Don’t give a clue to who’s in the loo

Women say safety trumps transparency in design of toilet

BY TOM CARTER

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

Those were the strong feelings voiced at a neighborhood meeting hosted by the TL CBD and Hyphae Labs Dec. 3 to hear what the public wants for a free toilet on the street, especially safety features.

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

A woman who works at St. Anthony’s pooched that.

“Women in the Tenderloin wouldn’t want transparency. Too many have been victimized.”

A STAR IN TENDERLOIN

Frank of the iconic 21 Club

ERNARD Barton was living at 320 Turk St. in the Tenderloin with his two sons when Isabel Maldonado interviewed him in May 1978. Born in Denver in 1919, Barton came to San Francisco five years later with his parents and three brothers. They “landed at” the Terminal Hotel at the foot of Market Street, then moved to a house in Bernal Heights and later on with his parents and three brothers. They “landed at” the Terminal Hotel at the foot of Market Street, then moved to a house in Bernal Heights and then to the Sunset, and he’d give me five bucks and a gallon or two of wine. His house had a sub-basement wine cellar. People would come right up to the house to buy the stuff — $2 for a half-gallon of pure alcohol with the juniper juice right in it, and a dollar a pint for good whiskey, three months old maybe. It was pretty good stuff, made up in the hills in Oakland. They didn’t put too much red pepper in it. I did the deliveries for a couple of years.

What other work did you do as a young man?

My father was a mattress maker, an independent contractor, though his business was wiped out when they invented spring mattresses in the 1930s. I worked at that when I was a kid, 15 or 14 — a dirty job, but I’m thankful for it because it developed me physically and gave me a motivation to work and stick to a job, no matter what. We used hair for the mattresses. Long horse tails were the best but cheaper grades mixed in pig bristles. Then there was Egyptian staple cotton, the best grade of all, beautiful, almost like floss. Mattresses were made and remade. And there was moss that they gathered from trees, but the dust from the moss was terrible. My father had the contract for

CENTRAL CITY

TENDERLOIN

PHOTO BY C. MALCOLM THOMPSON

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

Bootlegger at 16

Resident recalls the central city of decades ago

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PHOTO COURTESY OF THE PORTLAND WATER BUREAU

The Portland public loo allower only a shin-high view of the person inside.

【CONTINUED ON PAGE 2】
Public toilet: How to pay for a monitor

Continued from Page 1

A number of topics were discussed with no decisions, leaving questions dangling in the air such as: How much bathroom time is to be allowed leaving questions dangling in the air? How much ten minutes inside could a monitor be trained as a community monitor? How much would a monitor have to intervene in illegal or inappropriate behavior? Should a monitor be trained as a community monitor? When does coping intervene? At what point should consistent caregivers be banned, when and how? Who can ban them, and how is a ban enforced? Ten to 12 minutes isn’t very long, especially when there’s diaper changing,” said Hilliard. Other suggestions included: inside a red emergency button to push; lights that would go off; the toilet in use, dim when not; and prominent posting rules outside. The next topic to be addressed is design. The public is invited to submit written suggestions at the Luggage Store at Market Street during February, and Fernandez said in Tenderloin this spring would jeopardize services that are already being slashed. “We still hope to have services transferred by April — but that’s just a target date,” he said.

A few weeks prior, Hilliard said, “Ten to 12 minutes inside isn’t very long, especially when there’s diaper changing,” said Hilliard. Other public toilets, he added, had paid-expense help he hadn’t ruled out selling advertising on the toilet. Nick Eilner, from DPW’s division on street-use permits, said no ads are permitted in the public right-of-way, a ban that includes parking spaces, and it would apply to a toilet in the public right-of-way, unless a deal could be struck with the city to issue a waiver.

Buy Marjorie Begg

The announcement that Tenderloin Health will shut down surprised many and deeply concerned health-care workers about the future of the Center. Our editor”s call tenderloin AIDS Resource Center’s services and budget grew along with the burgeoning AIDS funding nationwide, but that funding began to dry up early in the 2000s, and TARC in 2006 merged with Continuum HIV Day Services to become Tenderloin Health. At the time of the merger, TARC, serving more than 13,000 people annually, had 52 employees and an annual budget of $2.4 million. Financial problems dogged TARC and, says the press release, “the large amount of existing debt” that Tenderloin Health had assumed was a “major issue” when Fernandez became CEO in 2009.

Tenderloin Health’s current budget is $6.4 million. Its debt, Fernandez told the Bay Area News, includes $680,000 owed on bank lines of credit, the biggest portion of its $4.1 million in accounts payable. Despite chopping away at its debt, TARC, with one medical clinic in the neighborhood. Department of Public Health Director Barbara Garcia and Human Services Agency Director Trent Rhorer, also quoted in the press release, said their agencies would abandon TARC’s clients and, if such a monitor could be sworn in as a medical monitor in the neighborhood, Tenderloin’s history began to change, when a deal with Hank Wilson, S.F. Network Ministries Director Glenda Hope and Hilliard’s activist partner, Rob Conkin used a $2,500 grant from the Columbia Foundation to create TL’s top AIDS provider to close

CEO scrambles for others to take the 3,000 patients

Continue from Page 1

ed slats along the bottom of the walk-in shower made it visibly only shin high. In the three years the toilets have been in place, there have been no incidents, according to Portland Water Bureau spokeswoman Anne Hill. Getting in the same place could work, too, she said. That idea had some support at the meeting, the second sponsored by Hyphae and the CBD. The community’s suggestions are to be considered in producing a blueprint and master plan for what Bucknem hopes will be the nation’s first public toilet for which human waste is trucked away for composting. The first public meeting addressed where to locate a public restroom, Hyphae marked their choices on maps, and the answer was, essentially, anywhere.

The project, which fits into the CBD’s war on outdoor defecation and urination — using the street for a toilet rather than a trash can — is shaping up to be a three-unit, mobile structure that will squat on a parking space and — is shaping up to be a three- ly, anywhere. The conference is to address this. It was such a struggle to get the organization open, and now, to see it going down the tubes makes me mad as well as sad.”

Hope believes that the city is welcoming to clients and tenants to assure these services that are already being slashed. “We still hope to have services transferred by April — but that’s just a target date,” he said.

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Safe passage for kids along gritty route

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

BY TOM CARTER

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

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

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

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

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

“We were never safe,” she said.

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

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

“We’re just formalizing it,” Hilliard said. “We’re giving it a name and providing a visual designation.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Artist Sylvester Guard’s design is a procession of large yellow brick-like rectangles outlined in black. Groups of them are separated on the pavement by incised icons such as butterflies and keys. Guard’s version varies from the predominantly green sidewalk mural by John Janonis. His original design in 2010 went before the Arts Commission for approval last year when he died in his SoMa apartment in August, delaying the project and causing a search for another artist (See The Extra, October 2011.)

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

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

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

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

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

PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

PHOTO COURTESY TENDERLOIN CBD

PHOTO COURTESY TENDERLOIN CBD

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

THE EXTRA / FEBRUARY 2012
Frank, barman

His landmark ground zero dive is more

Saturday 9 P.M.

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

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

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

The two quietest men in the bar are on my right, a big white guy sitting, and a big black guy standing. They’re turned, facing each other, smiling and talking in sign language.

Frank says his job is hard on his wife who works during the day. He takes the handoff from his daytime barkeep at 5 p.m., shuts down at 2 a.m., cleans up and drives home. Six days a week. A few years ago it was seven days. But that became unbearable.

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

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

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

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

TUESDAY NIGHT

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

by Tom Carter

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

They're like a Tenderloin community center

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

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

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

Frank puts a Stella in front of me.

John, the older guy a seat down on my left, lives in a rent-controlled Nob Hill apartment and dislikes the bars in his neighborhood. He’s a 21 Club regular. “That’s weird, he says, slightly to hear something unusual, smiles at the dozen people they know. Frank tilts his head toward John, the older guy a seat down on my left, lives in a rent-controlled Nob Hill apartment and dislikes the bars in his neighborhood. He’s a 21 Club regular. “That’s weird,” he says, slightly to hear something unusual, smiles at the dozen people they know. Frank tilts his head toward

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

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

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

FRIDAY NIGHT

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

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“You need more cops,” John says. When it’s busy out there,” he nods toward Turk where outside a half-dozen black girls are hanging out, “it’s dead in here. Jukebox isn’t even going. But I kinda like that.”

An older man at the end of the bar blurt, “I had a bar in Martinez next to the mothball fleet. One day I did $12.”

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

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

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

Bowers leaves to go walk his ex-wife’s dog.

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

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

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

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Frank, as it’s gone they return.

Outside the 21 Club, at the corner of Turk and Taylor, street people gather day and night, which gives a mesmerizing view to the surroundings, hugging the community center atmosphere within the bar.
Mr. Eid received many awards over the years. A few years back, he was awarded a Certificate of Honor from the mayor for his loyal customer base and excellent neighbor. In 1989, he helped spearhead a campaign to remove a tattered flag at the corner of Tenth Avenue and 12th Street. He donated his store to a safe haven from the chaos on the streets. He ran his corner store on one of the grittiest blocks in the Tenderloin. Most days he could be found standing behind the counter, for he knew the principles, my dignity, more than money,” Mr. Eid said in a 1999 Times interview about why he chose to stay and logic his wines. For his local customers, Mr. Eid stocked the shelves according to their wishes. He made sure there were plenty of WIC products. He respected mothers and cared for children, often giving kids candy and ice cream. Sometimes, if a customer asked for an item not in stock, Mr. Eid would leave his store and have the product stocked within hours. He treated his customers with respect — as friends. Abe went above and beyond what was required of a store owner in the TL, looking down and watching kids, according to neighbors. Sometimes, if a customer asked for an item not in stock, Mr. Eid would leave his store and have the product stocked within hours. He treated his customers as friends. He took them to his bedside,” Williams said. “He had a big heart and a constant smile. Ms. Burks loved all the children.” Ms. Burks’s sister, Sedonia Oliver, who knew him well said he was a “big brother” to her. He was my friend, my mentor, a shoulder to cry on. I’ve never met.”

He had a big heart,” says John Connolly, who lives down the street and has been going to G&H for 11 years. “He was one of the most caring individuals I’ve ever met.” Connolly, a coordinator for San Francisco’s Community Services, says Mr. Eid’s store is the best mom-and-pop in the neighborhood. “He was a neighbor and one of the best that we had,” says Frankie Eid, his son.

“Abe was my father,” Mr. Eid’s eldest son, Frankie, said. “He loved this store. He never doubted that this store would be running his father’s store. Sometimes, if a customer asked for an item not in stock, Mr. Eid would leave his store and have the product stocked within hours. He treated his customers like friends. He took them to his bedside,” Williams said. “He had a big heart and a constant smile. Ms. Burks loved all the children.” Ms. Burks’s sister, Sedonia Oliver, who knew him well said he was a “big brother” to her. He was my friend, my mentor, a shoulder to cry on. I’ve never met.”

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Recalling the ’30s in the central city

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

San Francisco Hospital, where they must have had 2,000 beds or something. I also used to write all my father’s bids and contracts and other business things.

So after the bootlegging, what jobs did you have?

In 1934 I got a job at Associated Press, Fifth and Mission at the Chronicle Building, as a copy boy — $12.50 a week for a six-day week. Then, when Roosevelt passed the minimum-hour law, I only worked five days a week and 40 hours for the same amount of money. I worked there until 1938. By then, I’d taught myself to be an automatic operator on a teletype machine. I was a junior operator, then a senior operator, one of the best, making $4.5 a week. I remember covering the Joe Louis fights, setting up the teletypes right in the linotype room, right next to the linotype operator who was handling that so they could put an extra out on the street.

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

It was dingier than now. The big parking garage wasn’t there, lots of little bars, restaurants, hotels and wholesale florists. Hanno’s Bar was there; the famous Hanno’s in the Alley where all the lawyers and politicians and newspapermen hung out. Herb Caen was just starting then. I didn’t know him — the reporters were in the big editorial room on the third floor, and I remember covering the Joe Louis fights, setting up the teletypes right in the linotype room, right next to the linotype operator who was handling that so they could put an extra out on the street.

What happened to your job in 1938?

I got bumped — you know, seniority. I remember the telegram saying I’d lost my job. I worked summer vacation relief [at AP] and then got unemployment relief. Unemployment was something new in ’38. I got $15.50 a week and I remember the two of us lived on it. We moved to the Mission, a nice neighborhood, mostly Irish, where we got a housekeeping room where you could cook. We just hung on — I remember making extra money by buying a cigarette rolling machine and selling cigarettes in the bar at 20th and Mission streets.

Was that McCarthy’s?

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

Did you stay at AP?

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

What did you do when you weren’t working?

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

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

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

Do you remember other places?

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

How did you wind up here in the Tenderloin?

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

Bernard Barton didn’t reveal how long he had been living in the Tenderloin when this interview was conducted. He lived at his apartment at 320 Turk St. until his death in 2006. This is the second of a series of excerpts, edited by Marjorie Beggs, from the Neighborhood Oral History Project interviews that Studay Center conducted in 1977-78 under a federal CETA contract.

PHOTOS BY C. MALCOLM THOMPSON

Bernard Barton in the doorway at 320 Turk St. in 1978.
National Alliance for the Mentally Ill-S.F., 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8 p.m., Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough St., 5th Fl. Call: 905-8264. Family member group, open to the public.

SAFETY
Neighborhood Emergency Response Team Training (NERT). Central city residents can take the S.F. Fire Department’s free disaster preparedness and response training at neighborhood locations. www.sfpd.org/nertf, or Lt. Attema, 911-2022.

SoMa Policing Outreach Team (SPOT), 1st and 3rd Thursday of the month, 3-5 p.m., SoMa Resource Center, 549 Market St., Suite 928. 421-2926 ext. 304.

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

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

Tenderloin Futures Collaborative, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 11 a.m.-noon, Tenderloin Police Community Room, 301 Eddy. Presentations on issues of interest to neighborhood residents, nonprofits and businesses. Information: 909-8209.

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

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

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

Tentative Associations Coalition of San Francisco, 1st Wednesday of the month, noon, 201 Turk St., Community Room. Contact Michael Nathy, 538-8327. Resident unity, leadership training.

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH
CBHS Consumer Council, 3rd Monday of the month, 5-7 p.m., 1330 Howard St., room 507, 250-3695. Consumer advisers from self-help groups and mental health consumer advocates. Public welcome.

Health & Wellness Action Advocates, 1st Tuesday of the month, 5-7 p.m., Mental Health Association, 819 Market St., Suite 208, 421-2926 x306.

Healthcare Action Team, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 1019 Mission St., Bayanihan Community Center, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Focus on increasing supportive home services, expanded eligibility for home care, improved discharge planning. Light lunch. Call James Chionsini, 703-0188 x304.

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

National Alliance for the Mentally Ill-S.F., 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough St., 5th Fl. Call: 905-8264. Family member group, open to the public.

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

Senior Action Network, general meeting, 2nd Thursday of the month, 9 a.m.-noon, Universal Unitarian Church, 1137 Franklin St. Monthly programs, 930 Mission St. 4700. Senior Housing Action Committee, 3rd Wednesday, 1:30 p.m. Call for health program and Senior University: 146-1333 and www.san.org.

DISTRICT 6 SUPERVISOR
Jane Kim
Chair of Rules Committee, member of Budget & Finance Committee and Transportation Authority.

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

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

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

We are what we save