

## JOURNAL OF THE HISTORY GUILD OF DALY CITY - COLMA

### Greetings from President Mark

I hope that everyone had a restful summer. Your board has taken a much-needed respite and re-energized to continue providing you all that you have come to expect in curating the museum and programming our lecture series. In addition, there are many, many things that go on behind the scenes to keep the organization operating optimally; this is a collective and concerted effort undertaken by the entire board, as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. To that end, the new TV monitor is up and running on a mobile stand. We often place it near the entrance so that passersbys will see our DC Centennial documentary playing and hopefully mozy inside to investigate. The historic oversize photos are near completion and should be hanging on the upper walls of the museum before the end of the year. This will be a great visual enhancement and surely elicit a "Wow!" response from patrons. Always more in store, and definitely more to do.

Our speakers for September are Kristine Poggioli and Carolyn Eidson, both residents of Southern Hills in Daly City. They recently co-authored "Walking San Francisco's 49 Mile Scenic Drive." Briefly, and to quote the authors, "The 49 Mile Drive was born back in 1938 when the whole world had just been invited to visit San Francisco for the 1938-40 Golden Gate International Exposition." The authors will touch on many of the historical elements of the Drive, and discuss how it comes right up to Daly City's northern border at Lake Merced. Yes, they did in fact walk ALL 49 miles and now know it intimately. Come hear their insights and learn more about all that took place in order to create this fascinating trail with signs that boast the ubiquitous iconic image of a seagull with which we have all come to identify and know so well. In addition, the women will discuss native sons John Madden and Henry Doelger, and a possible Daly City connection to Hollywood legend Mae West.

We just reached a very nice threshold on our Facebook page--750 followers! This is a way in which we can learn about and share Daly City historical happenings and more. A case in point. A young fellow stopped by the museum in July to share a historical object which he

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### HISTORY LECTURE

**Wednesday, September 20<sup>th</sup> at 7 pm**

101 Lake Merced Blvd., Daly City Doelger  
Center Cafe

**Kristine Poggioli & Carolyn Eidson**

*Presents*

### WALKING the 49 Mile Scenic Drive



Refreshments will be provided by **Van Dyke and Marty Roth, Marcus and Grace Gonzalez, Judy Hnilo, and Celeste DeMartini**. Thanks to our Hospitality Chair **Annette Hipona** and her assistant **Grace Gonzalez**.

INVITE A FRIEND!

had found in an old house. It was a plaque presented to the Daly City Band in 1947 by the San Francisco Naval Shipyard. The band took first prize for 'outstanding performance as a loyal and patriotic organization in the First Annual Navy Day Review.' It is inscribed Philip Lemler, Captain U.S.N. The plaque is mounted on teak from the flight deck of the U.S.S. Saratoga. We know next to nothing about the long-gone Daly City Band, which ceased to exist around 1964. Daly City gave us some of their old uniforms and drums several years ago and which we have on display; they had been found in an old store room, long forgotten. I posted this story and photographs of the plaque to our Facebook page in hope that someone out there might be able to shed light on the award as well as details about the band. To date, there have been no responses but a whole lot of appreciation from folks who are glad to know about this artifact and that Daly City once had its very own band. If you have any insights, please feel free to drop me a line at [president@dalcycityhistorymuseum.org](mailto:president@dalcycityhistorymuseum.org). We would love to learn more about this significant milestone in the band's and city's fabled past. As for the young fellow with the plaque, he is holding onto it for the time being but might consider donating it to the museum later on. If so, we certainly will display it in a place of prominence.



**THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING...**

*Editor's Note; Have you ever been driving down El Camino and noticed all the signs for "HEMPCO"*

*at the Cow Palace and wondered what kind of scene it might be? Since Proposition 16 passed in November of 2016, I think we all have thought "the times they are a changing..." Nothing hit that home more than noticing a huge billboard on Junipero Serra Blvd. Yep, now they are advertising marijuana in Daly City. Lecture presenter, Tattler contributor and Guild member Bob Calhoun recounts a visit to a HEMPCON Convention at the Cow Palace in his book "Shattering Conventions." So have fun, now you can vicariously visit a HEMPCON convention at our very own Cow Palace.*

**Shattering Conventions**

**Excerpts from CHAPTER 10**

By Bob Calhoun

"The photographer called... "Bob, you have to get in here," he said with his distinctive warble that made him sound like a really stoned Mr. Ed. "This is where it's alllll happeninnggg."...

"The security guards aren't letting me in without a pot card," I said. "I'm waiting in line for one now." I'd been standing there for over an hour, waiting for some advice nurses in green wigs to help me obtain a temporary medicinal marijuana card... there was something just plain wrong about having to shell out \$100 to get high at the Cow Palace (of all places!), and the wrongness was more than personal, internal. This wrongness had the weight of history behind it.

It was in this concrete half-cylinder just outside of San Francisco where conservative-as-all-hell Arizona senator Barry Goldwater proclaimed, "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice," while accepting his party's nomination during the 1964 Republican National Convention. President Johnson seized on that line and used it to beat the living shit out of Goldwater at the polls, convincing 61 percent of voters that a Goldwater presidency meant certain nuclear annihilation.

Modern conservatism should have ended with that speech at the Cow Palace and the electoral drubbing that followed it, but conservatives' inability to see reality also left them uniquely unable to recognize defeat. Two years later, Goldwater acolyte Ronald Reagan reclaimed the Cow Palace by holding a rally there where he spent a good amount of his stage time scaring rock-ribbed Republicans with tales of un-American depravity on the UC Berkeley campus. The Gipper conjured lurid images of "a small minority of beatniks, radicals, and filthy-speech advocates" partying down as movies showing naked torsos "in suggestive positions and movements" were projected on two screens. If all that wasn't enough, "three rock bands played simultaneously." (Dude, I am so there.)

"The smell of marijuana was thick throughout the hall," the former Warner Bros. contract player said, driving his point home as horrified citizens in starched white shirts ate a lunch of cold fried chicken and potato salad. Fear of weed launched Reagan's political career, sending him and his folksier brand of Goldwater's extremism to the California Governor's Mansion and eventually to the White House...

At least my back really was hurting from standing in line for nearly 90 minutes so I wouldn't have any trouble concocting a story for the doctor behind the curtain (not that he was going to spend a lot of time poring over "Harrison's Principles of Internal Medicine" before writing my prescription). The line had barely inched forward in the 25 minutes since the photographer called. The people ahead of me stood silently with grim determination...



## LAKE MERCED HISTORY (EXCERPTS) By WOODY LABOUNTY

www.outsidelands.org

The Mexican-American War ended in 1848. In the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the property rights of Mexican citizens living in the newly conquered territory were guaranteed, at least on paper. As historian J. S. Hittell noted in 1878, the “plain principles of justice and reason were utterly disregarded by congress and the politicians. No provision was made for confirming claims held under mere color of right; those which had been held in notorious possession for generations, as well as those of the most suspicious character, were alike subjected to a hostile, costly and tedious investigation, a large part of the cost being thrown upon the owners.” As a result, many *Californios* were “virtually deprived of the bulk of their wealth, and then compelled to raise money to defend themselves against complete spoliation by the government.”

Francisco de Haro, the owner of the Rancho Laguna de la Merced, died in 1849, just as the discovery of gold in the Sierra had begun a mad influx of tens of thousands of fortune hunters to San Francisco Bay. As Hittell described, de Haro’s heirs faced the trial of proving their rightful ownership to thousands of acres of land from Lake Merced to Potrero Hill, validation they wouldn’t get from the courts for another fifteen years. To raise money for the legal fight, de Haro’s son-in-law, Charles Brown, sold land from the holdings. Several large parcels on the northern part of the Rancho Laguna de la Merced went to members of the Green family.

### The Greens

Alfred Green had come to California as a member of Colonel Stevenson’s New York Volunteers during the war. He served as a city alderman, married a local Californian woman, Dolores Leyoreita, and opened a racetrack and roadhouse in the Mission District in 1851. The next year, 1852, Alfred and several of his seven brothers settled north of Lake Merced just west of today’s 19th Avenue. Their basis for title was through a settler’s preemption, a practice of claiming land whose title was contested or uncertain. In essence, the Greens signed a deal with de Haro’s son-in-law for the land, with the right of first refusal to purchase if the government decided later de Haro wasn’t the legal owner.

An often ill-tempered, litigious, and cantankerous bunch (in an era full of similar men), the Greens defended their land in the face of numerous challenges and claims that they were squatting on land to which other men asserted ownership. In 1856, when Alfred Green purported to have old pueblo papers that would invalidate the land claims of many powerful men across the city, he was abducted from his bed and imprisoned by the Vigilance Committee,

A clog of hairy humanity had collected at the entrance of the consumption zone. The consumption zone was a fenced in section of the parking lot. Chubby hippies with scraggly beards sat on the pavement... The place was also a real organic vegan tofu sausage factory with males outnumbering females by a ratio of around 16-to-1... Hippies knew how to party back then. They were with it. They were now. Now they were then. The consumption zone was starting to look like the worst UC Santa Cruz party ever except with product demos.

Along the back fence, American reps of the Storz & Bickel Company of Tuttlingen, Germany inflated a giant Mylar balloon with a cannabis fog as demonstration of the Volcano Vaporization System. The balloon grew to several feet until it stretched across the consumption zone. A team of pot clinic workers cradled it like it was some giant hoagie sandwich vying for a place in the Guinness Book of World Records. As the balloon was passed around to convention goers eager to sample its output, a young salesman in a pullover shirt detailed the Volcano’s unique valve technology, and how its constant air flow gave it the most accurate temperature control possible.

The scene of disheveled potheads clutching for the weed balloon started to look like it had been etched by Goya...”

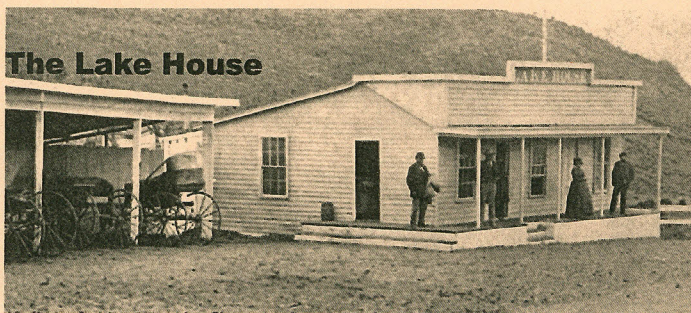
the citizen mob who took it upon itself to clean up the city with a series of extra judicial imprisonments and public lynchings. Green promised to turn over the papers, which he said he had hidden in a mine. On that promise, he was released. When he returned to his farm, he found that the whole house had been ransacked and his mother and wife were in tears fearing he had been hanged.

When Green did produce some land papers for a ransom of coin, a Deputy Sheriff and constable tried to wrest the money out of his hand the minute he exited the bank house. A semi-comic walk back to the sheriff's office ensued, with all parties holding on to the bag at the same time. Alfred went into voluntary exile to Mexico for a time, but did return, and died in San Francisco on March 1899. Green heirs owned land in the Lake Merced area into the 1930s, when the last parcel was purchased to create the public park of Stern Grove.

### Roadhouses

Green family members not only farmed along the old Ocean Road, which lay along the northern edge of the lake, but ran roadhouses to serve pleasure seekers out on jaunts to the lake and beach. They were not alone. The earliest of the lake roadhouses was the Lake House, a one-story shanty with a kitchen and bar. Charles Brown had moved it in 1853 from another part of the de Haro property to the eastern pinch where the two large arms of the lake came together.

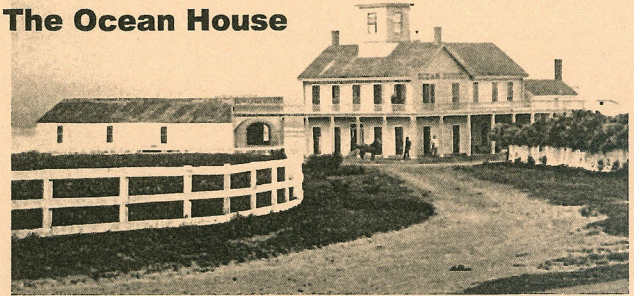
In early 1854, P. L. White leased the Lake House, expanding and renovating the building, determined (as one newspaper claimed) "to afford our citizens a resort second to none of the kind in the Atlantic States." The attractions of the Lake House meant to entice people to travel many miles out of the city were described by the *Daily Alta California* in 1855: "Here you will find a lake, and in the lake a boat, and in them both at once you may sail to your heart's content. You may also roll at ten-pins and pitch quoits till you are tired, or sway in the swing till you get rested." The purveyor of the house "will furnish you the finest dinner that is possible to provide in California."



In 1854, the same year the Lake House opened to such high praise, another roadhouse opened on the north side of the lake beside one of the Green brothers' ranches. Proprietor Joseph W. Leavitt called his place "Ocean

House," and built a grand structure for the era and location. The Ocean House had dining rooms, parlors, and a billiard salon. The second story had open balconies to appreciate the lake and ocean. Surmounting both was an enclosed view tower. Around the grounds were various out buildings, cottages, stabling for a hundred horses, and even a bowling alley. For thirty years, until it burned down in the early 1880s, the Ocean House was a local landmark. Its location just south of the Ocean Road is about where Lowell High School today.

### The Ocean House



While the Lake House and Ocean House advertised themselves as fine countryside resorts, suitable for family outings, wealthy traveling parties, and "invalids desiring to derive the benefit of the sea air,"<sup>4</sup> their clientele was mostly made up of single men looking for a good time. Men that newspaper articles called "fancy men," "sports," and "fast drivers" came out to race, drink, and even duel. (The parties in the famous 1859 duel between United States Senator David Broderick and former California Supreme Court Chief Justice David Terry gathered together at the Lake House to pick the nearby duel location.) Often when a swindle or robbery happened downtown, the authorities caught up with the miscreants drinking at the Ocean House...

**C**ontinued in next edition, featuring the race tracks and failed "suburb" of Lakeville...

\*\*\* Visit the web site of the **Western Neighborhood History Project** for extensive articles and a vast photo collection of nearby San Francisco.  
[www.outsidelands.org](http://www.outsidelands.org)

(Editor's note: The outcome of the Broderick-Terry duel of 1859 may have been influenced by Broderick's sleepless night fighting bedbugs at the Lake House the night prior. His mishandling of the pistols has been attributed by some to have resulted from lack of sleep. Terry had passed the night in the vicinity in the comfortable farmhouse of William Higgins. The other two Green brothers were named John and Benjamin. Benjamin S. Green had a 20 year land feud with pioneer Robert Thornton. Thornton's granddaughter Josephine married Raymond, the son of B.S. Green, and was disowned by Thornton. Thanks to **Russ Brabec** for Green family information.)

## GRUESOME TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

Imagine our surprise last May 17<sup>th</sup> when an already interesting evening at the History Guild, filled with gruesome details of murder and intrigue, transformed into a fascinating trip down memory lane, colored with my own personal thoughts of paging through the case file and looking at the grim, very detailed real-life autopsy photographs. Plus, I remembered I played the victim in a videotaped re-enactment!

Marty, my wife of almost thirty years must have noticed something different in my expression as we sat and listened to guest speaker and author Bob Calhoun recount how his mother was questioned as a potential suspect in the case of the murder of gardener August Norry in February 1959. I was still verifying my memories against the facts as stated by Mr. Calhoun when I raised my hand to speak after a few audience questions were answered.

What a memorable coincidence this was, despite the unhappy subject matter. I recalled how as an Administration of Justice (with an emphasis in Law Enforcement) student at San Jose State University we had to choose a crime, summarize it then relate it to our Criminology classmates. I was instrumental in choosing the very murder case now being discussed. I remembered choosing the case because the reenactment meant I would likely spend the weekend at my parents home in Daly City, turning our class assignment into a trip to Mom and Dad's. As a college student that meant free food, getting some laundry done and a pleasant visit! And that's exactly what happened.

I remembered we were able to determine the exact location of the murder and drove to it when we made our video. The trees on that rural area of San Bruno Mountain were smaller in our reference photos but still very much present in 1975 as the area was still almost entirely undeveloped. In fact, Mr. Calhoun related the actual case files were now practically lost to history, I related that one of our team members was able to bring the actual case file to our planning meetings and we all read through the very detailed information including the actual crime scene and autopsy photographs. We used these to factually reenact the crime.

The autopsy photos had the most impact on me as this was the first time I'd ever seen such gory matter, yet also very dispassionately clinical in some aspects – mixing rulers and tape measurements with vector angles and bullet hole trajectories and numbered evidence markers. One of the more salient aspects was one autopsy photo showing as many as eight entrance and exit wounds from a single bullet to the victim. A metal rod was

inserted into the upper right arm, in and out and across the chest and through and out the upper left arm to illustrate the bullet's deadly path. Since the perpetrator had reloaded the gun a few times and fired at least one round at point blank range, the victim had more entrance and exit wounds than what was expected.

The perpetrator was a young woman, who after initially shooting the victim, reloaded and shot again, then shot from the driver's side, reloaded then shot this time from the passenger's side. Each time she emptied the gun she used practice target bullets known as 'wad cutters', not real lead bullets. Still, they were able to accurately find their target and effectively dispatch the victim. She then pushed the body out of the car and drove away.

After I recounted my experience at the meeting, Marty whispered to me that she remembered when I had that assignment and when we made our video. I was surprised that I'd remembered so many crime details forgetting how our brains work and that somehow, this experience was seared into my memory. As a life experience, it made a deep and lasting impact.

Our team returned the case file materials to our teammate who had borrowed them from the authorities. He had connections and was able to procure these materials with the proviso that they were to be returned within a certain amount of time.

The reenactment was creepy knowing we were in the same location as the murder, then only seventeen years past. My classmate portraying the murderer wore a scarf, consistent with newspaper photos and the criminal's account of the killing. I remembered my ears ringing from the practice bullets that were fired in the car. Many years later, I am still struck by the coldblooded nature of the murder and the subsequent lack of remorse of the teenaged murderer, Penny Bjorkland.

Subsequent to the History Guild meeting, my wife and I tried to locate the crime scene by driving to that area of San Bruno Mountain very near the San Francisco City and County line. My memory was working on overtime as we wound around the steep streets twisting and turning but running into housing that simply wasn't there before. It turns out in 2017 the murder scene and gravel road had long since been covered over by condominium housing developments and pavement making the actual crime scene lost to posterity.

Even though this tragic murder happened in 1959, it remains infamous in the annals of Daly City history, mostly due to the cutthroat, dispassionate nature of the crime and for the occasional memory jog, bringing the act surprisingly to life again after over fifty years.



## THE HISTORY GUILD OF DALY CITY/COLMA

### DALY CITY HISTORY MUSEUM

6351 Mission Street, Daly City, CA 94014

650/757-7177

Current Hours: Tuesdays and Saturdays from noon to 3 p.m.



Please visit us on Facebook at "Daly City History Museum"

[www.dalycityhistorymuseum.org](http://www.dalycityhistorymuseum.org)

### FIRST CLASS MAIL

**THANK YOU & NEWS**— Mrs. Ursula Deutsch for donating the extensive archive of the Concerned Homeowners of Westlake versus Westlake Subdivisions Improvement Association. The archive has been expertly catalogued in carefully labeled binders. **Marianne Petroni** donated a DVD of two programs from the series "San Mateo County History Stories" by Peninsula Television on the duel and ghost blimp – perfect lengths to show visitors. **Eileene Kireopoulos**, now living in Ireland, dropped by to donate her child tutu and information on the Daly City Recreational Ballet under the direction of Diane Roberts. Best wishes to founding Guild member and **Daly City Historian Bunny Gillespie** who is moving to Millbrae, near her daughter.

### OTHER HISTORICAL HAPPENINGS

**Pacifica Historical Society:** September 2 from 1-3 pm John Schmale and Ray Wille will lecture on the fabled Ocean Shore Railroad at the pacifica Moose Lodge, 776 Bradford Road. Tickets are \$10, sold at the door or at [pacificahistory.org](http://pacificahistory.org).

**Colma Historical Association:** Friday, September 29<sup>th</sup> will be the annual Fundraising Dinner at the Colma Community Center. Info. 650-757-1676  
Tuesday, October 24<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 will be their last quarterly meeting at the Colma Museum, 1500 Hillside Blvd.

### GUILD OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

**Mark Weinberger, President** 650/757-7177  
[president@dalycityhistorymuseum.org](mailto:president@dalycityhistorymuseum.org)  
**Richard Rocchetta, Vice-President**  
**Dana Smith, 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice-President/Museum Director**  
**Judith Christensen, Treasurer**  
**Algis Ratnikas, Secretary**  
**Directors: Michael Rocchetta, Marcus Gonzalez**

Ken Gillespie (1924-2011), President-Emeritus, Bunny Gillespie, Secretary-Emerita, Annette Hipona, Hospitality Chair

*Board meetings are held as necessary and are open to the membership. Please contact Mark for further information.*

History Guild of Daly City/Colma is a  
501 (c) (3) nonprofit organization  
Memberships begin at \$25 per year.

**Tattler Editor & production: Dana Smith,**  
[director@dalycityhistorymuseum.org](mailto:director@dalycityhistorymuseum.org)

I have been editing the *Tattler* for ten years... this edition is my 51<sup>st</sup> *Tattler*. - Dana

Donations of new items for our fundraising raffle are always appreciated!