

Dogman Gets Run Over

David R. Beatty

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While the places and events described in this novella are based upon real ones, the characters are entirely fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or deceased, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

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This novella is dedicated to all those American teenagers who left their comfortable or not so comfortable homes one way or another in the 1960s to join the movement for equal rights and to stop the war, a movement that is as necessary today as it was then.

Playlist

Chapter 1: [A Beautiful Morning](#), The Rascals (1967)

Chapter 2: [We're a Winner](#), The Impressions (1967)

Chapter 3: [San Francisco](#), Scott Mackenzie (1967)

Chapter 4: [Hello I Love You](#), The Doors (1968)

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Chapter 1: I Dogman

"Hello down there" I call out upon spying a piece of fabric on a ledge down the steep slope into San Francisco Bay.

I'm making dawn rounds at Marin Headlands and know that no one has registered to camp at our one primitive site. Scrambling down, I hear the rush of waves onto the rocky coast below though the water is obscured by billowing pillows of morning fog.

"It's a beautiful morning" I call to the young woman sitting in the tent site, her linen dress splayed over crossed legs.

"Don't sing that Rascals song to me" she glares, hazel eyes catching a glint of the sunrise even as they glisten with tears. "Not after what happened at the Ambassador last night."

It's the first week of my first job since graduating from San Francisco State a month ago. I'd lucked into this position on the back of a strong recommendation from a biology professor I'd been a lab assistant for. Dr. Grand was so impressed with my scavenging of field specimens for his Bio 101 practical exam that he offered me a summer research position. Too bad his grant fell through when Congress demanded a spending cut before approving President Johnson's tax hike to fund the escalating war in Vietnam. So the good professor instead spoke to a buddy at Golden Gate Park and here I am stationed at the Headlands, a park ranger with a B.S. in biology making a dollar sixty an hour to chase hippies off the beaches at dusk. Apparently, this one had got away.

"Look Miss" I reason while trying to ignore her tears, her golden hair and eyes, her insinuation that something bad happened. "There's a \$10 fee for camping down here."

"I'm Karma" she snuffles, "and my last cash went to the cabby who just brought me here."

"Well come on over to the Visitor Center later and we'll get you registered for this site" I soften.

"Thanks Mister Ranger" she smiles. "Bobby was shot last night."

"Ranger Dave Dolman at your service" I correct her, cringing at my own formality. "Is Bobby your boyfriend?"

"He's our last hope to beat Tricky Dick" she moans.

"What, another Kennedy down?"

"We don't know how bad yet so I'm chanting to Yemaya for his recovery."

"I'm with you there, though I don't think Nixon's so bad."

"You need to come to the Haight."

"I will if you'll come down to sign in. I'll even throw in some breakfast from the commissary."

"It's a deal, Dogman" she concludes, flashing a grateful smile along with a two-fingered peace sign before settling back into the lotus position to resume her chant.

Chapter 2: Karma's Haight

"Dogman, I see you've found your spot" I quote from my ratty copy of The Teachings of Don Juan that's circulating around the street.

"I guess you could say that" he laughs from the curb at the intersection of Haight and Ashbury, a smile almost hidden behind curly black beard, merry blue eyes catching mine. "I was praying to your African water goddess that you'd find me here."

"That didn't work for Bobby Kennedy" I counter fighting a snuffle. "But I'm glad it did for finding you."

"Nice town you got here, although I don't see any dancing in the street."

"Come on, there's a happening over in Panhandle Park" I urge, reaching a hand to help him up. "The word is that Hendrix might be there."

I had come to San Francisco a week before by hitchhiking across the country right after junior year at Bound Brook High School. It was treacherous that first day going up route 287 in New Jersey. This creepy old guy kept putting his hand next to my thigh until I lied and told him to let me out to meet my father at the state police headquarters at the intersection with 202/206. But once I hit interstate 80 it was clear sailing in one VW after another. It seemed the entire eastern seaboard hippy population was heading west, and they knew how to make a road trip into a party: An all-night jam on Chicago's Navy Pier; getting high for the slow sunset at Pawnee Grassland; skinny dipping in a hot spring at the foot of the Rockies; dodging scorpions while huddled under blankets along the Great Salt Lake. We pulled into the Haight at midnight to cheers, skinny but ecstatic to join the revolution that had emerged out of last year's summer of love.

"Hold on honky" commands one of the two large black men blocking the sidewalk into the park. "You packing under that uniform?"

"Dogman's cool" I call out as he holds up his hands to be frisked. "Its National Park Service and we're here for the rally."

"Down boy" smiles the other guy waving us through with a revolver as two big black birds caw from up in a California lilac tree lining the path.

I edge my way through the milling crowd craning to see the stage at the center of the park.

"I do not think that life will change for the better without an assault on the Establishment, which goes on exploiting the wretched of the earth" proclaims a striking man wearing a black beret that barely contains his overflowing Afro.

A chorus of "hallelujah brother" rings through the audience.

"Dave Dolman" whispers a bespectacled guy in a striped buttondown squeezing between us. "This is the last place I would have expected to see my favorite former student."

"Dr. Grand, what a surprise" exclaims Dogman.

"They're here to demand some changes at the school" explains the professor from San Francisco State College. "I want to help make that happen."

"This belief lies at the heart of the concept of revolutionary suicide" booms the speaker to a round of right ons from the crowd.

"This is my new friend Karma" Dogman recovers, reaching over to hold my hand.

"Ian Grand" he smiles, reaching around to give me a squeeze. "What do you think of the leader of the Black Panther Party For Self Defense?"

"He really is right on" I whisper into his ear. "The blacks are treated like second class citizens in my hometown."

"Thus it is better to oppose the forces that would drive me to self-murder than to endure them" concludes the charismatic speaker as cheers erupt all around us.

"Interesting observation young lady" calls Dr. Grand as a band moves onto the stage and a hush descends on the crowd. "I'm starting a new Center for Ethnic Studies at the college and could use an insightful student like you."

Chapter 3: Dogman Stops For Trees

"Karma, let's get out of here" I whisper after Dr. Grand takes off to try to catch Huey Newton's ear. "Some of these black dudes are staring at me."

"It's just that uniform" she replies. "Here, put this dandelion behind your ear and they'll know you're on our side."

"My car's around the corner, want to go see a big tree?"

"The band's starting soon."

"It's a really big tree and it's ancient to boot."

"Well, it's not going to be Hendrix anyway."

There were really two reasons I was desperate to get out of the Panther rally. When I graduated from GW High School over at Land's End five years ago I had used my pharmacy delivery boy money to buy myself a good watch. That Rolex may have been good to a depth of five hundred meters, but it wouldn't survive San Francisco public transportation.

When I was boarding the trolley home one night the only seat left was on the back bench occupied by four stone-faced young black dudes. I tried to ignore a fear creeping up inside and plopped down between them.

"Hey man, you got the time?" the guy to my right asked.

"Let's see" I answered pushing up my left sleeve. "It's 5:45."

"Nice watch" he continued with a small smile. "Mind if I take a look?"

As I held my arm up for him to see, the guy to my left grabbed my wrist. I jumped up and yanked my arm back, but he had already slipped it off with his other hand and moved both hands behind his back.

"Give me that watch" I shouted as they stood up and surrounded me in that space at the back of the trolley.

"What you talking 'bout?" the guy exclaimed, raising both empty hands.

"That's my graduation present" I growled, bunching up my fists as we were jostled into each other by the rocking car.

"What's wrong with this white dude?" shouted one of the other guys over the rumble of the rails. "He crazy."

"They just stole my watch" I yelled to the other riders who didn't even look up.

I wobbled to the front of the trolley and told the driver.

"I can't do nothing about it" he apologized, pulling into a stop where the four guys hustled out the back door.

The other reason I wanted to leave the rally wasn't so complex - Karma Czarcinski.

"Oh my fucking god" she exclaims as we pass the first huge trunk going into Muir Woods. "Pull over!"

"Hold on, there's a trail up ahead" I laugh, loving her excitement upon seeing the redwood forest.

She's out the door before I shut off the National Park Service jeep so I scramble to catch up. The dirt path littered with copper-colored sequoia branchlets winds between ridged gray trunks away from the forest service road.

"It's a fairy ring" she whispers, spotting a round clearing off to the side of the trail and pulling me over to it.

"Where an old tree once grew" I explain as she plops down onto the ferns.

"They go forever" she gasps gazing up into the overarching branches.

"I knew you'd like this place."

"Let's get stoned" she decides, sitting up cross-legged and pulling out a little clay pipe.

She takes a pinch from a little baggie, stuffs it into the bowl, and puffs as she flicks a lighter, holding her breath and passing it over to me. Sensing that seeing her again depends on it, I try to follow her lead but cough as I try to inhale the pungent smoke.

"First time?" she laughs, puffs escaping with each syllable.

"Yea, I hated trying to inhale cigarettes back in eighth grade."

"That's okay sweetie" she coos, grabbing the pipe and lighter and taking another toke.
"Let me give you some of mine."

She leans toward me and I again follow, gladly locking lips and opening to her sweet breath into my mouth. We pass the waning smoke back and forth, locking eyes until bursting apart in laughter. Then she grabs my hand as we lie back into the ferns that swirl around us, lifting us up into the treetops as the sky drifts into dusk.

Chapter 4: Karma Goes AWOL

"Hey there stranger" calls Dogman down into the looming darkness of my campsite. "Where've you been all day?"

"It's not easy to get from the Headlands to Oakland" I call back. "I walked the Golden Gate in the chilly morning fog, but catching a ride over the Bay Bridge took forever."

"I would've taken you" he blurts, setting down a long canvas bag and a lantern that enclosed us in a circle of light. "Why Oakland?"

"Why not?" is all I could initially offer into the growing chirrup of crickets.

"What a sight for sore eyes" exclaimed my high school friend from his bed at Oak Lawn Naval Hospital as I leaned over to give him a hug. "How'd you find me here?"

"Blaine, I talked to Mickie" I explained, referring to our girlfriend back in New Jersey. "She's scared shitless about you. Why don't you call?"

"Just getting my head back" he stammered, shaking his head from side to side as I snuggled up next to him.

"Why are you here?" I asked, doing my best not to scrunch up my nose to the stench of sweat and pee.

"Good question after that hell hole over there."

"No, I mean what brought you to the hospital."

"It was a C-130, I believe."

"Asshole. Now tell me what happened" I demanded, trying to ignore the stares from surrounding cots.

"Lost my legs again. They say it happened after a guy's rifle stock hit behind my ear."

"You don't remember?"

"Last I knew we were heading toward a little Vietcong village when we met up with Americal Division. This crazy lieutenant was yelling at us to move out and do as we were told."

"What do the doctor's say?"

"Something about Lou Gehrig."

"The chubby little guy from Abbot and Costello?"

"Nah, some old baseball player with a brain problem that made him quit early. How're things here?"

"The summer of love is definitely done. Bobby Kennedy was killed last week and religious fanatics have invaded the Haight."

"That's two strikes against San Francisco."

"One more and you're out" winced a guy from the bed next to us, his casted leg hanging from a ceiling hook.

"Are you going to stay?" Blaine asked.

"Yeah, at least blacks are organizing to stand up to the man."

"Right on" grinned an African American man holding up a fist from two beds over.

"We're about to follow their lead against Vietnam" I continue.

"I gotta get out of this place" Blaine groans.

"I can help with that" I grinned, putting his arms around my shoulders and standing back so he was seated on the side of the bed.

"Not yet sweetie, I need to get some strength back."

"That's a hard road to hoe for a joy ride" Dogman laughs nervously as a big black bird swoops along the bluff.

"Okay, I'll tell you" I begin, relieved to not be hiding something. "I went to see a guy I knew from high school at the naval hospital."

"Aren't you still in high school?"

"I would be if I went back" I reply, pulling out my little pipe and baggie and loading the bowl.

"Cut the shit Karma, you're screwing up your life out here."

"There are bigger things than my little life in Bound Brook, New Jersey" I sigh with a stream of smoke, offering him the bowl up to him.

"Not when you're sleeping on the ground and eating grass" he huffs, grabbing the tent and stomping off up the rocky cliff.

Chapter 5: Dogman Gets Run Over By Karma

"Any interesting bugs drawn to that light, Dave?" asks my park ranger supervisor when he finds me pacing on the porch of our quarters.

"Just one big black bug bleeding black blood" I quip, trying unsuccessfully to hide my agitation.

"A stress-free life is one of the few perks of this job" observes the balding middle-aged man who's made a life of it. "What's eating you?"

"Just a little gas" I lie before thinking better of it. "This woman I like already has a boyfriend."

"Shew-we" he whistles offering me a pinch of chewing tobacco. "All that stuff can't touch you out here in the wild."

"She's camping alone down at cliffside" I mumble while stuffing the black flecks behind my lower lip.

"Uh-oh, better nip that jealousy in the bud, Bud."

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It had ended badly with the last girl I fell for back at San Fran State. The Air Force ROTC ball was coming up, and it was the major spring formal on campus. It included a Friday night pig roast and dance, a Saturday costume party in vintage military uniforms and gowns, a Saturday night live band, and Sunday brunch with a slide show from the previous days' festivities. I'd been eyeing this interesting freshmen basketball player with dark spikes and a perpetual mischievous grin. I caught up with her walking arm-in-arm with another player after their game. She laughed and placed her palm on my chest as she said yes.

"Is Athena ready?" I asked the petite girl in a State sweatshirt who peeked from the dorm door when I arrived to go to the Friday night festivities.

"She asked me to tell you there was an emergency" she answered, looking both scared and apologetic.

"What? I can't go to the roast without a date."

"I'm so sorry" she replied swinging open the door. "Want to sit down?"

"I've got to find someone else" I replied, turning to leave before calling back "what happened to her?"

"She told me not to tell anyone" she began, stepping back and curling into a corner of her bed. "But you deserve an explanation."

"Thanks" I softened, walking back into the dorm room and sitting on the edge of her bed. "I really like her and was hoping to get to know her better this weekend."

"It's this new group called Third World Liberation Front" she whispered. "They're meeting about that story in today's Gator calling for elimination of black studies."

"Well, I see where I stand in the priorities of Greek goddesses. What are you doing tonight?"

"Let me throw on a dress" she exclaimed with the first smile I'd seen from her and a beautiful one at that.

She was cute and energetic and fun. We had a good time dancing, but all the while I was looking over her shoulder to no avail.

"Jealousy, schmealousy" I tell him, brushing off his observation before again rethinking my strategy. "What's a guy to do?"

"Help her to find what she needs" the old ranger replies. "But what's an old bachelor like me know?"

"There's no way in hell I'm setting myself up for rejection again."

Chapter 6: Karma Has a Tricky Dream

"Oh Yemaya" I pray into the blackness of the bay, folding my legs into the lotus position as Dogman crunches up the bluff.

A slow whoosh of waves echoes up from the darkness below.

"May your nurturing waters replenish the hearts of wounded men" I continue, pausing for the answering sigh of the tide.

"So that they might help make this earth a safe space for peace, love, and..."

I was splashing with junior high friends in the Codrington Park pool when the two lifeguards raised the brims of their red baseball hats to reveal the gaping grins of Ed Sullivan and Richard Nixon.

"Badge check" called Sullivan as Nixon blew his whistle. "Everybody out!"

"Line up here" commanded Nixon as Sullivan blew his, "and pull down your swimsuits!"

I was shivering in line and frantically looking for a place to hide...

"Crawl in before you freeze" someone whispers jostling my foot and pointing to the canvas tent set up behind me.

"Dogman, thank you for answering Yemaya's call" I whisper, already feeling warmer as I zip up the sleeping bag he had opened for me.

"Goodnight sweetie" he soothes, tossing in a newspaper before pulling the tent closed and tiptoeing away.

The headline glows as the moon breaks through the fog: **THE YIPPIES ARE GOING TO CHICAGO.**

Chapter 7: Dogman Gets New Threads

"Nice duds Bub" greets Karma as I flap down to her campsite in bell-bottom jeans, a tie-dye t-shirt, and leather sandals.

"Good morning to you too" I quip, hoping my blush is hidden behind a smile and open arms in the midday sun. "We're going for a ride."

"Yes we are" she agrees, looking up into my eyes as she returns the hug. "But where we're going might need a more official looking presence."

"It's my day off" I explain, "but the ranger get up is in the Jeep."

My uniform was in the Jeep because I had just come from a rare shopping excursion over in the Castro.

"Hey handsome" cooed a guy outside a bar as I strolled down Market Street, "ready for a Moscow Mule at the Missouri Mule?"

My heart was racing as I shook my head no and stepped down into the street to steer clear of him.

"Organic mescaline?" offered a dreadlocked guy at the next corner as I scurried past with a hand over my wallet.

Finally I came to a shop with wool tapestries hanging in the window. A rack out front was hung with colorful t-shirts and one inside had pants of all sizes and fabrics. I grabbed the first large shirt I came to and pulled out a pair of old blue jeans with flowered triangles sewn into the bottom seams.

"Sandals?" asked a tall woman behind the counter, her dark hair swaying to her waist as she reached into a bin for a pair of thongs.

I muttered a yes, plopped down a fifty dollar bill, and hustled back to the Jeep with an armful of new clothes, a red face, and a growing smile.

"Perfect" Karma continues, "we'll need that Park Service vehicle too."

"What are you plotting?" I ask, my curiosity growing in equal measure to my trepidation.

"You'll see" she replies as she heads up the hill. "Now give me those keys and change back into your uniform as I drive us over to Oakland."

I did as I was told, enjoying the view as she maneuvered us over first the Golden Gate and then the Bay Bridge.

"Just come with me and act official" she commands as she pops on the flashers and we climb out of the Jeep at the main entrance to Oaklawn Naval Hospital.

"Wait a second sister" I stall, "should I bring my revolver?"

"Your badge will do the trick" she replies walking toward the door, "but grab those threads you just took off."

I match Karma's stride past a large black man in an MP uniform and down the main hallway to the inpatient wing, her determined look hopefully hiding my growing anxiety. Is it worth losing my job and park service career over a 17-year-old high school dropout who probably likes her old boyfriend better than me anyway? But I've already taken the leap to help her find what she needs, damn that old bachelor ranger.

"Mr. Reed, we're your transport to rehabilitation" she calls out as we arrive at the foot of a bearded guy's bed. "Here are your civilian clothes."

"Yes ma'am" he replies, flashing a quick glance at my wide eyes as he strips off the hospital gown and pulls my tie-dye over his head.

Karma and I take an arm as he nearly falls over shimmying to get my bell-bottoms over thick thighs. Our recessional proceeds without a hitch unless you count the cheers from several of the bedbound seamen, a nod from a nurse leaning over to change bandages on an amputee, and a wink from the MP holding open the door.

Chapter 8: Karma Conducts a Trio

"De, de-de-de, de-de, de-de, de-de, de-de, de" I sing out from between them in the bright blue of the late afternoon sun as the song comes on the radio.

"Du, du-du-du, du-du, du-du, du" booms Blaine in his basso profundo as he gazes out the windshield at the reflections on the surface of East Bay.

"De-de, de-de, de-de, de-de, de, de, de-de, de" joins in Dogman tapping his hands on the steering wheel as the Jeep hits eighty the interstate and on the speedometer.

And with that, my shoulders relax for the first time on this road trip.

"Let's get out of here" I chimed, climbing up onto the bench seat and reaching back to pull Blaine in by his tie-dyed t-shirt.

"What's the plan, Stan?" asked Dogman from behind the wheel as he pulls out of the Oaklawn Naval Hospital lot.

"Chicago" I blurted to double-takes from my left and right. "We're going to join the yippies at the Democratic Convention."

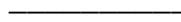
"What?" exclaims Dogman with panic in his eyes. "This is a National Park Service Jeep and I'm back on duty tomorrow."

"We can call when we get out of the city" I reason to his horizontal head shaking. "We've got to make sure the next President gets us out of Vietnam."

"Whatya say there, GI Joe?" says Dogman glancing over at Blaine and fishing for agreement.

"After being there I can't argue with that" Blaine mumbles, turning to look at the Oakland neighborhoods as we approach the highway.

"Dang, two to one" Dogman groans, clamping down on the wheel as he turns onto the eastbound ramp for interstate eighty.



"Where have you gone, Joe Dimaggio" I sing out. "A nation turns it's lonely eyes to you."

"Woo, woo, woo" my guys join in as I glance back and forth between them.

"What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?" I belt out, elated at our complicity. "Joltin' Joe has left and gone away."

"Hey-hey-hey" we sing all together. "Hey-hey-hey."

Chapter 9: Dogman Goes Camping

"Sing around the campfire" I chant in the last rays of a gorgeous sunset over the Sierra Nevada as the four of us sprawl around an improvised firepit.

"Join the campfire girls" booms the escapee as a smile unfolds on Karma's open face.

"Sing around the campfire" we all join in as our dreadlocked new companion sprinkles weed from a little baggy onto a square of paper and rolls it up.

"Do you wanna be a campfire girl?" he asks to a round of giggles from our little troupe.

"Stop for that guy" pleaded Karma as we sped past a head-banded hitchhiker in Army pants and a sleeveless paisley vest.

"No way" I blurted, betraying my fear but quickly adding "we're heading up the slope of the Sierra and don't need more weight in this old Jeep."

"Isn't that Van Johnson?" Blaine asked, his first words since we left the city.

"Turn it around" Karma commands tugging at my sleeve and looking up at me with such fucking loving eyes. "It's meant to be."

"Ladies before gentlemen" the black dude quips, passing the joint and a lighter to me. "Here's to Dogman!"

"Kidnapping from a Navy hospital, stealing federal property worth thousands, using an illegal substance while in uniform" I exclaim. "Karma is trying to put me away for life."

"That uniform was my ticket out" states Blaine as he meets my eye for the first time with a nod.

"At your service" is all I've got, passing him the joint. "It's apparently my calling in life thanks to our little friend."

"Praise be to Yemaya..." states that little friend taking the toke and taking a hit "... for bringing us together."

"Woa girl" Van laughs, "here today, gone tomorrow."

"So how does a kid from South Bound Brook end up on the road in Utah" Blaine finally blurts after a few rounds of Hindu Kush.

"How the hell you know that?" Van asks, his eyes flashing white in the firelight.

"I was a sophomore linebacker when you were a senior wide receiver" Blaine answers.

"Now that's karma" Van declares slapping Blaine on the shoulder as Karma crawls over and snuggles onto my lap. "Picked up by a crazy head-hunting mother fucker called Bleeds."

"I resemble that implication" Blaine grins. "Just back from Nam too?"

"Right on brother" Van counters, settling back into the lotus position and staring into the fire. "Uncle Sam snapped me up at graduation and dropped me into that jungle."

"I hear you, but how did you land here in Mormon country?"

"The yippies are going to Chicago" he explains as Karma's head settles onto my chest and I pull an old Army blanket over her. "Time to end that Asian mess."

Chapter 10: Karma Runs In Freedom

"Come on Dogman" I plead, "you promised to go to the rally if I went to that stupid baseball game."

"That was before the Black Panthers arrived and Mayor Daley called in the National Guard" he states.

"We need a show of force for McCarthy" I reason about the anti-war candidate at the Democratic National Convention. "A straight white guy in uniform will add to the cause."

"Not if he's bleeding on the street" he whines.

"You weren't afraid of those Giants you called the new murderer's row" I counter.

"Bonds, Mays, McCovey, and Jim Ray Hart are only out to kill opposing pitchers."

"Listen mister, I endured three hours of adult men chasing a little ball on my birthday. You're coming to Lincoln Park."

"Happy eighteenth" Dogman smiled, reaching into his chest pocket and passing me a ticket as he pulled the Park Service Jeep into the lot at Candlestick Park at sunset.

To my raised eyebrows he added "the Giants and Cardinals are vying for first place, and Marichal versus Gibson is the dual of the decade in the year of the pitcher."

To my frown he continued "and this little ticket comes with one vendor per inning - hot dog, lemon ice, peanuts, popcorn, Cracker Jacks, cotton candy, ice cream, you name it."

He had me at lemon ice but I played along by shaking my head no with each one until he pleaded "Karma, you're legal today. Can't we celebrate with a Lucky Lager?"

"Beer here" boomed a potbellied vendor carrying a strapped cart down the steep aisle of the upper deck as the game began.

"Two" called Dogman waving a ten dollar bill and holding up two fingers, and the guy passed the overflowing cups down the row of helping hands as the cash was passed back.

"So this is why you like baseball" I smiled, peeling open the plastic wrap and slurping the sweet foam before taking a swig of the bitter brew.

"Here's to first place" he toasted to my clueless but eager raising of the cup.

"The game is flying by with all these strikeouts" narrated Dogman as he waved down the vendor for our second Lucky.

I had no idea what he meant but was enjoying the expanse of green under the bright lights, though the little men were getting blurry down there.

"That incoming wind will keep the ball in the park" he explained as I polished off the beer and snuggled into his side in the sudden chill.

"Hey sleepy head" he laughed, jostling me awake as others streamed down the aisle to call it a night after the scoreless seventh inning. "We're going down to the box seats."

I stumbled behind him down several ramps and back up another until we emerged right behind home plate. He slipped two five dollar bills to an usher blocking the way and we were led down to two empty seats next to an older couple smiling up at us from under their blanket.

"Hi Sweetie, share a little of our warmth" commanded the woman in a southern drawl while proffering a corner of the covers.

"Thanks" I managed as I snuggled up to her and drifted off again.

"Walk in beauty, run in freedom" was the last thing I thought I heard her say before being called out on strikes.

"Up against the wall Mother Fucker!" screams the frizzy haired lead singer of MC5 as three big black birds fly up from the bathroom roof and the group launches into I Want You Right Now.

The crowd of hippies surges around the band as a line of helmeted policemen wielding clubs encircles the area.

"Oh shit" moans Dogman when the sound cuts off and the police line starts to move slowly in.

"Here comes Abbie Hoffman with the stage" Blaine exclaims as the crowd turns toward a tractor trailer rolling down Clark Street and coming to a stop at the park entrance.

The cops on that side break the line and move toward the flatbed as we escort the band and their equipment toward the truck.

"Get the fuck out, pig" screams a shirtless dude at Dogman as a group of young guys holding rocks and sticks block our way.

"He cool" calls our rastaman friend Van Johnson appearing from nowhere to stand between us.

"Groovy" mutters the angry guy before calling to his group "go get the real pigs!"

Chapter 11: Dogman and Karma Go Home

"Hi Sierras!"

"Funny Dogman. Can we stop and take in the sunset?"

"My home on the Park Service range is just over those hills. We can make it by sundown."

"It wouldn't be the same anyway without those two."

"Hey Van, thanks for bailing me out at the protest."

"Yo Dogman, we cool."

"Need a ride back to San Fran?"

"Nah, it's wide open on the South Side. Weed, LSD, mushrooms - I got it, they want it."

"All right rastaman, just be careful, it's a jungle out there."

"Ha, it beats the hell out of that bush in Nam. You seen Bleeds?"

"We dropped him off at the bus station. That crazy guy is going back to Bound Brook."

"Nothing for me in Jersey. Watch out for Karma, you hear?"

"Karma, it's not like you to give up without a fight."

"What's the point Dogman? Nixon will beat Humphrey, but even if he doesn't we'll be stuck in Vietnam for four more years."

"There are other ways. What about that new degree in Ethnic Studies at San Fran State?"

"Dave, I'm a homeless drop out, remember?"

"They have this accelerated program for high school juniors."

"I love you David Dolman."

"Me too Karma Czarcinski. Are you going to stay at the Headlands?"

"Remember that old lady at the baseball game? She invited me to their guest cottage over in San Leandro."

"It was cozy under that blanket, huh?"

"She and her husband lead a spiritual group. They know all about Shemaya and all the others."

"Oh Karma, may their nourishing waters replenish your wounded heart!"

"Oh Dogman, you do listen after all."