The Unveiling
by StuArt

A couple of weeks before the Food Festival I made a pact with Albert to paint paintings of the new downtown park.

"Let's paint the park psychedelic style," Albert said, "And exhibit the paintings at the Food Festival."

"Strawberry Fields" - a painting by Peter Lee sprang to mind. Peter Lee painted the painting when he was still living in New York. It depicts an area of Central Park called Strawberry Fields that is a memorial to John Lennon.

In his colorful, primitive style, Peter Lee painted the Beatles cavorting in Central Park. Peter Lee donated the painting to help finance the construction of the memorial to John Lennon.

Peter Lee used to brag that the painting raised over a million dollars for Strawberry Fields. He also used to talk about his friendship with Yoko Ono. "She and I liked to smoke pot."

I flashed on "Strawberry Fields" when Albert suggested we paint the park "in a psychedelic style." I wanted my painting to also be filled with people, as if the Human Be-In was reoccurring in downtown Bolinas.

The painting was not finished by the Food Festival, but I took the unfinished painting to the Park, set it up on an easel, and painted people into the painting "in real time."

Soon I had 15 characters in the painting. I added the woman dancing with a tambourine that was on the Food Festival poster. And I put in the dancing couple that was on the Labor Day poster. I didn't forget the famous Blue Bear of Bolinas.

The painting began to take on a life of its own by the time 30 people were in it. The Goddess suddenly appeared, and then a huge white eagle. I had to laugh when I saw what "psychedelic style" meant to me.

I'm going to have a public unveiling of my new painting titled "Peace, Love, Bolinas" on Sunday, Nov. 11, high noon, 12pm, at the new park (cancelled if raining) - StuArt

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Thursday, November 8
PHIL RICHARDSON
Live music @ Coast Café, 6-8pm. Food & drink specials.

THE ONWARDS
New band showcase @ Smiley's, 8:30pm

Friday, November 9
BARN DANCE!
Square dance, middle school dance performance, chili dinner, silent auction @ BCC, dinner 6pm, kid-dance 7pm, adult dance 8:45-10pm, $10/$5.

MO'ЛАSSES
Live music @ Smiley's, 9:30pm. Cover

Saturday, November 10
THE BIG UNVEILING
Public viewing of "Peace Love Bolinas" by StuArt, noon-12:30pm @ the new downtown park

SECOND SATURDAY SALE ON THE SQUARE
Flea market: buy/sell/trade @ Brighton Square next to post office, weather permitting. Info: 668-0144

ART ON THE FARM
Allan Mart & Friends, Bolinas Gallery, 12-5:30 (also Sun. 12-5:30)

BENEFIT for MAGI & MARY
Community Center, cabaret style entertainment to help w/ healthcare bills, 8pm.

BESO NEGRO
Live Gypsy jazz @ Smiley's, 9:30pm. Cover

Tuesday, November 13
SCHOOL BOARD
Special meeting of the board, closed session 5:30-6:30pm, open session 6:30pm, school library

Wednesday, November 14
HEALING ARTS CLOSING PARTY
Healing Arts Center, Stinson Beach. This will be the last day we will be open, 5-7pm. (Open noon-6pm, Fri.Sat Sun.

Saturday, November 17
HAILE CONSCIOUS CELEBRATION
Boboblicious cooking dinner, Community Center

Saturday, November 24
SMALL BUSINESS SATURDAY
Free samples of Hot Smooshes, Boboblicious, 2-3pm
Hello my Beloved Bolinas Tribe:

Magi & I want to thank all of you for your wonderful, loving support, (both in & out the hospital!). I believe it was your good thoughts & LOVE that brought me home!! When I first came home, I could not even write my name, nor could I read because my sight was impaired, so I feared my Gleaning Column was finished! Slowly my sight is slightly returning, but I have to use large letters (Hozanna has now enlarged the ones on my computer for me)!...

Then I have had to learn how to SPELL. Gon Garrigues came to my kitchen the other day & very thoughtfully turned me on to the wonderful, invaluable, tool of a kindle!!! which allows me to read ANY book as well in large letters !!! (The source of all my columns), and it also permits me to find the correct spelling of any word in its dictionary. Hallelujah!!! I will NOT continue my Gleanings until after the Christmas Holidays, as I am now sewing for the Faire (with Hozanna helping me!). My son, Jeff, is sharing my table with me with his honey, & also HELPING me. Magi & I have made our famous and popular Blackberry Vinegar to sell! OBAMA WON!!! YEA!!! Our Fondest LOVE to all of you!!!

\[\text{Mary}\]

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**Bolinas pianist Suzanne Ciani will play at the Dance Palace this Sunday at 4 PM**

Suzanne Ciani Piano Concert, Sunday, November 11, 4:00 PM $20 general, $18 seniors, $10 youth

Five-time Grammy nominee, Suzanne Ciani will perform her original compositions for solo piano, including her signature song, "The Velocity of Love."

Ciani moved to Bolinas from New York City to concentrate on her artistic career and establish her own Indy label, Seventh Wave, after years on major labels (Sony, BMG, RCA, and Atlantic).

She is best loved for her original music that feature her performances in a broad array of expressions: pure electronic, solo piano, piano with orchestra, and piano with jazz ensemble. No matter the medium, Ciani's music communicates the special intimacy, passion, and sensitivity that have become her trademark and prompted fans to buy over one million of her albums.

- Dan Mankin
  Dance Palace Executive Director

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**WANTED/NEEDED**

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**CONTACT US @ 868.2128.**

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**TO THE BOLINAS COMMUNITY:**

Ilka Hartmann is having double hip surgery in November. For when she is out of the hospital I'm hoping several families/people would be willing & able to cook her a meal in a dish or two that can be frozen/heated up easily. If you want to, please call me, Martha Wax, 306-1231, and leave your number & name. Thank you so much!
THANKSGIVING

For many years, Ilka Hartmann, has been the person who made our Community Thanksgiving Meal happen. This year she will be in the hospital having both hips replaced. The BCC hopes someone will come forward to take Ilka's place and organize this well loved and well attended event. We really want this event to happen again this year but need someone to come forward to take the reins. Call Lis or Randi at 868-2128 if you are able to help. Thanks, June McAdams

2nd SATURDAY SALE ON THE SQUARE

This Saturday, November 10, 10:00 to 2:00 @ Brighton Square, next to the Post Office. (UNLESS IT'S RAINING) SELL, BUY, TRADE, DONATE, EXCHANGE YOUR STUFF Call Uniqueites noon to 5:00, 868-8886, or leave a message @ 868-0144 for more information and reserve space.

Obama, in Vanity Fair

Aboard Air Force One, I'd asked him what he would do if granted a day when no one knew who he was and he could do whatever he pleased. How would he spend it? He didn't even have to think about it:

"When I lived in Hawaii, I'd take a drive from Waikiki to where my grandmother lived - up along the coast heading east, and it takes you past Hanauma Bay. When my mother was pregnant with me she'd take a walk along the beach. . . . You park your car. If the waves are good you sit and watch and ponder it for a while. You grab your car keys in the towel. And you jump in the ocean. And you have to wait until there is a break in the waves . . . . And you put on a fin - and you only have one fin - and if you catch the right wave you cut out because left is west . . . . Then you cut down into the tube there. You might see the crest rolling and you might see the sun glittering. You might see a sea turtle in profile, sideways, like a hieroglyph in the water . . . . And you spend an hour out there. And if you've had a good day you've caught six or seven good waves and six or seven not so good waves. And you go back to your car. With a soda or a can of juice. And you sit. And you can watch the sun go down . . . ."

sub by steve heilia

Boboligious BAKERY

Organic Holiday Dessert Orders

- Apple Pie: best pie ever, local apples, covered pie $25.00
- Pumpkin Pie: beyond traditional $22.00
- Sweet Potato Pie: an old favorite topped with pecans $22.00
- Pecan Pie: southern style $25.00
- Boboligious Apple Cake: with local apples $25.00
- Cheesecake: NY style lightly brushed with Brandy, or Lemon, or Pumpkin, or Chocolate, or Mint $30.00
- Holiday Wreath Fruit Cake: a festive tradition $25.00
- Gluten Free Chocolate Bundt Cake: From the heart $20.00
- Cookies: Gingerbread or Sugar $8/dozen
- Almond Buds: Miniature almond pound cake rosettes $12/dozen

* Biscoff: $2.75 each

All items baked by Alice at Boboligious Smoothie Lounge. (Gluten & Dairy Free options available)

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Loco, Inn.
Dear Red States,
We’re ticked off at your Neanderthal attitudes and politics and we’ve decide we’re leaving. “Legitimate rape?” Really?
We in California intend to form our own country and we’re taking the other Blue States with us. In case you aren’t aware, that includes New York, Hawaii, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and the rest of the Northeast.
We believe this split will be beneficial to the nation and especially to the people of the new country, The Enlightened States of America (E.S.A.).

To sum up briefly:
You get Texas, Oklahoma and all the slave states.
We get stem cell research and the best beaches.
We get Andrew Cuomo and Elizabeth Warren.
You get Bobby Jindal and Todd Akin.
We get the Statue of Liberty. You get Opyland.
We get Intel and Microsoft. You get WorldCom.
We get Stanford, Harvard, MIT, the Ivy League and Seven Sister schools, Yale, Cal Tech and the University of California. You get Ole’ Miss.
We get 85% of America’s venture capitalists and entrepreneurs. You get Alabama.
We get two thirds of the tax revenue. You get to make the red states pay their fair share.
Since our aggregate divorce rate is 22% lower than the Christian Coalition’s, we get a bunch of happy families. You get a bunch of single parents.

With the Blue States in hand we will have firm control of 80% of the country’s fresh water, more than 90% of the pineapples and lettuce, 92% of the nation’s fresh fruit, 95% of American quality wines (you can serve French wines at state dinners) 90% of all cheese, 90% of the high tech industry, most of the US low sulfur coal, all living redwoods, sequoias and condors.
With the Red States you will have to cope with 88% of all obese Americans and their projected health care costs, 92% of all US mosquitoes, nearly 100% of the tornadoes, 90% of the hurricanes, 99% of all Southern Baptists, virtually 100% of all televangelists, Rush Limbaugh, Bob Jones University, Clemson and the Univ. of Georgia.

We get Hollywood & Yosemite, thank you! 30% of those in Red States believe Jonah was actually swallowed by a whale, 62% believe life is sacred unless we’re discussing the death penalty or gun laws, 44% say evolution is only a theory, 53% that Saddam was Involved in 9/11 and 61% of you crazy bastards believe you are people with higher morals than we lefties.

We’re taking the good weed too.

Sincerely,
Citizen of the Enlightened States of America
A Swimming "Lesson"
By Holiday Kriegel

I sat down on the crisp, cold, and struggled to put on the sticky, wet boots I borrowed from my friend Gigi. A typical Bolinas summer morning: I began foggy and below 70 degrees. Suddenly my Mom popped the question that I dreaded, "Do you girls want to swim across the Channel? You know, it's a rite of passage in Bolinas?" she said jokingly.

My friends, Sophie's and Gigi's face lit up with encouraging response like, "Yeah, totally!" Gigi and Sophie are your definition of typical California kids, tremendously tan with sun-kissed hair, as Gigi likes to call it. I became friends with them over the school year and decided to take them on a road trip with my family and me.

I responded more reserved, "I don't know," I said with a sheepish grin. My step-dad who grew up in this town, swimming this lagoon on a daily basis was trying to convince me along with my friends, and Mom. I sat on the beach replaying all the stories Merlin had told me. He would tell me funny ones like how he would meet his friends who lived on the other side. Kids kind of used it as a way of transportation because it was much faster and cooler than having your parents drive you. But then he told me stories like his friend getting attacked by a shark in this very same ocean. I was possibly about to swim. The more I replayed these stories it made me shiver in fear. Was I about to swim in an ocean filled with creatures that could make in a blink of an eye?

I wanted to make my family and friends proud, but a voice in my head said "NO!" The butterflies burst through me like lava spilling over a volcano top. "Yes, I'll swim across!" The words just spit out of my mouth from nowhere. Sophie and Gigi cheered and jumped with enthusiasm. While my Mom on the other hand did the whole parent; "I am so proud of you!" bit.

Since the current was so strong, we had to walk all the way down the beach so we wouldn't have to swim against the current. My dogs, Cassie and Ponyo even came for the walk, but once they realized we planned to go in the water they knew they needed to go back. Merlin jumped in first, then Gigi, and then Sophie. I hesitated just to put my foot in the water and they yelled, "Come on!" So I took a leap of faith, and a deep breath, and jumped in. The deep blue water pinched my skin with its coldness. I swear breaststroke, promising not to put my head underwater in fear. We giggled as we swam across and complained about how cold the water was. When we made it about three-fourths of the way, everyone felt tired and all of our paces slowed down. I stayed as close to Merlin as possible in case we saw a seal or shark. Gigi kept close behind while on the other hand, Sophie was in last place. My body was numb because of the cold. We lay down on the hot sand as an attempt to make ourselves warmer. Once I reached the other side a sense of pride came over my body like a warm, comforting blanket.

This experience taught me to trust my loved ones and take a risk. My friends Sophie and Gigi would go to the end of the world for me and have my back at any moment. Whether its girl drama, crashes or swimming across a channel I know they will always be there for me. My parents work so hard for me and would support me in anything I do. You have to trust the people you love. You love them for a reason. You know that saying "YOLO (you only live once)? Well that's what I mean my taking a risk. I need to live my life to the fullest. To make it the best life I can possibly live. I felt great in that water, and that's what really matters at the end of the day. Did you have fun? Yes, you go through ups and downs, but enjoying yourself and the things around you is so important. Just be happy!

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Karaoke Wed. 8-12:30
New Bands Thu. 8-12

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LARRY'S KARAOKE
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THE ONWARDS
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Sat. Nov. 10, 9-1, Gypsy jazz BESO NEGRO
Sun. Nov. 11, 8-12, OPEN MIC w/ Emmalee
Mon. Nov. 12, 8-12, reggae, spin, Monday Night Live
Tue., Nov. 13, 7-11 Grand Pool Tourney with Jesse
Wed. Nov. 14, 8:30-12:30, LARRY'S KARAOKE

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Sat. Nov. 17, 9-1, blues STEFANIE KEYS

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The Bolinas Hearsay News  Wednesday, November 7, 2012  Page 6

Bethany Colman-Altberton Sunday 4 November 2012
Expatiate Post: Dispatch to Boboland from a Small Town Near France – XIII
For my Mother - Previously not published anywhere.

Here is some advice I should follow:
1. Wait until the morning to send a "mad" letter.
2. Never enter a maze in the ancient city of Carcassonne after a couple of bottles of potent local wine on a moonless night with friends you haven’t seen in many moons when the dew has already settled on the Chinese boxwood.
3. Tap up your broken toe because that is the toe you will keep hitting on the doorstep and the chair leg and the cornerstone by the guest house in the garden.
4. Think long and hard before becoming a legitimate hermit (Note to myself: it takes more than being a hermit to become wise).

There are probably worse places to be a hermit than Carry le Rouet (the town where I live). The sea is literally right outside the window; there are four, count them; four bakeries (in a town smaller than Bolinas) churning out croissants and baguettes; the old church bells ring out the hour amongst other things; people laugh as they stroll below on the ancient Customs path (dates back to the time of pirates); ships pass by on their way to Africa and the Baron who designed this old fortress where I am currently hermit-ing spared no expense when he conceived the wine cellar. I am presently looking for the rather large skeleton key which I hid from myself the other night.

I did not choose this path. When I filled out that Career Options form in High School, the results suggested that I become a florist, or possibly a mortician. I wanted to be a doctor. Somehow, vagely, I see the connection, now. I have become a hermit by default. In a full blown storm that puts Wuthering Heights to shame, Margaret and Herve buffeted off to England and left me to my own devices. I have watered the orchids and relieved the pool of its pine needles and stared at the cats sleeping. The world absolutely hums with silence, with vesper-like significance, and I think, ‘This could work. I could be a hermit even girl-monk.’

I have visited many hermitages here in France and in Italy. They are austere abodes, generally in the attics of country chapels. They became quite the fashion during the Middle Ages. Those Knights Templar and pilgrims in general returning from the Holy Land chose to cloister themselves for a designated amount of time in these drafty and not very cheery hermitages.

The objective was to enjoy a time of reflection.

I could see just how much they enjoyed their self-enforced solitude, their spiritual inner journey. The pilgrims’ quarters typically have stone fireplaces and on those stones you can see the notches made by the pilgrims as they counted off the remaining days of their grueling spiritual contract.

On Day Two of my hermit-dom, I find myself in front of my computer at an un-Godly hour. Sleep eludes me and I decide to go to the wine cellar. Monks drink beer, thus I could go for the Chateauneuf-du-Pape 1998, I justify. I could get myself one of those scratchy horse blanket-like robes with a little rope belt and some unattractive sandals. I could bone up on my Latin and eat some cheese. I will forgo the haircut, however. I go to the wine cellar barefoot, which is a mistake. The gravel floor is most disagreeable, but it couldn’t be any worse than flagellation. I select the wine, wipe the dust from the label and heat for the kitchen. The long cork promises to come out clean, polished, just like a pithy elongated pear, but then I get cocky, a little impatient. I snap the cork. I break the cork on a Vieux Telegraph (deep red: languorous nectar)? Oh, thank God-ness for Don Link, the man who taught me many secrets about wine. I get my wine, tie a knot and shove it into the neck of the bottle with a chop stick. It goes beneath the offending remainder of cork and... pop! out comes the butt.

This is a wine that calls for a wine glass the size of a small goldfish bowl. I sip and sharp and eat oozing Camembert and salty Roquefort cheese and break off tag after tag of not particularly fresh baguette. But wait, my brain reports, this wine was not born for this kind of insult, this kind of New Age Hermit He donism. It calls for, it screams for, eggs poached in red wine with wild forest mushrooms; it begs for a clay pot of white beans and duck legs baked slowly in a wood burning oven; it beseeches me for a restaurant by the river where they serve a particular cheese made by the monks of Citeaux Abbey – a cheese with a pedigree dating back to 1098 A.D. and served with fresh crusty bread birstling with walnuts! Imagine, Smiley’s Schooner Saloon didn’t come into existence for another 800 years! I will wear the veil of shame in the morning. In the meantime, my only recourse, prompted by the effects of wine, is to hide the wine cellar key from my humble, provincial, undeserving, hermit monk girl self.

By Day Five I am in full hermit swing. I haven’t slept much but been content sleeping in the night and shutters that clap and clatter in the Provencal wind, but hermits/munks don’t sleep much anyway. We have great spiritual burden, not to mention divine insomnia.

I have not managed to carve a single notch in the fireplace. That stone is really hard! Those Knights must have been very strong. Anyway, Herve will be home tomorrow and I will have him change the lock on the wine cellar. I have decided that I am a social hermit. Thus, with the reservation, I can ask Herve to carve me a notch or two in the fireplace mantle to mark my time as a hermit for all posterity.

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The Big Yes!

Just as we are all reporters, so it goes with dancing. Let’s support movement opportunities in West Marin: The Big Yes is appreciated by many mamans and more because it is about being Free. Yes, it’s Free! Can you believe it? You can go get free for FREE. Yes donations are accepted and indeed when you have a room of grooving, moving people of all generations, moving in a multitude of authentic-self moods, that special on-the-pulse thing happens and we build on each other’s energy.

This is a free dance based on TRUST in the magic that happens with a deliberate and safe climate of group energy. And guess what: the money needed for this love actually shows up in the donation jar.

This Sunday, November 11th, Robin Livingston, Penny’s son (!) will deejay; he plays to the room and stays in touch the crowd, spinning middle eastern, hip hop, groove and more.... We will sweat, sometimes smile and giggle, chase and jump around with our children and partners, spouses & friends, go upward, be outward, whatever and have pure FUN. And love up our sister community of FRS/INV, and the Dance Palace will live up to its name, not to mention it’s delicious spring wood floor. See you in the dance....

From our hostess, Eden Trenor: I am thrilled to announce the return of *THE BIG YES! Every 2nd and 4th Sunday morning, 10:30am-12:30,* join us in the main space of the Dance Palace Community Center. Join us on 2nd and 4th Sundays beginning November 11th @ the Dance Palace, 503 B Street,Point Reyes Station Station 10:30am-12:30**

Special aspects of the dance:

* We keep the dance floor talk-free, come early or stay late to share with your new and old friends, but during dance time it’s an opportunity for all of us to simply dance.
* There is no specific form, it’s all about how You feel like dancing in the moment.
* We’ll close with a brief circle to create an intentional, unified space.
* If you’d like to offer an opening invocation (poem, song, story, etc) we’d love that! Please talk to Eden or Sukyanah about contributing your words and inspiration.*

*There is a sacred space set aside on the dance floor that we call The Altar. We welcome you to place an object there that you’d like to share with the community for the duration of the dance.**

**We create this dance and this space together.**

-Anny Owen
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Involved in a conflict?
We have trained mediators.
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HOW TO PLACE AN AD IN THE HEARSAY

Come to the office at 270 Elm at Maple behind the BUJD office on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday morning 9-11am. Your ad will appear the same day! Ad forms are also available in the small mailbox next to the Hearsay Door. Fill out the form, enclose payment (please indicate you have enclosed payment in case they become separated) & drop in door slot.

HEARSAY ADS WORK

HELP WANTED

BOBOLICIOUS IS HIRING
Requires food handler’s card (or willing to obtain prior to start date). Looking for someone to work specific shifts (flexible) and perform extra tasks in addition to barrister work. Inquire within.
Or call - 9978

FOR SALE

WASHER/DRYER-5100 EACH, BOOKCASE, dark imported wood (beautiful) $50, task furniture, file cabinets, several items for sale - 707-939-1026

WF 11/5

DRY SIZEDEN FIREWOOD
Cut by Don, split by Mickey, All local wood, Oak Bay mix $360/ cord- Eu-cypress $300/cord, Free delivery -9021

DM 11/7

NEXT SATURDAY IS THE 2nd SATURDAY SALE ON THE SQUARE, BUY/SELL/TRADE or DONATE, 10:00 to 2:00, on Brighton Square, next to the post office. Call Uniquities, 868-8856 between noon and 5:00, every day but Tuesday, or leave message at 0144 to reserve space to sell

JP 11/9

ANNOUNCEMENT

HUGE SALE @ CHAMELEON Set. & Sun. 1-6PM. Everything—New is 25% off. Everything—Used is 50% off. Presale starts today-Monday (11/5) and Tuesday—Voting Day—(11/6) 868-9996

OM 11/9

FOR RENT

Self-Contained Studio Living Space available on Belmar Big Mesa. Small private deck, shared washer/dryer and utility room, overgrown garden! $1100 including utilities. 868-9236

MB 11/9

BEAUTIFUL RUSTIC ONE-BEDROOM
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ML M
LOST & FOUND


LOST

White Mina Mountain bike-purple hand bar grips-Reward 868-1568

On Labor Day-a pair of prescription glasses-Purlas brand, grey in color with grey striped bows. Also lost-green silk shirt. Please call 808-457-9054 if found.

hearsaynews@yahoo.com

Submit articles and drawings by midnight for publication the next day. Request a link to the password-protected website. Thank you.

— Michael Rafferty, Online Editor