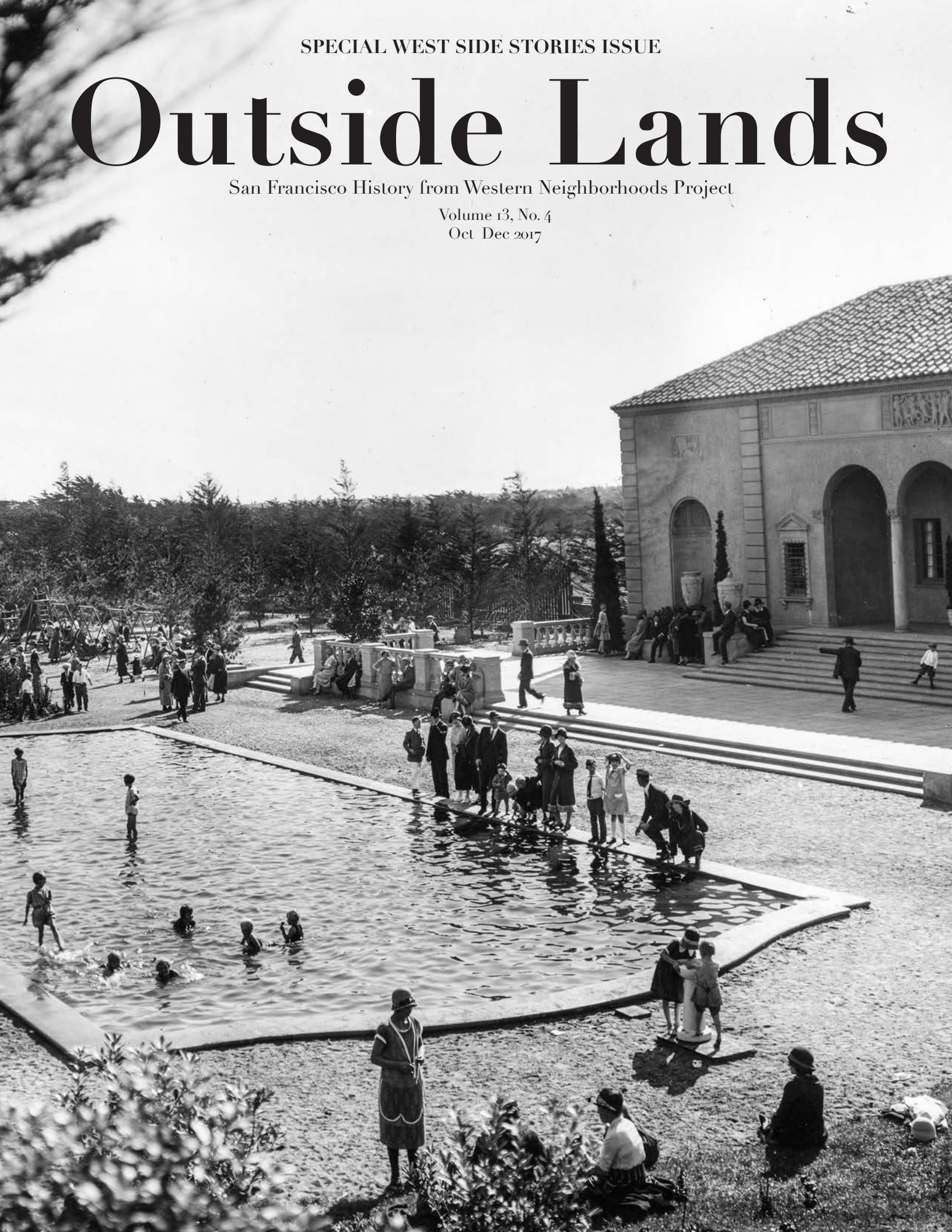
SPECIAL WEST SIDE STORIES ISSUE

Outside Lands

San Francisco History from Western Neighborhoods Project

Volume 13, No. 4
Oct Dec 2017





Outside Lands

History from the Western Neighborhoods Project
(Previously issued as SF West History)

October-December 2017: Volume 13, Number 4

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Wading pool in front of the Mothers Building at Fleishhacker Zoo, 1925. (wnp27.4762.)

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Welcome to West Side Stories! (Unless you're not here at the event, in which case, we raise a glass in your honor.)

I want to thank all the local businesses, community groups, and great San Franciscans who have helped us make this once-every-eleven-years fundraising gala a success. Not only are some of them represented throughout this issue, but many more have given items to our silent auction, donated wine, or bought tickets to celebrate with us. As a neighborhood-focused organization, it's a real pleasure to feel the support of our west side friends. A full list of contributors is on page 33.

Great thank to our honorary committee members, each one a terrific supporter of our work over the years: Supervisor **Malia Cohen,** Assessor-Recorder **Carmen Chu,** Supervisor **Sandra Lee Fewer,** California Board of Equalization Member **Fiona Ma, Carl Nolte,** and Supervisor **Katy Tang,** Our dedicated host committee, which made all of this actually happen, consists of **Jamie O'Keefe, Cammy Blackstone,** and **Richard Brandi.**

Have fun if you're with us tonight. Bid on something in the silent auction, and thanks for your great support!

History to the People

I have written before about how we have tried to emphasize live events in 2017. In a world of digital distractions and less focused time for sitting down to read, we believe sharing history face to face is important. This is a shift for Western Neighborhoods Project—after all, the primary activity in starting the organization in 1999 was to run a history website. But we all learn lessons and adapt to changing times.

So, now that we're near year's end, how have we done on events?

The audience attendance size for our 2017 events will end up being about 2,500 to 3,000 people in total. We have been walking, talking, and sharing history on average two or three times a month. Our OpenSFHistory format of multiple speakers has broadened and diversified the voices of history—more than thirty different people showed historical images and shared stories for us in 2017.

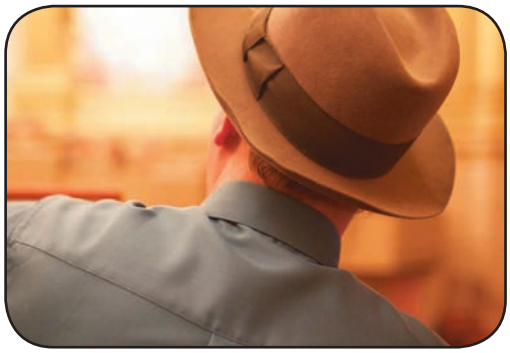
In addition to our in-house events of symposiums and walks, we have partnered with more than twenty groups, organizations, and businesses to do events this year: Balboa Village Merchants Association, Bernal Heights History Project, Booksmith, California Academy of Sciences, California State Library—Sutro Branch, Ocean Avenue Association, Parkmerced, Planning Association for the Richmond (PAR), Presidio Trust, San Francisco Botanical Garden Society, San Francisco City Guides, San Francisco Heritage, San Francisco History Association, San Francisco Museum and Historical Society, San Francisco Public Library (Merced and Richmond branches), San Francisco Village, Shaping San Francisco, Stonestown YMCA, Sunset Heights Association of Responsible People (SHARP), Telegraph Hill Dwellers, and Westwood Park Association.

We made our annual appearance at the Outside Lands Music Festival in Golden Gate Park; played a big part in producing the San Francisco History Days weekend at the Old Mint in March; and are very excited to host tonight's West Side Stories Gala.

More of the same in 2018? Yes, although I would like to cultivate more member-centered activities: walks, mixers, and symposiums. Membership isn't just a way to support WNP financially (although, thank you for that), but represents a real community. You all have an interest—perhaps a love?—for local history, so it makes sense we should get together more.

OpenSFHistory Receives Support

Our project to preserve, scan, and post online 100,000 historical images of San Francisco made great progress this year. As of this writing, there are 22,353 images on opensfhistory.org, and we have scanned at least 10,000 more which are awaiting description and metadata before being uploaded. Thanks to the city's Historic Preservation Fund, by year's end we will have added 15,000 images to the website since February 2017.



In the last month, we received the good news that the Historic Preservation Fund Committee approved our request for two more years of support. Combined with welcome grants from SHARP and other neighborhood groups, our goal of sharing with the public *all* of this amazing and important cultural resource is in sight.

There will still be a lot more work needed to improve descriptions, connect sub-collections, add catalog data, and interpret the archive, but we have prioritized sharing the images online efficiently. We don't want to delay the work of researchers or the enjoyment of the public. Thanks to our friends and volunteers who have helped make this project possible, and offer our great gratitude to the Historic Preservation Fund and the Fund Committee.

Podcast Milestone

On November 11, 2017, the 250th episode of our podcast, Outside Lands San Francisco, will be released. (Go to outsidelands.org/podcast)

David Gallagher and I still feel like we're winging this project at times, but we hope people are enjoying our twenty minutes of weekly attention to west side history. Thanks to **Marc Weibel** and **Ian Hadley** for being our dedicated sound engineers on the journey.

Talk to Us

As always, we'd love to hear from you. Send letters, call us, or email me at woody@outsidelands.org.

Where in West S. F.?

We had one good guess for last issue's mystery image. Nate Tico, who lives not far away, knew we were looking up 45th Avenue from Balboa Street to Anza Street. The turreted castle-like apartment building visible near the top is still there today. The Department of Public Works photograph was taken on June 23, 1922.

Since that one was so hard, this issue we're presenting a mystery image that depicts a well-traveled intersection, a notable building, and an event that many people may remember. Take a look at the photograph below and tell us what's going on and when it happened. Even newcomers to the west side should recognize the corner! Feel free to add a memory or anecdote when sending your guess. Email woody@outsidelands.org, or use the WNP contact information on the inside cover. Good luck!



Department of Public Works photograph #7906
(WNP Collection, wnp36.02875)



Something is on fire! Tell us the where, what, and when of the photograph above.

Baker's Beach Water Flume

by John Martini



Hikers on the San Francisco Water Works flume, c. 1885. (WNP Collection, wnp4.1462)

Retired National Park Service ranger and WNP member John Martini is a volunteer helping us process our collection of historical San Francisco images. Visit **opensfhistory.org** *to learn more and see thousands more photos.*

Here's another photo from the OpenSFHistory collection and another puzzle: a group of nineteenth century folks out for a hike along a spindly-legged wooden water flume.

It could easily have been taken in the gold country, or perhaps at any number of frontier communities where water was conveyed through these primitive structures.

But it turns out that this particular flume was located in our own back yard, at Baker's Beach in the Presidio to be specific, and was part of an elaborate 4½-mile network that conveyed water from Lobos Creek to downtown beginning in 1857.

But why go to so much effort to tap the Presidio's water? In short, because 1850s San Francisco was a parched town, driven to ever-increasing efforts to find fresh water.

We don't usually think of hard-drinking, Gold Rush era San Francisco as being "dry," but fresh water was a precious commodity. The few springs and creeks that supplied potable water to the tiny pueblo of Yerba Buena were quickly overwhelmed when the 49ers started to arrive. Early entrepreneurs made fortunes selling water for up to $1 a bucket from their mule-drawn water carts. (That's about $30 in today's dollars.) Some vendors went to Sausalito and barged over water to the exploding city.

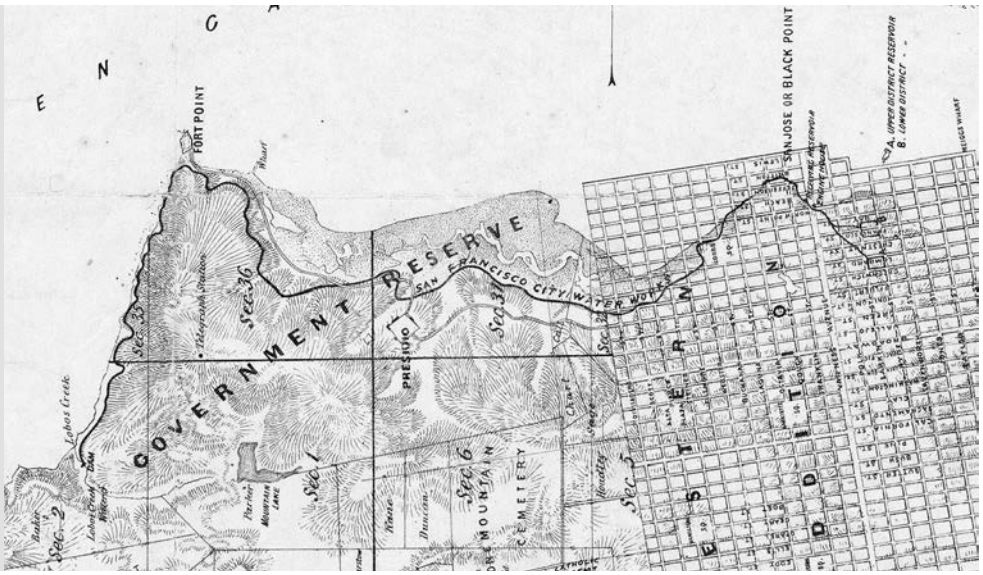
Before long, people began eyeing two sources of water in the far-off Presidio: Mountain Lake and Lobos Creek. A self-proclaimed "Mountain Lake Water Company" was formed in 1852 to tap the lake, and actually did some preliminary tunneling beneath the Presidio before the engineering challenges became so overwhelming the company abandoned their efforts. (Their grandiose plans included an overhead three-mile long viaduct and a 3,500-foot tunnel through Pacific Heights' ridge.)

By comparison, Lobos Creek's water proved much easier to capture. In 1857, a fellow named John Bensley created the "San Francisco Water Works" and laid out an elaborate system of flumes and pipes to transport the water downtown. There was a catch to his plans, though: the Presidio boundary ran down the middle of Lobos Creek, so the "water rights" to the creek belonged to the army on the north side and to Bensley's company on the south.

An agreement was eventually worked out with the army to share the water. In return for permission to dam the creek

"A wooden flume has been constructed, winding around the tortuosities of the beach, here placed upon trestles, there running a trench, and again pouring through short tunnels, where rocky points run out."

"Bensley Water Works,"
Sacramento Daily Union,
July 17, 1858.



Detail of a historical map showing route of the San Francisco Water Works flume from Lobos Creek to Russian Hill.

and build a flume across military lands, Bensley agreed to provide water to the garrisons at the Presidio and Fort Point at no cost.

Bensley's first step was to build a dam across Lobos Creek in the narrow valley (a gully, actually) about 600 feet upstream from the outflow at Baker's Beach. Called a "sheet-pile dam," it stood about 30 feet high. From the dam, a wooden flume stretched off to the north where, supported by stilts, it crossed the dune fields that are today's Battery Chamberlain and Baker's Beach picnic grounds.

At the north end of the beach the flume followed a tortuous path along the base of the serpentine cliffs below Fort Winfield Scott, passing along what's now called Marshall's Beach.



Water flume snaking around Baker's Beach bluffs towards the Golden Gate and Fort Point. (Bancroft Library, UC Berkeley.)

Newspaper articles of the time stated the flume was a 24" square wooden trough through which water flowed at a very slight downhill grade. It was covered on top with boards to prevent dirt, rocks, and dead squirrels from falling inside. The boards also provided a walkway for use by maintenance workers and, soon, adventurous hikers like the group in our historic photo.

Behind Fort Point the flume entered a brick tunnel that ran through the bluff just south of the fort. On the east side of the point, the water entered another elevated flume and continued eastward through a series of flumes and concrete pipes laid across the mudflats of the Presidio and future Marina District.

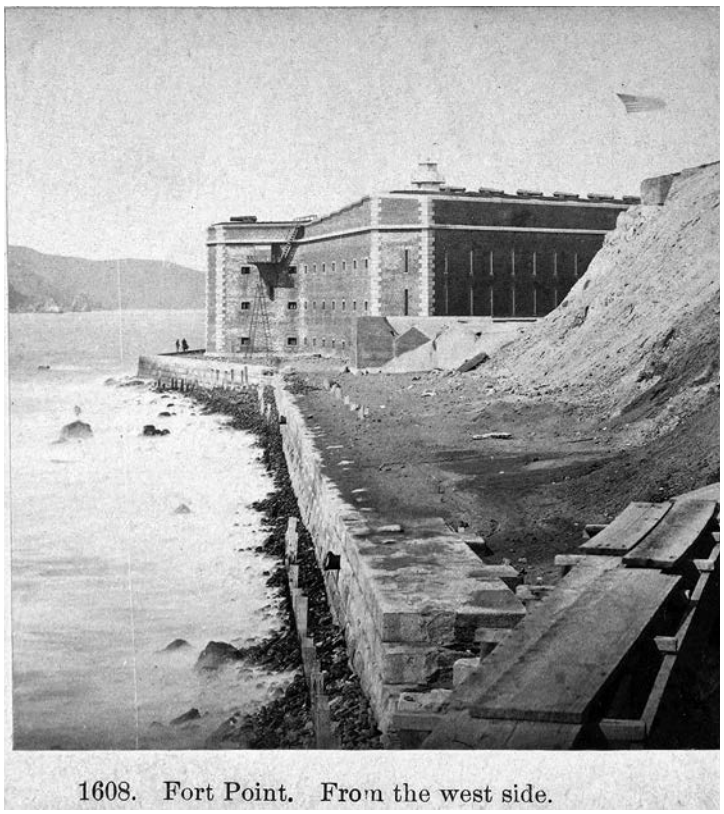
A final section of wooden flume snaked around the promontory of Black Point (today's Fort Mason) to its final destination, a pumping station at the foot of Van Ness Avenue. There, on the site of today's Aquatic Park bocce ball courts, the water was pumped to reservoirs on Russian Hill and distributed through iron pipes to North Beach and downtown San Francisco.

When completed, the flume reportedly delivered 3,000,000 gallons of Lobos Creek water every 24 hours to the San Francisco Water Works pumping plant.

Bensley's Water Works began supplying water to the city in 1858, and, in 1866, it was absorbed by the larger and often-detested Spring Valley Water Company (SVWC).

Period newspapers and army reports are full of stories of the flume being washed out and repaired, but the need for Lobos Creek declined as other sources of water came online (think of the Crystal Springs reservoirs on the peninsula). Still, Spring Valley continued to utilize the flume intermittently until the early 1900s.

In 1915, the Spring Valley Water Company finally sold its property and water rights to the army, and the Presidio became the sole user of Lobos Creek. During the 1910s,



Flume at Fort Point, circa 1866. (Carleton Watkins photograph)

Beyond Black Point we climbed a trestle and mounted a flume that was our highway to the sea. Through this flume the city was supplied with water.

The flume was a square trough, open at the top and several miles in length. It was cased in a heavy frame; and along the timbers that crossed over it lay planks, one after another, wherever the flume was uncovered. This narrow path, intended for the convenience of the workmen who kept the flume in repair, was our delight. We followed it in the full assurance that we were running a great risk

Beneath us was the open trough, where the water, two or three feet in depth, was rushing as in a mill-race. Had we fallen, we must have been swept along with it, and perhaps to our doom.

Sometimes we were many feet in the air, crossing a cove where the sea broke at high tide; sometimes we were in a cut among the rocks on a jutting point; and sometimes the sand from the desert above us drifted down and buried the flume, now roofed over, quite out of sight.

Charles Warren Stoddard,
In the Footprints of the Padres, 1901.

the army built the handsome complex of brick pump houses and filtration tanks at the south end of Baker's Beach, where Lobos Creek's water is still captured, treated, and pumped up to reservoirs atop Robb Hill for use throughout the post.

It's not recorded when the army demolished the flume through the Presidio, or whether the military simply allowed the wooden structure to succumb to dry rot and burial by drifting sand and rock slides.

Although the flume shows up in many historic photos of the Golden Gate, few traces of it remain today. A 1975 survey of Fort Scott by the National Park Service stated that "fragments of wooden planks, possibly the bottom of the flume… [and] a short section of flume sides and bottom are still visible as embedded in the earthen material of the sea cliff."

Sharp-eyed beach goers, though, can still spot telltale notches in the cliff face above Marshall's Beach indicating the long-lost flume's former route.



San Francisco Water Works pumping plant (stacks) to the right of the San Francisco Woolen Mills at the foot of Van Ness Avenue, 1864. (Golden Gate National Recreation Area Archives.)

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Annie Galvin and Eric Rewitzer have been making their paintings and prints here since 2012, and their work is inspired by our lovely part of the city. They invite you come visit their studio at 47th and Irving to find a piece of art that reminds you why you live here.

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3 Fish Studios joins you in celebrating the Western Neighborhoods Project. We look forward to many more years of building community through photos, history, and stories.

3 Fish Studios

paper boy

by Ken Lewetzow

In summer of '42, friend Roger Mulkeen and I were walking up Geary Street at 25th Avenue when Joe, the *Call-Bulletin* distributer for home delivery route carriers stopped us and said, "You guys want to make some money?"

He was driving a 1940 Willys Americar; the rear seats were removed and the interior and trunk were jam-packed with bundles of papers. "I've got extra papers that need to be sold. You sell 'em, and I'll meet you here at 4:30 to settle up and we'll split 50-50."

We eleven-year-olds were excited at becoming entrepreneurs, and set up shop with ten papers in hand each at that intersection where the B streetcar and the 25th Avenue #28 bus intersected, providing lots of walking customers. We hawked on the sidewalk in front of Bill Hunt's Flying-A gas station.

That five-cent paper was a tough sell because they were usually earlier edition, and most people asked for the Four Star Edition, which had the latest news. Roger's father was a conductor on the B-car line and came by every hour or so, headed downtown. He permitted us to board the car and try to sell; we'd progress to the front of the car and exit on 18th Avenue, in front of the Alexandria Theatre. Then we walked back, each on opposite sides of the street, shouting "Call!"

One day the B-car came and Mr. Mulkeen was the conductor, so we boarded. As the car accelerated across 25th and reached the far side, a 17-year-old kid thought he'd try to catch the car. We were probably going 12 to 15 miles per hour. He jumped for the step and hooked his right arm around the boarding pole.

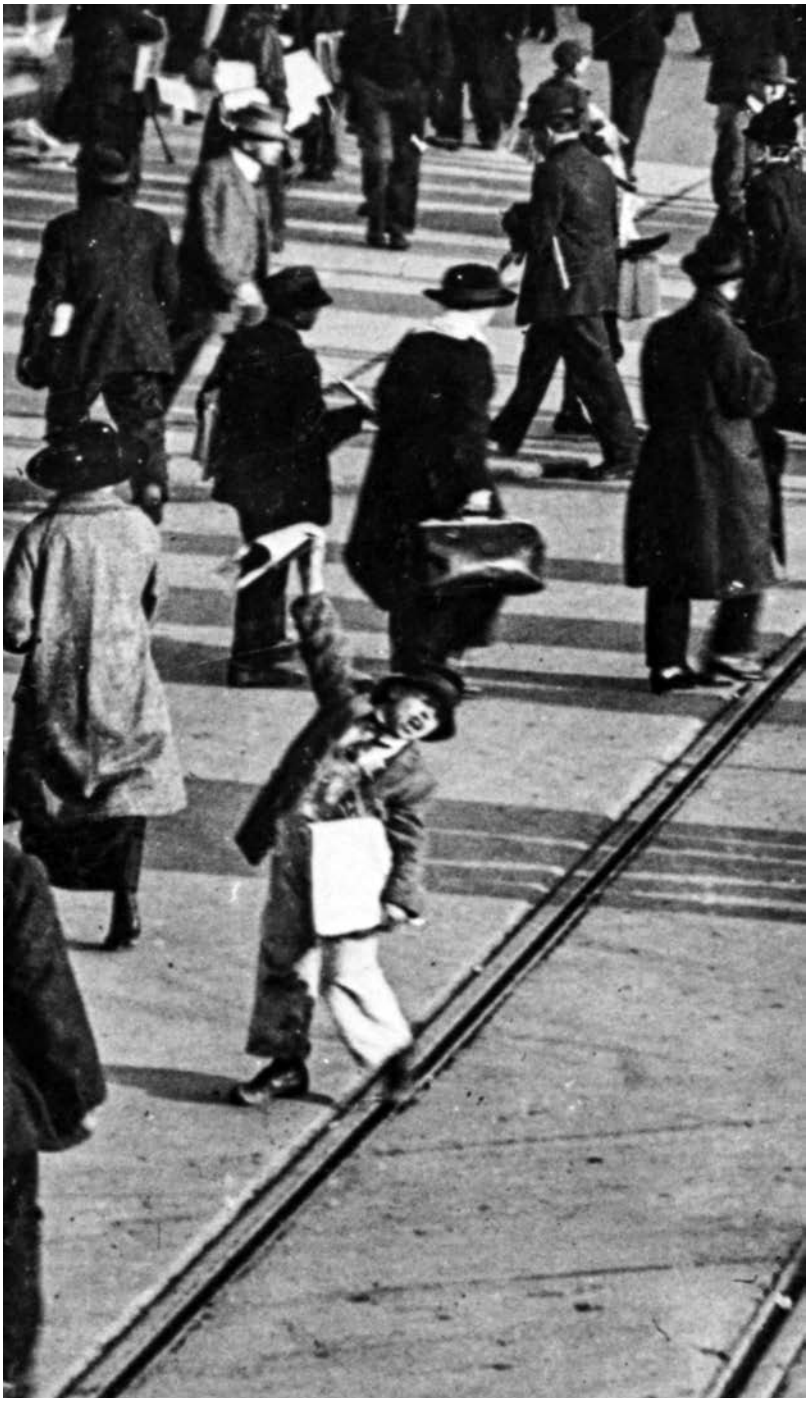
Well, his feet flew out and he pin-wheeled into the car, performing a perfect NFL chop-block on Mr. Mulkeen who went down like a ton of bricks! He had just reached into the fare box, grabbing a handful of nickels to replenish his coin changer and they went flying.

Mr. Mulkeen quickly got to his feet and on the cord pulled "one bell." The car stopped just short of 24th. (I was surprised how quick he got up, because he was not a young man—he'd fought in the trenches in France in WWI.) He then rang "three bells" (back up). The motorman turned around and looked back quizzically. Mr. Mulkeen nodded his head "yes" and pulled three bells again. We slowly backed-up to just short of 25th Avenue, and he gave one bell.

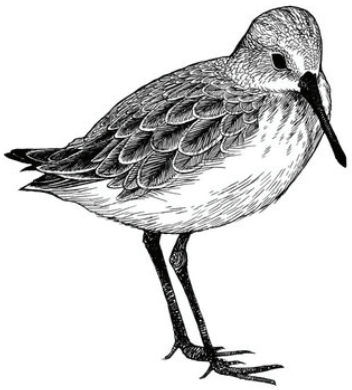
He then announced to the culprit in no uncertain terms: "We're going to find every nickel, or it's going to come out of your pocket!"

There were about eight people on the rear section, and we all assisted in looking. Some nickels were on the platform, some had rolled on the street all the way to the curb. I believe every wayward nickel was found after a few minutes. With the search done, Mr. Mulkeen gave two bells, and we proceeded to 18th Avenue and our normal routine.

Paper-selling on the street was not highly rewarding, so that occupation was short-lived. A year later, I did home delivery on Routes 50K (30th Avenue), and then 49K (28th Avenue).



Paperboy at Ferry Building, 1915, (Department of Public Works photo: detail of image wnp36.00727 from WNP Collection.)



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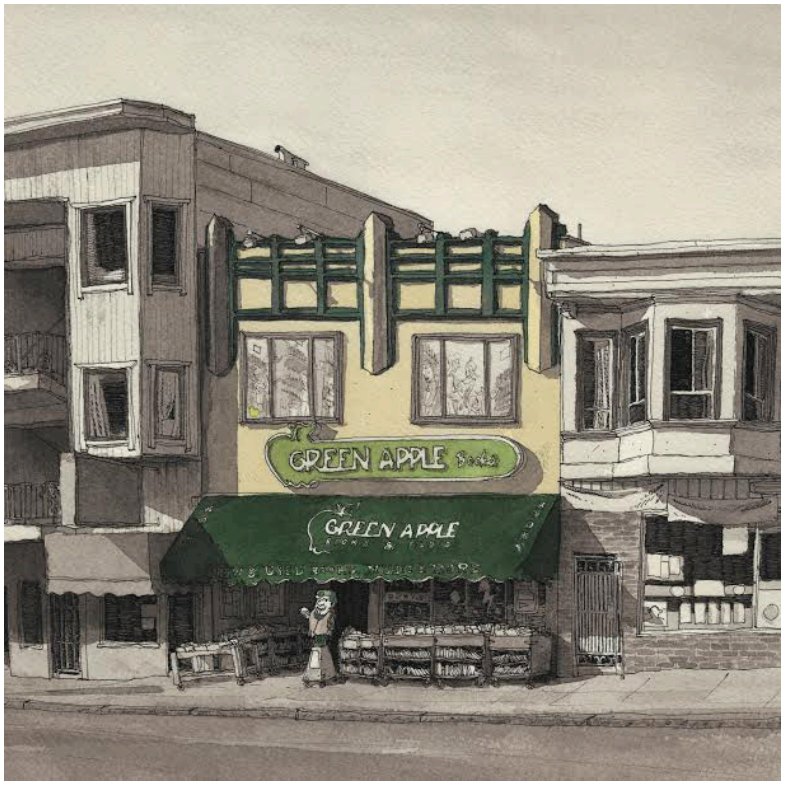

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Lake Merced History: Part Three

Spring Valley Water Company

by Woody LaBounty

Thanks to a grant from the Schwemm Family Foundation WNP is sharing the natural and cultural history of Lake Merced in 2017. Parts One and Two appeared in previous issues.

SCHWEMM FAMILY FOUNDATION

From its beginning, San Francisco was a thirsty town.

Finding and transporting water for drinking, industrial uses, and fire-fighting was a paramount requirement for growth and prosperity, and it obsessed early city leaders. Private companies provided fresh water by tapping Spring, Lobos and Islais Creeks in the city, before searching for sources farther afield.

Corporations formed by leading capitalists made mind-boggling promises to quench the city's need by harnessing sources many hundreds of miles away—even Lake Tahoe—and constructing grandiose aqueducts, pipelines, dams, and reservoirs to deliver and store it.

By 1865, Spring Valley Water Works emerged as the winner of the local water wars and became the monopoly supplier to the city. In 1868, to ensure its place of prominence, and with an eye on the city's growing need, the company purchased the water rights for Lake Merced. In the 1870s, Spring Valley began buying up the land around the lake, eventually owning almost 3,000 acres of watershed.

So Lake Merced fulfilled part of the supply Spring Valley delivered into city pipes. Mixed with water delivered from the company's Pilarcitos, San Andreas, and Crystal Springs reservoirs in San Mateo County, the lake water had to be pumped by generators up to the Laguna Honda reservoir. Laguna Honda was a natural lake in the hills, but Spring Valley in the mid-1860s drained and lined the lakebed to receive and hold 32 million gallons of water pumped up through a pipe. Its elevation allowed gravity to deliver water, and create water pressure, for taps on the east side of the hills.

In 1877, the company drafted 295 million gallons from the lake, and by 1902, almost 1.8 billion gallons of Lake Merced water came out of city taps in a year. At the end of the nineteenth century, the lake had a holding capacity of 2.5 billion gallons, replenished by underground springs that put three million gallons a day into the lake from the surrounding watershed.

(While this sounds like a lot, that three million gallons represented about one-eighth of San Francisco's consumption each day.)

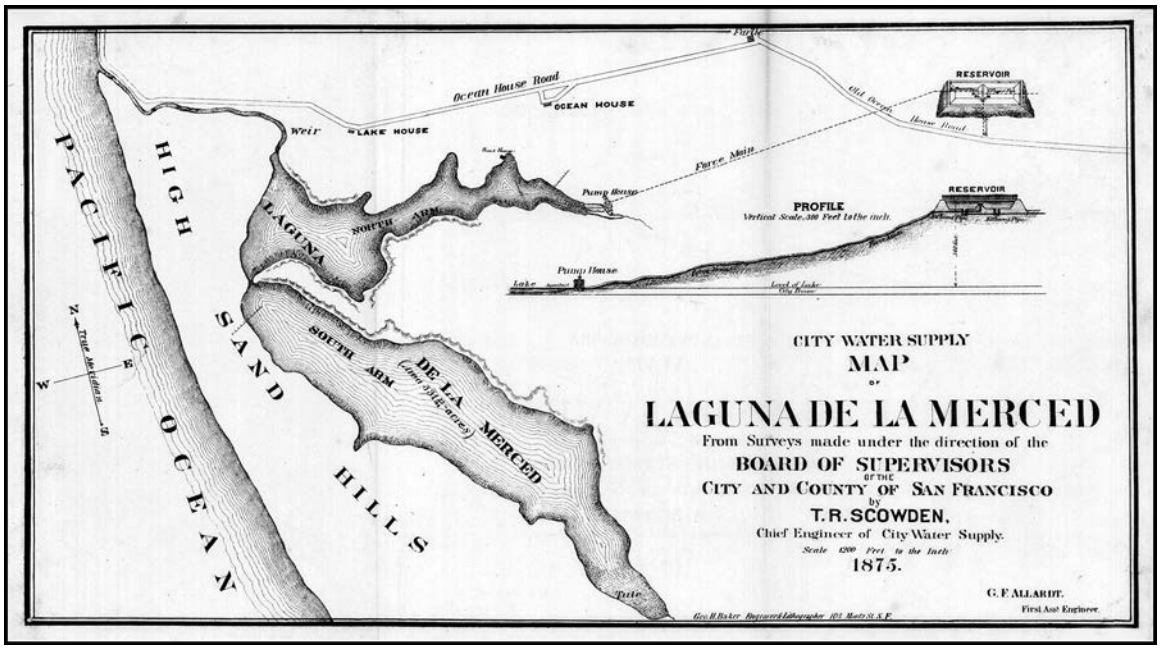
Spring Valley Water protected the lake water from contamination by neighboring farm and ranch run-off by cutting drain ditches, installing diversion flumes, and laying sewage outlet pipes. Damning the northwest section prevented incursion by sea water.

Use of Lake Merced water had to be reduced, however, in the 1890s because of water quality problems from within the lake itself. Algae blooms led to the introduction of carp, which, it was hoped, would feed on the algae.

But carp, as bottom feeders, roiled the dirt, vegetation, and sediment from the lakebed, muddying the water.

After trying to eradicate the carp with nets and hooks, and considering explosive black powder, Spring Valley resorted to bringing in fourteen sea lions to eat the carp in 1891.

"Our seals [...] are destroying them by the thousands," Charles Webb Howard, president of the company, said, "and we hope to have them thinned out very appreciably in a short time."[1]



Map from an 1875 proposal from the City Engineer's department to investigate the possibility of tapping Lake Merced as a fresh water supply. Spring Valley Water Works, which had been buying up the water rights and surrounding land, won the bid the following year.

The sea lions did prey on the carp, but preferred to take one large bite of each fish's midsection, leaving carp carcasses to contaminate the lake. The bloody bodies also attracted sea gulls and their dropping and rendering of the carp bits further fouled the water.

Finally, 100,000 predatory muskellunge fry—"voracious and depredating fish"—were shipped by special train car from New York State to finish off the carp.[2] By 1896, the lake was found to be essentially fish free (even of muskellunge), the sea lions were removed, and pumping for the city's water supply ramped up.

The infrastructure to draft water from the lake required not only pipes, pumps, diversion canals, culverts, dams, and bridges, but powerhouses, employee residences, bunk houses, stables, chicken coops, sheds, wells, and coal bins. A railroad spur from the Southern Pacific's San Francisco-San Jose steam train line was laid to deliver supplies, as well as coal and oil to operate the pumps.

On the north side of the lake, pumps were installed and in operation by October 1, 1877. These early pumps could send 3.5 million gallons of water a day east through 16,000 feet of iron pipe to meet with the pipeline from the peninsula, and continue on to storage at the College Hill reservoir south of Bernal Heights.[3]

Later Spring Valley pumping stations can still be seen today and are still in operation for city water. City Pumps, located just west of where Brotherhood Way meets Lake Merced Boulevard on the east side of South Lake, was built by the company in 1891. City Pumps drew water from the lake itself and boosted water delivered from the San Andreas reservoir in San Mateo County. It still draws water from the now municipally-operated peninsula reservoirs to send to basins around the city, and has recently become part of a new plan to mix groundwater with sources from outside San Francisco to supplement the drinking supply.



Spring Valley Water Company pumping works in 1904, on the east side of the south arm of Lake Merced, where the City Pumps facility stands today near the intersection of Lake Merced Boulevard and Brotherhood Way. (San Francisco Water Department, copy negative from WNP Collection, wnp36.10129)

On February 17, 1912, the Central Pumps along Sloat Boulevard at 22nd Avenue began operations. Enclosed in a classical "water temple" building designed by architect Willis Polk, the Central Pumps were the company's most powerful, able to deliver eight million gallons of water daily from the peninsula up to Laguna Honda. The building still stands today in front of the Merced Manor reservoir with stylized dolphins, goddesses, tridents, and water-themed epigraphs as decoration.

By the 1910s, Spring Valley Water Company was the largest privately owned public utility water company in the United States. A monopoly held by the leading capitalists of the era, with a stranglehold on a required resource for the West Coast's major city, and an equally tight grip on state politics, the Spring Valley Water Company was an unpopular entity to reformers, progressives, and many of the major newspapers. The city itself often was in lawsuits with the company and vowed to tap pipes by force when



Goddesses of the harvest, Neptune, and eagles all coexist on the roof line of Willis Polk's water temple for the Central Pumps building in front of Merced Manor Reservoir at Sloat Boulevard and 22nd Avenue.

the company threatened to cut off water. (San Francisco was often behind on paying its bill.)

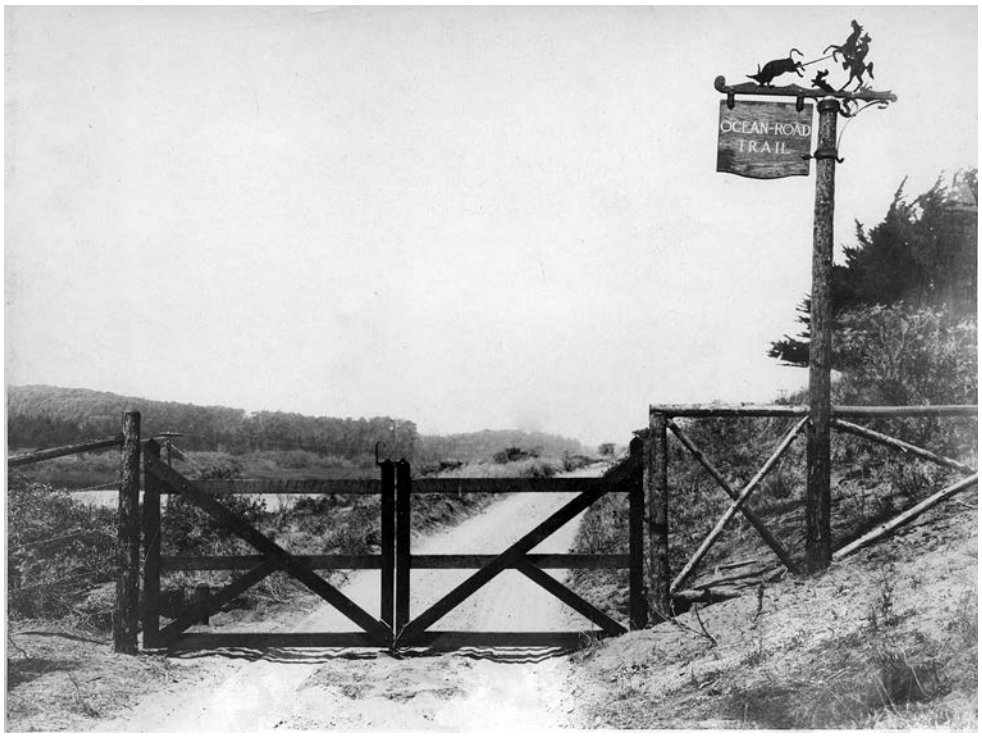
Outlying neighborhoods complained about the service, or lack of same, frequently, and residents in new areas of development from Ocean Beach to the Ingleside had to use their own wells before the company felt there were enough customers to make an investment in pipes worthwhile.

In the face of this growing resentment, a new city charter in 1899 laid the groundwork to create a municipal water system. Intensified criticism of the company as unprepared to adequately protect the city came after the disaster of 1906, when fire wiped out most of the city after a major earthquake. (With the line from Pilarcitos damaged by the quake, Lake Merced water shunted through Laguna Honda provided the water used to supply the Western Addition as the flames moved west.)

In addition to immediate questions of emergency preparedness, water quality was often suspect, and a special governmental committee after the earthquake reported that San Franciscans were at higher risk from water-borne diseases than normal.



Dolphin on the side of the Central Pumps building at Merced Manor.



Entrance to the Ocean Road Trail along the north side of Lake Merced, one of four equestrian trails laid out by Spring Valley Water Company and dedicated September 7, 1924. (San Francisco Water Department, copy negative from WNP Collection, wnp36.10129)

In fits and starts, the City of San Francisco looked for water beyond the company's control. Two years after the 1906 earthquake and fire, the city passed a bond proposal to buy water rights from the Sierra Nevada mountains. With help from the federal government in the form of the Raker Act, passed by the United States Congress in 1913, the city was able to transform the Hetch Hetchy Valley near Yosemite into a municipally-owned reservoir. With millions from a 1910 bond issue, the city began building infrastructure to deliver the water to San Francisco.

The Spring Valley Water Company could see the writing on the wall during these years. It agreed to an initial $38 million purchase price in 1921, and granted the city a twelve year option to exercise such a deal.

During the 1920s, an awkward partnership between the city and Spring Valley integrated and connected the Hetch Hetchy project with Spring Valley's lines. New reservoirs and conduits were created to serve a rapidly growing city—all while waiting to see if arrangements for the company's purchase could be finalized. Bond measures in 1910, 1915, and 1921 all failed to pass.

Much of the land around Lake Merced wasn't under option for purchase in Spring Valley's agreement with San Francisco. The U.S. Army already owned the Fort Funston site. The company began selling land it had formerly leased for truck farms and golf links. The Olympic Club, Lake Merced Gold Club, and San Francisco Golf Club all secured their courses, and developers began taking options on some of the cultivated fields.

In the early 1920s, the City of San Francisco leased, with an option to purchase, land at Ocean Beach for the six-million-gallon Fleishhacker Pool and what is today the San Francisco Zoo. In 1923, another 170 acres in between the north and south arms of Lake Merced were leased for the city-run Harding Park golf course.

In the midst of lawsuits, lobbying, and compromises with city and state authorities, Spring Valley worked to improve its image. A cheerful magazine named *San Francisco Water*, published by the company from 1922 to 1930, highlighted not only company work, but

California history and poetry. Equestrian trails and historical markers were installed around Lake Merced for public recreation and education.

Finally, after a series of failed bond measures, the voters of San Francisco approved a measure to purchase the Spring Valley Water Company in 1928.

The city took over the system on March 2, 1930 at a formal ceremony held at City Hall. The city treasurer handed the president of Spring Valley Water Company, S. P. Eastman, a check for $39,962,606.51. In exchange, the city received a deed to 62,500 acres of watershed, 28,000 acres of river water rights, reservoirs in multiple counties, and miles of tunnels, flumes, aqueducts, and pipes. Immediately, 454 Spring Valley employees became civil servants of San Francisco.[4]

An even grander dedication ceremony was held on the shores of Lake Merced on March 9, 1930, with lots of bunting, a speech by the mayor, and a walk around new public lands that had previously been fenced off.

The City of San Francisco now had ownership and control of the largest lake in city limits. Plans for its use as a public utility and a public park had already begun.



Dedication ceremony for the purchase of Spring Valley Water Company land and infrastructure by the City of San Francisco, March 9, 1930. (Department of Public Works image A2450, copy negative from WNP Collection, wnp36.04486)

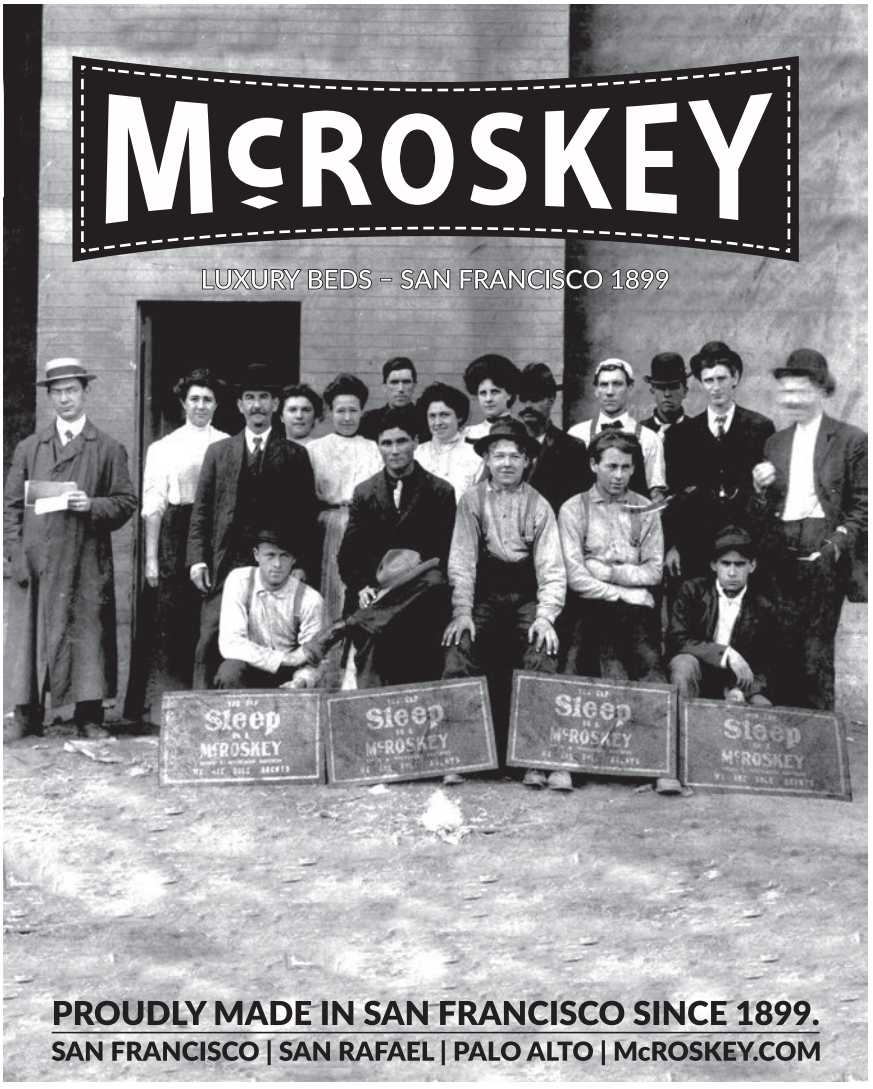
Sources:

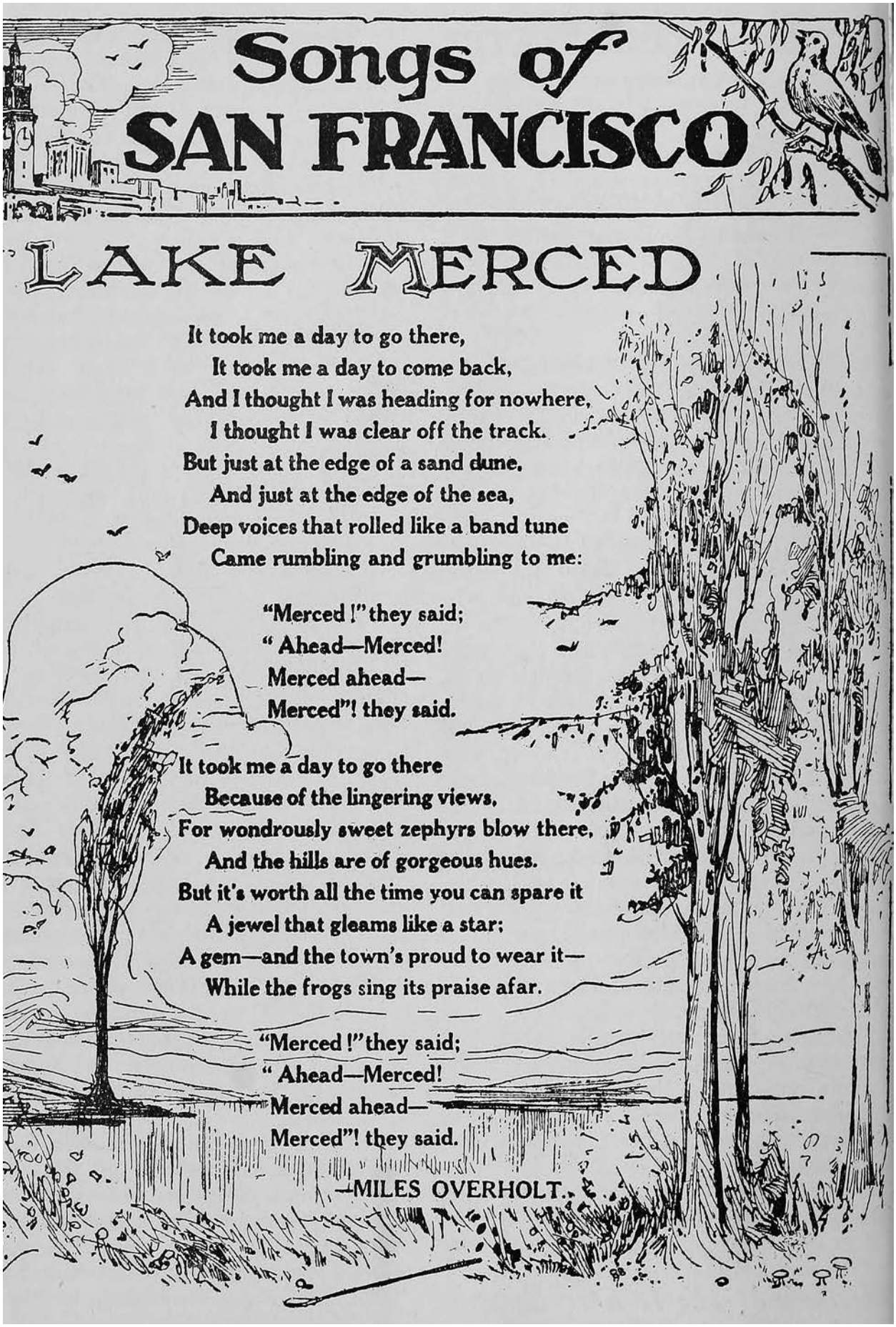
1. "Useful Sealions," *San Francisco Chronicle,* December 4, 1891, pg. 2.

2. "The Muscalonge," *San Francisco Chronicle,* June 1, 1893, pg. 12.

3. "Merced's Machinery," *San Francisco Chronicle,* October 26, 1877, pg. 2.

4. "Bureau Makes Analysis of Water Code," *San Francisco Chronicle,* March 2, 1930, pg. 61 and "Title Passes in Ceremony this Morning," *San Francisco Chronicle,* March 3, 1930, pg. 3.





Song of Lake Merced, *San Francisco Water,* July 1926.

Nunan Memorial Horse Fountain History

by Christopher Pollock



San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals humane officer Paul L. Swainston (left) and Mrs. Peter (Isabelle) Bercut on steeds at the newly rededicated Nunan Memorial Horse Fountain, Bercut Equitation Field, Golden Gate Park, October 5, 1968. (San Francisco Recreation and Park Department, Public Information Office files.)

In the throes of the Great Depression the object known as the Nunan Memorial Horse Fountain was dedicated on December 16, 1933 near the intersection of Wawona Street and Lower Great Highway in San Francisco's Sunset District. The ceremony was hosted by the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SFSPCA); attending were Acting Mayor, and President of the Board of Supervisors, J. Emmett Hayden; Herbert Fleishhacker, President of the Park Commission; many representatives and friends from the SPCA, as well as a group of Boy Scouts.[1]

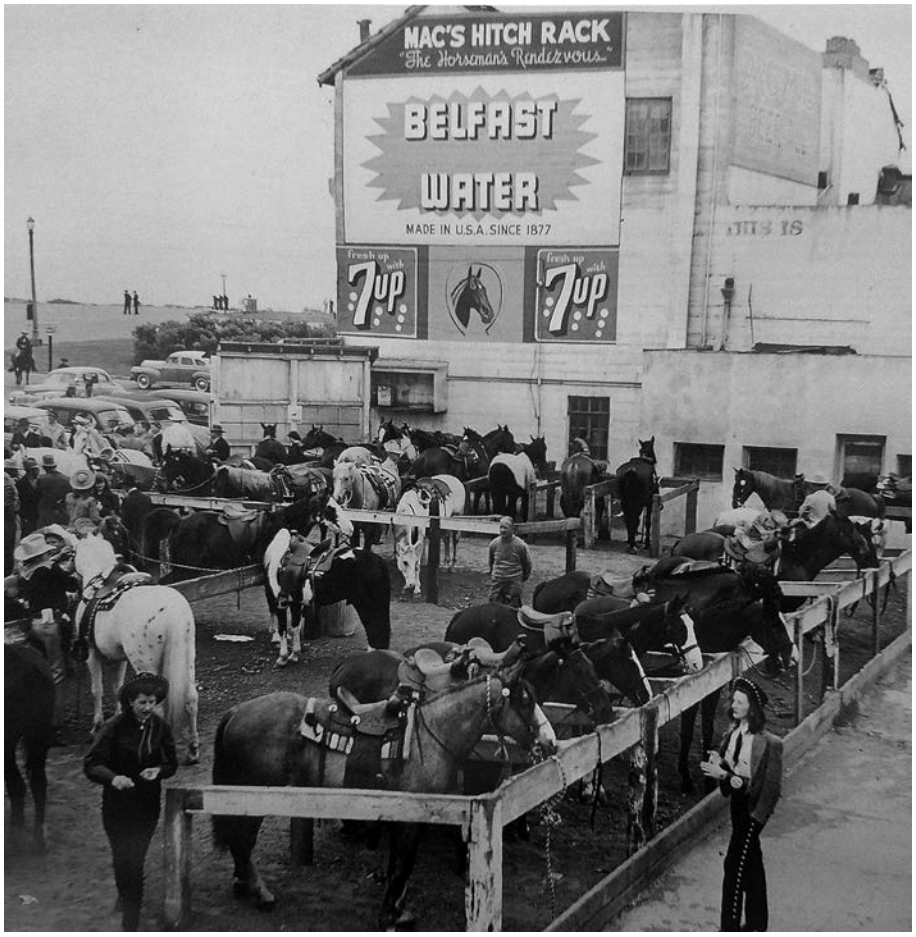
This intersection, with its curved concrete tunnel, known as the South Tunnel, framing the view to the Pacific, was a connector between land and beach with automobile traffic traveling above on the Great Highway. The bridle path, which paralleled Ocean Beach, was an extension of the Golden Gate Park bridle path system. The Great Highway, decades in the making, was finally realized under the direction of city engineer M. M. O'Shaughnessy; grading work in the Wawona Street area was proceeding in 1927. The Park Commission administered this property.

The fountain was created entirely through a bequest left by Robert E. Nunan, who died in 1927, to the San Francisco SPCA. Its design was approved initially by the San Francisco Art Commission in early 1933, and was then presented to the Park Commission in June for their review. Commission

meeting notes record that the board unanimously felt that anything that would "possibly detract" from the Great Highway should be rejected; but its placement was put into the hands of Parks Superintendent John McLaren, with the approval of Commissioner M. Earl Cummings, the piece's artist.

The Park Commission, specifically Superintendent John McLaren, is credited with landscaping the fountain's immediate site.[2] The round fountain form was of cast bronze, with three water wells on the upper portion for equine refreshment and one below, in the round granite base, for canines. A running band around the rim depicted three fox heads, with figures of mountain lions in a stalking position, all in bas-relief. The inscription on the angled and fluted base reads "In memory of Robert E. and Charlotte Miramonte Nunan, lover of dumb animals."

The piece was designed and sculpted by artist M. Earl Cummings who was a commissioner with the city's Park Commission starting in 1904. He sculpted nine commissions that remain in Golden Gate Park today, and at least two that are lost; there are other commissions of his throughout the city, and other outlying locations. Cummings fulfilled the mandated position of artist on the commission's board, a provision of the 1898 city charter amendment. This was one of his last commissions; he died in 1936.



Mac's Hitch Rack, Wawona Street and Lower Great Highway, 1950s. (Courtesy of San Francisco Horsemen's Association.)

Although the exact location of the fountain is unclear, a 1938 high-resolution aerial photo seems to show the fountain located within a circular area just south of the beach tunnel opening, framed by shrubbery.

Disuse of the fountain is credited to the demise of Mac's Hitch Rack Tavern, located just east and across the street from the tunnel. The tavern business was gone by sometime in the late 1950s, to make way for the apartment building constructed in its place in 1962. The corner bar was noted for its huge horse hitching rack located on the east side of the property.[3] The dry and unused fountain, blasted by the salt and sands of Ocean Beach, had outlived its usefulness in that location. Planning started in the 1970s for a mega-project that involving a new north-to-south sewer line connecting to the Oceanside Water Pollution Control Plant to be located to the south. The entire immediate infrastructure, including the tunnel, was removed in the 1980s to make way for the project. But what of the horse fountain?

Due to the efforts of Park Superintendent, Frank Foehr, the piece was relocated and installed by members of the park maintenance crew to the Bercut Equitation Ring in Golden Gate Park.[4] A ceremony was held on October 5, 1968 to herald the new element's placement in the park. The ceremony was attended by horse enthusiast Peter Bercut, the former park commissioner for whom the ring was renamed (previously known as Horseman's Retreat) in 1949. Also in attendance were Mrs. (Isabelle) Bercut, Paul L. Swainston who was the mounted SFSPCA humane officer, Frank B. Piltz, park section supervisor, and John Rife, SFSPCA Superintendent.[5]

So what happened to this functional civic artwork? A December 1974 mention by Herb Caen in his *San Francisco Chronicle* column revealed the fountain's fate. Someone pried the bronze off its base and when it was located the piece was wrecked beyond repair. Today there is no trace in Bercut Ring of even the circular stone base; the site is now occupied by a small grove of redwood trees planted not long after the fountain's removal.

(A few years back a new station for filling water bottles was installed just steps from where the horse fountain was sited at the Bercut Equitation Field.)

Notes:

1. *Our Animals,* Vol. 27, No. 10, "Horse Fountain Dedicated," San Francisco, January 1934. (SFSPCA)

2. Ibid.

3. Jansen, Joyce, Public Information Officer-LT, memo re: Bercut Equitation Field, October 1, 1968.

4. *Our Animals,* "Nunan Fountain Flows Again," November-December 1968. (SFSPCA)

5. San Francisco Recreation and Park Department, Annual Report, 1968-1969, p. 29.

Frank and Jennie Jue

MEMORIES

Frank Jue and Jennie (Chong) Jue were living in an apartment in Chinatown in 1958 with two children. While expecting their third, the couple decided to look for a new home. They moved to the Richmond District on 11th Avenue between Lake and California Streets in 1958, and raised nine children while living there for the next fifty years. Following are excerpts from an interview conducted by Woody LaBounty on October 15, 2005. Frank passed away on July 24, 2015, and Jennie one year later on July 18, 2016.



Jennie: We were looking in other areas, but in that time and era, we were advised not to buy in certain areas because of neighbor animosity.

Frank: It was the southern part of town in San Francisco. They developed some new areas there.

Jennie: We were looking into newer homes at that time.

Frank: So we thought, "This is a nice little house," and started talking a little seriously, and the realtors said, "I don't think you'll be very comfortable here, sir,"—that kind of thing.

LaBounty: Because you were Chinese American?

Jennie: Right. [laughs] I was in no mood to fight it. I would hate to live in an atmosphere like that. Kind of a bummer.

LaBounty: So you didn't have that experience out here?

Jennie: No, we didn't. In fact, when we first moved out here, there weren't too many Chinese out here. It was quite a cosmopolitan area and we had everything and everyone here. A lot of Irish, a scattering of Chinese, a lot of Russians.

Frank: A good mix.

Jennie: I think in those days this was a working-class neighborhood, so people are pretty good. There's no snottiness or people who are condescending. So it's nice that way. We knew our immediate neighbors, Mr. Saxe and Mrs. Brown. They were very nice. But we more or less kept to ourselves because we were raising children.

Frank: Also busy.

Jennie: We were just too busy raising children, and we were having one after another, so we really don't have too much time to socialize except concentrate on the family.

So it was very nice. It was a good mix. There were some Chinese families out here, but not a whole lot. In fact, we used to have to go down to Chinatown every week just to buy groceries, because they didn't have the Chinese markets out here. But now it's almost like a second Chinatown out here. We shopped locally, except for the Chinese stuff. For the first few years we would still go up to church in Chinatown at St. Mary's.

Frank: The one on Stockton Street. That's where she went to school, too.

Jennie: We grew up there and all our friends were there. We still go down and volunteer once a week [but] Star of the Sea is our parish church now. Because the children started going to school at Star of the Sea, that became our family, but we still have a connection down [at St. Mary's]—in other words, we're supporting both. [laughs] All of our children went to Star of the Sea. It was the parish school and they have a family plan also, which helped us out a lot.

LaBounty: You could get a discount on tuition if you had kids that are already there.

Jennie: Yes. That really helped. It seemed like forever there would be a Jue in one of the classes. This was an Irish parish, so there were a lot of large Irish families. So we didn't feel out of place at all.

LaBounty: I remember the Flynn family lived down the street.

Jennie: Was it nine or ten children they had? Ten, I think. The Flynns, the Murphys...

Frank: All Irish.

Jennie Jue: All Irish. The Gleasons on 10th Avenue. Yes. They're all good Catholics. [laughs]

LaBounty: The nice thing about having a big family, I guess, is you've got a lot of babysitters, the older kids looking after the younger kids.

Jennie: Right, right. You hardly notice it at all after a certain number. [laughs] You have to spend a lot of time with the first few and then the rest are easy.

LaBounty: Jennie, you stayed at home with the kids, with nine of them?

Jennie: Right.

Frank: I was an engineer working for the Navy, Hunter's Point Shipyard. Carpool. Had a few people in the same area, so we picked each other up and took turns driving maybe once or twice a week.



Frank and Jennie Jue, late 1950s. Courtesy of the Jue Family.

Jennie: So it worked out fine, and he's home by 4:30 every day. I looked forward to that time. [laughs] He opens the door and I flop: "Take them!"

Frank: I'd pretend to, anyway. [laughs]

Jennie: At the time we bought the house we couldn't sleep for three days because we thought "Did we do the right thing? How can we afford this?" And we only paid, what—about $17,000 for this house, and we were worried. In 1958, you weren't making much, and here you're starting a family and all the expenses connected to it. Yes, we were worried. We're still worried. [laughs] The thing is, we can't move out. Where are we going to move to?

LaBounty: Did you grow up in San Francisco, in Chinatown?

Jennie: We were born and raised there. My parents immigrated.

Frank: Same. When I was a youngster, my father, Joseph Sunn Jue, who was a motion picture producer, went to Hong Kong to start a new studio back then, and then after a year or so he sent the family back there. So if it weren't for the war with Japan, I would have probably stayed there, grew up there, in Kowloon, actually.

Jennie: But because of the war, they came back.

Frank: He was one of the pioneers who went back from here to there to open the motion picture studio and produce motion pictures. He actually became producer, director, cinematographer, and so forth, jack-of-all-trades, just to get started. He had very good financial backing because my grandfather, Jue Jun Yew, was a relatively known person in Chinatown, so he had a lot of influence in getting people to become shareholders.

Because of the war with Japan then, they started to bomb Hong Kong, so we came back in '39, just when they had the first World's Fair here. We were considered pretty lucky to have a chance to even get out of that horrible situation.

After we got back, my dad decided that he has to continue his expertise of producing motion pictures, so he started doing it in Chinatown on Ross Alley there, rented a warehouse and made a lot of 16-millimeter Chinese motion pictures. In the meantime, he had some backing from my grandfather, who was fairly well-to-do at the time, so he started the Grandview movie theater in Chinatown on Jackson Street right below Stockton. The marquee is still there, but it's an apartment building now. In fact, we lived in that building for a while after it was built.

By the time the war was over they started shipping other movies over, so I think it turned out to be the first theater in Chinatown that showed Chinese motion pictures as well as English-speaking motion pictures.

LaBounty: How did you meet?

Jennie: We were both active at St. Mary's. He was active in the Boys Club, and I was active in the Girls Club.

Frank: Our families had known each other for quite a while, but during that time we were active at St. Mary's. Then we'd see each other a bit more down in the library where we had meetings and so forth, so that's how I got attracted to her. [laughs] But our families had been friends from before. I went to Cal and got my engineering degree. It wasn't until then before we started dating.

LaBounty: Do you remember much about World War II and about what life was like during that time?

Jennie: Well, what I remember was that I was just a teenager at that time, maybe thirteen, fourteen years old, and that was when they interned the Japanese Americans. At that time I thought it was a good thing, because anytime you looked Asian then you got persecuted, so we said, "Good. If they are put away, then they'll lay off us Chinese." I didn't realize the full ramification of the whole thing. I remember my father was a bartender down at the Ferry Building, and after work one day he was chased by a group of kids calling him a Japanese name.

I think at that time everyone was very patriotic, those war bonds and save those little tin paper that you have to roll it up and try to turn it in, and then you have your food stamps and you have your shoe stamps, you're allowed so many a year. My brother was warden for the block in case of an air raid. Oh, we thought it was great fun, because those are the times that you don't have television; you have radio. You hear "The Shadow" and you have "The Green Hornet" and all that, and anytime there's a raid, you go under the covers and you listen to those radio shows and you get the biggest kick out of it because you are kids and you're not afraid. It's just a big game to you. So that was what I remember about the war.

LaBounty: Were you one of those Bobby Soxers?

Jennie: Oh, definitely. [laughs] As a matter of fact, we came out to Star of the Sea High School, the girls' school, to go to high school. We were the first Chinese to enroll.

Somehow they were having an outreach kind of a program and they gave us a big break on tuition at that time. There were four of us that came out. It was strange, because in those days we don't know too much about things outside of Chinatown. You didn't travel that much. You have the trolley cars and the buses, but very few people had cars. So you're not really exposed to a lot. It was interesting.

I think we were more shy because we were in strange surroundings, but all the girls at the school were very nice, very accepting. It's just that our own nature is more quiet. But we seem to fit in after a while. In those days you go to school, and when you get out, you get on a bus and go straight home.

Frank: I didn't know what this war was all about. I was around eight years old. We got back from China into Commodore Stockton Grammar School, eventually Francisco, then Galileo High School, then Cal. I was innocent about what the war was all about. Everyone is talking about fighting, and I just went through my school years, catching up with the other kids, because when I came back, they put me in the second grade, so I had to skip a few grades to catch up with the rest of the children my age.

[Later], I was drafted. After I graduated from Cal, I had a couple of years at Hunter's Point and then during the Korean War they gave me a couple of deferments, I think, for working for the shipyard at that time, Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard. And the third time they had to deny it, so I was drafted into the service. They were forming some sort of an engineering professional-type group in Philadelphia, in a plant there, so I was sent to Pennsylvania and spent my year and a half in the service just doing engineering work in the armory.

Jennie: Protecting the Potomac. [laughs] He came back on leave and we married.

Frank: At St. Mary's, at the chapel there where we both grew up. And I was at first hopeful that we'd get married and maybe Jennie would come back with me to Philadelphia, but then she decided that she still has her job and all that, no use going over there for a year, so we decided, "Let's have the separation. It's okay for a time being."

Jennie: I was working for the phone company. There weren't too many opportunities at that time, so I was working as a switchboard operator. It was fun.

Frank: Speaking of switchboards, Chinatown has a very unique Chinese telephone switchboard. It's amazing. You could just call onto that number. "I want to talk to so and so."

Jennie: And they'd connect you.

Frank: They knew everybody.

Jennie: They knew everybody and they knew all the businesses. It was just amazing in those days.

Frank: They all know each other. My grandmother used to call down to a certain store to deliver certain items that she wanted, and said, "While you're delivering it, while you're on your way up, go to this other store and pick me up such and such." They'd do that for her. [laughs] Only Chinatown could do that.

Jennie: In Chinatown you used to be able to order a whole banquet meal and they'll deliver it to your house on one of those flat trays they put on top of their heads. The complete meal, the bowls, the chopsticks, and everything. Then they'll come and pick it up.

LaBounty: When you moved out here, were there any Chinese restaurants out here or anyplace that you could eat out at the time?

Jennie: Not that I know of. There was Hamburger Haven. That was the mainstay, Hamburger Haven. And we had the five-and-dime, the Woolworth's, there next door, and then we used to have a drugstore, a Rexall Drugstore on the corner of 8th and Clement. What else? We used to shop at that big grocery store on 5th and Clement. They used to have a big supermarket there. Now it's a Chinese store, but it used to be a Caucasian grocery store.

Frank: On the corner.

Jennie: We went to the Coliseum Theater when we could afford it. We'd take all the kids down to Chinatown when his father had a movie that he thought was appropriate for the children. Then he'll call us and we'll take the whole gang down because we can get in for free. Star of the Sea had uniforms, which was great. We had a Sears, Roebuck at that time, on Geary at Masonic. That's where the boys got all their jeans and things like that. So that's all you need, right? And then you have hand-me-downs.

We don't have the variety of stores that we had then. You don't see big families anymore. Our kids used to be able to

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walk to school by themselves. Now people are afraid to do that. We can let them play out in the street in front of the house by themselves. Now nobody lets them play outside by themselves. But before, you have no fear, and people leave their doors unlocked.

Playland used to have the best chicken pot pie. And the Ferris wheel and all that. Can't take it anymore. Only teenagers can stand that kind of fog anyway. It was just a fun place for teenagers. Now what do teenagers do now? I don't know. [...] I think all kids go through different problems with different ages. In those days, there wasn't much going on, so there's more togetherness, there's more team kind of things, girls getting together, boys getting together. Now everyone's doing their own thing. Everyone's into computers. Everyone's just insulated, concentrate on this one thing. I mean, they have so many other things for them, whereas in those days that was the only thing going in town.

Since we grew up in Chinatown, my children claim that I grew up in a ghetto. [laughs] I said, "It may be a ghetto to you, but in those days everyone knew everyone else." You know your neighbors, your neighbors know you, and you dare not misbehave because someone's going to go back and tell your parents. You don't have that anymore because you don't know who your neighbors are, and everyone is working. Nobody's home. So I think it's a different world.

You tended to make do with what you had, whereas now everyone wants the moon and no one wants to pay the price. I mean, in order to work to get the good stuff, you have to be away from your family, and there's a price to pay for that. I'd rather do without.

The girls went to Cathedral. The boys went to St. Ignatius. Our oldest daughter would have preferred to go to Mercy or something that was a little bit more academically noted, but with boys going to S.I., we just couldn't afford it. So I think to this day she faults us for that.

Frank: "How come they can go there but I can't?"

Jennie: "How come they can go to S.I. and I can't go to Mercy or St. Rose?" But those are just the times. We had three boys first. They were already using up the money. All the kids went to college.

Frank: Lots of financial aid. [laughs]

Jennie: We got one Ph.D., I think we have three master's, three or four master's, and then the rest are degrees. They're all doing well. We're really blessed, I feel. "Study, study." But the first few set the tone for the others, so it's more or less a given. They just took it for granted that they're all going to college.

LaBounty: Can you ever imagine leaving San Francisco?

Jennie: No, I don't think so. I still like the neighborhood and it seems like the people are staying. They're kind of keeping up their places; they're modernizing it rather than moving. Can't afford it. [laughs] I like to be able to walk to places. I don't like to live in a suburb, although I like the sun. [laughs] We don't get much here.

Frank: Can't have everything.

Jennie: But you can get too much of the sun, too, because you go to places where it's nice and hot, but you don't see anybody out on the streets, right? So you can't win.

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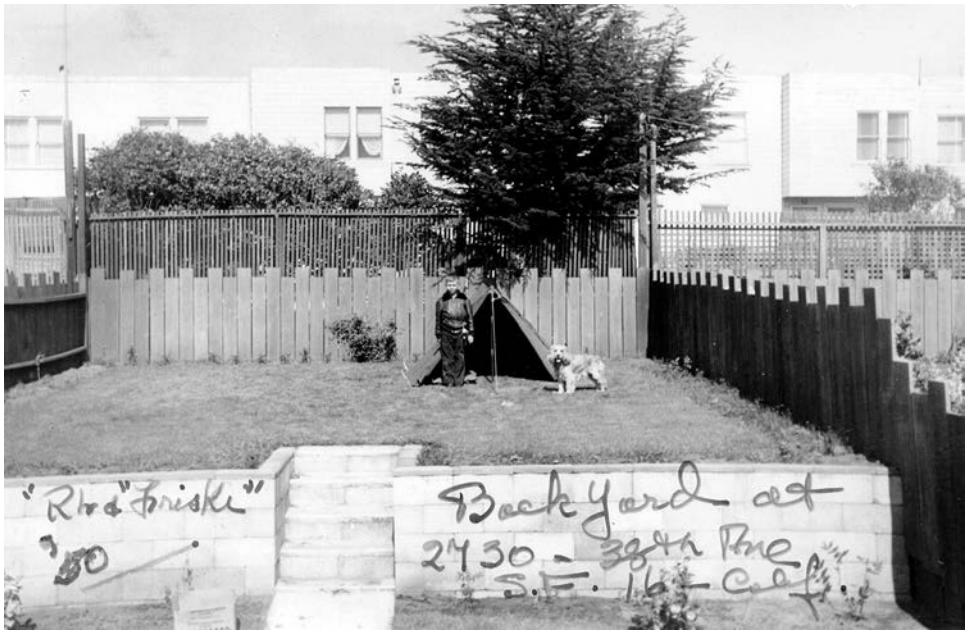

Robert Menist and "Friskie" in the back yard of 2730 38th Avenue in 1950.

When I was born we lived on Fell, on the uphill block nearest the top of the hill. My parents were concerned with the heavy traffic and the decline of the neighborhood.

One of my earliest memories was moving to 29th Avenue between Moraga and Noriega Streets when I was two and a half years old, in August 1953. We moved to one of the last new houses in that area. My father, being economy minded, rented an old Ford pickup truck to move us himself. I remember very vividly riding back and forth, especially down Lincoln, in that old truck loaded with furniture. That was my introduction to the Western Neighborhoods, where I had never been before. *—Steve*

I was born in 1951. When my Mom was in the hospital, recuperating from my birth, my Dad came by and announced that he had bought a house on 48th Avenue.

My Mom said, "Way out there?"

"Yes, but the air is so clean," replied my Dad.

At the time, my folks, my older brother and sister, were living in a flat on Clement Street and Arguello. When they raised the rent $10 a month, my Mother thought it was highway robbery, told my Father it was time to move out and buy our own house

So we moved to the foggy Sunset with sandy backyards, with six-foot fences we clambered over to get to our friends' yards. (Why they never put in gates?)

We and the neighborhood kids would have a menagerie of snakes, lizards, frogs, toads, guinea pigs, and chinchillas. Once and a while, one of them would escape into each others yards. Us and the other boys in the area would build multi-layered and underground forts in our backyards from wood we would find "lying around" construction sites down the street.

We were never allowed to go to the beach because of the dangerous undertow that would carry us into the depths. We would go anyway and catch hell because we would always come back wet halfway up to our knees. We weren't allowed to stay in the house all day, so our Mom would kick us out to play and stay out unsupervised as long as we came back when the streetlights came on, the lights with the big globe.

We lived a few blocks from Golden Gate Park and it was a great place to go during the day. There was no way we would go there at night because we thought because that's when all the killers and deranged weirdos would come out like Michael Jackson's "Thriller."

We later found that was not true at all…

—Ken Hoyer



A sandy 38th Avenue backyard, 1950s. (Courtesy of Patricia Dowden Mayer.)

Mom Moved Out of the House Today



View south across Sloat Boulevard down Meadowbrook Drive on a snow-frosted morning in 1962. (Courtesy of Richard Koch.)

by a WNP Member

Beginning in 1958, our home was at the south end of 26th Avenue. I have this vivid memory, even from 5 years old, of walking through the "Open House" with our family and the realtor. Dad commented that some stucco cracks might be attributed to the previous year's earthquake, centered in the Westlake area just a few miles south.

Across the street on Eucalyptus Drive, the very large open fields and "gully" between Lake Merced and the "Trestle" next to the Stonestown parking lot, were used as an urban-wildland playground for all.

Sigmund Stern Grove was two blocks to the north, with its lawn bowling, putting greens, horseshoe pits, Pine Lake, and kid's playground. Four nearby shopping areas—Lakeshore Plaza, Lakeside Village, Stonestown, and West Portal—provided convenience and variety.

Dad and I would often fly kites in the gully, or go fishing for carp at Pine Lake. Before the new street lights were installed on Eucalyptus, the late night fog was so thick, it made you feel that you were actually out to sea. During the clear days, you would easily see the Farallones; a reminder that you stood on the edge of the continent. I later read that the Farallones are part of a separate land mass that is moving north relative to California. A special family dinner out might be a trip to Fisherman's Wharf, where we could see Dad's commercial fishing boat from the restaurant window. Life was great!

In March 1964, in what seemed like the middle of the night, I remember hearing the single telephone that we owned ringing from its small table in the hallway. Dad answered, there was loud, urgent talking, then soon after, I heard our 1955 Ford revving off into the dark. Our lives were to be forever changed.

The 9.2 Alaska earthquake had taken place, and the resulting tsunami caused extensive damage in parts of San Francisco Bay. I later read that it was the most powerful recorded earthquake in North American history. Dad's 46-foot wood fishing boat, the *May,* capsized across the bay in Marin County, where it was temporarily berthed. The bow had gotten wedged under a dock during the extreme low tide preceding the tsunami peak. The boat, diesel engine, and electronics were essentially totaled. The insurance was only applicable to incidents "Outside the Gate," so there was no coverage, and no income for many months.

The family stress was palpable, while our feeling of security fractured. Later, Mom went back to school, and secured employment as a legal secretary way before the era of working moms. Eventually, she worked for the city and retired as a Court Clerk. A few years after the tsunami, Dad got into a union job on the tugboats and, together, Mom and Dad managed to keep our house out of foreclosure.

Well, Mom recently moved out of the house. Really, this is not a sad occasion, and it is at a good stage in our lives. I commented to the realtor that some stucco cracks might be attributed to previous years' earthquakes.

Presidio's Mr. McCarthy & The Marty Balin Band

by Tim McIntosh

My grandparents moved to the city in the early 1940s with their three youngest children. My Father had already enlisted in the Army. They bought a house on 24th Avenue and Lake Street.

Not only did my brothers and I go to Washington High School, but an uncle and two aunts. (One of my aunts spent her entire adult life living in the Sunset District.) My parents both worked at the University of San Francisco, where they met, and later got married at Star of the Sea Church.

Being in a long line of brothers, all passing through the same schools, you would think I would end up having the same teacher. Not always the case. I can only think of one teacher who endured me and my five older brothers.

Some guys will nod their heads when I say, "Print Shop at Presidio, Mr. McCarthy." I can remember walking down the shop corridor with an add slip in my hand as if it was yesterday (and it wasn't).

Stories, handed down from older brothers, of swearing, almost fights, tipped-over job cases, and apple cores being thrown at students all ran through my head.

I handed the add slip to Mr. McCarthy. He read it, looked at me, and read it again.

The first words he said to me were "Goddammit, haven't they stopped making you people yet?"

I just looked at him and said, "There is one more behind me."

Unfortunately, my younger brother did not get to go Presidio or Washington.

And I never had a problem with Mr. McCarthy.

* * *

The Mary Balin Band was playing at the Last Day Saloon on Clement Street. I snuck my tape recorder into the show and recorded the opening band (Alex Guinness and the World Records. Alex was a guitar teacher at Tree Frog Music on 26th Avenue and Geary Boulevard.)

Marty was standing near the bar chatting up a young lady about three people to my left. While they were moving the opening band's equipment off the stage through the crowd, I found myself standing right next to him. I got a chance to have a word, and asked if they were doing "Caroline" that night.

He said they had worked on it, but it wasn't ready for the public, then excused himself to get ready for his set.

The best part of the show was when Paul Kanter and Jorma Kaukonen came out and they played "It's No Secret" and "Plastic Fantastic Lover."

There was a break during Marty's set and a gentleman approached me: "Marty wants your tape."

I reached into my jacket, pulled the tape out of the recorder, and started to hand it to him.

He said, "No, finish recording the concert and send us a copy"

It was Marty's manager and he gave me a card with a South City P.O. Box.

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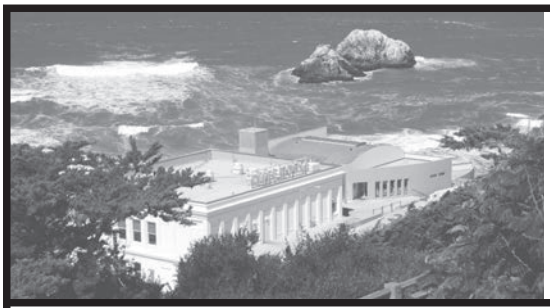

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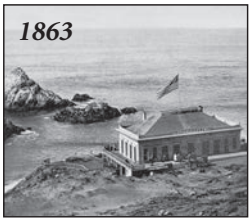



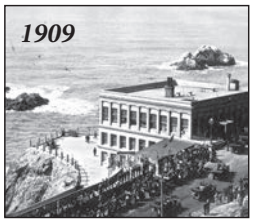

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Dan & Mary Hountalas, Cliff House Proprietors

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Historical Happenings

outsidelands.org/events.php

OpenSFHistory: Inner Sunset & Sunset Heights

November 27, 2017 (Monday) 7:00 PM–8:00 PM
1736 Ninth Avenue (between Moraga and Noriega)

Woody LaBounty will appear at the monthly meeting of the Sunset Heights Association of Responsible People (SHARP) to give an illustrated history of the Inner Sunset District over the last 100 years using images from the OpenSFHistory collection. Free to the public, but space is limited, so get there early.

Get the latest event news by following our social media channels:

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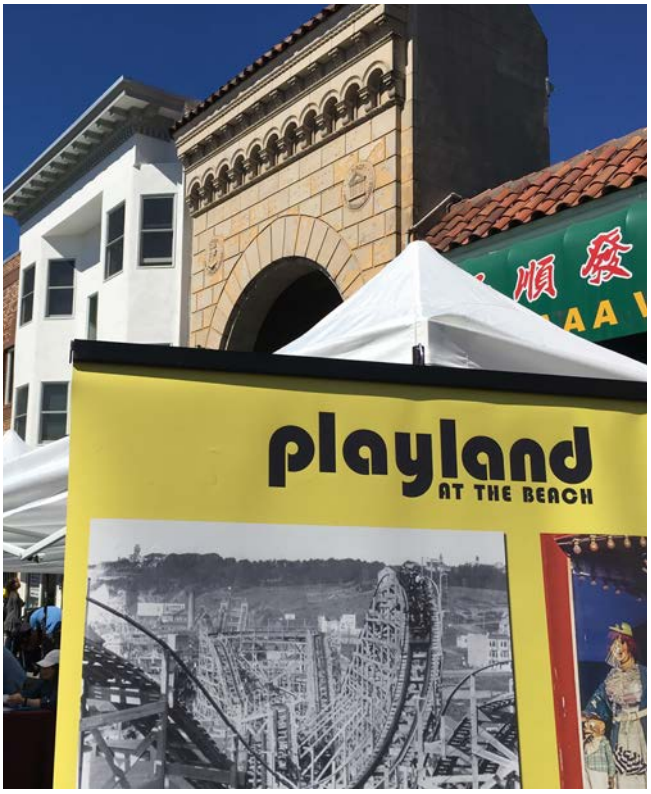
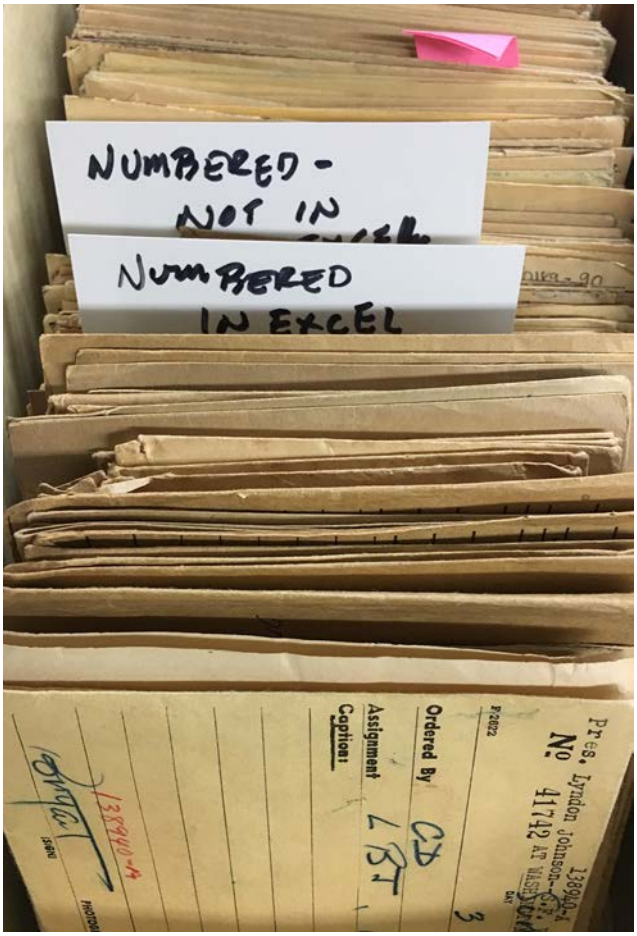


Western Neighborhoods Project booth at the Autumn Moon Festival on Clement Street, September 23, 2017.



Part of the OpenSFHistory historical image collection. Photographic media from lantern slides to stereoview cards are part of the archive.



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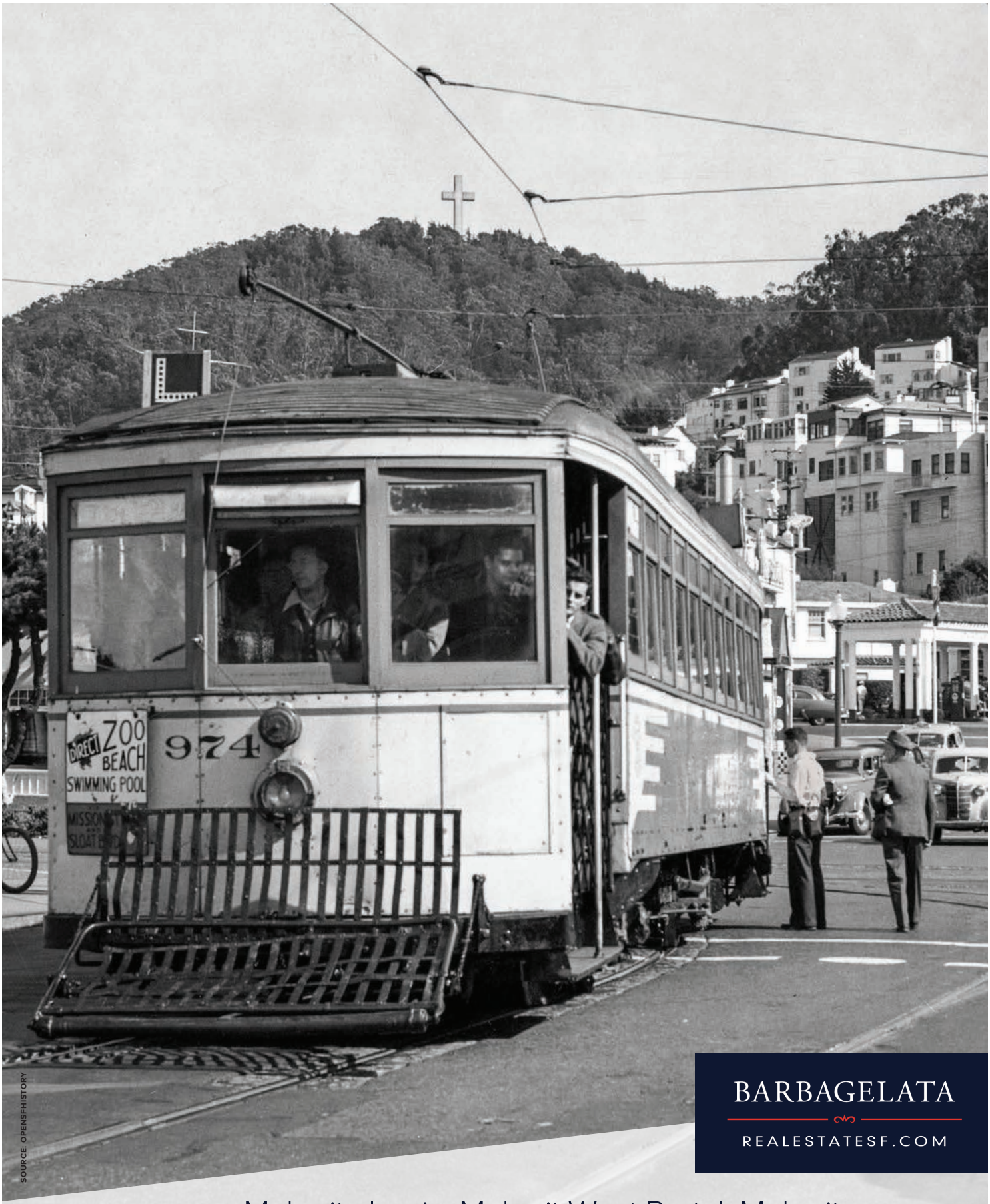

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Congratulations, Western Neighborhoods Project!

Thank you for all of your work to preserve, protect and share the history of the West Side of San Francisco.
We are proud to serve our community on the West Side and beyond.

President: Marjan Philhour, Vice Presidents: Michelle Cusano, Chet Thong, Sonny Chan
Officers: Catherine Joor, Yuka Ioroi



Thank you!

Our great appreciation to all the local businesses, community groups, agencies, and individuals for their support of West Side Stories.

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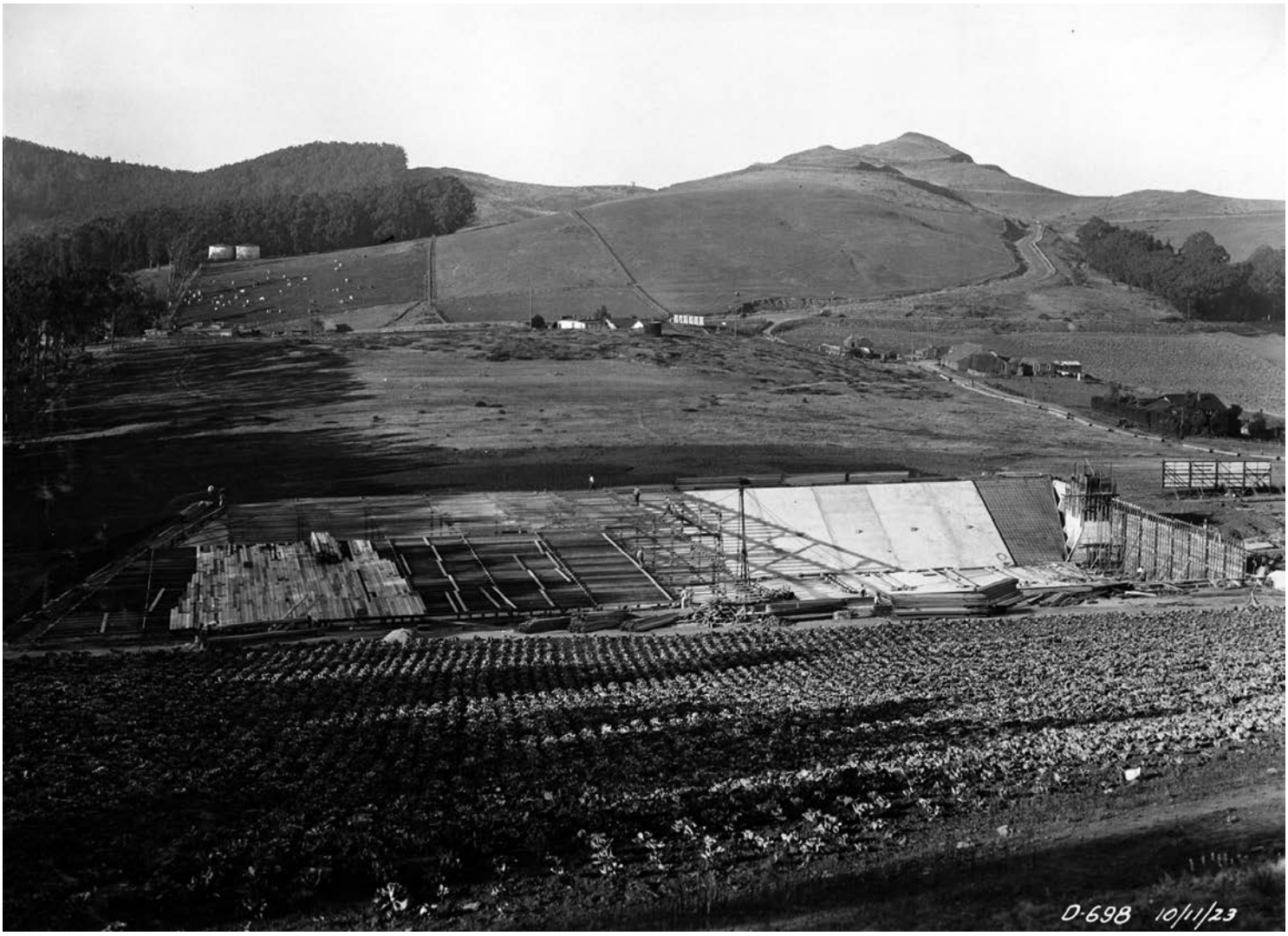

View of Stanford Heights reservoir under construction and Twin Peaks in distance, October 11, 1923. (WNP collection wnp36.10134)

The pastoral view above (cows in the upper left!) comes from a copy negative, with the original print originating from the Spring Valley Water Company, later part of the San Francisco Water Department collection.

The year is 1923 and the Stanford Heights reservoir is under construction. The photographer is standing on the north slope of Mount Davidson, in today's Miraloma Park roughly on Myra Way, facing north to Twin Peaks. The road heading downhill to Glen Canyon on the right follows the path of O'Shaughnessy Boulevard, and the one snaking up the hill is where Twin Peaks Boulevard is now. Portola Drive bisects the middle view left to right. The billboard and buildings in the center distance are where the small shopping center and Tower Market are now, and Ruth Asawa School of the Arts (the old McAteer High School) today stands just on the right edge of the photograph.

The rural feeling of this vantage point—the cows, the crops in the foreground, most of Adolph Sutro's forest on the left— would be gone by the 1950s, but the view and the Twin Peaks hilltops are still familiar.



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Outside Lands magazine is just one of the benefits of giving to Western Neighborhoods Project. Members receive special publications as well as exclusive invitations to history walks, talks, and other events. If you like what you've read, please join hundreds of other west side fans as a member. Visit our website at **outsidelands.org,** and click on the "Become a Member" link at the top of any page.