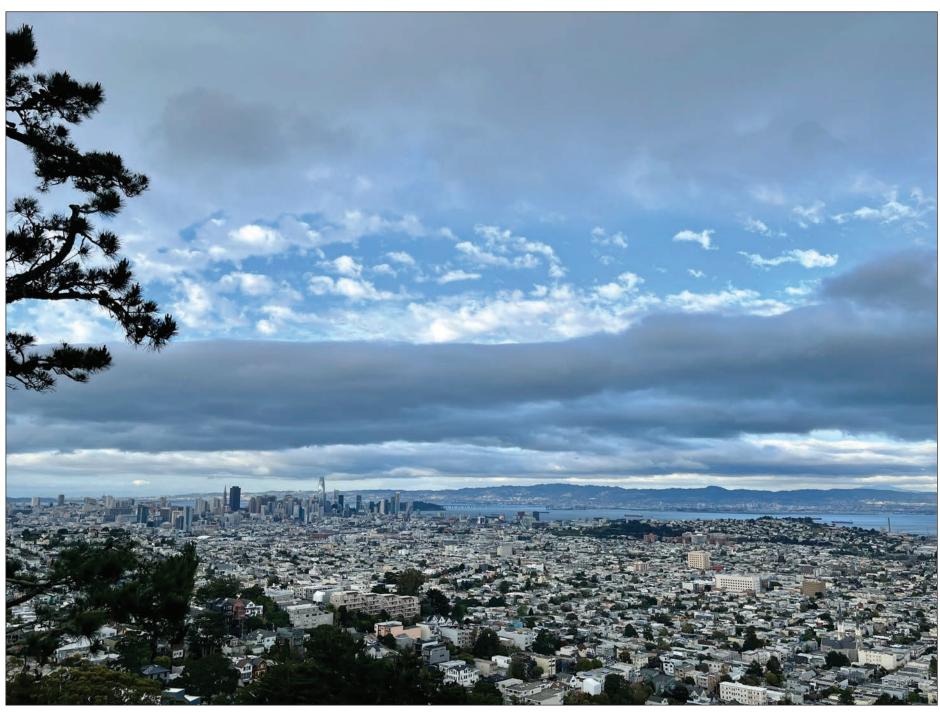


THE NOE VALLEY VOICE



Spring Skies: This view from Gold Mine Hill in Diamond Heights is a reminder of the storms that fed our current summer.

Photo by Sally Smith

hen thoughts are written down, marvelous things can happen. Passing your neighbor on the streets of Noe Valley you might not learn what they're thinking and of the possible connections present. This edition of *The Noe Valley Voice* attempts to bridge distances both ordinary and extraordinary. Some of your neighbors call themselves writers and willingly produce lyrical prose. Others, hesitant to adopt a label, email the work their muse has prompted with some hesitance. Like tossing a bottled message in the ocean, your fellow Noe Valeyan hopes for a response.

Meet Carol Casey, Chana Jacobs, Elise Kazanjian, Barrie Grenell, Dian Wynne, Jan Masaoka, Jessica Anderson, Megan G. Smith, Mimi Mueller, And Renzo Boler-Marshall. You'll hear again from Grace D'Anca, Dale Fehringer, Daniel Murphy, Kit Cameron, Daniel Raskin, Jeff Kaliss, Julie House and Mark Thoma.

Carol Casey's poetry has been published in the literary magazine of The Catholic University of America and *Bay to Ocean* journal. Her poem "Shirley and the Gods of Desire" was a finalist in the 2024 Crossroads Poetry Contest.

Dream from the Other Coast

Waking I see snow crowns the cars—still in Baltimore. I'm starting to know I'll stay a while. More than that, I've learned from dreams that knowledge has no power, power's an illusion. Love is all. And California's lovely. Salt off the Pacific. Earth's faults showing through.

How To Make a Beach

The glass river invites breaking. Dive and shattered water heals behind you.

Swallows flee their pier-y nests, dip and whirl.

Carol Casey

Eagles fall upward, from cliffs into high currents.

On the bay, a tugboat chuffs behind a barge, the rusty sound of work carried by water.

You think you are floating through life.
You think, I have made nothing.

You stumble out of the river, wet and dripping like some kind of beach B-movie monster.

In your wake, a tiny ripple pushes a grain of sand against a pebble.

Wittgenstein's Lion by the Bay

You're aswim in language—the breaking wave a shy lover, who leaves his letter on the shore then runs.

Awash in metaphor, you think the steady waves are the visible heartbeat of the bay. Do waves conspire to carve the curving cove?

Try this to understand: Like a tide-tossed naiad, lie down in wet gritty sand, where the rising wave ends in its breaking and the bay washes over the land.

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was not a personal friend of Alan Blackman and know nothing of his social circle or surviving family. The story of our encounter is a little unusual.

In 2010, I was an elder student returning to college at the age of 59. I was enrolled in the graphic design and digital illustration programs at City College of San Francisco.

As part of that program, I studied typography. Students were tasked with finding a particular typeface of interest and then producing a textual presentation regarding the chosen design. I was fortunate enough to happen upon the beautiful Celtic-inspired Galahad typeface designed by Alan Blackman and available through Adobe.

As I was conducting the research, I was quite surprised to learn that the calligrapher, Alan Blackman, was a Noe Valley neighbor. He lived above the Little Chihuahua restaurant on 24th Street.

When he traveled, Alan Blackman would mail himself postcards on which he celebrated the design of the postage stamp from his mailing locale with the creativity of the calligraphy he used to address the card. While visiting Canada, he honored the Canadian postage with

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE VOICE welcomes your letters to the editor. You may write the Noe Valley Voice, P.O. Box 460249, San Francisco, CA 94146, or send an email to editor@noevalleyvoice.com. Please include your name and contact information. (Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication.) Be aware that letters may be edited for brevity or clarity. We look forward to hearing from you.

Editor's Note: David Meeker sends us this remembrance of Noe Valley lettering artist Alan A. Blackman, known for his whimsical postcards and envelopes, sent to family, friends, and himself. Blackman died on June 6, 2024, at the age of 96. (He was born in Brooklyn, NY, in 1928.) From the 1960s on, he lived in San Francisco, in both the Haight and in Noe Valley at 4119 24th St. The Noe Valley Voice published an interview with Blackman in April 1996 in which he related his experiences as a sex information hotline volunteer.

In a guest blog for the San Francisco Library's History Center, Blackman described how he started sending envelopes decorated with stamps and calligraphy to his young son Stephen (with a duplicate to himself) in 1968. There were never any notes inside, just the colorful envelopes. He continued sending the letters for 36 years. Blackman also designed fonts, two of which were published by Adobe. At the bottom of this page, designer David Meeker shows and tells us the history of the typeface and its creator.

Blackman's art was displayed by the Main Library in a 2015 exhibit called Letters to Myself. This fall, the magazine Alphabet: The Journal of the Friends of Calligraphy will feature his work.

Alan BlackmanA San Francisco Treasure

By David Meeker

the first iteration of what became the Galahad typeface.

As I was walking past La Boulangerie one day, I happened to cross paths with him. I took the liberty of introducing myself and explaining my unusual situation as a novice designer and student.

I invited him to dinner at a local establishment so that I might pick his brain a bit and learn more about the development of Galahad. And he was gracious enough to accept my invitation.

Alan Blackman seemed an eccentric character, a gay man of an earlier age and mindset. The conversation drifted from the typographical to the personal

and gave me a glimpse of the difficulties of the lives of such men in the 1950s, in great contrast to what I had experienced as a gay man who came of age in the 1970s San Francisco scene. I was most grateful to Mr. Blackman for his generosity of time and spirit of encouragement to me as a novice designer. And to this day I use Alan Blackman's Galahad typeface on my greeting cards and many other design creations.

Perhaps the best I can do to honor this San Francisco treasure is to provide you the product I created for that typography class many years ago. It honors Mr. Blackman and his Galahad typeface.

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THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

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

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CO-PUBLISHERS/EDITORS
Sally Smith, Jack Tipple
EDITOR THIS EDITION
Jack Tipple

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS AND EDITORS
Corrie M. Anders, Associate Editor
Matthew S. Bajko, Owen Baker-Flynn, Karol
Barske, Michael Blake,
Kit Cameron, Liz Highleyman, Jeff Kaliss,
Doug Konecky, Roger Rubin

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER
Art Bodner

ACCOUNTING
Jennifer O. Viereck
PRODUCTION
Jack Tipple, André Thélémaque
DISTRIBUTION
Jack Tipple
WEB GURU
Jon Elkin
ADVERTISING SALES

Pat Rose, Jack Tipple
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alligrapher Alan Blackman is a San Francisco treasure .

n the 1950s he earned degrees in sociology, literature and anthropology from both Queen's College in New York and Oxford University in England.

A fter earning the degree from Oxford in 1957, he secured a position with the University of California's Robert H. Lowie Museum of Anthropology in Berkeley where he remained until 1964.

Ouring this period he experienced the work of three graphic artists which he attributes as being the catalysts for his career transition:

Arthur Baker's commercial signage and calligraphy exhibits at University of California at Berkeley, Alfred Fairbank's Dryad Writing Cards, and

Herman Zapf's calligraphic creations exhibited at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art (then housed in the Veteran's War Memorial Building on Van Ness Avenue.)

Oncurrently he was studying calligraphy under Al Egbert at the California College of Arts & Crafts in Oakland.

By 1976, Blackman was teaching his own calligraphy classes. He has taught throughout the United States as well as in Europe and Asia.

One such class is entitled "Addressing Envelopes" which is a practice in which the artist has been engaged for many years.

s he travelled around the world, calligrapher and stamp collector Alan Blackman developed an artist's devotional habit—he would purchase stamps at the local post office and use them to mail a postcard addressed to himself at, his home in Noe Valley.

Each postcard presented a design challenge to the calligrapher— to create letterforms reflective of, and in the spirit of, the postage graphic.

Pictured below is the postcard which became the inspiration for the Galahad typeface.



Regular:

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
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àáâããåçèéêèìſĭĭðñòóôõ÷øúûüþ

Old Style:

1234567890#\$%+,-/<=>¢€¥¦§±²³′½¾

Alternate:

dobe Systems knew of Alan
Blackman's work and approached him
about developing a more humanistic
and calligraphic digital typeface.

or his solution, Blackman chose what he considered to be the most formal of his styles as exemplified by this postcard mailed from Canada in 1989.

e constructed each letterform individually using a broad-edged turkey quill-pen and Japanese stick ink, then honed them to a point, of personal satisfaction.

Next began the work with the Adobe type design team to refine and digitalize the letterforms.

The task was to convert Blackman's calligraphic letterforms into a cohesive set which would work well with high resolution monitors and printers.

Working with the team throughout the process, Blackman and his colleagues presented the beautiful final results we see here in 1994.

Galahad is intended to be used both as a display font but also for short passages of text in a size as small as the fourteen points used in this presentation.

S tylized sets, such as font-wide alternate weights or stylizations are not available with this typeface.

wever, the calligraphic beauty is expanded by a substantial set of Old Style and Alternate letterforms and characters, many of which are present here.

These calligraphic flourishes enhance the page texture and bring such lovely energy to this typeface.

or the visual pleasure of Galahad, we are most grateful to Mr. Alan Blackman.

David Meeker, of www.davidmeekerdesigns.com, produced this portrait for a class in 2010. It honors lettering artist Alan Blackman and Blackman's creation, the display font Galahad.

Grace D'Anca

Apocalyptic Clouds

Apocalyptic clouds caldera dance bump and grind percussing warnings through endless roux of blue blue sky sneezing, wheezing a rant of razor letters from men under red caps with minds like dirty bombs scorched treasonous by bleach

men with lies for tongues gnashing the halo around the earth pulverizing hope and freedom

men in red caps like drunken hunters gorging on power calling for abolishment of life as we know it.

Random Saturday

Cross town bus from affluence to reality tourists thin out when the sights get serious enter two exquisite sisters likely four and six in party dresses red bowed sparkly shoes left over from Christmas both huge brown eyed pony tailed

a woman uproots swiftly across the aisle makes room for them to sit later I see her seated with her man his arm across her shoulder loving, protective she lets her guard down

the no nonsense driver vacates her throne to be sure the young woman in the sport wheelchair is secured she is she says sitting straight up in the backless chair mesmerized by what floats

through her ear buds the scrim of electric blue sky backlights clumps of clouds I want to taste the lone magenta house on the slope to The Peaks sings over the hum of the day.

Grace D'Anca's poetry has been presented in Forum, Raquet Journal, Noe Valley Voice, Community Living Campaign, and Elder Litquake publications, and was featured in Deborah Slater Dance Theater's In The Presence of Absence. She is a member of Cosmic Elders and Drama With Friends performance ensembles, and Dance Generators inter-age workshop.



Photo by Jack Tipple

You Were Everywhere

A spaghetti fundraiser at the school. The stove didn't work a skittish neighbor ferried hot ragu from around the corner we were in charge and about to cry

you were there. Had I met you before? You said you could help but we had to do what you said it turned out you were a career waitress

you got it under control by the time another neighbor showed up in her best hat with the cash box Cheshire cat grinning at the front door.

Seems like you were everywhere after that neighborhood meetings laying out a slew of snacks pouring coffee with real cream

often the only amiable person at the democratic club standing behind a table you filled with delectables

you drove me to SPCA when I got my tiger cat

huddled next to me in the ER when they thought I had a brain blip I didn't have to be scared about the off the hook guy on the other side of the curtain

at my husband's bed side when he needed a witness to be certain he was ready for the magic cocktail.

You were beyond generous your gate always open your door always unlocked your hands warm making sure people felt welcome had a place to belong

always a sweet surprise in my mailbox at holiday candy corn chocolate Santas jelly beans kindness.

I will miss that and I will play it forward.





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Cynthia D.

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Kit Cameron

Meyer Lemon Marmalade

If you are lucky enough to have a Meyer Lemon tree in your back yard, I beg you go out and inhale the smell of lemon blossom. I grew up with that smell in the citrus community of Upland, California; ordered rows of Navel and Valencia oranges marched from the foothills of the San Gabriel mountains down to the cow-manure-fragrant flats of Chino.

The lemon tree in our back yard came with the house. Mostly we shared out our bounty in a basket on the front steps. But Covid gave us time to play with the fruit. A recipe on epicurious.com led me to the following;

You will need six lemons, four cups of water and four cups of sugar plus canning jars. Those are the only ingredients. You will want a pot large enough to boil up your lemons, water and sugar into a hot sticky slurry. You will need another pot to sterilize your jars. Hardware stores and will sell you a case of 12 half pint "crystal" jam jars.

One batch of lemon marmalade will fill six jars. During Covid jars were a precious commodity, hoarded and re-used. If I couldn't find commercial jars I could revert to my mom's method of sterilizing recycled jelly, pickle, what-have-you jars, which I then sealed with melted paraffin. The point of the seal, obviously, is to eliminate air from getting at the sweet fruit.

Go outside and find six ripe lemons. If you don't have your own tree you can go to the Saturday market at the Noe Valley Town Square and pick up Lisbon lemons from Twin Girls' fruit stand. They are thicker skinned and slightly tarter than Meyer Lemons but will also make an excellent preserve.

Cut your lemons in half, slice them as thinly as you have patience for and put them in a pot with four cups of water.



Have the fragrance of summer all year long.

Photo by Kit Cameron

Some marmalade makers would have you remove the seeds and put them in a cheesecloth bag to add to the mixture. I find this a little precious; I leave the seeds in and, for good measure, add an apple core. The natural pectin helps encourage the marmalade to jell. You don't need to add commercial pectin.

Let the pot of water with lemons sit overnight.

he next day, when you go in the kitchen, set seven half-pint canning jars and their lids inside a deep kettle; add enough water to cover them well. Get it up to a nice roiling boil and then reduce it to a simmer. At the same time stick a small plate in the freezer.

You are now ready to make marmalade. Get yourself positioned with a teaspoon for dipping hot syrup to test it on the frozen plate. Boil up your overnight lemons in the four cups of water and then turn it down to a simmer for about 45 minutes. You should lose a third to a half of the volume of water. Then use a long wooden spoon to stir in four cups of sugar. You can do that pretty quickly but you will want to keep stirring out the solids. And be careful of the HOT syrup..

Now let it come back up to close to a boil and start stirring it down. You can skim off any foam you see but there really shouldn't be any long-lasting foam. Use the teaspoon to fish out seeds and the apple core.

Get the plate out of the freezer and dribble a small amount of the mixture on it. Does it run freely or jell together? If it runs freely the marmalade needs to keep cooking down; if it jells it may be ready. I once over-boiled a batch of marmalade to an amber color waiting for it to achieve what I thought was marmalade consistency.

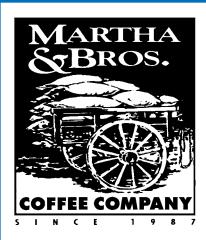
When the marmalade is the "right" consistency according to your frozen plate test, turn it off. Also turn off the simmering pan of jars. Using tongs, carefully remove each HOT jar and set it on the side. I lay down a kitchen towel, and drape the edge over the crack between the counter and the stove. It is much easier to wash sticky stuff out of towel than to clean it off the stove. Leave the lids in the water for now.

Ladle out the marmalade and fill six jars. Leave the seventh as an overflow, if necessary. You want to fill each jar to about 1/4 inch from the top. After they are filled, wipe the edges clean, fish out the lids and place them on the jars, gently tightening the rings. Using tongs, place them gently back into the pan of hot water and bring it back up to the boil. Let them simmer at least 15 minutes. (I walked away and did housework for half an hour; it didn't seem to have any ill effects except perhaps on my gas bill.)

 \boldsymbol{t} the end of the time fish them out with tongs, set them on the towel and let them cool before you move them. You will find you can tighten the rings. The top should be snuggly pressurized to the top of

In the frigid realms of winter, open up one of your jars of marmalade and enjoy the sweet fragrance of summer.

Kit Cameron moved into Noe Valley in 1977 and never left. After many years painting and teaching art to kids, she retired and began writing for the Noe Valley Voice.



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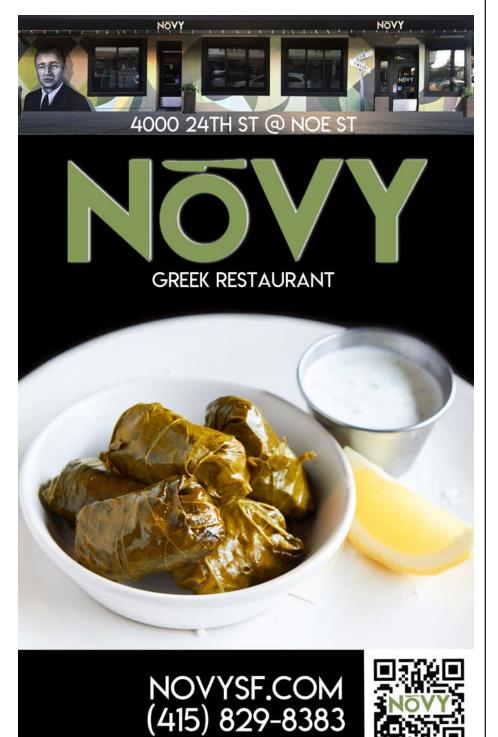
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Freyja Waits.

Photo by Jack Tipple

• Jessica Anderson •

Hector's Odyssey

e came to Elizabeth Street as kittens. I was a soft long-furred mostly white tabby. My brother Grayson was a slightly crazy and insecure gray tuxedo.

When my brother Grayson would be too much for me to be around with his worrying and loud crying, I left the front yard and slipped out over the front gate to the sidewalk. Many humans walked there. They would stop to pet me as I circled between their legs or when I rolled on my back. I liked humans.

I sauntered on Elizabeth with the late afternoon wind in my whiskers. I chased rats up the trees on Castro. The neighborhood outside the front gate was my territory alone.

Early one evening, I met Lydia outside on 23rd Street. She was dressed in layers with a coat, a sweater and a hoodie. She pushed a shopping cart that rattled loudly on the sidewalk. A dirty quilt, some books and some boxes of cereal filled the shopping cart.

She stopped and slowly stroked my back. I rolled over as she asked. "So Cat. do you live around here? Or are you between places like I am?"

She saw my collar, and unfastened it. "You don't need this old ugly thing," she said as she tossed the collar into the storm grate at the corner of Castro and Elizabeth.

Lydia put me into her cart. She found a string and tied it around my neck then tied it to the cart. "So you don't fall out," she laughed.



Photo by Jack Tipple

We left Elizabeth and kept walking. It got dark. The streetlights lit the shadowy trees. Lydia talked a lot. At last, we settled into the doorway of a store. She pulled the guilt out of the cart and held me close. She fell asleep and I think I did too. Many nights passed this way.

ydia was moody like my brother Grayson was. Sometimes she saw things I didn't or just cried out loudly. She calmed when she petted me. So, I just cuddled in. Sometimes she said she wished she could go home.

One day, we abandoned the shopping cart. Lydia carried me in the quilt. We took a long car ride. We arrived in a flat place with open grass and only a few trees. It definitely was not Noe Valley. There were no hills, just grass and low flat buildings. The air was hot, still, and filled with the loud noise of insects.

Lydia held me wrapped in the quilt. We got out

A few days later, Lydia and the new humans started yelling at each other. Lydia sounded frightened, then angry, then raging. The humans yelled, "Just leave! You can't take the cat!" The door slammed. I stayed under the bed.

The next morning, the humans pulled me from under the bed. I yowled. I ended up in a cat carrier anyway. After a short car ride, we were at the vet. "He has a chip," the vet said.

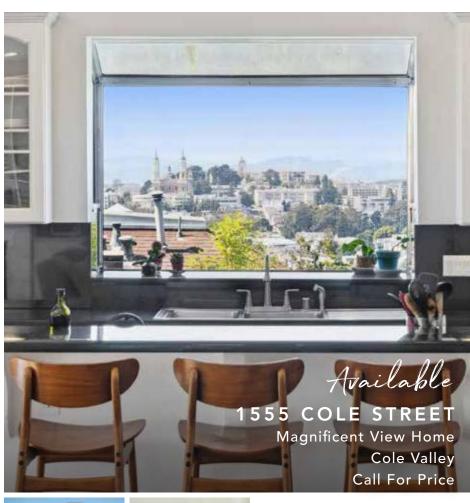
We returned to the house and I went back under the bed. The next day, the humans muscled me into the cat carrier again. They told me they had found my

humans one hundred miles away in San Francisco. During the long car ride, I slept. I woke up as I felt the carrier being lifted up a lot of stairs.

The door opened. I peeked out. I saw my brother Grayson. I gave him a lick on the head. He walked into the kitchen for a drink of water. I followed him. I was home.



Jessica Anderson moved to Elizabeth Street twenty-nine years ago. She has published a children's book, Marvin and the Three Kings. She recently published poems for the book Mandalas with art by Fletcher Oakes.









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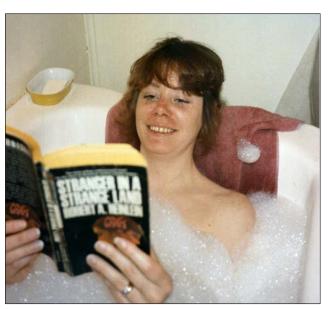
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Chana Jacobs

Jersey Beach

The granite steps warm my butt as I sip my coffee. South-facing, our stoop is an island of warmth in foggy San Francisco. Jersey Beach, we call it. Gray terrazzo steps lead to the two green doors of our white duplex on Jersey Street. Flowers bloom in the pots that line the stairs and four decades of echoes accompany me on the stoop.

Echoes of my two sons' footsteps running up the inside stairs of our flat and down the back into the garden which houses a jumble of toy trucks, buckets and shovels in the makeshift sandbox. Echoes of the gaggle of kids from the block, their voices ascending and receding as they enter and exit the house.

When the boys were young, we kept a fleet of hot-wheel bikes in our garage, used bikes that we found at second-hand stores. I sat on the stoop then and watched as they would fling open the garage door, caravan out, and head down the hill."Rock and roll to the bottom of the bowl" they gleefully shout. One neighbor complained about the racket, plastic wheels against the concrete sidewalk. We adults tried to tame the tribe, with little success.

Almost daily I walked down the street, my two sons in tow, along with our 70pound terrier lab named Lucy who kept busy sniffing the sidewalk for a dropped bagel or pizza slice. We'd round the corner to the merchant street, lively with pedestrians, bakeries, flower shops, and grocery stores. As I moved my brood



Photo by Jack Tipple

from one stop to the next, I wrapped Lucy's leash around a parking meter and she waited patiently while the boys and I shopped.

he bakery was always our first stop. Each boy got a cookie, an unspoken

bribe for good behavior. Wide-eyed, they make their choices. I pay and maneuver them out the door, and it's not until my third or fourth stop that I remember I left Lucy in front of the bakery. Laughing with my sons, we hurry back to get her, and find

her calmly submitting to the enthusiastic petting of children walking by. My eldest was two when we moved into the flat; two years later his brother was born. Birthday cake motifs marked the turning of the years: dinosaurs turn to trucks turn to basketballs turn to nothing but the name. Then comes "Mom! Stop singing to the music" in the car, as they become too cool and now embarrassed by their parents. New friends from high school join the elementary gang and, shyly, girlfriends enter the scene. College is over in the blink of an eye, and they are far-flung, exploring the world: Santa Barbara, Thailand, New York City, San

Yet, like sea turtles, they find their way back to San Francisco, homing to the duplex on Jersey Street.

finish my coffee and enjoy the sun on my face. I knock on the green door, a signal to my daughter-in-law that I'm ready. She opens the door and lays the baby in my arms. He kicks and smiles, cooing at his granny. Other family members emerge from the house and arrive on the stoop, their adult voices mingling in the morning sun. Jersey Beach, we call it.

Chana (aka Janet) Jacobs has lived in Noe Valley since 1986 in the same house where she raised her two sons.

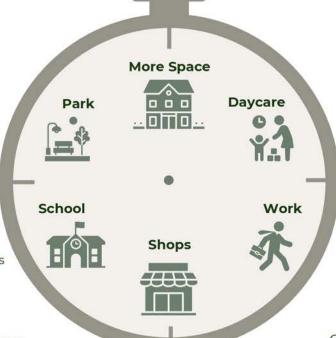
15 It Time To Move?

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Change isn't always easy.

Fear of the unknown, the cost, the effort there's a lot to think about. You may be worried about how your kids will adapt to a new school or feel about leaving their friends and activities. It's also hard to leave a place where you've made memories and feel comfortable.

Between the ages of 18 and 45, the average American will move five to six times.



Taking the 1st Steps

- Get on the same page as your spouse, partner and/or family members.
- Get informed on all that's involved.
- Check out school districts and neighborhood amenities.
- Research commute times, or drive times to kids' activities, shops, etc.
- Get to know the community via social media and by talking to locals.

Change can be overwhelming but taking these initial steps can help.

As a local real estate agent, I'm here to help with any questions you may have! I also belong to a network of top real estate professionals & can connect you to one wherever you're looking to go.



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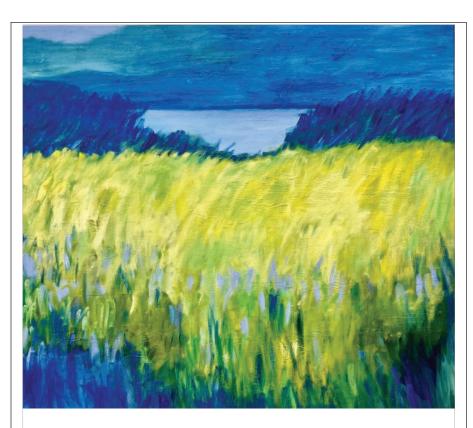
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• EK Bayer •



Sunrise Noe Valley

2024 Photo © Bill Yenne

At Dawn, Snowflakes Drift Past Trees That Didn't Burn

We start up each day like a mining camp. The first workers arrive, yesterday's coal Still deep in their wrinkles. Hot coffee Sends swirls of steam across a craggy view, And work begins: digging, digging, digging. If we could just find gold, a motherlode, We'd have answers, wisdom. We could help.

We start up each year like warriors,
Eternally hopeful that our fight
Is worth it. We look away from the
Carnage of past mistakes towards the change
That will bring peace and prosperity.
We parse our desire for plans, striving
To bring joy and conflict closer to one state.

We start up each life with blind trust in our Bodies, for they give us babies and Everything else we feel and know, good Or bad. Life can't exist without one, Nor are we bound by a body. Life flows Through us like water, burns like fire. We build bodies to channel, to glow.

We start up everything, not from nothing, From a warming, a sliver of brightness.

Dawn always is after it was too late,

As dependent on what was as the egg,

As full of hope as breath. Did you breathe in Just then to see? Only to find yourself

Almost the same being on the exhale?

One moment, here. The next one, to love. Whether we pay attention or not, Dawn passes. To find Gratitude, why Do some of us have to work so hard? Maybe because she is eternally Patient, and waits, unassuming as dawn, For us to let go of our darkness.

EK Bayer, author of *Courting Crow* (22ndstpress.com), has lived in and around Noe Valley for over 20 years.

Dale Fehringer

Ina Coolbrith: The **Saving Power of Poetry**

n top of San Francisco's Russian Hill, on Vallejo Street between Mason and Taylor, is a small park with wonderful views of the Pyramid Building and Bay Bridge. It's a quiet and secluded spot where tourists and locals can rest, reflect, and read about the San Francisco poet the park is named

Ina Donna Coolbrith was a fighter. She struggled throughout her life with personal loss, family obligation, and illness. But, through dogged persistence and determination she became one of the best-known and most loved poets of her time, and one of the most popular citizens of San Francisco.

Born in Navoo, Illinois March 10, 1841, Ina's mother named her Josephina after her uncle, Joseph Smith (founder of the Morman faith). But Josephina was too much of a name for the little girl, so her family called her Ina. Her father died of malaria when she was five months old, followed by her sister. Her mother remarried, moved the family (including 11year-old Ina) by wagon train to California, and supported the family while her new husband invested in failed gold mines.

The family eventually relocated to San Francisco, and then Los Angeles. Ina fell in love with poetry on the way west, reading Shakespeare and Byron, and making up poems during the long, dreary days on the trail. She published her first poem in a Los Angeles newspaper at age 15. Two years later she married Robert Carsely, an ironworker, who abused her, and she lost a baby boy. She divorced, moved to San Francisco, and changed her name to Ina Coolbrith (her mother's maiden name).

San Francisco and poetry became her refuge. She taught school, wrote poems, and developed friendships with writers and poets of the day - including Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and Ambrose Bierce. When the allmale Bohemian Club formed in 1872, Ina was made an honorary member.

Ina's responsibilities grew when her sister died and left two children in her care, followed by her ill mother, and Joaquin Miller's daughter. Suddenly, Ina had a lot of mouths to feed. She became head librarian of Oakland's library, where she worked for 18 years. Among the people she helped find books to read at the library was a young Jack London. When she was abruptly fired from the



library (without cause) she became the Bohemian Club librarian. From her house on Russian Hill, she hosted writing salons and composed poems. Over time, she became a leading West Coast poet, and her work was familiar to a generation of Californians.

Ina never re-married. Men called on her, and friends (including John Muir) tried to play matchmaker, and while she was admired by many men and may have had a tryst or two, in the end her true loves were San Francisco and poetry. The 1906 earthquake and fire destroyed Ina's house and burned much of her writing. Friends took her in and collected donations to help rebuild her home on Russian Hill. She continued to write poetry and remained a vital part of the San Francisco literary scene for decades. She outlived most of her contemporaries and (despite severe rheumatoid arthritis) continued to write until her death at age 86, February 29, 1928.

There have been many tributes to San Francisco's "Queen of the Meuses." Books have been written about her, a

mountain in the Sierras is named for her,

and a park on Russian Hill is dedicated to

her. But perhaps the utmost recognition

was when she was named California's

poet laureate (the first in the U.S.) during the 1915 Pan-Pacific Exposition in San

n the second day of the exhibition a standing-room-only crowd assembled to see Ina crowned. Poet Edwin Markham described her accomplishments. Senator Phelan introduced her. When the president of the University of California presented her with a laurel crown the audience cheered, waved white handkerchiefs, and threw flowers at her feet.

Ina was typically modest: "For those who are passed away and for my sister women," she told the crowd, "I accept this laurel with deep gratitude and deeper humility."

To San Francisco

By Ina Coolbrith (1841-1928)

Fair on your hills, my City, Fair as the Queen of old, Supreme in her seven-hilled splendor-You, from your Gate of Gold,

> Facing the orient sunburst, Swathed in the sunset gleams, Throned in an ultimate glory, City of mists and of dreams!

Dale Fehringer is a long-term resident of Noe Valley who enjoys history, writing, and exploring San Francisco (which is how he one day ran across a small obscure park on top of Russian Hill).



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Elise Kazanjian

For an Unknown Soldier

A loud bang punctures 6th street then a high scream. Harry the pawnbroker

looks up from the computer, his daughter Elizabeth asks "Who's screaming?"

outside, a figure dressed in camos bends, zig zags across the street

rockets through the pawnshop's front door, catapults over the back counter

dives into the computer/printer, lands on his back, arms above his head surrendering.

Harry, a veteran, runs up places his foot on the young man's chest "Hey man, it's ok

the war is over, that was a truck backfiring you're going to be ok, just lie still."

Rocket man obeys, his eyes half mast climbs onto the chair, accepts

the glass of water, doesn't drink air hangs heavy in the pawnshop.

"When you're ready I'll help you." Harry braces him, together they amble

a cadenced walk to the front door as if two friends on a stroll.

Harry watches the receding figure he wonders how men and women survive

the barbed wires rusting their minds while traffic flows on 6th Street.

the no nonsense driver vacates her throne to be sure the young woman in the sport wheelchair is secured she is she says sitting straight up in the backless chair mesmerized by what floats through her ear buds

the scrim of electric blue sky backlights clumps of clouds I want to taste the lone magenta house on the slope to The Peaks sings over the hum of the day.

Elise Kazanjian is a San Francisco poet/writer who lived in Tianjin. China and many other countries. Her poems appear in the 2024 Ina Coolbrith Circle Anthology; 2022 Marin Poetry Center Anthology; 2021 Fog & Light: Through The Eyes of SF poets; New Verse News, and others. Her essays have been published in the SF Chronicle; she was Foreign Editor, CCTV, Beijing, China, and she owns over 100





Photo by Jack Tipple

TAKE FIVE or Riffin' At the El Matador

For Paul Desmond, El Matador, San Francisco, 1976

Drum beat, cymbals, slow, repetitive, your alto sax layers lyrical solo mournful, elegant, impish, edging on joy drums pick up again

I love you Paul Desmond your quartet fires this air, spell bound I want everyone here to listen to glorious riffing, insinuating, hypnotizing

until I can't stand it I rise, fired by passion and a few gin & tonics turn around, blast a loud

SSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH for one second the place goes dixie silent, noise returns, I melt into smoke. It was one of your last gigs.

Jazz was king then in San Francisco and I was one of the lucky ones who listened and reveled.

Count Basie at Basin Street West Dizzy at the Jazz Workshop Miles Davis at Jimbo's Bop City Earl Fatha' Hines at Club Hangover

Turk Murphy at the Black Hawk Banducci on his violin at Enrico's Carmen McRae singing I Left My Heart in SF Lightnin' Sam Hopkins at Sugar Hill.

Those were the days.







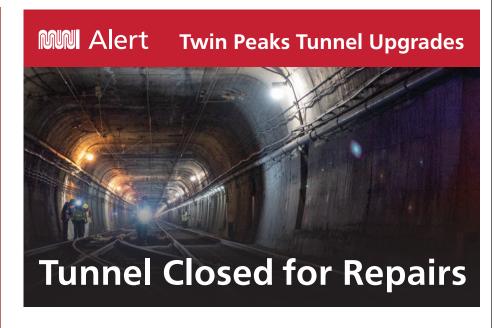
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Barrie Grenell

Effervescence

Martha's Vineyard, 1951.

I'm eight.

The final curtain has fallen on that night's production of Pygmalion.

My dad, Col. Pickering, has removed his make-up and said his goodbyes.

Driving home over the country roads,

The balmy summer midnight is too delicious to ignore.

At Oak Bluffs public beach, my parents swim naked.

The watery effervescence glitters and pours off their bodies. I watch from the beach.

India Series — Traffic

Ι.

Driving in the ballet of rush hour traffic in North Calcutta, Cars, buses, jeeps, bicycles, motor bikes, scooter taxis, trucks, rickshaws, cows, and pushcarts

Vie for space to keep moving.

My friend seated next to me enchants with a raga of midnight in rural Bengal.

2.

A cyclist nearly collides with our car.

Two inches or two seconds and he would be dead.

He is unimpressed, His fear threshold lies under his skin.

3

In the June oven of New Delhi, there is a near accident. The driver yells at the cyclist, "Why don't you watch out? I almost killed you!"

The cyclist yells back, "Why didn't you?"

India Series — Glee for Sale

New Delhi, 1973

Mona, Deepak, and Sangita scream and shout
As they whirl around in the 4-seat merry-go-round.
They grab hands across the center, squealing excitedly.
The itinerant vendor of these gleeful moments stands stone-faced

As he pushes the toy cars around with one hand.

More Glee

July 4th at the American Embassy in New Delhi, 1973. Free hot dogs, hamburgers, and Coke for Americans. Youngsters ride a Ferris wheel with a 3-manpower motor: Local laborers, wearing little, climb up and hurl themselves around inside the erector set structure, Their bodyweight turns the wheel While children yell to each other across the "motor works."

Barrie Grenell Barrie Grenell is a retired proposal writer whose talents generated many millions of dollars for San Francisco. She writes down things she notices and thinks about



Photo by Jack Tipple

Diana J.Wynne

Three Poems

Saturday sirens in a soaked city from the warmth of an easy chair playing your favorite song on loop wondering where the fire is

spiny thistle indigo bloom silky feathered heart

how hungry was the first person to eat an artichoke?

a friend's mom is marrying her first love 50 years after they met in another life before kids before divorces before they knew better before it's too late

Diana J. Wynne Is a longtime Noe resident who makes software easier to use. While she loves to wander, she always comes home to San Francisco. Her essays have appeared in *The New York Times, Salon,* and *The Noe Valley Voice*.

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Daniel Raskin

Something I Lost

I used to run up mountain sides. Now I limp to the click clack of my trekking poles on pavement.

I used to have weekend guests. Now Arthur Itis never bids me adieu.

I used to have flowing curls. Now I look like a balding sergeant.

I used to have a six pack of muscles. Now I awl extra holes in my belt.

I used to eat the fat on chops. Now I take statins and eliquis.

I used to have ears as good as a rabbit's. Now I am deaf when I forget my hearing aids.

I used to love steaming hot baths. Now that would risk getting stuck in the tub.

I used to bound stairs two at a time. Now I am saving up for a stair lift.

I used to live with a houseful. Now, the extra beds never need making.

Youth, where are you? I lost you on a birthday a while ago Can't remember exactly when.

My eyes help me on the piano.

My Eyes

My favorite part of me is my eyes.

My eyes are like a guard protecting something.

My eyes are as brown as soil.

My eyes help me see when the baseball is coming.

My eyes even help me when I'm drumming.

They also help me ski in the snow.

Hiashi Raskin

Whoosh! My head turns when I see something.

That is why I like my eyes.

Daniel Raskin lives in Bernal Heights. He writes with Laguna Writers, The Older Writers Laboratory, at the Bernal Library and with The MERI Center at UCSF. Hiashi Raskin is his nine-year-old grandson.

Mark Thoma

Ode to Honeycomb

Oh honeycomb toil incarnate vault mirrored vault securing viscous sun oozing blossoms gilded warehouseeggs pollen pupae nurserythis plastic box I store you in shabby quarters for chivalrous fragrance. I'd like to shape for you a round vessel glazed Tyrian purple within imperial yellow without and a spring green fitted lid, centered with a thorn. Use only a silver knife to slice thin bars of gold tipped carefully atop proper bread, the kind the baker slides out of the oven before dawn peeks up before bees leave their treasure house before I silence the alarm clock and plan my day which always starts with you.

Renzo Boler-Marshall

Industrial Children

In factories of grim, where machines roar children of labor are forced to work their spirits sore faces worn and pale, dreams crushed by the industrial splendor

> amidst the ceaseless smoke and cries lay children's future a lie

forced into the industries will their innocence stripped from their tomorrow their childhood robbed, drowning in sorrow

their dreams shattered and broken by the boot of the industry

through the gas and vapor lay a child of a foresaker In factories of shadows and sorrow, lay a tomorrow

one where children are free of labor though distant, they strive for it to be their savior yet progress on that is slow and the path is steep In our hearts we know of a better finality.

Mark Thoma writes poetry and flash memoir. He practiced medical social work for over thirty years. Mark had the good fortune of meeting a local beekeeper a couple of years ago, an experience which introduced him to the joy of honeycomb and the wonder of honey bees.

Renzo Boler-Marshall is a sophomore at Balboa High School. In the fall, he will enter the school's Creative Arts for Social Transformation (CAST) pathway, which focuses on media arts and visual language.

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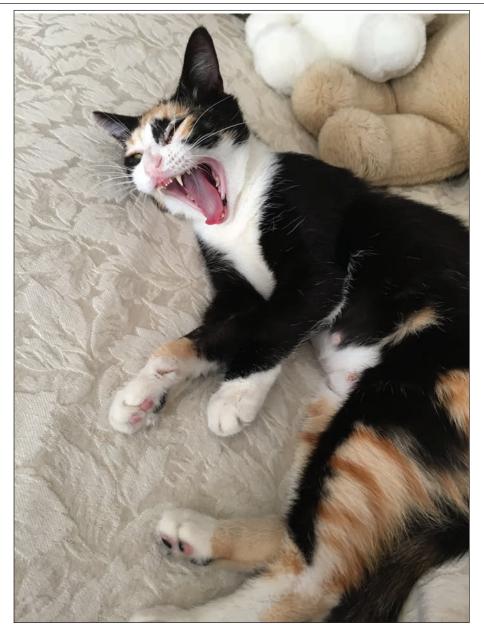
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Good Morning!

Photo by Jack Tipple

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Mimi Mueller

Snapshot 2008

I was going to the opera that June afternoon: "Lucia di Lammermore". I had seen it years before and hadn't been much impressed. There is a mad scene (Lucia goes crazy), and the elaborate vocal hijinks had been delivered in that performance with a great deal of sturm und drang, if one may use a German description for an Italian opera set in Scotland.

This performance was another world. Modern, imaginative staging that worked. The principals' excellent voices and delivery made the music sound natural, not strained, as if this were the way anyone would express strong anger or love. And in Lucia's mad scene, Natalie Dessay delivered all the coloratura embellishments not with loud drama, but almost quietly, as if she were responding to musical voices in her head. (It didn't hurt that she looked as if she could be frail enough to break emotionally.) I have only cried once or twice in an opera (I don't cry at movies much, either), but I was close this time.

At the intermission, I had a pleasant conversation with the out-of-towners sitting next to me, and then ran into a friend who was ushering.

Afterwards, came out of the Opera House to just beyond the Gay Pride celebration - distant music, lots of bright and minimal costumes on their way to and from. And on the corner a hot-dog vendor, Mission District style - large, baconwrapped sausages sharing the grill with onions. Little beats walking down the street with a juicy (greasy?) hot dog at 5:00 pm after an early lunch.

And there passing me on the street was a short, chunky woman, pulling a wheeled backpack, and wearing a Victoria's Secret t-shirt.

I love this City.

Mimi (Miriam) Mueller has been a Bernal Heights resident (for over 60 years, and has watched Bernal and Noe Valley grow, change, and fulfill some neighborhood dreams over the years. Retired, she walks her dog, makes greeting cards, write - mostly poems - and tries to keep ahead of the garden weeds.

Jeff Kaliss

Poetica Vitae

dedicated to Novy and 24th Street, San Francisco

How long does it take the light and the sound of a poem to reach you?

Is this reaching you? What do you know of the glow that it came from?

How far away a street in a town, a deuce on a sidewalk, a poet seated, can you see him, is he too far?

And all the ages passing by his pause: a giggling girl, holding tight a mother's loving, a breathy waitress, form filling her garb, she filling her purpose, a sober banker, striding towards the shelter of his money. Do you scope their traces, through the poet's eye? Follow thought along his arm and into hand and to these words?

Now listen through the light-years of an ever-beating heart, feel the instant of your constant caring.

Jeff Kaliss is a sometime contributor to the Noe Valley Voice, San Francisco Classical Voice, and Alta Journal. He's the author of the 3rd updated edition of I Want to Take You Higher: The Life and Times of Sly & the Family Stone, available from bookstores and amazon.com.





Action SF, the National Movement in Your Neighborhood

https://m.facebook.com/ActionSFactivism/ Website: http://www.action-sf.com/ Email: ActionSFTeam@gmail.com Meetings: Usually first Tuesday, Noe Valley Library, 45 I Jersey, 2:30 p.m. All welcome.

Al-Anon Noe Valley

Contact: 834-9940; office@al-anonsf.org Meetings: Wednesdays, 7:30-9 p.m., St. Philip Church, 725 Diamond St. (park on Elizabeth Street side; enter on 24th Street). Thursdays, 7:15-8:30 p.m. Bethany UMC, 1270 Sanchez St. (enter through Clipper Street side door and go up the stairs)

Castro Merchants

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

Comerford Greenway

Contact: Howard Fallon Email: ComerfordGreenway@gmail.com Website:

www.sanfranciscoparksalliance.org/partners/comerford-greenway/ Monthly workdays in Comerford Alley.

Diamond Heights Community Association

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

Dolores Heights Improvement Club

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

Duncan Newburg Association (DNA)

Contacts: Deanna Mooney, 821-4045; Diane McCarney, 824-0303; or Lili Wu, 647-0235. Address: 560 Duncan St., SF, CA 94131. Meetings: Call for details.

Eureka Valley Neighborhood Assn.

Contact: Board@evna.org Address: P.O. Box 14137, SF, CA 94114 Meetings: See website Events. Castro Meeting Room, 501 Castro St., 7 p.m.

MORE GROUPS TO JOIN

Fair Oaks Neighbors

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

Friends of Billy Goat Hill

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

Friends of Dolores Park Playground Contact: Nancy Gonzalez Madynski, 828-5772

Email: friendsofdolorespark@gmail.com Website: friendsofdolorespark.org

Friends of Glen Canyon Park Contact: lean Conner, 584-8576

Address: 140 Turquoise Way, SF, CA 94131 Plant restoration work parties, Wednesday mornings and third Saturday of the month.

Friends of Noe Courts Playground

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

Friends of Noe Valley (FNV)

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

Friends of Slow Sanchez

Contacts: Christopher Keene, Andrew Casteel

Email: info@SlowSanchez.com Website: SlowSanchez.com

Friends of Upper Noe Recreation Center

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

Friends of Upper Noe Dog Owners Group (FUNDOG)

Contact: David Emanuel Email: info@fundogsf.org Website: www.fundogsf.org

Glen Park Association

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

Juri Commoners

Contact: Dave Schweisguth, MI7-6290 Email: dave@schweisguth.org Website: meetup.com/Juri-Commoners The group is on hiatus and seeking a new leader. Contact Dave.

Liberty Hill Neighborhood Association

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

Noe Neighborhood Council

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

Noe Valley Association-24th Street Community Benefit District

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

Noe Valley Democratic Club

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

Noe Valley Farmers Market

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

Noe Valley Merchants and Professionals Association (NVMPA)

Contact: Rachel Swann, 225-7743 Meetings: Usually last Thursdays, Doggy Style, 3927 24th St., 9 a.m. Call to confirm. Website: www.NoeValleyMerchants.com

Noe Valley Parent Network

An e-mail resource network for parents Contact: Mina Kenvin Email: minaken@gmail.com noevalleyparentsubscribe@yahoogroups.com

Noe Walks

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

Progress Noe Valley

Facebook: ProgressNoeValley
Email: progressnoe@gmail.com
Website: progressnoe.com
Meetings: Check Facebook page for current
meeting and event schedule.

Resilient Noe Valley

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

San Francisco NERT (Neighborhood Emergency Response Team)

Contact: Noe Valley NERT Neighborhood Team co-coordinators Maxine Fasulis, mfasulis@yahoo.com; Carole Roberts, carole_roberts@faludi.com
Website: https://SF-fire.org/nert
Visit the website to sign up for trainings.

Upper Noe Merchants

Contact: Info@UpperNoeNeighbors.com; https://uppernoeneighbors.com/merchants/

Upper Noe Neighbors

Contact: Chris Faust
Email: Hello@UpperNoeNeighbors.com
Website: www.uppernoeneighbors.com
Meetings: Bi-monthly on third Wednesday.
Confirm by email or check website.

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE editor@noevalleyvoice.com

All phone numbers are in the 415 area code, unless otherwise noted.



"smart home"

You're not just describing your ideal home, you're describing the life you'll live there.

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ICON PROPERTIES

Daniel C. Murphy

The Second Visit

n October of 1945, a few weeks after V Day, my mother's brother Ed arrived at our doorstep on Guerrero Street. I don't ever remember meeting him before. He was 25 years old, neat in khaki shirt and pants, his Army cap folded smartly over his tan cotton belt. Small, lean, and wiry with a suntan that spoke of Europe rather than San Francisco, he was brimming with laughter and life: a young man who had made it home safely from the war, with an uncertain future in front of him, but a leisurely day to spend visiting his older sister.

"Hi Danny," he said, when I answered the door. "I'm your Uncle Ed, do you remember me?"

My mother shouted from upstairs, "Who is it?"

"Tell your mom, it's her brother Ed, home from the war," Ed said. He laughed at the reaction his unexpected presence was bringing.

"It's your brother Ed. He's back from the war," I called to her.

"Tell him I'm busy," said my mother. "Tell him to come back, when we can talk."

But Ed was already by me, bounding up the stairs, two at a time, laughing as he yelled, my mother's nickname. "Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie, you know you want to see your soldier brother, the hero just returned from the war."

I was thankful for his exuberant entrance, because a ten-year-old boy doesn't want to turn his uncle away, especially such a dashing fellow, an American



soldier.

In the afternoon sunlight, our kitchen became a barracks as Ed recounted one adventure after another to my tense mother, nodding to me with an added wink when she refused to meet his gaze. "I'll tell you Bobbie, we drank enough to sink a battleship, the night we heard that Germany had surrendered." Enough to sink a battleship? I listened with the mind of a young boy. How much would it take to sink a battleship, I wondered. Gallons and gallons? I had never heard such a colorful description, so matter-of-factly coined, by a soldier at his ease in our kitchen. My mother could only answer, "Please Ed, the boy is too young to hear such things."

"You're not going to offer your brother something to drink on his homecoming?" said Ed in a mock-wounded voice.

"We don't have a thing to drink in the house," she answered, a claim that rang false, as soon as she uttered it, for Ed

knew the habits of his sister and my dad, as well as the drinking history of both our families.

"No matter," said Ed, as he reached into his duffel bag and produced a fifth of Johnny Walker. Ed placed the bottle on the table, and my mother returned with a single glass. She had her respectability. Accepting hard liquor in the afternoon would identify her as a drinker, not an image she wanted.

As we sat in the afternoon's sunlight, I basked in my uncle's presence, while my mother quite obviously hoped that it would be his only visit. He brought with him a past which she did not want to

That afternoon, might have been the best in Ed's life: home from the war in one piece, suntanned and relaxed, money in his pocket from mustering out pay, the world ahead of him, and, if not the world itself, at least the prospect of a visit to see old friends in the bars in the

Excelsior where he might receive a hero's welcome.

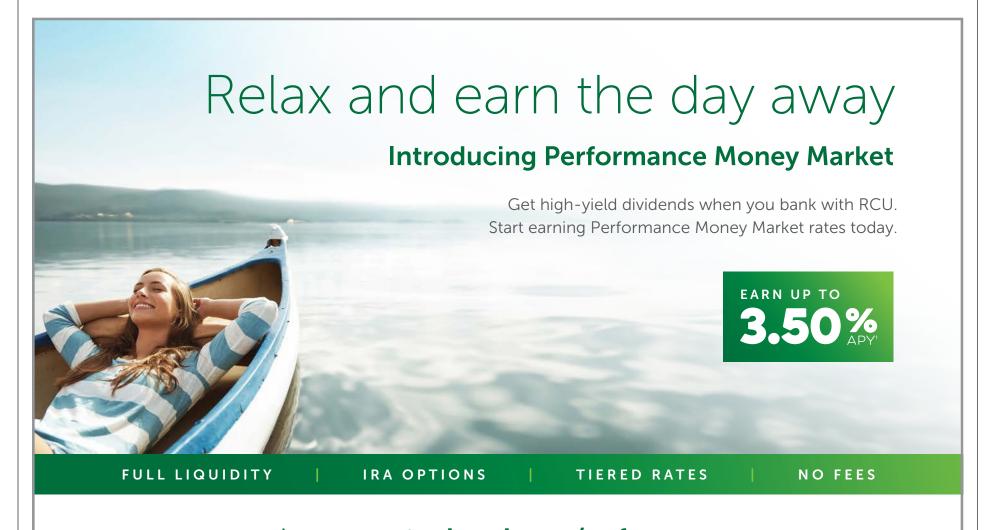
But the probability was that the day after that, Ed would be an unemployed soldier with barely a high school education and no interest in going to college even on the G.I. Bill. A young veteran without real experience in the workaday world, without family connections and no prospect for a decent job, and a sister who seemed frightened to be associated with him.

After that afternoon on Guerrero Street, our paths did not cross. I didn't see Ed for many years, until the evening he stood at the back of Duggan's Mortuary on 17th and Valencia. We were both there to attend my mother's wake.

He was thinner, still with a sunburn, clearly from alcohol, the same malady which had put my mother in the casket we were honoring.

I told Ed how much our earlier meeting on Guerrero St. had always meant to me. I asked him how he was doing. Ed spoke honestly. He told me that he got work sometimes as a golf caddy at the Olympic Club, if he could find someone to drive him out to the links. I thanked him for coming. That was the last time we saw each other.

Daniel Murphylives on Church Street with his wife Lloyda. He is a frequent contributor to the Noe Valley Voice.



Learn more at redwoodcu.org/performance

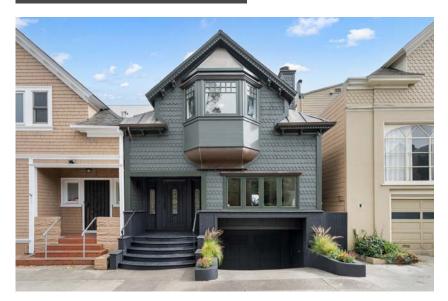


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GET AHEAD OF AUTUMN AND ASK US ABOUT OUR LIST OF RESIDENCES THAT ARE COMING SOON!

JUST LISTED



405 Hill St. | Eureka Valley 3 BED | 3.5 BATH | \$3,895,000

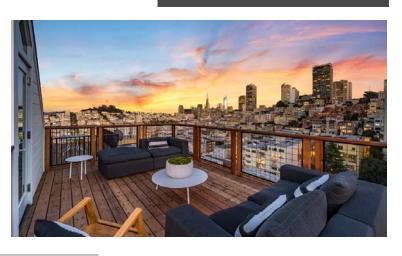
Perched overlooking the quiet hills of Noe Valley, 405 Hill Street stands as an opulent residence that graciously boasts modern elegance and timeless architectural charm. Upon entering, you're welcomed by a grand foyer that leads to a bright and inviting living room with a fireplace. Adjacent, a strikingly modern grand dining room is poised to host your next exquisite party. The heart of the home is undoubtedly the chef's kitchen, seamlessly connected to a secondary common room and outfitted with high-end appliances, sleek cabinetry, and expansive countertops — it's perfect for culinary adventures and hosting dinner parties. Ascend to the upper level to the primary suite — relax by the fireplace, organize your walk-in closet, and indulge in the ensuite bathroom. Two additional bedrooms and a bath are conveniently on this level. The lower level's entertainment room stands ready for everything from casual movie night to a guest suite with accessibility to a full bath. Step outside to your private oasis - a tiered patio, deck with a fire pit -perfect for al fresco dining. Nestled in the highly coveted Noe Valley neighborhood, you can enjoy proximity to 24th Street's boutique shops, gourmet restaurants, and beautiful parks like Dolores Park.

2300 Leavenworth St. | Russian Hill

4 BED | 2 BATH | 2,115 Sq. Ft. | \$3,100,000

Situated in a historic, private, gated enclave in Russian Hill, this beautifully updated and stunning 4-bedroom and 2-bathroom single-family home is a perfect city oasis! Featuring timeless architecture, stunning natural light and a rooftop terrace equipped with wet bar with outstanding views - this three-level home is exquisite! The entry-level offers a spacious flex space for a media room, office or guest space, with a full bath and gym. Up one level is the main living floor with an open kitchen, dining, living, and office with South, West, and Northern views. The top floor has three bedrooms, and full bath, and direct access to the rooftop terrace with incomparable views of Alcatraz, Coit Tower, the Bay Bridge, the skyline of the financial district, and the world-renowned flowering crooked street. Custom built-ins and decorative moldings are enjoyed throughout. One-car garage parking, and so much more await the next owner(s) of this fabulous home. Situated in highly sought-after Russian Hill, this immaculate residence is moments from the excellent amenities of Hyde Street, North Beach, the Polk Street corridor, excellent amenities of Hyde Street, North Beach, the Polk Street corridor, and Fay Park. Don't miss the opportunity to acquire this coveted home in one of SF's most prestigious and exclusive locations. Do not miss this opulent residence!

JUST SOLD



NOE VALLEY EVENTS

NOE VALLEY MERCHANTS AND PROFESSIONALS



Next Meeting: August 20th, 9:30 am at Mr. Digby's



Art Festival/Walk: September 22nd, 10:00 am - 4:00 pm



Victorian Alliance Event: September 8th, 1:00 - 5:00 pm



Winter Wine Walk: December 5th, 4:00 - 7:00 pm



Night Market: October 1st, 4: 00 - 8:00 pm

Follow up on Instagram @noevalleymerchants or visit us at our new website: https://noemerchants.com/



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