

The Writings of Sacramento's Homeless Community

Where to Find a Helping Hand

Sacramento Hard Times

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SACRAMENTO'S HOMELESS NEWSPAPER

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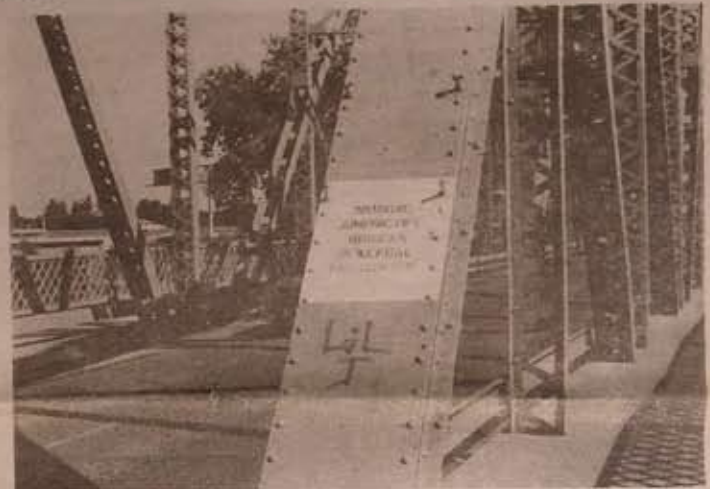
JUMPING OFF BRIDGES IS ILLEGAL

Every person that has at least two years of college, or nearly everyone that has had a normal conversation with another person at an interest level above homeslice and hubba-bubba, has rematched on Lau-Tsu's dream. Since public insemination of same has reached such a broad level, hearing a rock hound at poof park exclaim "Oh, am I a man dreaming that I am a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming I'm a man"....is not unusual. Well maybe a little unusual. But Sacramento does have the most literate, best dressed, cleanest bums and tramps in the state.

If you are on the streets, the most intelligent way to relate at this level of consciousness is to hope you are a butterfly having a bad dream. Butterflies live only for five days. They exist in gentle harmony, lofted on the breeze and live in beauty until they are squashed on the windshield of a car, or eaten by a bird.

If you awaken to find yourself shivering in the pre-dawn cold under a ragged blanket, hastily cooped after you were turned away from the mission, you probably have begun to realize that you were behind the door when the dreams and lives were dispensed. Unfortunate but true, you find yourself a human being, more or less. Less and less, in some cases.

So Jessica, you ask me what living on the streets is like? Not living, that is. Barely existing is closer. A whole new level of magnum re-emergence. In the second place you realize that you wouldn't be here if your family gave one hoot in hell about you. That's somewhat depressing.



The real kicker, down for the third count, is realizing that the federal, state, county and city governments care more about thieves, robbers, burglars, murderers, mother killers and father rapers than they do for you. Ha! And you thought you were insignificant. You see, nearly all manner of committed felons, or shall we say convicted felons, have a steady place to sleep, three hot meals and television privileges. They usually have commissary privilege for cigarettes and candy and can find a way to get high should they choose.

So Jeffery, glad handing big smile slap on the back all bohemie and good fellowship "how am I today?" Well...How am I? I'm thinking of seeing how strongly the cops enforce that sign on the bridge. The one high over the park. The one that says "Jumping from the bridge is illegal." Will they pin a ticket on me for just hanging around? No wonder so many tramps become winos.

Respectfully Submitted,
Hunter James

Hunter James is the current nom de plume for an ex real estate executive from lower east Dallas. He has been published nationally and been on the street for the last four years.

FIGHTER FOR THE PEOPLE

According to Dave Moss, the co-director of the Loaves and Fishes Day Shelter, where free hot meals are served to several hundred homeless people every day, nobody is trying harder to improve the quality of life for Sacramento's homeless community than Steve Switzer. That is pretty high praise coming from a man in the know, and was enough to send the Hard Times staff investigating to find out just who Steve Switzer is, and what it is that he is doing for the homeless in Sacramento.

After several calls to Legal Services of Northern California, a free legal service agency which provides legal aid to the poor and where Steve Switzer works, I managed to track him down at the Loaves and Fishes courtyard where he was organizing a "Breakfast with the Chief" function which will feed 300 plus homeless people breakfast, and at the same time give them a chance to voice their grievances with Police Chief Kearn's policy of harrassment. After assigning various food preparation tasks, Steve asked the 12-15 homeless people present at the meeting, if any of them had any personal grievances with any officers. One middle age buxom black woman called "Honey," immediately stood up and told about how a Police Officer, had made her take each breast out of her bra and felt her down between her legs for no reason. Steve boomed back at her, "Well stand up and tell your story, don't be afraid to tell it like it is!" Obvious to all who were present, Steve Switzer is not afraid to stand up to the Police and City Government and fight for the rights of the homeless. They rally around him and trust him as one of their own.

After the group had left, I had a chance to ask Steve a few questions about homelessness and Sacramento, and here is what he had to say:

HARD TIMES: What is the purpose of the city and county government's push to centralize the services for the homeless in Sacramento?

SWITZER: What they're talking about doing primarily is moving "Detox" down here (to the area of Loaves and Fishes and Salvation Army, near North A-C Streets). Along with putting a new Detox facility down here, they are also looking at putting a jail down here, in which an automatic 72 hour hold could be slapped on people. There would even be a judge here to arraign people. It will be fenced in and be like a little concentration camp. They talk about combining the inebriate/homeless programs. Of course I absolutely am opposed to this and I resent their combining inebriate and homeless because they are not synonymous.

HARD TIMES: You are against the centralization of services?

SWITZER: What it would do is create this ghetto, to keep all the homeless people in. You have the homeless people walking through the midtown area now, and the businesses and the neighborhood associations don't like it. As far as I'm concerned, homelessness is a reality, and the people of America need to



Above, Steve Switzer organizing a protest.



Augie Willis and "Honey" participate in a "Homeless" protest organization.

acquaint themselves with that reality, instead of sweeping it off into little corners where they don't have to look at it. Right now there are 4 million homeless people on the streets, it's a problem that is not going to go away by hiding it. When a person first goes onto the streets, if they don't solve their financial or whatever problem fairly quickly, that person may very well develop some chemical dependency or alcohol or psychiatric problems after 3,6, or say 9 months. Living on the streets wears you out. I really resent the middle class expectation that homeless people are supposed to show none of the effects or mannerisms of being homeless. Let's face it, living on the streets beats the hell out of you.

HARD TIMES: What do you think of the move to ban fortified wines in the downtown area?

SWITZER: Just banning fortified wines in the downtown area is stupid and won't work, they'll just go elsewhere to get it. I'd personally like to see the fortified wine people put out of business. They're making their money off selling poison to poor people. It should be banned altogether.

HARD TIMES: How can the homeless people get a voice in the community, by organizing?

SWITZER: I think by organizing and the real initial starting point is anger. People begin to internalize what they are told about them and how they are treated. They go down to welfare or the shelters and it can be a very denigrating and degrading experience. They start to feel hopeless and they start to think of themselves as worthless. If they start to get angry about how they are being treated, that's a real hopeful thing. If they start to feel that it's not right that they are being treated like this, their anger can be a very empowering, especially when they act on that anger and say "I am somebody who is worth something," and refuse to be treated otherwise.

HARD TIMES: What do you hope to accomplish with the "Breakfast with the Chief" demonstration?

SWITZER: The idea behind that came in response to the policy by the Police in Sacramento regarding the camping out issue. We want to confront them head on. There seems to be a policy to come down on homeless people as much as possible and get them to leave town. Aside from being highly irresponsible on a pragmatic level, it's not working. The number of homeless keeps going up here as it does all over the country. I think it's real important for the people who are being abused or victimized by the Police, to get in their face and confront them. Even if they get arrested, it was their choice and it takes the power away from the Police and confronts the fear that the homeless people have of them.

HARD TIMES: Camping out in Sacramento is illegal, when the shelters are full, where are the other thousands of homeless people supposed to go?

Switzer: The shelter situation in Sacramento is pretty abysmal, what's interesting is that it is better here than a lot of towns. The Union Gospel Mission is privately operated and funded, they don't take government money. If you're a single man you are entitled to 30 days a year of City/County funded shelter. This means you can either spend 30 days in the Salvation Army, or 30 days in the module unit behind the Salvation Army. Other than that, you are not going to get shelter except



at the Union Gospel Mission which will give you as much as you need a year, with the limitation of 7 days on, and 3 days off. They due have a winter overflow in the wintertime which provides minimal service for those who get in. This is what makes the anti-camping ordinance so absurd. We've got a situation where people have no place to live, an inadequate number of shelter beds, and of course that means people are sleeping outside. It's a given in the equation, people are going to be sleeping out of doors, they have no other alternative. That is why it is absurd, not to mention immoral, to enforce the anti-camping ordinance in respect to homeless people.

HARD TIMES: What would you suggest the Police do, not enforce the anti-camping ordinance, and let the homeless sleep in peace down by the river?

SWITZER: Yes, they need to stop enforcing the anti-camping ordinance. At one time it may have made sense, but now it doesn't. Not with the number of homeless people we have here now. We have over 5,000 homeless people living in Sacramento. By necessity, because of the lack of available beds in shelters, people are going to be breaking the law. What this does is criminalize homelessness, and that's wrong.

HARD TIMES: What suggestions do you have for the City and County Governments as far as dealing with the homeless?

SWITZER: Number one, as I have said, start by decriminalizing homelessness by stopping the enforcement of the anti-camping ordinance. Number two, I think that City and County officials need to get very creative, and I think they can do it. You look where they thought they had a chance to get a football team, they acted very quickly and very creatively. In a matter of days, they put together a package that would have created \$50,000,000. That gives you an example of what they can do when they find the issue compelling enough. I think they need to become advocates, to pound away at the state, and to pound away at the feds. I think every local politician should become an advocate for the homeless. They should do whatever they can to shake money loose.



SACRAMENTO: ONE WAY

By Ann Clark

Sandra Smolley, who is a member of the Board of Supervisors, went out and raised a quarter of a million dollars to light the Tower Bridge, and has given no consideration to the people living and sleeping under it along the river. It's a matter of getting our priorities in line, people have got to be our number one priority. Before we spend money to pave streets, let's spend some money to ensure that people don't have to live on them. It's as simple as that. People have got to be the number one priority, and until we realize that, I'm not overly optimistic that we are going to see a change. I'm going to work for that change until it comes about. I'm not basing my life on it, that would be too frustrating. Dorothy Day once said "We are not called upon to get results, we are just called upon to be faithful." I'm just going to live in a way where I can live with myself.



The Hard Times Staff would like to offer any City or County officials, including the Police, a chance to respond, or offer any suggestions or solutions of their own. We further would like to applaud those officers and City officials who do show compassion toward the homeless and who are working toward making Sacramento a better place to live for all it's citizens. This is a problem we all need to work together on and it is not our desire or intention to point fingers but rather to improve the quality of life for everyone in Sacramento. Perhaps in doing so, Sacramento can lead the way for the rest of the country in dealing with this National tradgedy. Being the capital of the greatest state in the greatest nation, we are in a unique position to do so. Any inquiries or response should be directed to the Sacramento Hard Times. P.O. Box 245190, Sacramento, Ca. 95824. All suggestions and letters, will be answered and appreciated.

HARD TIMES STAFF

Editor.....Deric Rothe
Art Director.....Mike Haynes
Photographer.....Carol Wysong
Photographer.....Carmen Cardinal
Staff: Bob Burns, Tony Russull, Dave Porta,
Augie Willis, Dave Moss, Ann Clark, Ron
Waters

As I lay on the examining table in a sterile white room at the University of Washington Hospital and Medical Center in Seattle Washington, I heard the two Doctors conferring about my case. "Well, she's 48 years old, and her spine is deteriorating" stated one of them. When they entered the room and told me that in person, I asked if the condition was operable and or curable. "No," replied the resident "if you do not move to a warmer, dryer climate you will be permanently crippled."

These words set the stage for an odyssey that would take me through 3 states, several months, and some of the hardest times in my life! Within a very short period of time, I started making plans to leave the state. Since I already was a disabled person (neurological problem) receiving S.S.I. and a tenant in excellent standing of the Seattle Housing Authority, I contacted the Honolulu Housing Authority (H.H.A.) to find out if they could and would help me, if I moved to Honolulu, Hawaii, where the climate would be ideal for one with my physical ailment.

Within one week, I received their response; it was an affirmative! I was overjoyed, and I didn't mind the projected 6 month wait. Within 7 months, I received another letter from the H.H.A. stating that I had 7 days to get to Honolulu to the Housing Certificate Section 8 Meeting, or my application would be cancelled.

So I bought a one-way airline ticket and started making plans to leave the state. I sold or gave away all of my possessions except lightweight clothes and other personal items. Then I withdrew my entire bank account and bought Travelers Checks.

I arrived in Honolulu, Hawaii on Dec. 12, 1989, 3 days prior to the meeting. (I had already notified H.H.A. that I was going to attend) I gasped for breath in the Honolulu International Airport under the blazing sun of an 81 degree day (It had been 37 and raining in Seattle), but gone was the excruciating pain in my lower back, which had become part of my daily existence.

"Oh, God!" I yelled out, "I'm free!" All around me people were smiling and saying hello. "Welcome to Hawaii, Annie," said my lovely Bed and Breakfast hostess, Kathy Bommersbach. I was a very happy, secure woman but it was to be very short lived.

On Dec. 15, Kathy very kindly offered to drive me to the Housing Authority Certification Meeting in downtown Honolulu, which was quite far from the house, so I gladly accepted. At the meeting, the Housing Representative, Ms. Janie Chang, explained the rules and regulations and procedures to the 12 of us who attended. She told us that ceiling rent was \$374.00 and that had to include everything! Also, the apartments had to have a lease of 6 months or longer, and they have to pass the inspection of the H.H.A. before we could move in.

The Housing Authority provided us with no lists of affordable housing - only a piece of paper listing churches and organizations which might provide us with some leads! "Ask

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Hear Our Voices



From the Hearts of
Sacramento's Homeless

UNTITLED

I see the people driving by,
they slow down and they stare.

At the people clothed in rags,
no better clothes for them to wear.

How sad for them the people say,
then turn and drive away.

Most of them don't realize,
it could be them someday.

Most people think the homeless,
are bums who choose to live that way.

They don't know how hard it is,
living life from day to day.

I live each day not knowing where,
I'll lay my head at night.

Always hoping for the day,
When life won't be a fight.

I know someday society,
will help us off the street.

And will help us find a way,
To get back on our feet.

But first we have to show the world,
that we can each man help himself.

Then maybe the world won't be,
so quick to put us on a shelf.

Betty Ann Hibdon

Nowhere To Go

Hello, I am homeless wandering,
Hello, I am homeless nowhere to go.

Space and time have no rythm,
Somebody tell me is it fair?

Is it fair? Once again oh great Universe?
Somebody tell me, why me?

I lie in a corner, no more dreams...
I repeat, space and time have no rythm.

I lie in a corner, no more dreams...
I repeat, I just want my light to shine.

Oh great Lord if you hear me,
Take me out of this mirage....

We walk aimlessly, no food,
Nowhere to lie to sleep, Why me?

Oh Hotel garbage can, I live day to day,
I look out at smiling faces, only to see
ignorance...

People tell me it's my fault? Why me?
People tell me it's my choice? Why me?

Of all the Galaxies and Planets existing,
Did I choose Earth? Black or White, old or
young?

My eyes cry tears for years, Help me!
Take me out of this hell hole, Please...

My eyes cry tears for years on my knees...

Wali Rushidden

A Dying Man's Dream

When I was a young man,
my head full of schemes.

For all my young challenges,
for all my young dreams.

The world was the pathway,
that lay at my feet.

There was no one about me,
who I could not defeat.

But as the years past,
and took their tole.

I'm not a young man anymore,
but wrinkled and old.

With my eyes toward Heaven,
and down on my knees;

I said "Father forgive me,
for the wrong I have done."

"To others dear God,
and towards your dear son."

Then all of a sudden,
a peace came over me.

For the first time in my life,
at last I could see;

That there was a Heaven,
and a place there for me.

Norman Calhoun



FAREWELL

The thoughts one has
Breathe out his last breath
Aimlessly Knightwandering in warfare

Where is it at
As the hour of the execution
Drew near
Tides building inside
Reflection of the old image in the mirror
Miscreator victory and vision
Misplace the value
Odd actions ideas, completely smother out
Focus on a blind sight
Coming in view
The hour is gone

B.B

TWO HEARTS

I want to know
The falling rain
Understand the dim fade lights you hold
The strange differentents you see
The forgiveness to be breath
We all need to turn the pages
Before the tears flare

Got your tears just in time

B.B.

HARD TIMES INTERVIEW:

AUGIE WILLIS

When the Hard Times Staff decided to put together a homeless newspaper, we decided our number one goal was to provide a voice for the homeless community. In each issue, we will interview a different homeless person who has something to say about homelessness in Sacramento.

Choosing the person to interview for our first issue turned out to be easy. When talking to homeless people on the street, at the river, at the Salvation Army or the Union Gospel Shelter, one name kept popping up; Augie Willis.

Augie is a leader in Sacramento's homeless community because of his willingness to listen, lend a hand and, his courage in standing up for the rights of his peers. He is currently organizing homeless people with his organization "Homeless on the Move" and working towards political change in the treatment and perception of the homeless community. I caught up with Augie at the Loaves and Fishes Courtyard on North C Street where he can be found most days helping to serve free meals and organizing political protests.

HARD TIMES: What are some of the problems facing the homeless in Sacramento that you are working on changing now?

WILLIS: There are several things I am concerned about. Just because people are homeless, doesn't mean that they are helpless. There is money that is available for homeless people which is not being used, or that is being used for other purposes. I am investigating how we can get this money to help the people. Right now there is no 24 hour emergency shelter in Sacramento. People come into Sacramento at all hours and they have no place to go. All the spaces are filled by the 5:30 or 6:45 check in time. If you can't get into the Salvation Army's 30 day program your ass-out. That's the way it is. I see a lot of communities, such as Oakland, which have 24 emergency hotlines and shelters for homeless people. If you can't get into a shelter, and you have no money, you are forced to camp out. In Sacramento, camping out is illegal. We have continual harrassment by the police. They come into the camps, tear them up, tell the people to move on, and make arrests or issue citations if they meet resistance.

HARD TIMES: Is it your goal to change the way the homeless are treated in Sacramento?

WILLIS: Yes, I am trying my best to change this. By organizing the people and working together, I believe we can change things. Right now it is a situation where anyone can be homeless. I find the average American to be only one or two paychecks away from being homeless themselves. Society often looks down on the homeless and thinks that they are all drunks or drug addicts or just plain don't care. This is wrong. Look what happened in San Francisco after the earthquake. A lot of people who never thought they'd be standing

in soup lines wound up there. Things can happen to anyone.

HARD TIMES: What services would you like to see made available in Sacramento?

WILLIS: First the hotline and 24 hour emergency shelter. We've got people coming by freight train and other ways at all times of the day and night. There is currently no where for them to go. If they go down to the river or by the railroad tracks, the police will harrass them. They are automatically out. The city should provide legal camping areas for the people who have nowhere else to go. They should not be treated as criminals by the police.

HARD TIMES: What are the police doing now that you object to?

WILLIS: I strongly object to the fact that because a person is homeless, he is considered and treated as a criminal. It should not be a crime to be homeless. The police are constantly forcing you to move on, but where are you gonna go?

HARD TIMES: I heard you talking about a protest down in Santa Cruz. Can you tell us about that?

WILLIS: We had a 3 day convention at the Radisson Hotel April 1 - 3, where we organized homeless advocates from throughout the state. Because of the police harrassment in Santa Cruz, we are marching on the city to let them know that we are citizens who will not tolerate injustice. It will take place on the 4th of July. This isn't just a local problem, it is happening throughout the state and throughout the country.

HARD TIMES: When you hear people say that homeless people are homeless because they are too lazy to work, what's your response?

WILLIS: That's not true, you have a certain percentage, yes. A mighty small percentage though. There are families, women and children etc. I work at Loaves and Fishes on the weekend and we feed anywhere from 500 - 600 people a day. There are men and women who are looking for jobs and housing. Where can they find affordable housing for a family on a minimum wage salary? They are homeless because they couldn't come up with the rent, Not because they don't want to work.

HARD TIMES: What do you see in the future for Augie Willis?

WILLIS: I know that it is just a matter of time before I get back into the mainstream of society. I have held two good paying jobs as recently as 16 months ago. I lost them over a break-up in my personal relationship and do intend to go back to work. When I do get back on my feet, I won't forget where I have been or quit fighting for the cause. I'll keep fighting until I don't have another breath left. I see the day coming when there won't be a homeless problem. We need good jobs and affordable housing. If we work together, we can make it happen.

around, said Ms. Chang, "You might come up with something," but I seriously doubt it. Don't hold your breath and what ever you do, don't check the newspaper ads, because it'd just be a waste of your time! "It's just a big joke isn't it?"

"Yes," I yelled out, "But the joke is on us - especially me, since I came from another state under your auspices, with your encouragement and in good faith." "I gave up everything in Seattle, Washington to come to live here!"

"Well, she replied, "You wanted to be here in Paradise." "Yes," I answered, "But there's more involved than that, I was very ill from the climate in Western Washington, so I really had to relocate to a warmer, dryer climate." She shrugged her shoulders, and she simply replied "Sorry." My face turned crimson and I started to cry. I gathered the papers together and I stormed out of the room.

I found the closest pay phone, and I looked up the number of the Attorney General's Office. But when I reached one of his representatives and explained the details to him, he informed me that I didn't have a leg to stand on, legally speaking, because they never promised me a designated apartment anywhere - merely a housing certificate which they had already given me.

He also stated that in the future, they would be reprimanded and ordered to issue a warning regarding lack of affordable housing in Hawaii, especially to out of state clients! He said that he was sorry that it would be too late to help me. I thanked him politely and hung up.

After that unfortunate meeting, I couldn't rest, so the next day I called Ms. Chang's supervisor, Ms. Cindy Yoshida, and I reported everything that had transpired at the meeting, including what Ms. Chang had stated. Ms. Yoshida became agitated and she practically screamed into the phone "Ms. Chang didn't say that, she never said that!" But I stuck to my guns, I knew even then that I would never forget the things that were said to me at that meeting. "Perhaps you can find some shared housing - I'll see if I can locate anything for you," she offered "There are lots of people looking for roommates."

"Thanks a lot," I answered. To myself I thought: So this is what it has all come down to. (I'd called the churches and organizations, but they couldn't help.) Ms. Yoshida never did find any shared housing for me. And when I started to check the newspaper ads for shared housing, I found nothing under \$350.00 a month, which was impossible for me to afford with an income 390.00 per month, the Hawaiian S.S.I. check.

Finally, however, I came across an ad for a shared housing, situation in a two bedroom apt. for \$225.00 per month. I called and was somewhat dismayed to find that the prospective roommates were two men who wanted a female roommate to do their housecleaning.

But I consented to go to their apartment to meet them and demonstrate my housecleaning ability, because I couldn't see my way clear to find any other way to house myself. My 2 weeks in the Bed and Breakfast home was up, and at \$30.00 a day, I was not able to afford it anymore anyway.

So I went to meet Col. Eugene V. Urieff, U.S.A.F. (retired) and his roommate, Roger Lee Taylor, P.H.D.. Their apartment was in one of the poorest districts of Honolulu, and it was an extremely run down complex. Eugene and Roger were the only caucasian people living in the complex, and I was frightened. I'd never been in such a situation before. But my fears were quickly allayed when I was greeted by some of the other tenants.

They were Filipino and Chinese and their warm smiles gave me courage and cheer. But the meeting with Roger and Eugene gave me nothing but negative feelings - all my fear and anxiety came back.

Roger was slovenly and rude and Eugene was eccentric and very disorganized. Their apartment was filthy and looked as if a cyclone had gone through it! For 2 hours, I did my best to clean their kitchen and living room - the bedrooms were so cluttered that the vacuum cleaner couldn't get through it! Large collections of pornography were everywhere. Roger assisted in the cleaning, but Eugene did nothing more than poke through the garbage, fishing out all sorts of odd old objects while he shrewdly observed me. I noted that he was quite attractive, although somewhat older than his sloppy looking, overweight roommate Roger.

When the cleaning was finished, Roger paid me fifteen dollars and showed me the bedroom that would be mine - if he decided that I would be their roommate - and that bedroom would be mine for a month, during which time he would be aboard a Navy ship teaching mathematics.

He said that upon his return, I could be housed in their living room on their futon! He informed me that he would call me the next day to let me know his decision. Even though the whole scene gave me very bad vibes, I silently prayed that Roger would come through for me, as there didn't seem to be any other recourse available.

But the following afternoon, it was Eugene who called me at Kathy's home to tell me to come to be their new roommate! "I thought it was Roger's decision," I said.

"Oh he's already gone off to the Navy job," he replied, "And you know Annie, it's me who owns this apartment - it's a condominium - so the final say is always mine!" This was the first time I sensed the ongoing conflict of authority between them.

So that afternoon, Kathy kindly volunteered to drive me to my new residence. I accepted and thus started my new life as a tenant in shared housing with Roger and Eugene.

At first, things seemed o.k. there. The room had been cleared of all the clutter - Eugene claimed credit for that - and it was worth the \$225.00 a month that I had to pay in advance for it.

Roger was gone for the next month, and Eugene seemed pleased. He said that my food would be included, if I would help him around the place, with one chore a day - it could be anything from vacuuming the living room to re-arranging Roger's massive sock drawer! I told him that I was also very pleased with the arrangement. "Yes Annie, you have the best deal in Honolulu here! And for awhile, I really thought I had.

One Way Continues

But gradually things started to turn for the worse. Firstly, Roger returned from his job on the ship, and he promptly took the nice little room back. I had to move onto the futon, which only fit into the middle of the floor of their small cluttered living room, in a spot between a wall and Eugene's rowing machine. Even though my space was so cramped, Eugene refused to lower the \$225.00 a month rent, so I was forced to pay it. I paid it however, out of my savings because at that point my Social Security checks stopped coming! When I went to the local Social Security Office to complain and investigate, I was told that this happens every time a client changes addresses and that it would take 6 days to straighten things out! I was bewildered and agitated, because I had given the local Social Security Office my new address as soon as I had it and had been told at that time that everything would be o.k. in about two weeks because there was a new computer system in effect.

But, as I was soon to find out, Honolulu Social Security workers often told conflicting stories, and none of them seemed to be bothered by it at all! "How am I supposed to pay my rent?" I screamed. However, the worker merely shrugged her shoulders, so I left.

When I got home, I told Eugene of my plight. He expressed concern and sympathy but quickly informed me that he had problems too, and that both he and Roger felt that I talked about my problems more than I ought to. So I figured my roommates were not as sympathetic and/or emphatic as I had hoped. I felt that I was on my own in regard to solving this latest problem.

But Eugene developed a habit of putting his arms around me and hugging me and telling me how gorgeous he thought I was, and how much he thought I resembled the movie actress Rita Hayworth! Roger agreed, and he several times asked me to sleep with him, but who could be interested in a filthy slob like that? I was constantly cleaning up after him in the kitchen and the living room! But while Roger always took "no" for an answer, Eugene never did! He said to me more than once, "Ooh Annie, you have to do something to earn your keep!"

"But what about my housework?" I replied. "You have been increasing that significantly lately." But he just shrugged that off - he was a tireless worker who required about 4 hours a night sleep and the 6 hours a day housework he had me doing was nothing to him at all! But I was constantly tired from that housework. There was laundry four times a day, every day of the week - and by now Eugene's hugs had turned into molestations. He was taking liberties with my body without my permission. Whenever I complained, he said, "Well Annie," and he pointed to the door.

During the times that Eugene was taking advantage of me sexually, he would continue to hug me, but he would never kiss me, and there was never an act of penetration. He said that this was because we were "only playing" and the reason for this was that he was really loyal to his steady girlfriend Cathy. So what it came down to was that he had no guilty conscience in regard to what he

and I did in bed, whether it be my living room futon, or the king sized bed that took up most of his small bedroom.

His girlfriend Kathy came over 2 or 3 times a week, but never without an invitation, so she never walked in on any of our "play" sessions, which took place in the early hours of the morning and every day of the week! Between the constant laundry and other household chores and constant vigorous sexual activity, I felt used and tired. I was also full of guilt, and Kathy, having women's intuition, was suspicious of Eugene and me. I had difficulty looking her in the eye when she was visiting our apartment.

Meanwhile, I continued to hound the workers at the Social Security office, but I got the same negative responses. No more checks came to me over the next 2 months. And Eugene and Roger were getting angry because I was now just about broke, and so I couldn't pay my rent in February or March!

When I asked Eugene if he, as my landlord, would go to the Social Security Office with me to battle for the checks, he said "Oh, good idea Annie!" But he never seemed to have the time, as he had recently begun substitute teaching in the local high schools, and consequently was gone most days from early morning to the late afternoon. By that time the S.S. Office was closed. He refused to take even one morning off to help me, saying he desperately needed every penny he could earn. His excuse didn't make much sense to me, but there was no way to change his mind.

As for Roger, he felt resentment toward me, because he sensed that I had become Eugene's special privileged roommate - a position he had formerly held and cherished. These men were not bi-sexual, but Roger admitted leaning in that direction and he loved Eugene very much!

I felt as if I would explode from the pressure in my environment. I needed psychiatric help, but I had a problem in getting that on an ongoing basis. Plus the Librium 5 mg. which I had been taking for many years for my neurological problem, had run out. My medical insurance from the state of Washington had expired, but I couldn't get Hawaiian coverage, because I lacked (had misplaced) one document - my divorce decree from 20 years ago and the state workers wouldn't waive that requirement, so I could get that coverage. So I had to deal with all my problems without a Doctor and without my medication!

I sent to the Bureau of Records in Miami, Florida to get a copy of my divorce decree, but I knew that it'd take a long time before I received it! What could I do about my problems in the interim?

Firstly, I decided to call the police in regard to Eugene's taking sexual advantage of me, as I knew it was against the law, but I also knew that I needed to find another place to live first. So I started calling the local shelters. There were 2, but both turned out to be jammed, and neither could project when there would be a bed available. I turned to the yellow pages of the telephone directory and I found a mental health center which didn't require Hawaiian medical coverage, so I called and made an appointment.

Free Shelters

SALVATION ARMY
12th and North B Street 442-0303
4 p.m. Sign-Up Women
1 p.m. Sign-Up Men

UNION GOSPEL MISSION
400 Bannon Street 443-1719
6:30 p.m. Bed Sign-Up
First-Timers Have Priority
Showers and Shaves 9-11 a.m. 1-3 p.m.
6:00 a.m. Breakfast
Men Only

ST. JOHN'S SHELTER
301 North 12th Street 448-0701
5:30 p.m. Bed Sign-Up
2 Meals
Women and Children Only

Diogenes House
24 Hours 363-0063
For Runaways (Counseling Available
to Troubled Youth)
Boys and Girls Only (Under 18)

WEAVE
24 Hours 924-2952
For Battered Women
Victims of Rape
Emotional Crisis Counseling
Safe Houses
Women and Children Only

**VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA
BANNON STREET SHELTER**
470 Bannon Street 443-4688
Department of Social Services Referral Only
Men and Women

SOUTH AREA EMERGENCY HOUSING
24 Hours 455-2160
Call for Information
Families/Single Adults with Children

Day Shelters

BROTHER MARTIN'S COURTYARD
1321 North C. Street (at North 12th) 447-3906
Hours 8:00 - 10:00 a.m. 11:00 - 1:00 p.m.
Coffee, Food 8:00 a.m. Sign Up for Next Week
Laundry, Showers, Job Phone 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.
Haircuts Wednesday 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.
A.A. Meeting Tuesday 3:00 - 4:00 p.m.
Bible Study Thursday 2:30 - 3:30 p.m.
Men Only

MARYHOUSE
1321 North C Street (at North 12th) 446-4962
Monday thru Friday 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Showers/Laundry
Women and Children Only

TRANSITIONAL HOUSING PROGRAM
Call for Appointment 442-8200
Families (Must be Screened)

Free Hot Meals

LOAVES AND FISHES
305 North 12th Street (At North C.) 446-0874
7 days a week 12 - 1 p.m.

SALVATION ARMY
1200 North B Street (At 12th Street) 442-0303
7 days a week 3:30 - 4:30 p.m.

UNION GOSPEL MISSION
400 Bannon Street (B Street at 12th) 447-3268
7 days a week 8:30 - 9:15 p.m.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL GYM
3360 Y Street (At 34th) 452-7308
Sunday 1:30 - 3:00 p.m.

FOOD NOT BOMBS
St. Rose of Lima Park 7th & K Street 455-7200
Vegetarian
Sunday 12:00 - 3:00 p.m.

GLORY BOUND MINISTRIES
4527 Parker Street 452-7078
5:15 p.m. Bus Pickup at B Street & 12th
or 2700 Front Street for Services and Food

WOMEN'S CIVIC IMPROVEMENT CENTER
3955 3rd Avenue (at Broadway) 457-8661
Income Verification Required

VOA NEIGHBORS KITCHEN
2700 Front Street 448-1236
Monday thru Friday 5:30 p.m.

WELLSPRING
3230 Broadway 454-9688
Monday thru Friday
7:00 - 11:00 a.m.

Free Medical Care

MERCY CLINIC
1321 North C. Street 446-3345
Drop-in I.D. Not Required
Monday thru Friday
8:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.
and 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Adults and Children

CAPITAL HEALTH CLINIC
1500 C. Street (at 15th) 440-5302
I.D. Not Required
Monday thru Friday
8:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.
and 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Adults and Children

SACRAMENTO DENTAL CLINIC
1500 C. Street (at North 12th) 442-9756
Call for an Appointment

AQUARIAN EFFORT MEDICAL CLINIC
1304 O Street (at 13th) 446-6467
Monday thru Friday
5:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Drop in
Adults and Children

Employment Training & Job Search Help

Year Round Job and Career Training Programs Available in the Sacramento area;

CON CHI TIA ENTERPRISES
577 Las Plamas Ave., #51 & 52 920-9672/73
Sacramento, Ca.

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Training (construction)

EDUCATIONAL & BUSINESS MICROCOMPUTER INC.
6024-C San Juan Ave. 723-4850/969-9514
Citrus Heights, Ca.

Offers: Computer Career Training

GRANT UNION HIGH SCHOOL DISTRICT ADULT AND
COMMUNITY EDUCATION CAMPOS VERDES CENTER
3701 Stephen Drive 921-3753
North Highlands, Ca.

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LA FAMILIA COUNSELING CENTER, INC.
2111 28th Street 452-3601
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training

QUALITY BUSINESS SYSTEMS, INC.
2424 Arden Way, Suite C-81 927-2760
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: Photocopy Technician Training

PRIVATE INDUSTRY COUNSEL
IN-HOUSE PROGRAMS
1215 Del Paso Blvd. 646-5640
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training

SACRAMENTO CITY USD SKILLS CENTER
2751 Stockton Blvd. 454-6637 or 454-6638
Sacramento, Ca.

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Auto Mechanics, retail Cashier, heating and
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Secretary, Photo Offset, Ward Clerk, Account
Clerk

SACRAMENTO EMPLOYMENT AND TRAINING AGENCY
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1215 Del Paso Blvd. 646-5658
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Offers: Workshop on Job Search Skills,
Resume Development and Counseling

UNITED CHRISTIAN CENTERS OF THE GREATER
SACRAMENTO AREA, INC. (LINCOLN)
2620 21ST Street 452-5073
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: General and Medical Clerical Training 11

SACRAMENTO URBAN LEAGUE
3501 Broadway 739-0627
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training

SACRAMENTO VOCATIONAL SERVICES
6950 21st Avenue 381-1300
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: Job Search (Developmentally Disabled
Only)

SACRAMENTO WOMEN'S CENTER INC.
2306 J Street 441-4207
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training

CALIFORNIA HUMAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
6020 Rutland Drive Suite 13 344-4516
Carmichael, Ca. 95608

Offers: Individualized Job Development &
Referral (Ages 55 Plus),
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SAN JUAN EMPLOYMENT & TRAINING CENTER
4640 Orange Grove Avenue 971-7394
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training (Title III -
Dislocated Workers Only)

SOAR
5450B Power Inn Road 386-2706
Sacramento, Ca.

Offers: On-The-Job Training/Vocational
English as a Second Language

CONSTRUCTION: Dailey pay,
apply 6:00 a.m. at Labor
Express, 1330 Del Paso
Blvd. Sacto 927-9034



Things Gotta Change



Say, Aren't you glad Tuesday's the 1st?



Yeah, We get our

J.A. Checks!



So we can buy some Hubbas!



This is the 64th Homeless person to die in Sacramento this year!



We wouldn't have found this corpse if it hadn't been for the smell! Sad, but true.



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"No, why were they camping out?"

"All the shelters were full again!"

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