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City Ignores Proposition K, Doing Little to Repurpose Surplus Land to Beneficial Uses

BY MICHAEL IACUessa

In 2015, voters approved Proposition K to streamline the process of identifying surplus municipally-owned land that could be used for affordable housing. The voter guide indicated that there'd be specific reporting dates for public agencies, hearings and oversight by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors (BoS). Three years later, the City has passed on the only parcel deemed suitable to be repurposed. Proposition K remains largely unimplemented.

From a list of 33 unused sites compiled last April, the Mayor's Office of Housing and Community Development (MOHCD) decided that only three contiguous parcels, if combined, would be large enough for a housing project. MOHCD staff determined that the land, near Civic Center at 240 Van Ness Avenue and 155 and 165 Grove Streets, could house 88 units rising eight stories.

MOHCD ultimately rejected the site because it didn't have sufficient funds in its long-term budget to build the units. Development costs were estimated at \$24.6 million, with an additional \$6.4 million needed over 30 years to subsidize 18 residences set aside for housing homeless individuals. The agency recommended that the land be transferred to another municipal department, or sold to two adjacent property owners who could develop five parcels as a single project.

MOHCD's evaluations were given

to BoS last spring. There are no indications that they have ever been discussed by the Board. Instead, the Mayor's Office submitted the Van Ness-Grove Street parcels to an international competition, Reinventing Cities, which sought private sector bids to develop carbon-neutral uses for underutilized public property. Under the competition, proposals for the site will be evaluated early this year. According to Reinventing Cities, San Francisco sought maximum housing for the parcels but with only a minimum threshold of 33 percent guaranteed as affordable.

One other property, a long-abandoned police station at 2300 Third Street, was also singled out from the surplus list, but MOHCD didn't do an analysis of it because neighborhood advocates, led by Friends of Dogpatch Hub, have been clamoring for a community center at the site. The San Francisco Police Department has since expressed a desire to repurpose a portion of the space; discussion over the community center remains active.

John Updike, Director of the Real Estate Division, which compiled the surplus list from various municipal departments, said excess land typically consists of mere slivers adjacent to property being used. "Most are not enough for development," he said, citing a minimum of 10,000 square feet. However, the City does not appear to have fully examined the potential of less than a quarter-acre parcels

being consolidated in collaboration with friendly neighbors willing to repurpose the land to beneficial uses.

One reason why the surplus land list came up short is that Proposition K exempted some agencies from reporting, including the biggest public land owners in the City. The Port of San Francisco, San Francisco International Airport, San Francisco Municipal Transit Agency (SFMTA) and San Francisco Public Utilities Commission (PUC) are what Updike refers to as "enterprise" agencies. They generate their own funding; the City doesn't have direct jurisdiction over their land. The San Francisco Unified School District (SFUSD) also falls under a separate category.

Former District 6 Supervisor Jane Kim, who was Proposition K's main proponent, requested a hearing last year after the list of surplus sites was released. She wanted the Port, SFMTA, SFPUC and SFUSD to attend or make a report to further identify underutilized properties. The inquiry was never scheduled. Kim, who was termed out of office last month, said the entreaty is

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Planning Continues for New Mission Bay Elementary School

BY STAFF WRITER

The San Francisco Unified School District held a briefing last fall to collect community reactions to a planned pre-kindergarten through fifth grade campus, to be built adjacent to the Owens Street traffic circle. The first of many anticipated public engagements, the meeting, held at the Mercy Housing Community Room on Fourth Street, was well attended by area residents and local merchants. Participants were generally enthusiastic about fostering greater inclusion of kids in the area, thereby lessening the sense of isolation some feel dominates Mission Bay.

The school will be built on "Lot 14," a parcel donated by the University

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Esprit Park Renovation Planning Process Continues

BY VERONICA DOLGINKO

The Esprit Community Advisory Group (ECAG) was formed last year to recommend approaches to the San Francisco Parks and Recreation Department about how to best maintain and renovate Esprit Park. Members include Dogpatch resident Susan Fitch, Irma Lewis of Toes and Paws for Green Space, Green Benefit District executive director Julie Christensen, and Dogpatch Neighborhood Association treasurer Jared Doumani.

"I think it's great that we've reached a level of trust and relationship (among members)," said San Francisco Parks and Recreation Department's Esprit Park renovation project manager, Melinda Stockman. "Most projects don't have this amount of inclusive design."

Although there are significant issues with drainage, turf maintenance, and lighting, the San Francisco Parks and Recreation Department didn't consider Esprit Park to be a renovation

priority. Searching for other funding sources, ECAG secured support from the University of California, San Francisco and through the Eastern Neighborhoods Citizens Advisory Committee. Revamp items being considered by the Advisory Group and designer David Fletcher focus on utilizing the space differently – developing an off-leash dog play; more spaces for kids and families – rather than a significant refurbishment.

"Thanks to a generous contribution of \$5 million from UCSF we will be able to improve the park's lighting and ADA-access," said Tamara Aparton, Parks Department deputy director of communication and public affairs. The proposed plan will "provide separate areas where children hone their imaginations, adults work on their fitness, and dogs play off-leash."

ECAG held community meetings throughout the summer and fall of

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The Women's March in San Francisco, January 19, 2019.

PHOTO: Debbie Findling

PUBLISHER'S VIEW

Pacific Gas and Electric Company

BY STEVEN J. MOSS

John Martin and Eugene de Sabla started out as gold miners along the Yuba River, harnessing hydroelectricity to power their excavations. After successfully building hydro plants in Nevada City and elsewhere in Northern California, in 1900 they created the Bay Counties Power Company, constructing a 140-mile transmission line, the world's longest at that time, to fire an electric railway in Oakland.

The pair launched the company that became Pacific Gas and Electric (PG&E) – which started out as California Gas & Electric Company (CG&E) – in 1903 as a vehicle to acquire and merge power businesses into a large electric grid that could leverage economies of scale. Over the next few years, CG&E cum PG&E bought many power concerns, including long-established utilities like Oakland Gas Light & Heat Company, United Gas & Electric Company, and, in 1905, San Francisco Gas & Electric Company. During the first half of the 20th Century PG&E continued to gobble up power enterprises, integrating them into a consolidated grid, ultimately swallowing more than 100 individual entities.

PG&E's consolidation scheme perfectly matched the period's industrial arc, the dominant fuel sources available, and the new marriage between electricity and exploding plug-powered consumerism. Generating technologies

of the time – coal, oil, hydro – benefitted from being segregated from densely populated neighborhoods, because they were filthy, more cost-effectively operated at large scales, and/or the power source was far from urban centers.

This “spokes and wheel” model of electricity production and distribution proved to be cost-effective and reliable. Probably not coincidentally, it also lent itself to monopoly protection, offering a compelling argument that it met the downward sloping marginal cost requirements – it cost less to serve an additional unit of electricity – economists favored to endorse a single company having sole control over a sector. When the game Monopoly was issued in 1935 “Electric Company” was one of just two utilities identified.

More than 100 years after Martin and de Sabla stitched together a bunch of smallish power companies their creation now looks more like Frankenstein than a well-oiled wheel. Shielded for decades from competition or adequate government oversight, by the 1980s PG&E forced its captured customers to pay among the highest electricity rates in the nation, and was increasingly dogged by environmental scandals. Without the cleansing power of rivals, the utility had become too political powerful and unpleasantly plump.

Repeatedly poked by industrial

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SHORT CUTS

Crime

The **San Francisco Police Department's** Bayview Station has a new captain: **Valerie Matthews**. Captain Matthews has been with SFPD for 28 years; most recently with the Major Crimes unit. She was posted to Bayview three years ago, and since then has noticed an alarming increase in the homeless population and street garbage. She's working with the **Department of Public Works** to get a dedicated crew to the area at night. Matthews encouraged people to call 311 to log complaints about trash so as to get appropriately acknowledged... Last month there were two break-in attempts at **Moshi Moshi**, resulting in a smashed window and broken front door. The intruders tried unsuccessfully to take the safe.

Coyotes

Coyotes have been spotted in Starr King Open Space, as well as on Carolina and De Haro streets. “I just saw coyote run down Carolina Street and into the Open Space,” Potrero Hill resident **Kate Sheets** reported on NextDoor last month. “It went behind the oak tree.” According to **Deb Campbell**, **San Francisco Animal Care and Control** (SFACC) spokesperson, pups born last spring that were kicked out of their den appear to be looking for new territory. “You should keep cats indoors and dogs on leashes. Pick up small dogs if you see a coyote. Be careful with putting bird feeders outside. The fallen seeds attract mice and rats, which attract coyotes. In addition, coyotes eat fruit that has fallen off trees and rodents that eat the fruit,” said Campbell. Campbell discouraged residents from feeding coyotes, which can be active day and night, or allowing dogs to play with them. Since 2016, Jonathan Young, an ecologist with the Presidio Trust, a federal agency that manages most of the Presidio, has been studying coyotes through the Presidio Coyote Monitoring Program, which tracks the animals with GPS radio collars. “The 2.5 square miles of the Presidio is home to one family unit of coyotes, which is comprised of six to eight individuals, on average,” said Young. The coyotes on the Hill likely don't belong to this group. “Last year, of the six that left the Presidio, all but two have died. All of the ones that died were hit by cars. The two surviving ones are down the peninsula,” said Young. Residents with coyote concerns should call SFACC's emergency number, 415.554.9400.

Haircuts

Salvatore Cimino has taken over his father's barbershop at 1532 20th Street, renaming it “1512 Barbershop.” Sal offers old-fashioned haircuts in a single-chair shop. He's as personable as the late **Florindo “Flo” Cimino**, a much-loved Hill icon, who opened in 1953, cutting hair well into his 80s. Sal previously worked at 1512 Barbershop in Polk Gulch. **J.R. Eppler**, **Potrero Boosters** president and an eight-year customer of Sal's, said Sal is a third-generation barber. “He's wonderful at conversation and definitely knows his craft. He can cut hair in a variety

of different styles. Sal has a dedicated following and will bring a lot more foot traffic to that part of 20th Street,” said Eppler. **Paula Kovacs**, a Carolina Street resident, remembers a visit to Flo's as a social call. “My cousins and uncle went there not just to get a haircut, but to enjoy a longtime friend. One of my cousins went to school with Flo,” said Kovacs. Kovacs said Sal is welcoming and professional, and got the shop's old barbershop pole running. “He was able to use the existing 20th Street hardware and his Polk Street barbershop pole to fix the one here on 20th,” said Eppler. Cuts cost about \$40.

Boss Honored

The **Neighborhood Empowerment Network** will posthumously honor longtime Dogpatch resident and community activist **Joe Boss** next month, placing “Louis Joseph (Joe) Boss” in the “NEN Hall of Fame”... **Sapporo**, which recently purchased **Anchor Brewery**, will be making significant infrastructure improvements to the facility over the next six months... **Recology** has shifted to trucks that have a single chamber to accommodate the increased number of boxes being discarded. Amazon isn't a river in South America, but rather a torrent of cardboard washing over the land.

McRaccoon

A video of an apparent homeless man hanging out with a dead and bleeding raccoon at his **McDonald's** table that went viral last month can be traced to Potrero Hill. The restaurant's branch at Potrero and 16th streets had to close temporarily following the incident to sanitize the space after the bloody animal's presence. In the video, the customer behind the camera tries to get the man to remove the raccoon from the table. Seemingly unresponsive, the man wanders around and shrugs before leaving the restaurant. Another customer picks up the corpse and throws it to the trash, before going back to his food. “The guy came in screaming, ‘Help, help, help!’” the man who shot the video told SFGate. “He came to the counter, and I thought it was a dog at first. The employees told him to leave and he went and sat down with it.”

Legacy Business

The **Bay View Boat Club** – a non-profit organization formed in 1963 to promote recreational boating, with a focus on underserved neighborhoods and average citizens – was approved by the **San Francisco Small Business Commission** to be listed on the City's Legacy Business Registry. The Club offers educational programs and family-friendly activities, including the Youth Boating Program, Women on the Water and Wharf Rats, averaged 50 to 80 guests daily, run by a team of more than 300 volunteers. “Since 1963, the Bay View Boat Club has been committed to the stewardship of the Bay shoreline,” said Club board member **Cynthia Hall**. “We are honored by our inclusion on

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OP-ED

Potrero Power Station Should be Developed as a Neighborhood Asset

BY ALISON HEATH

Development of the 29-acre Potrero Power Station *could* bring much needed public services and shoreline access to our waterfront. And yet, no firm commitment to *any* specific community benefits that would support area growth has materialized as the project moves rapidly through environmental and design review.

Although we hear affordable housing is a priority at the Power Station, no commitments have been made to it. To provide housing across all income levels and household sizes, generous amounts of onsite affordable units should be offered for a range of incomes, not just the “missing middle,” and at a percentage similar to Mission Rock and Pier 70. While the project professes a family-friendly attitude, the Power Station proposes only 25 percent of units as two or more bedrooms, well under the level mandated under the *Eastern Neighborhoods Plan*.

Concerns regarding the Power Station’s design have gone unaddressed. The Power Station should better complement the scale of the adjacent Pier 70 project. Breaking up the long, Mission Bay-style blocks would lessen deep shadowing of public space and encourage pedestrian access to the waterfront. Additional open space, robust recreational opportunities and public admission to a more generous waterfront park must be guaranteed.

The Power Station, with its

planned full block, 180-foot tall parking garage, will significantly increase traffic congestion on our streets. Environmental review shows that the development will generate as many as 95,000 “person trips” each day, roughly half by private automobiles, and even more with Ubers and Lyfts. Building parking is expensive; this garage should be repurposed as affordable housing and community facilities, transferring the investment to public benefits while preventing increased gridlock.

If negotiations over the development are coming down to the last minute, it’s perhaps because most of the Power Station is privately owned. Purchased in 2017 by Associate Capital with financial backing from former Hewlett Packard Chief Executive Officer Meg Whitman, the project seeks a stark up-zoning to ensure solid profits for its investors.

In comparison, Forest City’s Pier 70 project, on property leased from the Port, includes a mandate to serve the public interest. To meet that directive, Forest City collaborated with the community for more than seven years to develop an extensive package of community benefits, and received citywide support under 2014’s Proposition F. Forest City has also made a commitment to stay in the neighborhood, and recognizes that these benefits will enrich their residents and workers over the long-term.

Because Associate Capital has no

mandate to serve the public interest, City agencies and neighbors must negotiate strenuously for desperately needed civic benefits and essential facilities for a rapidly growing area still lacking adequate public transit, libraries, schools, recreational facilities, community centers and grocery stores.

There’s no question that we’ve experienced unprecedented levels of development in our neighborhoods in the last several years, despite the policy that there be a “fair share” of growth across the whole of the Bay Area. 2008’s *Eastern Neighborhoods*

Plan, which promised more complete neighborhoods with investment in public transit, open space, and communal amenities, maxed out on its 25-year growth projections by 2017, and funding for community services has failed to materialize. As a result, it’ll be neighborhood residents, workers and merchants who pay the price if our area’s needs continue to be neglected.

Mississippi Street resident, Alison Heath, is the Potrero Boosters Neighborhood Association’s Development Committee chair.

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Pennsylvania Street Gardens Struggle with Urban Ails

BY J. ERIC MILLER

Pennsylvania Garden is located at 249 Pennsylvania Avenue, underneath a John F. Foran Freeway off-ramp near 18th street. Pennsylvania Railroad Garden is on the east side of the 100 block of Pennsylvania Avenue. Collectively known as the “Pennsylvania Street Gardens” (PSG), the plots suffer from maladies that plague many San Francisco’s parks: pedestrians and dog-walkers use them as lavatories; citizens dispose trash and other unwanted items. Situated out-of-the-way, PSG is an attractive place for homeless individuals to setup camp, sometimes remaining for weeks.

Overseen by the nonprofit San Francisco Park Alliance, PSG has been tended by volunteers for the past decade, who attempt to create a green oasis that can be enjoyed by all in spite of these obstacles.

According to PSG volunteer coordinator and Potrero Hill resident Annie Shaw, “There’s a communication gap between everyone involved; we’re told to call the police if we see illegal activity, but officers respond quite slowly, and by the time they show up the activity has ceased. With nothing to report they leave, so the problems continue. DPW doesn’t clean up occupied encampments, and getting encampments emptied relies on the police: vicious circle. Lastly, neighbors are reluctant to call when they see illegal activity, so encampments grow unabated as the residents grow their camps, and fires, theft, drug use, human waste, used needles and so on get worse and worse.”

“Our normal procedure would be to request assistance from the City’s Homeless Outreach Team, which is overseen by our partner agency, the Department of Homelessness and Supportive Housing,” countered San Francisco Department of Public Works media representative Rachel Gordon.

“Fires have occurred at Pennsylvania Garden as recently as October,” related Shaw. “In the biggest cleanup operation at that time, it [was] clear about four to five fires were started in the back area at once, leading to terrace structures and several large plants being destroyed. This was a result of a large encampment that took hold, and only after I reached out to the top of the ladder at DPW and SFPD did they evict the encampment. Volunteers cleaned the aftermath.”

“Over the last couple years our tool sheds have been broken into and all tools were stolen multiple times,” said Shaw. “Police reports were filed, but no further police activity resulted. Other garden structures, like our new dog poop stations, have been damaged, graffiti-ed and stolen. Plants have been destroyed and stolen. Trash, excrement and used needles have been left at the garden every single week. It is ALL cleaned by volunteers.”

Unpaid workers are often diverted from tending to plants to repairing damage and cleaning up, sometimes at risk to themselves. Shaw accidentally pricked herself with a used needle during one cleanup. “I went through six months of testing for various diseases and a lot of stress. Luckily, I’m OK, but it was an unpleasant experience,”

she said.

“Is it fundamentally wrong to try to have areas of simple beauty for the community when homeless human beings don’t have a place to live?” Shaw asked. “Should the gardens be given over to encampments until the City has a real solution, or can the City help homeless people while we create spaces for wildlife and community at the same time?”

PSG – as well as Tunnel Top Park at the corner of 25th and Pennsylvania, Connecticut Friendship Garden, and other commons – was developed by community members, eventually adopted by San Francisco Parks Alliance. The Parks Alliance collaborates with the San Francisco Public Works Department to maintain community-managed open spaces on publicly-owned properties

“These sites are often 100 percent volunteer driven,” explained Charlie McKone of SF Parks Alliance. “So, maintenance depends on volunteer hours and neighborhood involvement, not City services. These sites are unique in that they are community driven and managed, and regardless of who is responsible for maintaining any given space, the power of community

stewardship and sense of shared ownership over a park/public space goes a long way.”

Shaw held a community forum in the gardens last fall attended by representatives from San Francisco Public Works, the California Department of Transportation, SFPD, California Highway Patrol, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, and the San Francisco Department of Homelessness and Supportive Housing SF Public Works responded by installing a trash can at the Pennsylvania Railroad Garden, a large hole in the fence at Pennsylvania Garden was repaired by the California Department of Transportation, and the SF Aids Foundation Needle Pickup Crew has attended to dropped needles through their Syringe Access Services program.

PSG installed new benches and dog waste cans with bags, which volunteers regularly empty. Last summer “No Trespassing” signs provided by SFPD were installed to discourage homeless encampments, along with notices asking people not to use the park as a restroom or allow their pets to. Installation of lights is being

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Farley’s Celebrates 30 Years of Coffee Community

BY PAUL JAMES

Farley’s, a cozy coffee shop located at 1315 18th Street, was founded by Roger Hillyard after he was unable to find a retailer that sold a glass insert replacement for his broken French press. He decided to open a coffee and tea paraphernalia store, which he named after his grandfather, Jack Farley, who disappeared in 1921.

“This coming St. Patrick’s Day is our 30th Anniversary,” the coffee shop’s manager, Carly Apuzzo, explained. “Originally, it was supposed to open sometime around Valentine’s Day, and right before the café was supposed to open there was a fire here. So, they had to shut everything down and hustle to get it all working again and were able to open by the end of March.”

Farley’s went from vending coffee merchandise – opening at around 2 p.m., closing at 10 p.m. – to selling beverages after the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake. For days afterwards Potrero Hill was one of the few neighborhoods that had access to electricity and water. Hillyard noticed a lot of people hanging around, not too sure what to do with their time. He started opening at 6:30 a.m. and offering coffee. From that point on, Farley’s became the community’s coffee shop.

In 2008, Roger Hillyard passed the shop’s ownership to his son, Chris Hillyard, who operates it with his wife, Amy Hillyard. Roger, who works at the San Francisco Zen Center, still frequents the cafe for a Gibraltar and donut.

In the face of constant change on Potrero Hill, Farley’s feels somewhat timeless. “Some of these people have been coming here since we opened,”

Apuzzo said. “As the neighborhood has changed, Farley’s has kind of changed with the neighborhood. But it’s always remained a consistent place where people can come for music, art events, poetry, and two of our staff members even do a podcast together. Not just for the customers who come here, but even the people who work here, it’s a very supportive environment.”

According to Apuzzo, customer experience is a top priority as she marshals the café into the future. For instance, there are no electrical outlets; WiFi access is restricted to two hours. “This seems a little counterintuitive because it’s sort of like, ‘if you care for the customers, why would you limit something like that?’ But we want people to come here and utilize the space as a place to hang out with people and talk and meet people and interact,” said Apuzzo. “Not just get glued onto staring at a screen. So, even though we appreciate people who use Farley’s as a workplace, we don’t want it to feel like a dominant workplace for those just looking to spend some time with friends or family.”

Farley’s goal is to bring people together, which starts with warm, welcoming, baristas. Apuzzo won’t just hire anyone who knows how to make a decent beverage. “It’s not about skills. It’s about personality,” she said. “When I’m hiring somebody, I’m not looking for questions and answers, I’m looking for a conversation. I think it’s important for people to be curious and passionate and have interests outside of their work. You can teach somebody to make a cup of coffee, but it’s very difficult to teach someone how to care about people.”

Farley’s nurtures a host of unique

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Fiction: *Girth Worms*

BY STEVEN J. MOSS

It seemed like a good idea at the time. I'd just come back from India, and had lost a lot of weight on account of a worm I'd picked up there. Ten, fifteen pounds, gone in a matter of weeks. I copied a bunch of signs and stuck them on telephone poles around the neighborhood: "Eat as much as you want; lose weight fast; new diet pill just in from the Orient." I didn't know whether India was in the Orient or not, but figured it didn't matter.

My first customer was an extremely large woman hauling a baby carriage. She was wearing a bluish over-sized pants-suit thing that looked like it was made of a blend of polyester, Glad sandwich bags, and bubble wrap. All shiny, crinkly, and thick in a way that implied it could be used as a survival suit on Mars. Her infant was tucked away in an old-fashioned carriage, like what my little sister might have used to push around her baby-wet-her-pants doll in the 1980s. The customer sat down in the metal fold-out chair I'd placed in front of my desk, which I'd garbage-picked the day before.

"How can I help you?" I asked, trying to look concerned, but professional.

Her eyes darted around my apartment, checking out the stacks of old magazines, piles of dirty clothes, and "found art." "Uh, well, I'm here for that diet pill you advertised? You know, on the telephone poles?"

For a minute I envisioned my tattered signs stapled to the shredded wood of creosote-soaked telephone poles, and thought, "what am I doing?" But I said, "Oh yeah, the new diet pills that I just picked up in the Orient. Sure, sure. Would you like to buy, ah, purchase some from me?" I nodded my head 'yes,' and she responded by doing the same.

"Yeah, I mean, that's why I'm here." She made it sound as if there couldn't be any other possible explanation for her to be in my apartment. Her eyes wandered over to my collection of bottle caps – I had hundreds of *Mr. Pibb*, *RC Cola*, and rare regional brands – and then darted back to me. All the while she kept nodding. She flung her hands down on her ample lap. "I had a baby a few months ago, and can't seem to lose the weight. I've tried everything; Weight Watchers, Nutrisystem, vomiting. Nothing seems to work."

"Uh huh," I said, reaching into the back of a desk drawer where I'd hid a vial of weight-loss remedy. I brushed past old rubber dinosaurs, movie stubs, and campaign buttons. "Well, here we go." I leaned towards her, my arm outstretched, a small caplet in my hand. "Take this, and call me in the morning." I winked. She stared back at me without moving. I noticed that her eyes bulged, like the eyes on the rubber fish squeeze toy I bought at the aquarium. "Um, here." I walked over, squatted, and put the pill in her hand. "Take this with some water. In a week or two you'll lose the weight." I jumped up and clapped my hands twice. "That's it." I nodded again. She nodded back.

"Are these things safe?" She squinted at me.

"How do you mean, safe?" I leaned against the front of the desk, trying to look like one of those doctors pitching prescription medicine on television.

"Safe. You know. Safe. For me to take." She was still nodding, but her face jiggled a bit, as if for emphasis.

"Safe, sure. It's made of all natural, all organic ingredients, imported from the Orient direct to your, um, my door." I almost winked, but decided I'd better not.

"Okay." She seemed satisfied with my answer, which was good, because it was the only one I had. "How much do I owe you?"

"\$20. American."

She bent over, rummaged through her Hefty-sized purse, and pulled out two crumpled bills. "I hope it works." She grunted.

"It will, believe me, it will." I licked my thumb, counted the tens, and stashed them in the desk drawer. "Now, call me in a month for a follow-up appointment; I like to make sure my customers are fully satisfied." I sat down and smiled. She didn't leave her seat. I nodded my head in the direction of the door, like my friend Fred's imitation of a doll I'd picked up at free Bobblehead day at Oracle Park. She remained immobile. "Well, you'd better go clothes shopping; you're going to need a whole new wardrobe!" She scowled at me, heaved herself up, stuck her purse under her arm, and wheeled her baby out the door.

Business was brisk for a couple of weeks. Three, already too-skinny teenage girls, giggling as if the air itself was funny; a business man with no chest and a stomach that jutted out like he'd swallowed a bean bag chair; two middle-aged women of typical dimensions; a thirty-something professional woman who reminded me of my sister; she had the same blond/brown hair, cut short. I told her she didn't need to lose any weight; she looked great. But she just frowned, and handed over the money. All of them except one of the middle-aged women made purchases, after which I'd ask them to call me in a month. I made \$120, and then the traffic stopped.

Where I Got the Worms

I got the worms from my sister; the one with the baby-wet-her-pants doll. That is to say, she made getting the worms possible. My sister gave me enough frequent flyer miles to go just about anywhere in the world. I don't know why; it wasn't my birthday or anything. It was late one morning, and after my fourth or fifth call to her at work that day – I wanted to know where I could get some empty shoe boxes to store my bottle cap collection – she just gave the miles up. I said, "Whaddayamean, you're giving me 180,000 miles? Why for?"

She sighed, like she had a headache, which she often complained about. "I just thought it might be good for you to take a trip, Phil, that's all. You know, get out of town. It's not as if you have that much going here."

I could tell that any minute she was going to say something about all the money mom and dad had spent sending me to college, without me even getting a degree. "Whaddayamean, not that much going? I told you, I'm trying to get my bottle cap collection sorted out so I can sell it on eBay – it's worth a mint, you know – and I'm working with my pal Fred on starting one of

those 'write your name on a grain of rice' franchises. We're thinking, if it works for rice, why not green beans, or radishes..."

"You want to start 'a write your name on a green bean' franchise?" my sister asked, as if it was another one of my stupid ideas. She never let me forget about the money she loaned me for my failed Jello-shot business, that had a free toy in every shot. "Listen, I don't want to hear about your vegetable naming plans. I'm going to call the airline and transfer the miles to you. Figure out something to do with it, okay, Phil? And don't go selling the miles to someone, or giving them to Fred, or trading them for more bottle caps."

"Okay, okay, I'll take 'em. Thanks, Sis."

"You're welcome," she said, and hung up.

I thought, 'cool, free miles.' Maybe Fred and I could go to Reno together. But that was stupid; I lived in San Francisco, and we could take a bus to Reno. Then I thought about those miniature liquor bottles you get on long airplane trips, and how well they would go with my bottle cap collection. I called the airline, and asked them to book me on the next available flight as far away as my sister's miles would take me. The gal on the other side said, "Anywhere?" and I replied, "anywhere." She said "anywhere?" Long story short, I ended up flying to New Delhi, India.

This guy on the plane – he gave me his empty liquor bottles before switching to another seat – told me about this place where they throw corpses into the

river a few hours' bus ride from Delhi. I've seen lots of road kill in my day, but never actual dead bodies, so I decided to go there. After a long, noisy, smelly and croded ride in a poorly ventilated bus, I found the cheapest hotel available. I was assigned a room with bars on its window, a cement floor, and a hole in the ground that served as a toilet. Actually, it was kind of creepy, and I didn't get much sleep on account of all the snoring and hocking sounds in the rooms next door. Still, I only had a few hundred bucks, so it had to do.

I got up before sunrise, anxious to see the bodies. Sure enough, little fires were burning alongside the river, and inside the fires were bundles wrapped in white cloth. I hurried closer to get a better view, and saw skulls and rib cages poking out of the wood and flames. My mouth got watery, in that pre-vomiting way, but I couldn't stop looking, like that time I ran over a stray kitten while I was parking my car, and it lay there, not moving, squished and dead.

I watched as two Indians put a bundle into a small canoe, paddled out to the middle of the river, and dumped it in. No priest, or speeches, or nothing. Stranger still, the body floated by a group of people who were in the water bathing themselves. The men were topless, while the women were fully clothed, but everybody was scrubbing away under their garments as if they were at home in the shower. Next to the bathers another group of women were slapping pieces of fabric against

GIRTH WORMS continues page 10



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San Francisco's Oldest Family-Owned Manufacturer Shifts to Retail-Only

BY MICHAEL IACUessa

McRoskey Mattress, which had been the oldest family-owned manufacturer in San Francisco, closed its Minnesota Street plant last fall after selling its production and brand rights to Fresno-based Pleasant Mattress. The shift marks a new chapter for the iconic company, which now focuses solely on retail sales.

McRoskey was established in 1899 by brothers Edward and Leonard McRoskey. The company is currently run by Edward's granddaughter, Robin Azevado. The 77-year-old Azevado now serves as brand ambassador for Pleasant while overseeing McRoskey's San Francisco, Palo Alto and San Rafael retail showrooms.

Azevado said she's pleased with the association because Pleasant, which began making mattresses in 1959, is also a third-generation family-owned firm.

"They are not quite as old as we are, but regardless have the same business ethics we do," she said. "They've already got a good distribution system because they make mattresses for other companies, so they have that infrastructure in place on how to reach retailers, where to place products and have them sold. That's an expertise we don't have and I think it's good for the brand to step into that kind of exposure. They can take it to farther away places than we can. Outside California, nationally and internationally."

By acquiring McRoskey Pleasant added a luxury brand to its portfolio. The company manufactures several brands, including Spring Air and MAXX, but nothing as pricey as McRoskey, which can draw \$4,000 to \$7,000 for a queen-sized set.

McRoskey has long touted its design and handmade craftsmanship. Pleasant will continue to build products according to the same specifications. Pleasant, which also purchased mar-

keting and distribution rights to the brand, is retrofitting a 25,000-square foot building on its 150,000-square foot campus, and anticipates hiring eight to 10 employees.

McRoskey laid off 13 factory personnel as a result of the deal, leaving it with a dozen employees at its three stores. According to Azevado, sales staff can still provide factory-direct service, with clients able to place custom orders with Pleasant.

Azevado is confident that McRoskey can succeed as a retail-only operation. While the brick and mortar trade is becoming riskier in the face of Amazon and other online outlets, mattress stores have proliferated over the past six years. There are now 9,000 such stores in the United States, more than Starbucks' 8,200 standalone coffee shops. Caspar, an online mattress store startup, plans to open 200 land-based stores over the next three years, citing a need to provide shoppers with the opportunity to touch and feel products.

The largest chain, Mattress Firm, filed for bankruptcy last year after it jumped from 700 to 3,300 stores in just five years; growth so rapid the company had to tweet a denial to an unsubstantiated Internet rumor that it was a front for money laundering.

The mattress industry got a post-recession bounce beginning in 2013. New home buying had been down; mattresses are generally believed to be an item people put off purchasing when disposable income is tight.

Fluffy mattress profits encourage companies to provide potential customers opportunities to sleep around. According to *Consumer Reports*, there's a 100 percent markup on most mattresses, with substantially greater margins on mattresses priced at more than \$1,000. Conventional wisdom has it that people prefer to buy a mattress in person, as they are likely to lie on it for a decade. A survey by *Furniture*

Today revealed that 20 percent of consumers would never buy a mattress online and, as of 2016, only six percent of mattresses were cyber-purchased. According to *SleepZoo*, an online site dedicated to slumber issues, overhead is low at mattress stores; a single location may only have to sell a couple dozen a month to cover costs.

The practice of customers trying a product in a store and then buying from a cheaper online retailer hasn't become common in the industry. This may be partially due to stores commissioning unique models from manufacturers that aren't sold online, making comparisons confusing for shoppers. McRoskey, while cyber-selling, doesn't peddle through mass discount sites like Amazon.

"There is some convenience to our customers to buy online, but there is great confidence when someone comes into a brick and mortar for an important purchase like a good mattress," said Azevado, explaining that a retail team can listen to what a customer needs and provide guidance on what they offer. "We are not pushing a warehouse full of mattresses. We're helping them make the right choice."

McRoskey has paper-and-ink ledgers dating back to when its showroom at 1687 Market Street opened in 1925. Azevado said if someone wants an adjustment on what they previously owned, or desires what a friend or relative has, the company can reference back several generations.

Anchor Brewing is San Francisco's oldest manufacturer. Anchor began operating under its name in 1896, though

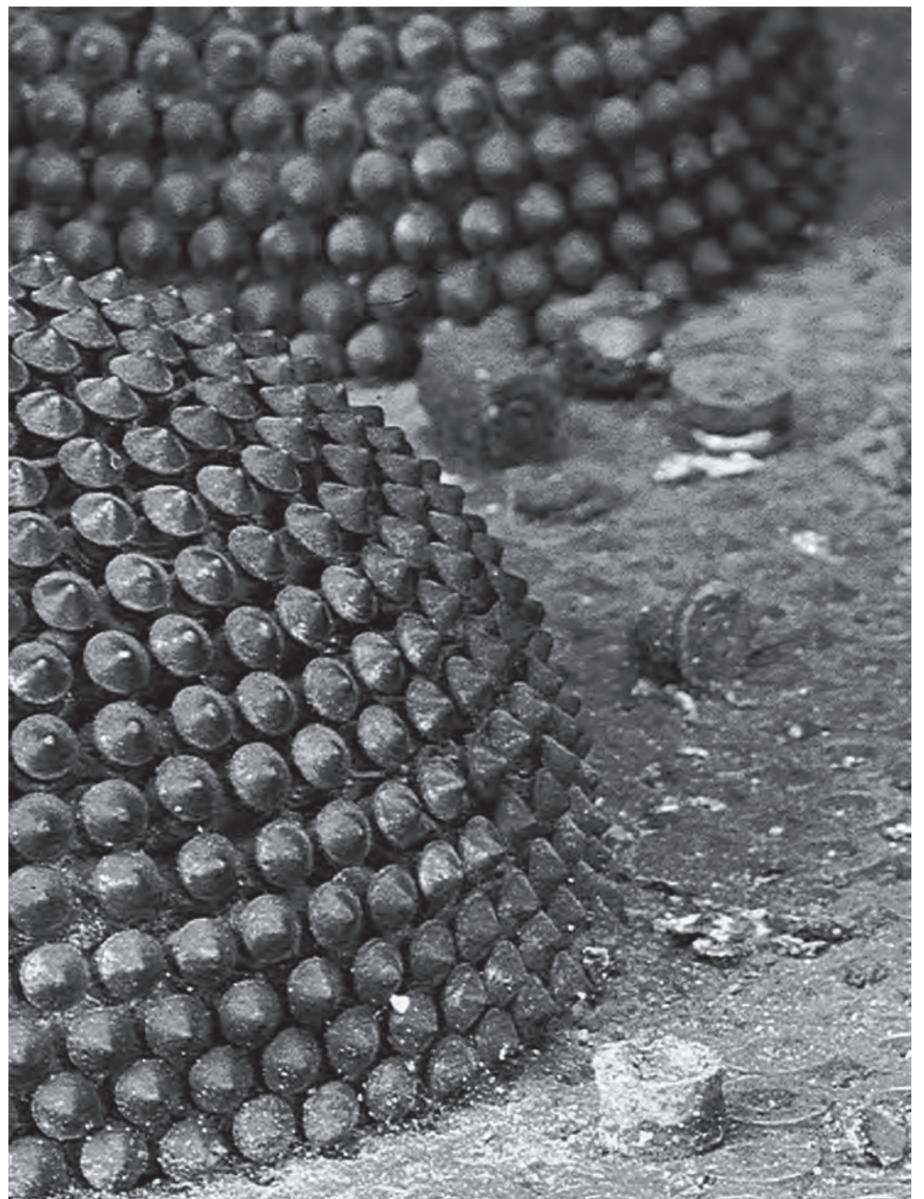
the company was dormant during Prohibition.

McRoskey's had leased its 20,000-square foot plant at 1400 Minnesota Street, which is currently listed for rent.

FARLEY'S from page 4

traditions. The Saturday before Halloween the shop invites people to dress up their dogs and take a stroll from Connecticut to Texas streets, ending in a competition in which all participants receive a trophy. "The pet parade is a big one," Apuzzo said. "Since St. Patrick's Day is our anniversary, we always have bagpipers and Irish musicians play outside. And one of the co-owners, Amy Hillyard, runs the kitchen at Farley's east [their Oakland location]; she usually makes a huge thing of stew and Irish soda bread and Guinness cupcakes."

For Christmas, Santa can be found on the parklet outside Farley's greeting children. During the Fourth of July, the coffee shop puts on a fireworks display. And from this Valentine's Day to St. Patrick's Day, Farley's will have a month of events. "Giveaways every single day for 30 days to celebrate 30 years of Farley's," said Apuzzo. "So, I would say people should check out our website. We'll also have an event flyer up in the café which will say what we're going to do every day. From February to March, it's going to be a very busy month."



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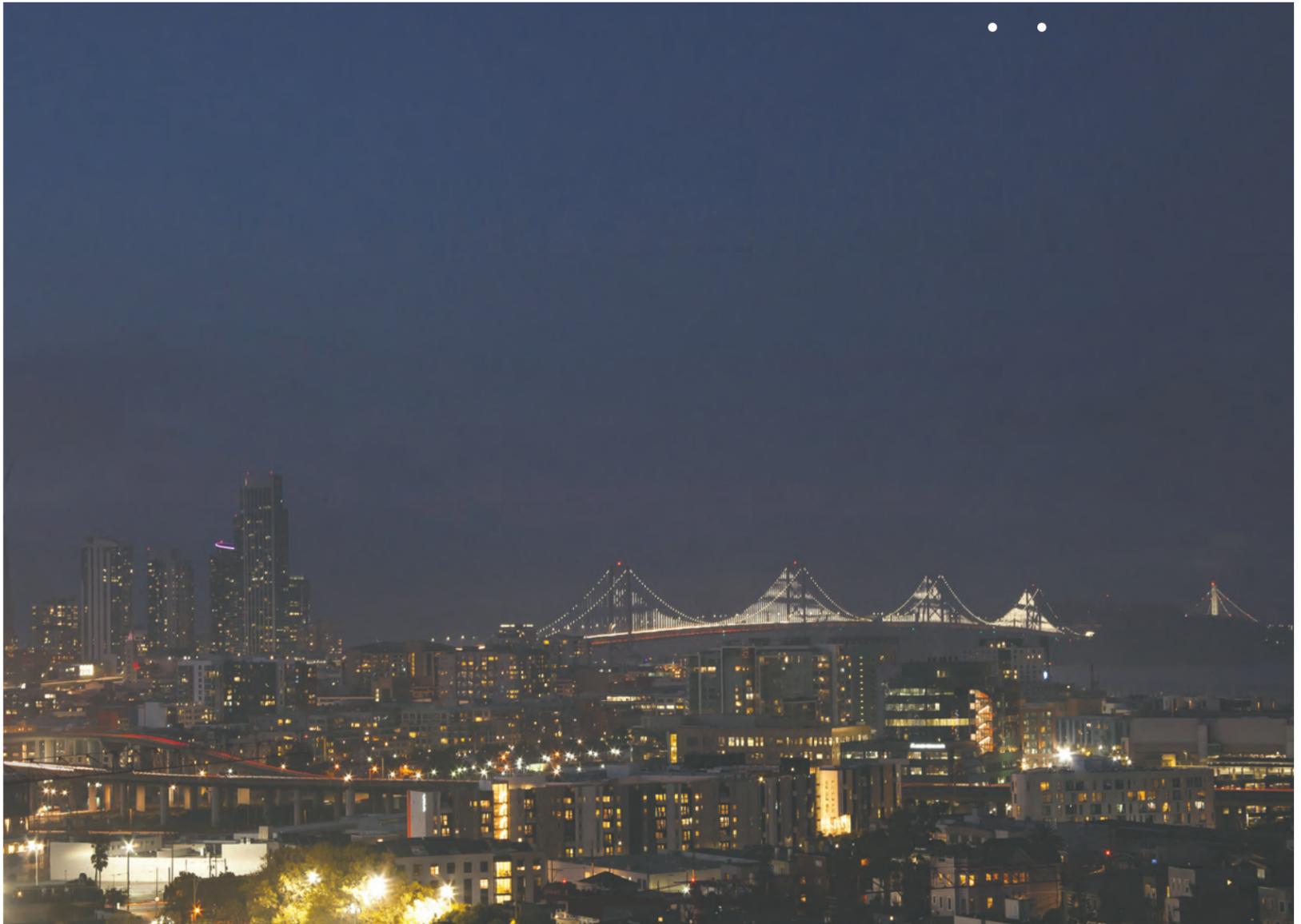
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COMPASS

COMMUNITY | FEBRUARY

Now through 2/10 Sunday

Theater: Playground Solo Performance Festival

PlayGround Solo Performance Festival features 11 Bay Area artists, with new works by Ron Campbell, Julie Gieseke, Malcolm Grissom, Emil Guillermo, Michael Phillis, Fred Pitts, Kathryn Seabron, and Talisha Tolliver, as well as special guests Marga Gomez, Matthew Martin, and Nina Wise. The event, initiated last winter as a new "pop-up" program, reflects PlayGround's mission and commitment to the discovery of bold new voices for the stage. Tickets, \$31 to \$46. Potrero Stage, 1695 18th Street. For more information or to purchase tickets: <https://bit.ly/2DqfsR5> or call 415.992.6677.

2 sat

Art: Russell Crotty

Internationally recognized for his innovative drawing practice, Russell Crotty presents a new body of work that combines his fascination with space exploration and concerns about environmental degradation from the viewpoint of an accomplished amateur astronomer, passionate surfer and native Californian. Free. Hosfelt Gallery, 260 Utah Street. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2T8Chhm>

Art: Michael Light

In his eighth solo exhibition at Hosfelt Gallery, Michael Light presents a new body of work from his ongoing aerial photographic survey of the arid American West. "Great Basin Autoglyphs and Pleistoseas" ventures into deep time, moving from habited, placed settlements into pure space and its attendant emptiness. The resulting images are abstract and painterly investigations that reveal hitherto unseen terrain imprinted by both human intervention and geological phenomena. Free. Hosfelt Gallery, 260 Utah Street. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2Dq5WgT>

Art: MakeArt Family Day

Come to the first MakeArt Family Day of 2019! Walk through "Tex Gieling: Sixty Years" to be inspired by the various processes Tex used to create her unique body of work. Then, drop by the MakeArt Lab to imitate her drip technique with hot glue, and experiment with texture as

you create your own textural painting. You'll get to use natural and unexpected materials to make a wearable homage to the artist. Plus, decorate your swag bag with tape resist and play around with magnetic design. All ages welcome. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Free with admission to the Museum: \$8 adults, \$6 students/seniors. Free for children 12 and under. Museum of Craft and Design, 2569 Third Street. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2FHTS1z>

2/2 Saturday through 2/3 Sunday
Lunar New Year: 2019 Flower Market Fair

The Chinese New Year Flower Market Fair is held the weekend before Chinese New Year Day. Purchase fresh flowers, fruits, candies, and supplies from more than 120 concessions. Delight in performances by traditional Chinese magicians, acrobats, folk dancers, and singers. Saturday 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sunday 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free. Grant Avenue from Clay to Broadway. Pacific, Jackson, and Washington streets between Stockton and Kearny streets. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2REt4AS>

4 mon

Music: Captain Casual

Live music and compact disc release party. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Free. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

6 wed

Community: 2019 NEN Awards

The 11th annual Neighborhood Empowerment Network Awards (NEN) has become the City's official celebration of community heroes, and is San Francisco's way of honoring and celebrating the work of the residents and organizations who make the City an amazing place to live. Free. RSVP: <https://bit.ly/2Mpmet4>. 6 to 8:30 p.m., City Hall Rotunda, 1 Doctor Carlton B Goodlett Place.

Music: Daniel Berkman

Live music by Potrero Hill resident Daniel Berkman, a composer, multi-instrumentalist and innovator of the kora, a 21-stringed harp/lute from West Africa. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

8 fri

Comedy: MC Sergio Novoa

Standup comedy by MC Sergio Novoa. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

2/8 Friday through 5/4 Saturday
Art: True Blue Mirror

"True Blue Mirror" is the Bay Area premiere exhibition of New York-based artists Ellen Berkenblit and Sarah Braman, featuring recent works from the McEvoy Family Collection. The exhibit stages a theatrical dialogue between Berkenblit's gestural, semi-abstract paintings and Braman's blocky, quasi-mystical sculptures and environments. Artists' Talk: Saturday, February 9, 3:30 to 5 p.m. Opening Reception: Saturday, February 9, 5 to 8 p.m. Free. McEvoy Foundation for the Arts, 1150 25th Street, Building B. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2GWvvoW>

13 wed

Music: Soul Delights

Live music by Soul Delights. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

14 thur

Music: James Everett

Live music by James Everett, rhythm and blues, jazz and pop singer and performer. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

16 sat

Music: Marc Maynon and CD Onofrio

Folk music. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

21 thur

Music: Kevin Patrick McGee

Originals and select covers from the 1960's to the present. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

23 sat

Literacy: Family Literacy Day

Organized by Urban Services YMCA SF, Family Literacy Day is an annual event promoting school success, improved school attendance, and parent involvement. Free books, games, and food, while supplies last. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Potrero Hill Recreation and Park Department, 801 Arkansas Street. For more information, contact Betty Canton-Self at 415.678.0459 or email bcanton-self@ymcasf.org.

Dance: Flamenco Dance

Live Flamenco dancing by Potrero Hill resident Damien Alvarez. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley's, 1315 18th Street.

Art: Burning Man

Explore the creative spirit of Burning Man as an original western cultural movement, and its innovative paradigm of art as a participatory and interactive experience, unattached to traditional museums or commercial art markets. Technology has increasingly become a component of Burning Man art. The affinity between art and technology with the rise of Silicon Valley and the parallel evolution of the Burning Man movement will be featured. 2 to 4 p.m. Free with advance registration. Koret Auditorium, de Young Museum, 50 Hagiwara Tea Garden Drive, Golden Gate Park. To register and for more information: <https://stanford.io/2R3VPBU>

GETTING INVOLVED



Green Benefit District

Check out the new GBD website at GreenBenefit.org. The new Multimodal Hub (scooter, motorcycle and bike parking) on Iowa adjacent to the 22nd St Caltrain station is open. The renovation of the station entrance, by the GBD with the help of Caltrain and funding from UCSF, commences this month.

First Saturdays in Dogpatch: A neighborhood-wide event held monthly, rain or shine

- Explore neighborhood shops 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
- Enjoy great food and drink 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
- Discover maker market at Center Hardware and 1234 Indiana Street, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
- Be inspired at gallery openings at Minnesota Street Project, 6 to 8 p.m.
- See all the details at LoveDogpatch.com.

Bay Area makers, small businesses and food trucks:

Pop-up in Dogpatch the first Saturday of every month. Find out more at <https://bit.ly/2Lo5ekM>.

Potrero Boosters Neighborhood Association

Be in the know. Meet your neighbors. Make the Potrero a better place. Monthly meeting: last Tuesday of the month, 7 p.m. at the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House. 953 De Haro @ Southern Heights.

For a \$200 annual fee your organization can be listed in Getting Involved. Contact advertising@potreroview.net

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DIRECTED BY KEN SAVAGE

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23 sat

Lunar New Year: Chinese New Year Parade

Featuring floats, elaborate costumes, ferocious “lions,” exploding firecrackers, and the newly crowned Miss Chinatown U.S.A. and her court. A crowd favorite will be the new 288-foot Golden Dragon – *Gum Lung* – which takes a team of more than 180 men and women from the martial arts group White Crane to carry throughout the streets of San Francisco. Free for standing room; bleacher seats \$35. For more information: <https://bit.ly/2HqwZwz>

27 wed

Music: GT2+1

Music of the 20th Century – Beatles, Eagles, Simon & Garfunkel, Clapton, Dylan, Van Morrison – a juicy assortment of tunes, featuring the song stylings of Ms. Alyssa Cox. Free. 7:30 to 9 p.m. Farley’s, 1315 18th Street.

2/28 Thursday through 3/23 Saturday

Theater: Transfers

Lucy Thurber’s *Transfers* opens Crowded Fire’s 21st home season of new and contemporary plays. Miles away from the South Bronx where they grew up, two students unexpectedly rediscover one other on the eve of an interview that’ll determine their future. Each are looking to transfer to a prestigious northeast college. As they prepare to bare their souls and show the faculty what they think they want, Cristofer and Clarence have to decide whether to adhere to their personal integrity or choose what they’re willing to fake to call a beautiful brick-and-ivy bastion of privilege home. Tickets \$15 to \$35. Potrero Stage, 1695 18th Street. To purchase tickets and for more information: <https://bit.ly/2REovqe>

PUBLISHER’S VIEW from page 2

electricity users hollering over excessively high rates, as well as citizen outrage stoked by Erin Brockovich, among others, regulators and legislators woke up from their PG&E-financed junket-induced stupors and began to push the monopoly monster around, a kind of legitimate bullying to which the utility still hasn’t figured out how to effectively respond.

In the meantime, the industrial age gave way to the information age, which, along with ever more forceful environmental mandates and subsidies, pushed out a plethora of new electricity-making possibilities. While nuclear power floundered, dispersed wind and sun generation became cost competitive, first with coal, and now natural gas. Batteries and other storage devices, many carried under automobile hoods, created a new ability to move and store modest bits of power. Information and prices began to be used to tailor demand to fit “preferred” resources, which increasingly does not include spoke and wheel fossil fuel arrays.

As a result, combined with PG&E’s ungainly size and inept management, utility costs may no longer be downward sloping. One study, published before the emergence of electric vehicles and other innovations, found that the optimal size for a utility is a half-million customers. PG&E has 5.4 million accounts. That is, it’s quite likely that PG&E no longer meets economic criteria to be protected as a monopoly.

PG&E could adapt to all of these forces, and even prosper, if not for its spectacular inability to shield its customers from natural gas pipeline explosions and fire-nadoes triggered by sparking power lines. Under surround-sound economic and political pressure, the utility’s institutional integrity has cracked. The company isn’t responsible for the fierceness of the fires; that was caused by human-induced climate change, long-term woodland management practices, and the planting of increasing numbers

of homes in the middle of or directly adjacent to tinder-ready forests. But its equipment appears to have catalyzed multiple conflagrations. If not asleep at the safety wheel, PG&E seems to have been actively texting and otherwise multi-tasking.

If Martin and de Sabla were alive today perhaps, given the dramatically changed operating environment, they’d do something equally as clever as their original consolidation scheme: they’d break their utility back into its smaller pieces. Being large no longer offers the same value as it did a century ago. Today, with widescale availability of distributed energy resources, sophisticated household-level energy management devices, and a hostile political environment, the brightest and most courageous approach PG&E could take is to voluntarily decompose itself, perhaps negotiating ongoing franchise agreements with newly independent entities. Willingly right-sizing itself would also avoid what could be a much less pleasant, more destructive, political process to address the utility’s failures.

GARDENS from page 4

considered to increase safety for park visitors and discourage illegal activity, but the problems created by homeless occupying the gardens persist.

“Without proper mental health care and drug treatment programs, the homeless problem is here to stay,” said Shaw. “I believe we can have a beautiful city and compassionate care for homeless people. Remember, it’s not illegal to be homeless. Unless you

raise your voice though, you can expect homelessness to continue affecting everyone.”

Late last year, Shaw and other PSG volunteers celebrated the garden’s 10-year anniversary. “Hundreds of people use the gardens weekly to walk their dogs and enjoy the plants,” Shaw said. “We desperately need our neighbors to come to volunteer days...on the first Saturday of every month from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., and this winter we have a big replanting effort planned; we need people to help us do this work. We provide all the tools, gloves and drinks to keep everyone going, and our little group are devoted, wonderful people who need help! We are open to corporate volunteer days and can accommodate lots of people wanting to give back to the community via their company’s volunteering policy. And if you walk your dog there and use the cans and bags, you really should come to a volunteer day”

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21 de febrero de 2019
6 PM - 8 PM

Sábado
23 de febrero de 2019
11 AM - 1 PM

Mission Arts Center
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GIRTH WORMS from page 5

some rocks that looked like tombstones. Maybe they were the clothes of the dead, being cleaned for their final trip to heaven.

I was taking it all in, still feeling squeamish, when this American guy walks up to me and asks where I was from. He tells me he's been living in India for over a year, and invites me to take a walk with him. I had nothing better to do, and was ready to leave anyway, so I said 'sure, why not.'

The guy was really skinny, like maybe he'd missed too many meals. I offered to buy him breakfast, which fortunately didn't cost much. It took him a New York minute to wolf down the rice and yogurt dish he'd ordered. I had a hard time finishing my vegetable plate – the potatoes and carrots tasted like they were soaked in sea water, they were so salty – so he ate that too.

We ended up back at his place. It was pretty much the same as my hotel room, except he'd decorated his cell with colorful fabric, and there were stacks of books tilting all over. He asked me a lot of questions about where were the cheapest cities to live back in the states, but they had to have good libraries. I guess he wanted to go home, which I couldn't blame him. I was very thirsty on account of the salty breakfast, and kept licking my lips, hoping he'd offer me something to drink, which he didn't. After a while he asked me if I wanted to see something, and I said 'sure.'

He pulled out a glass beaker, pointed at it, and said, "these are my pets." I couldn't see anything at first, but I leaned forward and peered inside and there were these little black wormy things. Truthfully, they grossed me

out, but I was a guest in his house, and I knew how to behave. "Uh, what are they?" I asked.

"I call them girth worms." He smiled at the beaker.

"Uh, huh." I said. He kept smiling, his eyes fixed on the worms. I was starting to feel nervous, uncomfortable. "What do they eat?"

"Me," he said, and made a sound like a squeak, except I guess it was a laugh.

"Whaddaya mean, you?"

"Well," he turned and stared at me as if he was seeing past my skin, into my organs and the bones around them, "these ones I feed post-digested food. The others live with me." He patted his stomach.

I know I should have been polite – his house and all – but I was getting that clammy feeling I get when I dissect my cat's hair balls, or take too long cleaning out the dogs' cages at the animal shelter where I sometimes work for movie money. "Well," I said, trying not to look at him, "I guess I gotta go."

"Oh, so soon?" His face looked like Jello slowly sliding off a tilted plate, which made me feel bad. Then, much quicker, his Jello-face bounced back. "Would you like to take a few with you?"

"A few what?"

"You know, pets." He held the beaker up and shook it at me.

"Uh, I don't know. I already have a cat..." His face started to slide again. "But, what the hey, why not. Give me some of those bad boys."

His eyes popped like the snap of an old-fashion flash bulb, and he started fishing in the beaker with his hands. "Great. I usually take them with water, but maybe you'd like some juice, or something else."

It didn't take me long to realize he wanted me to eat those things. I had to think fast. "Wait, wait, wait, can't I have them 'to go'?"

"To go? You want them to go? Sure. Alright. Let me get a container for you." He rummaged around his books, and came up with an old peanut can that had a plastic lid, tipping it over to toss out some metal pieces that rattled around in it. He slid some of the worms inside, and handed the cannister to me, smiling the whole while. I took the can with one hand, and slapped my thigh with the other.

"Okay, then, I guess I better be going. If you ever get out to San Francisco look me up."

"I will. I will. And remember to feed them." He nodded toward the peanut can.

"Cross my heart." I crossed my heart, and got up.

"Uh, before you go, it's my, um, practice to drink a toast in honor of my departing pets. Would that be alright?" He gave me a puppy dog look. I didn't want to stay a minute longer, but I was thirsty.

I licked my lips. "Oh, alright."

"Great!"

He went over to the corner of the room, where there was small table with what looked like empty peanut butter, pickle, and mayonnaise jars on it. While he got the water together I looked around the room. It wasn't *that* shabby. There was a rusted bottle cap lying next to my foot, so I bent down, picked it up, and thrust it into my pocket. I jerked my hand out of my jeans just as he turned around.

"Here we go." He handed me a jar full of water. "Drink up."

We stood looking at each other, neither of us drinking. I thought about the worms, and peered down into the glass. The water looked clear. "Uh, you didn't put anything in here, did you?"

"Of course not," he grinned. "Now drink up!"

I felt a cramp in my leg and shifted my weight. "Uhm, the toast?"

"Oh, of course, the toast! To the girth worms, and their new master!" We clinked glasses, and I drank.

Home Again

About a week after I got home I called my buddy Fred to tell him about the trip. I had already described the little motorized jitneys that buzzed all over the place, the dead bodies, and meeting the worm guy. "Things were going really well. I was having a great time. But I must have eaten something bad. First, I got really sick, and then I started losing weight."

"You know, Philly-boy, that guy slipped you a mickey." Fred had a cold, so he sounded all nasally.

"Waddayamean, a mickey?"

"Alright not a mickey, cheese steak man, a worm, he slipped you one of those worms." He coughed at the other end of the line. It was always like that with him, making fun of my name; Philly, Mr. Cream Cheese Head, or Feely, the horny guy who's always trying to cop something on crowded Muni lines. I didn't like it much.

"Okay, *Friiieed*, how'd he do that? I was with him the entire time," I countered. But I knew he was right.

"Simple, hill-boy, he put a worm in

GIRTH WORMS continues next page

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KAISER PERMANENTE

GIRTH WORMS from previous page

your drink while you weren't looking." It sounded like he was rubbing his very congested nose. It made a wet, smacking sound. "You weren't always looking right at him, Feel-face, were you?"

The water had seemed clear, but the worms were pretty small. "I guess he could have done it when I was picking up that bottle cap." A cap that'd turned out to be from a bottle of Kingfisher, completely worthless.

"Right-e-o. Anyway, I've got to go drain my nose in the sink. See ya around."

"Not if I see you first," I mumbled, but he was already gone.

As soon as I hung up the phone I started getting that creepy feeling, like hairballs, the insides of dog cages, and the worm guy's room. He *must* have slipped me a worm. That's why I was queasy so much, and my pants were so loose. I sat there, thinking it over, idly playing with a small pile of paper clips – I collect them too; you'd be surprised at the variety of paper clips available – and an idea took hold of me. I got up and rummaged through my travel bag, still packed from the trip, and found the peanut can, plastic cap tightly clamped on. I peeled off the top, and there, inside, were maybe a couple dozen little black blobs. They must have multiplied, or divided, or something. I unwound a paper clip, and poked at one of them. His wormy flesh shrank back, and he kind of curled up, though he was pretty curled already. I was in business.

The rest was easy. I went to Walgreens and bought an off-brand box of cold remedy, the plastic caplet type that has tiny medical jimmies inside. I set a few of the pills aside for Fred,

and emptied the insides of the rest into a plastic baggy, in case I needed the medicine sometime. Then, I put the worms into the caplets. In addition to the one I'd poked, only one or two of them showed much signs of life. Still, I figured they'd do the trick.

The End of the Story

I'd been back from India almost three months. But no matter how much I ate, I kept losing weight. I'd eat huge stacks of pancakes, saturated with syrup and butter; Pop Tarts three times a day; surgery cereals. I wasn't even that hungry, I was just disappearing.

I went to a doctor. I told him about my trip to India, and my weight loss, and how I thought I might've eaten a worm. I described the worms; black, blobby, small. He went over to his shelf and pulled out a fat book filled with slick paper and photographs and leafed through it.

"Did it look like this?" he asked. He showed me a black and white snapshot of a worm lying next to a dime. The dime was bigger. The page opposite had a color photograph of someone's arm with what looked like red worm tracks gouged from the wrist to the elbow.

"Yeah, that's it. That's the worm." I said.

He gave me a bunch of pills, and told me to take them twice a day with food for ten days. In not too long, he said, I should see the worm coming out in my 'fecal matter.' He told me it was a good thing I came when I did, because the worm probably wasn't getting any smaller, and, given enough time, would eventually wrap around my insides and kill me.

I took the pills, and began to gain weight. In fact, since I still ate piles of pre-packaged waffles, boxes of Kraft macaroni and cheese, and large scoops of ice cream, I fattened up way past my pre-India poundage. I must've eaten so much to compensate for my worries. I was thinking about my customers: the fat lady with the baby; the teenagers; the guy who swallowed a bean bag chair. Even though I'd told each one of them to call, I'd only heard from the businessman, who'd come by with a smile on his face about a month after

buying the remedy. He looked about the same to me, but insisted he'd lost ten pounds. I gave him some of the pills I'd picked up from the doctor, and told him they were even more effective than the last batch.

I couldn't sleep at night, and when I did I'd dream about the burning bones and floating bodies I'd seen in India, and wake up sweaty and scared. Maybe my worms were sitting in my customers' stomachs getting bigger and bigger,

GIRTH WORMS continues on page 13

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PROPOSITION K from front page

still pending before the Land Use and Transportation Committee and, while no date has been set, District 3 Supervisor Aaron Peskin is championing the effort on the committee.

According to Peter Cohen, co-director of the Council of Community Housing Organizations, which advocates for affordable housing, the impetus behind Proposition K was to establish a systemic process where agencies combed their assets annually, prompting public discussion.

“Well, that hasn’t happened as far as we are concerned. It feels as though it’s either being ignored and circumvented or not really taken seriously,” he said. “Unfortunately, what tends to happen with these policies that require reporting, that require transparency, that require procedures is that unless someone is watchdogging it and unless there is some kind of enforcement or consequence system it is really easy for them to blow it off.”

Proposition K was an attempt to strengthen a previous policy. In 2002, the BoS approved a forerunner, the Surplus City Property Ordinance, chapter 23A, which called for surplus land reports to be compiled annually. The impetus for the decree was to identify sites that could be used to shelter the homeless. Proposition K amended that, not only by adopting new requirements, but to prioritize surplus property for affordable housing in general, including mixed-income developments.

“For large sites it is incredibly difficult to do 100 percent affordable housing,” said Kim.

She added that, under the original

ordinance, departments refused to list properties; doing so was at their discretion. “It was incredibly disappointing that we would get such a short uncreative list.” With Proposition K, which added underutilized properties to unused ones, Kim said she hoped to get a much broader list. “To my incredible disappointment this year I got the list from the City and it only listed one property,” she said.

The concept of using surplus land for affordable housing isn’t original to San Francisco. There’s been similar action at the state level. California Code 54220 indicates that municipalities should, when disposing of surplus land, give preference to open space, recreation and affordable housing uses. In 2014, the California Assembly adopted a bill requiring local agencies and school districts to prioritize surplus land for affordable housing.

“We have a lot of publicly-owned land in San Francisco and we have a heck of an unmet need for affordable housing and it seems as if this should be low hanging fruit,” said Cohen.

There have been public land transfers outside of Proposition K. On PUC land at Balboa Reservoir planning is underway to develop mixed-income housing, with at least 33 percent affordable. Last year, SFMTA sold property at Geneva Street and San Jose Avenue to the MOHCD to be dedicated to 100 percent affordable housing. SFMTA proposes to build housing at its Potrero Yard, just south of Franklin Square, when it’s renovated in 2023.

However, according to Todd David, San Francisco Housing Action Coalition executive director, land isn’t the biggest obstacle to affordable housing. Money is. “There is a public

misperception that building affordable housing is less expensive than building market rate housing and that’s just not accurate,” said David, whose organization lobbies for development across all affordability spectrums. “A lot of the affordable housing developers will say the only affordable thing about affordable housing is the rent.”

SCHOOL from front page

of California, San Francisco. The plot consists of 2.2 acres, with 0.7 acres identified for 80- to 90-foot tall structures and 1.5 acres set aside for a yard with open space. Current plans call for the facility to include limited office space for the school’s staff, and room for other, yet-to-be-determined, professional development activities. Parking needs remain to be addressed. A proposal has been floated to incorporate a “linked learning hub” that’ll house a high school program whose curriculum is organized around economic sector themes, utilizing work-based learning attached to businesses.

“A Linked Learning hub would provide high school students across the District with real-world learning experiences in nearby industries, such as biotech and health,” explained SFUSD public relations manager Laura Dudnick. “The hub would strengthen the current portfolio of high school Linked Learning programs, and serve as a destination for students across the District to access specialized learning opportunities outside of the schools they attend. One example is The Center for Advanced Research and Technology in Clovis, California.”

At the meeting, former District 6

Supervisor Jane Kim referenced her decade-long involvement in the school’s planning, and support from current and former mayors, San Francisco supervisors, and the San Francisco Board of Education. She confirmed that groundbreaking is expected by 2021, a deadline set by UCSF as a condition of the land’s donation.

SFUSD representatives acknowledged that residences continue to be built and occupied in Mission Bay. More families bring activity to a neighborhood which formerly saw little life after the end of the business day. A large number of newly constructed apartment complexes contain affordable units, accessible for purchase or rent to families with children. Restaurants and other enterprises with extended hours have steadily opened in the area.

SFUSD predicts that by 2025 city-wide student enrollment will increase by more than 14,000 students, exceeding the capacity of existing campuses. District 6 Supervisor Matt Haney, who enthusiastically supports the new school, had previously raised concerns that the greatest growth in student population would be from Mission Bay and South-of-Market, which helped focus attention on the project.

Vision 2025, published by the District, addresses how to better prepare students to enter the workforce in the mid-21st century. A collaboration between the new school and adjacent UCSF campus could include an expansion of the Science and Health Education Partnership, which has supported science and health education in public schools for the past 30 years.

The elementary schools nearest to

SCHOOL continues on page 14

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GIRTH WORMS from page 11

until finally they'd fill everything inside, and come bursting out of their stomachs, like *Alien*, or oozing out of their ears and noses, like that episode of *The X Files*.

I posted another set of signs around the neighborhood. I didn't want to admit liability or anything, so I wrote, "Fresh from the Orient – even better weight loss remedy. If you liked the last batch, you'll love this one. Free to all previous customers." I figured once I got them in the door I'd give them some of the anti-worm pills the doctor gave me, and, viola, good-bye worms.

Over the next few weeks all but two of my customers reappeared. The skinny teenagers complained that they hadn't lost any weight, and wanted their money back. I gave it to them. The middle-aged woman told me her weight hadn't changed, but thought it was because she'd been eating more, and didn't ask for a refund.

Neither the fat woman with the baby or the woman who looked like my sister showed. I didn't leave the house, in case one of them dropped by. I watched a lot of *The Office*, *Friends*, and *Two and a Half Men* re-runs, ate, and got fatter and fatter. Maybe the worms had already killed my remaining two customers. I scanned the Internet for notices of news bits about premature, worm-induced, deaths, but there weren't any, or at least they weren't web-worthy. Fred came over now and again, but he bugged me with his "Phil, the size of Philadelphia" jokes. I tried calling my sister, but her work told me that she was on assignment somewhere, and she'd changed her home telephone to an unlisted number. I guess she must have been getting a lot of crank calls. I didn't talk to anybody for days, and weeks passed during which the only human contact I had was with the guy at the corner grocery store.

The rainy season came. I'd sit by the window, and bet on which rain drop would slide down to the bottom of the glass first, a game my sister and I played when we were little. I was re-sorting my miniature liquor bottle collection, trying to match the color of the labels to the color of my bottle caps, when there was a knock on the door, and in came the lady with the baby. She was wearing a huge rain coat, shining with tiny drops, that seemed to be made out of the same Glad bag-bubble wrap material she wore the first time I met her, but with a slightly different shade of blue. I couldn't believe it was her. I jumped up, grabbed her, and gave her a hug. "You're still fat! You're still fat!" I yelled.

"So are you." She pushed me away and looked me up and down, like she couldn't believe what she was seeing, and what she was seeing wasn't good. I'd gotten wet when I hugged her, so I wiped off my shirt, unfolded the metal chair, and indicated she should sit down.

"It's great to see you," I said. I bent over her baby carriage, which was damp. "And here's the little one." I pulled back the blanket. Still, beady eyes stared up at me. I jolted away, still clutching the blanket. "That's not a baby. That's, that's one of those baby-wet-her-pants dolls, from the 1980s."

She grunted. "Yeah, well those weren't weight loss pills you gave me, neither, were they?" She shook her head sideways. I did the same.

"But, why do you push around a doll in a carriage, and tell people it's



Mike Denman
1929 – 2018

BY JESSICA ZIMMER

Michael Denman died on December 12, 2018 of heart failure. He was surrounded by family and friends, under the care of California Pacific Hospital staff. He's survived by his brother, Peter Denman, and several nieces and nephews. Mike was the second son of his deceased parents, MacDonald Simpson Denman and Clara Van Ness Denman. His great-great-grandfather, James Van Ness, was San Francisco's seventh mayor.

Mike founded The Ramp, a waterfront restaurant located at 855 Terry A. Francois Boulevard, and the San Francisco Boatworks, an adjacent full-service boat repair yard.

Born in 1929 in Portland, Oregon, Mike later moved to Seattle. At the time, his father was working to create opportunities in the Pacific Northwest for the family business, Crown Zellerbach, a San Francisco-based pulp and paper conglomerate.

Mike was a 1948 graduate of the Lakeside School, an independent Seattle school for fifth to twelfth grades. He attended the University of Washington, majoring in business. In 1953, Mike joined the United States Air Force. For much of his three years in the military Mike served as a B-47 pilot in the Strategic Air Command led by General Curtis LeMay. His service took him to Arizona, where he developed a love for Southwestern and indigenous art. Mike became an avid collector of paintings, weavings, and other works.

In 1956, Mike moved to San Francisco, joining his family, which had returned to the Bay Area in 1950. He attached himself to Hill & Company Real Estate, working as a realtor until 1983. When he left Hill & Company, he signed a lease with The Port of San Francisco for the area at the bottom of Mariposa Street that'd become The Ramp. When Mike first saw the property, it was a bait shop with a hot dog machine and bar. Mike transformed the business, which originally opened in 1950, by building a kitchen and outdoor bar. In recent years, he

your baby?"

"Why do you sell 'Oriental medicines' that don't do a damn bit of good?" She sighed, heavily. "You try being fat, single, and in your forties." She eyed me over. "On second thought, maybe

OBITUARY

added heated tents, creating an ambiance that attracted a wide variety of customers.

Mike's first partner in The Ramp was Joseph Costello, founder of Hill & Company. In 1987, Mike chose Joan Robins to manage the establishment. Over the years he built The Ramp and San Francisco Boatworks into neighborhood institutions.

"Mike attributed the great success of the restaurant in large part to Joan Robins, and the success of the Boatworks to Craig Page and Rick Dawson. Where many saw a mess in the Dogpatch, Mike saw an opportunity and a future. Mike had always had an entrepreneurial and adventuresome spirit," said Peter Denman.

According to Robins The Ramp attracted people from the boatyard, as well as from Downtown. "People who worked at the District Attorney's office and the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Donald White often set his column there. Mike made sure that the restaurant was unassuming, comfortable, and funky," she said.

Robins said the first time she saw Mike she was approaching the patio to work a shift. "(I) noticed a tall gentleman sweeping the patio. That turned out to be Mike, the owner, caring for the patio as though it were his front yard," she said. "He created a place and a home that is loved by so many of our guests, current employees and past employees. It is Mike's love and character that created and kept The Ramp as an iconic symbol of old San Francisco. Every photo, light, old real wooden table, chair, and plant were placed with care by Mike so as to create a homey feel. His character is what the Ramp is really about...an honest, homey spot welcoming to a diverse mix of folks, everyone is welcome."

According to J.R. Eppler, Potrero Boosters president, The Ramp provided access to the waterfront at a time when the area was mostly industrial. "He hosted community and political events in a tradition we hope will continue," said Eppler, who recalled a 2014 event at the restaurant to support Proposition B, an initiative that mandated voter approval for waterfront construction that exceeded height limits.

Mike started a tradition of live music at The Ramp. The series began with jazz on Sundays, later blossoming into Brazilian and Cuban music. In recent years, The Ramp became a home for salsa music and dance on Saturdays and Latin music on Sundays. In 2013, The Ramp appeared in the Woody Allen movie, *Blue Jasmine*. Mike welcomed dogs and children to the establishment.

Mike stayed in close contact with the Port to maintain the restaurant's lease. Although it wasn't always an easy relationship, Mike won the respect of Port staff.

"My relationship with Mike started by helping him be in compliance with his Bay Conservation and Development Commission permit...He was such a nice person; we worked together to

you already have. Now give me my money back." She snatched the blanket out of my hands, and tucked it back over her baby.

I went to the desk and pulled out the same crumpled notes she'd origi-

try to resolve issues. Over the years I became friends with him. My family frequented the restaurant and my daughter loved to play in the public access area to the south," said David Beaupre, Port of San Francisco senior waterfront planner.

"Mike's passing is a big loss for the waterfront and he was a true gentleman," said Jeff Bauer, Port of San Francisco leasing manager.

Topher Delaney, an artist who lives and works across the street from The Ramp, said she was friends with Mike for the past 16 years. "He was fearless, kind, and good at resolving issues between people. He was the mayor of that portion of the land," said Delaney.

Delaney said The Ramp was a "wonderful space that celebrates connections to the water...four years ago, the Port had an idea they'd (lease the rights to) a high-rise condo development in The Ramp's parking lot. They were promoting a park on the east side of Illinois, but also a complex that would block access. (Mike and I) stood on the side of public access to the water. I built an expensive model and started a blog about this. The Port eventually backed off. That was the cementing of our relationship," said Delaney.

Arvind Patel, who became Mike's partner in The Ramp and San Francisco Boatworks in 1991, said Mike was an iconic personality on the waterfront. "He was very caring, supportive, and elegant," said Patel, who will now take over operations of both businesses.

Mike's family and friends observed his passing with a memorial service at The Ramp on December 19. As Mike was a lifelong fly fisherman who loved the rivers and streams of the West, his friends and family will gather in the spring to take Mike's ashes to his favorite fishing spot, the Upper Umpqua River in southern Oregon.

"We will...travel in a caravan to join with family members from Canada," said Peter Denman.

Peter Denman said he'll remember Mike as a loving and gentle person who was always open and accessible. "Mike liked keeping things simple as much as he could. Friends were everything for him. He was the glue that kept people and places like The Ramp together," he said.

Robins said Mike was highly intelligent, forgiving, and thoughtful. "(He was) understanding of every human's plight, even those (who) may have been detrimental to his business. He kept his sense of humor, joking with the caregivers even when in pain. He would help house those needing help and give a dollar or work to a friend in need," she said.

Robins said that Mike became a father figure for her kids. "His favorite line was, 'It's part of growing up. Don't worry, you'll get there,'" she said.

In lieu of flowers "I encourage donors to think of the needs of people without shelter in the City," said Peter Denman.

nally given me; I'd kept them because they were the first dollars I'd made during my short-lived weight loss business. "Here." She took the money, and

GIRTH WORMS continues on page 14



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ESPRIT from front page

2018. Last month, advisory group members discussed details of possible park upgrades, including issues related to lighting, water fountains, and construction materials.

"We want to get a clear sense of the breadth of opinion," said Community Design Consultant Steve Rasmussen Cancian, whose landscape architecture firm, Shared Spaces, focuses on public and nonprofit projects. "We want to hear perspectives to inform the design."

At the meeting participants spoke to their hopes for and concerns about the park, which ranged from keeping a familiar feel, the look of natural turf and surfaces, and maintaining its multi-use quality, with ample open space with grass.

"At the moment it is a very free-flowing park," said ECAG member Gaynor Chun. "We've got to be careful about cutting it up."

"The plan will honor the park's original vision of an urban oasis," said Aparton. The goal is "making its amenities more resilient for current and future park users."

Steve Cismoswki, from RPD, agreed. "I look for opportunities to lower our maintenance load," he said. "As our park systems become more complicated the most important part

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telling us."

Doumani cautioned meeting attendees to be hopeful but realistic. Having been part of planning teams for previous public projects – including recently the 22nd Street Green Project, to create a pedestrian path from Illinois Street to the Caltrain station – he warned of potential pitfalls. "We've had problems with the 22nd Street project because we wanted something beautiful that was undeliverable because of cost," he said.

Stockman maintained that the focus should be on functionality. "Some of the main goals are things like making sure the drainage works...and people can use the park because there aren't closures."

"All experiences must be accessible," Cancian echoed, indicating that meeting ADA requirements was a high priority.

"We expect to conclude the community meetings and concept design process by spring-summer 2019," said Aparton. "We will then move into schematic and detailed design in order to begin the renovation in summer-fall 2020."

"The renovation plans are built on the input of the community, first through the Central Waterfront planning process and now through a concept design process run by the Recreation and Parks Department, in partnership with the Dogpatch – NW Potrero Hill Green Benefit District," said Aparton.

"I agree with all the people looking to maintain the use of a park as a multi-use space," said Lewis. "In the end, we have to do what fits the community."

SHORT CUTS from page 2

the Legacy Business Registry as it will help us continue our vital tradition of bringing boating to average citizens and underserved neighborhoods." The Registry recognizes longstanding community-serving enterprises as valuable cultural assets; there are currently 160 small businesses listed on it.

Quarantine

Recent detection of an Asian citrus psyllid (ACP) prompted state agricultural officials to place San Francisco County under a plant pest quarantine. ACP harms citrus plants, including oranges, mandarins, lemons, kumquats, pomelos, and limes, as well as related vegetation, such as curry leaf trees. ACPs are yellowish-orange and produce a white waxy substance. The insect can carry the bacteria that causes Huanglongbing, transmitting the disease to host plants. While this plant disease isn't harmful to humans, there's no cure once a tree becomes infected with it. The diseased tree, which will display blotchy or yellowing leaves, will decline in health, produce bitter, misshapen fruit, and eventually die. Though unappetizing, citrus fruit infected with the disease is safe to eat. The ACP quarantine prohibits the movement of citrus and curry leaf tree nursery stock, including all plant parts except fruit, out of the quarantine area, and requires that all citrus fruit be cleaned of leaves and stems before it's moved out of the isolation zone. San Franciscans with citrus trees shouldn't transport or send citrus fruit or leaves, potted citrus trees, or curry leaves outside the county.



"Even though San Francisco County is not a commercial citrus producing area, we all play a role in limiting the spread of this insect," said **San Francisco Agricultural Commissioner Cree Morgan**. "We plan to work closely with our community and State partners to protect San Francisco's citrus trees from this invasive pest."

SCHOOL from page 12

Mission Bay are Bessie Carmichael, in SoMa, and Daniel Webster, in Potrero Hill. A Mission Bay school would be "fantastic," according to Marcella Azucar, a Mission Bay resident and mother of a fourth-grader, though by the time it's built her son will be in high school.

As previously reported by the *View*, funding for the new campus will come from a portion of \$100 million set-aside for school construction in Bayview and Mission Bay. The money is part of a \$744 million facilities bond San Francisco voters approved in 2016. Bond funds can also be allocated to build below-market rate housing for teachers.

This year the San Francisco Unified School District will identify a design firm for the new school, and review expected student enrollment to make sure it doesn't exceed the facility's capacity. Construction on the yet unnamed campus is scheduled to begin in mid-2021, with an expected opening for the 2023 academic year.

GIRTH WORMS from page 13

heaved herself out of the chair.

"Hmumph." she said, and gave me one last look. Then she turned around, and pushed the baby carriage out of my apartment.

I sat at the edge of the desk. Almost all of my clients were now accounted for, and none of them had experienced the kind of weight loss I imagined a "killer worm" would cause. But I hadn't heard from the woman who looked like my sister. Maybe she was sick, or even dead, which would mean I killed her. I fished the rest of the worm caplets from the desk drawer and opened them up. Inside each one was a dried-out black thing resembling a tiny raisin. Except the last one. It contained a curled-up blob that, when I poked it with a paper clip, curled up even tighter. I poured myself a glass of water, and drank it down.

I walked over to the window. It'd started to rain again, and I watched two drops as they raced to the bottom. If my drop won, I bet to myself, my sister would call. Keeping my eyes on each bead of water, I leaned against the windowsill, and silently urged my drop to go faster.

Outreach February 2019

Events for San Francisco Chinese New Year 2019 will take place soon—and you can't miss the Grand Parade on February 23! Starting on the corner of 2nd and Market streets, this parade is one of the largest Chinese New Year's celebrations in the world. People will come from near and far to help ring in the Year of the Pig. And if you're attending, Muni can help you get to there and back again, car-free. Save time and avoid crowds by purchasing your fare before boarding Muni with **MuniMobile®**. Skip the lines and buy tickets ahead of time or on the go, then activate when you are ready to ride. With MuniMobile, your phone is your fare.

FIND FREE TO LOW-COST IMMIGRATION LEGAL HELP IN SAN FRANCISCO

Visit the City of San Francisco's Immigrant Support Hub (immigrants.sfgov.org) to find immigration legal service providers that speak your language, are high quality, trusted, free to low-cost, and help you with your application fees. Get connected to information on immigration screenings, DACA, asylum, green card renewal, TPS, deportation counsel and much more at: immigrants.sfgov.org.

Come see your local government at work!

The Board of Supervisors hold weekly meetings most Tuesdays at 2:00 p.m. in Rm. 250 of San Francisco City Hall.

Upcoming Meetings:

- February 5
• March 5
- February 12
• March 12
- February 26
• March 19

Share Your Best Thinking

Attend public comment during the full Board of Supervisors meetings, or a Committee meeting held weekly in the Legislative Chamber or the Committee Room (Rm. 263 of San Francisco City Hall)

UNABLE TO ATTEND A COMMITTEE OR BOARD MEETING IN PERSON?

1. Watch the rebroadcast on Channel 26.
2. Watch live online at sfgovtv.org.
3. Obtain Agendas and Minutes at: sfbos.org/events/calendar/upcoming.

Use Your Subject Matter Expertise

Apply to serve on an Advisory Body. Before long you will be advising the Board and the Mayor on City policy! Visit our Vacancy page: sfbos.org/vacancy-boards-commissions-task-forces

CONTACT US TO LEARN HOW TO SEARCH FOR WHAT'S BEING PLANNED FOR YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

Online: Board.of.Supervisors@sfgov.org

By Phone: (415) 554-5184

In Person: Room 244, San Francisco City Hall #1 Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett Place, SF, CA, 94102

Monday – Friday 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

CNS-3213429#

Outreach February 2019

The **Office of Small Business** (OSB) is the city's central point of information and assistance for small businesses and entrepreneurs in San Francisco. Our services include:

- One-on-one case management assistance including customized checklist on required licenses and permits.
- Referrals to technical assistance, financing options and local resources to help your business grow and thrive.
- Services available by phone, walk-in and by appointments in English, Spanish and Chinese.

OSB administers the Legacy Business Program which recognizes community-serving businesses that have operated in San Francisco for over 30 years to ensure their continued viability and success. Legacy Businesses are what make San Francisco a unique and special place; they are bars, restaurants, retail stores, hair salons, service providers and much more. Visit our website to learn about these businesses on the Legacy Business Registry.

Office of Small Business

City Hall, Room 110

Office hours: Monday-Friday, 8AM-5PM

415-554-6134

www.sfosb.org

www.businessportal.sfgov.org

Child support matters can be complicated, stressful, and confusing. The Department of Child Support Services helps parents understand the process so they know their rights and options for making and receiving support payments. Call us today at (866) 901-3212 or visit our office at 617 Mission Street to learn how we can help you. Information is also available online at www.sfgov.org/dcsc.

Park Smart In 2019

The San Francisco Police Department wishes you a safe and happy 2019 and reminds you to Park Smart to help prevent auto burglaries:

- * Keep valuables with you, not in your vehicle.
- * Shopping? Hold onto your purchases until you leave. Thieves often watch parking lots to spot shoppers dropping bags off in their car.
- * Visiting? Check luggage at your hotel- don't leave it in your auto.

If your car has been burglarized, here's what to do:

* Is the break-in happening right now? Call 9-1-1 with your location and a suspect description.

* Did the break-in already happen? Report the crime on the non-emergency line at 1-415-553-0123. You may request that an officer come to the scene. You can also call 3-1-1 and file a police report online at <https://sanfranciscopolice.org/reports>. Visit any San Francisco Police station to have your vehicle fingerprinted.

San Francisco Unified School District is looking for people interested in supporting our youth as Special Education Instructional Aides and Substitutes!

If you're responsible, passionate about working with youth and looking for a job with a flexible schedule, we would love to have you on our team!

Thursday, February 7, 2019

5:00 – 8:00pm

555 Franklin Street, Irving Breyer Board Room

During the hiring event, we will provide a brief overview of working at SFUSD, review your materials for placement and make employment offers for the 2018-2019 school year on the spot! Questions? Email Ellen Tieu at tieu@sfnusd.edu.

RSVP at: <https://goo.gl/yHN5g6>!

CNS-3213420#

ON SALE

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**Kettle Brand
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**Lundberg Family Farms
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6 oz -reg 3.59
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**Endangered Species
Chocolate Bars**
3 oz -reg 3.69
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