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Poetry from the Homeless

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Chemical Dependancy Help
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Sacramento Hard Times



50 cents

SACRAMENTO'S HOMELESS NEWSPAPER

July, 1990

Issue #2

American Address

He asked my name and my former occupation
He asked me my number asked me where did I live
I gulped and I swallowed I looked down at my feet
I said for a short time I'd been out in the street

At first I was shamed, but I thought as I walked
I live in America I won't always be mocked
I live in America every door won't be blocked
I live in America home of the free
Glad to be here it's enough home for me

Another interview they asked the same questions
My home wasn't much just a shelter for vagrants
But I carefully stated my most recent address
They stared back at me, that's not a fit place to rest

As I left all discouraged I sang a tune blue
I live in America that should matter to you
I live in America poor put down by the few
I live in America home of the free
Starting to see there ain't no place for me

I've been living on handouts folks won't meet my eyes
I'm out in the street the city shut down my home
There's a job for a man with my qualifications
Should I even go can I hold my frustrations

When he asked where I live I looked him right in the eye
I live in America I want some of the pie
I live in America all I need is a try
I live in America that's my address

You can't desert me, say America is blessed

Kirk Parrott
Davis, Ca.



Homeless Vet

Larry Stanfield, pictured above inside the Viet Nam Veteran's Memorial, is one of several Veterans living on the streets of Sacramento. Larry was permanently disabled while fighting for the United States Marine Corps in Viet Nam during 1969 and 1970. He was shot twice in the stomach while fighting for America and is currently about to undergo the third operation on his lower leg which still contains shrapnel after 20 years.

EDITORIAL

Initiative: The Key Intangible

The problems associated with homelessness are multifaceted and diverse. Finding solutions to these problems will not be simple or easy. When faced with climbing a mountain, one step after another is the usual successful method. With Homelessness, it is much the same. The first step towards dealing with the variety of problems associated with homelessness, is to open the lines of communication between the Homeless, the City, County, State and Federal Governments, and the public. The Hard Times along with it's number 1 goal of serving as a voice for the homeless, is attempting to serve as a forum for the variety of creative solutions which will be used as further steps towards the ultimate goal of taking care of our own people by helping them to take care of themselves. What a lot of people don't realize is that we have some very talented people living on the streets of Sacramento whose talents are not currently being utilized. Many of them have talents they have not been able to cultivate because just day to day rituals such as finding a place to eat and sleep take up all of their time. Most of us would agree that we as a country ought to be able to take care of our own hungry and poor, if we feel the need to be compelling enough. We have reached the point when we can no longer stand by impassively. We have got to address the issue of homelessness and put some serious money into affordable housing and "whole person" programs for our own people. Resources that we have such as Loaves and Fishes, Maryhouse, the Consumer Self-Help Center and others are really positive and appreciated but not nearly enough. The homeless need a way to help themselves into affordable housing and productive lifestyles. If we put our collective energy together we can make a big positive difference. 5,000 plus homeless in a city as wealthy as Sacramento is disgraceful. That number is rising rather than decreasing. What will 10,000 or 25,000 be like if we don't act now? We have a chance to implement some new programs and fund some good ones already in existence and the money to do it. Let's do it for the homeless children if nothing else. Surely they are homeless through no fault of their own. Let's start in our own backyard, Sacramento, and address "Homelessness" here, by making it a priority. Let's do this by all working on individual motivation and initiative.

Initiative is the key intangible in the homelessness equation.

No matter what side you look at this issue from, these are people we are dealing with and they need to be treated with compassion and respect if they/we are to be successful. We all need to nurture, cultivate and encourage self esteem and self-motivation whenever we can. For this highly precious commodity, (initiative from the public, the homeless and the government), we dedicate the paper, and ourselves. Stories about formerly homeless people that have made it, programs

and ideas that actually are now working and people whose individual motivation has led to their dealing successfully with their problems, can be very persuasive and motivating if presented in a desireable fashion. Keep the letters and suggestions coming. One step at a time, here in Sacramento, we can change things for the better for a lot of people, (including the children). If we make this the priority that it should be, the people priority, we can climb this mountain. Let me ask you, what is more valuable than children? What is more valuable than people? What mountain cannot be climbed one step at a time? As the capital of the greatest state in the greatest nation in the world, we have an obligation and an opportunity, to lead the way for the rest of the country in eliminating homelessness in a dignified, intelligent and responsible manner now. We don't see ourselves as the solution, but we do see ourselves as a small step in the right direction. Let's show some of that precious initiative and get involved. It's contagious! Let's start climbing and "come up!!" Write to the Hard Times P.O. Box 245190, Sacramento, Ca. 95823.

A HOMELESS VOICE

Among lives dying embers,
these are my regrets:

When I'm right no one remembers,
when I'm wrong no one forgets.

Maria (Honey) Wiley

Homeless Letter

Those of you that have never had the privilege of being homeless, just don't understand the wonderful enlightening experiences you can have. You get to understand the feeling of hopelessness, to meet the many different types of people; bad and worse, to feel the feeling of having no control over your own life. You meet people who could care less whether you drop dead or not, have people laugh at you for being homeless, stand in long lines to get something to eat, to know what it is to camp out with nothing but the clothes on your back. Understand why people turn into drunks or drug abusers. I could probably go on forever, but I wouldn't want to bore you with something that doesn't concern you. Really, don't worry about the homeless people, you'll never become homeless.

I only have one question to ask you: Why does the greatest nation in the world try to solve other countries problems when they can't even take care of their own?

Thomas Koch
Homeless, Sacramento



Homeless camp out on the outskirts of Sacramento



Police destroy the camps
(Homeless Advocate Augie Willis
shows camps to Hard Times)



Homeless advocates stage sit-in
at Police Headquarters to protest
anti-camping ordinance



The protest is quickly put to an end.



The protestors who refuse to
disperse are loaded in the "paddy
wagon" & taken to Sacramento
County jail on misdemeanor charges
of "blocking the doorway."



Those arrested: Yolanda Diaz, Cherlyn Wilson, Mike Guilford & Steve Switzer are released later that night. Diaz & Wilson, workers at St. Johns Shelter, pleaded "no contest" to the charges, were convicted & sentenced to time served. Neither Guilford's nor Switzer's cases have been resolved.

A jury trial is imminent. We
will keep you posted.

Hear Our Voices!



HOMELESS ONE

I might be from Sacramento
Could be from Oregon
But it doesn't matter what your name is
When you're just a homeless one.

I might be from South Dakota
Might be from Mexico
It doesn't matter what your name is
When you've got no place to go.

The rich man's getting richer
While I walk these frozen streets
In the Minnesota winter
While the nation's conscience sleeps.

A pauper they call me
Without a patron saint
A derelict of destitution
An object of complaint.

An untouchable they call me
Of unsubstantial means
Wearing social isolation
Like a pair of worn-out dreams.

Some call me a vagabond
A dead-beat or a tramp
A varmint in the alley
Begging for a welfare grant.

Just another outcast
They say 'a textbook case'
A fact of 'surplus labor'
To be discarded with the waste.

A transient they call me
Just another rootless soul
Drifting in America
In a soup-line with no bowl.

The poor are poor (the theory goes)
Because they love their tattered clothes.
The fact that they cannot find work
Is due to a personality quirk.
If housing they can ill-afford
They have their 'comfort' in the 'Lord'.
So we with wealth are not to blame
Or responsible for this 'homelessness' shame.
These intransigent transients without a home
Must prefer to 'wander' and 'roam'.
So don't expect us (the well-to-do)
To help the homeless ones flee
From the shelter-house zoo.

An untouchable they call me
Of unsubstantial means
Wearing social isolation
Like a pair of worn-out dreams.

Joseph C. Shepherd



THE IMAGE

Is the image we see,
when we look at our Brothers,
Is it a projection of ourselves
that we see in others?
Or do we think sometimes,
that we are without sin,
That others less fortunate,
it's o.k. to condemn?
Or can you remember,
when you were there too,
Feeling down and out,
with little to lose.
Then if you can remember,
extend them your hand,
And say "Come on Brother,
I'll be your Friend."
Pray never to think,
your needs greater than others,
For those others less fortunate,
their still your Brothers.
Then with your heart to God,
and hand to man,
The Lord will teach you love and compassion,
and how not to condemn.

Norman Calhoun

THE CHILD

The child alone in all his gloom
Could never leave his lonely room
That came of many happenings
Of broken hearts and stranger things.
He longed to see a bit of sun
A tiny speck--a minute one
T'was nothing to a healthy man
But to this child--a distant land
Who sat alone in all his gloom
Inside his dark and lonely room.

Shirley Moore



Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light
This grocery cart livin' don't hardly seem right.
What so proudly we hail bombs a burstin' in air.
But this grocery cart livin' don't hardly seem fair.
With a trillion or more spent for my flag wavin' o'er head.
To make this land safe for poor folks with no bed.
But the great Sacramento river I do know
'Cause when it's time to sleep to its banks I do go
Hopin' and prayin' that I don't get stabbed to death
And get stuffed in my cart without heartbeat or breath.
Yes I love you America she who holds out her arms
For the world's refugees seeking freedom in swarms
But this grocery cart livin' is getting me down
With too many years of nights out on the town.
I hardly ever did drink 'til I got stuck in this place
Pushin' my life down the street in this grocery cart space
As the foreign refugee drives by in his shiny new car
Can't help but wonder in whose country I are?
Yeah three cheers for the army for keepin' me safe
But the homeless I know all live here at home
Americans by birth with a grocery cart song.

Joseph C. Shepherd
Homeless in Sacramento

MAY I BE THE ONE

May I be the one that throws the stone
That makes the ripples flow
Or strikes the match that lights the wick
The makes the candle glow.

May I be the one who sings the song
That purifies the soul
Who carries the torch of freedom
And helps the seeds of justice grow.

May I be the one who reaches out
To help the one who fell behind
And uplift the broken-hearted
Trapped in a painful bind.

May I be the one who speaks the truth
No matter what the cost
Who runs the race with honor
Whether it be won or lost.

May I be the one who sees the light
Descending from above
A ray of hope sent from the Father
Here to penetrate with love.

May I be the one to courage hold
Within my receptive heart
Basking in God's mercy
Each day a brand new start.

May I be the one who plods along
The straight and narrow path
Self-disciplined and committed
To achieve a noble task.

May I be the one whose hands do heal
And whose words no hatred speak
Yet who fights tyrants and oppressors
To defend the frail and weak.

May I be the one who never quits
When the scene looks dark and bleak
Who always trusts the Father
That His promises He'll keep.

May I be the one that throws the stone
That makes the ripples flow
Or strikes the match that lights the wick
The makes the candle glow.

Joseph C. Shepherd



PAIN OF MIND (End of a Marriage)

I cried as never cried before
As out the outer door
I cried in desperation
tried to quiet shattered mind
The pain--the pain so sad
Made me reel and act as mad
Pain--with time--becomes memory
Almost always now.

Shirley Moore

"Standin' in line,
down at the county hall.
Heard somebody say,
'We got some checks here for y'all

An everybody wanna know
Why I sing the blues."
B. B. King

On the streets in Sacramento, staying clean and staying fed are all day activities. Most people ensconced in regular work/home worlds don't so realize. With money in your pockets you can choose when and where you will eat, sleep and shower. Life sans money/job/residence leaves you at the mercy of other people's schedules.

During inclement weather staying at the Mission means beginning your day at 6:00 a.m., hurrying up to stand in line buck naked to get your clothes out of the secured lock room. The Mission serves some sort of breakfast. Most men pass on this unless they are very hungry.

Locked out in the dark and cold at 6:30 a.m. (unless raining) you begin waiting until noon so as to get at least one decent meal in your stomach. Since this is at Loaves and Fishes and they frequently serve up to 1,000 meals each lunch time, you'd better get there by 10:00 a.m. By arriving early and eating early, you have a better chance at getting a place in the 1:00 p.m. line for laundry. If you take care of this on a Monday, then Tuesday afternoon is free until 6:30 p.m. when you have Mission bed check-in.

But these are just the mechanics of the street. Hurry up. Stand in line. Wait. This doesn't describe the sense of loss, shame, and eventual circumscription of goal setting that occurs.

II

Getting caught in the mechanics of everything and just staying clean shortens the time available to look for work, and the response of many employers is often deflating. Even clean, short-haired and somewhat well spoken, many employers look askance when you begin to explain that you are staying on the street, camping on the river, don't have an address, and don't have a telephone. Many ask if you are just interviewing so as to get your welfare check. Others wonder if you are a thief out to get in their "good graces."

Employers get somewhat uncomfortable when you look like a reasonable, and perhaps favorable prospective employee, and they discover you are a "street person." Or "homeless." Or a tramp, or bum, or whatever. The emotional dissonance of "us" and "them" begins to enter your relationship. And that adds to your devolution. Your downward spiral. Your already low sense of self-esteem. Tramps don't need to read the Governor's Study on self-esteem.

III

You just thought you felt bad. Carrying your little bag of clean clothes ("Cleanliness is next to Godliness, son.") people don't acknowledge you. Many women

freeze up, unconsciously cower, look the other way.

You just said "hello."

Men either exaggerate their shoulders back, macho strut--"don't screw with me, bum" or defuse and scuttle away.

You feel bad enough showing up at the Mission after having wrecked your car, lost your job and hole-in-the-wall room. And not having eaten for three days. It's the not eating that drives you to the Mission. The way people treat you keeps you there. Tired, lonely, hurting, depressed and ashamed to even be there, at the Mission, with the Bums you begin to feel worse soon after.

Developing an attitude is easy.

Epilogue

Pretty damn hard to get out. Out of the hole. Off the street.

Pretty damn easy to drink a couple of beers for breakfast and get behind a rock for lunch. And riding that freight train can become an evening ritual. For lots and lots of men.

Feeling bad is hard enough without having others help you.

From the external mechanics to the internal downward spiral, not even talking about the possible danger and gratuitous violence, raising your sights becomes harder. And this doesn't even cover the difficulties of street life.

More later . . .

James Menshen
May, 1990

HARD TIMES INTERVIEW: JOHN PASSERELLO

TRYING TO FIND A BETTER WAREHOUSE

We are always searching for shelter, on a year 'round basis for battered wives, abused children, the mentally ill and unemployed who wander the streets; It would be nice to have houses to put families in or even a two or three bedroom apartment, we start to settle for single room occupancy buildings, residential hotels; We do not have an adequate housing supply, we know that and try to compensate by selling bonds for "affordable" housing, but it is not enough, we ask the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, churches and the soup kitchens if they can do more; The homeless camp on the river in the summertime, the joggers and cyclists complained about being panhandled and a threat to their safety, there were stormy City Council meetings...the homeless want a place to stay, the residents don't want them in their neighborhoods and parks; The City and County provide funds for more emergency shelters for the Salvation Army to manage, we add another eighty bunkbeds to the fifty spaces we already have, and then the cold weather hits and there are not enough beds, so we start using mats on the floors and then there are more people than floors;

The next facility is a National Guard Armory and we start to warehouse human beings but the armories are not equipped to handle all the homeless and cannot provide the job counseling, medical attention and feeding needed, let alone the toilets and showers; We are searching for a solution to this problem and don't agree with this type of housing but now we are wandering the streets trying to find a better warehouse.

These are John Passerello's own words describing what he is going through today in his work for the homeless. John is the Assistant Director Response and Recovery: State Office of Emergency Services. He is also the Chair of the Social Services Committee and on the Salvation Army Advisory Board. He is a serious advocate for the homeless, and living and working in Sacramento toward bettering the quality of life for the homeless.

The Hard Times caught up with John at his office in the Emergency Services Building on Mack Road. Just to get to him, you have to go through a maze including combination lock doors, flashing light covered maps which show the nuclear power plants, earthquake fault maps showing the amount of seismic activity on the San Andreas as other E.S. employees discussing medfly spraying tactics. It's quite a place..... (Hope they get those nasty medflies).....

HARD TIMES: How did you get involved with working for the homeless?

PASSERELLO: It was partially through my work, but really it has been as a volunteer. It is a feeling that I have that we all ought to try and help humanity. Currently it is part of my job because we are now using National Guard Armories for winter shelter.

HARD TIMES: What are you currently working on that will effect the homeless of Sacramento?

PASSERELLO: The biggest single thing in terms of numbers of homeless is emergency shelter and nothing else. This is a last resort program to shelter the homeless between the months of November and March, so they don't have to die on the streets. We are now looking at Camp Kohler, on the McClellan

Air Force base. The McKinney Act, which is a federal law passed several years ago, requires that any federal surplus property, or underutilized property, be used by programs for the homeless. We have the first crack at it. We found a couple of underutilized buildings at McClellan. We might be able to convert these buildings into homeless shelters. They are out on Roseville Road. The property used to be called Camp Kohler, it was a Japanese internment camp. A lot of the camp property has been sold off but there is 35 acres still intact. I can't believe the irony in this but there are two buildings out there on land that used to be an internment camp that we are very interested in.

HARD TIMES: Are there any other current developments?

PASSERELLO: Yes, we are working with Sacramento City and County trying to get the community to buy residential hotels. We want to put them in public ownership, and have them managed by non-profit organizations. This cuts out the profit motive and keeps the housing affordable. This has been successful in other cities and we have a couple of hotels here in Sacramento, the Argus and the Shasta, that we are currently working on purchasing.

HARD TIMES: What do you see for the future of the homeless problem nationally?

PASSERELLO: I think it is going to get bigger in the short run. We know that money will in effect solve some of the problems if it is given to those organizations working with the homeless on a daily basis. I think a larger issue is what causes homelessness. I think we need a large scale affordable housing program. Something we haven't had since the fifties. We also need a "full employment" program.

HARD TIMES: What do you see happening in the future as far as the homeless problem here in Sacramento?

PASSERELLO: I see the number of homeless continuing to grow. The current figures are five to seven thousand homeless in Sacramento. Those are numbers which are going to rise before they fall. This has led me to some conclusions within myself. I write a lot of poetry on the subject and one of the things I have asked myself is "Who are the homeless?" The answer I have come up with is "They are us!" We are all one step away from homelessness depending on the last paycheck anybody gets. What I have done is find out about the organizations which work directly with the homeless and affiliated myself with them. I have gotten personally involved with the Loaves and Fishes and the Salvation Army here in Sacramento. They are 2 organizations which deal with the whole person. I was chosen to serve on the Salvation Army Advisory Board because of my work in getting Cal-Expo as an emergency winter shelter. I am very pleased that we are working with the whole person as far as job placement, career counseling, drying people out, looking at the health of the person and not just emergency shelter. We need to work at instilling psychological well being, self esteem, within the homeless as well as provide a support system to help them get food, housing, health care, counseling and jobs and continue that support, as long as it is needed.

The Hard Times is vehemently opposed to H.R. 4079, a bill currently before the House of Representatives which would severely limit the constitutional rights of the homeless and other economically disadvantaged. For more information about this bill write to the Hard Times, P.O. Box 245190, Sacramento, 95824 (Thanks to M. Birchfield of Carson City for this information.)

ONE WAY
By Ann Clark

When we last left Annie, she was still living in Roger and Eugene's living room in Hawaii, providing sexual favors against her will in order to avoid being put out on the streets. She had no money or the medication (Librium 5mg.), that she needs for her neurological problem. She had just found a mental health center which did not require Hawaiian medical coverage.

Annie's story continues:

Within 2 days, I was able to see a counselor there. He was a very nice, compassionate man named Kim Meyer. We talked for over an hour, during which time I told him as many details as I could. "Do you qualify to get into a building here under H.U.D.?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "But there is a 6 month waiting period to get on their list." (I had checked out all possible options long ago.) "Well Annie, he countered, "I think you need to leave Hawaii. You have no hope here. You should go to California and I strongly recommend Sacramento. You will get the proper help there, so that you can at last straighten out your life. All you have to do is figure out how to get enough money for an airline ticket, and then I'm pretty sure that you can get into a shelter there quickly and get your S.S.I. check reinstated."

I thanked him for his advice and I left. I headed for the nearest pay phone to call the only person in this lovely world whom I knew would be able to help me - my mother. She said she would think about it, she wanted to help me, but was upset because an airline ticket from Hawaii would be quite costly, and her own funds were being depleted. I prayed that she would make a decision in my favor within the next few days.

Meanwhile, things were coming to a head at home. Eugene and Roger decided that they had put up with me and my problems (including my inability to pay the rent) for as long as they could, and they ordered me to get out! I told them that my mother was contemplating loaning me money for an airplane ticket back to the mainland. I called her again in their presence. This time, upon hearing the word "eviction," my mother consented to sending me the money!

Now that I knew I'd soon be gone, I reported Eugene to the police as a sexual offender. I contacted them one evening from a small hotel lobby out at Waikiki Beach, which was clear the other side of town from where we lived. A police officer interviewed me, got the details and said Eugene was guilty of 4th degree sexual assault and they wanted to go right out to the apartment and arrest him immediately! But I wasn't ready for that; I had bought my ticket to Sacramento: one way, but wasn't leaving for another 7 days, and I had nowhere else to stay in the interim. So instead of pressing charges I filed a police report on Eugene. The report was quite graphic, and it was nearly 4 pages long!

The police were quite satisfied with it, and they informed me that a detective would be contacting me in a day or so to discuss the case. True to their word, within 2 days, a Sergeant, Jose Antenorcruz, of the H.P.D. called and after a discreet phone conversation, we arranged to meet at a local video shop.

During the meeting, which went very well, I gave all the details to the Sergeant, who proved to be a very sympathetic person. He said that he had a daughter in high school, and he was very upset at the prospect of Eugene being her teacher, or indeed the teacher of any young person! He said he hoped I'd stick around to press charges, but he understood that I had no prospect of an income and/or a place to live, so he understood why I'd borrowed money for an airline ticket to go back to the mainland. Yes," he said, "I also think that you'll be better off in California - this has become a place for the wealthy and tourists only. But oh someday I, I hope to be Eugene Urieff's arresting officer!" "And if anyone else presses charges against him, we will throw the book at him." He asked me to call him when I was ready to leave for California, as he wanted to wish me "Good Luck" prior to my boarding the plane! He was indeed a caring man.

Approximately one week after our discussion, I called Sgt. Antenorcruz to say good-bye. He wished me good luck and told me to drop him a card from Sacramento. With great trepidation, because I was traveling alone, nearly broke to a strange city, where I knew no one, I left for Sacramento: one way.

I had been warned ahead of time that Hawaiian Airlines only allowed each passenger 2 bags, so I packed my overnight bag with a lot of my least useable items, I had to forfeit that bag of things at the airlines counter because I couldn't afford the thirty dollars extra that they required me to pay it to bring it along.

The gentle Samoan female clerk cried softly as I told her, "Here Mam, you keep this bag of things for yourself." That was my last memory of Honolulu, Hawaii.

I arrived at Sacramento at 4:00 a.m. on a Sunday. The airport was smaller than I expected, but that was o.k., because I was tired from the long flight, so I figured I'd just put my suitcase in a locker, and then I'd spend the night in a chair. In the later morning, I could get a telephone directory, and I'd call the shelters, which were listed in it.

But soon I found out that I had nowhere to put my suitcase and art portfolio, as Sacramento Airport had no lockers! So, I had to keep my gear on a pull-wagon next to me, as I sat on a chair. I started to cry from worry, aggravation and exhaustion. I saw a young man and woman at the American Airlines Counter, and so I decided to ask them if it would be possible for them to watch my suitcases, while I slept in my chair. The young woman looked at my haggard face, and asked me if she could help me. I asked about the suitcases, but then she surprised me by asking why I planned to spend the rest of the a.m. sleeping in a chair in the airport.

Then, I lapsed into my entire story of the Hawaiian ordeal and my flight to Sacramento and my plan (hope) to get into a shelter here. "So you couldn't get into the shelters in Honolulu?" The young lady, whose name was Terry Meder asked. "Well, that just tells you what that place was like!" "Nothing good," I replied. "Well, Ann, you won't have to sleep in our airport. I'll issue you a voucher for Host Motel from us (American Airlines) and tomorrow you can call the shelters from your room" Then she wrote down the names and numbers. With my gear in tow, went off to the Host Motel across the road. I was asleep almost as soon as I hit the bed!

Just before check-out time, I phoned the names on the list and was referred by one of the parties I spoke to an intake worker, and when I explained my circumstances, she did the intake, and said, "You may come right over." I got the address and directions from her, and then I thanked her with all my heart. Within a relatively short time, I had myself ready and found an airport van to take me over there.

It was a long trip and it cost me over 12 dollars in fare, but I didn't even mind that at all! This happened 5 weeks ago, and since then I have met some of the nicest folks I've ever met in my life! The worker's at the Firehouse (woman's shelter) have been excellent to me - they have helped me regain my lost S.S.I. checks (with the help of Gloria, a capable, compassionate worker at the Social Security Office here on "L" Street) to get California's medical insurance. (No divorce decree was required here!) and to find a Doctor who got me back on my medication for my nerves. At present, I am being helped by the very pleasant Cheryl Stankiewicz of Sacramento Housing Redevelopment Authority. She is arranging for me to go into a building for elderly and disabled people - just like the one that I lived in in Seattle!

So now we are up to date and things are certainly looking up for me now. Why, just yesterday, I actually saw a bluebird.

After 4 weeks in a shelter, 3 weeks on friend's (new friend's) couches and 2 weeks in a motel on Auburn Blvd., Annie moved into an affordable (150.00 per month) new subsidized apartment in a Sacramento Housing and Redevelopment apartment house on June 10, 1990. Hooray!!! It has taken a lot of perseverance, but Sacramento has come through for Annie..... Let's get busy and work on some more success stories! We'll let you know any new developments in Annie's saga in the future.

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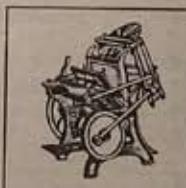
The Consumers Self-Help Center

The Consumer Self-Help Center is a non-profit drop in center for consumers of mental health, and is run by and for consumers. We provide a safe, supportive environment with support groups and activities that encourage members to help themselves in coping with mental illness and learning to enjoy life.

We encourage our members to participate in activities that can make a positive impact on their lives. Currently, we are developing and expanding our Outreach Program to serve mentally ill homeless persons and dually diagnosed (mentally ill clients with concomitant substance abuse problems).

The Consumers Self-Help Center is located at 4400 Stockton Blvd. (At the corner of Stockton and Parker, in the garden next to the large Slocan House Residence.)

All services are free of charge and referrals are not required. The center is open from Monday thru Friday from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and Saturdays from 10:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. The telephone number is (916) 451-6661. We welcome everyone regardless of race, sex, handicap, religion or national origin.



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The HOMELESS TIMES
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Homeless Day
in Discovery Park
August 25, 1990
1:00 to 6:00 p.m.
Theme
Better Way Of Life

Sponsored by Homeless on the Move

Mental Health Services

The following is a partial list of agencies, facilities, and services available throughout the Sacramento area. If you feel that you need mental health or emotional health services, call one or more of the agencies listed below. For more specific information regarding mental health services, including volunteer work at the Mental Health Association, call 456-2070 until 6/26/90 and 368-3100 thereafter. For information about volunteer work at the Consumer Self-Help Center or becoming an intern for the Outreach Program, please call 451-6661.

Mental Health Association
Sacramento Chapter Community Friends
8912 Volunteer Lane, Suite 201
Sacramento, 95826
368-3100 (Temp phone 456-2070)
Placer Office: Dewitt Center,
823-4300

Psych West Inc.
Arden Counseling Center
6127 Fair Oaks Blvd.
Carmichael 95608
486-2284

Psych West, Inc.
East Counseling Center
10086 Mills Station Road, Suite C
Sacramento, 95827
362-6118

North Area Mental Health Center
Terkensha Associates
811 Grand Avenue
Sacramento, 95838
922-9868

Sutter Counseling Center
3325 S Street
Sacramento, 95816
454-3466

Asian Pacific Community Counseling
5495 Carlson Drive
Sacramento, 95819
452-7836

IndoChinese Assistance Center
5625 24th Street
Sacramento, 95822
421-1036

El Hogar Mental Health & Community Services Center Inc.
608-610 10th Street
Sacramento, 95814
441-2933

Crossroads, A Mental Health Rehabilitation Agency
2021-N Street, Suite 100
Sacramento, 95814
448-1782

Crossroads South
Day Treatment
3031 Franklin Blvd.
Sacramento, 95818
455-2618

Broadway Mental Health
4603 Broadway #A
Sacramento,
732-4051

Visions Unlimited
7000 Franklin Blvd. Suite 200
Sacramento, 95822
393-2203

Community Counseling Center
of Oak Park
3415 Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd.
Suite C, Sacramento, 95817
732-3815

County Division of Mental Health
3701 Branch Center Road
Sacramento, 95827
366-2161

Mental Health Advisory Board
3701 Branch Center Road
Sacramento,
366-2161

Sacramento Mental Health Center
2150 Stockton Blvd
Sacramento, 95819
732-3637

Fair Oaks Hospital
11228 Fair Oaks Blvd.
Fair Oaks, 95628

American River Eskaton
4741 Engle Road
Carmichael, 95608
483-8424

California Network of Mental Health Clients
1722 J Street, Suite 324
Sacramento, 95814
443-3232



Support Groups

Freedom from Fear Foundation
(Support groups for eating disorders, women, weight, phobic complaints)
965-4606

Schizophrenia Support Group
608 - 10th Street (El Hogar)
Sacramento, Ca. 95820
2nd and 4th Wed. of each month
1:00 p.m. ask for Larry 443-5307

Friends for Survival
(Program for people following a suicide loss.)
5701 Lerner Way
Sacramento, 95823
392-0664

Manic Depressive Association
Sutter Center for Psychiatry
7700 Folsom Blvd. (dining room)
Sacramento, Ca. 95826 363-8613

To Mychal Lahey
and Mike Dale,

Bereavement Network Resources
of Sacramento, Inc.
P.O. Box 660365
Sacramento 95866
363-3092

Stay down bros,
Friends are
Waiting too!
Your time is
coming!!!

Alcohol/Chemical Miscellaneous Dependency Services

Alcoholics Anonymous
24 hour 454-1100

Narcotics Anonymous
24 hour 486-0465

Intoxicated (Police Wagon
will take to VOA Detox)
449-5471

National Cocaine Hotline
800-COCAINE, or 800-262-2463

Aquarian Effort Detox
Center 24 hour 920-3588

Volunteers of America
Detox Center 448-1236
2700 Front St. (sleep off
center; 72 hour sobriety;
Recovery Home

The Chemical Dependency Center
1507 21st Street, Suite 100
Sacramento, 95814
448-2951

Alcohol & Drug Programs Division
3701 Branch Center Road
Sacramento, 95827
366-2736

Mexican-American Alcoholism
Information Center
7000 Franklin Blvd., Suite 210
Sacramento, 95825
392-7815

Central Reception Center Detox
2700 Front Street
Sacramento, 95814
448-1236

Sacramento Alcoholism Center
(County Program)
1708 Q Street
Sacramento, 95814
440-6233

Sacramento Black Alcoholism
Center (SBAC) (AKA Sobriety
Brings a Change)
2425 Alhambra Blvd., Suite F
Sacramento, 95817
24 hour 454-4242

Substance Abuse & Delinquency
Prevention
3738 Walnut Avenue
Carmichael, 95608
971-7022

Alcoholics Anonymous
Central California
2425 G, Alhambra Blvd.
Sacramento, 95817
454-1100

American Indian Substance
Abuse Program, Inc.
Turquoise Indian Lodge
2727 P Street
Sacramento, 95816
456-3437

Association Rehabilitation
Program for Women, Inc.
(AKA Alpha Oaks) 24 hours
944-3920
8400 Fair Oaks Blvd
Carmichael 95608



Regional Transit
Bus Schedule Information
321-2877

Case Management Services
4875 Broadway, Suite B
Sacramento, 95820
732-9401

St. Pauls Center/Episcopal
Community Services
915 21st Street
Sacramento 95814
(Free Services for Elderly)

Volunteers of America
Courtesy Outreach Service
448-1236

Patients Rights Advocate
P. O. Box 277878, Sac 95827
9343 Tech Drive, Suite 195
366-5554

Crossroads Employment Services
1330 21st Street, Suite 100
Sacramento
441-1950

Legal Services of Northern
California, Inc.
515 12th Street (at E)
444-6760
Call for Appts for help with public
benefits, Landlord/tenant, Divorce

Welfare Rights
736-0616
Help with AFDC, Food Stamps, Work
Fare Programs, Reps at Hearings

Veterans Administration
Satellite Center
1825 Bell St., Suite 103
Sacramento, 95825
978-5504
(disabled veterans)

U.S. Veterans Administration
Veterans Outreach Center
1111 Howe Ave., Suite 390
Sacramento, 95825
978-5477
Counseling to Vets & their
families.

Turning Point Residential Treatment
Program
2830 Stockton Blvd.
Sacramento 95817
739-6401

Crestwood Manor
2600 Stockton Blvd.
Sacramento, 95817

TLCS Emergency Outreach
470 Bannon Street (Trailer at
No. B) 24 hour answering
machine 443-2996

Protection & Advocacy, Inc. (PAI)
100 Howe Avenue, Suite 185N
Sacramento, 95825
488-9950

Episcopal Community Services
1322 27th Street
Sacramento 95816
446-2286

California Self-Help Center
Support Group throughout Ca.
1-800-222-LINK

San Francisco Aids Hotline
1-800-367-2437

Food Stamps of Sacramento
1-800-952-5253

Nash's Board & Care
5201 22nd Avenue
451-6669

Homeless Health Care Services
366-2171

RIGHTS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE

On November 2, 1988, the San Francisco Police Commission passed a resolution on the rights of homeless people (reprinted here). This resolution means that members of the San Francisco Police Department must respect the rights of homeless people in San Francisco. The Hard Times would like Sacramento to adopt a similar policy!

THE POLICE MUST RESPECT YOUR RIGHTS

1. Police must treat all persons equally, regardless of their economic or living condition.
2. Homeless people have the same legal and individual rights as other people.
3. Homeless people shall receive the same prompt, courteous police service provided to other residents, workers and visitors in San Francisco.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

All persons have the rights to use the public streets. Vagrancy is not a crime. You cannot be threatened with arrest or arrested simply for being on a street, sidewalk, or in a public park.

You cannot be detained or asked for identification simply on the basis of your race, sex, sexual preference, age, dress, or impoverished appearance or because of generalized complaints by residents or merchants.

A police officer may only briefly detain someone for questioning or identification if there is a specific reason to suspect that a crime has taken place or is about to take place. A police officer's "hunch" is not a good enough reason to stop and question a person.

Searches conducted by a police officer must respect a person's legal and constitutional rights.

HOMELESSNESS IS NOT A CRIME!

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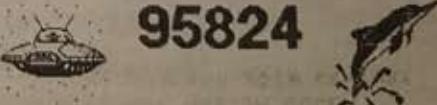
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