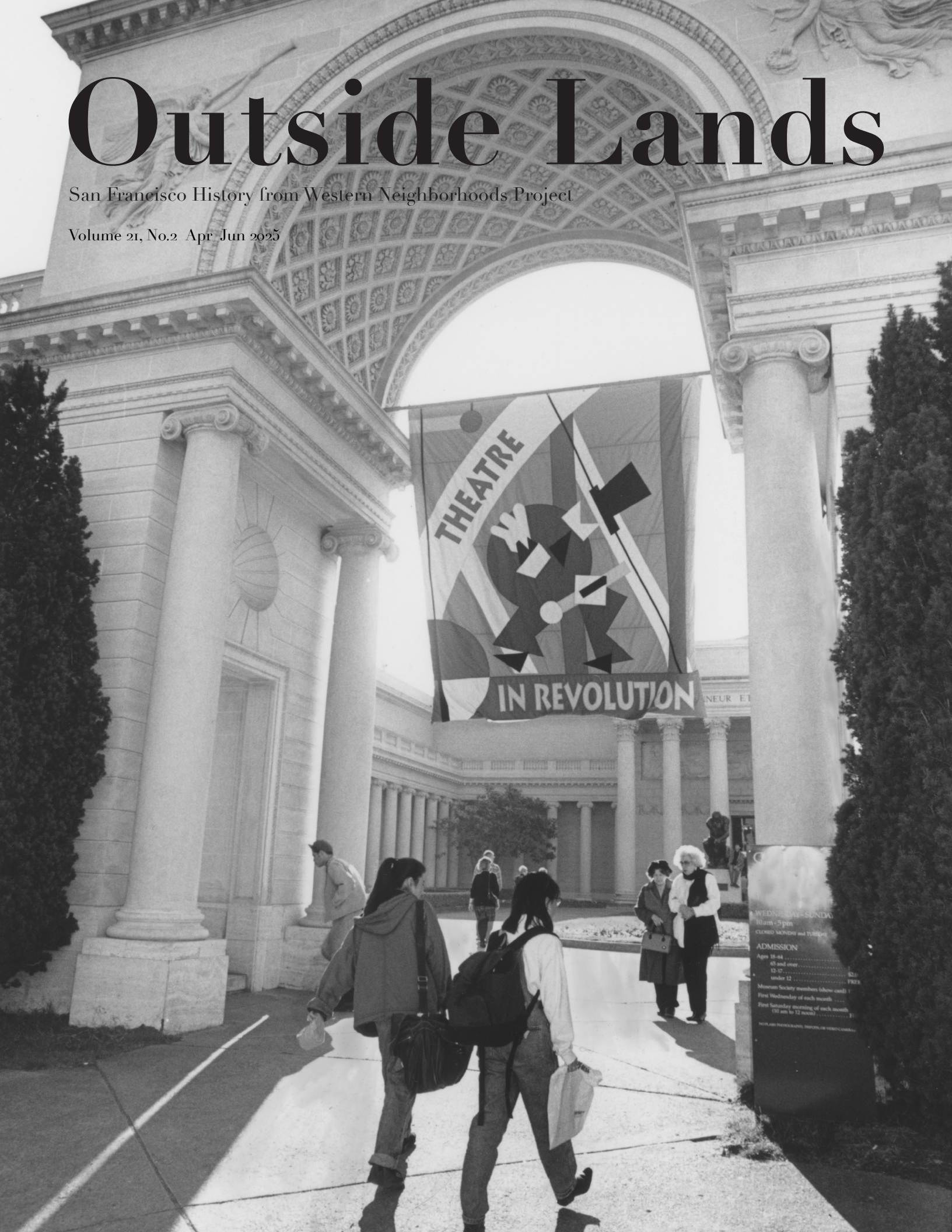
Outside Lands

San Francisco History from Western Neighborhoods Project

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OUTSIDE LANDS

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Cover: Legion of Honor, 1991. (Richmond Review Newspaper Collection; courtesy of Paul Kozakiewicz, Richmond Review / wnp07.00383)

Right: Fort Point, circa 1870. (Photo by Carleton Watkins; Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.00725)

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EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

NICOLE MELDAHL



Dearest members, may I be real with you? This is a harrowing time to navigate as the Executive Director of Western Neighborhoods Project. I recently attended the annual American Alliance of Museums in Los Angeles, and the state of things was on everyone's mind: why is this happening, what can we do? I've been thinking about this a lot since I came home. We are living in a nation that has lost its way because it's lost sight of its history. I live in a neighborhood, the Sunset, in which neighbors are divided by a highway that turned into a park. Everything feels fragile and uncertain because nothing seems guaranteed anymore—roads can close, historical societies that have existed since 1871 can go under, and our National Park Service partners can lose their jobs for doing their jobs. So, what can we as WNP do about it?

We have to keep doing the work that isn't easy, and we have to do that work together in the absence of funding without a political agenda. We have to think big, dream bigger, be as kind as we are fearless, and find solutions to poorly defined problems. If there's a controversial issue in our community, we'll tackle it head on and do our best to help people find common ground by providing fact-based historical context. If you're a history-minded artist with a vision, we'll help you make it a reality. If your institution is celebrating a major milestone but doesn't have the ability to commemorate it fully, we'll be your history partner. We see all of this in action in the following pages.

You can't understand or argue about Great Highway, its past or future, without taking a hard look at the complicated histories of other major early roads that cut across the Outside Lands. **Richard Brandi** continues to lay the groundwork for you with his article on the Point Lobos Toll Road, ***Pleasure Drive to the Pacific***. And it's fitting that **Margaret Ostermann** takes us through a tunnel that gets drivers to one of the most beloved bridges in the world in ***Where in West S.F?*** Who would have thought: the MacArthur Tunnel as a metaphor for modern times.

We're also excited to share the work of two inspiring collaborators. **Ben Wood** is an artist who creates unforgettable video projections that bring history to life. We were so happy to support his latest project at Fort Point, and in ***Old Forts Full of Memories***, you'll hear how he animated a defunct military fortress. **Isabella Lores-Chavez**, Associate Curator of European Paintings at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, has become a treasured, stalwart friend of WNP as we've worked together to explore 100 years of history at the Legion of Honor. She shares what she uncovered while curating the exhibition that commemorates this major milestone, highlighting the museum as a west side anchor—a theme we'll expand on soon with our forthcoming window exhibition at the WNP Clubhouse.

And we don't plan to stop here, at this. If your history is being actively erased or censored by critical funding, we will share stories about who you are and what you've given the western neighborhoods. That's the beauty of running a nonprofit that has never received substantial federal funding: we still have the freedom to follow our own agenda. It's our privilege to do this without always expecting payment because small, individual donations cover many of our base operating expenses. Although not all of them, and we have some hard news to share in ***Inside the Outside Lands***.

Ultimately, I'm finding faith in and drawing courage from all of you. Longtime member Peter Peacock recently sent me a collage his sister, Meghan, made using clippings from a membership magazine article about last year's *HER(E)* exhibition. My signature from the Executive Director's Message was prominently pasted across the center and it moved me to tears. It's sometimes hard to know how you all feel about what we do, if our work matters, and seeing it repurposed in Meghan's collage was just so darn meaningful. Similarly, in her new ***Foggy Memories*** column, super volunteer **Kristine Poggioli** shares what she loves about WNP, and it's truly heartwarming.

Thank you, everyone. It's an honor to keep making history with you all.



WHERE IN WEST S.F.?

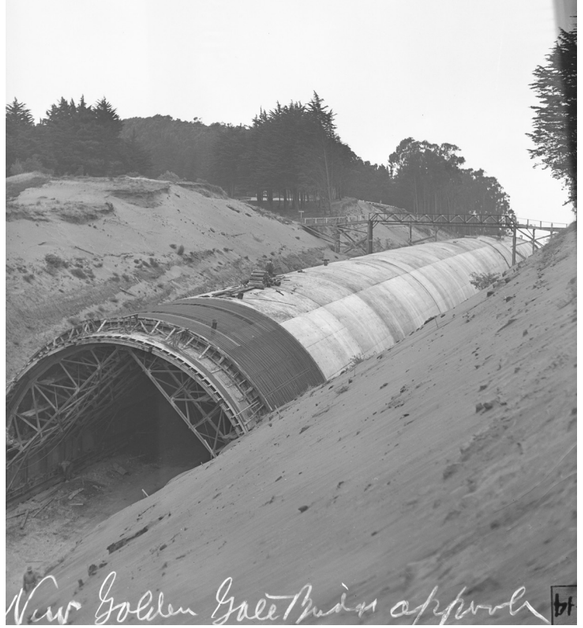
By Margaret Ostermann

A city so proud of its hills must contend with navigating all that scenic majesty.

Offering little background context or scale, and mounds of slipping sand, it's easy to see why many readers surmised our mystery photo depicted the sewage treatment facility between Ocean Beach and the zoo. With a manicured golf course topping this mysterious tunnel both before and after its construction, that sand below proved to be an unintended red herring! Perhaps our query should have asked: "Who played the 'hold-your-breath-through-the-tunnel game,'" as it's a memory frequently associated with the Presidio's MacArthur Tunnel. **Matt Ayotte, Joe Bardine,** and **Roger Goldberg** drove straight at the correct answer. **Mike Dadaos** recognized the MacArthur Tunnel as "West San Francisco's gateway to warmer weather in Marin!"

With engineering and civic focus engulfed in the building of the Golden Gate Bridge, connecting peninsula and west side residents with that keystone achievement—without a detour eastward to Doyle Drive—seems almost to have been an inconvenient afterthought. It wasn't until the summer of 1935 that the Golden Gate Bridge District Directors made it clear they wanted to add a southern state highway approach to the bridge, and Governor Frank Merriam signed a bill allowing the state to accept right-of-way through the Presidio. Perhaps that procrastination spoke to the years of circling negotiations with the War Department that lay ahead.

Though the War Department responded with a promise of cooperation, there were three years of debate before construction could begin; most of it centered on the tunnel's length. Army officials, very protective of the post, proposed a 2,300-foot-long tunnel to reduce above-ground traffic. The State Highway Commission, however, feared the increased construction and maintenance costs of such a lengthy tunnel, and offered a 900-foot structure. With six public agencies involved, a myriad of dominoes failed to fall into place as planning dragged on. The Army would not approve construction without the Bridge District's detailed plans, but the State Highway Commission would not prepare those plans without the promise of city funds. The city, however, believed this to be a state highway project, and therefore not its burden.

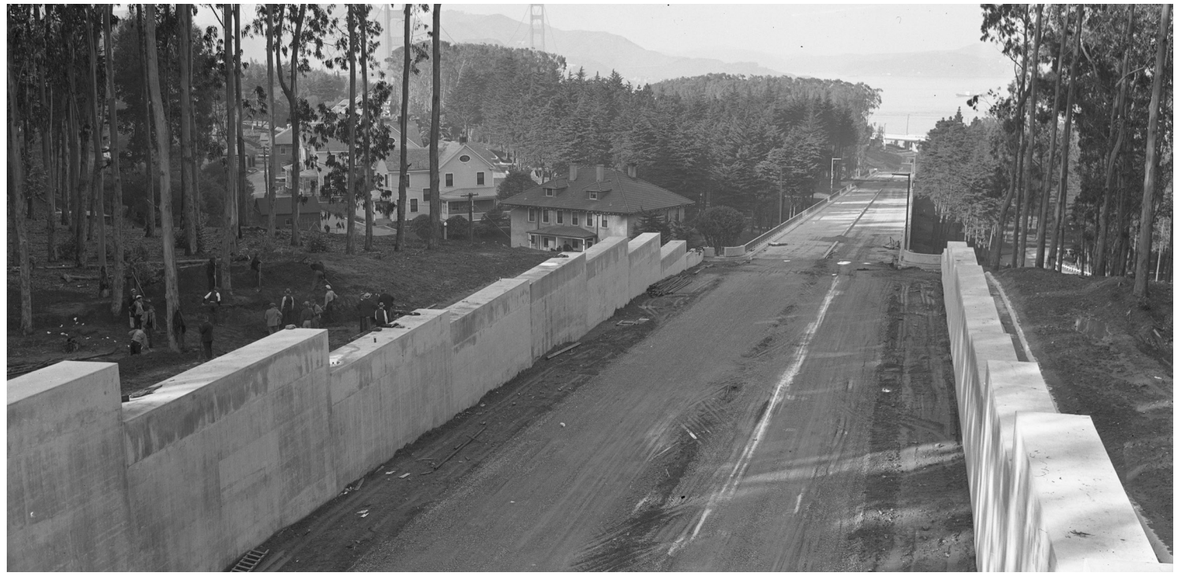


Unburied northern portal of the MacArthur tunnel under construction, August 22, 1939. (Courtesy of a Private Collector /wnp14.3002)

That funding dispute was settled long before the debate over length, with San Francisco agreeing to fund one-third of the project while the state covered the rest.



Charlie scouted out the tunnel's ventilation shaft, located near the Park Trail and Washington Boulevard. Though tucked away beside trees on the Presidio Golf Course, the reverberating roar of traffic below makes the structure's purpose clear. (Courtesy of Margaret Ostermann)



View north from on top of the MacArthur Tunnel of roadway construction, August 22, 1939. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.2990)

Though the Golden Gate Bridge opened May 27, 1937, it took another year of negotiations before the Army issued a permit allowing the tunnel's construction. Finally, the length was settled at 1,300 feet: the maximum length allowed without requiring forced air ventilation.

With that imperative Army permit in hand on July 27, 1938, work suddenly catapulted towards construction, with a contractor selected and on the job by early October. Despite some winter weather setbacks, work progressed not only with astonishing speed, but also under budget. Dirt excavated for the four-lane tunnel was stockpiled near Mountain Lake, with some left behind to fill the lake's marshy edge. Using steel arch forms recycled from the construction of the Bartlett Dam in Arizona, concrete was poured into 28-foot sections, allowing for expansion joints along the way. Lest their games be delayed by the work, a footbridge over the tunnel cut for Presidio Golf Course players can be seen in our mystery photo, taken in August 1939.

Nearly three years after the bridge opened, the tunnel was ready for its day in the spotlight, with a three-part dedication ceremony held April 21, 1940. Foreshadowing the traffic to come, motorcades from across the state paraded through the new "Funston Approach" tunnel. Perhaps a naming strategy to ingratiate the project with the Army, General Frederick Funston's daughters were also guests of honor at the dedication. However, since it is Park Presidio Boulevard—not Funston Avenue, a block east—which actually aligns with the tunnel entrance, "Park Presidio Tunnel" very quickly came into use. Not until 1986, after State Senator Milton Marks introduced legislation to rename the tunnel, did it become what we know today as the General Douglas MacArthur Tunnel.

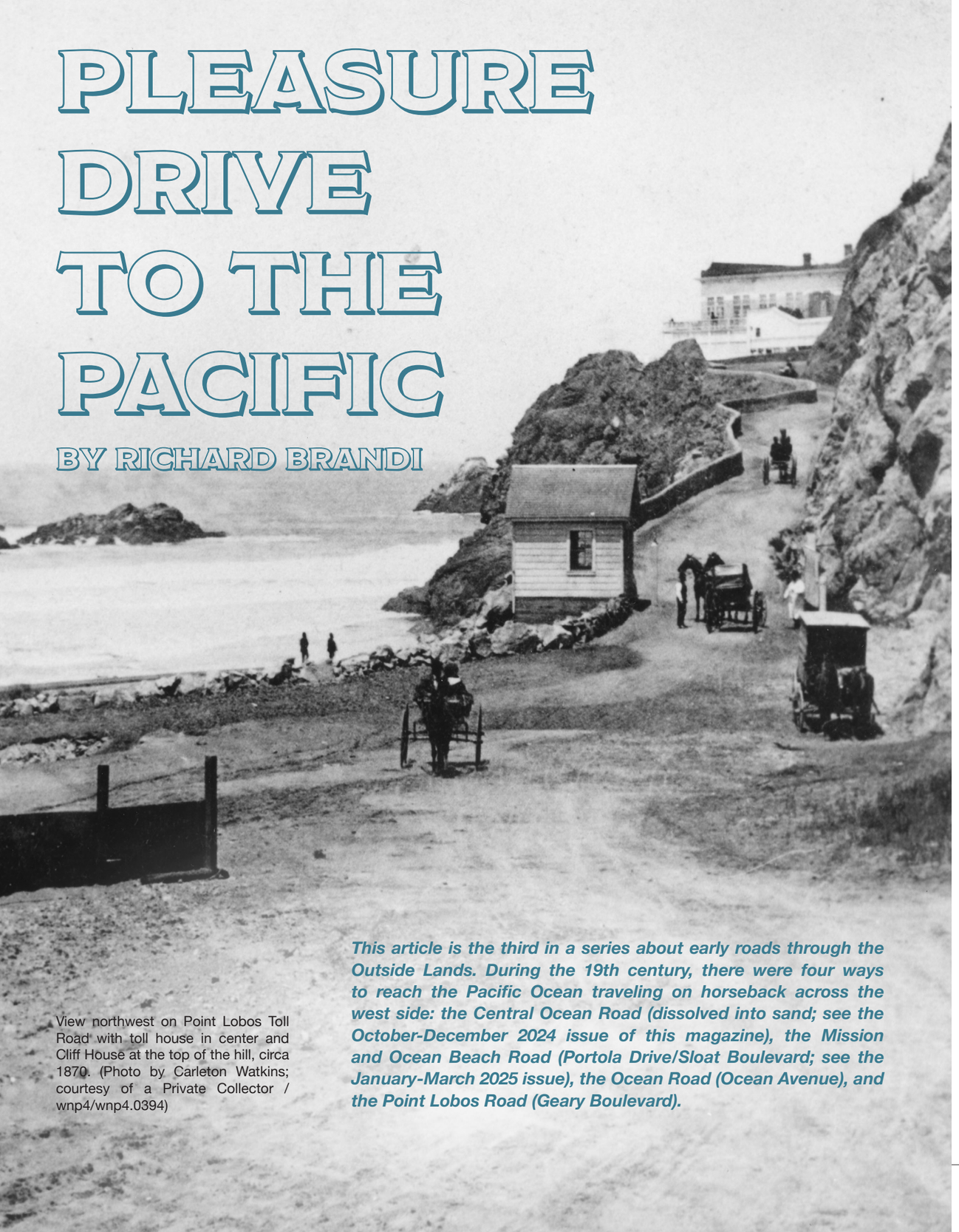
Do you recognize the intersection on the right?

If so, send your guess (and your memories!) to chelsea@outsidelands.org



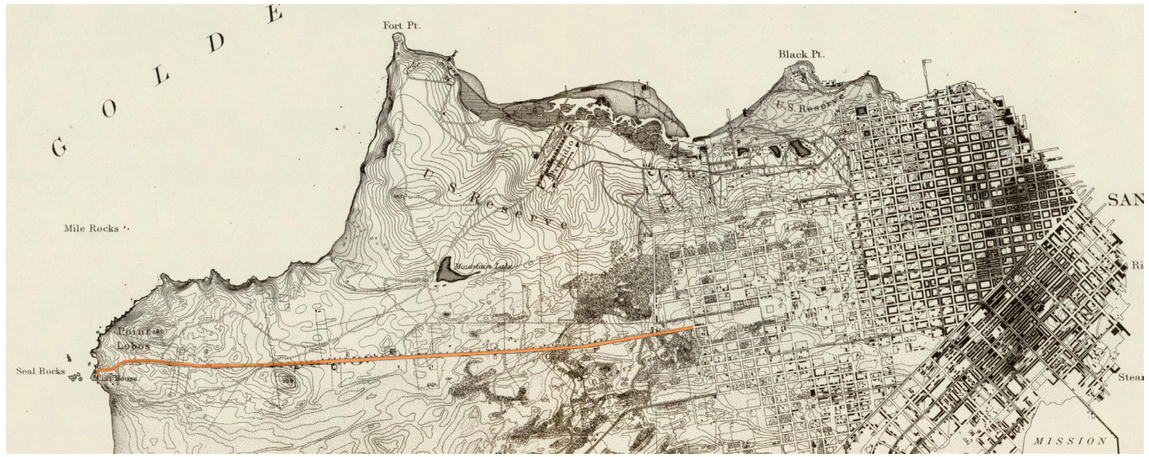
PLEASURE DRIVE TO THE PACIFIC

BY RICHARD BRANDI



View northwest on Point Lobos Toll Road with toll house in center and Cliff House at the top of the hill, circa 1870. (Photo by Carleton Watkins; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4/wnp4.0394)

This article is the third in a series about early roads through the Outside Lands. During the 19th century, there were four ways to reach the Pacific Ocean traveling on horseback across the west side: the Central Ocean Road (dissolved into sand; see the October-December 2024 issue of this magazine), the Mission and Ocean Beach Road (Portola Drive/Sloat Boulevard; see the January-March 2025 issue), the Ocean Road (Ocean Avenue), and the Point Lobos Road (Geary Boulevard).



The Point Lobos Toll Road on the 1869 U.S. Coast Survey Map of the San Francisco Peninsula. (David Rumsey Map Collection, Stanford Libraries)

Geary Boulevard is one of the great streets of San Francisco. Today it runs from Lotta's Fountain at Market Street to the Pacific Ocean. But Geary used to end in the Western Addition where the cemeteries once were. In 1863, a group of businessmen built an extension of the road to reach the Cliff House: the Point Lobos Toll Road. It became a highway to the ocean, a pleasure drive for millionaires on horseback, and a means to reach horse racing tracks and dairy farms in the Richmond District.

THE CALL OF THE OCEAN

San Franciscans from the earliest times were fascinated with the view of the Pacific Ocean off Point Lobos. According to historian John Martini, during the 19th century, the Point Lobos name was loosely applied to the general vicinity of the Cliff House, or today's Lands End. Here, ships entered the bay bringing goods, people, and communication from the rest of the world. Sea lions berthed on the nearby rocks were an irresistible attraction (after the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake, they moved to Pier 39).

In June 1846, Benito Diaz received, at no cost, a Mexican land grant for 8,800 acres which included today's Richmond District and the Presidio. He called it Rancho Punta de Lobos (Wolf Point Ranch) and soon sold it to an American, Thomas Larkin, for $1,000. Larkin, who at one point owned 250,000 acres in California, had doubts whether the grant was legitimate but thought it was worth the gamble. He sold the rancho but his claim was later denied by the United States authorities and he didn't see a penny.
A few horseback riders braved trails that crossed the sand dunes to pick wild strawberries. One of those trails was called the Seal Rock Road. It traversed the Richmond District running about where Balboa and Cabrillo do today. The earliest mention of the road was in 1855 when the city appropriated $3,000 for road work.

In 1857, New Yorker Jacob G. Smoke took advantage of the road and opened Seal Rock House on the beach, just north of today's intersection of Balboa Street and Great Highway, at the base of the bluff where Adolph Sutro later built his house and gardens. Smoke thought a beach resort with a view of the sea lions could be a moneymaker. Also, the Seal Rock Road conveniently passed through land he claimed and hoped to sell.

Seal Rock House was a two-story rectangular building with a veranda that wrapped around the north side, providing a constricted view of the seals. It was a substantial structure, larger than either Lake House or Ocean House at Lake Merced. Seal Rock House attracted banquets, musical performances, and billiard games, in spite of the primitive road. Cyclists gathered there during the bicycle craze of the 1890s and boxers trained in its gymnasium, including Jack Johnson, the first African American heavyweight champion. Seal Rock House survived until 1914.

THE CLIFF HOUSE

Another New Yorker, Charles C. Butler, saw the success of Seal Rock House and thought a beach house located on top of the buffs would do even better, as it would have an excellent view of the seals and a view far out into the Pacific Ocean. He teamed



Long Branch House (the former Seal Rock House), circa 1880. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp26.706)

up with state senator John P. Buckley and others to build a fashionable resort: the Cliff House. Buckley was yet another New Yorker, who rose to prominence and wealth as a partner in Oliver and Buckley, a wholesale glass, paint, and oil dealer.

Butler and Buckley realized they needed a better way for patrons to get to the Cliff House than the Seal Rock Road. In January 1860, the state legislature authorized Butler and Buckley to build either a plank or macadamized road to Point Lobos. A plank road used wood boards laid on the ground. A macadamized road was paved with compacted crushed rocks; more durable than planks, but more costly to construct. On April 29, 1861, Butler and Buckley brought in banker James Phelan and others and formed the San Francisco and Point Lobos Road Company. Phelan was an Irish immigrant who made a fortune in banking, insurance, and real estate, and was the father of future mayor James Duval Phelan.

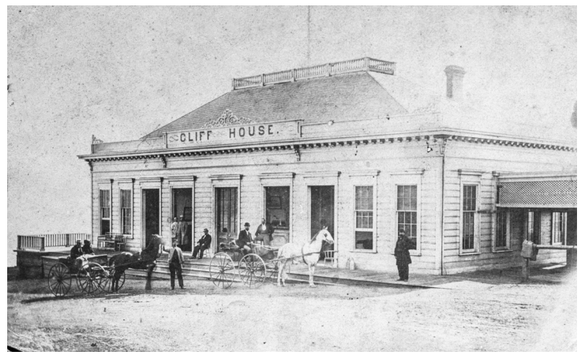
The macadamized road would connect with Geary Street and run from Cemetery Avenue (Presidio Avenue) west to the Cliff House. Construction started in late 1862 and the road opened on March 30, 1863. The Cliff House opened shortly after on July 4, with Captain Junius G. Foster as manager. From day one, it proved to be a big success. The Cliff House had many owners and managers over the years, was expanded and remodeled, burned twice, and blew up once, but still survives (albeit currently closed and waiting for new managers to begin its next chapter).

Hundreds drove carriages over the Point Lobos Toll Road or took the omnibus operated by John A. McGlynn that started at Kearny and Clay. The omnibus was an enlarged stagecoach that carried about 18 people, hauled by two- or four-horse teams, operating on a fixed route at regular intervals. The ride wasn't comfortable but was cheaper than hiring a horse and carriage. Horse or carriage riders paid their toll at the city limits, which was then at Presidio/Masonic Avenues and Geary (site of today's Muni car barn), then enjoyed a straight and nearly flat ride through the open country. There were two additional toll gates, at 6th Avenue and at the end of the road, at the base of the bluff on the other side of the Cliff House. About a year after the road opened, it was widened from 20 to 40 feet and some hills were cut down to make almost three quarters of the route nearly flat. The objective was to make a road "as fine for a fast drive as can be found on the continent."[1]

Unfortunately, as a result of a freak accident on November 14, 1864, Senator Buckley never lived to fully enjoy the success of the Cliff House. As a crowd of 25,000 watched, Buckley and 150 guests stood on the deck of the new ironclad monitor USS *Camanche* as it slid into the water at Steamboat Point (Mission Bay). A rope caught Buckley's leg and crushed his ankle; his foot had to be amputated. The leg became infected and, before antibiotics were invented, the wound proved fatal a few days later. He was only 38 years old and left a wife and four children.

PLEASURE DRIVE FOR MILLIONAIRES

The Point Lobos Toll Road was a big hit too. On February 4, 1867 the *Daily Alta California* remarked that the "whole road was black with smoking horses and the vehicles and drivers, mixed up with equestrians and pedestrians. Two hundred and fifty teams were counted at the Cliff House." The owners of the road constructed a strip of hard clay from 2nd Avenue to 29th Avenue for exercising horses. This proved popular and at least six stables sprung up along the route to board horses (at 4th, 8th, 9th, 20th, 24th, and 29th Avenues).



Cliff House, circa 1865. (Marilyn Blaisdell Collection; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.02449)

The long, straight, and level road attracted rich and famous pleasure riders. The *San Francisco Examiner* revealed the habits of millionaires: Charles Crocker was a reckless rider and had the best and fastest horses money could buy; James Flood rode alone before breakfast, holding his head with downcast eyes and ignoring other riders; Michael Reese, once considered the richest man in San Francisco, rode rain or shine, stopping at the Homestead roadhouse to play whist. Another regular rider was Adolph Speckels, who bred his own horses, drove carefully, and was known to stop for long conversations.

Accidents were common with horse-drawn vehicles. One tragedy occurred in April 1868, when 29-year-old Maurice Weill fell off a "spirited" horse and was dragged and then struck by the horse. He was taken to the Turf House, where he died. Other accidents were caused by "mad racing" and "men fired up with bad whiskey."[2]

ROADHOUSES AND RACE TRACKS

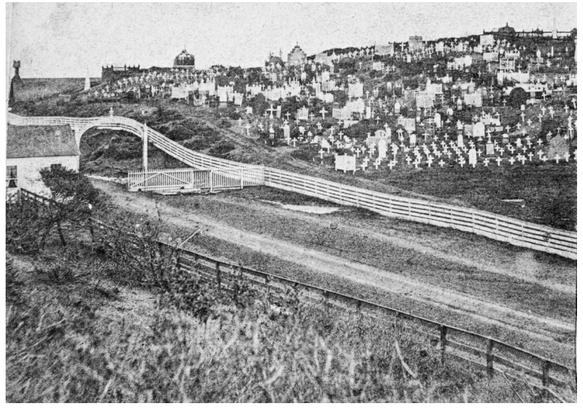
Riders could imbibe at several roadhouses along the Point Lobos Toll Road. The Turf House was a prominent one, opening in January 1867 near 23rd Avenue. It was the brainchild of E.S. Bennett, who leased a house and added a wing with bedrooms and dining rooms. Bennett also boarded horses for $30 a month. He hired James R. Dickey to manage it for him.

Dickey made a career out of managing roadhouses and race tracks in the Richmond and Sunset districts. Yet another former New Yorker, Dickey moved to San Francisco in June 1850 and spent ten years working in the gold mines. He first managed the Ocean House at Lake Merced, as well as the nearby Ocean Course race track. Dickey lost control of Ocean House due to vagaries of land titles and briefly tried his luck running a hotel in Calistoga before returning to San Francisco. Dickey's Turf House was located in a lucky spot, because in 1868 James Eoff laid out a half-mile racing track called Golden Gate Driving Park, or Half Mile Track, between 24th and 28th Avenues on Point Lobos Road. Dickey managed it too.

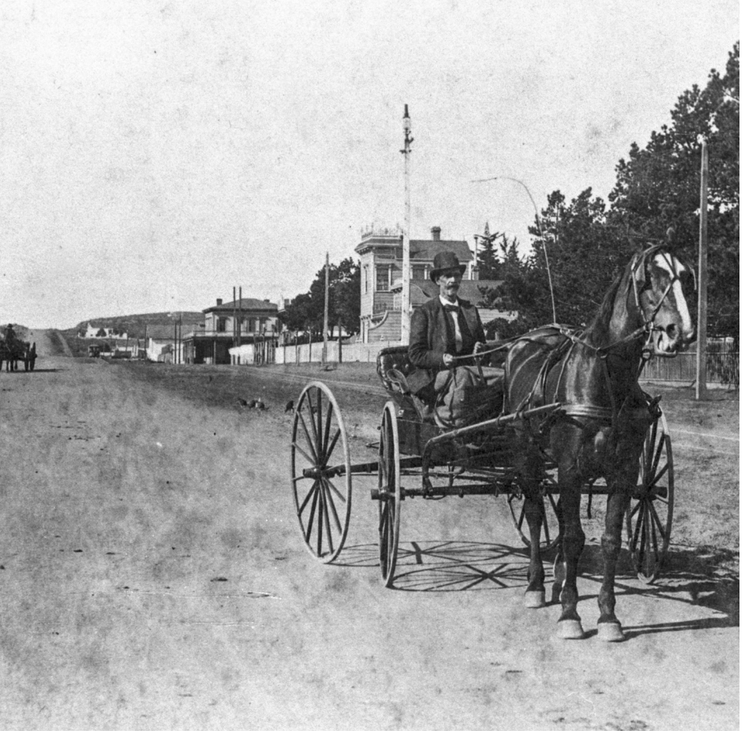


View north of carriages and horses outside the Cliff House carriage shed; omnibus in foreground, circa 1866. (Photo by Lawrence & Houseworth; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4/wnp4.0421)

The larger Bay District track opened in 1874 on land owned by Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and Claus Spreckels. This one-mile track on 60 acres adjacent to the Odd Fellows Cemetery was located between First Avenue (Arguello) and Fifth Avenue, and Fulton Street and Point Lobos Road. The Bay District track was owned by high rollers: 200 subscribers paid $500 each,



Point Lobos Toll Road near Presidio Avenue with toll house on the left and Calvary Cemetery in the background, circa 1865. (Photo by Lawrence & Houseworth; Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.01364)



View west on Point Lobos Toll Road, near today's 20th Avenue; Homestead roadhouse in distance, circa 1890. (Photo by George Gardner; Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.00896-R)



View north of Bay District Race Track, circa 1880. (Photo by Carleton Watkins; Marilyn Blaisdell Collection, courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.00516)



View southeast over Paton's dairy at Clement and 21st Avenue, circa 1908. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp26.632)

including millionaires Stanford, Crocker, E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin, James Flood, John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, James Phelan Sr., and William S. O'Brien. Hundreds of Chinese laborers built the track.

DAIRIES IN THE RICHMOND

Besides the race tracks and roadhouses, dairying was big business in the Richmond District for much of the 19th century. According to historian Evelyn Rose: "By 1875, there were nearly 150 milk dealers listed in the City directory. In 1888, 7,000 to 8,000 cows lived within the city limits." However, the 1906 earthquake "disorganized the trade routine and created a milk surplus, and many dairy owners were opting to subdivide their dairy land to provide new housing for burned-out residents."[3]

Several dairies were located on or near the Point Lobos Toll Road, including Theophilis Paton's 33-cow dairy at 21st Avenue and Clement Street; Joseph Greeley's Laurel Grove Dairy at 20th Avenue and Point Lobos Road; a milk depot at 20th Avenue and Point Lobos Road; and the Richmond Dairy at 32nd Avenue and Point Lobos Road.

The Richmond Dairy, with 200 cows, took up the whole block from Point Lobos to Clement, 32nd to 33rd Avenue. Run by brothers Christian and Frederick Ruhland, the dairy business was anything but placid. They accused the city milk inspector of attempted blackmail. The city arrested the brothers for selling impure milk. A former employee, Adam Zimmerman, fell from a hay loft to his death. Zimmerman had been fired for "his fondness for drink."[4] Christian Ruhwland committed suicide after a long illness, complaining to his wife that if he had seen a horse or cow suffering as much as he did, he would put the poor animal out of his misery.

END OF THE ROAD

While the Point Lobos Road was popular, tolls were not. Similar to the Mission and Ocean Beach Toll Road, the city bought the Point Lobos Toll Road for $25,000 in 1877. Tolls were abolished but curiously the legislature placed the road under the jurisdiction of the Board of Park Commissioners. The Park Commissioners didn't have the money, or perhaps the inclination, to pay for upkeep, and within five years it had gone to ruin and rut. It was difficult getting to the Cliff House using public transit. A single-track horse car line ran from the cemeteries to the Half Mile Track at 29th Avenue, but then people had to transfer to an omnibus to get to the Cliff House. The horses could make only two round trips between Cemetery Avenue and the race track before changing horses. Plus, the horse car line damaged the hard clay surface of the road that was so beloved by riders.

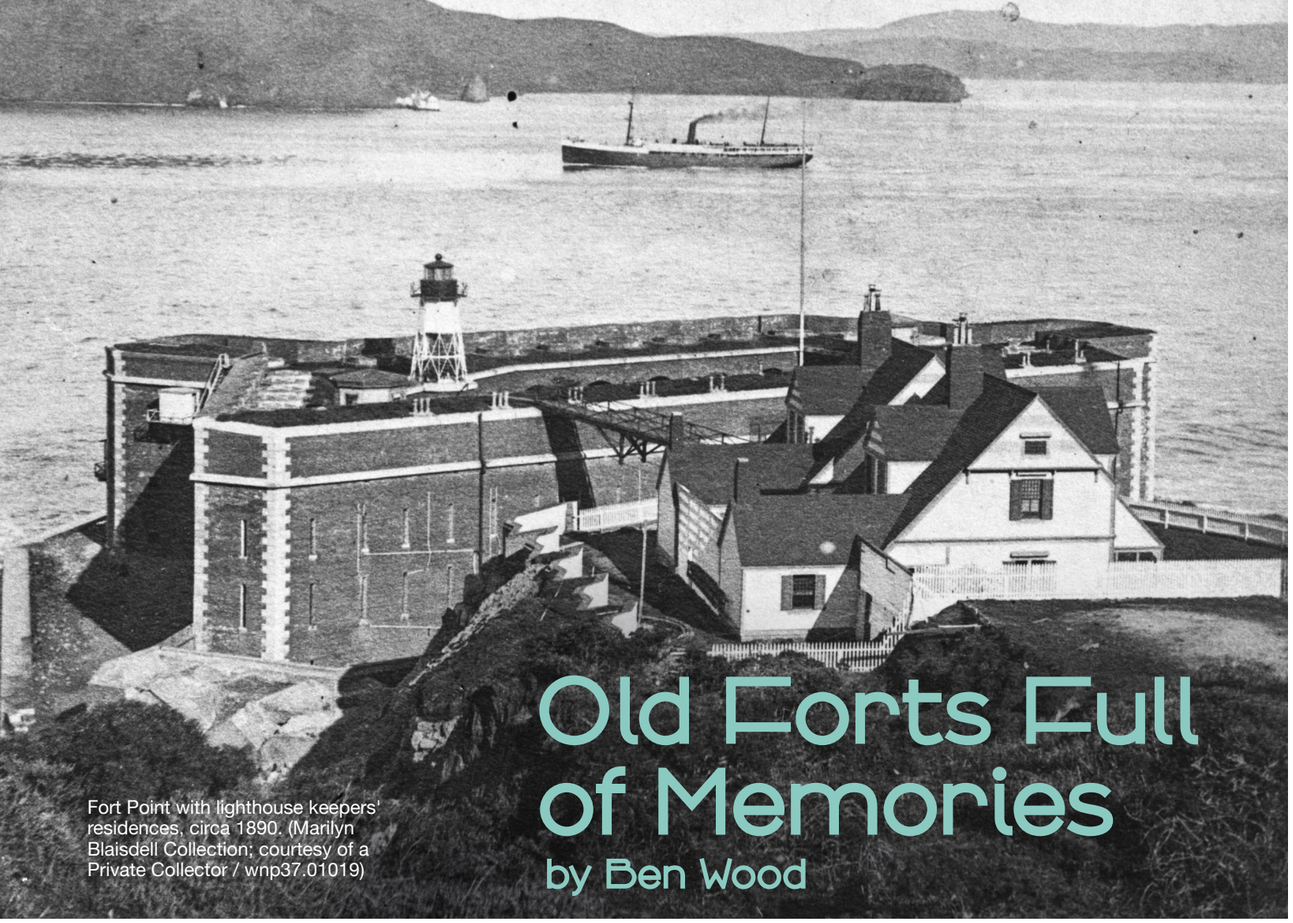
Horse cars became outmoded and by the 1880s several transit companies laid a combination of cable car and steam lines to satisfy the pent-up demand to visit Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House. But these lines ran south to the park, or north of Point Lobos Road to the Cliff House.

In 1895, the San Francisco and Point Lobos Road Company, which had already been dissolved, wrapped up its affairs with the sale of 160 lots in the Richmond District. The *San Francisco Call and Post* reflected on the road's history and encapsulated the changes that had taken place during the 19th century:

> With the increase of population the City expanded, people moved westward and located, new thoroughfares were opened, the Richmond District began to be known, horsecars superseded the omnibuses, the toll gates came down, a car line was operated on the Point Lobos road up to within a short distance of the Seal Rocks; then came the lines of steam cars that drove the horses out of business, and finally the Point Lobos road became an open public thoroughfare with the name changed to Point Lobos avenue.[5]

Like so much of San Francisco, the 1906 earthquake and fire brought big changes to the Richmond District, as dairies and racetracks gave way to thousands of houses. Not until the creation of the Municipal Railway in 1912 did public transit run along Point Lobos Road, which by then had been renamed Geary Boulevard.

1. "Point Lobos Road to be Widened," *Daily Alta California*, December 15, 1863.
2. "Another Smash-Up On The Cliff House Road," *San Francisco Chronicle,* January 4, 1869.
3. "Cows in the City," *Tramps of San Francisco* (blog), August 12, 2020.
4. "Fell From A Hayloft," *San Francisco Call and Post*, November 13, 1896.
5. "Old Point Lobos Road," *San Francisco Call,* May 6, 1895.



Fort Point with lighthouse keepers' residences, circa 1890. (Marilyn Blaisdell Collection; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp37.01019)

Old Forts Full of Memories

by Ben Wood

As a child in southern England, in my mind's eye, I can vaguely recall wandering in an old fortified building that jutted along a pebbled coastline somewhere on the English Channel, near to where I grew up. At age seven or so, an image of the old fort was imprinted, like an apparition within my mind. It left a distinct enough impression of that place that for some reason, as memories will do, captured my imagination.

I couldn't actually remember exactly where that old fort was, until recently. It was in 2022, when Western Neighborhoods Project was running the Museum at the Cliff, where I projected pictures of other peoples' memories onto the back windows of the Cliff House gift shop every night. In the first four months of my residency, I showed the Cliff House through time, beginning with old tin-type photographs and each month unveiling a different era of Cliff House history using images from the WNP collection, John Martini collection, and home movies from the Prelinger Archive. The show continued for a year and culminated with a community-wide call for submissions of present-day photographs of the Cliff House, which we projected onto the windows of the Cliff House itself. Those memories were seen by hundreds who braved visiting in wind, rain, or frigid weather. We made memories anew at the Cliff House, by projecting them back where the memories were first made.

During a critical two months of the projection at the Cliff House, I went to England to spend time with my sick father. (A note of gratitude to volunteer Rick Bellamy, who came to the rescue and kept the projection running in my absence.) During that time back in England, I went for a long walk and came upon the fort that my father had taken me to as a child, the old Shoreham Fort. My father's great uncle, Charles George Wood, had been the lighthouse keeper next to the fort, and four generations of my family have lived in the town for over a century. My father died that evening after I visited the fort. In the end my dear father, while deprived of his own memory, gifted me with a lifetime of memories that we created together and that I will always cherish. I aspire to follow his timeless example of kindness and gentleness that sometimes seem like virtues of a foregone age.

There in the nursing home where my father spent his last two months, I found a special connection to my adopted home of San Francisco. The son of one of the residents was acquainted with Gina Bardi, reference librarian at the San Francisco Maritime Research Center at Fort Mason. This comforted me when returning home to San Francisco, knowing there was a connection with my father, and bringing a small gift from the place where he had died back to Gina at Fort Mason, where I also work. I had met Gina years earlier when researching my family's own tenuous maritime history connection with San Francisco. That very same great uncle, lighthouse keeper Charles George Wood, had himself sailed through the Golden Gate as captain of the *Ladye Doris*, one of the last clipper ships that navigated around Cape Horn in the early 20th century, sometime before the 1906 earthquake. A memoir by his daughter Mary Hay, *I saw a ship a'sailing,* chronicles the Wood family's round-the-world travels and is held by the Maritime Research Center.



Captain Charles George Wood, his daughters Nancy and Mary, and his wife Mary Elizabeth. (*I saw a ship a'sailing*, Mary Hay, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, 1981)

Perhaps it was the subliminal impression of those faded memories of the fort in my mind, but I have long been drawn to Fort Point. Maybe something about the place conjured my own faded memories of Shoreham Fort. Like Fort Point, Shoreham was built during the 1850s and became obsolete within a few years of being constructed. However, it was repurposed to defend the southern coast of England from invasion during World Wars I and II.

I have long been inspired by Fort Point's darkened interior spaces and the potential within them as a canvas to conjure and captivate new experiences within people's imaginations. There was something inexplicable about the place that drew me to it. Once my project at the Cliff House was over, I was searching for a new venue, and proposed the idea of a projection at Fort Point to the new Supervisory Ranger, Angel Garcia. In my day job I work for the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy, and my Cliff House collaboration with WNP opened the National Park Service to the potential of more art and history projections.



The descendents of Cornelius Sullivan stand in front of the former life saving station where their family patriarch lived and worked in the early 20th century. (Courtesy of Ben Wood)

While we are so fortunate that historic structures within the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, such as Fort Point, have been preserved and continue to be stewarded by the NPS, we are also the beneficiaries of a wealth of historic resources of which we might not be aware. Within the Park Archives, located at the Presidio, a precious and less visible collection of memory is



The Cliff Moving Picture Gallery at the Museum at the Cliff, 2022. (Courtesy of Ben Wood)



"Fort Point: A Bastion of Memory" during projection. (Courtesy of Ben Wood)



Construction of the Golden Gate Bridge around Fort Point, August 1935. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.2335)

preserved: the stories and pictures of those who once inhabited and used these spaces around the Golden Gate.

For me, the process of making an art project seems somewhere between using an old divining rod, in search of inexplicable ley lines, and using an inner compass to find and follow my intuition. Finding a focus within the large expanse of Fort Point's history was overwhelming, but I eventually settled on searching the recorded memories from the Park Archives, where I found a treasure trove of history. Park Archivist Amanda Williford, who has worked for years in the archive, knows the Fort Point collection well and pointed me to the relevant oral history recordings that eventually guided the shape of the video piece and helped me focus on a time frame: the Life Saving Station, the Fort Point Lighthouse, and the building of the Golden Gate Bridge, a period spanning 1901 to 1937.

In the midst of divining a direction, I visited the photo collection of Western Neighborhoods Project, San Francisco Maritime, the Park Archives, as well as working with volunteer Dolphin Club archivist and former Fort Point ranger, Morgan Kulla, to see what gems she might reveal. I also discovered the Labor Archives at San Francisco State University, which has an incredible collection of oral histories of bridge builders, recorded by Harvey Schwartz one day after the 50th anniversary celebration of the Golden Gate Bridge in 1987. I am the beneficiary of individuals like Schwartz and former NPS ranger John Martini, who had the foresight to record peoples' memories, so that I could reuse and replay their stories in the future. My goal was to animate the walls of the fort, and conjure within it a place where memories from the past can be recalled and their voices heard.

Even though I now had a direction, piecing together a story isn't ever straightforward. Once I find the parts of my work, it is like putting together a complex jigsaw puzzle made of stories, pictures, and voices. I began by piecing together the video with the photos, fading them in and out as a visual montage. But it wasn't until I sat down with WNP Executive Director Nicole Meldahl one evening at her kitchen table that it began to find a focus. I scoured through the transcripts of each story, and chose among them those which could have the most impact when replayed back in the fort. Sometimes oral histories, by nature, can ramble and ramble; part of the art of what I do is to find the most interesting stories, edit them, and create a natural flowing conversation. I ended up with a 40-minute video, which was projected onto the second floor west bastion brick walls at Fort Point from July 5, 2024 until February 2025. Once again, their voices echoed through the vaulted ceilings of the fort, with their photographs fading onto the darked red brick walls, people from another era.

The video begins with Captain Cornelius Sullivan, who served at the Fort Point Life Saving Station in the early 20th century and was recorded in his Sunset District home in 1976 by John Martini. Sullivan's strong Irish accent echoed through the walls of Fort Port, as though we were sitting across from him in his living room. Photographs of a final generation of clipper sailing ships fade onto the red brick wall, while Sullivan recounts memories such as the sinking of the S.S. *City of Rio de Janeiro*, the Great White Fleet, and the camaraderie of his days as a young immigrant in San Francisco among his fellow life savers.

Charlie Hawkins, a park ranger who was instrumental in having Fort Point recognized as a national historic site, recorded Meriam Nagel, who recounts her memories growing up at the fort and living in the lighthouse dwellings that were brought around the horn and built atop the cliff adjacent to the fort in the 1870s. She remembers helping her grandfather, lighthouse keeper James Rankin, clean the light, and learning about the ecology of the bay from him.

Sisters Louise Cook and Josephine Hettel lived at the Fort Point Light Station from 1923 until shortly before its closure in 1933. They reminisce about growing up with the deserted Fort Point as their playground, where they played baseball and climbed on the cannons. They recall when Crissy Field was an airfield, and the transformation of the fort during the early 1930s as a staging area in preparation for the building of the Golden Gate Bridge. Finally, Evan "Slim" Lambert recounts his dramatic survival of the Golden Gate Bridge construction accident of February 1937, in which he attempted to save the life of Fred Dummatzen. Photographs of the bridge construction taken by Dummatzen fade in and out during Lambert's account.

This probably wasn't quite what these people had in mind when their stories were originally recorded, and there were some unexpected outcomes that made this particularly worthwhile for me. Among them were two significant family visits by descendents of those featured in the project. Three generations of the Hawkins family, descendents of ranger Charlie Hawkins, paid homage to their family patriarch. Dozens of members of the family packed the west bastion to listen lovingly as Charlie's still-strong Army sergeant voice peppered old Meriam Nagel with questions as though it were yesterday. Another very special visit was made by three generations of the Sullivan family, who came to pay homage to their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. They followed the life-saving footsteps of "Con," as he was known, by serving as San Francisco fire fighters, to this day.

I had a special experience meeting an acquaintance of Slim Lambert, who I found engrossed in listening to Lambert's account. Upon discovering from one of the rangers that he had known Slim, I cornered him in the parking lot and asked about his memories. He recalled a vacation to Hawaii with Slim's son, in which he noticed a scar on Slim's back while he was sunbathing. Slim told him that it was permanently emblazoned on his back after the safety net had broken his fall from the bridge.

Perhaps my early memory of old Shoreham Fort foretold my intrigue of this fort on the other side of the world. Captain Charles George Wood sailed past Fort Point in the beginning of the 20th century, just as Captain Cornelius Sullivan began dutifully keeping watch at the life saving station. After he retired, Captain Wood became the lighthouse keeper at Shoreham Harbor, a mile or so from where I was born. Projecting photographs of clipper ships, and stories of sailing and lighthouses, my creative divining rods and compass seem to have brought me back full circle.

You can view the full video of "Fort Point: A Bastion of Memory" at https://benwoodstudio.com/fort-point

ALMA'S GIFT TURNS 100

BY ISABELLA LORES-CHAVEZ



Legion of Honor, circa 1925. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp27.7813)

Isabella Lores-Chavez is the Associate Curator of European Paintings at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. She also curated the exhibition "Celebrating 100 Years at the Legion of Honor," currently on view at the museum through November 2, 2025.

With a singular vision and preternatural powers of persuasion, Alma de Bretteville Spreckels indelibly transformed the City by the Bay. Born and raised on a farm near Lake Merced, Alma demonstrated a deep devotion to the city throughout her life, culminating in her crowning achievement: the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. On January 14, 1920, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors unanimously adopted a resolution accepting the gift of a museum presented by Alma and her husband Adolph Spreckels, the first such institution in the city dedicated to the fine arts. The Legion of Honor opened its doors on November 11, 1924 as a beacon of creativity and culture for generations of San Franciscans to take pride in. Situated upon a hill overlooking the ocean flowing towards the Golden Gate, the museum beckoned visitors towards a beautiful, remote part of the city, a neighborhood still in development. One hundred years later, the Legion of Honor has become one of San Francisco's landmarks, a beloved location for special occasions, and a home away from home, particularly for residents of the Richmond District.

Museums tend to come about through a combination of unlikely twists of fate, the relocation of works of art, and acts of immense generosity, but even by these standards, the Legion of Honor's story is a quirky one. Though Alma Spreckels had loved art long before she persuaded her wealthy husband to subsidize the construction of a museum, a key stroke of inspiration befell her in the form of a world's fair. In 1915, San Francisco hosted the Panama Pacific International Exposition, organized in part to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. Only about nine years after the 1906 earthquake and fires that had devastated the city, nearly 19 million people attended the fair over the course of ten months. There, among the dazzling array of buildings, statuary, and gardens, visitors could happen upon a structure whose presence at the exposition was an extraordinary feat unto itself: the French Pavilion, the only pavilion at the fair hosted by a European nation already embroiled in the First World War. Alma not only enjoyed the great variety of French art on view, she also contributed to it, lending five bronze sculptures by Auguste Rodin. During a sojourn in France the previous year, Alma had met Rodin through her dear friend Loïe Fuller, the brilliant American dancer and choreographer who had become a star at the Folies Bergère in Paris. Alma heeded Fuller's recommendations to buy Rodin's work: she provided the down payment and funds required to transport the five bronzes to San Francisco for display in the French Pavilion.

Meanwhile, the building itself absolutely captivated Alma. It was a three-quarter scale replica of the stately Légion d'Honneur, one of the grand Parisian mansions constructed in the late 18th century on the Left Bank of the Seine. Alma felt a strong personal connection to the French Republic; though her parents hailed from Denmark, her father claimed to be descended from a French noble family called de Bretteville. The grandeur



Legion of Honor under construction, 1923. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp15.1420)



French Pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915. (Bockman Family; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.11439)



View east on El Camino Del Mar of the back of the Legion of Honor, April 24, 1924. (Photo by Horace Chaffee, SF Department of Public Works; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp36.02831)

of the French Pavilion, based on an iconic monument in Paris, struck her as exactly right for the museum she had already envisioned for San Francisco, where French art would feature prominently. There was, however, the matter of the temporary nature of the pavilion, held together not so much by masonry as by sheer force of festival magic. But the idea sufficed to spur forward Alma's ambitious plans.

Within five years, Alma and Adolph offered an art museum as a gift to San Francisco, securing permission from the French government to create a replica of the Légion d'Honneur on the other side of the world. By then, the horrific First World War had finally ended, and with it came the impossible task of commemorating the lives lost in the process. The Spreckelses determined that the California Palace of the Legion of Honor would serve as "an art museum to be dedicated as a memorial to the sons of California who have fallen in the great World War."[1] The French art that would be shown in the museum's galleries would be a lasting testament to the solidarity American servicemen had shown to their French allies.

While the exterior of the Legion of Honor would be a perfect duplicate, in three-quarter scale, of the building in Paris, its lofty interior was always intended to reflect the latest developments in museum design. Alma and Adolph entrusted this responsibility to their favored architect, Oakland-born George Adrian Applegarth. In 1920, the Spreckelses sent Applegarth on a grand tour of American museums, with the express purpose of surveying the latest approaches to lighting and heating gallery spaces. Applegarth was faithful to the Neoclassical style of the exterior while integrating novel features into the building's design. Most notably, Applegarth incorporated into the architecture the 4,526 pipes of a massive organ, built by the Ernest M. Skinner Organ Company of Boston and given to the museum by John D. Spreckels in honor of his brother. Applegarth transformed the building itself into a musical instrument by hiding the pipes behind false ceilings. Architectural drawings reveal the ingenious trickery of the design: the entrance rotunda's dome and the semi-dome of the central gallery are conjured out of fabric imitating the look of stone. This idiosyncratic aspect of the Legion of Honor is still one of its most distinctive characteristics: every Saturday at 4pm, the music of organ concerts vibrates through the galleries, an immersive experience unlike any other in San Francisco.

Construction officially began with the laying of the cornerstone, a ceremony that took place on February 19, 1921, though photographs in the museum's archives suggest that the work began in earnest around April 1922. Astonishingly, the Legion of Honor opened only two and a half years later, on Armistice Day, which had been declared a national holiday in 1919 to commemorate the end of the First World War (today known as Veteran's Day). Archival photographs give the impression that the museum was surrounded by desolate land, as sand dunes dominated the landscape between El Camino del Mar and Clement Street. However, what is now Lincoln Park had been, between 1868 and 1898, a municipal cemetery, consisting primarily of plots granted to local benevolent and religious societies. The burial ground served as the resting place for many low-income individuals from marginalized communities, until the city required the removal of all interments in 1908. Sadly, only a few hundred were moved, leaving behind thousands more, many of which remain today. The designation of the former City Cemetery as San Francisco's first archaeological city landmark in 2022 memorializes the land around the Legion of Honor, coinciding with the ideals that Alma and Adolph Spreckels hoped the museum could fulfill: "To honor the dead while serving the living."

THAT DEDICATION TO LIFE—TO ENRICHING LIVES—MOST COMPLETELY COMES ABOUT AT THE LEGION OF HONOR THROUGH ENCOUNTERS WITH WORKS OF ART.

That dedication to life—to enriching lives—most completely comes about at the Legion of Honor through encounters with works of art. Adolph avidly joined his beloved Alma in forming a personal collection, but it was San Francisco's grande dame who sought out works of art for their museum. Alma had already promised her Rodin sculptures to the Legion of Honor, including perhaps the sculptor's most iconic creation, *The Thinker*. The monumental bronze made a brief foray into Golden Gate Park before arriving in the Court of Honor at the museum, presented just as it had been at the French Pavilion.

While the Legion of Honor was under construction, Alma undertook a zealous campaign to secure gifts of art for the museum. She turned to friends and allies in lofty places. From the French government, she received the promise of priceless treasures from the Gobelins Manufactory—a set of four tapestries, woven between 1899 and 1907, depicting the life of Joan of Arc—and porcelain vessels from the inimitable Sèvres workshops. Perhaps unsurprisingly, for a woman with



The Thinker in Golden Gate Park, circa 1920. (Photo by H.C. Tibbitts; courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp15.550)



Unidentified woman in the courtyard of the Legion of Honor, circa 1930. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp14.12046)

an outsize personality to match her towering frame, Alma's advocacy for the museum resulted in an exhibition held at the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur in 1923, featuring the planned gifts for the new American museum. This proved to be the perfect occasion for Alma to showcase the generosity of her acquaintances among Europe's royal families: several exhibition galleries comprised gifts from the King of Serbia, the Queen of Romania, and the Queen of Greece. "Mrs. Spreckels Gains Trophies," read one headline from the *San Francisco Examiner*;[2] according to an article in the same newspaper, the French minister for fine arts issued 5,000 invitations for attendees to meet Alma, the guest of honor, at the exhibition's opening on June 6. Fittingly, the inaugural exhibition at the Legion of Honor was a showcase of French art, among them the gifts from the French Republic, loans from the Louvre, and some 30 sculptures by Rodin from Alma's collection.

Around this time, Alma saw to it that she would not be the only woman to steer the Legion of Honor during its early years. With characteristic strength of conviction, Alma rejected the initial director for the museum—a man named Arthur Upham Pope—appointed by the President of the Parks Commission. Instead, she appointed Dr. Cornelia Bentley Sage Quinton, who had become the first woman to be director of a major museum in the United States in 1910, at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. Quinton's husband, William Warren Quinton, served as the Legion of Honor's first curator. The couple, like several members of the small staff, including the organist, lived in the neighborhood on 44th Avenue near Point Lobos Avenue. In January 1925, the *San Francisco Examiner* reported that the Quintons had been untiring in their efforts, registering 140,000 visitors in about two months; the notice describes how "the new footpath from the car line terminus makes a walk to the Palace very inviting, and no less than 300 motor cars at a time find parking on the terrace, whence, so travelers say, the vista is the most glorious to be found."[3]

As the collection gradually grew—largely through gifts from collectors and philanthropists in the first few decades—the galleries at the Legion of Honor played host to many exhibitions of contemporary art, big and small. The museum's affability towards artists with local ties is evident in its exhibition program through the decades. Early notables include Diego Rivera's solo show of paintings, drawings, and watercolors in 1930; the following year, an exhibition of paintings and woodblocks by Chiura Obata, who had moved to San Francisco in 1903, and his late father Rokuichi; and exhibitions of the work of women artists, including the first memorial exhibition of the portraitist Mary Curtis Richardson in 1932. One of the artists Alma herself most keenly supported, the sculptor Arthur Putnam, received his first posthumous show at the Legion of Honor in 1930, featuring works lent or already given to the collection by Alma.

Ambitious exhibitions appeared periodically as well. The museum hosted the Foreign Section of the Twenty-Sixth International Exhibition of Paintings from the Carnegie Institute in April and May 1928. Funded by the brothers Richard B. and Andrew W. Mellon, the annual exhibition featured international contemporary artists, with many of the paintings in the show available for sale. In 1929, the galleries and even the grounds of



A photograph of a confident Alma, radiating charm and satisfaction at her handiwork. (*San Francisco Examiner,* August 9, 1920)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER, THE DREAM OF ALMA DE BRETTEVILLE SPRECKELS HAS BECOME TIMELESS, A FIXTURE IN THE LIVES OF BAY AREA RESIDENTS AND VISITORS, PAST AND PRESENT.

the museum teemed with more than 1,300 sculptures in all manner of media for the sprawling *Contemporary American Sculpture* exhibition. Among them was Anna Hyatt Huntington's towering *El Cid Campeador*, which was subsequently acquired by the museum in 1937 as a gift of Herbert Fleishhacker, President of the Board of Trustees. Especially in the first 50 years of the Legion of Honor's history, contemporary artists who studied, taught, and worked in the Bay Area presented their work in the museum's galleries. Though Alma and Adolph had given the city a museum of fine arts with emphasis on French art, the attention to contemporary artists also aptly reflected their patronage of up-and-comers, including Americans.

An anniversary as momentous as a centennial has a way of collapsing time in on itself. The view from 100 years on is riddled with the sweet platitudes we so often direct at any individual life: how quickly things change, how oddly things remain the same. The founders of the Legion of Honor envisioned a monument that would endure through the ages, but what that endurance encompasses has been determined entirely by the people who have passed through the museum's doors over the years. The same *Thinker* has greeted visitors since 1924 as they cross the Court of Honor to enter a palace of art whose namesake predates it by 140 years. Inside, works by Old Masters are sometimes new, as recent additions to the galleries, while the contemporary art on view is part of a decades-old tradition at the museum. One hundred years later, the dream of Alma de Bretteville Spreckels has become timeless, a fixture in the lives of Bay Area residents and visitors, past and present. Each person who arrives at the Legion of Honor carries the burdens of the era, but for a few precious moments, they can slip away into a realm of contemplation, joining so many who have come before.



Catalogue for the exhibition of 278 contemporary paintings from 15 European countries at the Legion of Honor in 1928. (Courtesy of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco Archives)

1. City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Resolution No. 17551 (New Series). Approved January 14, 1920. Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco Archives.
2. "Mrs. Spreckels Gains Trophies," *San Francisco Examiner*, July 8,1923 pg. 1.
3. "Memorial Palace," *San Francisco Examiner*, January 25, 1925, pg. S13.

Inside the Outside Lands

WNP celebrated 26 years of making west side history with a very special screening of Rick Prelinger's "Lost Landscapes: Western Neighborhoods Edition" at the 4 Star Theatre on May 20. We had cupcakes and noisemakers and party hats and it was such a blast we barely took any photos. Thank you to everyone who made the evening possible, particularly Sydney Peterson and the CinemaSF team; Fiorella restaurant on Clement, which donated 5% of their proceeds that night to WNP; our board members; and sponsors David Friedlander, Susan Skinner, and Tania Amochaev. We're especially grateful to Rick Prelinger, who is so generous with his time and the incredible archive he stewards. For those who were sad to miss the event, we have great news: a second screening has been scheduled as the keystone program of Shipwreck Week. Tickets will go on sale closer to September so keep an eye on those inboxes.

On the collections front, we have several fun updates to share. Tania donated two copies of her book, *San Francisco Pilgrimage: Memoir of a Lifelong Love Affair with My City* at our birthday party, which we're thrilled to add to our small but slowly growing community library. We also recently accepted over 40 original windows from Michelle Fliegauf that were salvaged from the Moss Flats Building at 1626 Great Highway—built in 1906 and listed on the National Register of Historic Places. We're hoping to repurpose them creatively in the neighborhood. And have you said howdy to Sheriff C.U. Soon, a.k.a. The Playland Cowboy, in the lobby of the Balboa Theater? We installed the big fella there with the help of Atthowe Fine Art Services after the piece, which was acquired at the Cliff House auction in 2021, spent years undergoing pro-bono conservation treatments by Alexandra Thrapp of ACT Art Conservation LLC.

It takes time to do work like this right with just two employees and a lot of volunteer love, and that time is even more precious now. As financial resources for local history have become increasingly scarce, WNP has to economize in order to survive. We're a scrappy nonprofit and our biggest expense is salary, which means we reluctantly downsized our staff by half on May 31. We did not make this decision lightly. Although much of her work is behind the scenes, we refer to our Director of Programs, Chelsea Sellin, as the "Business End of WNP" because she makes the trains run on time here. She'll continue to volunteer her time producing this beloved magazine, and hosting WNP Film Club, but that's all, folks…for now, at least.

Chelsea has been a vital part of our team since joining the board in 2014, and this loss will most definitely resonate throughout everything we do. This summer will be a season of adjustment, but we look forward to bringing you the history you know and love with the help of several community members who have stepped up, keeping our stalwart Board of Directors and Executive Director Nicole Meldahl energized and focused. Krissy Kenny, Daniel Lucas, Bruce Marcus, and Kristine Poggioli: thank you for all you're doing and have already done. They, and you, dear members, are how we'll survive this historically fragile moment in America and we couldn't appreciate you more.



Left: Sheriff C.U. Soon at the Balboa Theater, 2025.

Right: Kids inside the Barrel of Fun ride at Playland's Fun House,1960s. (Courtesy of a Private Collector / wnp4/wnp4.0953)

FOGGY MEMORIES

BY KRISTINE POGGIOLI

You Bring Me Joy. ***Yes, You.***

Did you make it to WNP's 2022 Naiad Cove exhibit celebrating **Sutro Baths, the Cliff House, and Playland at the Beach**? It was so cleverly curated and surprisingly immersive that it transported me back to my childhood at those places. I was so impressed that I volunteered to be a docent.

I had so much fun sharing the experience with visitors coming through. One lady, who proudly told me she was 81 years old, began recounting a story from her youth about Playland. As she spoke, I watched her turn into the teenager she once was, and **I swear she started to giggle.** It was joy.

A mom with her two preteens in tow told me she grew up across the bay, but since her grandmother lived in the Sunset District, her family would come here to visit. Her grandma told stories about all the amusements at Lands End. **As far as this mom was concerned, that San Francisco history was her heritage, she was proud of it, and she wanted to make sure her kids knew about and experienced their heritage.**

That's how I feel too. **SF history, stories, and old photos from WNP connect me to family, to my youth, make me proud, and make this place my home.**

I also feel that way at the end of WNP Film Club events at the 4 Star Theater. The film club shows movies that include scenes from the west side. I regularly recognize places that connect me to something I care about. *"My uncle worked at that bakery"* or *"I'd forgotten about the Hamm's Beer sign."* And I leave the film club thinking, **"Man I love this city. I can never leave."**



Visitors enjoy the Naiad Cove exhibit, 2022. Your generosity brought the 2022 Naiad Cove exhibit to life. Thank you!

That leads me to how you bring me joy. **As a WNP member, it's you who make all these great SF experiences and memories available to me—and everyone else.** Your support of WNP saves historic photos from obscurity. Your generosity keeps neighborhood stories from fading away. Your gifts make historic research and community building events doable.

Without you, we would all be missing out on these regular moments of joy. Let's keep it going strong for the next generation. Thank you!

Kristine Poggioli grew up at 36th Avenue near Fulton, volunteers regularly with WNP, and co-authored "Walking San Francisco's 49 Mile Scenic Drive."



HISTORY HERO OPPORTUNITY

Keep your neighborhood stories alive for the next generation.

Would you consider adding a monthly $5, $10, or $25 boost to your WNP membership? Just an extra $5 a month pledge would go a long way in saving historic photos, producing this magazine, creating neighborhood events, and more. Thank you!

outsidelands.org/give

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Fri Jun 27 at 6pm: Cruising Cole Valley (...& The Upper Haight Too!)

Join Kit Ortega and WNP for a libatious history walk through Cole Valley and Haight Ashbury to kick off Pride weekend. Cole Valley has a deep history of queer community and culture; this tour highlights the lives and legacies of LGBTQIA+ San Franciscans outside of the Castro as we explore locations that highlight the early gay liberation movement. This 3 hour walk includes moderate-steep hills as well as stairs; the meeting location will be emailed to you when you purchase tickets. Suggested donation $5, but no one will be turned away for lack of funds.

Thurs Aug 14 at 7pm: WNP Film Club @ 4 Star Theater

John Martini and Chelsea Sellin celebrate movies filmed on location in San Francisco; August's screening is the 1950 noir TheMan Who Cheated Himself. Pre-film presentation will provide background about the movie's featured locations. $15 General Admission, $12.50 for seniors and children.

wnpsf.org

Outside Lands magazine is just one of the benefits of giving to Western Neighborhoods Project. Members receive special publications as well as exclusive invitations to history walks, talks, and other events. Visit our website at **outsidelands.org,** and click on the "Become a Member" link at the top of any page.