SF WEST HISTORY

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SF West History

Newsletter of the Western Neighborhoods Project

January-March 2015: Volume 11, Number 1

EDITOR: Woody LaBounty

CONTRIBUTORS: David Gallagher, Glenn Koch, Dennis O'Rorke, Ron Ross, Jack Tillmany

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Western Neighborhoods Project
4016 Geary Boulevard, Suite A
San Francisco, CA 94118
Tel: 415/661-1000
Email: woody@outsidelands.org
Website: www.outsidelands.org
facebook.com/outsidelands
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Cover photograph
Surfer at Seal Rocks after a rare San Francisco snowfall in February 1976.

At right
Balloon stand at Playland at the Beach, early 1970s. Both photographs by Dennis O'Rorke.

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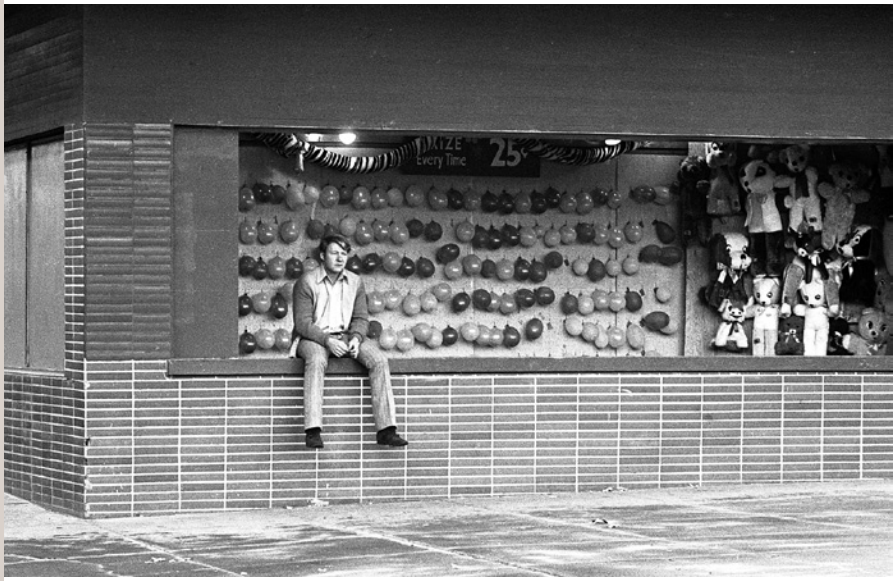


Happy New Year to our extended SF History Family, including you, dear member.

Well, the big, color, glossy magazine was fun. Unfortunately, it costs four times more for us to print than our regular black-and-white newsletter. So, until we can secure some sponsorships or other creative funding (open to ideas!), we decided to save the splash as a once-a-year special. If the situation changes, you will be the first to know.

And you can always see color in the online version of *SF West History* at **outsidelands.org/publications/**

TELL US SOMETHING

We do a lot of guessing around the office on the best ways to fulfill our nonprofit's mission to preserve and share the history of western San Francisco. How do we reach the most people? What sticks with folks and what doesn't? Should we focus more on sharing old photos online, writing scholarly reports, or doing more history walks?

Of course we want to do *everything,* and *more* of it, but resources are limited.

You have given us your moral and financial support over the years (much appreciated!), and now we come asking your opinions.

A quick survey will be on the way in the next month or so, either in your email or home mailbox. Please take the few minutes to complete it for us. I know we're great and all, but be honest—we really want to know what's important to our members. Thank you!

MEDIA ATTENTION

The amazing San Francisco historical photos donated to us by a private collector continue to be processed, cataloged, scanned, and shared, free of charge, through our website: **outsidelands.org/private/featured.php**

Now the public is starting to notice! We have had wonderful media coverage in the last few weeks from *SF Weekly,* the RichmondSF blog, *The Bold Italic,* and the *San Francisco Chronicle.* Traffic from the story on sfgate.com was so heavy, it crashed our site for a couple of hours! Still, we're thrilled, because the more we spread the word, the better we accomplish our mission to share west side history.

HISTORY THIS MONTH

This year marks the centennial of the Panama Pacific International Exposition (PPIE), the fair that took place in today's Marina District and gave the city the amazing Palace of Fine Arts building and lagoon.

On Saturday, **February 21, 2015,** a community day celebration will be held at the Palace, and we will be there highlighting some west side locations that were candidates to host the fair. Read more on page five.

On **February 28-March 1, 2015,** (11 AM to 5 PM and 11 AM to 4 PM)**,** the fourth annual San Francisco History Expo will take place at the Old Mint (5th Street and Mission). Due to occupancy changes, and the uncertainty of the San Francisco Museum project, this might be the last History Expo, at least in the Mint. So come see us and all the other history groups in the grand granite lady while you can.

NEW BLOOD

I promised I would share details on our new board members last issue. This terrific group has already injected lots of energy and excitement. We've added historians, a planner, and someone who knows his way around events and entertainment (very handy). All love San Francisco and WNP:

Gretchen Hilyard is a Preservation Planner for the City and County of San Francisco and specializes in historic landscapes. She worked as a historic preservation consultant in San Francisco for several years, where she wrote one of the city's first


Gretchen Hilyard



modern-era landscape evaluations for Parkmerced. In 2011–2012, she served as the Public Programming Manager for San Francisco Planning and Urban Research (SPUR). Gretchen received her Masters of Historic Preservation degree from the University of Pennsylvania and her Bachelors of Architectural History degree from the University of Virginia. She is a Co-Chair of the Northern California Chapter of the Historic American Landscape Survey and teaches in the Landscape Architecture Certificate program at UC Berkeley Extension.

Nicole Meldahl graduated from San Francisco State University in 2008 with a B.A. in History. For the last nine years, she's worked for the Golden Gate National Recreation Area as an Archives Technician with collections management and exhibit curation duties at the Park Archives and Records Center in the Presidio. Her extracurricular activities include photography and writing, and she's been blogging about music and contemporary culture since 2010. Nicole has been volunteering at WNP as the Collections Manager and Registrar since 2012


Nicole Meldahl

Over the last two years, she's worked to organize existing collections and continues to manage incoming donations; in particular, she's worked closely with **David Gallagher** to process and rehouse the large

continued on back page

Where in West S.F.?

There were quite a few clues to identify our "guess where" image from the last issue of *SF West History.*

Even if the Parkwood Coffee Shop building (shown here in 1941) is mostly unrecognizable today, the homes on the right still stand on 21st Avenue, just north of Irving Street in the Sunset District.

The Elsa Margo womens apparel shop (there were at least two or three of this mini-chain in the city, and this store's sign was still hanging in the 1980s) and the Golden Brown Bakery on the block were key tips for a few people. The "2000" sign above the bar helped with an address and the automobiles pinned a time frame of the 1940s.

Congratulations to Julie Alden, Joan Cinquini, Charles Figone, Denis Quinn, John Paul Sant, Jeanne Harvey Shore, Alan Thomas, and David Volansky for getting the location right and adding some of their own personal reminiscences.



Parkwood Coffee Shop at the northwest corner of Irving Street and 21st Avenue in 1941.

Alan Thomas:
"My diary entry of December 19, 1965, shows that I dined there with friends on that date. I think it may have closed around 1970. I recall being served frozen corn, not very spectacular."

Charles Figone:
"The bakery is the Golden Brown—home of the signature Saint Francis Cake, only one dollar, always a fine conclusion to the Sunday evening meal."



Postcard view of the Parkwood Coffee Shop with a Wild West themed façade. Possibly in celebration for the "Fiesta Week" opening of the Golden Gate Bridge, May 27 to June 2, 1937.

Denis Quinn:
"There was a counter on the east side, or to your right, as you entered into the restaurant, and booths and tables were along the Irving Street side and the rest of the dining area. There was also a bar on the west end accessible thru the restaurant or a separate entrance on Irving Street.

"I sold newspapers on the northwest corner of 20th Avenue and Irving Street. while I was attending St. Anne Grammar School at the time, vintage World War II; the *Call Bulletin* (a Hearst paper), and the *San Francisco News* (a Scripps-Howard paper). These were daily afternoon and Saturday papers.

"Part of the chore of hawking newspapers was to walk back and forth on that shopping area of Irving Street and hustle up sales. Generally, bars were a good source of potential customers and of course if there was a special edition, an extra edition because of some unusual war news, then usually extra papers were sold. The newsboys had to get a minimum number of papers sold or lose the corner.

"Someone (a waitress or perhaps the owner) in the restaurant took kindly to the 'kid selling papers' and from time to time, I was treated to a bowl of their nourishing and delicious vegetable soup; usually on cold and foggy days. I can still taste that soup; a rich broth with a lot of vegetables. Loved it. And on rare occasions I would buy and indulge in a sandwich or a hot plate. But that was only when I had a big sales or big tip day.

"There was a Yellow Cab stand on that corner, with a direct phone line to Yellow Cab Company mounted on the exterior of the east wall of the restaurant. Yellow cabbies waited at the stand for a

fare, if not cruising to pick up customers. This was before radios were common equipment in cabs."

Patrick Cunneen:
"The mystery photo was easy for me to identify because at very far right of the pic is my old home in white, 1267 21st Avenue. Across the street from the Parkwood was Roth's Drugs store. Later or at the same period the Parkwood became a rather upscale bar and restaurant. Cars were seldom parked on 21st Avenue as they are in this photo and we played for hours in what we called 'Chinese handball' against the Parkwood's east wall."

Julie Alden:
"Easy for me ... I lived at 18th and Irving back in the 1940s! The Parkwood was at 21st Avenue and Irving. The taxi company had their own call phone on the avenue side of the building. I can't recall that my family ever ate there—why would we? Home was just 2 blocks away!"

The Parkwood Coffee Shop opened with the building's construction in 1937. Ardell Hamilton and Jay Wilber, who lived just a couple of blocks away on Judah Street, were the operators. Chris and Isabella Mitchell, who lived in the Inner Richmond District, ran it from the 1950s into the late 1960s.

Since then, the remodeled and now two story corner building has housed a series of financial services companies, from Gibraltar Savings and Loan to (currently) a branch of Citibank.

Thanks to all the guessers, and it's time for another round! Merchant corridors bring out some of the best memories, and are generally easier for people, so we'll give a streetscape with some more west side businesses a try.

Take a look at the photograph below and give us your best answer as to where and when Gene's, the Dainty Lady, Silvia's Sweet Shop, and Jules Hardware did business. The buildings are similar today. Those trees in the distance could help or hurt your chances.

Send your guesses, thoughts, and memories by email to *woody@outsidelands.org* or by the good old United States Postal Service. Our street address can be found on the inside front cover of the newsletter.

Good luck and thanks for playing!



Where was Gene's and Jules Hardware? Send us your guesses, theories, and memories!

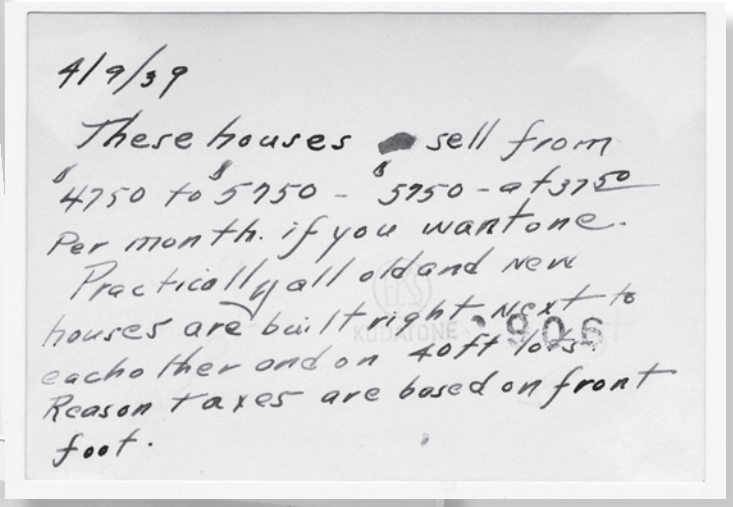
Putting on the Architecture

Our friend (and WNP member) Glenn Koch shared these snapshots he came across in an eBay purchase he made. Whomever the photographer was back in April 1939, he or she was struck by building techniques with which we westsiders are very familiar.

Captions on the backs of these views of home construction on the sand dunes of the Sunset District note the way all San Francisco houses were built to the lot line side-to-side, and how these Sunset houses were essentially the same floor plan with minor façade differences. These variations are what merchant-builder Henry Doelger used to call "putting on the architecture."

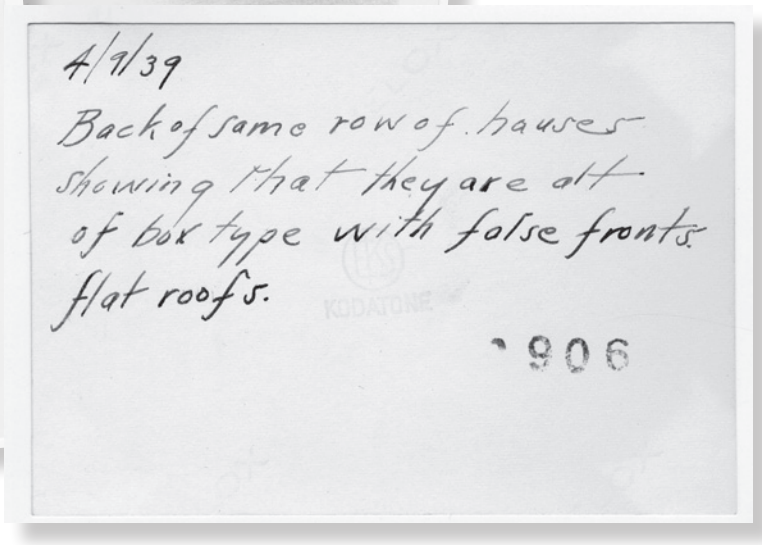
Thanks to Glenn for sharing these views. Anyone out there able to pinpoint what blocks we might be looking at?











The PPIE that could have been

This year San Francisco celebrates the centennial of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition (PPIE), the fair that remade a swampy area called Harbor View into a wonderland of exhibit halls, courts, plazas, technology showcases, a "Joy Zone," and a Tower of Jewels centerpiece.

On Saturday, February 21, 2015, a free Community Day will be hosted by historical and cultural groups with help from corporate partners and city agencies. WNP will be there highlighting a couple of proposed western San Francisco fair sites that lost out.

All that remains of the PPIE in today's Marina District (other than Marina Green) is Bernard Maybeck's haunting Palace of Fine Arts, an imagined ancient ruin of domed temple and colonnade beside a tranquil lagoon. With full-figured reliefs of mournful "weeping women" atop ochre columns, the whole landscape is a Maxfield Parrish painting come to life.

Built to resemble something from antiquity, the Palace feels eternal, like it has always been where it is, but if west side boosters had had their way, the fair, with its dazzling attractions and architecture, could have been on the shores of Lake Merced.

After San Francisco beat out New Orleans and won a Congressional vote to host the 1915 Exposition, organizers faced an intra-city battle on where to put it. The *San Francisco Chronicle* described the problem on March 5, 1911: "There is hardly a section of San Francisco that has not many to do it reverence in asserting it to be the logical and only defensible place in which the exposition should be established." Harbor View, Lake Merced, Golden Gate Park, the waterfront around the Ferry Building and the Bay View District all had supporters.

In making a decision, the fair's Board of Directors had to weigh land title issues, weather, topography and natural beauty, as well as the political clout of boosters.

Our friend Ron Ross has been kind enough to share a proposed site plan prepared by Lake Merced boosters (see next page).

The creation and opening of the Panama Canal was a primary inspiration for the fair, and engineer J. E. Pope's plan for "Merced Park" has a number of references to the ocean-connecting waterway. The exposition's midway in the upper right is nicknamed "The Canal," and where the San Francisco Zoo would eventually reside, a Venetian-themed zone actually features a Panama Canal in miniature. Grand courts, plazas, and fountains are situated where the Merced Manor and Lakeshore developments would be built south of Sloat Boulevard. One wonders if the proposed "Tropical Orchard" in the southwest corner of the plan may have struggled with the area's fog.

By the time President Taft came out to perform the groundbreaking in October 1911, a "whole city" compromise had been reached, spanning the fair from Telegraph Hill to Golden Gate Park, but excluding Lake Merced. (In the end, the "whole city" ended up only being the Marina.) So, when the president pushed his spade into the sandy loam of Golden Gate Park's Polo Fields he might as well have been digging the grave of the Merced Park Fair.

Why didn't Lake Merced win? Grading and landscaping on such a large site would have been costly. Transportation was a key factor as well. Thousands visit world fairs, but most are local, and at the time, few lived near Lake Merced. Getting everyone out to the southwest section of the city would have required the proposed Twin Peaks streetcar tunnel to be finished quickly. The tunnel was a very expensive project and didn't end up opening until 1918.

If the PPIE had come to Lake Merced there is no surety we'd have something like Maybeck's masterpiece still standing there, or that we'd have anything left at all. The fair architecture was meant to be temporary, and outside of the Palace of Fine Arts and Marina Green, the entire wonderful fair of 1915 had been replaced by apartment buildings, houses, and flats.

Still, as it must have been for the Lake Merced boosters a hundred years ago, it's fun to imagine the glorious fair around the lake that could have been.

Next issue we'll examine the Golden Gate Park proposal, which featured a terraced parkway from Sutro Heights and an unlikely marina at Ocean Beach.

100 YEARS
PANAMA-PACIFIC
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1915 – 2015

Come to Community Day
February 21, 2015
12 PM - 5 PM
Palace of Fine Arts
3301 Lyon Street
San Francisco

The Western Neighborhoods Project will be there with maps and information on the west side fair sites that could have been.


SUNSET DISTRICT
PACIFIC OCEAN
City Park
Great Highway
Miniature Panama Canal
Venice
Concessions
Marine Bldg
U.S. Life Saving Station
U.S. Military Reservation
Cliff Drive 200 feet above the Ocean
Main Gateway
Court of Honor
Palace of Horticulture
Palace of Agriculture
"THE CANAL"
Palace of Mechanical Arts
Balboa Terrace
Plaza St. Francis
Plaza California
Palace of Industrial Arts
LAKE MERCED
1¼ Miles
Aviation Field
Military Manœuvres
Pumping Station
Pine & Cypress Grove
Concessions
Zoological Gardens
STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS
Tropical Orchard
Boulevard
County Line
Photo Lith. Britton & Rey S.F.



Lake Merced Plan for the 1915 Fair by J. E. Pope. Courtesy of Ron Ross.

Dennis O'Rorke

MEMORIES

Dennis O'Rorke was born at Children's Hospital in 1941. He grew up in the Richmond District, attending local schools before working many years as a gardener for the San Francisco Recreation and Park Department. As a young adult, Dennis lived across the street from Playland at the Beach and photographed its last years and demolition. His shots of western San Francisco in the late 1960s and early 1970s are poignant, humorous, and artistic views of a changing city. Even today, Dennis is rarely seen without a camera around his neck.

The following is a narrative of excerpts from a group interview conducted in 2013 about the social life around Kelly's Cove at Ocean Beach.



Dennis O'Rorke in 2011. Photo by David Gallagher.

My great-grandparents lived in the Richmond and my grandparents lived in the Richmond. My father worked finishing floors for his step-father, Irving Fries, who owned Standard Hardwood Floors on Geary across from Saint Monica's [Catholic Church]. Then various other jobs as a salesman. In his retirement years, my dad had a whole routine. He had this big long Lincoln and he'd go up to 10th and Clement and park and go across the street and get sugar donuts, and then he'd smoke cigarettes, read the paper, and eat donuts before doing small maintenance jobs on rental property he owned with my mother.

My mother worked tirelessly. I mean, she'd go to work [at Children's Hospital], she'd come home, she'd cook dinner, she'd walk up to Lick's supermarket with the shopping cart. The laundry was going. When she would watch television she was ironing. I only saw her in bed once in my whole life when I woke up when she was sick. The rest of the time she had already been up doing stuff.



Dennis O'Rorke and parents in Mountain Lake Park in 1942.

We lived at 11th Avenue and Lake Street. It was called the little brown house and was a little, tiny cottage. It was on the west side of the street about a fourth of a block down between Lake and California Street. The place is long gone. Probably an Irish apartment house, you know, God forbid. In those days they had block wardens and blackouts and I remember vaguely that kind of thing. There was still a World War II hangover. I've got pictures of myself in Mountain Lake Park when I was one year old, just right across the street.

We moved to Third and Cabrillo—emphasize the "L" sound in Cabrillo—and I went to Frank McCoppin School in kindergarten and our field trips were in Golden Gate Park, half a block away. Wonderful.

I got paid fifty cents an hour for hot walking polo ponies at the Polo Fields. They were very spirited. I'm just a little kid trying to hang on to 'em and walk 'em after they actually had polo there. We liked hanging out at the stables by the Polo Fields, too. That was great for kids. We'd hit St. Francis [Riding Academy on Seventh Avenue near Cabrillo] on the way down. They had an inside and an outside ring and then they had a little ring inside of Golden Gate Park there, right about between Seventh and Eighth.

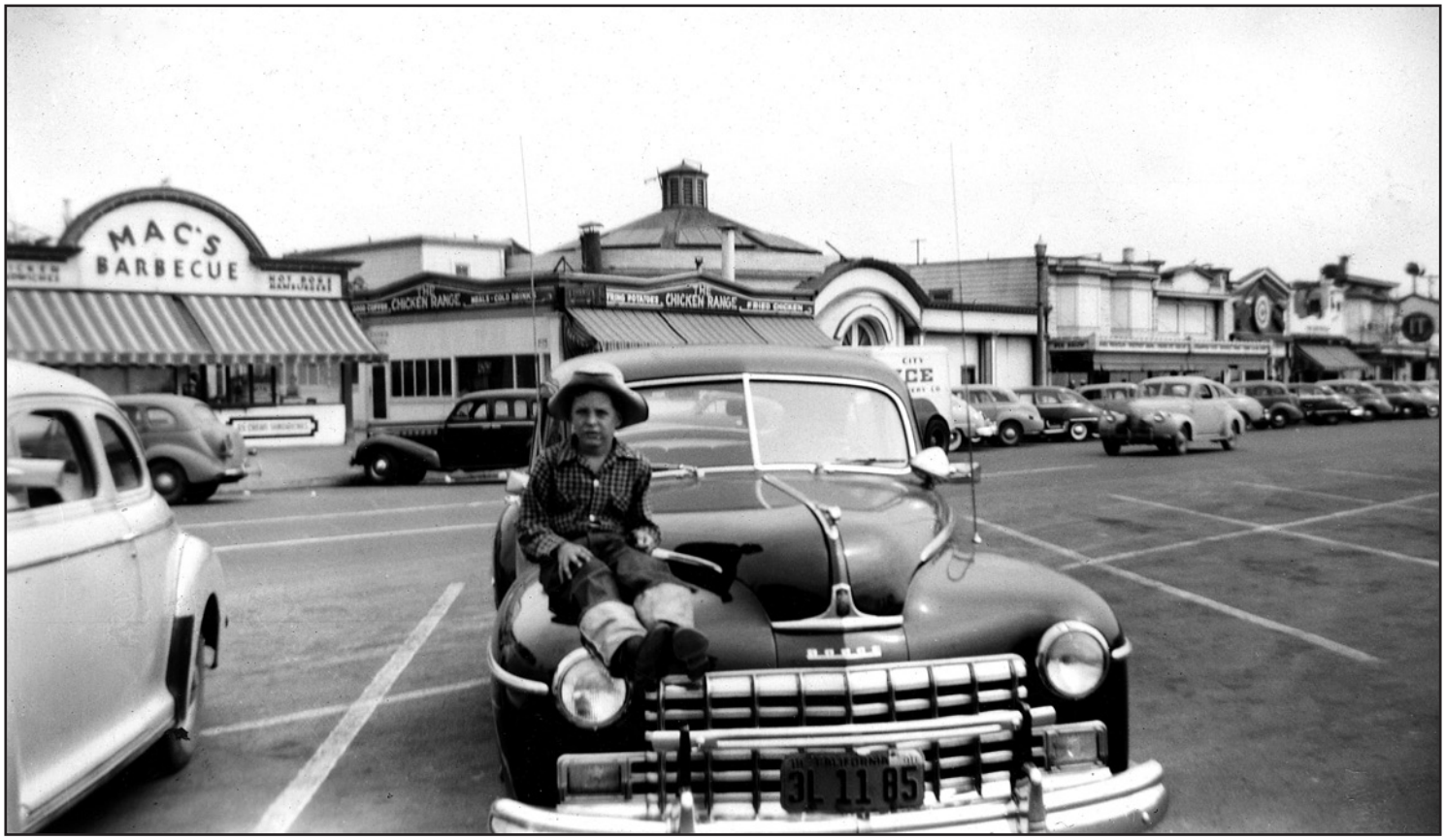
Then I went to George Peabody School at Sixth Avenue, in between Clement and Cornwall, and then Star of the Sea [Catholic School]. But I tell ya, that was the extent of my parochial education. In Catholic grammar school you had girls on one side and boys on the other. If you went to a Catholic high school, no girls at all. Definite, definite minus. I ended up going to Lowell, which is slightly out of the neighborhood, and then I went to Washington summer school, but that didn't take, you know?

My earliest days at Ocean Beach were watching the little mole crabs burrow in at the tide line. That was a great primal association with the ocean and getting smashed in the waves, crawling up, bam, down again, you know, rolling around. And you'd come home with the wet Levi's. It wasn't bad getting down there, but coming back uphill…

The ocean, nature, was always the draw. Huge. From my earliest days, from Sixth and Clement, I go over to Mountain Lake Park, I go around by the golf course, under the freeway, and there's a big slope where the Marine Hospital is. It's all rubble and stuff. You slid down there. There was Lobos Creek. A chain link fence with many holes in it. Over to the right was a motor pool. Little tanks there at one time. It was really exciting. Then I'd scoot over to Baker's Beach and that was a big deal, was just great. I liked it better when the Army had it 'cause it was wild. People didn't go there. There weren't a lot of amenities. They had a little sign there, even then—that's got to be the '50's: "this is the last remaining stand of native vegetation, so please respect it." So, we'd do that. You'd play in those big dunes and it was wonderful. So, yes, that was a lure and I could come back all wet.

I managed to live in the city, but be in the country my whole life there. Later, I lived on 48th Avenue, I went a block south into Golden Gate Park and I was at work [as a gardener]. After that I worked at Stern Grove. Same deal. I'm in the middle of the woods.

It was all revolving around the neighborhood. The only time I went downtown was when they'd have a sale in the Emporium [department store] basement. My mother would let me know. You'd get McGregor windbreakers for $9 or something, so I'd take the 21 Hayes or the 2 Clement and go down – an excursion downtown, which was really something, but the rest of the time it was Ladenheim's, Coliseum Store for Men, Coliseum Kiddie Shop. Marcus Turk was the proprietor of the Coliseum Store for Men. It was Meyer Ladenheim at Ladenheim's. King Norman's [Toys]. Great, great store. The "king," as far as I was concerned, he was not one of your most congenial persons. But, great, great store. He had all the good stuff, and to give him his due we weren't probably the greatest bunch of kids to have in the store all at once. King Kold ice cream on the southwest corner of 10th Avenue and Clement Street… They actually had softies, at least when the machine was working. And one of our guaranteed family good times was when I was sent up there to get a half gallon of ice cream and when I walked back home to Sixth Avenue the whole family would have milkshakes. We had a pretty nifty milk shake machine, which brings back fond memories.



Dennis O'Rorke sitting on his grandfather's Dodge in front of Playland about 1948.



Anderson Sisters School of Dance at Sixth Avenue near Clement Street, 1970s. Photograph by Dennis O'Rorke.

Jack Anderson, I think he might have been an Olympic fencer or something. His sisters owned the Anderson Sisters School of Dance at Sixth Avenue and Clement and, one of 'em, Jean, used to play for the seniors at Stern Grove when she was eighty-something years old. They were instrumental in the Halloween parade up on Clement Street. This was a really big deal. The costumes and a viewing stand and prizes by the Coliseum [Theatre], but I've never seen a single picture of that event. Of course, it was at nighttime.

There was our house at 219 Sixth Avenue, next to the schoolyard, then a big vintage place with a carriage house in back, and then there was the post office and the *Richmond Banner.* Sinclair G. Trimble was the publisher and the guy looked like he was right out of central casting. Gray suit, a shock of white hair. He had a '40 Ford, two-door sedan, and he used to have in the window the progress of the Korean War. That was our news.

Fleishhacker's [Pool at the zoo] was our seventh period gym. I drove out there in Steve Swig's '54 Buick convertible. He charged us a dime, gas money, to get from Lowell High School, at Hayes and Ashbury Streets, Grove and Masonic, to Fleishhacker's and it was freezing cold every single time.

I always had a job. I worked at Regal Gas Station at Seventh and Geary for a while there—but basically work, work, work. I bought a house when I was twenty-one years old at 711 48th Avenue. It cost $35,000, $37,500, I think it was. Pretty expensive, but it had a downstairs apartment. I think it was around 1964. But I had it long enough to pay off the 30-year mortgage.

People would fish off Camelback Rock, AKA Flag Rock, or Fisherman's Rock. I was into striped bass fishing in '62–'64—and we used to fish off the pipeline out there. Jay Russell lived on the 100 block of 10th Avenue. I tagged along with him out there. We'd take a fourteen-foot aluminum outboard, because the birds were working. My job was to lay into the oars and Jay's trying to start the motor… [imitates motor]… and then we surfed the sucker. We got off there probably a mile and a half out. You couldn't see—no compass. I was less than a mile and a half from my old livin' room and I might as well have been in the desert. That was a whole other culture – Superex [reel] going down the coast, chasin' the striped bass.

I never left the neighborhood, but everything came there, you know? Worked for the park. People were streaming into Golden Gate Park. This was the happening place, 1967, and such. I'd just stand there and watch it all sort of unfold.

What was great about it was when Playland was in full swing you'd hear—actually hear little screams of delight—people having a good time. There'd be the candy apples, the cotton candy, the popcorn, all that kind of stuff. The little train of Fun-tier Village would go right below my backyard. If I got hungry, go down to the Hot House, you know. Cheese enchilada with refrieds, seventy cents, you know. [Laughs.] The Pie Shop. You could hear the seals—back in those days there were seals on Seal Rock. You'd hear the waves crashing. There was that saltwater smell. It was something magical and it never wore off. So I just really loved the area.



Crowd fishing on Camelback, or Fisherman's Rock, early 1970s. Photograph by Dennis O'Rorke.



The Pie Shop on Great Highway. Bull Pup in background at Balboa Street. Photograph by Dennis O'Rorke, early 1970s.

I was torn, but then, you know, I started losing that love [when Playland was demolished]. I knew it wouldn't last.

I never took to the Safeway [across the street]. Sutro Super [on Geary and 41st Avenue]. That was the place to go. Parking on both sides—you'd go through from one side to the other. People would stop there to get sandwiches. It was just a great place, you know? A little bit of Americana that's sadly gone.

The golden years for me at Kelly's [Cove], there were people who would come down on the hot days. Geneva and Mission [Streets] was a huge area where people would come out to Kelly's, and initially things were pretty antagonistic, I guess—but the same people would keep coming out and after a while, you know, the people who were drawn to Kelly's sort of merged and got to be friends. It worked out really well. And to this day, that's continued on. So it was kind of like a little social center. You could see who was there and some people surfed, some fished, some did other things.

Pat Cunneen mentioned something that I hadn't thought of. If you worked for the Post Office and you went to work at 5 a.m., got off at 1:30, or the Park Department, went to work at 7, got off at 3:30, you had time to go out to the beach. It was great. Easy parking, no problem, and so you had daylight hours out there and this was huge. This was what drew people there. You had the longshoremen, you had the Merchant Marines, the stationary engineers. When they're on the beach, they'd be out at Kelly's. So, that was a great incentive for people to gather.

The Bull Pup [restaurant]–there was the food window right there. When the wind got to howling, people'd go around the corner. There was this guy, Bill Callas, great big weightlifting guy, and his brother, Paul. They both worked for the Park Department. They had the big Safeway gallons of wine—you put your finger in the hook, you know, drink like that, but you flatten out against the Bull Pup wall when those winds were howling, it gave you a certain measure of comfort, you know.

I favored the Hot House over the Bull Pup. The Hot House was a little bit cheaper, maybe. That was why. Even the so-called fast food was an extravagance.



Dennis O'Rorke in a window of the Hot House restaurant at Playland, 1970s.

Our interview with Dennis O'Rorke is part of "Tales from Kelly's Cove," a project made possible with support from Cal Humanities, an independent non-profit state partner of the National Endowment for the Humanities. For more information, visit www.calhum.org.

Any views, findings, conclusions, or recommendations expressed do not necessarily represent those of Cal Humanities or the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Read more and see more photos at www.outsidelands.org/kellys



CAL HUMANITIES
A STATE OF OPEN MIND

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Kate Friman
Al Harris
Joan Haskell
Leif Hatlen
Robert C. Hill
Ray Holstead
Stephen Hood
Rochelle Jacobs
Wilson Johns
Sue & Don Larramendy
Dorothy R. Lo Schiavo
Eula Loftin
Jason Macario
John W. Madden
Patricia May
Philip Millhollon
Joyce & James Molinelli
Jerry Morris
Elizabeth Mullen
Jim and Julie O'Keefe
Alex Parr
Jim Polkinghorn
Denis Quinn
Carol Randall
Paul Rosenberg
Richard Rothman
David Schaitberger
David Schweisguth
Denise Selleck
Richard Sense
John Sherry
Dov Solomon
Bonnie & Michael St. James
David Supan
Alan Thomas
Lorri Ungaretti
Grant Ute
Christopher VerPlanck
Margaret Warren
Boots Whitmer

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Tammy Aramian
Kathleen Baeza
Denise Bradley
Carol Breslin
Alex Brill
Stacia Brown
Steve & Barbara Bushner
Ellen Champlin
Steve Cook
Tim Dineen
John F. Donahue
Marc Duffett
Richard & Barbara Elam
Gerald H. Forman
Robert Frantz
Susan Nervo Giammattei
Roger Goldberg
Carol Gould
Irene & John Gregson



Playland, 1970s. Photograph by Dennis O'Rorke.

Yolanda Gutierrez
Tom & Alayne Haggerty
Irwin Herlihy
Inge Horton
Ann Jennings
John Keenan
Jeff Kelly
John Krotcher
Lynda LaBar
David Lange
Susie Langlands
Fred Laurice
Karin Lea
Karen Guthertz Lizarraga
Lorraine Loo
Angus Macfarlane
Gail MacGowan
Anne Mahnken
Suzanne McDonnell
Beth McLaughlin
Amy Morris
Dick Morten
Diane Myrick
Bruce Paton
Donna Payne
Janice Pearcy
Annabelle Marsh Piercy
G. Bland Platt
Nicholas Sabella
Andrea Scharff
Sally Schiffman
Heidi Schwab-Wilhelmi
Chelsea Sellin
Michael Shaughnessy
Kenneth Sproul
Norman Stahl
Edward J. Summerville
Nate & Rebecca Tico
Joanna Villavicencio
Vicky Walker
Marc Weibel

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Kathy Akiyama
Julie Alden
John C. Allen
Tania Amochaev
James Appel
Kathleen Arnolfo
Mary Ashe
Gregory Baecher
Marlyn Barrick
J. Peter Baumgartner
Kenneth Beck
Andre Begorre
Judith Blanchard
Ellen Bogema
Casey Bowman
Larry Boysen
Kevin Brady
Kenneth Brauner
Victoria Broadhurst
Mary Browne
Carla Buchanan
Michael Buck
Tim Burns
Robert Canavarro

Chris Carlsson
Mary Rose Cassa
Chuck Castle
Jerri Ceschi
Richard Chackerian
Brandi Chalker
Joan Cinquini
Dorothy Clarke
James Clifford
William Cline
Kyle Coachman
Carmel Coghlan
Claudia Conklin
Marie Conroy-Salbi
Miles Cooper
Jane Corbett
Curt Cournale
Mike Cunneen
Patrick Cunneen
Brian Cunningham
Tom & Maureen Daley
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Edie Epps
Gordy Esposto
Eleanor Farrell
Gerald Farren
Jim & Fran Ferry
Charlie Figone
Pam Storm & Ron Filion
John Freeman
Sharon Gadberry
Sean Gibson
Dave Glass
Melissa Goan
Dennis Gregg
Gordon Gribble
Bernard Haas
Karen Hamrock
Maureen Hanlon
Richard Harned
Tricia Harreschou
Maureen Harris
Thomas Harvey, Jr.
Elizabeth Porta & Roger Helbig
Harry Henderson
Robert Hermes
John J. Hills
Gretchen Hilyard
Judy Hitzeman
Daniel Hollander
Brendan Holly
Neil Honey
David Hooper
Joseph Humphreys
Kaisa Ipsen
Laura Isaeff
Nancy C. Issel-Mayes
Roy Jarl
Barbara Johnson
Deanna Kastler
Linda Koza
Arvind Krishnamoorthy
Esther Kwan
Michael and Carol-
Ann Laughlin
Rachel Lee
Cornell Lee
Anna Lee
Judi Leff
Juliann Lanigan Leitch
Sherida Lembke
Ken Lewetzow
Stephen Lundberg
Richard Magahiz
Al Magary
John Martini
Ann Marie Matheus
Warren McCausland
James McCormick
Will McCullar
Ralph McDonald
Jane McMahon
Burton Meyer
Pam Miller
Carolyn Miller
Kent Mitchell
Mari Murayama
Philip Murray
Michael Newman
Maurice O'Connor
Jamie O'Keefe
Dennis O'Rorke
Erin O'Rourke-Meadors
Mary-Ann Orr
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John Palmer
Susie Cronin Parano
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Diane Rivera
Rita Rosenbaum
Jack Roth
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Janice Ryan
Glen Salter
John Paul Sant
Patty Schaechter
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Joel Schechter
Karl Selchau
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David & Barbara Styles
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Leonard Sullivan
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Liz Thompson
Jean Tozer
Monika Trobits
Marian Urton
David Volansky
Kevin Wallace
Dennis & Elizabeth Walsh
Nancy Walters
Shayne Elizabeth Watson
Joshua Weinberg
Barry Wertz
Arnold Woods
Fran Yurick
Flavia Zaro
Ken Zinns
George Zupko



continued from page one.

volume of historic images from a private collector. Nicole is a proud resident of the Central Sunset.

Chelsea Sellin is a Bay Area native nurturing a lifelong love of San Francisco history. She received her B.A. in History and Film Studies from Chapman University and her M.A. in Museum Studies from San Francisco State University. Chelsea has worked and volunteered at a variety of Bay Area institutions, including History San Jose, San Jose Museum of Art, Computer History Museum, San Francisco Museum and Historical Society, and the Park Archives and Records Center at the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. Chelsea currently works as an historian for the Wells Fargo Family & Business History Center.


Chelsea Sellin

Nate Tico is a native San Franciscan (as he says, "a people now commonly referred to as unicorns due to their scarcity"). He was raised in the Outer Sunset and currently resides in the Outer Richmond. He is Vice President of Stars Talent Agency (longest standing agency in the city). He has always had a profound love for The City and enjoys sharing his enthusiasm with visitors and transplants.


Nate Tico

100 Outside Lands San Francisco Podcasts

The Western Neighborhoods Project's podcast, *Outside Lands San Francisco,* hosted by David Gallagher and Woody LaBounty, hit a couple of milestones recently: one hundred episodes and two years on the "air."

New episodes of *Outside Lands San Francisco* are released every week (usually on Saturday), and often feature local historian guests.

Past episodes have featured John Martini on Sutro Baths, Lorri Ungaretti on Lincoln High School, Therese Poletti on the architect Timothy Pflueger, and John Freeman on the history of the Chutes amusement park.

The podcasts are about twenty minutes per episode and the atmosphere is relaxed and fun—like talking about local history over a beer. Actually, it's *very* like that, as Woody and David are often having a beer while recording.

If you haven't given it a try, you should! Listen while you wash dishes, drive to work, or walk the dog. It's free and occasionally educational. The best way is to subscribe via your device (phone, tablet, etc.), but you can just listen right on our website. You can do either and catch up on old episodes at:
www.outsidelands.org/podcast/

The Last Word



From Jack Tillmany: "On November 17, 1915, Market Street Railway Car #233, westbound on Line #2, drops by unexpectedly for dinner, much to the surprise of residents on Arguello Boulevard, whose homes faced Euclid Avenue."



Not a WNP Member?

SF West History is just one of the benefits of giving to the Western Neighborhoods Project. Members receive special publications as well as exclusive invitations to history walks and 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.