

Moments in Time

SAUSALITO HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER FALL 2010

TURNEY VALLEY

The brunch and historical tour held on June 27, 2010 at The Bower, Sausalito's oldest still standing home at 47 Girard, served to remind Sausalitans of a sometimes little known fact: that this diverse neighborhood of elegant period houses, working class bungalows, and lively togetherness typified by the Marin Theater and Smitty's Bar is steeped in history. Its name is Turney Valley. Or at least it's called that by some historians. Others call it (somewhat paradoxically, given its vintage) New Town. And sometimes it's simply identified by its central artery, Caledonia Street.

Starting from a dip in the Sausalito hills, the valley gently slopes down to the north-central waterfront. Because the Downtown Historical District, framed by the lush gardens and stately homes of the Banana Belt, claims a more storied history—and south Sausalito bears the official title of Old Town—the Turney Valley, although studded with relics of Sausalito's past, is sometimes undervalued as a place of historic significance.

Yet the Coast Miwok Indians chose this valley and its copious fresh water springs for the heart of their settlements in Sausalito. One needs only to scratch the surface of the land to unearth their arrowheads, cooking utensils and burial sites. A large Miwok shell mound, rising eight to ten feet high and known to have once existed in the area behind what is now the Marin Theater, testifies to their active presence here.

William Richardson, the first European settler in this region and Sausalito's founder, built both of his homes in Turney Valley: the first, an adobe from which he administered his 19,571-acre Mexican land grant, *Rancho del Sausalito*; the second, a timber house on top of the Indian shell mound near Caledonia and Pine.

The valley acquired its name from John H. Turney, who purchased this portion of Richardson's former rancho in the early 1860s. In 1868, he joined a triumvirate of real estate speculators in selling the Turney Valley and the downtown/central hills portion of the original Richardson estate to a consortium of San Francisco businessmen incorporated as the Sausalito Land & Ferry Company.

In the meantime, the Caledonian Club of San Francisco held an athletic event along the tidelands of Turney Valley, thereby providing Caledonia Street with the name we know today. And prominent local families began building homes in the valley's upper reaches, where Wildwood Glen, a small, dense forest and year-round creek provided a tranquil retreat

Sausalito, in '68, Scene of Caledonian Games



NEWSPAPER GRAPHIC: SHS COLLECTION

In June 1930 the Sausalito News carried this image of Turney Valley's main street, depicting games held here in 1868 by the Caledonian Club of San Francisco. The original print had appeared in the News on May 23rd of that year. Caledonia Street is named after these games.

from encroaching development from the flatlands.

When the North Pacific Coast Railroad brought rail transportation to Sausalito for the first time in 1875, the character of lower Turney Valley changed dramatically. Railroad and ferry crews and their families needed housing and schools. The SL&FCo began laying out streets, subdividing and developing, and creating dozens of building sites for modest working-class bungalows. Caledonia Street became the commercial hub for this brash new neighborhood dubbed, on the corporation's development maps, New Town. World War II saw these trends accelerate as the Marinship yard demanded housing and services at the north end of town.

Much of Sausalito's heritage traces its beginnings to this place: boat building and fishing, cultural institutions (I.D.E.S.S.T. Hall) and rituals (the Festival of the Holy Ghost, or Chamarita), two of the oldest schools in Sausalito (Richardson School and Central School); and Sausalito's first Catholic Church—St. Mary, Star of the Sea—once towered proudly on the brow of the hill at Bonita and Litho.

Yet, in Turney Valley tradition has always accommodated change. The recent opening of the new, classically-designed Fire and Police Stations—two strong, tangible symbols of Sausalito's public services—affirms the importance of the Caledonia/Turney Valley neighborhood as both an historic and current town center.

WILDWOOD GLEN

Today it's simply called The Glen. But in the late 19th century, it was known by a much more intriguing title—Wildwood Glen, a thicket of dark, dense growth where pleasure seekers could abandon their inhibitions and lovers could retreat from the prying eyes of their elders. A bit suggestive of forbidden pleasures, yes, but also a practical public utility—the source of much of Sausalito's water supply at the turn of the last century.

In fact, the narrow ravine that cuts into the hills at the top of Turney Valley and threads between Santa Rosa Avenue and Glen Drive still sluices waters from Wolfback Ridge down the full length of the valley. Its year-round creek runs past the old Gardner House (The Bower) at Girard, then disappears briefly under the road, reappearing between Pine and Turney and finally diving underground around Bonita. It empties into the bay near the Turney boat ramp.

Its waters have served many purposes. According to local historian Dorothy Gibson, Coast Miwok Indian settlements captured the creek at its base for domestic uses, as did Sausalito's first European settlers (William Richardson and his *Rancho del Sausalito*). The 19th century whaling industry utilized it to supply ships heading out to the Pacific, and 20th century commercial interests (notably Elliott's Laundry on Caledonia Street) tapped into it.

Mabel Wosser, a daughter of Thomas Wosser, principle engineer of Sausalito's first cross-bay ferryboat, the *Princess*, recalls in her memoirs that before her family built their home on Pine Street in 1874, "only the Gardner and Ritchie homes had been built . . . in this lovely spot, with the exception, of course, of the Richardson adobe. A large creek ran through the valley to the bay. The Indians had lived there under the handsome laurel trees."

More than halfway up the ravine, in an open glade, the Indians maintained what is believed to be a burial site, the graves of which have long since been obliterated. On the south side of the gulch, the Sausalito Land & Ferry Company created a reservoir intended to provide water for the growing town below, but which also functioned (more informally) as Sausalito's version of the proverbial "old swimming hole." It was abandoned as a water source in 1914 and finally drained in 1926 following a drowning incident.

But of the diverse uses made of Wildwood Glen, few were more lively and interesting than the entertainments held there during the latter decades of the 19th century. "Sausalito in the 1880s generated considerable interest among San Francisco's rich." Jack Tracy wrote in *Moments In Time*, "Saturday or Sunday excursions to Wildwood Glen had long been popu-

lar with the bourgeoisie. There was always something deemed slightly racy about Sausalito that livened up newspaper accounts . . ."

Although the *San Francisco Chronicle* deemed Wildwood Glen "a damp and rhematickey spot," it held a particular fascination for the Bay Area German community. Accompanied by musicians, revelers frequently came over to Sausalito by ferry to dance, drink and romance in the Glen's shady recesses. In response, enterprising Horace Platt of the Sausalito Land & Ferry Company, whose house bordered the creek, built an outdoor entertainment area, complete with picnic grounds and a



PHOTO: SHS COLLECTION

Members of the Ritchie Family in Wildwood Glen c. 1912.

wooden dance floor over the creek. The strains of the Blue Danube Waltz or a lively polka echoed through Wildwood Glen most summer weekends. And, according to veteran Turney Valley resident George Harlan, Sr., this arrangement happily coincided with the excursion plans of the picnickers "who interspersed with the dancing frequent potations at the bar so that at the time of departure for the ferry it usually became necessary for two or more persons to proceed in tripod formation in order to preserve locomotion with maximum bracing."

Edward Stahl, of German heritage, who served as unofficial chief of the Sausalito fire brigade, later acquired the Wildwood Glen property and continued the tradition of summer dance parties, stocked according to his newspaper advertisements with "the best wines and beers." In the 1890s, a small hotel briefly thrived there, and as many as 2,000 to 3,000 visitors were said to visit in a season.

Today, while the creek still runs through The Glen—coursing rambunctiously in wet winters, trickling placidly in dry summers—the ambiance has changed. Its banks are heavily built out with contemporary homes, approved, following vigorous neighborhood opposition, by the Sausalito City Council in the 1970s.

—Doris Berdahl

GROWING UP IN TURNEY VALLEY—The Glen & Beyond

In the 1940s and 50s, The Glen was a favorite playground for Turney Valley children, beginning at Girard Avenue, where the creek goes under the bridge, and ascending to where Glen Drive and Santa Rosa now meet. The gulch above Glen Drive was also a play area until about 1953 when, due to construction of the freeway above, it was destroyed.

For this article six residents of Turney Valley in the '40s and '50s recall their childhoods running free in The Glen and, indeed, all over town. Jan Keizer of Cazneau Avenue located former childhood neighbors interested in sharing their recollections. Giving generously of their time and stories were: Alfred (Bud) Arenz, Jan Keizer, Wauna Peterson Mellen, Roland Purnell, Jay Slattery and Martha Thomson.

“Even as a kid, I knew The Glen was something special,” recalls Roland Purnell about the “canyon trail” he crossed twice a week to get to his piano lesson. “We felt we were in a forest or a jungle totally removed from urban surroundings . . . Once my dad had to rebuild the little foot bridge I used to cross the creek to get to Ada Saline’s house for my lesson.”

The spring-fed creek ran year-round at the bottom of The Glen. Shafts of light penetrated through the canopy of bay and oak trees to dense ivy on the ground below. At twilight, when the wind was up and the fog rolled in, it transformed quickly into a “dark, scary, drippy place” best vacated until the next day’s light. This natural, sometimes mysterious world stirred childhood imaginations and generated hours of game playing, dam building, tree house construction and hanging of rope swings. According to Bud Arenz, “If you could climb a tree, you could hang a rope swing.” And, Jay Slattery adds, “Parents gave us saws, hammers and nails to build tree houses. We would build close to the creek so the water would run right under. We pretended the creek was a moat and we were guarding a castle. We made these structures without parental supervision. Our parents were confident that we were OK.”

And it wasn’t just the boys. Wauna Peterson Mellen recalls, “We always played there. We didn’t worry about snakes or spiders and I don’t recall any problems, although occasionally a rope swing would be taken down if there was an accident. Once I told my mother about exploring an old, old house that was abandoned in The Glen and

she did say, ‘No more of that.’” The poison oak, however, could be a challenge: “You either avoided the poison oak or you got it.”

Access to this natural playground was from three different dirt trails that descended from Cazneau Avenue into the “ivy field.” A couple of them dropped down from behind houses, but the main trail began where today a short paved road extends off Cazneau where the street turns sharply to the right up the hill. Once in The Glen, it branched out to three key destinations—across the creek, up the streambed, or to the “bowl,” a widening in the trail where, according to Jan Keizer, “we played tag and lots of games.”

Martha Thomson lived at 71 Cazneau for 61 years beginning in 1945 and witnessed generations of kids walking the 150 yards from the trailhead to play in the creek. “The trees made a lovely canopy in the Glen and coveys of quail ran up through our yard from there.” Jay Slattery recalls, “We used to pick our watercress for salads from The Glen, but after the construction to widen 101 began in 1953, the mud and debris ruined it.”

Even before then, the quality of creek water was not considered potable by the kids’ parents, but some thirsty youngsters did drink from the springs, apparently without dire consequences. Water quality down stream from the play area was another issue altogether. Creek water ran directly to Elliott’s Laundry on Caledonia. Jay Slattery reports that, “Because of the creek, Mr. Elliott had no water bill, but we muddied up



Roland Purnell’s father took this classic picture of members of his family enjoying a picnic at one of the ship launching celebrations at Marinship on May 7, 1944. Roland is pictured on the far right one day after his 7th birthday. Next to him is his grandfather “who never left the house without a three piece suit.” He had retired from the railroad and worked at Marinship briefly as a ship painter.

PHOTO: COURTESY OF ROLAND PURNELL

Turney Valley (Continued on Page 4)

his water with our dams on more than one occasion.” Roland Purnell chuckles at the recollection that, “One day one of my buddies, Eldon Peterson, acquired some dye such as might be used for an ocean rescue. It was fluorescent, bright greenish-yellow. He put some of it in the creek and it turned that color. We thought that was cool!” One can only guess what Mr. Elliott thought.

Jan Keizer recalls that “on a lower portion of the creek there were some pools in the rock. We would catch water skeeters in the pools and play with tiny boats. Whoever had a dime would go buy one of these three-inch folded metal boats with little steam boilers and a tiny cabin. With an eye-dropper we’d fill the boiler and then heat it up with a candle and it would go ‘putt-putt.’

“One day I decided I wanted a coonskin cap. We bought a bunch of traps at the Golden Gate Hardware on Bridgeway at the foot of Princess Street and set them around the creek. We caught one skunk and one raccoon. Problem was that none of us wanted to get near the angry animals, so finally a dad, Jack MacLaird I believe, took the raccoon out of the trap and put it in a cage I had made. I hauled it home in my red wagon. I kept the raccoon about one day. He was nasty, and yellow jackets were after him! I was glad to let him go—and there went my coonskin cap, too.”

While The Glen was the primary playground for the Turney neighborhood, the resourceful children who lived there played well beyond its limits. “By age six or seven, parents would let us run free,” says Jay Slattery. “The town was ours,” agrees Bud Arnez. “No one worried about their kids. I’d leave in the morning and come home in the evening. That was the 50’s era. It was wonderful.” Wauna Peterson Mellen also recalls, “It was a safer town, and my family respected my ability to know right from wrong.”

Time limits set some perimeters on the kids’ play. The fire station horn sounded at 8:00 am, noon and 5:00 pm and signaled the beginning and end of many activities around town. As a rule, kids did not leave home before the 8:00 am signal and each child knew how much time she or he had to get home after the 5:00 pm blast. You could be in trouble if the Catholic Church bell rang at 5:55 pm and you weren’t accounted for. In addition to time limits, there were plenty of eyes around town. Jan Keizer remembers that “Juanita Munson’s restaurant in the northern part of town was a favorite hangout and she knew every kid in town.” Jay Slattery recalls, “During the day, my mother would call the butcher or the Sausalito Sweet Shop (another kid hangout) if she wanted me to come home.” In Bud Arenz’s words, “There was some kind of underground communication among the mothers.”

The firehouse horn also tipped off kids to another source of excitement—where the next fire was. Every household had

a card by the phone with the code system for fire horn blasts. Two short, one long might mean Second Street, for example. The bigger kids would ride their bikes to the location and help the firemen roll out the hoses. Kids also liked to hang out at the firehouse “because that was where the excitement was.” Jay Slattery remembers, “The firemen would let us play on the fire pole. We’d jump on at the second floor and slide down. Was that ever fun! Or if it was quiet, we’d watch them play pinochle, or they would show us photographs from the war. One day we showed them a black widow spider we had caught in a jar. I’d poked a hole in the lid so it could get air and somehow it got out into the firehouse. We were banned from there for 6 months after that.”

Many kids earned their pocket money doing small jobs around town. For the younger kids, pulling weeds or collecting coke bottles for two cents each would earn enough shrimp bait to fish all day. Juanita would feed kids for 25 cents—a hamburger, fries and a big glass of milk. “She was really nice to us,” recalls Jan Keizer, “but I think she may have settled accounts with our parents at the end of the month.”

Wauna Peterson Mellen had a variety of early jobs. “I was a free spirit and my family encouraged me. I was one of the first girls to have a bike and a paper route, even though it had to be in my brother’s name because they didn’t hire girls. I also sold greeting cards. We’d go to the movies on the weekend with the money we made. Later I worked in the Sausalito Sweet Shop between 6–8 am before school, and after school until 10:00 pm. “My family didn’t say no. By high school, I was able to buy a car and drive to school.” Martha Thomson also had an early start on local employment. She was recommended by her high school chemistry teacher to Dr. Clark, head chemist at the American Distillery Company. “I worked as an assistant chemist. My job was to test the mash to make sure the industrial grade alcohol content (made during the war and after, before whiskey production began), was as high as possible.”

Fishing was another ready-made involvement for the young in Sausalito. The bait shop and fishing pier were located just south of Princess Street on the Ondine wharf. You could “catch perch all day or occasionally a sting ray or small leopard shark,” says Jay Slattery. “We’d also fish from the ferry dock. It was very dangerous, but we didn’t think that way then. We were nimble and crawled all over the pitch-covered pilings, soiling our clothes. We’d get cleaned up with alcohol and paint thinner. Sometimes with my dad we’d catch herring in the early morning in a big net off the pier. We’d freeze the catch in empty milk cartons and later eat them or use them for bait.”

Many kids spent part of their day on the waterfront or at the yacht harbor. Jan Keizer remembers, “If the tide was way

THIS OLD HOUSE

The small, hand-crafted scrapbook she handed us was simple and well-worn from much handling, and aptly titled: *This Old House 41 Cazneau Avenue*. Barbara Geisler, owner of the rustic green-shingle cottage on lower Cazneau, almost obscured today by arching oak and bay laurel trees and a profusion of shrubs and flowering plants, said the book had come to her as a gift from Phil and Susan Frank. Its contents had gradually accrued through the years—most of them photographs, newspaper clippings, old-timer memoirs, and research on #41 produced by Phil and, before him, earlier town historian Jack Tracy.

For an interviewer, the book was a treasure trove of information. For one thing, the cottage, long known as Laurel Lodge, is one of the oldest homes in the Turney Valley. For another, it once housed one of Sausalito's first bohemians, Daniel O'Connell, a colorful and free-spirited individual of the late 19th century who was, in many ways, a precursor of his breed 50 years later. (Phil Frank aptly labeled them "quirky, contrarian and creative.") Nestled in the depths of an urban forest known then as Wildwood Glen, Laurel Lodge in O'Connell's day was still largely removed from the encroachments of modern day life—a kind of woodland retreat where Victorian-style art and eccentricity survived and thrived.

Some of the historical information on Laurel Lodge is conflicting, particularly the date when it was built (placed by some as early as the 1870s). But it is generally believed that it was built in 1886 for James W. Coleman, President of the North Pacific Coast Railroad Company. And, according to the memoirs of George Harlan, Sr., patriarch of one of Sausalito's earliest families, Coleman in the early 1890s made it available to O'Connell, an Irish poet, actor, newspaperman and bon vivant who is best remembered today for his role as co-founder of San Francisco's Bohemian Club.

O'Connell is memorialized in Sausalito by the O'Connell Seat, a handsome stone bench still standing at the intersection of Harrison and Bulkley. But he and his family, a wife and seven children, first took up residence in Sausalito in much less auspicious circumstances—by camping out on the beach at the foot of Valley Street, where O'Connell is remembered by Harlan as "gathering his family around him and there reciting poetry in a sonorous tone." Never one to concern himself about money, O'Connell happily lived the good life in genteel poverty. "His desire to spend far exceeded his capacity to acquire," remarked a contemporary. But because he habitually attracted generous patrons, and had no problem accepting their largesse, he gracefully accepted from Coleman, a fellow Bohemian Club member, use of the house at 41 Cazneau until his death in 1899.

As it turned out, Laurel Lodge and its setting, which the poet named after himself (O'Connell Glen), was exactly the right environment for him. His penchant for entertaining friends and family was legend. Jack Tracy wrote in the *Marin-Scope* in the 1970s of "dinners hosted by O'Connell which seemed like Roman feasts." And consider this passage from

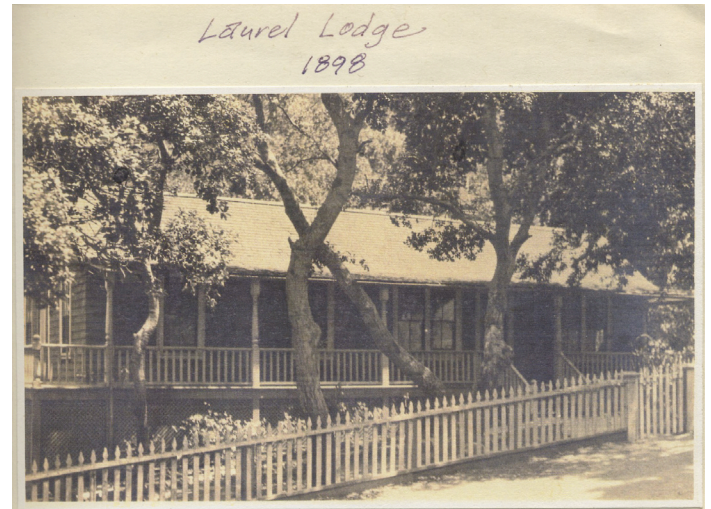


PHOTO COURTESY OF BARBARA GEISLER

Laurel Lodge at 41 Cazneau Ave as it looked at the end of the 19th century.

a book titled *In Tamal Land* by Helen Bingham (publication date unknown), in which the author recounts a walk (probably around 1900–1910) through Wildwood Glen. In it, she reminds us, in the sentimental prose of her era, how pastoral this region of Sausalito still was at the turn of the 20th century, where she imagined O'Connell had gained inspiration for his nature poetry.

"Ascending the glen by a winding country road, shadowed by trees and shrubs, it was not long before we reached a small, low shingled cottage nestled deep in the shade of tall bays and buckeyes. A neat sign over the door bearing the inscription "O'Connell Glen" met our gaze, and then we knew that this little cottage, with its wealth of solitude and humble exterior, was the former home of the poet, Daniel O'Connell. . . . With a stout stick, and accompanied by his daughters, he would often be seen sallying forth from his rustic lodge to tramp over hills and through canyons, exploring the apparently inaccessible, viewing and absorbing the wondrous beauty of woodland fastnesses, airy heights, and rugged cliffs."

Daniel O'Connell, a true man of his era, appropriately left the stage a year before the dawn of the 20th century. What he would have thought of the mode of "entertainment" for which his cottage was later used is anyone's guess. Today, the basement of Laurel Lodge is widely believed to have functioned during the 1920s and early '30s as a neighborhood speakeasy.

Barbara Geisler is careful to include a caveat, noting that this could well be an "urban legend" because no definitive

This Old House (Continued on Page 6)

Turney Valley (continued from page 4)

out, we'd make mud shoes out of boards and walk on the mud flats." Bud Arenz recollects the Edgewater Boat Shop at the foot of Turney Street where boats were bought, sold and repaired. "They must have had a lot of patience. There was always a flock of kids watching the goings-on." Jan Keizer recalls his first boat, "an eight foot pram built from a Chris Craft kit. We'd row around in Madden and Lewis Yacht Harbor and tie up at Arques' place between Turney and Johnson Streets. There were six of us with prams, and occasionally we'd row to Belvedere. At the causeway, we'd help each other carry the prams over to Belvedere Lagoon and then row to Tiburon and have lunch. If the tide was right, we'd come home through Raccoon Straits.

In sum, Jan Keizer muses, "If you didn't do anything really stupid, you didn't get into trouble. It was a more tolerant time." Whether it was playing in The Glen or the firehouse, at the yacht harbor or on the fishing pier, or working a small job, these adults have vivid memories of their only-in-Sausalito childhoods. "Where else," asks Jay Slattery, "might I be cast at age nine as the paper boy in Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* at the downtown little theater?" "And where else," asks Roland Purnell, "could your mother, who worked for years as a school secretary, end up in a senior citizens group with Sally Stanford?"

— Margaret Badger

This Old House (continued from page 5)

evidence has been produced to substantiate it. Nonetheless, here's what Phil Frank offered, in an article he wrote in the *MarinScope* in 1977, as proof that the Turney Valley neighborhood often enjoyed a pint in the basement of 41 Cazneau during the dry years of the early 20th century.

"Nothing has changed and so through the years (the basement) has remained sort of a modern-day King Tut's tomb, dusty and unaltered. . . . There is a cleverly hidden barroom tucked away behind barred windows, its only access through an innocent-looking basement door with a window to observe who was desiring entrance. There's a stand-up bar with an ornate brass foot rail, a mirrored back bar, a cabinet for glasses with three delicate depression-era glasses still on the shelf, a hidden wall panel that opens to reveal a lock door that swings into a walk-in storage room with a 1924 calendar tacked to the wall next to a list of penciled numbers recording the amount of beer produced in April of 1924. There's a locked cabinet, inside of which are dust-covered bottles of wine. Beer was brewed here. Wine was made here, and no doubt contraband liquor from Canada or bootleg whiskey from Tennessee Valley still made its way to this hideaway."

Urban legend or not, if Prohibition had existed in his day, Daniel O'Connell would no doubt have presided with gusto over a watering hole in his basement—and added to the revelry with a few verses, sonorously delivered.

— Doris Berdahl

THE SCHOOLS PROGRAM: *Sausalito Then and Now*

This Spring's highly successful schools outreach program (described in the Winter 2010 newsletter) with third grade students from Willow Creek Academy and Bayside School will take place again this October in Sausalito's Historic

Downtown District. SHS docents will make presentations in classrooms at both schools, followed by a joint field trip. In 2011, SHS board member Susan Frank will oversee the design of a new curriculum for the schools about Marinship.

PHOTO: COURTESY OF MARGARET BADGER



Above: SHS docent Vicki Nichols briefs third grade students from Bayside Elementary and Willow Creek Academy about historic details of Vina del Mar Park. Each student had his or her own workbook with photographs of historic downtown buildings.

Right: Two Willow Creek Academy third grade students stand in front of the 1886 Summer Cottages on Bridgeway. They chose these buildings to study as part of their participation in Sausalito Then and Now Schools program.



PHOTO: COURTESY OF MARGARET BADGER

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

NEW VOLUNTEERS at the SHS

Maeve Metzger is our new volunteer assisting with the Past Perfect data entry process. Maeve also led the popular Wildwood Glen walks, one of the events at the Bower Fundraiser brunch on June 27th. So many people were interested in the walk that Maeve led an additional walk on July 6th. Welcome and thanks to Maeve!



PHOTO: COURTESY OF MARGARET BADGER

Maeve Metzger gestures while leading the docent walk at the Bower Fundraiser.

We are happy to welcome **Barbara Taylor** and **Marcia Williamson**, who attended a docent training workshop on August 11th and who will be continuing their training while working with seasoned docents during coming weeks. Thanks also to **Rick Seymour** and **Mary Ann Dietrich**. They have been serving on the Accessions Committee, which processes donations of items relating to Sausalito history to the Society's collection.

New Board member **Pinkie Anderson** has begun building a Special Events Committee, including volunteers **Debby Mindel**, **Connie Riley**, **Shannon Tracy** and **Angela Wildman**. In the on-going planning of entertaining and informative events, additional help is always welcome.

UPCOMING OCTOBER EVENT

Kevin Starr, author of the new book *Golden Gate*, will be featured at a Cavallo Point SHS fund raiser. Watch for details on a postcard in the mail.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

We always welcome new volunteers at the Society. Current projects include data entry, events, filing newspaper clippings, docenting, and converting audio tapes of oral histories to CDs. Or if you have a special talent or interest you'd like to offer, please let us know. You can contact us at 289-4117 or e-mail us at info@sausalitohistoricalociety.org.

NEWS from the SHS BOARD

At the Society's general meeting in May 2010, the slate of directors proposed by the Nominating Committee was accepted by acclamation. The newest Board members are **Margaret (Pinkie) Anderson** and **Gail Ann Taylor**. Many thanks and best wishes to outgoing directors **Carol Hayes**, **Jesse Seaver** and **Patricia Stoppello**. In June, four officers were re-elected to an additional one-year term: Larry Clinton, President; Roland Ojeda, Vice President; Sharon Seymour, Secretary; and Gail Taylor, Treasurer.

Gail Taylor, who had been appointed mid-term to fill the Treasurer's position, reported that our bank balance increased by over \$5,000 in 2009. Our major funding sources are the City of Sausalito, which partially subsidizes docents at the Ice House, member dues, fundraisers, donations and sales.



PHOTO: COURTESY OF JANE CLINTON

Members of the 2010–11 SHS Board of Directors are from left to right: Bob Woodrum, Mary Griffin, Gail Taylor, Larry Clinton, Sharon Seymour, Ann Heurlin, Pinkie Anderson, and Roland Ojeda. Board members not pictured: Susan Frank and Robin Sweeny.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

On Sunday, June 27, one hundred SHS members and friends visited Sausalito's oldest residence, The Bower, built in 1869 for Senator James H. Gardner. The Bower was recently remodeled by current owner/architect and SHS Board member Mary Griffin, who hosted the event. Attendees enjoyed delicacies from Cibo, plus coffee and mimosas with champagne, courtesy of Molly Stone's. Thanks to the capacity turnout, this event brought in over \$4,200 to help fund the Society's ongoing projects. If you'd like to be among the first to know about upcoming historic events, send your e-mail address to info@sausalitohistoricalociety.org.

Did you know that the Ice House, our downtown historic exhibit and visitor center, serves over 29,000 visitors every year? As important as this facility is to visitors, it has much to offer locals, as well. As the tourist traffic diminishes in the Fall, we encourage you to visit Tuesday through Sunday from 11:30 am to 4:00 pm at 780 Bridgeway opposite Poggio. Check out the displays of historical photos and artifacts, and browse the selection of books, cards, and other items that appeal to anyone with an interest in Sausalito. Just in time for the holidays, we have added a terrific line of Phil Frank greeting cards, courtesy of SHS Board member Susan Frank. You'll find them fun to share with friends and family.

Once you've finished with this newsletter, I'd like to encourage you to pass it along to a neighbor who might be interested in joining the Society.

Thanks again for your support, Larry Clinton, *President*

SAUSALITO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

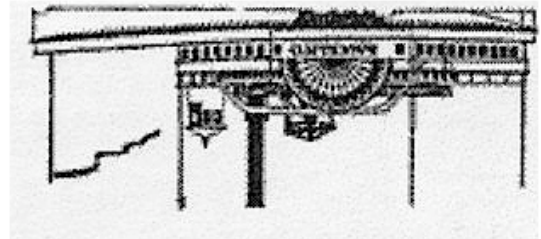
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