And if I felt that I could handle it fine-- I would accept it. If not I would go somewhere else.

*City:* There are a lot of people who make their living at City Cab and many of us are wondering what you expect of us. In particular what do you expect of the drivers?

*Reynolds:* You know the cab driver of today is not the cab driver that we used to have years ago. There was never a time in my life in all the years that I drove a cab that if an elderly woman or elderly man came up that I didn't get out of that cab and open the door for them. I've seen guys today who will open the trunk and let the fare load the luggage. They get a 3-4-5-10 dollar trip, whatever it is, and then they get stiffed and they wonder why. Another way to loose money is not to clean the cabs up. There's an air hose out there. It takes a few minutes to blow out the cab and empty the ash trays. This makes for money in the driver's pocket. I don't particularly care if a man wants to wear his hair long. That's his business. If they want to wear it extremely long they are going to have to pin it up and wear caps. I arbitrated for 228 drivers at Yellow Cab at one time regarding dress code, beards and hair length. We set a precedent that the drivers would buy, the public would tolerate and the company could live with.

*City:* Do you feel that courtesy and professional conduct make the business of driving a cab more pleasant and profitable?

*(Continued on page 25)*



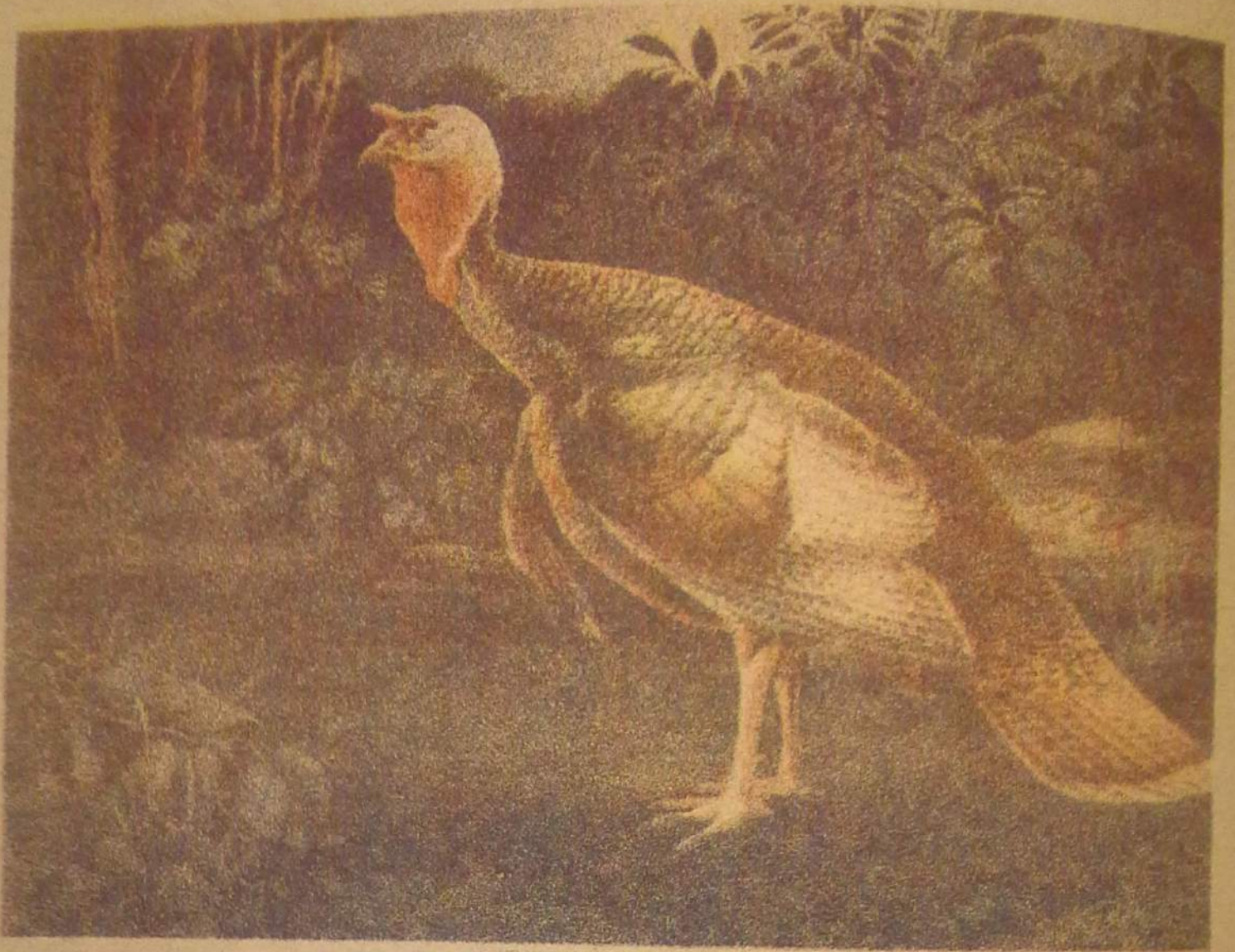
Breakfast - Lunch  
6 a.m. - 3 p.m.  
Everyday

**FULL BAR**

1233 17th Street  
(near Texas)

**Bottom  
of the  
Hill**





## *This bird takes no chances*

**A**LMOST ANYONE who has hunted the wild turkey, will tell you that it is one of the most cautious of all birds.

Wild turkeys can be shot, but it isn't easy. If a hunter plans to shoot from a blind, he can't build the blind all at once, but must do it in stages long before the hunting season starts so that the turkeys have a chance to get used to it.

Even then, it is said that if so much as a fallen branch in the immediate vicinity of the blind is disturbed, the keen-eyed, careful turkeys will give the place a wide berth.

This is but one of many examples of the turkey's caution. Woodsmen say that when the hen

turkey leaves her nest, she almost always flies so that no tracks will betray the site to a fox or wild-cat. When the big birds are feeding or taking dust baths, they take turns standing guard so that no enemy can catch them unawares.

Due to these exceptional precautions, when the wild turkey meets with an accident it is usually not his fault. This is more than you can say for man.

Because man has no natural enemy of much consequence save himself, the instincts which make wild things cautious have become dulled in him. Striking proof of this can be found in the number of accidents men suffer through carelessness in working with their own machines.



"I'll be right down with the money. ...."

Another TRUE LIFE Cab Story

# INCIDENT ON BAY STREET

BY DON ALGER

SATURDAYS IN JANUARY are the worst of days for taxi drivers. And this one in particular was no exception. Everything that could have gone wrong did and everything that should have gone right didn't. It was as simple as that. The only high-spot-of-the-day was an airport stolen out of the Stanford Court while two Yellows sat idly by and read the want ads. All else was tiresome and unprofitable.

Returning on 280 from the 'Port, I elected to take the 4th Street exit and head down 3rd to Kearny. Must be some late shoppers I thought to myself. At Market Street, a young, well-dressed gentleman wanted a taxi. Within a flash, I crossed Market and glided effortlessly to a stop by the waiting customer.

"Do you know where the Travelodge on the Wharf is?" he asked.

"Which one: 250 Beach or Bay & Columbus?" I answered knowingly.

"Oh, the one over by the Villa Roma by Columbus. That one," he stated with equal authority.

As it turned out, the passenger was originally from Chicago, and had recently been transferred so San Francisco as a part of his firm's management training program. Knowing something of Chicago, I asked him

about home neighborhood.

"I was born and raised around 47th and Pulaski, on Chicago's West side," the passenger mused. "Went to Kelly H. S., the Catholic league basketball champs for six years. And later, went to the University of Illinois at Urbana and graduated in Business Management. Now San Francisco. Great town here. I can hardly believe that I'm here."

The trip was fast drawing to a close as the stoplight at Bay Street turned green. "Left here and up by those apartments," the passenger suggested.

City Cab 1205 glided into a parking place in the 600 block of Bay Street arriving with another happy City Cab passenger.

"I'm kinda sorry," the passenger said with a note of chagrin. "I'll haveta run up to my apartment for a minute to grab some money. Spent too much for lunch I guess."

"Sure. Okay," I said, noting the increased number of radio calls. "Yeah, but hurry. Business is starting to pick up."

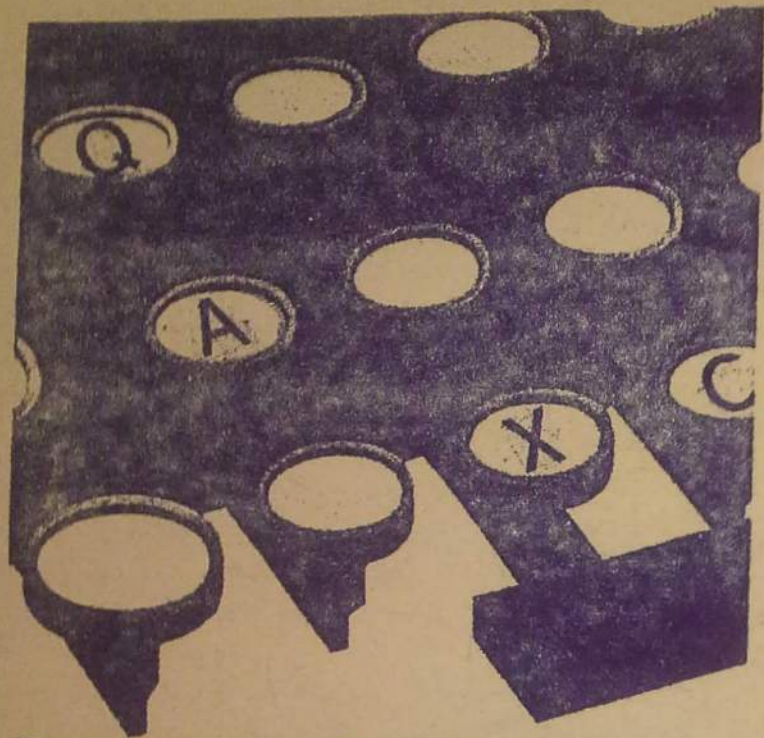
He said he would and bounded on long, young legs across the street to 649 Bay. I watched as he checked his mailbox, then opened the iron gate and went up the stairs to his apartment.

After a few long minutes, my concern started to grow. As I remember, that concern doubled when a "Lombard & Van Ness" was announced. And yet, nothing the young man had said or had done gave me the slightest inkling of the coming events.

Five more minutes had passed and the meter - left on - had clicked to \$5.20. And still no passenger.

Finally, I did the easiest thing. I crossed Bay Street to 649 and rang  
(Continued on page 28)





You must remember this: a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh...

## AS TIME GOES BY

by David Bolton

I guess I was about thirteen when I had aspirations of becoming a dentist. Perhaps it was the fascination of the instruments, the open mouths and the mysterious work that went on in there as my dentist tightened the bands on my braces. Anyway, I definitely decided on being a dentist. No ifs, ands, or buts.

This firm volition stuck with me until my senior year in High School, where I discovered I had a definite affinity for the humanities, but none for the "hard sciences", namely math, chemistry, etc. It was at this point that I opted for becoming a lawyer. Law school seemed much more appealing than dental school. By

then my outlook on the world had become jaded enough that I knew I could bullshit my way through anything. And the money wasn't bad either. Since I came from two generations of lawyers, it was only natural that I should be one too.

Then along came that so-called revolution in consciousness in the late sixties. I discovered the Haight Ashbury, worked my way through peace and love, LSD, ad nauseum and cliché, until suddenly the inner world began to hold a greater interest for me than the outer goals I had set for myself. My love for English literature led me to the unquenchable belief that the stars had destined for me to be a writer. No ifs, ands, or buts.

I was nineteen.

But how does one go about being a writer? It's such an undisciplined discipline. One can not simply go to school and take courses on being one as he can in other professions. For two years all I did was talk about writing. Oh, I could talk up a storm then. I pictured myself like Alfred Lord Tennyson, standing on a rock by the turbulent sea, defying the wind and brine, as my fierce eyes cut through the illusion and linked onto the cosmic mind. "A writer must be willing to suffer!" I told my stoned friends through a cloud of marijuana smoke. "He must always be alone! Alone with his words!" Pompous epitaphs indeed. Especially coming from one who had only written term papers.

Then one day I became frightened. The fear snuck in while I was in graduate school. Here I was studying the classics for "my future work", which I held in such sacred importance, and I had not written a



creative word. As an old professor used to say in his discussions on the novel, "The protagonist has come to an impasse." Up until then I had assumed that great novels were just brimming in my insides, just waiting to be told. All I needed to do would be to sit down at the typewriter and begin punching the keys. A mere recorder of the cosmic world. Move over Dante.

All this was suddenly washed away. Either I had to start or let the dream die like an earlier dream, when I had visions of being a baseball player but was about as useful as a cracked bat on the field. But where to begin? I asked myself.

The answer came to me a year later when I woke up one morning with a hangover and the same obsession swimming around in my head. "When are you going to start writing?" the voice asked me. "If you don't start soon, you'll be a fake, a fake spouting off to impress his friends."

I had to do something. First it involved a little rearranging of my life. It only took about twenty-four hours, but in that time I cancelled the wedding a month away, drew five-hundred out of a joint bank account, left behind what I could not stash in my suitcase, and stuck out my thumb on the Baltimore-Washington parkway. Three days and ten rides later, I was in California.

In Truckee, sitting by Donner Lake, I started to write. I've been at it ever since.

## H A I K U

bright sun drills through  
rear mirror of my cab eyes  
stark awake am I

montgomery street noon  
flashing legs hot cab give me  
steel gas orgasm

outlaws pushing steel  
through neon concrete mazes  
celebrate the night

holly



**FULL  
BELLY  
DELI**

**HOMEMADE SOUPS  
GIANT SANDWICHES  
CAPPUCCINO**

**2210 FILLMORE  
at Sacramento**

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CATERING  
921-3294**



CITY CAB





## rocky shops on his day off

Cruising with my cart in the Market St. Safeway.  
Loading up with holiday nuts in the produce  
I was annoyed at the old women  
cutting in front of me  
and beating me to the plastic bags-  
It was tricky going past the milk and yogurt  
with protein freaks triple parked (like Stockton St.)  
by the Monterey Jack-  
This recession Wednesday it was light traffic by the meat counter  
I lingered too long looking at the plasti-wrapped rainbow trout  
and nearly side-swiped a cart of charcoal lighter  
and bags of charcoal--  
Moving good now flowing with the shoppers  
past the marked-down post-Thanksgiving cranberry sauce  
rolling easy by the sleep - frozen deep dish pies  
a foxy chica standing platform-tall by the Lux for dishes-  
Whoa . . . careful now  
clerk with an "oversize" flat cart headed at me  
quick right in the half-block alley  
past the redwood herb tea display  
to  
checking-out the squaresville stiff with the calculator  
over by the paper towels  
looking like convention time in front of the Hilton-  
couple of elderly ladies doubleparked  
inthenarrow frozenfoodaisle  
realnarrowsqueeze--  
And somewhere in the wine department  
I realized I was pressing through traffic  
like my shopping cart had a meter.  
Later smiling at the check-out relaxed  
rolling out to the car  
cruising in traffic again - - -



two poems by

P  
A  
T  
R  
I  
C  
K  
S  
H  
A  
N  
N  
O  
N

### Those Eyes

When Katherine looks at you  
with those eyes  
And the day brightens up and is  
filled with surprise  
Her long hair is shining in long  
silken strands  
As you race thru green fields  
With her hand in your hand

You and I  
As mating pigeons fly

Should love stand true  
When our young days are thru  
We'll raise a family  
To carry the mystery  
With youth renewed.

### San Francisco

O San Francisco  
You sad and sunny, stormy lover  
You drape a misty arm about  
my shoulders  
And kiss me wetly upon my brow

I wandered half crazed thru  
your city streets  
Before your might and madness  
I knelt to weep

But O look now  
You roll back the banks of  
clouds  
And the sun drops  
In a flood of golden glory  
I sit beneath a rainbow  
And wonder at your tender, bitter story.

And so upon my voice I raise  
Your naked grace another time  
And wrap your body  
Veil your face  
With the woven cloth of rhyme  
But you spit venom at my feet  
And stiffly point to your property  
line

A peace officer rings the front  
door chimes  
The baboon behind the badge  
Bursts thru our unbolted door  
He points his gun at everyone  
This seems to bring him a lot of fun  
He takes away my best friend  
It will never happen again  
To hell with this whole way  
of life

Too much pain and too much strife

But O San Francisco  
You promised me - I  
A ferry to the other side  
A golden gate swinging wide  
Open to the sea and sky  
A promise of a newer life  
One candle in a foggy night.



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# GRADUATE STUDIES

ON THE STREETS EARNING A DEGREE

## YOU'RE AN EDUCATED BUM BY TOM ABBOTT

LARKIN AND UNION," he said, slamming the door. Sirens head our way. I slow down while checking out the rear view, but find no flashing reds. In front of me, the Stockton light before the Broadway tunnel turns red. The siren could come from any direction. I feel strangely unsafe.

"I always feel like ducking when I hear a siren, but some people, you know, just keep right on driving."

"Well," he says, looking over his shoulder for the fading sound, "anytime you hear a siren, stop!"

We ride in silence for a minute or two. "I think it's a terrible thing," he commented. "Whether it's a hole in the road, or the steering, those things go so fast, and they're about a mile long. It's just a human error. It's a terrible thing, but hundreds of people are killed every holiday on the roads and nobody complains. But a fire truck kills three people in the city streets and it's a big stink. Well, what do you think?"

"I think I would've been off that island if I saw that truck coming. As a cab driver I know how unsafe those islands are; my greatest fear is hitting a pedestrian. I think the design of Market Street is part of the problem--"

"But those islands have been there for years."

"But the way they redesigned the surface."

"How long have you been here?"

"A year and a half," I said, wanting it to sound longer than it felt.

"You people who've been here six weeks! You don't know anything and you want to change everything. What's your opinion based on?"

"My own thinking, and certain objective facts, such as the existence of the Muni tunnels under Market, which would get people off the islands in the middle of the street."

"Nothing more than that? That's alright but be honest about it."

"I am being honest."

"No, you're not. Is your opinion informed opinion or something you got out of the newspaper?"

"I've never seen the Muni tunnels mentioned in the newspaper."

"No? Well, those islands have been there over fifty years. People put them there: rightly or wrongly I don't know."

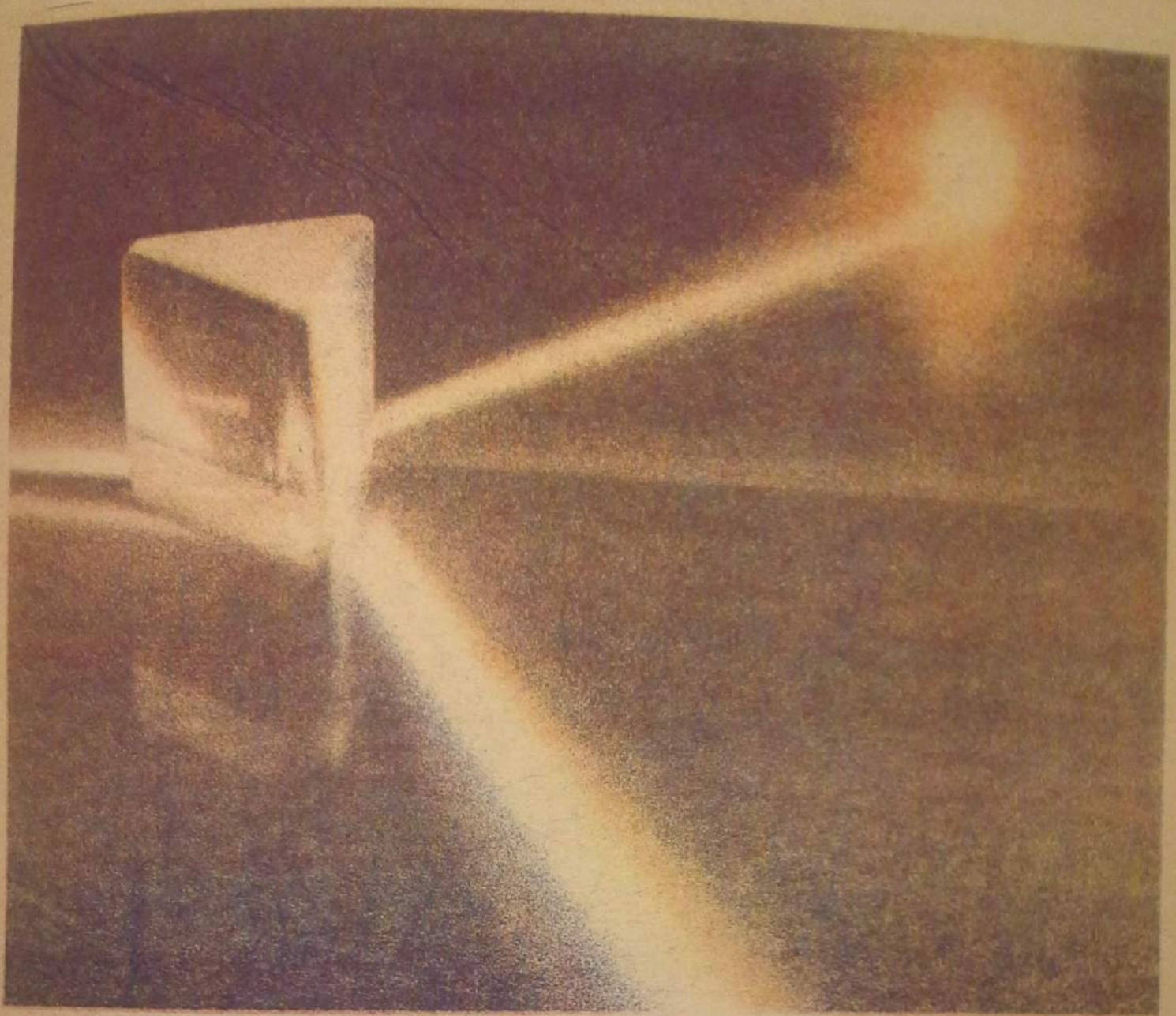
"My point is those tunnels--"

"I think you young people who come here and criticize everything, you might stop and think for awhile. Some of us have been here a long time, and we don't like that sort of thing. You may go to college or have

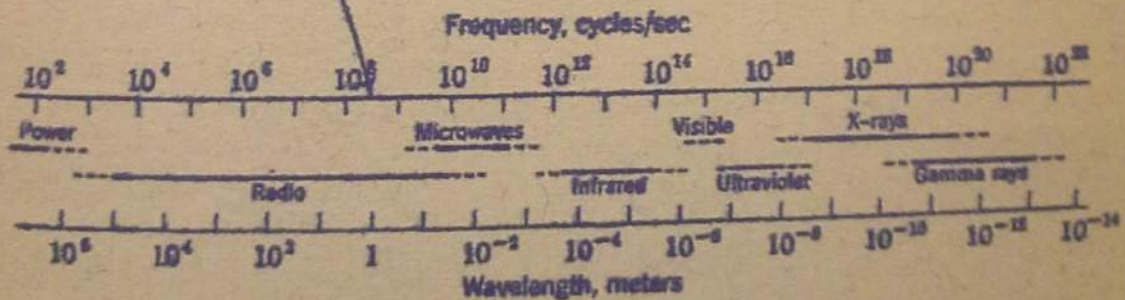
*(Continued on page 24)*







KRO 357 →  $452.1 \times 10^6 \text{ Hz} = 4.521 \times 10^8 \text{ Hz}$



THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM

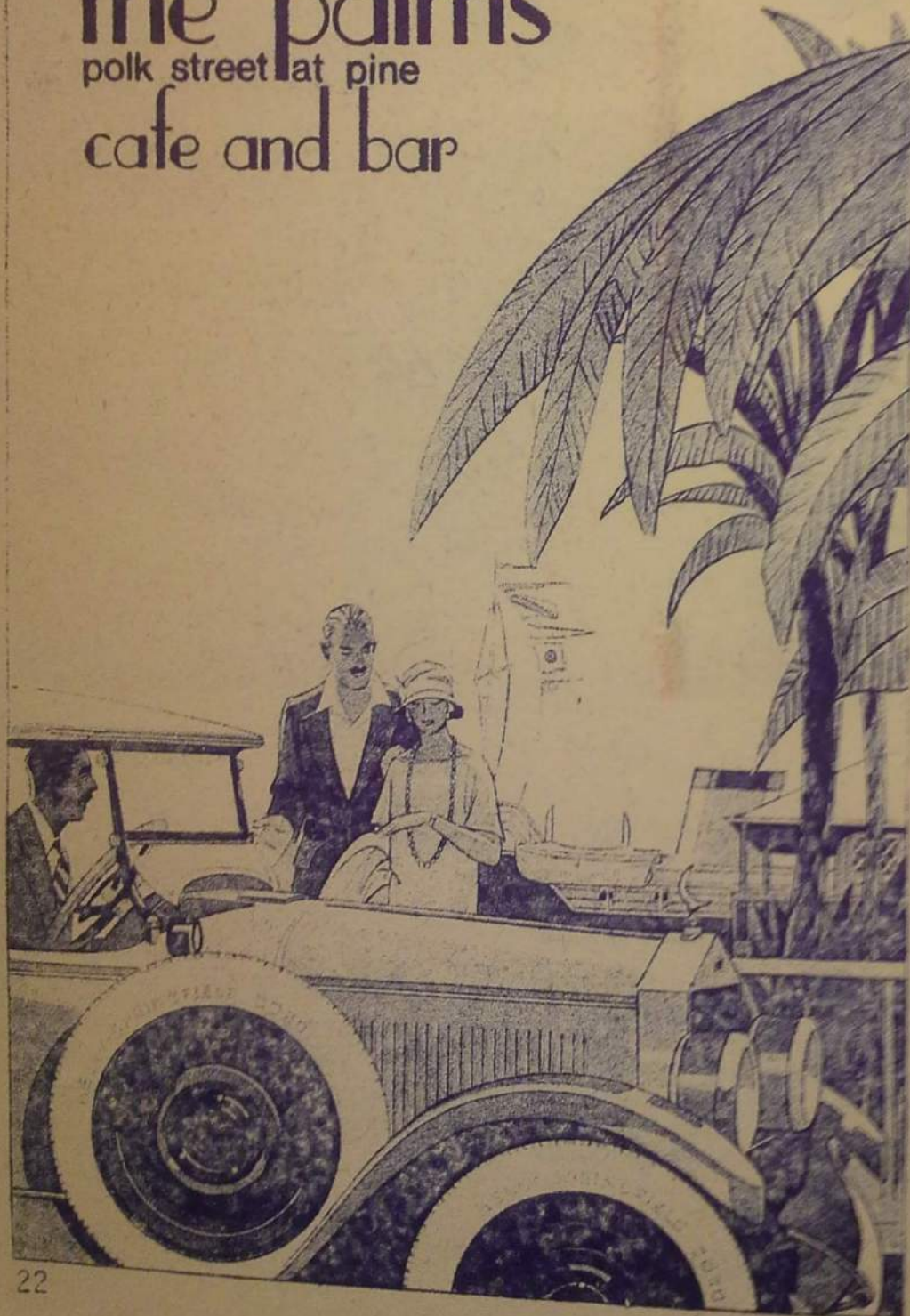


(MORE CABS cont'd. from page 8)  
nomads were on an endless search across the plains of Africa for watering holes and plots of grass, so their cattle could graze. Certain times of the year would find them in different places. They followed the weather and their system worked.

Then a number of years back this all changed. Countries were born from colonies, new boundaries were set up, and suddenly the nomad found himself on the outside. Western technologists irrigated the land and the nomad's roaming came to an end.

# the palms

polk street at pine  
cafe and bar



The result of having the cattle stay in one place was horrendous. The scant topsoil, never given a respite from the cattle's teeth, quickly wore away, the Sahara Desert advanced a hundred miles in a decade, and everyone starved to death or became dependent on charity from abroad. Another fatality in abstracts.

"So what can we do about that?" a bartender might say. "I've got my own problems and plenty of them!"

There may be nothing we can do about over there, but there is something we can do about here. Obviously the government is helpless to cope with the problem, as it prefers to stick its multitude of heads into the sands of bureaucracy. But a consumer rebellion is not impossible. Just because Detroit makes ten million automobiles does not mean we have to buy them. Next time you're thinking about getting a new car, save yourself some money. Take a cab.



## only then andrew wells

amid the haste  
did we realize it,

bedraggled, our dusty cape,  
the din of moths  
in twilight

under a purple hat;

The imprisoned stars  
now released, finding  
their winds,

their chosen continents.

Traveling hard  
we felt the  
hands of winter:

Hands calloused,  
death's leather  
that numbed the blood

conceiving the question  
of anfractious purpose,  
tight as the skin  
of the deformed mannikin.

So we unraveled its cover  
turning it backwards,  
frontwards, inside out:

Looked at it in a thousand mirrors  
where even light, the savant,  
was confused.

It had been gilded  
with the swirling pen,  
but never defined,  
our purpose a leprous hole,

decaying, decaying,  
the rotten tongue,  
so at the eye's blink

we hit the stiff bend  
curving up into earth,  
within her green bosom:

unloading our hesitation,  
observed it was cast

into the orange flames  
we kindled, scorching  
those hands that knew  
only grip.

The neck won't support  
such thick textured voids,  
the denseness of reptiles.

The head is no cage  
where a hummingbird  
cannot see in.





# THE PARADISE CAFE

(EDUCATED BUM *cont'd.* from page 20)  
a PHD from some Lord Almighty school, I don't know, but none of you know anything. It's all book learning you've got. I know you hate that but it's true. You're all full of theory and the glories of youth, but have no experience."

"Why do you resent critical people?" I ask, looking at him in the rearview mirror.

"Because you presume to know everything. But really all you can do is talk, but you've got no action. You've done nothing and yet you think you know life, because you've lived in a commune or something with a free sex life. The whole lot of you are just a bunch of educated bums. That's what I think you are. We all think you are. That's why you're driving a cab," he said with a tone that revealed the emotions of his generation for mine.

"I'm driving a cab because I prefer it to a full time job. It isn't final."

"It probably isn't, but the way you think, it's all you may ever be. I can't understand why you young people don't say, 'I'm a man. The world is mine. I'm going to open it like an oyster.' Why bother about all this baloney, about corrupt politicians. The world is yours. Do what you want with it," he said.

"I have that idea within me, but the rugged individual is somewhat outdated."

"Look. Everything is what one thinks-- is it not? If you want to believe the world's against you, OK! Believe it. You can go down with it. You'll end up breaking windows and begging for a dollar. You don't have to go with the establishment. Go for yourself. Use what is there for





yourself. Look, I may sound cynical, but what good does hollering about how bad it is do? What good does it do you? What good does throwing bombs do anybody?" he asked with a deep resentment.

"Hey, hold it a minute! I don't believe in terrorism, man, but I definitely do see a need for a change, and I see the system resisting it."

"OK, but what are you doing with a college education driving a cab?"

I suggested that it had nothing to do with the system. "But with you. You've made the system. A college graduate never had to drive a cab before." \*\*

(INTERVIEW continued from page 11)

*Derenale:* Absolutely. You know I can go back 35 - 40 years and I can tell you that courtesy did more for me than it did for the company. And I'll tell you why. In those days if you booked 7 or 8 dollars a day you were a top booker. We used to make 18 dollars a week. But I used to make 3 or 4 dollars a day beyond what I booked and that was because I treated the people like human beings.

*City:* How do you see this year? Do you see City Cab growing?

*Derenale:* Yes, I can see it growing. But you know every successful business I've ever been in had to have some rules for the owners. And once we set the rules they follow them. As far as the drivers go I've been getting a lot of co-operation. Just by explaining what I want from the men. Anybody can walk around here and throw his weight around. But I don't believe in that. I'm not here for that purpose. \*\*

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(THE BIG GAME cont'd. from page 6)

second, playing shortstop, number 7/8, Bonzo Penner. Batting third, playing 3rd base, Nuts Boltston. Batting fourth at 1st base, Conrad Hilton. Batting fifth, at 2nd base, Yazoo Portillo. Batting sixth, catching, Early Simonsays. Batting seventh, in right field, Kool Breeze King. Batting eighth, left field, Shmo Harrison and pitching and batting ninth, Electric Earl the Pearl. Deep City's manager and coaches are Hot Dog Taylor, Good Fare MacMahon, Hal Do Yoo Doo, Wolfman Ralph, and Steve Hollyvar.

Deep City takes the field and first up for the Zephyrs will be shortstop Chuck Roast.

Pop! Chuck hits a line drive between Shmo and the Duck. As Chuck rounds first base Conrad hands him a green card and Chuck slides into 2nd after finding out that his chances for making a triple are 5 for 1. Second baseman Yazoo took the shotgun-like throw from Shmo in left-field and claimed it felt more like a 357 magnum as he observed his smoking glove.

The next batter is Brolio Reservo, filling in for the injured Bingo Mitler, who took a pickup. Reservo hits a grounder to shortstop. Coach MacMahon screams, "Pick 'em up, drivers, good ride." Penner fields the pickup and pauses for a second to say to the ball, "Have you heard the one about what happened to the two balls who got lost in a banana plantation?" Then the shortstop throws to the first baseman, who hands Reservo a green card. Runner on 3rd. One out.

Now up for the Zephyrs is Max Nodifference. Max lofts a high fly ball to Kool Breeze King in right-field. The cabbies are all yelling

out to rightfield. Yazoo at second yells out, "It's an airport!" Elmo Duck, wading in center, is doing an imitation of Ed Sullivan. The passengers watching the game think the rightfielder is dead but Kool Breeze is OK: he just took a snooze but left his motor running. Luckily the ball lands right on the crown of Kool Breeze's ten gallon hat and wakes him up. The rightfielder heaves a mighty toss to catcher Early as the runner at 3rd tags up. Here comes the ball. Here comes the runner. It's gonna be close! Umpire Joe Dunno calls him, "Out, I mean safe; gosh, fellows, I dunno, whoever gets it."

Catcher Early is going mad: "He's out!" says Early. "He don't have a union card." The runner, Chuck Roast, who couldn't be more fried, was boiling. Roast is screaming at the umpire, who tells Chuck to pick up Mark for his no go.

*A pause for station identification. The KRO 357 correct City Cab Time: 7:11 PM.*

Now up for the Deep City-- Nuts Boltston, who just finished writing a novel during this twenty-nine inning marathon. Nuts lines a single to leftfield. Batting for Conrad Hilton, who took all of the Zephyrs' relief pitchers to Mexico by car for \$ 1500 a head, number 99 44/100, Spike Friedman. Spike was chasing Deep City's number 02 all over the grandstand this afternoon but agreed to pinchhit. Spike takes ball four and it's men on 1st and 2nd and Yazoo at the plate. Yazoo lines a shot to the Zephyrs' first baseman, Muscles Marinara, who almost nabs Spike for a double play. One out. The batter is catcher Early Simonsays. Uh Oh! The pitcher, Hands



Fingers, has beaned Early with a fastball. Early pulls out his union card and shows everyone he's covered for hospitalization and takes 1st base. Bases loaded, one out, and up at bat is Kool Breeze King, who has been asleep for 27 of the 29 innings played. Pitcher Fingers throws Kool Breeze a curve that hits King's bat and stops in front of the plate. A great chance for a double play for the Zephyrs, but, lo and behold, Kool Breeze wakes up and trips on the ball, making him automatically out, but preventing the double play, and keeps Deep City's hopes alive. Deep City's last hope lies with Electric Earl the Pearl, the pitcher. Now here's the scoop. Bottom of the 29th, two outs, bases loaded. "Strike one, I think," says Joe. "Ball, I guess. Ball two, maybe. OK. Strike two, OK, fellas. Ball three. Never mind, alright."

And now the moment of truth.

"Time!" yells Electric Earl.

Coach Wolfman Ralph announces the KRO 357 correct City Cab time is 7:37 and 10 seconds. "Not that time," says Earl. "But time out, Ump!"

"Gosh, fellas, well OK," the umpire says.

Electric Earl walks out to the pitcher's mound and offers Hands Fingers, the Zephyrs' ace hurler, some magic dust to chew with his tobacco. Umpire Dunno breaks up the meeting and the game resumes. Here's the windup and the pitch. The ball goes sailing high over the catcher, the umpire and the entire grandstand behind home plate, and all the way to Silver Avenue where it crashes through Mrs. Jones' bedroom window and conks her on the noggin, giving her hangover an added thump.

"Ball four," says Joe.

Deep City Wins 1 - 0.

- El Ducko

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(INCIDENT-cont'd. from page 13)

all of the bells. Hopefully, the ex-passenger would say to himself: "How did the cab driver know my apartment number?" And even more hopefully: "Maybe I told him while we were talking in the cab. Better hurry and pay him."

Still nothing.

Soon an upper door opened.

"Who is it?" came a voice from upstairs.

"Taxi. You owe me some money," I said in no uncertain terms.

"Just a moment."

Within seconds, a lovely young woman descended the stairs. She quickly explained that I had been the eighth or ninth taxi driver since Christmas to be taken by George in Apartment #3. The neighbor recounted how George had skipped out on several Yellows, a Luxor or two and even an irate American Cab. Most of the drivers, however, had given up and left after a few minutes of waiting.

Now I was angry.

I stormed back to 1205 and called Ralph who was dispatching.

"05! Over!"

"Yes, 05. What is it?"

"Theft-of-service. Send the police to 649 Bay Street. I'll wait."

"05," came Ralph's answer, "you only have a half hour at best before that cab's due in."

"How long will the police take?" I asked.

"Say, fellow, they're busy too. Maybe, an hour or so. Bring 05 in and go back and wait."

"Call them!" I said with a certain badgerlike determination.

For 15 minutes I waited. Then, I recalled the SFPD from a phone booth down by the Travelodge. Within minutes, a black-and-white arrived on

the scene.

I explained what had happened as we cautiously climbed the stairs to Apartment #3. The hall was dark and dingy. A single bare 100W lightbulb burned in a broken ceiling fixture.

Only the sound of our footsteps could be heard.

At the door, both officers un-snapped the safety thongs on their holsters and loosened their weapons.

Knock. Knock.

No answer.

Knock. -Pause- Knock. Knock.

Still no answer.

After a moment's hesitation, the first officer routinely tried the doorknob to find it open. He then pushed the door slightly and stepped to the side as the door swung open to show a nearly bare apartment.

The first officer started forward, his right hand hovering near a ready Police Special. Seconds later, a woman's voice from the apartment stopped him cold.

"Who the hell are you? What do you cops mean by breaking into my apartment?" came the woman's answer.

The officer was startled and stepped back. On the defensive, the officers explained briefly that they were looking for a George and that he was said to be in this very apartment. Further, he explained that the door had been left unlocked.

"That still doesn't give you the right to break in. I want your badge numbers. Where's my pencil?" she said as she appeared in the half-light of the doorway.

Now more amused than apologetic, the second officer standing besides me offered the loan of his pen.

"You need a search warrant," she screamed as she closed the door with a slam.



The first officer replied through the door that one could be sent by radio and none was really needed in misdemeanor.

Hearing this, the second officer turned to me and said that this was basically true but they would lose their conviction on a bad entry. Impasse!

"Call our supervisor," suggested the second officer. "See what he thinks."

The entire North end of San Francisco was cooling off as rapidly as it does most evenings.

As the first officer remained by the door to Apartment #3 to phone his supervisor by walkie-talkie, the second officer and I went upstairs to continue the questioning of the neighbor.

According to the young lady on the top floor, George was the building's resident troublemaker and had threatened reprisals after being told to turn down his stereo at 3:00 AM. "Sure, we know he is in there. We can even hear them talking about the cops in their bedroom."

"I almost forgot," said the officer. "Is there a back door or fire escape to that apartment?"

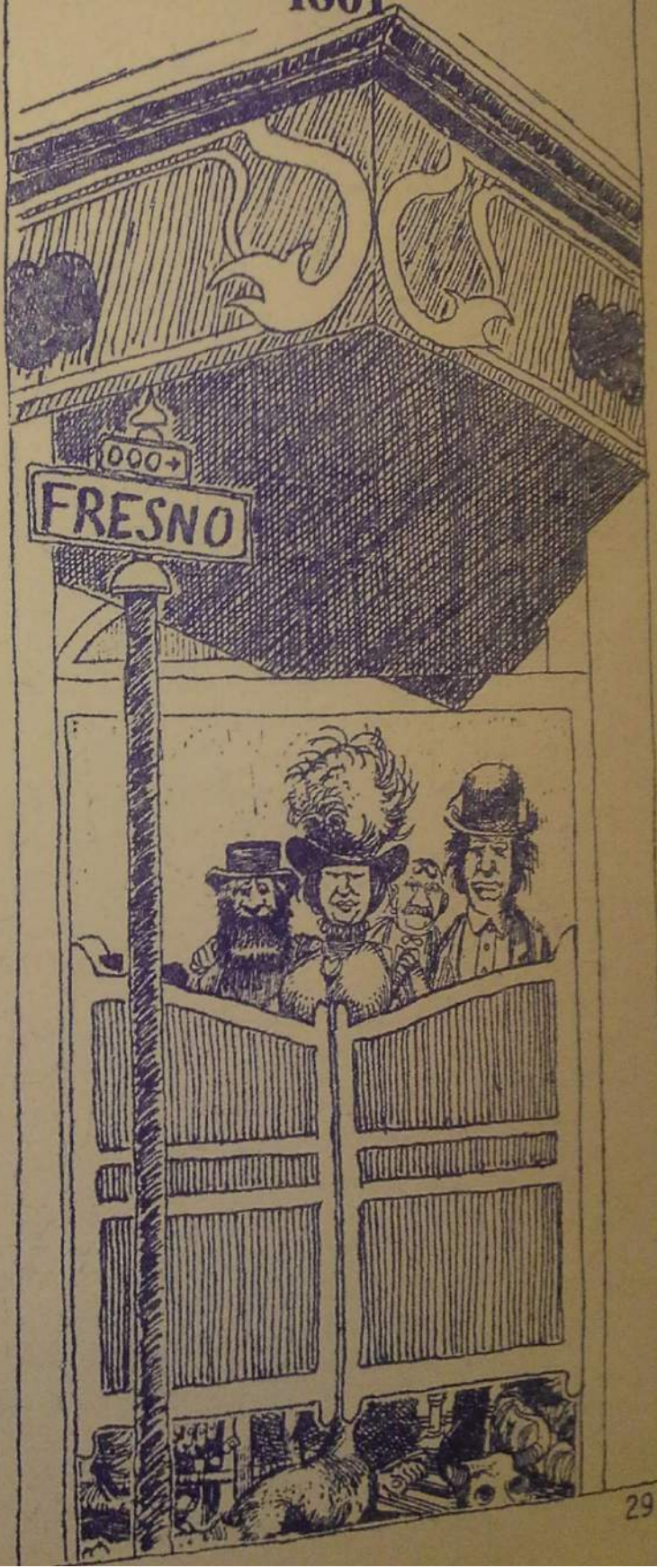
"Yes. On the front of the building. Why do you ask?"

"Quick," said the officer. "We haven't a moment to lose. Thanks for your help." As fast as possible we skipped down three flights of stairs to the street level to check the fire escape.

Nothing. The building's fire escape was still coiled up around the second floor. As we looked up at the building, we were joined by another black-and-white driven by a large, beefy SFPD Sgt. who emerged impressively from the one-man car.

# SALOON

ESTABLISHED  
1861





"How do you know he is in the apartment?" the Sgt. asked.

"The neighbors say they can hear George talking to the chick," came the reply.

The Sgt. thought for a moment and concluded that there was not enough evidence to warrant a forced entrance. "We must have eyeball proof he is actually and in fact in that apartment." He paused for a moment and then continued, "Maybe. Just maybe, we can fox him out. It's a long shot, but you say the chick is real saavy, I've got an idea."

With the Sgt. in tow, the second officer and I trudged back up to the third floor landing where the first officer waited patiently.

Knock. Knock.

As before, the woman appeared.

"I'm their supervisor," the Sgt. announced proudly.

"How do I know that?"

The Sgt. then proudly showed his sleeve and his hard-earned stripes. And now the Sgt. was on the offensive as he asked: "You're very well-informed on all aspects of police procedure, where did you learn so much about the Law?"

"I'm a pre-Law student," she said with a sneer.

The Sgt.'s voice now modulated to new heights of admiration as he continued: "Then, you must know, as a future lawyer, that a search warrant is unnecessary in misdemeanor cases. Only where a felony has been committed is a judge's signature required on an order-to-search. Further, you can appreciate what an obstruction-of-justice conviction might mean when you take your Bar examinations. And besides, under most situations, an obstruction-of-justice charge can be considered a

felony."

The air was electric as she considered her alternatives.

"I lied."

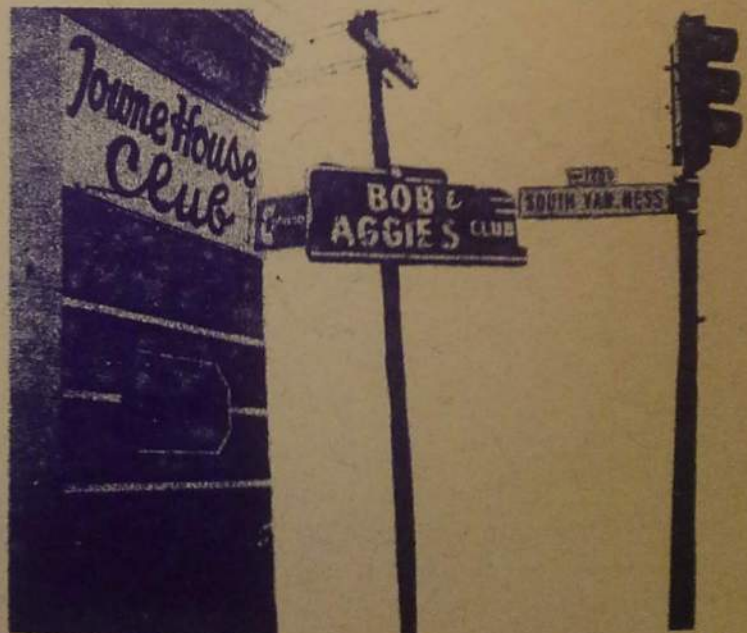
She explained that George would pay the fare and that she wanted no further trouble. As she said this, I went back downstairs to check on the meter and wait by #1205.

A few minutes later, George and the three officers appeared on the street level. Without a word, George meekly handed me a bedraggled \$5:00 bill. I made change and left as the serious questioning began by the flashing lights of a third black-and-white that had dropped by for the sake of curiosity.

Quickly, I reported in to Ralph who was deeply engrossed in a problem between two night drivers in disagreement over a basic taxi fundamental: who was there first. I was now 7 minutes late as I exited at Army but happier than I had been in days.

Some Saturdays in January it's damn near impossible to make gates without some extra effort. Damn near impossible. \*\*

*Meanwhile, back in the Mission...*







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**JULIAN PRIESTER • APRIL 5**  
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