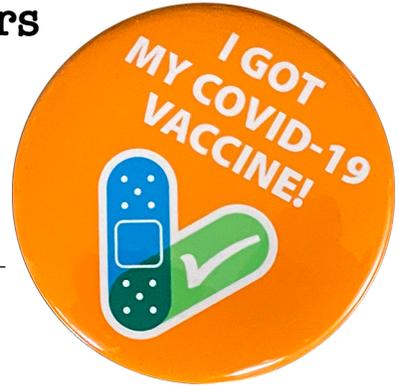


**San Francisco Towers
Administration Magnificently
Handled Round One of COVID-19
Vaccinations. Thank You!**



Review and Preview

The 10 weeks between November’s Presidential election and Biden’s January inauguration seemed like 10 years. We witnessed one of the most serious challenges to American democracy ever before experienced. Now that it is over, one hopes that our nation can be restored. The inaugural appears to have given us a good start toward civility and greater unity.

This *Tower Talk* contains comments about national and local politics, SFT resident observations about being vaccinated, another episode of North Goes South by Olivia Guthrie, a nostalgic description of the publisher’s firsthand experience with two highly visible celebrities, and finally, Austin and Van Ness are continuing to bicker.

Instead, his egomaniacal behavior, petulance, and refusal to accept reality rendered him a danger to the nation and an embarrassment to those who formerly supported him. His own shortsighted behavior assured him a place on the wrong side of history, and will preclude him from having future influence. It did not have to end that way.

But why will Biden fail? It might be his health and reduced cognitive capacity. We can all hope that he is not disabled. However, even if in good health, he has little or no electoral mandate. The nation is more divided than possibly at any time, certainly since the Vietnam War and possibly since the Civil War, and his political party is in shambles.

There was no “Blue Wave” powering Democrats into office across the land.

The election was anti-Trump, not pro-Biden. The Supreme Court is balanced toward “Originalists” (thanks to Trump), the Senate is divided dead even, and the House is in the hands of Democrats, but by a more tightly balanced margin than in decades. Moreover, the Democratic Party is itself deeply divided between leftist and centrists. Bernie Sanders, Peter Buttigieg, and Amy Klobuchar are still sore about the way they were tossed aside.

What to look for downstream: more economic stimulus

**National Politics:
Unprecedented Unilateral
Self Destruction (Opinion)**

James W. Guthrie

It is one thing to destroy yourself. It is quite another to almost take down an entire nation in the process.

Trump, had his overly inflated ego ever permitted, could have secured a smooth transition for the new President, remained proudly quiet, continued as head of the Republican Party, and re-emerged as a savior when Biden’s virtually assured failures start to mount.



packages and every now and then a bill that cuts across party lines, e.g., infrastructure.

Local Politics: A District Attorney Who Should Be Recalled (Opinion)

James W. Guthrie (Parts of the following are excerpted from a blog by David Sacks)

Government's paramount responsibility is protection of its citizens. Our District Attorney, Chesa Boudin, has failed miserably in performing this function. He should be recalled.

Boudin, a George Soros subsidized leftist, was fourteen months-old when both his mother and father, members of a left-wing terrorist group called the Weather Underground, were arrested as accessories to the murder of two police officers and a security guard during the 1981 robbery of a Brinks truck. His mother served over twenty years, while his father is still incarcerated almost forty years later. (Boudin was raised by Weather Underground leaders Bill Ayers and Bernadine Dohrn.)

Boudin, previously a public defender and former translator for the late Venezuelan President Hugo Chávez, ran for office on a progressive platform of criminal justice reform, including elimination of cash bail, ending mass incarceration, and eliminating racial bias in the criminal justice system. Boudin also said he would demand the police be held accountable for brutality.

The San Francisco Police Officers Association responded by spending \$600,000 to launch attack ads calling Boudin "the number one choice of criminals and gang members," according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In November of 2019, Bourdin was elected by a fluke, winning, barely, over a highly qualified competitor, Suzy Loftus. Here is the case in point.

Shortly after 4 PM Thursday, December 31, 2020, Hanako Abe, just 27 years old, was struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver while walking in the SOMA district of San Francisco. Another woman, Elizabeth Platt, 60, was killed alongside Abe.

The hit-and-run driver, Troy McAlister, was intoxicated and was arrested driving a car he had stolen in Daly City two days earlier from a woman he met on a dating app. Paroled in April after serving time for armed robbery, McAlister had been arrested five times since his release for various crimes, including car theft, most recently on December 20. But none of these recent arrests

resulted in any new charges brought by District Attorney Chesa Boudin's office and McAlister remained free with no obligation to post bail.

Following the tragic New Year's deaths, local reporter and blogger David Sacks wrote:

This senseless tragedy has brought renewed scrutiny to Boudin's conduct in office as he enters his second year as D.A. During his now-concluded first year, burglaries in the city spiked by 49 percent, with the increase heavily driven by repeat offenders who

were arrested and returned to the streets as Troy McAlister repeatedly was. Displaying a talent for fact-dodging euphemism most politicians can only envy, Boudin referred to these serial reoffenders as "prolific folks," as if they were akin to writers or painters working assiduously at their craft. Faced with one of his "prolific folks" senselessly killing two residents, Boudin deployed a fog of linguistic obfuscation in order to shift blame to the parole division: "We will make changes to ensure that people on parole receive the supervision and structure needed from parole to prevent this tragedy from recurring." If you interpret that to mean that

Program Note

On Fridays at 11:30AM turn to Channel 998 and watch *Your San Francisco* hosted by James Guthrie and Megan Sullivan.

February guests will be:

February 5: Peter Hertzmann – San Francisco cuisine

February 12: Ken Berry – San Francisco at War

February 19: Peter Spencer – Social Security

February 26: Helen Ridley – Golden Gate Park

parolees will be sent back to jail for reoffending while on parole, you don't understand Chesa Boudin and his crusade.

Nostalgia Meeting: Not One But Two Luminaries

James W. Guthrie

Long ago, on a rainy Saturday afternoon, my high school girlfriend Ann and I visited a friend of hers who lived in the Marina District in San Francisco. We decided to bake cookies. (Jeezo Peezo!, How innocent can it get!) I do not know from where that idea came, but at least it was something we could do when it was too cold to go outside.

In the course of our baking, Ann's friend mentioned that she had new neighbors. Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio had moved next door about a month earlier. I jokingly said, "Why don't we go next door and ask if they have any sugar that we can borrow?"



A Web photo of 2150 Beach Street, a home that DiMaggio originally purchased for his parents, but initially lived in with Marilyn Monroe immediately after they got married.

Everyone laughed, and then Ann said, "You can go next door and we will come with you." I suggested we could take them some cookies as a welcoming gesture.

And that is exactly what we did. We stiffened our spines, rang the doorbell, and to our surprise Marilyn Monroe answered. She was neatly dressed in a pair of gray slacks and a long-sleeve silk blouse. We introduced ourselves, offered her a plate of cookies, and, to our total amazement, she invited us in.

We entered the living room. Joe DiMaggio was sitting in a large lounge chair reading a newspaper. He stood up, greeted us in a most amiable manner, and then we stood around awkwardly. Ann began to say goodbye and slowly edged toward the front hallway. Marilyn Monroe said, "Aren't you forgetting something?" We all looked at each other. What had we done? Were we being rude? Marilyn Monroe said, "Can't we have some cookies?" I was chagrined, and handed them over. I was so starstruck I had forgotten our mission.

North Goes South: Part III

Olivia Guthrie

After settling in our house on Belle Meade Blvd, Nashville, we went exploring for restaurants. One of the first places we visited was Uncle Bud's all you can eat fried catfish and fried chicken. The sides were white beans, coleslaw, and hush puppies; that's it. I must admit it was delicious and we went back many times. We also went to the Pancake Pantry where we had to wait in line to get in. The big attraction was that the Pantry was just off Music Row and, if you were lucky, you might see some of the country music stars. We did see Chet Atkins one time. He sat behind us and was wearing the most beautiful cashmere-camel's hair blazer I have ever seen. But finding high quality restaurants wasn't easy. This was 1994 and it wasn't until at least 10 years later that fine dining as we know it came to Nashville.

Country music stars were easy to see all over town. I often saw Emmy Lou Harris at the dry cleaners. I would smile at her and tip my head slightly and she did the same. It was de rigueur in Nashville not to approach the stars unless you actually knew them. I saw Faith Hill quite often at one of the restaurants where I lunched with

friends. Crystal Gayle owned a fine shop, named Crystal's, where you would go to buy a wedding gift or a special gift for a friend. Jim and I saw her in her shop one afternoon and, yes, her hair did touch the floor - and she was wearing high heels.

At that time there wasn't much you would call culture in Nashville. The Frist Art Museum opened in 2001. The beautiful Schermerhorn Symphony Hall opened in 2006. It was then that the orchestra went on to be notable, on a par with San Francisco's. But we did have the Tennessee State Museum which had wonderful displays of Tennessee history. One time I read that they were having a show of African American artists. So I decided to go see it. The show was well hung in a large room and the Director had done everything to make it an interesting display. But then I discovered another new show right next door displaying Confederate flags! I couldn't believe the insensitivity shown to the African Americans!

In fact, I was so upset that I went home and wrote a letter to the Nashville newspaper, The Sentinel, and they published it. At that time, under your name, the newspaper published your full address also. Fortunately, they changed that policy a few years later because it wasn't long before I received a large envelope from the Sons of the Confederacy. Inside was a polite letter informing me that they were going to educate me about the South. The material was scurrilous and shocking; so bad that I would not repeat any of it here except to say it did include the N word. Now I really was upset. I could envision a cross burning on our lawn. I never wrote another letter to the Editor. (To be continued)

The Shot: I

Barbara Lewis

Squirreling along in line up against the corridor wall, waiting to get our shot. Slowly, slowly, one Towers dweller after another disappears into The Lounge. My husband prudently deflects to a nearby armchair. Max appears, chair in arm, to offer seating to the rest of us. No takers. When

the line ahead of me dwindles to two, hubby rejoins us. At last Bob and I are whisked into the inoculation destination. He's scooted off into a corner, I'm seated briskly near the entrance.

"Could you roll up your sleeve?" I can, and before I can even apprise myself of the situation, my arm is wiped clean, and a moment later I hear "All done." Another cross-room escort guides me to yet another chair, where a tall, handsome fellow, apparently in charge, advises me, "Stay seated for 15 minutes. Here is your alarm clock." He hands me a smallish round-face watch and disappears. Fifteen minutes, I think. OK. Looking up, I see directly across from me on the far side of the lounge my husband being seated for, I assume, his 15 minutes. Apparently, Miss January is filling in today as his monitor, and Bob, past master of small talk, takes it on as his job to keep her occupied. Miss January chortles away audibly from her seat alongside for 15 very long minutes.

Bob and I head back to our apartment together. "Any pain?" I ask as we amble back to our elevators. "Not even a little bit. You?" "Not from the shot," I reply.

San Francisco Towers: "Trash to Treasures"

Marta Johnson, Holly Robinson, and Judy Donahue



have transformed recyclables into art and are urging other residents to do the same. One can view their creative efforts, and those of others, displayed on the second floor. It is absolutely worth your time, and thank you all.

Shot II: Boredom, Memory Loss, Needing Patience, Who Knows?

Anne Turner

I was doing something else (cannot remember what) when I glanced at the clock and saw it was 4:03. I had completely forgotten that my

vaccination group was scheduled for 4pm. Is this memory loss yet another sign of aging? At any rate, I gathered myself together and rushed downstairs. It turned out to be a good time to arrive, because most of the others in my group had already passed into the “shot-in-the-arm” room.

I signed in and was sent to a vaccinator immediately. The Walgreens employee (who looked no older than 13) loaded up her syringe, pushed up my sweater sleeve, and poked me efficiently. She stuck on a bandage and sent me to the “Rest Area,” where I was supposed to sit for 15 minutes, waiting for adverse symptoms.

None came; hell, the wound didn’t even hurt! This turned out to be the most boring part of the whole enterprise. Because of the six-foot distancing requirement, conversation with others was impossible, and I had not been clever enough bring a book or my iPhone.

Anyway, I seem to be doing a lot of waiting lately at CPMC’s Emergency Room or standing ready at the door before SF Tower’s limo draws up to collect me after a dental appointment.

I am trying to learn patience, but it isn’t easy. Maybe it is too late.



Entrez Nous

Austin and Van Ness reside in SFT 1501. They seldom see eye-to-eye. We can listen.

Aus: (Excitedly) Isn't the chef's departure a disaster? What are we going to do? He will be very difficult to replace don't you think? I'm really distraught.

Van: (inaudible sound)

Aus: Why do you think he left? Do you think he has a new job? Maybe he got tired of us? Were we insufficiently appreciative of him? He has a wife and children you know.

Van: (inaudible sound, possibly a grunt)

Aus: (Again excited) Speak up. What is wrong with you? I am describing a crisis and you are just grunting.

Van: Maybe he was fired.

Aus: (Speaking rapidly) How can you say that? How do you know that? That's terrible.

Van: I do not know that he was fired. I do not know if he is ill. I do not know if he quit. I do not know if he had found another job. I do not know any of those things. It is not my business to know. I do not need to know.

Aus: Why are you not upset about all of this?

Van: Because I never thought he was very good to begin with.

Aus: How can you possibly say that? And why do you always yawn when I talk?

Van: I am not yawning. I am trying to talk, but you are so animated I cannot get a word in.

Aus: What was not to like about the chef?

Van: To begin with, menus were depressingly unimaginative and endlessly repetitive, food items seldom lived up to the fancy French descriptors ascribed to them in the menus, and the kitchen was simply not supervised sufficiently.

Aus: I could not disagree more. Our food is good, and we were fortunate to have his services. I just cannot believe you hold a negative view.

Van: Even if I were positively predisposed toward the former chef, what difference would it make. Residents do not and should not have authority to hire and fire SFT employees.

Aus: But what about the Food & Beverage Committee? Can't they do something about this?

Van: You are becoming absurd. The F&B Committee does not hire and fire people. They act as an intermediary between dining services and residents, but that certainly does not involve evaluating employee performance.

Aus: I hope we survive.

Van: I strongly suspect that if someone had not told you the chef was leaving you would never have known. He did not do the cooking.

Aus: Well, I'm glad you're so calm about it all. Also, I still wish you'd stop yawning when I'm talking

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