

Moments in Time

SAUSALITO HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER FALL 2011

19th CENTURY REALITY SHOW Steve Richardson's Narrative

Residing in the Sausalito Historical Society's archives, never published in book form and relatively unknown, is a transcript of a densely detailed oral history done in 1918 with 87-year-old Stephen Richardson, son of William Richardson, Sausalito's founder. One-hundred-and-seventy-two pages of faded typescript titled *The Days of the Dons, Reminiscences of California's Oldest Native Son*, the material was probably recorded in shorthand as Richardson spoke to a *San Francisco Call Bulletin* reporter named James H. Wilkins, whose resulting articles were serialized in the paper starting with the April 20, 1918 issue. As we encounter it today, the series comes across as an absorbing story—a rich amalgam of Richardson's voice, strikingly vigorous and lucid for a man recalling people and events from the mid-19th century, and Wilkins' deft editorial touches as he shapes the narrative to read like a 20th century action thriller.

The period covered falls into two time frames: the pre-Gold Rush period and the years immediately following. Scholars have written extensively about the former, and Sausalito's own researcher/historian Annie Sutter has published fascinating material about that era, using the Richardson memoir as her primary source. That was, in large part, a halcyon moment in Northern California history. The region was Mexican-held territory called *Alta California* in the decades prior to the American takeover of California in 1846. It was populated mainly by California-born, but chiefly Spanish-descended people existing alongside of, but as overlords to, the Native Americans or Indians who had occupied the land for the previous 3,000 years. Richardson's story consists primarily of his own interpretation of this prosperous pastoral society and the *rancho / pueblo* culture

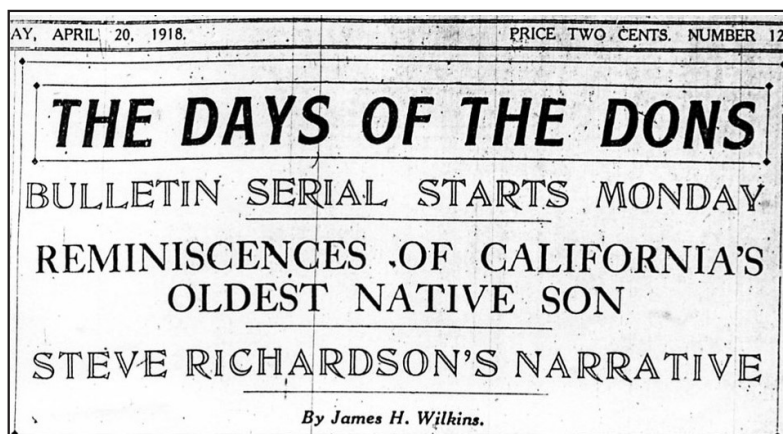
that prevailed in Northern California when sprawling Spanish and Mexican land grants and interlocking family relationships largely defined the terms of people's lives.

The Californians or *Californios*, as they were sometimes known (Richardson uses the former name), were of all classes. Some were distinctly patrician, represented by the *dons* or *rancheros* (landed gentry) which the Richardson family ultimately became part of; others played useful roles farther down

the social hierarchy, as exemplified by the *vaqueros*, or cowboys, of romantic legend. Supported by the labor of the indigenous Indians, the *ranchero* lifestyle was leisurely, pleasure-loving, hospitable, keenly appreciative of good food and fine wine. Festive gatherings—weddings, christenings, and religious holidays, some of which lasted as long as

two weeks—served to cement relations among the members of vast extended families.

In this newsletter, we have chosen a different focus, in large part the post-Gold Rush period and Steve Richardson's personal perceptions of that time—particularly those shaped by his heritage as the son of an Anglo/Latin marriage. We follow his depiction of the sometimes destructive/sometimes complementary ways the two cultures confronted each other. We examine his passionate loyalties to the Spanish-Mexican, or Latin, culture of his mother, Maria Antonia Martinez, daughter of the *Commandante* of the Mexican military garrison at the *Presidio*, and the Anglo culture of his father, the British-born William Antonio Richardson, who laid out the street pattern of *Yerba Buena* (San Francisco), served as its Port Captain, thrived as a successful entrepreneur during the Bay Area's early development, and played a key role in the evolution of what was to become Marin County.



The original headlines for the 1918 SF Call Bulletin series by James H. Wilkins are on microfiche at the main library in San Francisco.

In selecting highlights from the vast array of topics Richardson covered in *Days of the Dons*, we have concentrated on his observations and opinions about the clash of Anglo and Latin cultures following the Gold Rush, the fate of the Native Americans of Marin and Sonoma counties before and after secularization of the California missions and the absorption of California into the United States. Our work is not intended as scholarly interpretation, but only as selective reporting on Steve Richardson's compelling narrative.

Although the younger Richardson's patrimony—consisting mainly of a portion of the 19,571-acre land grant his father received from the Mexican government in 1838—ultimately met piecemeal dissolution through the chicanery of lawyers and the family's mishandling of its financial affairs, he continued to enjoy the status of native son and member of a 19th century dynasty throughout his life. The opening years of the bright, new 20th century coincided with Steve Richardson's old age, when his one-of-a-kind memories of the people and events of his long-ago youth must have been regarded as a genuine treasure trove.



Stephen J. Richardson in an 1861 daguerrotype. Printed in Captain Richardson, Mariner, Ranchero, and Founder of San Francisco by Robert Ryal Miller, 1995.

DRINKING AND GAMBLING—*When Two Cultures Meet*

As suggested in our introduction, a persistent theme running through Steve Richardson's 1918 memoir deals with consequences, good and bad, of the juxtaposition of Anglo and Latin cultures in *Alta California* in the mid-19th century. A man of fair-mindedness and balance, he faults the *Californios* for being self-indulgent and careless in their failure to protect the area's abundant resources and its rich and unique culture. At the same time, he's severe with the avarice and arrogance of the newcomers, once gold was found. Some of the gold miners were Asians, Europeans and South Americans, but most were Americans representing the expansionist, entrepreneurial forces from the east—in particular the brash, rapidly developing colossus from beyond the Sierra, the United States.

While Richardson assigns blame fairly even-handedly—pointing to the gullibility of the one group and the greed and opportunism of the other—he's unequivocal in his indictment of John C. Fremont, the American military commander who, in his drive through the North Bay in the 1840s to claim *Alta California* for the United States, poisoned relations for years to come between the resident population and the Americans.

Two social vices that flowed from these often harsh early contacts were excessive drinking and addictive gambling. Since the Latin people were, Richardson claims, highly susceptible to these temptations, the results were predictable. The more predatory of the newcomers, those who came into the region expressly to exploit the natives, came out winners. And the established Spanish/Mexican community largely came out losers. Many prominent families suffered economic ruin, and the culture in general experienced widespread deterioration.

Richardson was unsparing on the subject of drinking: "I have always had my opinion about the disorder that cropped up in nearly all the centers of the State from the earliest gold days . . . It was due to an almost unbelievable use of hard liquor. This was nearly universal and only the strongest constituencies could stand it long . . . the sad truth is that most of them died of a hob-nailed liver."

Not that there weren't robust drinking rituals among the *Californios* before the gold seekers arrived. But the forms it took were relatively benign, meant to promote comradeship and conviviality. According to Richardson, ". . . every good fellow carried a concealed bottle about his person, equally for

his own reflection and to allay the thirst of casual friends. You couldn't enter the best regulated home without having the red liquor poured down your throat."

As for saloons, "It was considered extremely bad form to pass one without entering and having a few. . . . I came to consider it rather a noteworthy event when I met anyone cold sober. Men of high position considered it no disgrace to lie in the streets in broad daylight dead drunk."

A large part of the drinking was done on credit. "When a gentleman entered a saloon he very seldom paid in cash. It was looked on as vulgar. It was deemed far more dignified to keep . . . the transaction out of sight. There was just a pleasant nod to the bartender and his grateful nod in return, as he recorded the trifling obligation in his book of bills receivable." Such bills were settled monthly, and ". . . a particular sanctity was attached to the obligation." In short, a gentleman felt obliged to pay his bar bill.

But things changed with the coming of the Americans—a people, in Richardson's view, that "preserved few of the chivalric virtues of the early days." True, *cantinas* had been common in the *pueblos* before the Americans came, and drunkenness had become a familiar sight. "But it was as nothing compared with what I might properly call the reign of whiskey from 1840 on."

Richardson's description of the ravages of alcohol among certain nationalities at that time ends with this elegiac conclusion: "All the Latin races—Spanish, French and Italian—are peculiarly susceptible to the toxic effects of strong liquor, and in the prolonged orgy of those years, Californians probably suffered most of all."

When it comes to gambling, Richardson is unsparing. Especially critical of 19th century writers like Bret Harte, who, he scoffs, gave the California gambler "a halo and harp, representing him as the high strung, chivalric gentleman who would scorn to take any undue advantage in the game," he rigorously attacks that romantic frontier "myth." "There never was a falser piece of publicity since the printing press was invented. The professional gambler is, has and always will be a crook."

For at least a couple of generations, the *Californios*, relatively speaking, had lived their lives without significant vices, Richardson asserts. But "when money began to flow into California like a broad river" and sudden wealth descended on these people's placid way of life, it "led many into habits of intemperance that proved their ruin."

"The gambling spirit runs strong in the Spanish blood," he says. The typical sequence of events in the early days, before the American invasion, was for small parties of men with loose money to assemble at a *hacienda* and "buck the tiger." The

favorite game was "monte." The stakes were high. Everything was on credit. Whether winning or losing, the players were equally "in good humor." So after an evening's amusement, it was not unusual to "see a mule-load of silver transferred from one rancher's house to another."

At the same time, *cantinas* were proliferating in *Monterey* and *Yerba Buena*. Gambling rooms were open day and night, and professional gamblers had come into town who "did not rely wholly on luck." Richardson is eloquent on the subject of cheating. "Be it a cold deck, clogged dice, or other means of reducing uncertainty to certainty . . . the cheating was very raw." And for good reason. "[The professional's] overhead was large. He must maintain expensive rooms . . . and live a life of splendor in order to be in touch with prospective victims who will lose largely and gracefully."

The rewards for lucky players could be opulent. "Some ran riot on table luxuries. They wanted champagne or burgundy with every meal. . . . Others broke loose in the most riotous extravagances in the line of clothes—paid almost any price for gay apparel." For losers, the picture was reversed. It was "a fetish among Spanish-speaking people to honor one's gambling debts" (even more so than with bar bills), no matter what hardship that might incur. So the professional "sharper" could count on *Californios* to come up with the money they owed. If an irresponsible ne'er-do-well didn't have resources, his family stood by him. Or if cash wasn't available, a large herd of a *ranchos*' cattle would be driven away to square a son's or brother's or cousin's debt. Accordingly, "The well-to-do people who would not do their uttermost to save a relative and the family name from eternal shame were deemed worthy of the contempt of all mankind."

As a result, Richardson recalls, "Vast amounts of hoarded money saw the light of day" in the post-Gold Rush period. Gamblers around the world marveled at the *Californios*' "willingness to venture fortunes on the turn of a card and their apparent indifference whether they lost or won." Often asked what became of the wealth that must have accumulated among these trusting, pastoral people during the boom times, Richardson says simply, "They were tricked out of it."

These "rubes of the *ranchos*," he asserts, were like simple, unsophisticated people everywhere. They succumbed too easily to temptation. And their credulity was not confined to the property-owning elite. In the gambling dens of the *pueblos* flagrant con games were foisted on the lower classes. One of Richardson's most telling memories focused on this population. "I have visited and relieved *paisanos* in San Francisco who were confined to their beds because their raiment was in the pawn shop."

—Doris Berdahl

WOEFUL TRANSITIONS

Stephen Richardson was born in 1830 and spent his childhood “in the saddle” on *Rancho del Sausalito*, the vast Mexican land-grant to which his father William Richardson gained title in 1841. This was 23 years after the founding of the Mission San Rafael Arcangel and 20 years before California became a state. At birth, then, Steve (or *Estaban* as he was known in Spanish) was fated to grow up and spend his early manhood in a period of major transition in California. The Mexican government would be superceded by the United States government. Conflicting land ownership claims concerning Mission property and all Mexican land-grants would create mayhem over property rights. And the entire Bay Area would be transformed—economically, demographically and ecologically—by the Gold Rush.

In Mexican-governed California, Richardson’s world was peopled by Spaniards, Mexicans, a few Anglos and Northern California’s indigenous population, mainly the Bay Area’s Native Americans. “I learned Indian myself long before I could speak English and I could hand out a line of Indian chatter as well as the biggest chief.” Consequently, *The Days of the Dons* devotes considerable space to Richardson’s personal commentary on the changing condition of the local Indians, from pre-colonial times through the early 1850s. With Indians living and working all around him, he personally witnessed their transitions. Some moved from Mission land to *ranchos* or *pueblos*. Others fell into a life of wandering in an Americanized west, and, in all too many cases, met ultimate extinction as a distinct population group.

Disclaiming any pretense of being a scholar or historian, Richardson nonetheless writes at length about the pre-colonial Marin Indians. The area that was to become Marin County had a relatively dense Indian population of three to four thousand before foreign influences began to decimate the indigenous environment and culture. The climate was ideal and food plentiful, including an inexhaustible supply of clams and mussels. “Little need existed to lay in winter stores with the exception of acorn meal which was prepared by the squaws in large quantities every fall.” The acorn bread was nutritious and palatable and the streams were full of salmon. Given the favorable natural conditions, Richardson offers this assessment: “I should say that in the material things of life, he [the Marin Indian] was far better off than the working classes of Europe at the beginning of the last century.”

The Indians enjoyed robust health, he contends, for a variety of reasons: low stress, the absence of unhealthy substances, a simple, nutritious diet and their daily habit of taking a sweat (followed by a cold water plunge) in a *temescal*. “I remember in my own time there were numerous relics of these sweat



This painting by Edward Deakin is one of the few accurate depictions of the original Mission San Rafael Arcangel. It was reproduced in the book San Rafael—Marin’s Mission City by Frank L. Keegan, 1987, courtesy of the Los Angeles Museum of Natural History.

lodges along the shore.” Richardson can’t resist concluding, “He [the Indian] had no labors that were not voluntary except seeing that his squaw did most of the work. No factory whistle disturbed his soul.” Finally, as evidence of the Indians’ good physical health, he claims he never saw an Indian with a missing tooth, failed eyesight or poor hearing.

While Richardson was aware of the severe changes to Native American life that resulted from contact with the European colonizers and missionaries, his opinions of the Mission system as expressed in his memoir, are not as negative as those we read today. He appears to have based his judgments on years of contact with Mission San Rafael Arcangel, founded in 1817 (and perhaps with the missions in Sonoma and San Francisco). In 1918, he claimed he was “the last surviving white man who has seen a California Mission as a going concern,” although these Missions must have been in various stages of desecularization when he saw them.

His observations strongly question what he labels “myths” regarding the Indians’ lives under the padres in Spanish Missions. One comment in particular flies in the face of what we read and believe today—that is, the view of the Indians as enslaved victims of the Missions, working under coercion for the benefit of church and state. “I do not think these people were in any sense unhappy or that enforced work weighed on them heavily as most writers have held.” Many Indians

learned useful things at the Missions, he contends. They became skilled builders and farmers and horsemen. In his opinion, they achieved a level of competence that has seldom been acknowledged. “The Indian was a capable artisan in all industrial pursuits and to my way of thinking, a good mechanic. . . . We talk about those stately buildings mostly ruins now that dot the coastline from San Diego to old Sonoma as the work of the Spaniards. Rubbish! They were the work of the Indians inside and out, from start to finish. . . . Believe me, if it had been left to the Spaniards, there would have been no Missions.”

In another part of his narrative, however, Richardson comes down hard on what he perceives to be a negative consequence of the Mission system. He faults the church for “the open and avowed policy . . . to keep them [the Indians] in the passive, submissive state, absolutely dependant on the guidance of their spiritual masters. No effort was made at any time or place to put them on their feet, to make them think and act for themselves, to make even the faint beginning of personal independence.” In his view, the church kept them as “little children, dependent on the padres . . . underestimating the almost insurmountable difficulties . . . of transforming a people from wild freedom to the sharp restraints of life. . . .”

When the Mission system came apart after the secularization order of 1834, the Indians who had worked under the paternalistic discipline of the padres were left in a highly vulnerable position. The idea of the Mission system had been to Christianize and train them to become free citizens of Spain within a period of ten years. The task, as Richardson observed, was wholly unrealistic, and as it was drawn out over a longer period became unaffordable for the government of Mexico after it won independence from Spain in 1828.

The local San Rafael Arcangel Mission was the first of all of California’s 21 Missions to begin the secularization process and, according to the story Richardson chooses to tell us about it, was one of the few Mission sites where the Indians—for a short while—got a reasonably fair break. Don Timoteo

Murphy, a large land-grant holder appointed to administer the local secularization process, was an Irish immigrant who’d become a Mexican citizen and was already working for the Mission. He was a conscientious man intent on overseeing a fair transition process for the benefit of the Mission Indians. He administered their land deal, including rights to a river rich in shellfish and salmon, rights to 30 acres of arable land in Nicasio Valley for each adult Indian male and 80,000 acres of communal pasture for their cattle, sheep and horses. For the 14-year period after the secularization order until the end of Mexican rule in *Alta California*, Don Timoteo quite successfully battled against outside scammers and encouraged Indian husbandry until, in Richardson’s words, “Murphy’s Indians enjoyed something like prosperity.”

It was the American military occupation of *Alta California* and the accompanying rough mix of trappers, hunters and gold seekers flooding into the state who, according to Richardson, brought the final curtain down on the local Indians. These outsiders were attracted to the prosperous Nicasio community and married into it, bringing with them whiskey which “few primitive people have been able to resist.” When American rule replaced Mexican control, Don Timoteo’s role was eliminated and the Indians became wards of the United States. “In less than a year after the American occupation, all of Murphy’s patient work was undone and the fate of the red man was sealed.”

In a last lament, Richardson observes how the training of Mission Indians in useful building and farming skills went for nothing. “The army of skilled mechanics turned loose by the Missions would have been swiftly absorbed in any other land. But in California there were no industries then. Even during the Gold Rush no one thought to engage the formally trained Mission Indians to help build new cities and mines.” With a keen sense of the tragedy that took place before his eyes, Richardson emotionally concludes, “They made a clean job of the Mission Indian. He is dead, he is extinct. . . .”

—Margaret Badger

SECULARIZATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS—1834

This is a controversial term to define and an even more controversial historical process to describe. The simplest definition in the context of a document such as *Days of the Dons* might be as follows: It was an order from the Mexican government (free from Spanish control since 1828) to the Mission padres to cease their effort to Christianize and civilize the Indians in order to prepare them to become colonial citizens of Spain. It was time to turn over the Mis-

sion wealth in land, animals and implements to the Indians (the original, declared intent of the Spanish government) even though the task of Christianizing and civilizing had not, overall, been achieved as planned. Parish priests would take over the churches from the missionaries and the Indian neophytes would be on their own.

The order gave 10 years as a reasonable and orderly transition period.

EVERT HEYNNEMAN REMEMBERED

AN ELEGANT, POLITE DUTCHMAN

PHOTO: SHS COLLECTION



*Sitting: Elizabeth (Betsy) Kraemer, Jeanne M. Fidler, Robin Sweeny, Linda W. Bonnett.
Standing: Jack Tracy, Joe Troise, Evert Heynneman, Phil Frank, Tom May.*

Evert Heynneman passed away on February 27, 2011. He was active in many aspects of the Sausalito community and is remembered here by Jeanne Fidler, an early member of the board, long time docent and volunteer on Evert's projects.

The accomplishments of Evert Heynneman in Sausalito and Marin County have been documented by many elsewhere. My tribute to Evert is about the many ways the Sausalito Historical Society and the community will always remember him.

Evert got together with Jack Tracy in 1975 to create the Sausalito Historical Society (SHS). When voters approved the bond issue to acquire the old Central School building for a new city hall, Evert was mayor. He was instrumental in securing a permanent space—two of the elementary classrooms upstairs—for the Sausalito Historical Society. The rest of the council agreed, and when the city hall opened for business Evert joined in with Jack Tracy and other volunteers to install display cases and tables in the rooms.

The photograph accompanying this article shows Evert and Jack and the other members of an early Sausalito Historical Society board, many of whom served for years. Evert was chairman from 1996–2002 and, until his illness, continued to serve. He was the “general factotum” who drove volunteers through the many tasks involved in organizing the Society. When Jack Tracy died in 1992, it was Evert who established the approximately 30 categories in the SHS collection, includ-

ing artifacts, books, maps, letters, paintings, photographs, slides, official documents, blueprints and deeds. These categories are still used today.

Many volunteers were drawn to Evert and worked with him on obituaries, photos, displays of the houseboat community and the Society's art collection. Today, if a researcher comes into the Society to learn about a home, the first place that person will be directed is to the architectural file. This was put together by Evert based on information about old homes collected by Jack Tracy.

Edwin S. Long, a longtime resident, spent many years photographing and collecting photos of Sausalito. Over 1,000 of these photographs—covering 125 years—were donated to the Society by his son Robert Long. Evert recruited a volunteer to classify and identify them for archival storage. Today, for example, if a resident is researching a location such as

New Town, Old Town, Fort Baker, the Marinship, or another neighborhood, there may be a view in the Ed Long Photo Collection of that area.

Evert led the committee that organized the moving of the old Ice House. In 1997, this historic building was donated by Michael Rex to the City (which then leased it for \$1 per year to the Society) and needed to be moved from Caledonia Street to its present site on Bridgeway. Phil Frank's father and Evert and other volunteers sanded and polished the floor and painted the building inside and out. Phil arranged a wonderful exhibition. Today the building is known as the Sausalito Visitor Center and Historical Exhibit. Evert documented that move on film at 5:00 am when most of the community was sleeping!

These are but a few of the many ways Evert served the Historical Society. This charming man with a ready smile drew many, many people to him. Evert would arrive at the Society office, accompanied by his spaniel Bentley. Bentley would patiently sit at Evert's feet, until one day he disappeared. After a frantic search he was found. He'd taken a fancy to riding up-and-down in the elevator!

Evert was a tremendously loyal friend to many. I think of his curiosity about everything and everybody, his companionship, and his amazing tales of his life in Indonesia during WWII. I look around the Historical Society and think about all he did for us. Thank you, Evert, you will not be forgotten. Your accomplishments were rare and numerous and much appreciated by us all.

—By Jeanne Fidler

HISTORICAL SOCIETY SUGGESTIONS AND NEEDS

SHOP LOCALLY AT THE ICE HOUSE

At our downtown Visitor Center and Historical Exhibit at 780 Bridgeway you can find an intriguing assortment of merchandise such as books, greeting cards, videos, posters, and note cards featuring stunning photographs of Sausalito, the houseboat community and harbor seals and sea lions off our waterfront.



The Ice House is open Tuesday through Sunday from 11:30am to 4:00pm.

ENCOURAGE NEW MEMBERS BY SHARING YOUR NEWSLETTER

We hope you're enjoying this issue of our *Moments in Time* newsletter, and encourage you to share it with friends and neighbors. Please let them know they can join the Society via our website at www.sausalitohistoricalsociety.com/membership.

UPGRADE YOUR MEMBERSHIP

More and more members are choosing to join or renew their memberships at the business and sponsor level (\$100). For their generous support, we'd like to thank:

Diane Alper, Margaret Campagno, Diane Parish and Paul Gelburd, Cara Pieraccini, Alan Olson, and Steve and Rachel Tracy. Special thanks to Steve Fabes and Judy Barber and Philip Smith, who have joined at the Patron level. Tiered memberships are explained in an online application at www.sausalitohistoricalsociety.com/storage/Membership%20form.pdf.

TAX HELP NEEDED

We need an accountant with 501(c)(3) nonprofit tax experience to help us file our annual return. It's not a big job, but we want to be sure to do it right. If you can help, please contact us at 289-4117 or info@sausalitohistoricalsociety.org.

OLD PHOTOS WANTED

If you have historic photos or documents you can't part with but would like to share, please bring them to our Research Room. We'll scan them on the spot for our archives, and return the originals to you. You can even specify permitted uses, and how the items should be credited. We're particularly interested in photos from 1910-1915 for our upcoming exhibit.

The Research Room is open Wednesdays and Saturdays from 10am to 1pm, or by appointment (call 289-4117).

11X17 SCANNER NEEDED

We would greatly appreciate the donation of a used but working color scanner with an 11x17 inch bed. If it could also scan transparencies larger than slides, that would be a great bonus.

If you can help, please contact us at 289-4117 or info@sausalitohistoricalsociety.org. Donations to the Society are deductible under federal tax law.

HELP US SAVE THE TREES

You can sign up to have future newsletters delivered by e-mail, which will save paper, as well as our costs of printing and postage. Just send a request to info@sausalitohistoricalsociety.org.



MISSION STATEMENT

The Sausalito Historical Society collects and preserves art, artifacts, photographs and printed materials that document Sausalito's history; provides access to the collection for public and academic research; and develops publications and outreach programs to inspire local interest in Sausalito's history and to educate the visiting public.

CALENDAR of UPCOMING EVENTS/FUND RAISERS

NAMES BEHIND THE NO NAME BAR PART II—NEIL DAVIS

September 12, Monday 5:00–7:00 pm

Auction Fund Raiser for SHS a 501(c)3 at Seahorse Caffe, 305 Harbor Drive.

Members \$20, Non-members \$25. A complimentary glass of wine and appetizers will be served.

Neil Davis, proprietor of the legendary waterfront NO NAME BAR during its heyday from 1959–1973, will return by popular demand after his packed performance last January at an SHS event at City Hall. Neil promises all new stories this time around.

Auctioneer D. J. Puffert will tempt the audience to bid on selected prizes including gift certificates from Poggio, Horizons, and Scoma's as well as a 15,000 mile service from Toyota Marin and yoga lessons with massage from Sausalito Yoga.

For more information, go to www.sausalitohistoricalalso-city.org or call 415-289-4117.

HOME TOWN ELEPHANTS

November 3, Thursday, 5:00–7:00 pm

Wellington's Wine Bar, 300 Turney St.

Members \$20, non-members \$25. A complimentary glass of wine and hors d'oeuvres will be served.

Architectural historian Laura Ackley will discuss the San Francisco 1915 Panama Pacific International Exposition—the world's fair that gave Sausalito those distinctive elephants in Viña del Mar Plaza.



EXHIBIT OPENING

Early December

The Historical Society salutes the Centennial celebration of the Sausalito Woman's Club with a new exhibit of art and artifacts from the era around 1912. Look for an announcement of the actual opening date.

LUTENIST ERIC KJORLIEN

December 15, Thursday, 4:00 pm

Lutenist Eric Kjorlien, plays music of the Renaissance, courts, churches and castles, at the Sausalito Historical Society's Visitor Center and Historical Exhibit at the Ice House, 780 Bridgeway. Free to the public.



THE HISTORY AND BACKGROUND OF GALILEE HARBOR

January 26, 2012, Thursday

Steeffie Wicks, a founding member and resident photographer for the Galilee Harbor Community, will share her images and speak about the history of the association that was the dream of a small group and the hope of many after the 1980 destruction of Bob's Boat Yard. Sausalito Council Chambers. 5–7 pm. Refreshments will be served. Free for members, \$10 for non-members.