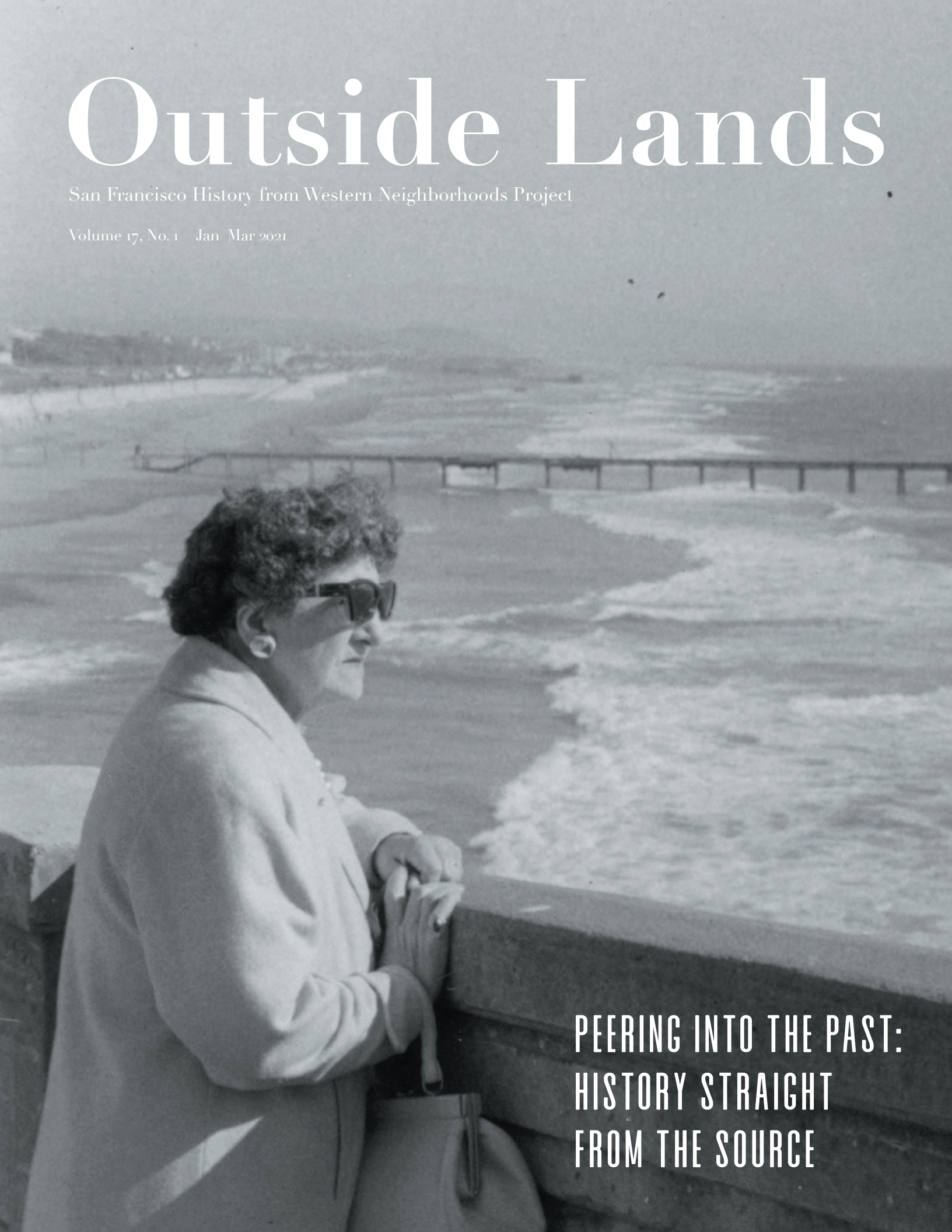
Outside Lands

San Francisco History from Western Neighborhoods Project

Volume 17, No. 1 Jan Mar 2021



PEERING INTO THE PAST: HISTORY STRAIGHT FROM THE SOURCE



Outside Lands

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

January-March 2021: Volume 17, Number 1

EDITOR: Chelsea Sellin

GRAPHIC DESIGNER: Laura Macias

CONTRIBUTORS: Nicole Meldahl, Arnold Woods, and Lydia Zaverukha.

Board of Directors 2021

Matt Nichols, President
Kyrie Whitsett, Vice President
David Chang, Secretary
Arnold Woods, Treasurer
Ed Anderson, Richard Brandi, Denise LaPointe

Staff: Nicole Meldahl

Advisory Board

Gretchen Hilyard, David Gallagher, Woody LaBounty, Michael Maire Lange, Brady Lea, Jamie O'Keefe, Nate Tico, Chelsea Sellin, and Lorri Ungaretti

Western Neighborhoods Project
1617 Balboa Street
San Francisco, CA 94121
Tel: 415/661-1000
Email: nicole@outsidelands.org
Website: www.outsidelands.org
facebook.com/outsidelands
twitter.com/outsidelandz
instagram.com/outsidelandz

Cover: View south from Cliff House toward Ocean Beach and Lurline Pier, 1962. (Courtesy of David Gallagher / wnp12.0076)

Right: Fleishhacker Pool, circa 1925. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4.1630)

© 2021 Western Neighborhoods Project. All rights reserved.

Inside

1 Director's Message

2 Where in West S.F.?

4 Lydia Zaverukha Remembers
by Lydia Zaverukha

10 OpenSFHistory: Salt Water for the Olympians
by Arnold Woods

16 Inside the Outside Lands

18 Thank You To Our 2020 Donors

22 The Last Word







DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

I ended 2020 by finishing a book called "The Presence of the Past: Popular Uses of History in American Life" by Roy Rosenzweig and David Thelen. In it, the authors sought to understand how Americans related to their past. Many of the essays were a bit out of date and overly academic; however, their findings did inspire me as we left a year I'd like to forget even though it's my job to remember.

Among other things, Rosenzweig and Thelen found that we want our history to come from museums and first-person accounts, either oral histories or stories told by family members. We trust these sources over formally trained historians and teachers because we tend to personalize the past, wanting to experience history within a context we intuitively understand. In other words, we want to approach the past on our own terms. That makes things complicated, when you think of all the different truths it puts into play, but it also makes a lot of sense. This has been our approach to history at WNP from the very beginning. For example, we're featuring Richmond District history from the perspective of another resident in ***Lydia Zaverukha Remembers***. Lydia's parents were part of the post-World War II second wave of Russian immigration to San Francisco, which did so much to mold the neighborhood we know today.

This wave of immigration reminded me of "The Presence of the Past," where references to water surface consistently. One man interviewed in the book said, "knowing the past [gave] continuity and meaning to life in the same sense that a river flows from its source to its ultimate goal." Another interviewee described the past as flooding into us. The book's most compelling reference compared history to a reservoir. Golly, that resonated with me. Just like a reservoir, the vastness and power of history can be overwhelming, but when you take history block-by-block, person-by-person, it becomes more approachable.

We literally do this in ***Thank You to Our 2020 Donors***, which lists everyone who supported us in 2020 as members of the family. Other articles take this aquatic inspiration more literally, from this quarter's ***Where in West S.F.?*** and ***The Last Word*** to one of my favorite features, **Board Member Arnold Woods's** piece, ***Salt Water for the Olympians***. He gives us the story behind Lurline Pier, an Ocean Beach oddity that confoundingly appears in many of our OpenSFHistory photographs. When harnessed, water provides power, serenity, and salvation—it gives us light, puts out fires, and makes things grow. Just like local history.

Regardless of all our work, water and history remain terrifyingly unpredictable in their power. We don't control which way the current flows, even if we've built a damn or laid a pipe from the Pacific Ocean all the way to the center of the city. We ultimately cannot live without water, and we simply wouldn't be without the past. I guess that means we just have to treat it with respect – one day, one block, and one person at a time. To me, that makes the work feel more attainable and, as always, gives me the courage to ensure WNP is here for it.

WHERE IN WEST S.F.?

There is so much to love about this photograph taken by Walter Vielbaum and shared with us by Jack Tillmany. That's the K-line streetcar #153 going east on Ocean Avenue near Ashton in December 1951. Alan Thomas, who had much to say about the N Judah line in our last issue, said: "It seems as though I rode the streetcars much more than I realized." He had to walk eight blocks from his house on 27th Avenue to 19th Avenue to take the 28 bus to Junipero Serra and Ocean, and then the "K" car to its terminal at City College. How many of you made this same trek?



K-line streetcar #153 eastbound on Ocean Avenue near Ashton, December 1951. El Rey Theatre and Zanzibar Cocktail Lounge in distance; Harvey's bar on right. (Photo by Walter Vielbaum; Jack Tillmany Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp67.0687)



Charlie waited a full 10 minutes to get the bus perfectly positioned in this shot. (Courtesy of Margaret Ostermann)

If this photo had been taken just a few months later, in May 1952, the streetcar's final destination would have been the Phelan Loop turnaround near the firehouse at Ocean and Phelan. **Joy Walsh** "loved these old rocking streetcars with seat backs that you could slide back so three or four of you could face each other and talk." She logged many hours on them, going downtown with her mom or to Ocean and Junipero Serra to attend Mercy High School.

Harry Henderson almost accurately identified the date of our photo just by the make and model of the streetcar, seen sporting "Wings livery." He also thinks that Harvey's on the right has been remodeled and is now the Pho Ha Tien Vietnamese Restaurant on Ocean Avenue. And he's right. **Margaret Ostermann** said, "I don't why the beautiful arched windows of Harvey's have been painted in, but at least the building itself is still standing and had a decent flow of people getting takeout." She must have noticed that while getting the perfect shot of our unofficial mascot, Charlie.

David Lange also got close to dating the photo correctly, off by only one year just "judging by the autos." He said this Jewett-built, B-Class streetcar would "go to the scrapper before the end of the decade," but the B-Class was "Muni's most successful—at least in terms of the numbers built, some 125 units." We should trust David's building knowledge since he also shared that #153 is passing near Franciscan Hobbies, where he spent a good part of his allowance money on plastic model airplane kits in the 60s and 70s.

Margie Whitnah was spot on, dating the photo "about 1950 since the sedan to the right side of the streetcar looks sort of like my father's 1950 Chevy." She recalls trips on this route with her mom, "who took a pottery class in the barracks which later became the site of the reservoir used for a parking lot." There's talk now of developing that parking lot site into housing. We'll see what 2021 brings.



Oh you mean these barracks, Margie? K-line streetcar #1027 in the Phelan Loop, 1953. U.S. Navy-built barracks visible on the left, used by City College of San Francisco until 1955. (Photo by John Harder; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.2021)



K-line streetcar #1018, first car through the Phelan Loop, May 18, 1952. (Photo by Robert Chamberlain; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.2459)

John Madden said the pet store across the street from the "K" is now a coffee shop, and he was hopeful that "Muni will return the streetcars to Ocean in the near future." We hope so too, John. Alan also reminded us that the El Rey, which is Spanish for The King, opened in 1931 and was built entirely in the Art Deco style. **Neil Mishalov** pointed out that the first film shown at the theatre was "The Smiling Lieutenant," starring Maurice Chevalier. In 1969, the retail wing of the theatre building became the location of the very first Gap store, but before that, Margie remembered, it was a beauty salon.

The El Rey closed in 1977 and became a church shortly thereafter. Thanks for this great shot of the closed theatre from 2017, Neil. It sounds like the theatre is just about to start another life, but only time will tell.

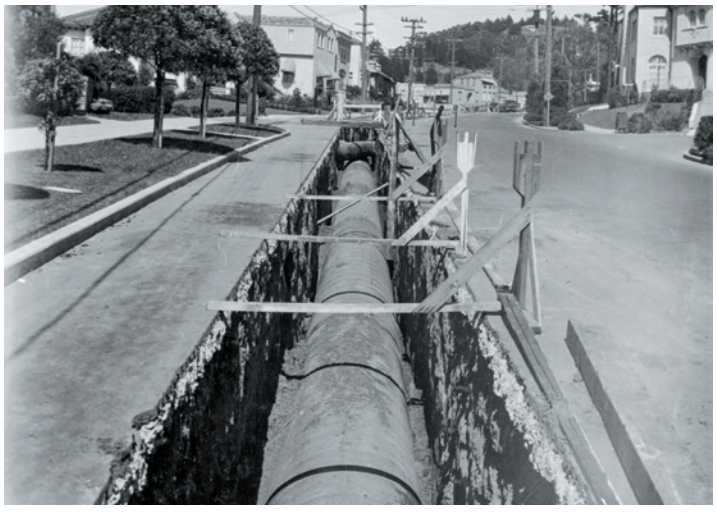
Other folks who guessed correctly are **Mark Madsen** and **Robert Cherny**. Thank you, all, for taking the time amidst your holiday season to sends us tidings of good history.



El Rey Theatre, 2017. (Courtesy of Neil Mishalov)

Now, let's see if you can tell us Where in West S.F. is this North San Andreas Pipeline?

This is a little tough, but no cheating!
Email us at nicole@outsidelands.org.





Lydia Zaverukha on the steps of the 12th Avenue and Balboa apartment building where her family lived. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

Lydia Zaverukha REMEMBERS

Our exploration of Chinese immigration to the Richmond District in partnership with the Chinese Historical Society of America piqued our interest in the Russian undercurrents that help make this western neighborhood so cosmopolitan. You can't live in the Richmond District without noticing the Russian accent of its buildings, its businesses, and the people passing by you. Just look at Geary Street, which alone boasts too many Russian markets, delis, and restaurants to list, as well as the prominent Holy Virgin Cathedral, whose golden domes are visible for miles around.

This is why we were thrilled when WNP member Olga Mandrussow introduced our Executive Director to her childhood friend, Lydia Zaverukha. Lydia's history personalizes the second wave of Russian immigration to San Francisco. (By the way, there were four separate waves.) The daughter of Russian immigrants who came to the city in the shadow of revolution and world war, this self-described "very local" girl took two degrees – one in Business and one in Russian Language and Literature – from San Francisco State University all the way back to the USSR. In the process, she found a career path, a husband, and a cathartic connection to her paternal grandmother, who also happens to be her namesake.

ORIGINS

Let's start this story on another continent. On her maternal side, Lydia's family escaped revolution in Russia, traveling through the Russian Far East to China where her mother, Katherine, was born in Beijing. The family then moved to Shanghai, where her father worked for 20th Century Fox, distributing American films throughout China, but they were soon on the move again. They came to the United States to escape revolution for the second time, landing on Ellis Island only to be told that the Russian quota had been reached; they were diverted to Cuba, where they lived for six months. Lydia recalled pictures of her mother in a swimming suit and likened the experienced to "some-



Lydia Zaverukha on the swings at Mothers Meadow, Golden Gate Park. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)



Lydia Zaverukha at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

thing of a vacation." Finally, they arrived in New York and took a Greyhound bus across the country to San Francisco in 1949.

Lydia's father, Boris, was born in Moscow, but his mother (also named Lydia) sought refuge from World War II in Ukraine. It was here that they were "plucked off the street…[and] put into separate train cars, packed like cattle, and sent to Germany" where Boris became an underage civilian prisoner of the Nazis in a forced labor camp. He was liberated by American troops at the end of the war but stayed in Stuttgart, Germany for several years, until he found a sponsor in the United States and arrived in San Francisco around 1952.

Katherine and Boris met at a Saturday night dance at the Russian Center of San Francisco, located at 2450 Sutter Street – its second home since its founding by Russian immigrants in 1939. Lydia remembered, "Less television, more socializing, lots of vodka. So they met. They married in 1955 and I was born in 1960." At that time, the family lived in an apartment building at 12th Avenue and Balboa, but the birth of Lydia's younger sister, Tanya, meant the family needed more room. They moved to a home in the Sunset District where Lydia still lives today.

GROWING UP SAN FRANCISCAN

This was a time when "there were a lot more Russians" in the Richmond, she remembered. "There's a lot of Russians there now, but there seemed even more Russians in that neighborhood when I was growing up." Since her mother didn't drive, they stayed close to home and two things that stand out for Lydia are "Golden Gate Park and food from when I was really little." She remembers the swings in Mothers Meadow, trips to the zoo, and of course, delis and bakeries like The Tiptoe Inn on Geary and Cinderella Bakery on Balboa Street. "Delicious food, I love it to this day. I remember going in there after church on Sundays because I loved to eat. My whole family loved to eat. They had just great baked goods that I remember to this day." She also recalled Miniature Bakery on Geary, and now frequents the Europa Express on La Playa, a Russian grocery store.

Lydia's family attended church on 22nd Avenue near Balboa in an Edwardian home purchased by a priest, Father Upshinsky, who "decided to make his own church…he converted the living room into the actual church space, and then the dining room that came behind that was the altar, and then they had a kitchen and dining room that he and his wife used." She also attended "Russian classes in a big room in their garage." Sometimes, the family also attended services at Holy Virgin Cathedral on Geary and 27th Avenue, where she and her sister would later marry.

Lydia attended Argonne Elementary School, but switched to Jefferson Elementary School when the family moved across the park. It was the 1960s, there were "issues with Kennedy and Khrushchev and all that" on the coattails of the Cold War, and, as the daughter of Russian immigrants, she "would get called communist or something like that…but it didn't scar me for life." She walked to and from school by herself on Irving Street and remembered a "discussion of putting the key to the house around my neck on a string. Sometimes I had it on, sometimes I didn't. In the end, I never wore it again because it was so much safer at the time, my parents left the door unlocked…the front door only started getting locked when I went to Hoover Junior High School" in 1972.

While Lydia attended Hoover, the priest

at 22nd and Balboa passed away and she began attending private lessons "in a small Russian school that an older couple, the Yastreboffs, ran on 17th off of Clement." She recalled, "I always enjoyed my Russian culture. It brought a lot of richness to my life, it gave a lot of depth to my own personal experience of growing up. The Russian Orthodox faith…ended up being important to me, especially because the holidays were carrying on cultural traditions that my parents had observed, and they were really intent on maintaining that. The whole Russian immigrant community was very intent on preserving a lot of tradition."

Lydia remembered lots of parties at their Sunset district home, in the family's dining room. "Russians get together for dinners, and then they sing. Typically towards the end of the meal…I don't know where my parents got the energy from but, you know, any immigrant community loves to get together. They were displaced persons, so there was a lot of nostalgia there."

Easter was a major holiday. "You would always go to midnight mass on Easter, and then because you had observed Lent for seven weeks before Easter, you would come home after church at two o'clock in the morning and you would have a big party and eat everything you hadn't eaten for the last seven weeks. Plus, special Easter cake, and this other thing I called crustless cheesecake. So, the desserts were decadent, and of course, lots of vodka." On the actual day of Easter, "you would basically have an open house," a tradition that tracks back to "olden times…[when] the women would stay home and the men would go and visit all of their friends." Lydia thought her Mom's friends would "take turns, a couple of houses would be open," and there would be "a big table laid out with all kinds of wonderful food and people would receive guests all day…when people come into the home, you greet each other in Russian and say 'Христос Воскресе' (Christ is risen). Then the other person would answer, 'Воистину Воскресе' (Truly, he has risen). Then you kiss each other three times, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost… That's how it was established way back when, no telephones, to spread the word that Christ was resurrected, and it continued to be a tradition and it is still practiced to this day."

"I always enjoyed my *Russian culture*. It brought a lot of richness to my life, it gave a lot of depth to my own personal experience of growing up."



Lydia Zaverukha with her sister, Tanya, her mother, Katherine, and her maternal grandparents, on Balboa Street. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

The 1960s and 1970s were times of immense cultural shift in San Francisco. Lydia was young, but aware of the Haight Ashbury scene, particularly when her parents attended a party where everyone dressed up as hippies. When asked if her parents were liberal or conservative, she said: "Immigrants tend to be more conservative. They've gone through a lot, they get to this country and they're very intent on the security and order, away from upheaval." But they weren't registered conservatives and her mother was "pretty liberal and extremely accepting of all kinds of people. I remember that distinctly about her."

Nationally significant events stuck with Lydia, like when President Richard Nixon resigned and when, at the age of 13, abortion was legalized. She also remembered trips to, "ha-ha-ha, Russian River for vacation" at the home of her father's best friend, her godfather. Her godfather's daughter, Olga, was about 10 years older. One night, Olga "was taking care of me…her friend came over and said, 'We're invited to a party.' Olga said, 'Lydia, we're invited to a party. We can take you if you want to come.' And here I am, a little kid going, 'Yeah, I wanna come!'…I don't know what she told my parents, because they would have never let me go. We went down to the river, and there was a campfire, and it turns out it was a Hell's Angels party. All I remember is a man with no teeth, very friendly. The girls went off and I sat by the fire and he was cooking a fish."

FINDING HER FOOTING

A "very local girl," Lydia attended City College of San Francisco after graduating from Lowell High School. "All my friends, the people that I had the most fun with, everybody that was partying, they went to City College, so that's where I went…I really wanted to branch out and just have fun, I was not that serious about school. In fact, I had gotten into Cal and I refused to go there. That broke my parents' heart…Then I transferred to San Francisco State—again, very local."

Lydia graduated in December 1983 with a dual degree in Russian Language and Literature and Business, with a focus on Information Systems. "At that time, Silicon Valley was just starting to blossom…and I thought, 'I'm gonna get a job at Hewlett Packard (HP),' HP was big." Instead, she followed in the "very local" footsteps of her parents, who worked for PG&E and at the Parnassus Campus of the University of California, San Francisco. "I don't want to call it nepotism...I would say it's more from the immigrant mentality, where you just want to create security and, you know, set safety for your family…My first job out of school was at PG&E. I worked as a programmer analyst for a year and I realized I hated that work," she said with a laugh. "It wasn't enough socializing for me. So I quit that job and I ended up getting a job as an office manager at UC Med Center for six years, maybe seven, until I finally figured out I was going nowhere in life…I wasn't as goal driven at the time…I didn't have a medical background, I wasn't a scientist, and an illustrious institution like that is built for the excellence of scientists and medial professionals. If you're in a support role, I always felt like you couldn't quite come to be who you needed to be. I needed to be somewhere I could blossom and flourish. And a friend who worked at UC, who was also of Russian ancestry, said, 'Hey, there's a job! But it's going to be in the Soviet Union.'"

Things were changing in Russia at this time, between 1985 and 1990. "I remember my father would show me articles: 'Look what's going on over there! Look what Gorbachev is doing!' I think he was concerned that I wasn't very focused on what to do with my life." The United States and Russia were participating in an exchange, sending traveling exhibitions between the two countries on alternating years. "I remember, in the 70s, I went to something in San Francisco at the Masonic Auditorium down on California called *USSR Photo '70*. It was basically a display of photographs of life in the Soviet Union. I remember being fascinated by it…I put in an application for something called an exhibit guide with the United States Information Agency, that has since been absorbed by the State Department."

Lydia got the job and, as a diplomatic representative, "had to do this big old security clearance, and they interviewed all my neighbors and I ended up going to the Soviet Union in 1990, just one month after my father passed…I was there from 1990 through almost the end of 1991 on this job, that was probably the greatest job I've ever had in my life."

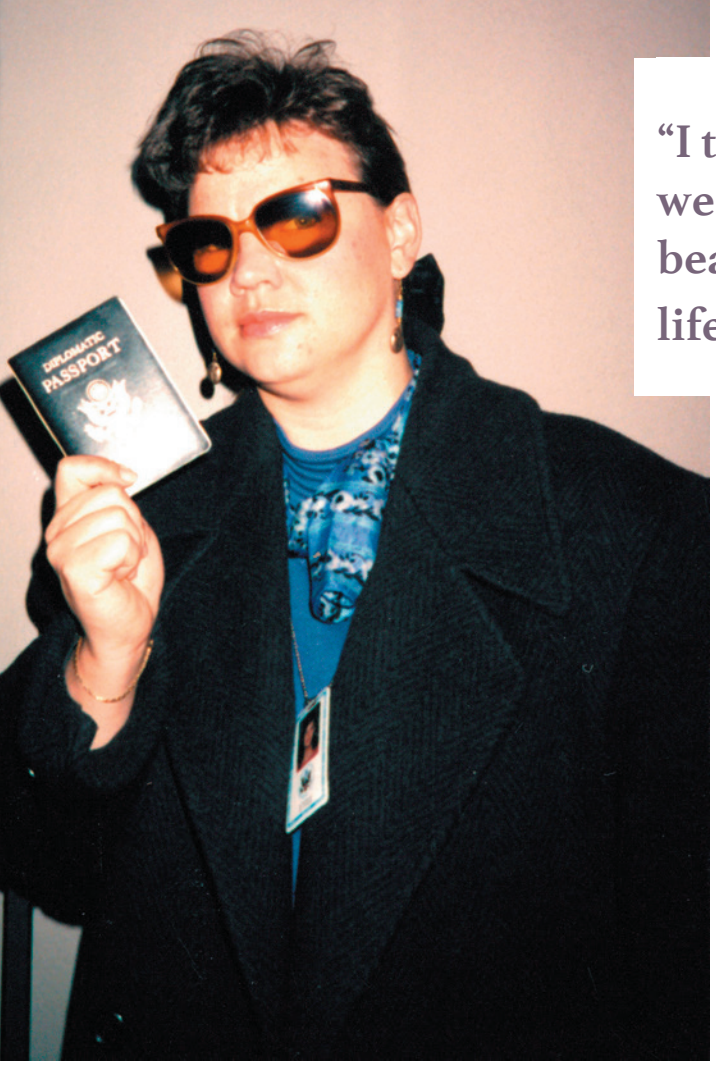


Lydia Zaverukha and her father, Boris, at her graduation from San Francisco State. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

BACK IN THE USSR

"I remember arriving in Moscow. I'd only been in Russia one time before, in 1982…pretty early to go to the Soviet Union, Brezhnev was still president…You would go to different cities in the Soviet Union, in different republics, and you would stay there for two months at a time. So, I saw places that Americans had rarely been to—Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Tbilisi in Georgia (that wasn't with work, that was a vacation)…The name of the exhibit that I was staffing was *Design USA*, basically what was the state of art in the United States showing graphic design, a lot of industrial consumer design items. The dust buster blew them away at the time. And you ended up like a minor celebrity. I would sign autographs because so many people hadn't been exposed to Americans yet. I was in newspaper articles, on TV talk shows, and there was a special fascination because I spoke Russian so well. That changed my life for the next 10 years, going from office manager to a diplomatic representative finally got me on a trajectory I could believe in."

Experiencing this just after losing her father made the trip all-the-more fulfilling for Lydia. When Boris was forcibly separated from his mother during World War II, they were sent to "different labor camps and didn't have any idea what happened to one another for the next 27 years. He got to the United States and that was very hard times. The communist state was very strong, the Cold War was ever present – he feared he would be tracked down so changed his last name. One of his friend's mother managed to come to the United States for a visit, which was unheard of then in the late '60s, early '70s. She was a Communist Party member, so they got extra privileges. I didn't understand that at the time and I'm not sure my father even told me. My father hated communists, they had ruined Russia…My father told this woman his life story and she basically said, 'When I go back, I'm going



Lydia Zaverukha pretending to be a spy with her diplomatic passport in 1990. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

> "I think it's very blessed that I grew up in the western neighborhoods because it has been beautiful, and quiet, and calm most of my life. *I just feel really lucky*."

to find your mother for you.' She lived in Leningrad – St. Petersburg now…she went to Moscow and tracked down my father's mother and his older brother, Nikolai. And I remember, when he got the first letter from his mother, they asked each other questions that only family members would know because, you know, you wanted to be sure. I don't think I'd ever seen my father cry before and he was reading this letter and he cried like a little baby." After that they corresponded through censored letters and were able to talk by phone periodically. Boris asked the Soviet government repeatedly for permission for her to visit; finally, his mother came to the United States for nine months in 1976, and his brother was able to make the trip as well in the late 1980s.

When her grandmother got to San Francisco, Lydia recalled, "Oh did we sightsee! And the very interesting thing about having someone here from Communist Russia was…they had places that were for show. So, you might live in squalor at the time in Russia but if you're a visitor, they only show you the best things. So my father took her to, I think it was Safeway on Noriega Street and she goes, 'I don't' believe you have other stores like this'…he ended up taking her to five different grocery stores so she finally believed him that most of our grocery stores were like that. She couldn't believe it. But the thing I remember most is my father and my grandmother sitting in our living room into the wee hours of the morning, talking and talking and talking."

After Gorbachev came to power, Lydia's father had been planning a trip to Russia. "That never came to be because he passed, but the fact is—it was amazing that he was able to reunite." Similarly, it was amazing Lydia was able to visit and reminisce with her grandmother so soon after she lost her father, in the county of his birth. They were able to hold "kind of our own little wake…It was a soulful, incredible experience."

RUSSIA, ROUND TWO

Lydia returned home at the end of 1991 and Gorbachev was overthrown in 1992, when Boris Yeltsin rose to power. She returned to Russia that year with Catholic Relief Services, funded under a grant from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which was responding to food insecurity triggered by the fall of the government and, later, hyperinflation. As a project manager, Lydia oversaw the distribution of food in the Russian Far East and worked in Khabarovsk, where she met her husband in 1993. When she returned to San Francisco in 1994, he followed and she jokes: "I imported him" on a fiancé visa. The two were married within 90 days, as required by a fiancé visa, and had a church wedding two years later.

When she came home, Lydia said she did "what any good American would do: I got a job with the Gorbachev Foundation!" The nonprofit foundation, "basically a white-collar think tank…looking at policy in the future and big ideas," was located in the Presidio of San Francisco. It was also the umbrella organization for the International Foreign Policy Association and the State of the World Forum, which was "a five-day spectacular event that would take place at the Fairmount Hotel each year, with all kinds of international business leaders and former politicians." In this role, Lydia met George H.W. Bush and his wife Barbara, Margaret Thatcher, Kofi Anon and his wife, Jane Goodall, Ted Turner and Jane Fonda, Shirley MacLaine, Steven Segal, and, of course, Gorbachev and his wife, for whom she was an escort interpreter. She remembered, "They were all in the green room at one time. It was very funny: Gorbachev actually made a joke to his wife that I overheard. He goes, 'Look at all the people in this room! Hope a bomb doesn't go off!'"



Lydia Zaverukha and her husband visiting Moscow. (Courtesy of Lydia Zaverukha)

When Lydia left that job, she and her husband traveled through Europe and Russia for six months, returning in 1999. For a short time, she worked for another nonprofit in the Presidio called the Center for Citizens Initiatives, which focused on developing democratic ideas and institutions in Russia, until she received an offer from the San Francisco Recreation and Parks Department that she "couldn't refuse…I've been in the department for 20 years and I love this job" as an asset manager.

Lydia and her husband still live in the Sunset home her parents purchased in the 1960s. They've made some changes but "there are things in the yard that my father planted, that we still care for. There's a huge avocado tree that my mother planted so it's sweet to live here, really sweet!" When asked to compare the Russian community of her childhood with today, she said it's still strong but "not as strong because my generation has assimilated so much. And the concentration of Russians in the city, the makeup has changed. The '70s brought the third wave with a lot of Russian Jews escaping persecution…The third and fourth wave immigrants make up more of the community now than my generation, the children of the second wave, because…people have not stayed in the city as much. But I'm involved in the Russian community. I've volunteered with the Russian Center where my parents met, almost every year for the last 30 years at the annual Russian Festival in February. I'm a board member for an organization called Russian American Community Services on Anza right off of Masonic. It's basically a meal program for seniors and other needy Russian-speaking residents of San Francisco but, in fact, the ethnicity has expanded to include Asian, Latino…it's considered an ethnic food program funded primarily by City Hall."

Lydia's family history and deep connection to her community also produced a book, *Russian San Francisco*, published in December 2009. The cover features a photo of her mother wearing a traditional Russian costume on the steps of City Hall, surrounded by friends dressed in similar outfits and others representing different cultures in San Francisco in 1952. Their formal attire marked the Queen of the Netherland's tour of the United States in appreciation of the role Americans played in World War II. This image inspired Lydia to reach out to her childhood friend, historian Nina Bogdan, about writing a book. A couple months later, Nina called and said, "Listen, I got an email from the publishing company." The rest, as they say, is history.

As we brought our interview to a close, I asked Lydia if there was anything else she'd like to add to her story. She said, "I thank God over and over again that my parents came to the United States and came to San Francisco. I think it's very blessed that I grew up in the western neighborhoods because it has been beautiful, and quiet, and calm most of my life. I just feel really lucky."

OpenSFHistory:

SALT WATER FOR THE OLYMPIANS

By Arnold Woods



View southerly from Ocean Beach near Balboa toward Lurline Pier, circa 1895. (Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.02522)

San Francisco is surrounded on three sides by salt water. Despite pushback from freshwater rivers feeding into the San Francisco Bay, the Pacific Ocean waters flow in through the Golden Gate, creating a saltwater estuary. So when some influential people had need of salt water in downtown San Francisco, you might think they would tap the adjacent bay for their supply. Instead, they constructed a pipeline from the ocean to get their salt water. Why build a cross-city pipeline when the bay was so much closer? As it turns out, these influential people wanted a purer source.

The story of how a pipeline from the Pacific Ocean was built begins at a downtown athletic club. The San Francisco Olympic Club was established on May 6, 1860, the first athletic club in the United States. 23 charter members, who had been holding informal training sessions in the backyard of Arthur and Charles Nahl, founded the club. G. W. Bell was elected the first president and notable early members included author Mark Twain, champion boxer James "Sunny Jim" Corbett, and local tycoons like William Randolph Hearst, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and James G. Fair.

For the next 30 years, the Olympic Club had no permanent place for members to train. They rented out a succession of halls to hold workouts and conduct meetings. Yet, membership grew quickly, rising to 700 active members in 1881. While there was frequently discussion of building a facility that could handle their needs, it was not until 1888 that the directors were authorized to issue bonds for the purchase and construction of a home of their own.

After some delay, the bonds sold out in 1891; the club used the money to acquire land on Post Street between Mason and Taylor. On October 17, 1891, the cornerstone of a new permanent home was laid and construction begun. Nearly 1,000 club members turned out for the groundbreaking ceremony, as well as city officials and other local luminaries. In all, there was a throng of more than 4,000 people. After the crowd was treated to tunes from a large band, U.S. Army Captain Woodruff spoke, stating "we have met here today to found a temple to the physical education of man, the paragon of animals."[1] A procession of speakers and music followed.

The Olympic Club building was designed by Henry Schulze, who later became known as the architect behind the Folger's Coffee building at 101 Howard Street, which was designated a national historic landmark. The Olympic Club's new facilities officially opened on January 2, 1893. As with the cornerstone laying, it opened with a big ceremony. 5,000 people crowded into the gymnasium for a concert and over 10,000 showed up that day to check out the club's new premises. The festive celebration turned somber, however, when Park Commissioner Joe Austin went "promenading" down a dark hallway and took a tumble over a stair he did not see, fracturing a kneecap.

The new Olympic Club featured a natatorium (indoor swimming pool), for "bathing purposes." Therefore, shortly after construction began on their building, the club sought permission to build a pumping station near Ocean Beach to pump salt water from the ocean to their clubhouse through a system of pipes. They wanted salt water from the ocean instead of the bay because bay water was a dumping ground for sewage and thus deemed too filthy for use.

The route for this pipe system was to begin near Point Lobos, where a pumping station would pump the water to a large reservoir in the Laurel Heights area. From there, gravity would take it downhill to the Olympic Club facility on Post Street. The pipeline would continue from there to the bay. The club planned to sell water to other companies along the route and allow the fire department to attach its mains as necessary for firefighting. The Board of Supervisors approved the Olympic Club's petition for a saltwater franchise on February 1, 1892 by a narrow seven to five vote.

As construction progressed on their Post Street clubhouse, the Olympic Club formed a new company to build, operate, and manage the water pipeline project. The Olympic Salt Water Company was incorporated on May 21, 1892. John D. Spreckels and his brother, Adolph Spreckels, were named President and Treasurer, respectively, of the new company. They raised $350,000 by selling 35,000 shares of stock in the Olympic Salt Water Company at $10 per share. Most of the stock was sold to members of the Olympic Club.





In November 1892, construction began with the laying of pipes along Post Street from the new building site to Van Ness Avenue. The start of construction was delayed by the wait for imported wax from Asia that was used to coat the pipes. Although the Olympic Club had previously received permission from the city to build the pipe system, it sought to transfer this municipal utility franchise to the Olympic Salt Water Company, which it finally received on December 19, 1892. As part of the agreement to assign the Olympic Club's saltwater franchise to the Olympic Salt Water Company, the company agreed to supply the club with 200,000 gallons of fresh salt water each day.

The Olympic Salt Water Company next sought approval for its planned pump station and reservoir near the ocean. At the initial Streets Committee discussion of these plans, stiff opposition arose from none other than Adolph Sutro, the real estate magnate. Sutro complained that the pump station would mar the beauty of the Sutro Heights area and that the Olympic Salt Water Company was after a monopoly to fatten their wallets. The company replied that Sutro was retaliating against them for not purchasing property from him for their enterprise. Nonetheless, the company altered their plans by moving the pumping station further away from the beach. Sutro still objected, both to the new location and to a proposed wharf for the pipeline that would be used for ocean excursions and thus ruin the beach's natural beauty. Finally, the two sides reached an arrangement on February 9, 1893 before the Streets Committee, when the company agreed to move the pump house 1,000 feet south of Sutro Heights. Sutro then declared that he was a friend of the Olympic Club and withdrew his objections.

In May 1893, the Olympic Salt Water Company contracted with the firm of Ransome & Cushing to build the pumping station at a cost of $10,300. A civil engineer named D. Ernest Melliss designed a station capable of moving three million gallons of water every day to the system's reservoir. Those three million gallons would cascade through the pipes, providing water to baths, tanks, and private residences, with the amounts not used dumped into the bay. The idea was to flush water through the system continually, to prevent blockages. Melliss also drew plans for the construction of another bathhouse on Larkin Street at Bush Street. Unlike the Olympic Club, open only to members and their guests, the new bathhouse would be open to the public.

The Olympic Salt Water Company's difficulties with Sutro were not over yet. On June 13, 1893, Sutro sought an injunction against the company, restraining it from laying pipes in a certain manner along B (later Balboa) Street between 48th and 49th (later La Playa) Avenues. Sutro claimed that the pipes would affect the street grading and thus lower the values of his properties on both sides of the street. However, Sutro failed to appear in court; his suit was dismissed and the pipe work continued.





The final piece to the pipeline puzzle was a pier to protect the pipes that ran from the ocean to the pump house. Sutro again injected himself into this development, complaining in October 1893 that the pier's initial construction was neither high nor low enough for vehicles to go under or over it. City Engineer C. E. Grunsky looked into the complaint and found the pier to be unsightly, but concluded that it only blocked a small portion of the northern end of Ocean Beach, was at a good height for inspections, and noted that it was a little late to be lodging a complaint. In an attempt to satisfy the objection, the Olympic Salt Water Company promised to take whatever action was necessary to provide vehicles with access to the north end of the beach. The pier extended 650 feet into the ocean and became known alternatively as either the Lurline Pier or the Olympic Pier.

By January 1894, the pipeline construction was completed. All that remained was the connection from the pipeline main to the Olympic Club and testing of the system. Since the club had opened the previous January, members had been swimming in fresh water in its swimming pool. The Olympic Club's swimming instructor noted that freshwater swimming was a novelty, but that salt water developed better swimmers, a notion that may not receive as much support today. The engines at the pump station began operation on April 17, 1894 and a reservoir for the pipe system on Point Lobos Avenue was completed shortly thereafter.

Late at night on April 23, 1894, the pool at the Olympic Club was finally filled with salt water from the ocean via the pipeline. The following day, club members began to take advantage of the saltwater pool. It happened to be ladies day at the Olympic Club, so "an unusual number of the fair sex enjoyed a dip in the salt water"[2] as the Chronicle reported. At a reception that evening, the club's hierarchy made a number of speeches, followed by a water polo match involving the club's team.

Left-to-Right:
Olympic Club, circa 1930s. (Photo by Morton-Waters Co.; SCRAP Print Collection, Courtesy of SCRAP / wnp100.20029)

Telephoto view of Lurline Pier and saltwater pipeline, with a trespassing fisherman sitting on top, circa 1958. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp28.3628)

Lurline Pier pipeline going underground at Ocean Beach near Balboa; view north towards Seal Rocks and Third Cliff House, circa 1925. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4/wnp4.0650)

A month later, the public bathhouse at Larkin and Bush Streets, owned by the Olympic Salt Water Company, opened. The building looked like a Greek temple with columns around its exterior. It was called the Lurline Salt Water Baths, or just the Lurline Baths. It featured a 150-foot by 70-foot swimming pool, ladies' and gentlemen's lounging areas, a restaurant, numerous individual dressing rooms, and 49 tub baths. Perhaps the highlight was a slide, more or less akin to a playground slide, into the pool. The opening ceremony on May 26, 1894 featured swimming and diving exhibitions, a water polo match, and even a boxing match on a float in the middle of the pool. During the sparring, the boxers turned on the referee and threw him into the water to uproarious applause. The Lurline Baths opened to the public the next day. Thomas Edison made the Lurline Baths and its slide famous by filming it in August 1897.

Shortly after saltwater service at the Olympic Club began, the directors decided to cash in on its popularity by assessing a 25-cent charge to members who wished to luxuriate in a tub of warm salt water. Members vociferously objected and began a boycott of the saltwater baths, going back to bathing in tubs of fresh water. The Olympic Club directors folded on June 7, 1894 and removed the charge for saltwater soaks.

While the interests of the Olympic Club and the Olympic Salt Water Company seemingly aligned, the club suspected something was afoot when the company suddenly offered up free hot water in August 1894. The company claimed that an agreement with the Sutter Street Cable Company to provide salt water for steam-producing purposes would result in excess hot water that it planned to provide to their Lurline Baths and wished to provide to the club. The company pointed out that this would save the club the expense of heating salt water for tubs. The club suspected this offer was too good to be true, and when the company began to replace six-inch intake pipes with two-inch pipes—claiming the larger pipes took too much pressure from the Sutter Street Cable Company's powerhouse and smaller pipes were necessary for safety purposes—the club cried foul. The club saw this arrangement as a way for the company to reduce the contracted amount of salt water to be delivered to the club and feared it would take longer to fill the pool. However, when the club tested how long it would take to fill the pool, it found it could be done within three hours, and the hot water being provided by the company would make the club's planned heating condenser unnecessary.

In August 1894, the Olympic Salt Water Company purchased property on Folsom Street between 4th and 5th Streets on which to build another bathhouse. They also bought the property adjoining the Lurline Baths, so they could put in steam and massage baths and additional water tanks. These extra tanks allowed them to fill the pools much more quickly. The company had many other customers as well, including other bathhouses, hotels, clubs, and later, the Steinhart Aquarium. Saltwater baths became very popular at the time, perhaps because of a belief that they were a cure for hangovers.

The 1906 earthquake destroyed or heavily damaged the Olympic Club and the Lurline Baths. Both had to move to temporary locations while they rebuilt their original loca-



Lurline Baths on northwest corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, circa 1920s. (Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.10094)



Playland at the Beach: view east from esplanade towards Tumblebug ride and Lurline Pumping Station, circa 1925. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4/wnp4.0976)



Collapsed street on 47th Avenue between Anza and Balboa on March 19, 1930. (Photo by Horace Chaffee, SF Department of Public Works brown book A2488; Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp36.04514)

tions. The new Lurline Baths building was completed and opened in January 1910. With a then-popular "Chutes" fad in San Francisco, the new Lurline Baths featured two chutes that ringed their pool, one dedicated to women and children. The Olympic Club opened its new clubhouse on June 15, 1912 with a huge banquet.

During the 1920s, the saltwater bath fad declined. Medical journals advocated for sterilized fresh water to protect the public health. Prohibition meant less drinking and therefore less hangovers to cure. However, the nail in the coffin was a combination of the Great Depression, salt water's propensity to erode pipes, and insufficient maintenance of the pipeline.

On March 18, 1930, the Olympic Salt Water Company's pipes on 47th Avenue burst. The resulting flood of water caused a huge sinkhole in the street and damaged freshwater pipes, and gas, electric, and telephone lines. The escaping gas caused a home at 660 47th Avenue to explode. Fortunately, rescuers were able to evacuate an invalid woman, Barbara Gerdes, from the house just in time, but Barbara, her husband, three firefighters, and a bystander were all injured. It took two hours for workers to stop the flow of water from the burst pipe.

No longer profitable, the Lurline Baths closed in March 1936. The building was later razed. Without their own bathhouse, the Spreckels brothers, the biggest stockholders in the Olympic Salt Water Company, sold the company to the Olympic Club. As saltwater clientele dwindled, the Olympic Club did little to make the saltwater pipeline system profitable. They maintained it with a staff of two at a small financial loss primarily to keep themselves supplied with salt water. By 1955, there were only five other clients of the pipeline: the Steinhart Aquarium, the diving bell concession at Playland, two other small bathhouses and, occasionally, the San Francisco Fire Department.

With the declining demand for salt water and the pipeline system falling into disrepair, San Francisco and the Olympic Club mutually agreed to abandon the system in the mid-1960s. The Olympic Club, one of the last saltwater holdouts, had by then converted to chlorinated freshwater pools, where Olympians continue to swim today. In March 1967, the Lurline Pier, already damaged by the sea and a boat crashing into it a few years previous, was torn down. The remainder of the pump station was demolished with Playland in 1972. With that, the era of pumping salt water from the ocean into San Francisco was finished.

1. "Olympic Club Day," *San Francisco Chronicle*, October 18, 1891.

2. "Happy Olympians," *San Francisco Chronicle*, April 25, 1894.



Inside the Outside Lands

Sometimes, doing nonprofit history work in San Francisco feels like diving into the deep end of a bottomless pool.

As this magazine goes to print, we're feverishly sorting through applications submitted by those of you who want to join our Board of Directors. Many more of you responded to our open call with offers to volunteer. In addition, our Winter Appeal at the end of last year asked you all to meet a matching grant from a generous Sunset District family, so we can equitably pay a qualified student intern this summer. This was a stretch for us but it's thrilling to announce that we reached our goal and will be advertising for this internship in the spring. It's the first time we've held an open call for board members, the first time we've been able to pay a student intern, and the first time in months that we're smiling ear to ear. Thank you, everyone. You can't believe how amazing it feels to start 2021 with all this good energy.

The more people we have involved in Western Neighborhoods Project, the more fun we have with it! That's why we've launched a discounted student membership level for those currently enrolled in a San Francisco high school or college under the age of 25. To celebrate this momentous occasion, Michael Durand, Publisher and Editor-in-Chief of the *Richmond Review* and the *Sunset Beacon*, has offered to sponsor one of these new memberships every month in 2021. To





Left-to-Right: Students celebrate the last day of school at Commerce High School, January 11, 1939. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp28.0217). Wading pool at Fleishhacker Playground, April 11, 1926. (Photo by Morton-Waters Co.; SCRAP Negative Collection, Courtesy of SCRAP / wnp100.00311)

qualify, students must choose any photograph on OpenSFHistory.org and write a short paragraph explaining why they love it. Anything at all! Tell us someone looks like your dad, or how you wish you could have eaten at the Cliff House (RIP, old friend). Best submission each month wins a year-long membership. Send those stories over to Executive Director Nicole Meldahl at nicole@outsidelands.org.

Speaking of more people, we've had the distinct pleasure of conversing with many of you as part of the Oral History Program we revived last year. We completed two already in January and would love to capture the history of each and every one of you! Please contact Nicole if you'd like to be interviewed or if you know someone we shouldn't miss. Lydia, whom you met earlier, was introduced to us by member Olga Mandrussow, and we'll be forever in her debt for helping us tap into this incredible perspective on the west side. The strength of San Francisco's character comes from characters like you, and we're excited to shine a light on your extraordinary stories.

Yes, sometimes running a nonprofit is hard. Other times, it feels as fine and dandy as gathering with friends in the warm sun at the kiddie pool. Looking ahead to the year in front of us, this is one of those times, friends.



Bay Bridge Train Terminal, July 17, 1939. (SF Call/Doherty; Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp28.0723)

Thank You to Our 2020 Donors

Western Neighborhoods Project gratefully acknowledges the individuals and organizations that made a gift in support of our work January 1, 2020 through December 31, 2020. Thank you for being part of our Outside Lands family!

Susan Abe
Michael Acker
Sue Adams
Dan Ake
Michael Albertson
Julie & Albert Alden
Mark Aloiau
Tania Amochaev
Julie & Joel Anderson
Michael J. Antonini
Tammy Aramian
Christine Arata
Joe Ayala
Matthew Ayotte
John F. Azevedo
Glenn Bachmann
Sarah Bacon
Gregory Baecher
Kathleen Baeza
Bill & Nickola Ballas
Loretta Baraona & Joanna Villavicencio
Hamilton & Lynn Barrett
Marlyn Barrick
Catherine Bauman & Laurence Kornfield
Frederick Baumer
Arnold Bedak
Kathleen Beitiks
Joshua & Susan Bell
Perrin & Tony Belway
Joel Belway
Brian & Dr. Amy Berger
Samuel Berkowitz & Yuxi Lin
Tom Bernard
Jonah Berquist
John Bertland
Marc Bertone & Jill Radwanski
Thomas Beutel
Jaya Bhat
Paula Birnbaum & Neil Solomon
Cammy Blackstone
Stephen & Clare Blake
Ellen Bogema
Paul & Justice Boles
Jim & Judi Bond
Brian Bonham & Tracie Lui
Jaime Borschuk
Nancy Botkin
Kevin Brady
Richard Brandi
Jan Brandt
Rena Bransten
Eileen Braunreiter & Alice Duesdieker
Max Breakwell & Isobelle Sugiyama
Carol Breslin
Anita & David Brew
Adam Bristol
Steve Brown
Julie Brown
Vivian Brown
Stephanie Brown
Pat Brundage & Lizzie Fox
William Buckley
Phil Buscovich
Patricia & Michael Busk
Peter Caldwell
Elissa Calvin
Aimee Campbell
Todd Campbell
Barbara Cannella
Madeleine Cargas & Philip Toscano
Steve Carlen
Robert Carr & Andrea LoPinto
Juli Carter
Raymond Casabonne
Chuck Castle
Lynn & John Catchings
Richard Chackerian
Ellen Champlin
Vincent Chan
David Chang & Carol Fields-Chang
O. J. Chang
Ross Chanin & Nicole Cadman
Greg Chase
David Cheng & Lynn Adachi
Robert Cherny
Marc Christensen
Lisa Church
Avi Cieplinski

Joan Cinquini
Rick Claymore
Ronnie Cline & Rachel Paul
Stephen Codd
Jim Cohee & Linda Smith
Louette Colombano
Doug Comstock
Miles & Maryanne Cooper
Eddie Corwin
Curt & Debi Cournale
Andrew & Anne Marie Courter
Denise Crawford
Francis Creedon
Patrick Cunneen
Charles Cushner
William & Karen D'Atri
Mike Dadaos
Jack & Kathleen Daley
Tom & Maureen Daley
Courtney Damkroger & Roger Hansen
Michele Dana
Brian Darr & Kerry Laitala
Lorelei David
David & Kornelia Davidson
Diana Davis
Barbara Davis
Regina & Alex Deacon
Yvonne Deasy & Dave Gowdey
Sam Dederian
Pamela Dekema
Laura Del Rosso
Lisa Delaney
Nicole DeMartini Amell & Ty Amell
Beverly Desmond
Willys DeVoll & Anna Peraino
Mark Di Giorgio
Robert & Eileen Dickson
Ryan Dieckmann
Jim Dillon
Tim Dineen
Michael Dineen
Ben Diserens & Emily Laskodi
Jimmy Do & Janet Fung
Christopher Dobbins & Lindsay Hartman
Matthew Doppke
Bruce & Claire Douglas
Alexander Douglas
Carolyn Dow
Alex Drude
Eric Dumbleton
Frank Dunnigan
Kristin Ecklund
Bob Eisenstark
Richard & Barbara Elam
LisaRuth Elliott
Jan Emmelman-Zablah & Ed Zablah
Edie Epps
Brian Espinoza
Gabe & Katherine Ets-Hokin
Dana Falk & Lisa Cogar
Denis Fama
Michael & Caroline Farfan
Eleanor Farrell
Kate Favetti
Jeff Ferris
Mike Ferro
Peter Field
Suzanne Figlietti
Charlie Figone
Angelo Figone
Fawn Fitter
Canice Flanagan
Joseph Flanders
Barry Fong
Michelle Forshner & Nazar Potereyko
Robert Frank
Edward Franklin
Bob & Marcie Frantz
John Freeman
David Friedlander
Duncan Fuller & Tim Shea
Thomas & Susan Gage
Bill Gallagher
Dana Galloway
Grace Gellerman
Robert Ghisolfo
Tom Gille
Ellen Gillette
John Gilmore
Dave Glass
Gerard Gleason
Clement Glynn
Melissa Goan & John Wiget
Zuretti Goosby
Teresa & Rick Gordillo
Carol Gould & Art Siegel
Roger Govier
Todd & Joseph Gracyk
Brian Grady
Mathew Graves
Ann & David Green
Chris & Tom Greene
Dennis Gregg & Thoa Nguyen-Gregg
Irene and John Gregson
Victoria Grey & George Symons
Gregory Grialou
Gordon Gribble
Lynn Grier
Peter Groom
Marjorie Guillory
Tom, Alayne & Grant Haggerty
Karen Hamrock
Marina Hardeman
Lee Harrington
Al Harris
Shelley Harrison
Peter & Jeanne Hartlaub
Carla & Theodosia Hashagen
Leif Hatlen
Karla Haynes
Nicolette Heaphy
Mike Heffernan
Ingrid Heller
Peter Helmenstine
Harry Henderson
Jason Herrington
Robert C. Hill
Eve Hill
Lisa Hirsch
Anne & Breck Hitz
Judith Hitzeman & John Conway
Stephen Hoag
Daniel Hollander & Megumi Okumura
Leonard Holmes
Elizabeth Holoubek & Joey Harrington
Ray Holstead
Nancy Holt
David Hooper
Jenny Hoover
Jim Horan
Colin Horn
Inge Horton
Drew Howard
Elizabeth D. Howell
Lee Hsu
Kathryn Hyde
Vivian Imperiale
Eric Imperiale
Laura Isaeff
Rochelle Jacobs
Louise Jarmilowicz
James F. Jarvis
Alan & Judie Jason
Amanda & Niraj Jayant
Jim Jenkins
Ann Jennings
Michael Jennings
Eric Jensen
Michael Joe
Ron Jones
Jenna Jorgensen & Brian Jacobson
Paul Judge & Christine Yeager
Jason Jungreis
Jay Jurado
Frank Kalmar
Robert Karis
Deanna Kastler
Karen Katenbrink Poret
Richard Kehoe & Micki Beardslee
Chris Keller
Mollie & Ben Kellgren
Catherine Kelliher
Kenneth & Janet Kendall
Ginny Kennedy Ryan
Patricia Kennedy Shanahan
Sean Kim
Ed Kinney
Glenn Koch
Carl Koehler
Quentin Kopp
Shirley Krohn
Michele Krolik

John Krotcher
Jenny Kuo
Annemarie & Joe Kurpinsky
Joyce & Robert Kurtz
Lynda LaBar
Stephen LaBounty
David Lam & Kimberly Hamilton-Lam
Leslie LaManna
David Lange
Michael Lange & Ethan Gregor
Susie Langlands
Denise LaPointe
Sue and Don Larramendy
Michael & Carol-Ann Laughlin
Kristin Laymon
Kate Lazarus
Brady Lea & David Gallagher
Karin Lea
Steven Lee
Annamaria Lee
Judi Leff & Kevin Brown
Phil & Laura Lehman
Sherida Lembke
Larry Letofsky
Lacey Lieberthal
Lourdes & Kimball Livingston
Karen Lizarraga
Dorothy R. Lo Schiavo
Eula Loftin
Lorraine Loo
Marc Loran
Tony Luini
Jason Macario & Steve Holst
Angus Macfarlane
Gail MacGowan
Jacob Maclachlan & Alexandra Pickering
John & Nanette Madden
Mark & Steven Madsen
Richard Magahiz
Dan Maguire
Patrick Mahar
Anne Mahnken
Alex Maly & Ang Wisco
Emmanuel Manasievici
Anastasia & Gregory Mandrussow
Olga Mandrussow
John Manning
Nina Marinkovich
Stamatis Marinos
Pierre Maris
Michael Martin
John Martini
Ben & Daniela Matranga
Jason Maxwell
Patricia May
Mark McBeth
David Mccall & Philip Hannaway
Charles McCarthy
Jim & Tracey McCormick
Catherine McCausland
Will McCullar
Kenneth McGreevy
Shannon McInerney & Jack Singer
Timothy McIntosh
Beth McLaughlin
Don McLaurin & Inge Fraser
Michael Meadows
Nicole Meldahl
Steven Menasche & Robin Clark
Sama Meshel & Bernard Honigman
Terry Meyerson
Stephanie Miller
James Miller
Carolyn Miller
Phil Millhollon
Dennis Minnick
Neil Mishalov
Rosemarie Mitchell
Lincoln Mitchell
Tara Mochizuki & Jeffrey Chu
Bruce Moore
Jerry Morris
Alex Mullaney & Kiki Liang
Elizabeth Mullen
Pete Mummert
Mari Murayama
Michael & Stephanie Myers
Bart Nadeau
David & Pamela Natcher
Teresa & Jeff Nelson
Janice Ness
Lauren & Michael Newman
Gabriel Ngarangad
Matt Nichols
Tom Nichols
Julie & Paul Nilsen
Pardis Noorzad
Kathy Norwood
Maggie O'Brien
Erin & Theresa O'Connor
Amy O'Hair
Julie & Jim O'Keefe
Jamie O'Keefe & Randy Dodson
Liam O'Malley
Nick O'Neill & Rebecca Kaufman
Kevin Obana & Jessica Linn
Gary Ogle
Carol Olmert
Zach Olson
Pete ONeil & Carey Backus
Mary-Ann Orr
Margaret Ostermann
Lindsay Palaima
Agnes Palotas
Mike Pasqualetti
Devan Paul
Donna Payne
Peter Peacock
Janice & Erston Pearcy
Stephanie Peek
Barbara Perea
Katherine Petrin
Jacklyn Pettus
Robert Polacchi
Jim Polkinghorn
Lewis Pollack
Linda Pomerantz
John Porter & Alexis Hager
Ben Porterfield & Frances DeJongh
Emily Powell
Megan & Rick Prelinger
Ann Prichard & Sylvia Ehrenthal
Jacquie Proctor
Francine Prophet
Stanton Puck
Jack Quinlan
Jonathan Quinteros & Anya Kern
Reed Rahlmann & Sandra Stewart
Tim & Laidler Rea
Lorna Reed
Laverne Reiterman
Donald Reuter
Ken & Judy Reuther
Chloe Revery
Eric Rewitzer & Annie Galvin
Autumn Rhodes & Timothy Hill
Cindy & Roger Robles
Keith Rockhold
Matt Rogers
Thomas Rogers
Jennifer Rosdail
Evan Rosen & Kathy Hirzel
Judi Rosen
Linda Rosen-Reynolds
Sherrie Rosenberg
Andrew Roth
Richard & Niki Rothman
Kevin Rowney
William & Siobhan Ruck
David & Abby Rumsey
Patrick & Nicole Ryan
Janice Ryan
Kevin Ryan
Sterling Sakai
Thiago Santos
Andrew Scal & Victoria Zetilova
Tom Scannell
David Schaitberger
Steve Scharetg
Sally & Jim Schiffman
Patrick Schlemmer & Jill Andrews
Morgan Schlesinger
Jo Schultz
Allan Schwartz
Jennifer Schwartz
David Schweisguth
Al Schwoerer
Tom & Kathy Scott
Kari Seewald
Em Segmen
Chelsea Sellin
Barbara Sellin
Richard Sense

Patricia Shanahan
Michael Shaughnessy
Ann Shepherd
John Sherry
Elizabeth Shippey & Andrew Johnson
Susan Shors & Brian Connirs
James Showalter & LeeAnna Kelly
Martha Shumway
Thorsten Sideboard
Heidi Siegenthaler
Alan Siegle
Gary Silberstein & Carla Buchanan
Larry Simi
Mike Skalnik
Leonard Slater & Anne Battle
James & Liberty Smith
Barbara Smith
Jessica Smith
Megan Smith
Libby Smith
Everett Snowden
Elise Sommerville
Steven Soso
Ken Spielman
Gary Spiess
Richard Spotswood
Kenneth Sproul
Joseph Squeri
Bonnie and Michael St. James
Norman & Carolyn Stahl
Meg Starr
Anne Steele
Howard Stein
Kathleen Stern & Yope Posthumus
Walt & Mary Alice Stevenson
Bob Strachan & Pat Strachan
Katherine Straznickas
Barbara Styles & Margaret Repath
Edward J. Summerville
Holly Sutter & Rita Heiser
Linda Swanson
Carrie Tacla
Peter Tannen
Richard Taylor & Tracy Grubbs
SarahJane Taylor
Debi Taylor
Alan Thomas
Lee Thomas & Kalen Gil
Liz Thompson
Andy Thornley
Nate & Rebecca Tico
Andre Torrez
Tara & Thomas Towne
Oscar Tsai
Maia & Kenneth Tse
Sharron Tune
Karen Ulring
Lorri Ungaretti
Grant Ute
Damon Uyeda & Nathalie Roland
Parisa Vahdatinia
Jonathan Vaknin
Kyle Van Essen
Tim Van Raam
Mark Van Raam
Joan Vellutini-Martino
Bob Vergara
Christopher VerPlanck & Abby Bridge
Valerie Vienot McNease
David Volansky
Jan Voorsluys
Janna Voss & Dan Overhultz
Kathryn Wagner
Alicia Walker & Arabella Cureton
Kevin & Morgan Wallace
Brad Wallace & Morgan Fenner
Robert Wallenberg
Joy Walsh & Jack Sutcliffe
Edward Walter
Nancy Walters & Carol Anderson
Margaret Warren
Tera & Bob Wattles
Edgar & Caroline Weber
Daniela Wehmeyer & Asim Bhansali
Marc Weibel
Jerad Weiner & Emily Stefiuk
Elaine & Stanley Weiss
Wallace & Eve Wertsch
Henry Wettersten & Steph Hays
Greg Whitehead & Beth Dawson
Boots Whitmer
Margie Whitnah
Kyrie Whitsett
Sue & Diana Wilkinson
Lynn Wilkinson
Monica Williams
Vivian Wills
Richard Wilson
Tim Winkler
Eric Wong
Jim Wood
Kathleen Woodruff
Montgomery Woods
Alexis Woods
Pam Wright
Matt Wright & Kristen Espinosa
Deborah Wu
Kenneth Wun
Matthew Yankee & Jamie Nickel
Albert Yee
Virginia Yee
Andra Young
Jay Young
Kerri Young
Glenn Youngling
Julie Ann Yuen & Monica Nolan
Cynthia Zamboukos
Gary Zellerbach
Ken Zinns
Ben Zotto
Laura Zulliger & Julien van Hout



THE LAST WORD

Water isn't just a landscape feature, it was and still is big business. Specifically, the Spring Valley Water Company was a behemoth, sculpting much of the west side with its flumes, pipelines, pumping stations, and reservoirs. The company even held enough sway to finagle a school named after it. The images we have on OpenSFHistory from the company's archive show San Francisco literally springing to life from empty fields and forested hills – landscapes that are almost unimaginable today. Almost. Utilitarian images intended to serve as project records, it feels like the beauty and power of these photographs went overlooked in their own time. Perhaps not unlike the way we take water for granted today.



View north of pipeline construction on 6th Avenue between Irving and Judah, April 20, 1926. (SFPUC - Spring Valley Water collection; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp36.10028)



View north, from about current Brotherhood Way, of Lake Merced and the Lakmer Pump Station, June 9, 1904. (SFPUC - Spring Valley Water collection; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp36.10129)

Not a WNP Member?

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.

