

Snapshots of My Life



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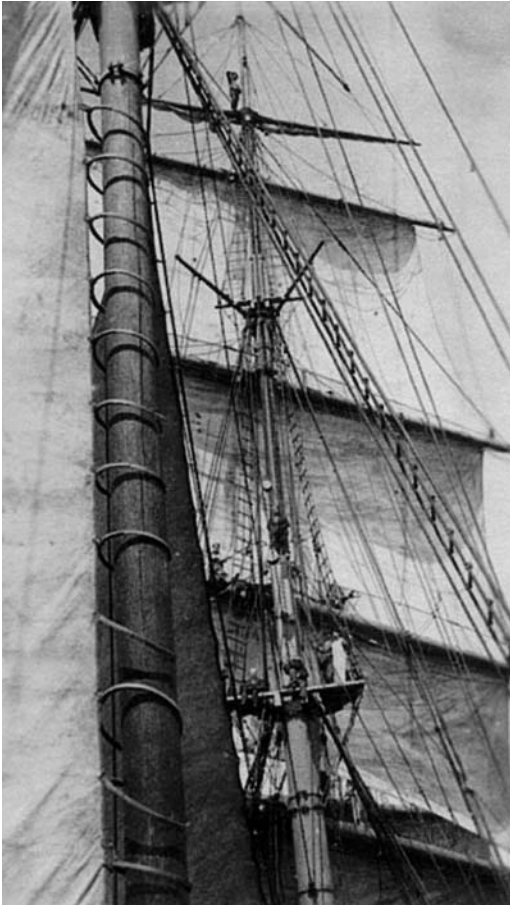
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My Parents and Early Life

My father immigrated to the U.S. in November, 1913, following his brother who came in April. Dad worked in Rochester, New York, at Eastman Kodak and Bausch and Lomb, later going to Chicago, Salt Lake City, and then settling in San Francisco by around 1917-1919. He was active in The Nature Friends and made some trips to the high Sierras, hiking and mountain climbing, including

Yosemite. In 1920 he bought property in Marin—two and one quarter acres with a house, a barn, four cows and a horse and wagon for \$900.00. This was also the year he started to go to Alaska every year to work in the salmon canneries. He was a journeyman machinist. It was his first time on a sailing vessel.



Aboard the American Star, "Alaska Packer Fleet."

My mother immigrated in 1924, landing in Vera Cruz, Mexico and traveling through Mexico mostly on mule back. There were no bathrooms along the way. New foods like avocados were tried. My mother's friend peeled one down to the pit and tried eating it. What a surprise! She entered the U.S. through El Paso, Texas. She moved around a lot: Glendale, Pasadena, etc., ending in Southern California. She worked with an interior decorator who also painted her portrait. I

know she traveled as far north as Seattle and finally back to San Francisco where she worked in Wilson's Candy Factory and I believe in a sanitarium. She had had nurses' training in Germany, but didn't complete her course. She only lacked three months of graduating. Here in the States she attended a lot of movies so she would learn English better. At first she had a kind of English accent because in school they learned Oxford English.

She was hoping to earn enough money to finish her nurse's training when she met my father at a dance at the California Hall (now the California Culinary Academy). They married May 10th, 1928: Mom's birthday, and Dad left the next day for Alaska. I was born that October by emergency C-section. They thought my mother wouldn't make it. My parents rented an apartment in San Francisco on Fell Street, which they gave up when the stock market crashed in 1929. I was about six months old when they moved to Marin and lived off the land, and as usual my father was in Alaska for the summer months.

The roads were not paved, and in winter, Mother couldn't get milk delivery so the owner of Dias Ranch, a Dairy Farm, suggested getting a goat. This was the start of the animals. Chickens were added and rabbits as well as ducks for meat, along with the vegetables and fruit. We had seventeen apple trees as well as pears, peaches and plums. There were cherries and apricots did not last but I still remember them. There were plenty of wild blackberries and some wild strawberries. When I was old enough



Mother and me with two of our goats, about 1935.

I used to deliver milk and eggs in the neighborhood. We also sold goat milk to some families who had children allergic to cow's milk. It seems goats' milk is easier to digest, and it also is naturally homogenized. As long as goats ate barley, alfalfa and no strong tasting weeds, the milk tasted just as sweet as cow's milk ,and it wasn't more than three days old.

One time when I was ten or eleven some dogs attacked me when I was delivering. One bit me in the knee. I made it to the customer, who called my mother to take me to a doctor. The dogs were quarantined. The people who owned the dogs soon moved since keeping their fences repaired proved too difficult for them. I think this is the reason I'm not fond of Collies, although I can't blame them. But get three or more dogs together and they become a pack.

San Francisco Ferry

Before the Golden Gate was built, we had to take a ferry to San Francisco. There was a foot passenger ferry and an auto ferry. The terminals in Sausalito were about two blocks apart. In San Francisco, the passenger ferry landed at the Ferry Building, which was quite spacious inside, much like a train station. They had a bay model on an upper floor which we would go and look at almost every time we were waiting for a ferry to go back to Marin. I also remember running around a bit. There were news stands and I guess places to get a cup of coffee, etc. Times have changed and now you'd better stay with your parents for fear of being abducted.

The auto ferry landed near Fishermen's Wharf. I can still remember the aroma of chocolate as we passed Ghirardelli's. The factory is gone, but they have retained the essence of chocolate in the complex that is there now. To get to the ferry from Mill Valley we'd take the electric train, passing past a distillery (an odor that was not pleasant). I don't remember the name of the company and

I believe when the war started it was dismantled. The shipyards were built and a new city followed. Hills were moved and the whole area changed.

Our excursions were to visit friends, the zoo at Fleishakers, Golden Gate Park, which had a playground, aquarium, Japanese Tea garden and the DeYoung Museum, among other things. Fleishakers also had a playground as well as a large swimming pool at which I got the worst sunburn I ever had. Fog does not protect you from the sun. Evenings we usually went by car to the spring and fall dances as well as a stage show put on by the German Clubs.

Mostly we went by the foot passenger ferry taking the streetcar down to the shopping area near Fifth Street and Union Square area. We shopped at the White House, City of Paris, Weinsteins and other stores. Sometimes we went to the movies at the Golden Gate Theater, where they still had vaudeville acts. I can remember seeing Sophie Tucker and Bo Jangles, also the chorus girls. We almost always stopped at the Crystal Market (somewhat like a Farmer's Market). Its numerous stands included delis, butchers with specialty meats, fruits and vegetables, dried and candied fruit (our source for Christmas baking). The butcher we went to sold hogs heads for head cheese which Mom used to make. This was the Depression Era and we made a lot of our deli meats from scratch. We made cheese from the goats' milk as well.

After my sister was born, the Golden Gate Bridge was in use and then we traveled by Greyhound or by car, depending on our plans.

It was 1942 during wartime blackouts. First day of daylight savings time for the west coast. My father carpooled and had to cross the highway before dawn to catch his ride. There were no lights and he was struck by a car. He sustained many injuries including a compound fracture of his leg.

I was in my last semester of elementary school (middle school today). As soon as summer vacation came I got a job as a waitress working just Sundays at the Mountain Home Inn at the foot of Mount Tamalpais. I was fourteen when I started, too young to be working legally, so I was passed off as the proprietor's daughter. Fifty cents an hour plus tips was good pocket money for me. We catered mostly to hikers serving breakfast, and then sandwiches, soups and salads for lunch. We memorized the menu, reciting it to our customers. I got 50 cents and hour plus tips and occasionally I had more in tips than salary. We had an Air Force base close by, actually the radar station on top of Mt. Tamalpais, so we had soldiers stop for beer, soft drinks and so forth. I was too young to date and really had to watch it. I worked there till I was a freshman in college. It was good training in getting along with most people, and, of course, giving change, etc.

Father's leg wasn't mending, and he was in the hospital for extended periods. Sick pay soon ran out and Mother had to find work and here my sister was just a little over four and a half years old. There was no nursery school, no baby sitter, and kindergarten in Mill Valley wouldn't take her since her birthday was in December.

While Mom checked with a school near where she worked at Ross Hospital I took my sister to high school with me. Thank goodness for only one day. We only talked German at home so it was an interesting day and I only needed to have her go to one class with another student because my history teacher wouldn't have tolerated any German in her class. My sister lucked out and was in German class for that period. I wonder if she remembers. She started kindergarten in Ross. She spent afternoons at the hospital where my mother worked in the laundry. My, did she get spoiled!

My father finally recovered after having pins put in his leg to help the healing. He lived to be ninety years and eleven months old.

The following summer I also worked at the hospital in addition to my Sunday job. Here it was where I decided to become a laboratory technologist instead of a nurse. Twenty three years later I was back working at that same hospital until it closed in 1987.

I grew up in a farm environment. Animals mated, had babies and we knew how to tell the sexes of most of our pets. Along comes a city family with a little girl. The neighbors had some kittens and were checking to see which were girl kitties and boy kitties.



Oh, did I pay for that. The mother of the girl called me on the carpet. At home we also had *Coronet* magazines, one of which had pictures of nude statues, both male and female. Well, the little girl had looked at them and asked me about what I called that thing on the boy. I didn't know. Well, I found out from her mother. I went home crying and boy, did my mom get mad. What right did this woman have to call me on the carpet? She should have talked to her. We've gone from one extreme to the other regarding a child's exposure to sexual matters

First School

We lived three or four miles from school and I walked to school the first year, returning by "bus" which I guess was an old delivery van made into a bus. When I walked, Mother would go to the top of the stairs (there were three flights

each a block long) and wait till she saw me climb the hill where Summit School was. The school was three stories, basement area with cafeteria, and two floors of classrooms, each with a pot-belly stove. The floors were all oiled. We had a bell tower, but it was no longer used since an electric bell had been installed. When I started I spoke only German and Mother kept me home for the first six weeks to teach me enough English to get along. I went there through the fifth grade, at which time they closed the school.

Recesses, we would play all the usual games. And also the side yard was hilly and dirt and we used to play house by making dirt walls to form rooms. I don't think our mothers were too happy with the dirt we picked up.

In the fifth grade I joined the Campfire Girls. We had meetings, we did crafts and then we had a play period. One time we decided to play "Sardines." One person would hide and we would join the hidden person until we were all in the hiding place. One time I hid in the coal bin. One other person found me. The others gave up and went home and we almost got locked up for the night. That ended the game of Sardines for us

Putting up Food

All surfaces in the kitchen were cleared and covered with flour sack towels. It was time to make fermented green beans and sauerkraut. The beans were usually prepared early in the summer and the sauerkraut later in the summer.

The green beans were French cut and the cabbage was shredded, then blanched and laid out on the towels to dry. Then we layered the mixture with salt in crocks, then a clean cloth and a circle of wood was placed on the surface, weighted down with a heavy stone (one that was safe to use, that is). Then the crocks were placed in the basement to ferment, which took several weeks. The surface beans or kraut were discarded and enough for a meal was removed

before replacing the wood and stone. We usually cooked the beans with lamb and potatoes. It smelled awful while cooking but it tasted wonderful. In 1950 we got natural gas and because of the water heater now in the basement we blamed the spoilage of the sauerkraut and beans on it, although it might have been because the salt had additives to make it pour better. Maybe if Mom had used kosher salt it would have worked.

Mom also canned the fruits from our trees and we also went to Sebastapol to pick cherries and to the Vacaville area for apricots. We had plenty of blackberries and used the goats to control their growth. We also had walnut trees that we had to harvest before the raccoons and squirrels got them all. Getting the outer shell off always left our hands stained brown unless we wore rubber gloves.

Prior to natural gas we had an electric stove with a trash burner which was fitted to heat water for baths, etc. Father would cut down a eucalyptus tree every year and it would be sufficient to heat the house and water for a year. We had to be careful because eucalyptus burns hot and sometimes the stove would get red hot, definitely a fire hazard.

Laundry was done once a week as well as baths, especially during the summer months when we had hot spells. We took many sponge baths in those days.

Electricity we must have gotten just when I started to talk because Mom said my first word was *licht* meaning *light*. I'm not sure of the year but probably 1931 since they said I started talking in sentences at three.

Another food memory is clabber milk. We'd put out raw cows' milk in soup plates and allow it to sour or clabber. Then we'd sprinkle sugar and cinnamon on it. Actually I guess you could call it yogurt now. Summers Mom would make milk

soup either with cream of wheat or oatmeal. She would serve it with a large scoop of maple nut ice-cream. What a treat.

I remember we always listened to soap operas when doing the kitchen chores. *One Man's Family, As the World Turns,* and others which I don't remember. After school and outdoor chores I listened to *Rentree of the Mounted Police, the Lone Ranger, Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy,* and when I got my own radio, *The Shadow Knows, I Love a Mystery* and *Inner Sanctum.*



The whole family would listen to *Lux Theatre, Amos and Andy, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen* plus a few others. It was nice that one could work on crafts, does house work or whatever while listening, and one could imagine how things look. Now you have to sit in front of the TV; otherwise, you *miss* things.

The Jackson Bell radio we listened to.

World's Fair

The Golden Gate Bridge was in use and now we were to have a World's Fair on Treasure Island. The plans were to use the island for an airport after the fair closed. As we know, December 7, 1941 changed that and it became a naval base. We still had the passenger ferries and we would transfer at the ferry building from the Sausalito Ferry to the Keystone Ferry to go to Treasure Island



At the World's Fair.

at the ferry building in San Francisco. I remember they were painted orange.

We made several excursions to see the exhibitions. One highlight for Mother was the Art Linkletter show. We also saw Sally Rand and her fan dancers on the fairway. I was too young to see her show, but my mom got me in to see the Follies Bergere. I would look old enough, being fully developed at ten years of age and five feet six inches tall. (One time I was in a parade with the Campfire Girls and since I was so tall I carried a flag.) All I remember of that is Venus coming out of a clam shell. Other shows at the fair were Cavalcade of the Golden West, Billy Rose's Aquacade, and band concerts. Mother purchased her pearls at the Philippine Pavilion and had portraits done of my sister and me in charcoal. We also saw our first TV show.

Now the only buildings left are the Administration Building and possibly a few others. The Sun Tower, Pavilion of Nations and Pacifica are gone. One memento I have is a banner of the Flood Building on Market St.; also an almost full book of season tickets. Well, not any more. My son took these with him the last time he came to see me.

Yosemite

My earliest recollection was making snow balls from the snow on the picnic table and throwing them at one of our fellow campers. Much of what happened at that time I have from my mother and a photo. Driving through the



large Sequoia and having our picture taken with our 1930 Chevrolet with me sitting on a fender and the tree in the background. Mom told me I left the tent open so a bear could join us. I thought they were like my teddy bear. The next morning Mom and Dad decided to show me some real bears. We drove to the feeding area where Dad and Mom got out of the car, Dad carrying a bunch of grapes. Woops! The bears turned and started to come toward us. Dad and Mom got back to the car and Dad had to toss away the grapes and we luckily escaped with no injuries to us or our car.

We didn't return to Yosemite till 1946, our first vacation after World War II, just Mom, me and my sister. That time we had a 1939 Chevy. We took out the back seat and put a mattress from the sofa in for us to use in camp to sleep on. It took two days to get to Yosemite. I remember Camp Curry and the campfire program ending with the fire fall from Glacier Point. Now no one sees this because of the fire danger and environment. I went hiking with a friend I met there to the top of Vernal and Nevada Falls and back along another narrow trail on the side of a cliff. I fear heights and stayed close to the inside until I heard a rattler and I ran forward and luckily was not bitten. I stayed in the center of the trails after this and kept a lookout for snakes. Yosemite has changed. Too many autos, too many buses. Not the same. People bring all their conveniences with them now, including TV's. Might as well stay home.



December 7, 1941

My uncle had come from Minnesota for a visit following the death of his wife. Since he was a church goer we drove to San Francisco to the Lutheran church where we knew the pastor and the service was given in German. As we

were leaving the church someone came running up the steps yelling, “The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor.” What a shock.

We decided to drive down the Embarcadero that is the San Francisco waterfront. Already there were army transport ships being loaded with troops. If you know San Francisco you’d know Fort Mason is fairly close to the waterfront and the Presidio was not far. A few days later my uncle went south to visit relatives of his wife, and we put blackout curtains, black paper on all our windows. Uncle Willy soon returned to our home, scared. Evidently a submarine had shelled a beach near where he was visiting. He stayed a short while and returned to Minnesota deciding the coast was too dangerous.



December 1941, Uncle Willie's visit.

Holiday Traditions

In our family we followed a few Old World traditions. We observed Saint Nicholas Day on December sixth. Putting shoes outside to be filled with goodies or straw and coal. Usually we had oranges and nuts. Remember, the depression made us grateful for fruit. We didn’t have that much candy as we do now. Christmas Eve the Christ Child delivered the presents. Our Christmas Eve always included herring salad. Our meal on Christmas always had some form of poultry, more often chicken or duck than turkey, but when we could afford a goose that was the preferred dish. We always had mashed potatoes and red cabbage. Mulled wine was always present for the Christmas and New Years celebrations. Other dishes served mainly at this time were lentil soup, celery root salad, and, of course, Lebkuchen, Springle and Stolen.

Our Christmas tree usually was put up a few days before Christmas until my sister was about three. Then it was always up by her birthday. We never

took it down before January sixth. It became easier when we started using an artificial tree.

Easter we always had an egg hunt. With the large garden there many places to hide eggs and we'd find some eggs six month later. Ugh! The baskets were always all found, though. As far as the meal it seems to me it was leg of lamb or ham.

Thanksgiving usually we followed America's basic plan although we didn't always have turkey, and many times we either had company or we ate at other friends' homes. It seems that when we children from the "Hill" started high school we no longer went to different friends or had them over. I think part was the war and one family's loss of a son due to choking on a balloon.

Moonlight Hike

When my sister was in the eighth grade, a friend and I discussed taking a moonlight hike on Mt. Tamalpais. Lore mentioned this in her class and we ended up taking most of her class along. The afternoon of the hike, my mother and I drove up to Bootjack Camp



Mt. Tamalpais.

and left food and drinks in the lockers that were there. That evening when we started out all the youngsters wondered where the food was that we were going to have. We hiked up on the Matt Davis Trail to Bootjack where they found we had hot dogs and drinks. There was a fireplace for us to cook the hotdogs. I can't remember what else we had but all were satisfied and everyone had a great

time. Then we hiked down to the Troop Eighty Trail to return to the parking area across from where the parents were waiting.

One can't imagine the beauty of the fog coming in over Muir Woods with the moonlight shining on it. Sorry we didn't have cameras to catch the sights. My mother, a girlfriend and I were the chaperones, one leading, and one at the end. All were well behaved. Flashlights were only needed in the forested areas.

In the sixties moonlight hikes were forbidden because of drug use. Campers had to stay in their camps at night. Then, when the trailside killer killed two people on the mountain we never hiked alone anymore. Even a dog was no protection since the first victim was hiking with her dog. He was finally caught after he moved to the Santa Cruz area.

Mountain Play History

Mount Tamalpais is the site of an outdoor theatre. There is a natural amphitheatre on the hillside, and in 1913 John C. Collins suggested a project to Garnet Holme and Dad O'Rourke in which it could be developed into a large theatre for the public. The first program consisted of Abraham and Isaac, accompanied by scenes from "Twelfth Night." It was suggested that this be made a yearly event. In the beginning the Mountain Railroad was available, which made the hike to the theatre much shorter.

The first production I remember going to was "The Girl of the Golden West" in 1934. I was only six at the time and only remember the bar with the actors. I may have been to earlier productions but if so, they made no impression on me

In 1936 the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) started the rock terrace which serves as seats. It was completed in 1937. "Thunder in Paradise" was produced in that same year. I remember that the fog swirled around on the stage and the actor who played God was up on a large boulder. It fit the action even though it was supposed to be a South Sea island. In 1938 "Tamalpais" by Dan Totheroh was performed. It was supposedly the legend of the sleeping maiden on Mount Tamalpais. This has been presented eight times by 1970.

In the beginning there was no sound system and you tried to get there early for front row seats and had to be sure to be protected from the sun. We hiked up by several routes carrying water and lunch. Later, when my son was growing up we could drive up since we helped with the food booths or our animals were used. When they presented "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," we tethered some of our geese on a section of the stage. During rehearsal they honked at just the right time. Too bad they didn't honk during the actual play.

Now a play is performed several weekends and there are shuttle buses to take the playgoers up. There were no performances during the war from 1942 – 1945.

The Fire and Clubs

We lived outside of the city limits so services were county; at that time we only had a Fire Warden and Volunteers to fight fires. When I was only eight months old a train going up the mountain sparked a fire. My mother sat on the back porch with me on her lap ready to evacuate if the fire got too close. Fortunately, the wind turned and Mill Valley and our hillside was saved. It was July second and my father was in Alaska. The fire only burned two days but we could still see some of the scars when I was growing up. What helped us from many fires was our good old San Francisco fog which kept our hillside moist.

Next door to us was the Swiss Club Tell, and on the other side of the ridge was the Tourist Club (Nature Friends). They both had a May fest and then a Kinderfest in early fall. At the Kinderfest at both clubs they had a wreath with toys. It was pulled up and down when we climbed to grab a toy. Of course, the boys excelled. We girls in dresses couldn't climb that well. The Swiss Club also had a trough filled with soapy water in which there were metal fish, most silver and a few gold. The gold ones got a special prize. We used magnets on fishing line to get the fish. There was also a merry-go-round. The animals had pedals like a bicycle to power it.

At the Tourist Club we also had sack races and donkey rides. The donkeys were primarily to pull sleds up and down the hillside with supplies and empty bottles. There was no road down to the club. Every once in a while the donkeys would appear at our home to visit us and our goats. My parents would have to call the manager to come and get them, which was quite a hike for him.

The Tourist Club is still there and active. The Swiss Club is gone. People go further on weekends now since most everyone has cars now.

I Get a Sibling

Storch, Storch gutter mir ein kleinen Bruder.

Storch, Storch bester bring mir eine kleine Schwester.

Loosely translated:

Stork, Stork, good one, bring me a little brother.

Stork, stork, best one, bring me a little sister.

I was saying this when I was eight. Being an only child I wanted a playmate, even though we had neighbors, most lived at least half a mile to a mile away.

My parents were adding a second story plus enlarging one room when Mom became pregnant in 1937. She was a bit scared because she almost died with me. I was an emergency C-section due to Placenta Praevia. Per usual, my father was in Alaska for the summer and came home in September. I was in the fourth grade. The doctor scheduled Lore's (my sister) birth for December 17th so he could be free for the holidays. Father came to school that day to tell me I had a little sister. With nine years difference in ages, she wasn't much of a playmate.

Mom did well, she even got up the first day, unheard of in 1937, but I believe this made her recovery from surgery much quicker. And I'm, pretty sure she made it home for Christmas with my sister.



With my baby sister.

Hot Springs

Sometimes we would hear the fog horns signaling that it was a good day to go to the hot springs by Stinson Beach. Of course one would also need to know the tide tables. The road from Mountain Home to State Highway 1 was not paved until 1939, and one time Mom skidded on a curve and the car went around like a merry-go-round stopping facing back home. I said, "Do it again," but my mother took it as an omen to return home. We usually passed over a pasture for dairy cows for a short cut, opening and closing the gates so the cows would not get out. Sometimes there would be a bull and we would go the long way. We would park at the top and walk down a trail, climbing over rocks at the end. There was a spring there and sometimes we would gather watercress. When we got to the beach we would look for the areas where we saw bubbles in the sand and proceed to dig a hole for a pool where we would soak. We would run into

the surf and then take a shower from the natural spring that had a wooden ditch to carry the water.

Along the beach where it was rocky, squatters had built cabins. We knew one of them and many times we'd have lunch with him. He would sometimes give us abalone to take home. Once a year Mr. Kent, who owned that area, would burn the cabins down so they couldn't claim squatters' rights.

Storms, earthquakes and the war changed the area. It's hard to tell where the springs are that we used to bathe in. I believe there are some hostels there now, but I don't know if any of the hot springs are in use.



At the hot springs, 1931.

High School – College

I went to Tamalpais Union High School. (*Union* was dropped when the other High Schools were built.) We came from all parts of Marin, Fairfax, Ross, San Anselmo, Belvedere, and Sausalito, to name a few of the towns. The school was located in Mill Valley. The girls wore uniforms, white middies and navy or black pleated skirts with a black triangular tie. Seniors were allowed to wear red

ties. This was the depression, and it was felt that it was better that the girls were dressed the same because of the economy. In other words, the rich ones couldn't be distinguished from the poorer ones. We were allowed different colored sweaters and jackets so we could still show some individuality. During the war years we were limited on what we could get and many of us had straight skirts. They had to be a bit more lenient because of shortages. I never had a regulation skirt. Classes were staggered with some starting at 8 a.m. and others at 9. A neighbor and I decided that we needed the extra classes so we walked three miles to catch the bus from Bolinas that came along State Highway 1 through Muir Beach. Our stop was at Dias Ranch, where we would get our milk when our goats were dry. They had a daughter so we would board the bus with her. One time it rained so hard that we were soaked. Fortunately for us, Elceda had the same size and we were able to borrow some clothes from her. I think we had a good excuse to be out of uniform that day. We went home on the grammar school bus with the rest of the kids from our area.

I was interested in science and was fortunate to be able to take Bacteriology. We were an elite group. One of our members became an M.D., one an X-ray Technician, and I became a Medical Laboratory Technologist. I can't remember what the others did since losing touch after graduation. The war ended in my last semester and I graduated in January 1946, having enough credits to graduate in three and one half years. College was Marin Junior College (now College of Marin). I and all the GI's were registering at the same time. I attended there for one and a half years. I belonged to the Naturalists there and we went on many hikes, one being to see the sunrise from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. We also had a folk dance group meeting on the second floor of the Kentfield fire house. Some times we'd go to the Sutro Baths in San Francisco to ice skate.

After MJC I transferred to San Francisco State when the college was still at Buchanan Street near the San Francisco Mint. I worked for one year for my

room and board for a family, then one summer at the “It Shop” at Play Land at the beach. We served hot dogs, hamburgers, Coney Island Clam Chowder, etc. We served beer as well, and I was only allowed to serve it on weekends because I was underage. We had an eighteen-year-old serviceman try to order beer once. He was unhappy and could not understand why we wouldn’t serve him, but this was California, not his home state. Condos are there now and the rollercoaster is gone. The merry-go-round is at Fishermen’s Wharf as well as the Laughing Lady from the fun house. Further up from the play land above the Cliff House were the Sutro Baths, which have since burned down.

My last semester at State was after I spent a year at Permanente Training. I had only a few courses to take for graduation, S and one of the electives I had signed up for was scheduled on the new campus ten minute after a required class, so I had to drop it. No way could I get there from the old campus. I had five hours between classes so I studied, went to the movies and shopped. It didn’t pay to go home in between.

Graduation was in 1951 from the old opera house. That year my sister graduated from grammar school and Doris, the friend who went camping with us graduated from high school. We had a big party for the three of us. We continued our summer camping trips for a couple of years, and then went our own ways.