What Lies Beneath: A RENOVATION SUCCESS STORY

See page 7
THE SEMAPHORE # 177 AUTUMN 2006

FEATURES

NORTH BEACH CITIZEN: Ray Crain ................. 6
Back in the Day ...................................... 20
1353 Grant Avenue, Maggie McGarry’s ........... 7
Want To Read About Our Neighborhood? ....... 24
Neighborhood Artists Speak ......................... 13
Cafe Divine: Restaurant Review .................... 26
My Caffe .............................................. 15
Bylaw Change Proposed ............................. 26
Survivor II: 1254-1262 Union Street ............... 18
New Shops Bring Style to North Beach ......... 32

COLUMNS

President’s Corner .................................... 3
Board Motions ........................................ 34
From Supervisor Peskin ............................... 5
Board of Directors .................................... 35
Planning & Zoning Report will return with the fall issue
THD Committees ..................................... 35
Parks & Trees Report ................................ 16
Membership Info ..................................... back cover
The Social Report ..................................... 17
Cover photo of McGarry’s by Stan Teng, design by Mike Madrid
The Alfa Nose .......................................... 22

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A great deal has happened on the waterfront since this publication last appeared. It started with was a rare and brazen act of defiance. The response was appropriate. It began and was over in a matter of months. Here is what happened.

A well-known local company, Hornblower Cruises & Yachts, secured and assumed the extremely lucrative National Park Service (NPS) contract to ferry all passengers to and from Alcatraz Island. This means the ferry service for about 1.3 million people a year would be moving from Pier 41 (where the Blue & Gold fleet formerly operated the service) to Hornblower’s Piers 31½ to 33. Hornblower’s piers are smack dab in between the now infamous Piers 27-31 (formerly being developed by Mills Corp. and now being developed by Shorenstein) and Piers 15-17, the new home of the Exploratorium.

In June, 2006 the Port Commission held an informational meeting at which Hornblower unveiled its plans, in an elaborate PowerPoint presentation, for its piers. This was the first time I had seen the scope and breadth of what Hornblower was planning. Slide after slide showed a completely changed set of piers with what looked like many new structures such as a large glass museum featuring, among other things, a cannon and cannonballs and a lighthouse at the entry of the piers. I was shocked and stated in my public comments that the plans looked like another Mills Corp. mall and although the Port Commission was not being called upon to take any action at this meeting, that it should urge the NPS to ensure Hornblower conducted a public review of the proposed development project and all of its potential impacts on the surrounding areas.

In early August, 2006 Hornblower appeared before the THD’s P&Z Committee. Hornblower presented the same set of PowerPoints that were presented at the Port Commission in hard copy format to the committee members. Hornblower also brought with them a model of a solar boat under construction for their fleet. One reason Hornblower was awarded the contract was that it promised to have a “greener” fleet.

The key question the THD’s Planning & Zoning Committee asked was: what are the potential impacts to our neighborhood and the Waterfront that could result from Hornblower’s proposed plans for this move from Pier 41? The answer was nothing short of astonishing. Hornblower responded that there really would be no impacts, even on traffic. When the P&Z Committee asked Hornblower to conduct a public review to examine the possible impacts of its plans continued on page 4
prior to assuming the contract in September, 2006 – Hornblower said “nuh-uh” because Environmental Impact Reports in San Francisco would take too long, were too political, and Hornblower needed to start paying for the new “greener” boats it had purchased in anticipation of taking over the contract.

The P&Z Committee asked for the data supporting its claims that its boats were “greener” – to date, we have not received it. The P&Z Committee asked for the expert report supporting Hornblower’s point that there would be no traffic impacts, despite the addition of 4,000 people using the ferry service to Alcatraz every day – Hornblower did not provide it. When the P&Z Committee asked what changes Hornblower intended to make to the piers to accommodate the massive new influx of passengers, Hornblower said “none” before taking over the contract but then many after taking it over. In other words, Hornblower was openly attempting to fly right under the radar, assume the contract and when it was too late for the neighbors to do anything about it – then make wholesale changes to its piers.

Of course, any changes to the piers would mean Hornblower would have to apply for a permit from the BCDC (BCDC is the state coastal management agency for the San Francisco Bay) which would trigger an environmental review of the project under the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) – something Hornblower was clearly intending to evade no matter what. The City Attorney wrote to BCDC urging BCDC to prevent Hornblower from assuming the contract until it had undergone the proper environmental review. Port Director Moyer wrote to Hornblower urging it to seek appropriate permit review from BCDC.

continued on page 10
Despite the little indignities of city living—like the recycling truck making a cacophonous sound in the wee hours of the morning—I think we are truly blessed to live in one of the greatest urban neighborhoods in the world. Our vibrant streets, night-life, unique architecture and beautiful setting have attracted people to North Beach from across the globe for more than a century. But there can also be a menacing, dangerous side to life in the City: On Broadway the situation has continued to degenerate and the problems have spilled over up Grant Avenue and into the residential areas on the Hill. Not only has it impacted the quality of life for many of us but increasing reports of violence have become too common place. On Friday and Saturday nights Broadway can be a scary, dangerous place to be. I know this is not news to any of you.

Any number of measures have been implemented over the last few years in an attempt to stem the problem including late-night traffic closures on Broadway, enforcement actions against certain night clubs that have been bad actors, countless meetings to educate club owners as well as an increased police presence. Thus far, frankly, the results have been anemic and none of these steps have adequately quelled the growing problem.

Finally, I am relieved to report, the City has begun a comprehensive, coordinated multi-agency effort to reign in the behavior of our more out-of-control weekend visitors. The first objective is to make sure everyone who visits the area is safe. With that in mind, Police Chief Heather Fong is providing Central Station Captain Jim Dudley with significant additional resources including motorcycle officers, undercover agents as well as additional uniformed officers at Central Station on weekend nights. The Sheriff’s Department has partnered in the effort by providing a bus for transportation to booking facilities. As it turns out, however, a large law enforcement vehicle parked outside normal trouble spots has a deterrent effect that is as valuable as its simple people-moving capacity.

This Broadway corridor effort begins with law enforcement, but does not end there. The Department of Parking and Traffic has increased their patrol, citation, and towing capacities; the Department of Building Inspection, Department of City Planning, and Fire Department have coordinated to inspect clubs and bars that are frequently cited to assure they are up to code; and the Entertainment Commission has embarked on a review of existing and pending licenses and permits for Broadway hotspots. In addi-
A major driver of bad behavior is the so-called “party bus” industry. Operators pack partiers from around the Bay Area into tour buses, passengers drink alcohol on board, and are dropped off on Broadway, most already too inebriated to be legally served another drink. While I am considering increased regulation of these services to limit their impact on the neighborhoods they flood with intoxicated – often underage – revelers, the SFPD is dealing with the problem directly as part of the current effort. Officers have been boarding the buses as they arrive and announcing that overserved passengers can walk straight over to the waiting Sheriff’s bus. Needless to say, this has made a big impact on both the patrons and the operators.

The good news is that this coordinated effort is paying off. Club owners, producers and promoters are getting the message that they will pay a price for not controlling their patrons. Law enforcement, merchants, and residents are all reporting on the positive results. On the very second week of our effort, citations to establishments dropped dramatically. And as time goes on, the word is getting out to folks that come from out of town that while North Beach is a great place to spend your time and money, we won’t tolerate dangerous and criminal behavior.

On another front, I am pleased to report that MUNI’s Central Subway project is moving forward after a hiatus. The Municipal Transportation Authority is updating its initial plan for the Central Subway as part of the drafting of the required Supplemental Environmental Impact Report. Following its initial planning effort for the Central Subway, the MTA is now going back to the community to seek input on the location of the proposed Chinatown station, among other elements of the plan. Taking into account community suggestions, the MTA is refining its plan, and amending the environmental documents associated with it in the process. I am pleased to see North Beach and Chinatown residents consulted as part of the Central Subway planning process, and I encourage Semaphore readers to contact the MTA or my office directly with any questions about the project and how they can contribute their input.

As always, feel free to call me or my staff, Rose or David at 554-7450 or email us at aaron.peskin@sfgov.org. See around the neighborhood.
The dictionary define history as “the continuum of events occurring in succession leading from the past to the present.”

Throughout the decades, 1353 Grant Ave. has been such a continuum, etching its mark in North Beach’s social, commercial and cultural history. The building, according to the North Beach Survey, is a contributor to the Upper Grant Avenue Historic District. The storefronts in the building used to contain the old Figoni Hardware store and the Lost & Found Saloon.

According to Nicole Savage’s website, SFHeart (www.sfheart.com), the history of 1353 Grant reads like this:

In the Fifties it was Miss Smith’s Tea Room. Wednesday night was poetry night and most of the Beat poets hung out there. Later it became the Coffee Gallery and in 1960 there was a six-hour jam session benefit to buy a sprinkler system for a nearby club, the Cellar. The jam session included Jimmy Rushing singing the blues, Duke Ellington reciting poetry, and Enrico Banducci acting as bartender. Comedian Lord Buckley played here and Hugh Romney (later known as Wavy Gravy) also played there. The Great Society featuring Grace Slick played their first gig here and an unknown Janis Joplin sang country blues. Thousands of anonymous folk singers played at the venue over the years. One night Charles Manson showed up wanting to play and sing, but he was so bad he cleared the room and was asked to leave. Then it became the Lost and Found Saloon.…

The “continuum of events” at 1353 Grant Ave. now includes Maggie McGarry’s, a new Irish pub where The Lost & Found Saloon operated for over 40 years. The giant, red vertical wooden-slatted signboard of the Lost and Found in itself had become “historic.” However, the sign’s removal uncovered another layer of history. The owners of Maggie McGarry’s are a husband and wife team, Mickey Graham...
and Mairead McGarry. They have been bartenders in the Bay Area for sixteen years and their “dream” was to have their own pub. They looked for four years before finding the Lost & Found and immediately knew that was this was place for them.

In February 2006, after preparation of design plans and upon referral by the City Planning Department to the Telegraph Hill Dwellers, Maggie McGarry’s presented their proposed design to the THD Planning & Zoning Committee. The committee, consisting of volunteer member-neighbors, was encouraged to see the possible improvement of the building with regard to the existing incongruous aluminum windows of the “Lost & Found.”

An astute member of the committee observed that the commercial space adjacent to the Lost & Found (part of the same building) still had the original multi-paned clerestory windows and suggested that the same windows might be discovered behind the Lost & Found sign. The P&Z Committee asked that some investigative demolition be done to explore this possibility with the goal of preserving an original and attractive feature of the existing building.

A guess and hope became reality when the sign and a dropped ceiling above the storefront windows were removed. There, beneath years of historic grime were the clerestory windows. When the owners of Maggie McGarry’s saw what needed to be done they exclaimed “Oh my god,” but persisted with the cleaning of the windows which took two men two full days of work with a wire brush. Twelve panes of glass needed replacement. The color and texture was closely matched with the help of a friend in the glass business.

The resulting modifications to the clerestory windows and the lower storefront are a great improvement to the old Lost & Found Saloon from a design point of view and an enhancement to Upper Grant Avenue. The aluminum windows have been replaced with new “true-divided light” operable wooden windows of appropriate size and detail for the existing building.

Inside Maggie McGarry’s a new mural on the rear wall was nearing completion at the time of this writing. Artist Nicola McCarthy is illustrating twenty-one portraits of the famous patrons and performers of the former Coffee Gallery which occupied the space in the 1950s during the Beat folk and early rock movements. The murals are painted on two large doors that form the rear wall of half the space, the doors can be swung open to reveal a stage behind, the same stage where performers from the 1950s and ’60s played.

The owners found another surprise in the basement of the space: several original (apparently hand-printed) posters for the Coffee Gallery. They have been carefully framed and are on display on the back wall of the stage.

The alterations to 1353 Grant Ave. are an example of the THD Planning & Zoning Committee successfully working with a business enterprise to identify, evaluate and implement appropriate changes to a historic structure. These changes preserve the historic and aesthetic qualities that make the neighborhood an attractive location for commerce and enhance the activity of the street, contributing to the vital character that is North Beach.
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Hornblower just kept saying no and just stopped talking about the project in terms of the massive development proposal they presented to the Port Commission in June.

So, when the Citizens to Save the Waterfront (CSW), a coalition of businesses, dedicated volunteers and concerned citizens, asked THD to join with them in a lawsuit seeking one thing and one thing only: to require that Hornblower apply to the BCDC for a permit for its anticipated development and undergo the proper CEQA review before it started the Ferry Service because of the clear “intensification of use” that would take place at Hornblower’s piers, the THD Board voted overwhelmingly to do so. CSW asked for THD’s support since the lawsuit was seeking an injunction and timing was critical – the hearing on the injunction was set for the second week of September. Nixon Peabody, the law firm representing CSW, agreed to represent THD on a pro bono basis. After voting to join the suit, the Board met again in a special meeting to discuss the specifics of the suit as well.

In a surprise turn of events, BCDC took the unusual step of issuing a letter before the injunction hearing concluding that, in BCDC’s opinion, after much negotiation with Hornblower, Hornblower did not need a permit from BCDC until it proposed physical changes. BCDC’s letter struck at the very heart of the CSW/THD lawsuit. Courts are required to give great deference to a government agency’s interpretation of its own regulations. In light of the BCDC letter, it did not appear likely a court would issue an injunction. Since the letter was issued between the THD regular board meeting, and the injunction hearing was nearing, THD’s Executive Committee met and voted unanimously to dismiss the suit.

Joining litigation, especially on a tight timeline, is an important and often difficult decision for any organization. But in a case like this one, where a company refuses to answer questions or even respond or share its response to higher authorities such as the Port Director or City Attorney – the courts are sometimes our only recourse. Having exhausted other avenues (appearing before the Port Commission, writing directly to the NPS and having the P&Z Committee examine the issue) we turned, rightfully so in my opinion, to the courts.

Since then, Hornblower has assumed the ferry service. The initial days were rocky, with unions picketing since Hornblower uses only non-union labor. As far as the traffic impacts— you be the judge. We anticipate that Hornblower’s proposals for physical changes to these piers will necessarily follow. The waterfront issues facing our neighborhood are heating up like never before.

We continue to remain vigilant and preserve the historic traditions of a waterfront San Franciscans can enjoy.
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NEIGHBORHOOD ARTISTS SPEAK

There’s a view shared by more than a few people that the golden age of Telegraph Hill-North Beach art is something of the past. Not true, of course. So to make a small dent in this misconception, The Semaphore asked THD Board member Sherry O’Donnell, herself an artist, to talk with a couple of the more prominent artistic folks in our midst. Her first interview appears below.

Agena Falk

Agneta Falk is an internationally recognized poet and painter who resides in North Beach with her husband (the present poet laureate of San Francisco, Jack Hirschman). Born in Stockholm, Sweden, Agneta spent much of her adult life in England with her then-life partner, Asa Benveniste (publisher of England’s Trigram Press and the Parisian expat magazine, Zero.)

Agneta has lived in North Beach since 1998, and has made a thrilling contribution to many lives, here and around the world. I recently had the pleasure of exploring her thoughts on art.

Sherry: Where did you find your inspiration and who influenced you?

Agena: I was very inspired by the Russian futurists; Malevich and El Lissitzky, having been one of the most extraordinary typographer artists that I’ve ever come across.

S: And your landscapes were inspired by...?

A: Well, it’s the abstraction, the gradation of light. For me, Turner was the most broadening of artists ever. But as soon as I say that, I think of other artists—Kandinsky for example, or Rothko. Basically, when I see something I love, I get nervous. It’s the same as when I’m painting. When I walk into an exhibition that is really great, I feel I want to jump. I literally feel like jumping up and down. I almost don’t want to look at it because it’s so good for me. It’s a kind of shrieking inside.

S: Tell me about your art.

A: I have three different kinds of painting: representational, landscapes, and verbal-visual (using text and texture).

S: You as an artist incorporate words into your paintings. How did this come about?

A: I often feel that when I write, I paint, and when I paint, write. But really it was my many years with Asa that educated me and provoked in me the feel of typography and the lusciousness that a pattern of words can provide. I almost always use words in my paintings and I have great trouble not doing so. Sometimes I want to leave them out but they kind of creep in.

S: Do you prefer using your own poetry in your verbal-visual paintings?

A: I prefer using someone else’s text because it objectifies the process as well as informs the painting and the creation of it. I don’t use text necessarily to be read, but the meaning has quite a bit to do with my emotions and how the painting eventually evolves. I use it, rather, as a texture. I like the shape of letters, of words. Sometimes the words are so tiny I have to use a brush with only 2 hairs, and people say, you’re insane. Why do you do that? Who can read it? But that is simply not the point.

continued on next page
S: I would like to hear more about how texture informs your work.

A: Particularly when I am in Italy, or any one of those countries where one can find those terribly old rendered walls, where you can see a hundred years, more or less, of colors bleeding through with that scuffed feeling, and also with the posters where one can barely see the names, weathered and half torn away... It’s just so exciting to see all those layers of light... That is what inspires me... It’s like an archeological dig.

S: In the process of making art, mistakes are made. I would love to hear your thoughts on that.

A: I feel very happy about mistakes because, actually some of the best things that happen to me artistically are by mistake. And I love that!

S: So you feel you can step back and not have to correct them? You can stop yourself?

A: Oh, yes. I can actually see something else that I didn’t see before. I’ve learned so many things by making mistakes, by dropping something or using the wrong mix of colors. That’s the whole point, of exploring and growing in the process of the piece.... That’s part of the discovery. I think that a lot of the best inventions have been partly by mistake. Something happens to make you see your work in a different way; you can think laterally. I love those little mistakes!

S: So you see this as part of your growth process as an artist?

A: Absolutely. I think life’s mistakes are a tremendous part of the growing process. One has to be receptive.

S: Your landscapes are, as you’ve told me, the result of your many travels and love of the vistas you’ve enjoyed. Please tell me a little more about your representational work as opposed to the verbal-visual.

A: The realistic painting, the representational, is what seems to impress people the most, generally. Whereas, it is the most easy painting for me—a craft, if you will. I find the verbal-visual to be the most difficult of my styles. The scariness of putting one’s soul and feelings into the moment, the blank page and the uncertainty of that moment is really the most challenging part of painting for me. I always want to get to the point both in painting and in writing where I’m not so secure because the less secure I am when I’m creating makes that moment of creation unfold better. When I’m really nervous and insecure, the art finds its way out of me on its own.

S: Finally, I would like to hear your thoughts on the process of creating art.

A: Painting is a painful process. Sometimes I can almost feel myself going insane. Naturally of course, I am not going insane, but ask myself why am I doing this, when it feels so very painful? I am drawn to the canvas; I have this need. I feel like I’m getting very close inside myself, getting very risky. At the same time, I’m just skating and thinking this might be nice. It is such a tremendous pleasure when you’ve finished a work of art and you can stand back and say, oh, that’s not so bad.

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Issue #177 • Autumn 2006
By Tony Long

While café life may not be everybody’s cup of coffee, a lot of North Beachers hang out in coffeehouses, chatting with friends, wasting time, scribbling into journals, finding and losing love.

These days, coffeehouses dot the San Francisco landscape, from the Mission to the Excelsior, like zits on a teenager. But the North Beach coffeehouse remains something apart, something unique. It probably has a lot to do with the Italian zeitgeist as well as the fact that, as a city institution, the coffeehouse got its start right here. The idea is deeply woven into the fabric of the neighborhood, a natural lounger’s paradise.

But it’s not just about aimless hanging out. The true North Beach café habitué is one who forms especially close ties with a particular establishment. It could be for the coffee, but there’s probably more to it than that. Where you choose to roost says a lot about you, aesthetically anyway.

Caffe Trieste is my coffeehouse; my living room, if you will. So go ahead, stereotype me. “Thinks he’s creative, leans left, not a terribly flashy dresser.” Hey, close enough. Sweeping generalizations are fun, aren’t they?

Of course, Caffe Trieste is only one coffeehouse among many here. All have their virtues and all cater to a loyal clientele. In my case, yes, one of the Trieste’s lures is its literary/artistic pedigree and the kinds of people who are drawn to that.

But oddly enough, although I fancy myself a writer, I do no writing at Caffe Trieste. Too many interruptions, too much chaos, at least for this tortured artist’s soul. I drop in to idle with friends and drink the best coffee in North Beach. But when I actually want to get some serious work done, I decamp to Caffe Puccini.

The lighting is better, for one thing, and the atmosphere more laid back. And then there’s that menu. The pasta you get at Puccini compares favorably with anything you’ll find at any restaurant in North Beach.

To me, Puccini seems to attract a more middle-class clientele than Trieste (although, increasingly, some of the Trieste poets are slipping around the corner for dinner). Because of its Columbus Avenue location, it attracts more tourists, too, except for those who make the pilgrimage to Trieste to honor the memory of the Ginsburgs and Kerouacs and Corsos. Like its neighbor, Caffe Greco, Puccini attracts a fair number of Italian-speaking regulars, too, another rarity at Trieste.

I have a good friend, a Caffe Roma regular, who won’t set foot in the Trieste, figuring we’re all a bunch of commies. Since I hold an equally mature view of the Roma (too many suits and soccer fans for my taste), we meet at Caffe Greco whenever we have coffee. The pastries are good enough that I’ll occasionally break my self-imposed sugar fast when I’m there.

In the end, I suppose, you choose a coffeehouse based on the comfort level you feel in going there. We’re fortunate to have so many choices in North Beach—I’ve only scratched the surface here—and doubly fortunate that Starbucks isn’t one of them.
The empty tree basins survey proceeds apace. With the adjoining property owner’s permission, and at no cost to them, we will replace the dead, dying or missing trees in the Hill’s tree basins. The Committee contacted Friends of the Urban Forest to assist our efforts, and Suzanne Gavin has been assigned as our community outreach coordinator.

With FUF on board came a list of a dozen homeowners who want to plant a new tree, where none has been planted. As we are not certain that all of those with an empty basin will want to replant, we have decided to add those who want a new tree to our list as well.

We now have six neighbors combing the blocks near their homes to find the empty basins. We have already identified more that 50 sites. Once that number has reached 100 we will send tree planting applications to those owners. Even if only 40 percent sign and send the tree applications back, we will have enough trees for a FUF planting.

If you know of empty basins or would like to have either a new tree or a map to survey your block or two, contact Joe at 776-9416.

PIONEER PARK WORK PARTIES: Our Second Saturday Work Parties in Pioneer Park will recommence on Saturday Dec. 9. We will meet at 9 a.m. to assist the Recreation and Park Department’s staff till noon in replanting the five-acre park surrounding Coit Tower. If the rains have begun in earnest by then we may be putting new plants in the ground. If Indian summer continues we will be pruning trees on the 300 block of the Filbert Street steps to let more street light onto the stairs, and make them less forbidding to night-time strollers.

On the south side of Pioneer Park, a large Monterey cypress tree was blown down. We requested that it be removed this winter, and we’ve looked also at the recurring problem of the trees which block views from the car parking lot.

In future work parties we will be planting replacement cypress on the Greenwich steps as well, to replace the lookout tree used by our very own parrot flock. If you would like to know more, or to help out, contact Joe at 776-9416.

Thanks to those volunteers helping with the survey, and those ready to again don sturdy shoes and gardening gloves to spruce up the parks and stairway gardens in our neighborhood.
October 2006

By Pat Swan, social chair

The Chinese Historical Society of America Museum and Learning Center at 914 Clay was the site of a THD reception on Monday, Aug. 14. Those who attended the event were lucky enough to hear a talk by Phil Choy, architect and historian, who discussed the history of the building and area. Google the name Phil Choy and you’ll see all the great things he’s involved in. We thank him again for taking time to speak to our members. Thanks to City View Restaurant who catered the event with their excellent dim sum. For those of you who didn’t make it, please take a couple hours one day to go visit the museum; it’s a Chinatown gem and worth the trip.

On Sunday, Sept. 24, we celebrated “Summer in the City” with our (not-always) annual picnic at Coit Tower. For something a little different this year, the event was catered by Burgermeister. They did a great job in providing burgers, veggies and portabella mushroom sandwiches for everyone. Alan Paul of San Francisco Brewing Company supplied an excellent pale ale and Mother Nature provided a gorgeous day. Joe Butler managed the kids’ games this year and from the looks of things, everyone had a great time. Thank you to everyone who came and helped set-up, work the event, and tear down. Social events don’t just happen, so I appreciate your help!

Our friends and neighbors are so generous in helping us put on great events for you, our members. Please do what you can to thank them, by patronizing their establishments:

- Chinese Historical Society of America Museum and Learning Center, 914 Clay St., 391-1188
- City View Restaurant, 662 Commercial St., 398-2838
- Burgermeister, 759 Columbus Avenue, 296-9907
- San Francisco Brewing Company, 155 Columbus Avenue, 434-3344

New members Bill Kedem and Laurel Rest at THD picnic
In this issue we continue our appreciation of some of the buildings on Telegraph Hill that survived the 1906 earthquake and fire.

1254-1262 Union survived the conflagration of 1906 thanks, in part, to the heroic efforts of one of the neighborhood’s wine brigades. The leader of this particular team of volunteers was a tenant in the building, one Gioranni Doneri, who, with his oldest son and neighbors, cooled the walls of the building with burlap sacks soaked in wine from casks in the basement.

This site at the southeast corner Montgomery and Union was, from 1850 to 1861, home to Hudson’s Windmill that powered the grinders at H.C. Hudson’s coffee mill. The structures were wiped out in an 1861 fire that destroyed many buildings on the hill.

The next structure, a one-story building, was constructed around 1865 by Vincenzio Davall, one of the owners of the Toscana Hotel on Broadway. By the 1890s, a second story had been added. An analysis of the interior layout reveals the owners from the beginning had contemplated a two-story design that would accommodate a rooming house, a departure from the single-family cottages that dominated housing on the hill in the
The only significant alteration after the 1890s occurred in 1939, when the city lowered the street in front of the building by 12 feet, necessitating the stairs that are part of the present structure.

In San Francisco’s Telegraph Hill, David Myrick provides the following account of one of the building’s occupants: “Fifty or 60 years ago, Mrs. Baumgartner, (who before her widowhood had run a saloon that was supposedly one of those legendary establishments with a trap door for shanghaiing sailors) wore a gingham dress and apron and embellished her language with choice swear words. She was frequently observed sitting in the window of her flat, sometimes remaining in that spot all night. To break the monotony she would occasionally go on a real bender, terminating her spree only when here funds became exhausted.”

In 1979, this Italianate structure was listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

early years. In its original configuration there were 25 rooms, later six railroad flats, and today six apartments.
You cannot truly reminisce when you are young. Reminiscing demands a certain patience on a person’s life skin, resulting from earned or serendipitous joys and disappointments discovered along a rangy autobiographical path.

Even loaded with those compulsory criteria, I’ve never much enjoyed reminiscing. It makes me feel old, which is unthinkable in our culture. In fact, I wouldn’t be at all surprised if the sheer ability to reminisce won’t some day mandate a person’s being jettisoned to remote islands for warehousing the wise-but-wrinkled.

But, I was asked to reminisce, so I’ll risk peeking through my time-distorted lens at past bits of the surrounding Telegraph Hill landscape and a few remembered characters who colored their neighbors’ lives. Mine, for sure.

**Mildly Relevant Personal History:**

At barely 18, I shot out of New York State, where I was born. After stopping for a couple of undergraduate school years in Massachusetts, I wandered off course to a soul-scorching stint in Cleveland, but eventually escaped to San Francisco, as far as I could go without swimming. And, instantly, I was home.

By January 1971, my soon-to-be husband convinced me to leave Russian Hill and move prematurely into his stunning apartment (formerly, an earthquake-era whorehouse) atop Telegraph Hill. The landlord, a snooty old trust fund curmudgeon, welcomed my arrival by ordering me to get my “goddamn hippie car” – a VW van – out of his “goddamn garage.” We got married, anyway, and lived there five storybook years (the time frame of these personal memories) before buying a house 2-1/2 blocks away, where I still reside.

**Cloudy Tidbits from the “Hood,” Back Then:**

I remember a deluge of Italian, especially down the hill in North Beach, which the old timers still called “the Village.” Washington Square benches were crowded with smoking, hand-waving Italian gents regaling each other with tales from Lucca and Sicilia. In fact, at least one Sunday mass at Sts. Peter and Paul was celebrated in Italian, rather than Latin. And, I recall no drunks or obviously homeless folks asleep on the grass, ever.

The Embarcadero overpass leading to/from the...
Broadway corridor was architecturally ghastly, but it guaranteed a 20-minute trip from our front door at Calhoun and Union to the airport. That made it more attractive.

The Savoy Tivoli on Grant Avenue quietly hosted a gay presence. My husband bore witness to this one Saturday afternoon when he stopped in for a beer on the way back from Figoní’s Hardware and was totally incredulous at how friendly all of the guys at the bar were with each other. By contrast, the historic North Star Café at Powell and Green let it be known that hard-drinking bars were reserved for heterosexual men’s men, and women’s presence was discouraged.

The 39-Coit bus was treated like a favorite uncle, and it sometimes was converted to a birthday or retirement party on wheels.

People still dressed elegantly for house parties as well as the symphony. They still wrote thank-you notes with hands free of cell phones. They were markedly polite to strangers. I miss them.

**Folks Who Lived on the Hilltop, Back When:**

The notorious Fritzi sashayed down our block in micro minis, platform shoes, and the first breast implants I ever saw (no wiggle factor) almost every day. She was intelligent, funny, wildly flirtatious, claimed to have studied at Oxford and, occasionally, danced nude at one of her politically wired boyfriend’s Broadway strip joints. I liked her a lot and will never forget the afternoon she shimmied up the rear fire escape and slithered through her boyfriend’s bedroom window to check the wallet ID of his new floozy … as they slept. Smart firecracker all the way, she now entertains the rich and famous in her husband’s family mansion on the infamous S.F. Gold Coast. Go girl.

George and Mary Atashkarian, also newlyweds and neighbors, labored 24/7 to make Speedy’s New Union Grocery our hilltop social center after Pete Spediacci semi-retired to the butcher counter. If you wanted to post a for-rent sign, or have a bottle of Scotch for you and dinner for your beagle delivered pronto, this was the place to have a personal charge account, and everybody did. Besides, you could get petty cash, and George bounced grapefruits off his biceps, as Mary tallied your bill.

Queenie probably stands unchallenged as the Hill’s most splendiferous and ribald septuagenarian lady. She stood 6 feet in flats, sported swept-up hair and native Hawaiian muumuus, except when she went shopping at Union Square. Then, she wore a conservative dress and white gloves. She, too, lived across the street from us in her self-described “titty pink” house with her “unpredictable” son (he cleaned guns on the front stoop with a six-pack at his side) and his family of three, plus hunting dog. They didn’t believe in hiding their feelings from or for the neighbors.

Friedl Klussman—the reknowned save-the-cable-cars lady and a piece of work in her own right—lived in a ghostly barn of a house on Green Street that backed up to Calhoun. Somehow, she recruited me and my newly rented Mercedes sedan to deliver her to local affairs d’state, as did a “Bellicocious” lawyer’s new wife around the corner, until I figured out that neither of them actually wanted my fascinating company.
by Kathleen Cannon

Follow the Pininfarina Nose through the alleyways for a different view of Telegraph Hill.

The Public Defender Did It

THD put a delightful guest speaker on the stand’ at the July 31st membership dinner at Enrico’s, incumbent Public Defender, Jeff Adachi. Running for re-election unopposed, Jeff unfolded stories of locals like Tony Serra who turned down hundreds of thousands in lawyer’s fees while defending causes he believed in. The Public Defender’s Office represents 23,000 accused people each year, but Jeff still finds time to make films like “The Slanted Door”, a focus on stereotypes of Asian American men in film.

Hooked by a Book

Signing books at the Washbag, author Dick Boyd doesn’t look a man who hob nobs with people named Hollywood Freddie or Captain Billy, but the cast of characters grows as many from Dick’s past resurfaces at book signings of Broadway: the Golden Years. The book is a hit, but former schoolteacher/bar owner Dick will be lucky to recapture printing costs. Such is the book biz (vs. bookie biz?). At North Beach Restaurant, Lorenzo Petroni eagerly drank in every page (“Look at him... what was his name?”), pouring over the photos of the days when he worked as a bartender at New Joe’s and his empire was just a dream.

Dick will return from Hawaii in November to sign the next 1500 copies. Bottom line: Broadway historically, socially, and demographically changed irrevocably in 1962 with the advent of topless. Families stopped coming to the area for dinner...an exodus to Marin ensued. All at the drop of a top.

A Poetic Vacation

San Francisco Poet-Laureate Jack Hirschman visited Venezuela this summer while North Beach poet Mark Swartz jetted to Cuba for a renewal of the spirit. Long time supporter of local poets and organizer of weekly readings at Café Prague, Mark’s adventure landed him on the wrong side of Castro Officials where he found himself not in the Hotel Nationale, but in the State Nationale (Institution). Luckily he had a dime to call Jack, who flew him safely to Baja and back home.

Mark leads poetry readings at Café Prague Sundays at 4pm. I recently counted 23 poets, including several high school student writers who dropped in (for an assignment) to experience the “real” writers. Very real, very North Beach.

Cafe Prague owner George recently closed his second restaurant, La Felce. La Felce was a favorite for 40 years (recall the breaded veal cutlet?). George took it over 4 years ago on a 15 year lease. But $5k/month rent is no longer enough when landlords can command $11k per month. Arriverdecie inexpensiver veal cutlet.

The Wavy Beat

Jerry Cimino formally launched The Beat Museum Wednesday, September 27th — with a flyer of Jack Kerouac,
drawing by Cafe Roma barista, Amy Giehll. “We figure 500 [people] passed through.” I figure 400 of them were there when I crushed into the back to hear Jack Hirschman read from his newly published collection “The Arcanes”. Wavy Gravy followed, and spoke of how he “drank a gallon of Gallo in the Sagamore with Jack Kerouac.” Wavy (who kind heartedly supports a local boy’s camp) was a Boston U grad and poet in his own right in the 1960’s. His souvenir guitar pick autographed personally by Keith Richards is the classic: “Biff Hitler.” Keith can come to North Beach.

Around the corner limos lined up to deposit patrons at St. Francis of Assisi Shrine where an opera singer sang at the Angela Alioto sponsored dinner. The aria was free, but Angela’s plans for the space are not – and will require huge change.

**Columbus Rules (Still)**

Columbus Day, Italian Heritage Day or Indigenous Persons Day? In North Beach, the day belongs to the Italians. At the Italian Athletic Club, Alfista President Serge Salvetti and pisanos, including THDer June Fraps, filled the bar with laughter and tales. A young beautiful “Queen Isabella” held court, while 47 Ferraris graced the lawn of Washington Square.

Everyone agreed 1) Sunset Scavengers have the best parade choreography and 2) the day was a huge success for businesses. Cafe Divine never paused, nor did Pellegrini. Pellegrini’s Dario was talking about tasting the harvest olive oil he’ll soon bottle. The day was hot — figuratively and literally — in North Beach.

Captain Dudley discovered what he most enjoyed about Columbus Day: “It was orderly. Everyone was on good behaviour and in good sprits. It was a celebration, as opposed to a ‘drinkathon,’” he reported. “It was really enjoyable to see the parade go without a hitch.” Well, maybe one: the ’55 Chrysler (owned by Lt. Larry Brochetti) fainted in front of Moose’s and Capt. Dudley and three officers pushed it to front of Bandstand.

On the downside, Captain Dudley notes there have been five or six handgun incidents this month, where usually the score is two or fewer. On Broadway, a fellow ran out on his tab (a “no pay”) — was stopped and had a gun. Another fell into an altercation with a security guard and a gun dropped out of his pants. “The gun carriers belong to gangs, or at least look like gang members (droopy pants, etc.)” On the whole, however, “the neighbourhood has changed for the better over the last six months,” per Capt. Dudley.

**The Streets They Are A’Changing**

First The Golden Spike is pulled, now A. Cavelli—merchandise you can’t find this side of Rome. Sixties Child Tower Records is holding a “going out of business sale.” But Columbus Avenue now has a French café. The Golden Spike is becoming what? But, Joe DiMaggio’s is a hit. Will they feature Joe priced dinners too, roll back prices to 1955 to celebrate Joe & Marilyn’s anniversary in January? That would score a home run!

**Follow the Pininfarina Nose**

My Alfa Romeo Spider sometimes has its own agenda. Spider graciously invited me to a party, a chance to mingle with the Swigs, other Alfas, Ferraris, and generations of classics at the Union Pacific Club (yes, event was misplaced on another Hill). Vintage cars from all over SF happily leaked oil in the parking lot of this “men’s only” club with 400 humans “ooing” and sipping champagne—a museum on wheels. How veloce... now, let’s move this gala event to Washington Square, deck the Italian cars with strings of colored lights and say “Buon Natale”!
BOOK REVIEW

WANT TO READ ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORHOOD?

by Peter Overmire

Bay Area author Domenic Stansberry has written a series of novels set in North Beach. Although the first of the series, “The Last Days of Il Duce,” was published in 1999, I just learned of them.

The New York Times Book Review said: “Suspense ... illicit passion ... murder. Stansberry does it with originality, through the freshness of his imagery and the lyricism of his lament.” A Chronicle review said: “Fascinating; beautifully written, fully thought out, and locked in an intelligent argument with itself about what noir has come to mean.”

Stansberry’s other North Beach novels are “Chasing the Dragon” and “The Big Boom.” The Main Library has all of them but unfortunately our North Beach Branch apparently has only “The Big Boom.”

These private detective stories (the protagonist, Dante Mancuso, lives in an apartment on Fresno) definitely fit in the noir category, but whatever category it would be hard to resist stories with lines like “Cicero and Dante went down to the bocce courts on Columbus, behind the North Beach Library.” or “The herbalist’s shop was up off Grant, down a nameless alley—a narrow bit of asphalt strung with fire escapes. There were residences overhead, and the fire escapes were hung with laundry.”

Facts that we’ve experienced, with a bit of fiction: “… He walked through Mortuary Row, as it was called—the little hollow below Columbus Avenue on the way up Russian Hill. Now the Diamond Mortuary crouched on one side and the Green Street Mortuary on the other. Then, around the corner, suddenly appeared the Green Street Mortuary Band: old men with their snare drums and their trombones and Kazoos. They were a tradition in The Beach, these old men in their lime green hats and marching jackets, wending their way through the streets on behalf of the bereaved.”

This Edgar Award winning Stansberry novel is set in Marin.

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Issue #177 • Autumn 2006
himself unemployed and homeless. It was at this point that he began sleeping in doorways around the city and isolating himself for his own safety.

Luckily, Crain is very social and one day began talking to a man living in North Beach. Crain had been living on the outskirts of North Beach, in Portsmouth Square. But, it took a welcome from a North Beach resident to make him feel comfortable spending time in the neighborhood. Once there, Crain was exposed to a generous, supportive community of people from all walks of life. With a neighborhood to call his own, he stopped isolating himself and began to make those basic human connections that all people crave.

Like many who walk through the entrance of North Beach Citizens, Crain was referred by a friend and NBC client. Crain immediately took to NBC. He had his ups and downs throughout the next five years, but it wasn’t until becoming physically disabled that things started to tangibly change.

By May 2006, Crain had experienced more than enough of life on the streets of San Francisco. He was ready to leave forever. Fortunately, NBC’s staff had been laying the groundwork for housing since first accepting Crain as a client, so that when he made it clear he was ready for housing he wouldn’t have to go through the lengthy bureaucratic process of qualifying.

Instead, Crain was able to make plans with NBC’s staff to attend Project Homeless Connect. And NBC’s staff, with the help of two of the Police Department’s homeless outreach officers, was able to set up an intake interview with Mayor Gavin Newsom’s homeless outreach team to start the housing process.

By the end of June’s Project Homeless Connect, Crain had secured temporary housing which would become permanent if he committed to working with the City’s case managers to stabilize his situation and work towards self-sufficiency. Finally ready, he committed to the case management and has slept every night since in his new permanent supportive housing.
Director Marc Bruno presented a proposal to amend the THD’s bylaws to the THD Board on October 10, 2006. The amendment to THD’s bylaws would impose additional limits, on top of the existing term limits, on the number of years a volunteer director or officer may serve on THD’s Board. Under our existing bylaws, the terms limits for THD’s Directors and Officers are as follows:

- Each of the 8 Directors is limited to 2 consecutive 2-year terms
- The President is limited to 2 consecutive 1-year terms
- The Vice President is limited to 2 consecutive 1-year terms
- The Immediate Past President’s term is limited by the term of the President
- The Corresponding Secretary is limited to 2 consecutive 1-year terms
- The Offices of Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Semaphore Editor, Financial (Membership) Secretary and Historian are elected to 1-year terms with no limit, but must be re-elected by the membership each year

Under the terms of the proposed amendment, in addition to the current term limits, once a volunteer Board member has exhausted the total number of years allowed, that volunteer member would be precluded from ever serving on the THD Board.

At this time, the Board has taken no position on this amendment.

Mr. Bruno’s amendment, to be considered at a future meeting, is as follows:

“We the undersigned members in good standing of the Telegraph Hill Dwellers Association, Pursuant to Article 8, Section 1 of the Association’s Bylaws, request the Association to call a special meeting of the General Membership to consider the following motion, below, to be called at a convenient and reasonable time and place, upon one month’s written notice, said meeting to occur on or before January 1, 2007.

**MOTION:**

Be it resolved that the Telegraph Hill Dwellers Bylaws (amended 1978, 1994, 1998), Article V, shall be amended to add Section 8, to read as follows:

‘No Member of the Board of Directors shall serve more than a total of four years. Any member of the Board of Directors may, no less than three years after the expiration of said four year term limit, become a member of the Board of Directors for an additional period of time, not to exceed two years. Any Immediate Past President of Telegraph Hill Dwellers shall be allowed to serve the subject four year term immediately followed by a total of two additional years solely to fill the office of Immediate Past President.’

This amendment shall not take effect until the election to be held at the next annual meeting.”
the old Malvina site. David Wright had only been open one week, didn’t have his liquor license, and had barely gotten the awnings installed. The paint was still wet and the large, new abstract paintings were just hung, when he graciously opened his restaurant to the Hill Dwellers. This generous gesture was the start of David’s success in the community.

Unlike Malvina, which only served breakfast and lunch, with a very limited menu, Café Divine came in with a full menu for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Chef David Weiss joined the team and proved his tremendous skills and versatility, since they opened without an oven and had to cook on a ventless stove. There was something about the food, though. It is always the food that keeps people coming back.

As with any good San Francisco restaurant, Café Divine keeps the specials coming, with fresh herbs, fruit and vegetables of the season. When I ordered the figs, wrapped in prosciutto and filled with goat cheese, I was told that the season was almost over and the figs were smaller. The dish arrived, beautifully presented on an oblong plate with a reduced balsamic vinegar swirl over and around it. It was accompanied by a small arugula salad, with fresh slices of red onion. The dressing was the classic Divine vinaigrette, made with whole seeded mustard. Biting into one of these seeds only added to the nutty taste of the arugula. The figs were served warm, and when I bit into one, I was deluged with flavors and texture that battled to take over but melded together at once.

A cup of the rich, hearty potato/leek soup stood on its own, no need to add cream. These two courses could have been a satisfying meal on their own. But I opted for another course: a shrimp- and crab- stuffed trout. I always worry about fish being overcooked, as there is a fine line between just right and overdone. When I peeled back the skin, the succulent fish glimmered with moisture and flaked delicately when I stuck my fork in it. The seafood filling was subtle, yet rich, and added the perfect zest to the mildly flavored trout. And the Yukon Gold potatoes! Have you ever had one? They are the most flavorful of all the potatoes, with a rich, golden, dense flesh. This is what Chef David uses to make his mashed potatoes. He combines cream, nutmeg and garlic for this “to die for” dish. This is not how my mother taught me to make mashed potatoes but the times they are a changin’. The richness is beyond belief. All the specials come with a colorful and tasty variety of seasonal vegetables.

Also, try the warm brownie with ice cream for dessert. The brownie is a dense, rich, sweet chocolate, with a hint of extra salt that lingers as the brownie melts on your tongue. This is a true chocolate lovers’ delight.

For lunch you must try the BLT. Now, we all have had a BLT but until you have tried the Divine’s, you have not had one. The sandwich is touted as an open face, to eat with a knife and fork. It comes on Grace Bakery’s Pugliese bread, my favorite bread in the city. The sandwich has a light coating of mayonnaise, shredded lettuce and two of the most beautiful slabs of heirloom tomatoes you have ever seen. Two extremely lean, very crisp pieces of bacon top the sandwich. It is accompanied by a small mound of golden couscous, with minutely chopped vegetables, fresh herbs, curry and a hint of golden raisins. My friend and I ended up picking up the sandwich, with half going in our mouths and half falling on the plate. I finished off this masterpiece of a sandwich, picking under the lettuce leaf with the fork tines to find the last tiny piece of couscous.

The prices are very reasonable at Café Divine and everyone always comments on what a bargain the food is for the quality. The $19.95 prix-fixe dinner is always good, with a choice of a glass of wine or dessert. Chef David has been here since the opening and let’s keep our fingers crossed he stays.

The most intriguing thing about Café Divine is the BIG MYSTERY. In the bathroom there is a large rectangular safe. When I asked David Wright about it, he told me this was the safe for the old drugstore and apparently it goes out under the street and is high enough for a man to stand in. David says that he has the combination to the safe but the safe’s lock is frozen. “Ah hah,” I exclaimed, “let’s have a party here one night and have the safe opened.” Smiling, he said, “Yeah, where’s Geraldo Rivera when we need him?”
BACK IN THE DAY
continued from page 21

Charles McCabe still trudged from his Alta Street apartment up/down Union on his twice-daily rounds of imbibing and writing, both of which he did with remarkable talent. As a would-be poet/journalist in those long-ago days, I voyeuristically adored and practically stalked him. He, of course, ignored me, as was appropriate.

Well, so much for reluctant reminiscing, in 1,000 words or less. Kind of fun, after all.
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NEW SHOPS BRING STYLE TO NORTH BEACH

By Mike Madrid

Over the past year, a host of new businesses have opened up in North Beach that is helping to transform the look and feel of the neighborhood. While the new shops range from fashion boutiques to home furnishings stores and a cake shop, the thing that they all have in common is a love of the distinctive North Beach atmosphere. All of these businesses say that the friendly, small-town-in-the-big-city neighborhood feeling of North Beach drew them to open up shops here. As the holiday season approaches, it’s good to remember the unique shops, old and new, that we have here in North Beach, and to include a visit in our holiday shopping plans.

GOORIN—1612 Stockton Street

When these fourth generation hat makers were looking for a location to open their first retail store, they chose North Beach for its combination of old world feel and young, fresh fashion sensibility. The company, founded in 1895, creates fashionable hats and caps that give a fresh spin on classic styles, with updated silhouettes and unique fabrications and detailing. Long favored by stylish celebrities like Will Smith, Britney Spears and The Black Eyed Peas, Goorin’s hats have been featured on MTV and the OC. While their creations are sold around the world, Goorin’s North Beach boutique offers shoppers an exclusive opportunity to see their entire line of exciting, innovative hats.

IN LIEU—528 Green Street

Christina Claypool opened this intimate boutique to create a showcase for one of a kind fashion pieces from up and coming women’s designers. With its cool vintage 70’s modern décor, In Lieu offers great basics with a fashion edge, stylish jeans and signature fashion forward items like the silk kimono dress. To complete any look, shoppers will find a great selection of reasonably priced, carefully selected handmade jewelry from local designers. Free gift-wrapping makes In Lieu a perfect destination for holiday shoppers.

VERAYA—1445 Grant Avenue

Shiamala Veraya and her husband Peter Baldwin travel to the villages of India, Thailand, Bali, and Nepal to hand select the exotic treasures that they offer in their Grant Avenue shop. Within this sunny space you’ll find gorgeous silk scarves and shawls, beautifully patterned Indian bedspreads, intricate wooden handicrafts and stately Buddhas. The combination of quality workmanship and reasonable prices make Veraya a must see stop on a North Beach shopping day. Coming soon—a selection of stone figures that will make extraordinary additions to any home or garden.

These are just a handful of the new stores in North Beach that you should check out next time that you’re out in the neighborhood. Also, remember the third Thursday of the month shopping events, where many North Beach boutiques offer later shopping hours and refreshments for after work shoppers.
**I DREAM OF CAKE—1351 Grant Avenue**

Shinmin Li’s dream was to combine her two loves-graphic design and baking—to make art out of cake. She has done just that in her jewel box of a shop, I Dream Of Cake, nestled in the midst of Grant Avenue. Within this airy, gallery like setting, Li creates fabulous and delicious custom cakes to suit her customer’s wildest wishes, from high heel shoes and handbags to castles. But flavor is just as important as art, which is why Li uses only the best ingredients and fresh, local produce. Birthday cakes and fabulous wedding creations are the shop’s specialties. Look for the shop to offer selection of ready-made cakes in the near future, as well as hosting quarterly art shows.

**AREA—540 Jackson Street**

Owner John Giacomazzi’s background in the fashion industry is evident when you step into this chic, impeccably designed home décor store. The light filled shop features modern furnishings for the home and garden that are classic, clean and simple designs, but also warm, approachable, and eco-friendly. Area offers a selection of elegant plants and containers, European tableware and glassware, house wares, and an exquisite collection of home fragrances. This holiday season, Area will be filled with a multitude of witty and whimsical gift items from France, Belgium and Spain.

**MIXED USE—463 Union Street**

“Reuse and remodel” is the motto of this boutique just off Grant Avenue, that offers a stylish selection of vintage clothing and home furnishings. Owners Katherine Johnstone and Darshan Amrit love the clean lines, and quality materials of vintage items, but their fashions and furniture are completely suited for today’s style. The upstairs boutique features very wearable vintage woman’s clothes, great men’s suits, and accessories that follow the latest trends. Downstairs, a large showroom offers a hip selection of sleek mid-century modern furniture, vintage stereo equipment, and handmade ceramics and glassware. Look for the shop’s upcoming shows by contemporary artists.
THD BOARD MOTIONS
FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY-SEPTEMBER 2006

May, 2006:
MOTION: That the 2006-2007 budget, as presented in the May 9, 2006 Board Packet, be approved. The Motion passed.

June, 2006:
None. No Board Meeting in June.

July, 2006:
MOTION: To place Mike Madrid on the THD Board in the position of Corresponding Secretary. The Motion passed.

August, 2006:
MOTION: To approve Planning & Zoning Committee list as presented by Nancy Shanahan and Mary Lipian. The Motion passed.
MOTION: THD authorizes Vedica Puri to work with Citizens to Save the Waterfront (“CSW”) and approves THD as a Plaintiff in a lawsuit against Hornblower. The purpose of the lawsuit is for THD to join CSW in a Motion for an Injunction so that Hornblower will not be allowed to assume control of the Alcatraz Ferry service until it has undergone CEQA review. The Motion passed.

September, 2006:
No Motions in September.

Sean O’Donnell

“Anything can be fixed except a fallen soufflé.”

415-307-1205
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THD WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS June to October 2006