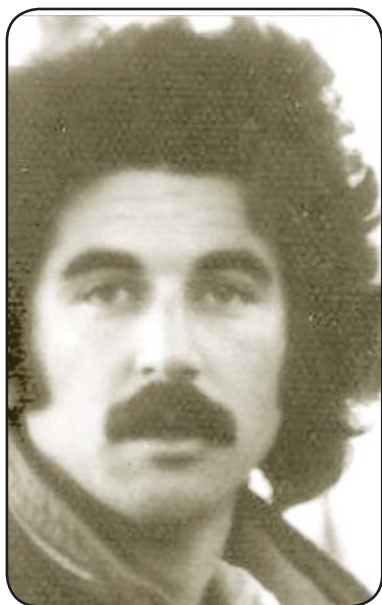


A Night to Remember

It was the early '70's."Flower Power" had taken over the San Francisco Bay Area. Berkeley was the center for the anti-war movement. The Vietnam War was full on. Black Power was in full swing in Oakland. Che Guevara was the radical left's hero. "Up Against the Wall" posters dotted the landscape.

The Kent State massacre was still fresh in everyone's mind along with the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy a few years before. Angela Davis rose to prominence - another hero for the radical left. The Rainbow Coalition touted "love and peace" for all races. The Bay Area was the heart and soul, on the West Coast, for all the left's agenda; it's music, style, and politics. The "City" seethed with vitality.

This was where I chose to live. This was my "jumping off" point to become a "world citizen". I was fascinated by all the cultures merging, yet distinctly different. This was America. This is my story:



With my long, wild, shoulder length black hair and great mustache, I blended well with the "happening" scene in San Francisco. I usually wore a dark blue rough-out leather suit fitted for me by North Beach Leather. I had good friends, acquaintances throughout the "City" and the East Bay, a place off of Union Street at Filbert and Buchanan in the Cow Hollow district, a good dental gig and I was free and young. My buddy, Harvey, had recently joined me at Dr. Brady's Dental Clinic on Market Street. He just finished a two year stint as a Captain in the US Navy and was now a private citizen. Harvey was a year ahead of me at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond Virginia. We became good friends there and, after he graduated, he enlisted in the Navy as a Captain since he was a dentist. He lived in the North Point area of town on Bay Street. The nice thing about his place was that he had a garage. Parking in the city was tough. He was stationed in Italy and returned to the States with his discharge papers and a red Alfa Romeo Spider. What a nice ride.

A military buddy of his arrived in town from Texas. Nice guy but felt a little out of place with his short-cropped hair and spit-shined shoes. One night Harvey and his buddy decided to drop some acid (take LSD). I offered to be their guide and drive them around the city to "groove" on all the sights and sounds. We wound up at the Great Highway along the Pacific Coast. I parked the car and we entered Playland by the Sea. It was similar to a



carnival with a Fun House, rides, assorted foods and plenty of people. Harvey had on his headband to keep his long hair in check and sported a full beard. The raucous laughter of “Laffing Sal”, the large automaton, could be heard throughout the park. We sampled all the sights for a couple of hours and decided to head to San Gregorio Beach about 25 miles south. We piled into the car. Harvey was riding “bitch” and his buddy in the back. They were “stoned.” I backed out of the parking space onto the Great Highway and started driving south.



All of a sudden, a Pontiac Firebird with a New Mexico license plate pulls in front of us and cuts us off. Four guys with slicked-back hair, tee shirts with rolled-up sleeves, jeans, boots, and carrying chains wrapped around their

hands, pop out of the car and run towards our car. One of the guys throws an umbrella like a javelin that hits and bounces off the hood of the Alfa. I throw the stick into reverse and we peel backwards up the highway towards Seal Rocks.

The guys jump back into their vehicle, spin around and come after us. Needless to say Harvey and his buddy are “*freaking out*”. I pop the clutch, throw her into first and we barrel into the city. They are right behind us. I zigzag through the streets. We are travelling in an area of San Francisco called the “Avenues”. I am moving. I tell the guys, “Stay cool, we’ll make it.” The other guys are still right behind us. The squeal of tires, the roar of the motor are all I hear.



I merge with the car. We are one. I shoot up one of the avenues towards Clement Street. There is a car in front of



me making a right-hand turn onto Clement. I see a space between the sidewalk and the passenger side of the turning automobile. I shoot right through the gap and turn onto Clement and fly to Park Presidio Boulevard, a multi-lane thoroughfare running from the Golden Gate Bridge to the southern part of the city. I wheel the car south but on the side of oncoming traffic and weave through the cars. I'm doing 50-60 miles per hour. I never wanted to see a cop so bad in my life. Horns are blaring, lights are blinking,

tires are complaining, I'm rollin'. I make a sharp left at Geary and we speed into the city towards North Point and Harvey's place.

No one in the car has made a sound. The passengers are glued to their seats, eyes watching the road. On Geary, I look behind through the rearview mirror. I see no one behind us. But I'm not taking any chances, so we roar through the city. As we approach Harvey's residence, I tell him to open the garage door and when I drive in, close the door and lock it. Remember, these guys are still “tripping”. We reach the place. Harvey jumps out, opens the door. I gun the car and park it. Harvey slams the door shut and we all go up to his apartment. The adrenaline is pouring out of us. We sit down and all of us breathe a sigh of relief. *That was a night to remember.*

