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Making Life More Elegant

French designer takes an intimate approach

THE NEW FILLMORE

SAN FRANCISCO ■ FEBRUARY 2016



DOUBLING DOWN

"Might as well go for it."

1300 on Fillmore owners bet on a barbecue joint just across the street



By Barbara Kate Repa

HEN David Lawrence and Monetta White announced plans to open their high end but homey restaurant, 1300 on Fillmore, eight years ago, friends cautioned against it. "They said, 'You're going down to lower Fillmore? Are you nuts?' "says White, whose mother and grandmother both grew up in the neighborhood.

But soon after the doors opened, the joint was jumping, fueled by foot traffic brought in by the adjacent Yoshi's restaurant and jazz club. The club was part of the Fillmore Heritage Center — a 240,000-square-foot mixed-use complex that included Yoshi's, 1300 on Fillmore and a nonprofit art gallery, with 80 condominiums rising above — all constructed in an ambitious attempt to revitalize Fillmore south of Geary.

For a few years, the \$75 million bet seemed to pay off, as the new businesses and residents brought a vibrancy, unity and goodwill to the nascent jazz district, along with new patrons and customers. Then suddenly things changed. Fingers pointed at various culprits: a lagging economy, changing neighborhood demographics, bad management, the new SF Jazz Center in the Civic Center. The Lush Life

Gallery closed first. Then Yoshi's declared bankruptcy. An attempt to revive the club as The Addition failed promptly. For the last year, it has sat empty — an eerily silent space nearly a block long. Many people assumed 1300 on Fillmore was no longer in business, either.

"We were part of that team that put the whole deal together — and that wasn't what we signed up for," says Lawrence, nodding to the vacant venue. "But Monetta and I wanted to keep it open, so we persevered." They cut back hours so that 1300 is no longer open on Mondays and sometimes pulled a curtain to make a smaller dining area.

"1300 is our first love and it means a lot to us. We'll never let it go," says Lawrence. "It's where we began and will always be an extension of us. In fact, I foresee other 1300s in the future, perhaps in other cities."

He acknowledges the city of San Francisco has also helped keep 1300 open, posting a prominent sign on the shuttered Heritage Center that makes clear 1300 is open and giving them a break on the rent.

Far from being cowed, now they've doubled down, opening Black Bark, a barbeque restaurant, just across the street at 1325 Fillmore.

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FLASHBACK



When the P.O. was on Post

Before the neighborhood post office was on Geary, it was around the corner on Steiner. And before that, it was at 1949 Post (above, circa 1950). The building now houses Ace Hardware (right). A cleaners remains next door, but with a new name







THE NEW FILLMORE

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■ STREET TALK

Fillmore is losing some of its sole

The waves of change keep coming on Fillmore. A few years ago coffee shops and shoe stores were the rage. Now it's all makeup and fashion coming in, with many of the coffee shops gone and two prominent shoe stores shuttered. Both PAOLO SHOES and GIMME SHOES packed up their wares early in the new year, after many years on the street. A second Paolo store on Hayes is for sale, but Gimme still has both its Hayes Street shops.

A LONGER COMMUTE: After 17 years upstairs at 1756 Fillmore, USA BRADBURY SKIN & BODY CARE vacated when its lease was up — and the rent went way up. Bradbury, a local resident, was one of the first of the many skin care spas now on the street. She has relocated, at least temporarily, to 2358 Pine, above the PACIFIC HEIGHTS HEALTH CLUB. But she's also doubled her commute — from one block to two.

FRESHENING UP: There's a sassy new look at BENEFIT COSMETICS, at 2117 Fillmore, all pink and fun and girly. . . . And TEN-ICHI, the venerable Japanese restaurant and sushi bar at 2235 Fillmore, has also had a makeover.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW: A pleasant surprise greets customers entering THE POSTAL CHASE, the mailing and packaging store at 3053 Fillmore: Longtime Fillmore denizen Kevin Wolohan, formerly of JET MAIL, now works there... And mechanics Douglas Fredell and Chelse Batti, formerly of SHELL AUTO REPAIR on California, are now at All American Automotive at 846 Harrison Street.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS





The colonel kicks the bucket

It's another sure sign the neighborhood is changing: What opened in 1969 at the corner of Geary and Steiner as Kentucky Fried Chicken — and later became a hybrid KFC/Taco Bell — has closed. The familiar fragrance of frying chicken that hung in the air around the post office is gone. The big bucket with the colonel's picture on it has been painted black.

The Fillmore's Finally Getting a Jazzier Sign

New blade in the works as city tweaks the rules

NEW MARQUEE is in the works for the legendary Fillmore Auditorium at Geary and Fillmore.

The Planning Commission has unanimously approved changes to the city's sign ordinance that would permit a 60-foot-tall

THE

vertical blade proclaiming both the storied rock 'n' roll venue and the surrounding neighborhood. The proposal now goes before the Board of Supervisors.

Currently signs can be no higher than 24 feet.

The new marquee would replace both the existing Fillmore sign, which rarely functions, and the illuminated check cashing signs below it. Drawings of the new sign considered by the Planning Commission report were said to be placeholders while the law is changed. The final design of the new sign is expected to be more artistically exciting.

Planning staff noted that because the building opened as a dance hall, the Majestic, it never had a historic marquee. It became the Fillmore Auditorium in 1954.



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For reservations, and additional information, call 415.750.3443 or visit www.ioaging.org/dinneralaheart.







When the stars came out at the Clay

In the spring of 1985, the Clay Theatre on Fillmore hosted the premiere of the spaghetti western parody *Lust in the Dust.* It starred Tab Hunter, Divine and Cesar Romero, who were at the Clay for the screening.

After years of tales about the event, photographic evidence has now surfaced, courtesy of Tab Hunter's partner, producer Allan Glaser.

Hunter and Glaser came to the Clay last year for a Q&A session about the new film, Tab Hunter Confidential: The Making of a Movie Star. When he walked through the door of the theater, Hunter said: "I was here 30 years ago — what a great place." During the interview, Hunter spoke about the years he lived in San Francisco's Richmond District, including a stint working at the Bull Pup enchilada stand at Playland.

Glaser remembered they had photos from the premiere of *Lust in the Dust* at the Clay, and recently shared the images with the theater staff.

They show the crowds lining Fillmore Street as the actors arrived in a black limo. Film lovers were excited to see Tab Hunter and Divine share the screen again; they had starred together four years earlier in John Waters' film *Polyester*.

After introducing the film, the actors took seats in the back row and watched the movie with the audience.

Beforehand, they planted their handprints and footprints in cement outside the theater in the style of the legendary Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

"We have no clue where the prints ended up," says Michael Blythe, who works at the Clay. "We would love to find them."



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'So Far, So Good' at the Clay

PUBLIC HEARING on January 4 left local supporters of the Clay Theatre optimistic about the future of the 110-year-old movie house.

The owner of the building, Blagobind Jaiswall, and his architect, Charles Kahn, said they were "absolutely committed" to renovating and continuing the theater.

Film fans at the meeting questioned plans to move the restrooms inside the theater behind the screen, but no one objected to other renovations, including an expanded concession area serving beer and wine.

"We're trying to figure out ways to increase the hours the building is open," Kahn said after the hearing. "I collected some very valuable information."

Staffers from the Clay attended the meeting and offered a number of suggestions. Afterward, the head of Landmark Theatres, which operates the Clay, said he was encouraged by his talks with the owner and architect.

"So far, so good," said Landmark CEO Ted Mundorff. "I think it's the beginning of a plan. If we can get a better theater out of this, then it's a great plan."

The question remains how to pay for it.

"That's gonna be the rub," said Mundorff. "There's not this big cash cow that walks in the door when you sell beer and wine."

Kahn said he will bring detailed plans for remodeling the Clay and expanding its offerings before the city Planning Commission in the coming months.





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CRIME WATCH

Burglary Presidio and Clay December 19, 6:05 p.m.

A man arrived home to find an unknown individual walking out of his garage with his bicycle. He called 911, then managed to stall the suspect until the officers arrived. The man who took the bike is on probation for possession of stolen property.

DUI, Hit and Run Jackson and Pierce December 21, 8:45 p.m.

A woman driving a Ford took a turn that was too wide and struck a parked Toyota. She then drove away without stopping. The owner of the Toyota and a witness followed her and called the police. She finally stopped her car at Washington and Maple and told arriving officers she had just left her company's holiday party, adding that she was "probably above a .08 and maybe had too much to drink." She was arrested for driving while intoxicated.

Theft from a Vehicle Sutter and Baker December 26, 2:15 a.m.

A couple was at home when they heard their automatic garage door opening. The husband investigated and found the door slightly raised. He closed it, but a few minutes later, they heard the door opening again. As the resident returned to the garage, he saw an unknown individual coming up the driveway. He asked the intruder what he was doing and the man walked away. The resident then checked on his car, which was parked on the street in front of his house, and found his garage door opener had been stolen. Police have no suspects at this time.

Trespassing Geary and Broderick December 28, 4:31 a.m.

A woman was awakened by loud snoring noises coming from her living room. She called 911. Officers arrived and found a man in a deep sleep on her couch. He told the officers that he used to live in the apartment and was just trying to get out of the rain. After police handcuffed the man, he refused to walk downstairs and had to be carried. The woman believes her front door may not lock properly. The suspect was cited for trespassing.

Hot Prowl Turk and Baker

January 3, 12:30 a.m.

Dispatch received a call from a resident about two individuals who had entered his home and stolen several items. When the officers arrived, they detained a man who was pushing a speaker box on a skateboard. Investigation revealed that it belonged to the resident who made the call; the suspect was also in possession of other items stolen from various locations. The second suspect was identified and released due to insufficient evidence.

DUI Geary and Cook January 9, 5:11 a.m.

A USF public safety officer saw a car stopped in a traffic lane on Geary. The driver had passed out behind the wheel; a half-empty 24-ounce can of beer was in the cup holder beside him. Police officers responded to the scene and conducted field sobriety tests. Although the driver denied having had anything to drink, his blood alcohol content was more than double the legal limit. He was arrested for driving while intoxicated.

Passing a Stolen Check, Resisting Arrest California and Presidio January 9, 11:25 a.m.

A man tried to cash a check at a credit union. Employees saw that the account had been flagged; the checks had been stolen in a burglary a few days earlier. The credit union worker called the police and kept the suspect occupied until they arrived. As soon as the suspect saw the officers he bolted off, leading them on a foot pursuit through back yards as he jumped fences, throwing off his jacket during the chase. When he was finally caught and in handcuffs, he complained that he was having trouble breathing, so officers took him to the hospital before booking him. The suspect was on probation for stealing cars in San Mateo County.

Robbery Geary and Arguello January 9, 9:15 p.m.

A 14-year-old boy riding a Muni bus was disturbed by another passenger who was loudly singing a rap song. When the boy asked the rapper to quiet down, the man became agitated, pulled out a knife and made threats. He then stole the boy's shoes and his mobile phone, got off the bus and fled. The suspect was a Latino male about 20 years old, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighing approximately 150 lbs. He carried a skateboard and had a gray and yellow backpack. His knife had a red handle.

Shoplifting, Assault Geary and Masonic January 16, 3:51 p.m.

Target security guards saw a man pick up a U-shaped bicycle lock and several other items, then walk past the registers without stopping to pay. When the guards confronted the suspect, he fought back and bit two of them. Police arrived and detained the suspect for shoplifting and assault.



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The look and feel of Black Bark is clean and spare, but welcoming.

A Familiar but Modern Barbecue Joint

Mayor Ed Lee was among those at the ribbon cutting ceremony for Black Bark on January 12, the day before it opened to the public. "I'm here because I love barbeque. But I also realize that on Fillmore, it's hard to start a business," Lee told the crowd of friends and fans, before singling out White and Lawrence for praise. "They are the key to the revitalization of the Fillmore. It's because of their passion there is new interest in revitalizing the Fillmore Heritage Center," he said, ending with a hopeful prediction: "It's just going to get better."

The name of the new spot, Black Bark,

comes from the nickname for the surface of brisket, which darkens as it's slowly smoked. "It gets crispy, crunchy — beautiful," says Lawrence. The menu features smoked meats by the half pound — beef brisket, pulled pork, link sausage, spare ribs, chicken and turkey legs — along with sides, salads, sandwiches and sweets. Draft beers are listed as ranging in intensity from "lighter" to "big flavors and strong." There are also six wines on tap: three reds, three whites. And sweet tea, of course, plus lemonade that strikes the perfect balance between sweet and tart.

The look and feel of Black Bark is clean

and spare, but welcoming. Lawrence says he wanted to convey the feeling of "an updated barbeque place" much in the way pop culture updates childhood memories and icons. "Look at how they've modernized James Bond," he says. "That was my vision for this place: familiar, but modern.'

Seating is at a few hightops and counter seats, plus two-tops, four-seaters and a long communal picnic table. Soon to be added: outdoor seating with lights, heaters and hedges near the front door. Saucy sayings are stenciled on the walls, including "Every Butt Loves a Rub," "Killer Racks on Fillmore" and "Beer and Swine

There are ubiquitous televisions mounted on the walls throughout the place. "I wanted TVs because it's a local place and so folks don't have to go all the way up to Harry's to watch a big game," Lawrence

The local vibe is real. Lawrence greets neighbors and friends who enter, and customers cluster and chat. Half of the employees live in the Western Addition and Lawrence and White have known many of them since they were kids. Part of their pledge of giving back is to host trainings for young people who may be interested in the restaurant business. A "front of the house" training is slated for February 16.

"Our industry is lacking in manpower," Lawrence says. "Lots of kids don't realize they can make a livelihood in restaurant work. I like to showcase what I do to let them know it's a possibility.'

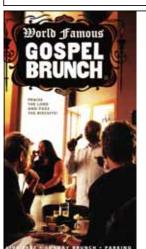
The seeds of this new neighborhood barbeque joint were planted years ago when Lawrence was convinced, against his will, to add barbequed ribs to the menu at 1300. They quickly sold out most nights.

"At 1300 we had baby backs; they're more refined," says Lawrence. "Here at Black Bark we have spareribs, which offer bigger cuts of meat."

He also was taken by the need to fill a void. Longtime neighborhood institution Leon's Bar-B-Q — the last of the Fillmore 'cue joints — closed not long after pro-prietor Leon McHenry's death in 1999. A sidewalk plaque near Black Bark commemorates Kansas City Hickory Pit Bar-B-Que, formerly at 1335 Fillmore.

"I waited five years for this place — watching the space. And now it's starting to happen," says Lawrence, TO PAGE 8





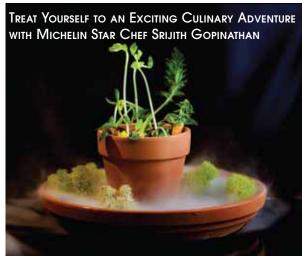
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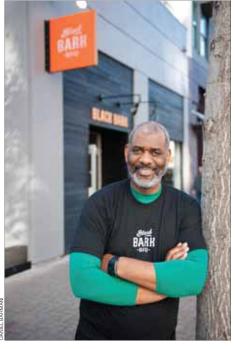
► FROM PAGE 7

underscoring that he's no stranger to waiting, since it took 17 years for him to get a green card when he moved to the U.S. from his native London.

But first, there was some painstaking research to get it right. He confided his plan to bring barbeque back to the neighborhood to Michael Cheadle, whose music group Future Perfect serves up songs most Sundays during Gospel Brunch at 1300 on Fillmore. Lawrence says Cheadle told him: Well, when you do that barbeque place, my mom would like to help you out."

Edith Cheadle, along with her husband, operated a barbeque restaurant in Dallas for the last 15 years. Since her own children were more interested in making music than food, she was happy to adopt Lawrence as her barbeque heir apparent. She came out for a couple of months before Black Bark opened — even divulging the secrets of her sweet potato pecan casserole, coleslaw and spice rubs for the meats. And she has returned periodically to make sure the lessons are remembered.

Another friend introduced Lawrence to his brother, Kevin Bludso, who owns the acclaimed Texas-syle barbeque eatery bearing his name in Compton. "There's just one place in California that has good barbeque—and that's Bludso's," he and White were told. So Lawrence went to work there for a week, taking in the nuances of spicing and



"We're
invested in
the neighborhood.
Fillmore is
changing
— for the
good."

— DAVID LAWRENCE co-owner, Black Bark

smoking the meat to get the best barbeque.

And he confesses he couldn't resist practicing the newfound skills on his own — setting up a little Smokey Joe grill at a friend's house, where the two experimented with smoking various meats from midnight until mid-morning. Beer was also involved.

"My thing was to do it Texas-style, without the sauce," he says. "It's more

about the good quality of meat, the seasonings, the flavorings — that's what comes through." Black Bark sought out familyowned Brandt Beef, which helped pioneer the practice of raising cattle without antibiotics or hormones.

Still, the sauces have not been overlooked. Tables at Black Bark are set with an offering of three sauces painstakingly developed at 1300 over the last several years: California Gold featuring mustard, House BBQ and Vinegar. More varieties are in the works, including a mayo-based Alabama White for summer.

So far, Lawrence's biggest love — and challenge — is brisket. "It's the hardest thing to cook. The meat is in all different shapes and sizes; people don't realize that," he says. "It needs babying, attention, love. You want it to have that jelly effect when it's done just right."

"Quite a few people have been looking for a place like this," Lawrence says, smiling broadly as the restaurant fills with customers during off-hours one recent afternoon. He proudly mentions that on the first day, Black Bark sold out in 2½ hours; the next day, they quadrupled the meat order.

And he's unmoved by some of the handwringing over recent changes in the neighborhood. "Fillmore is changing — for the good," he says, noting the presence of the acclaimed State Bird Provisions and its sister restaurant, the Progress, just up the street. He's also anticipating the opening of Wise Sons Bagel nearby, so he can start the day with a fresh bagel and a cup of tea.

"We're invested in the neighborhood,"

"We're invested in the neighborhood," Lawrence says. "We have a condo right here, and we really love what we do. If you're in the food business, this is what you wish for: two restaurants."

He suggested that might not be enough.
"We're looking at doing another one soon — might as well go for it," he says, adding that it was sad Gussie's Chicken and Waffles, just around the corner, closed in 2014. "I want to be able to walk down here and not see empty shop windows," Lawrence says with a suggestive smile. "We might have a hand in that."

That would be tripling down.







Coming Home Rattled

And still, 70 years later, haunted by World War II

By Roger Boas

VE BEEN A resident of Pacific Heights for almost a century. I grew up in the 1920s, living with my folks in an apart-

ment on Pacific Avenue. Then I bought my own place on Washington Street in 1959, raised four kids there with my wife Nancy—and we've lived in that home ever since.

There were really only two major interruptions to myneighborhood residency: going to Stanford, and going to war. While college attendance had expanded my horizons and given me new perspectives, going to war changed everything.

"The war has changed me in ways that will take the better part of my life to understand, let alone make peace with. Don't ask me how. If you have to ask, you've never been to war."

Those are the opening lines of my justpublished book, Battle Rattle: A Last Memoir of World War II.

Being in WWII was the major event of my life. The experience still haunts me to this day — even 70 years after the fact. This is why I spent countless hours in my study on Washington Street sitting in front of a computer to write my memoir.

My first encounter with an actual Nazi was not in Europe but right here in my own back yard, when Baron Manfred von Killinger arrived in San Francisco in 1936 as the new consul general from Germany and took residency at the consulate on Jackson Street, just one block from where I lived.

A virulent anti-Semite, he would later be placed in charge of the Nazi program in Romania exterminating Jews and Gypsies. I avoided him and his residence at all costs. Then von Killinger arranged for a brand new warship, the Admiral Graf Spee, to arrive in San Francisco to show off the prowess of the German navy. Curious, but with some trepidation, I went on board to see it. All the rooms had polished swastikas on their

walls and photographs of Adolf Hitler. I found it oppressive and fled without looking back.

Though I'd been raised as a Christian Scientist, my ancestry was Jewish. I experienced anti-Semitism on my very first job delivering the Saturday Evening Post on my bike in the Cow Hollow neighborhood, where the Catholic boys on Filbert Street jeered at me and called me "the rabbi."

After this incident, my father signed me up for boxing lessons at the Olympic Club with Spider Roach, a former lightweight champion. Later, at Stanford,

TO PAGE 10 ▶



"The war has changed me in ways that will take the better part of my life to understand."

— ROGER BOAS

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Hello humankindness



A Lifetime of Shock at What He Had Done

► FROM PAGE 9

I was chagrined to discover that Jews were not allowed to join fraternities. Luckily there were plenty of other options on campus. My love of horses led me to join the ROTC, where I learned about horse-drawn field artillery, determined to serve in the armed forces and do my part to defeat the Nazis.

But from my first day in combat, when I pulled the trigger on two unsuspecting German soldiers in the hedgerows above Utah Beach, I suffered lifetime shock at what I had done. As a forward observer in Patton's 3rd U.S. Army, I would endure 11 months of nonstop action. The fear was relentless; that's what ate away at me. It made me hateful and full of rage at the enemy, feelings that got considerably worse as we marched toward Germany and I saw things no man should have to see. I was among the first Americans to liberate a concentration camp — a horror I will never be able to erase from my mind.

It's been given different names in the various wars we have fought. We called it "shell shock" in World War I; more recently, it got initials: PTSD, for post-traumatic stress disorder. In World War II, we called it "battle rattle." It's what happens to many young soldiers when faced with the horrors of war, particularly when we try to settle back into civilian life. We cannot focus or make decisions.

My parents didn't quite know what to make of me as I got off the boat in 1945 after sailing back from Europe. When setting off to serve three and a half years earlier, I had been an exuberant young man, gung ho—and determined to bring down Hitler. Now, returning from battle, I was an emotional shadow of my former self. Part of me was still on the battlefield, but I had learned something:



Boas endured 11 months of nonstop action during the war.

11 months in combat made me a lifelong pacifist who would avoid war at all costs. Governments do not need to shoot at one another; they need to learn how to negotiate with one another. The wars we conducted in Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq have cost us many lives and wasted precious funds that could have been used for things we need badly such as better K-12 education and vast infrastructure repair.

In my mind I was battling anxiety, depression and also another, unexpected emotion: guilt. Part of it was survivor's guilt; one fifth of my division did not make it home. But I also harbored guilt about the German soldiers I shot when I considered the fact that they were men just like me, simply following orders.

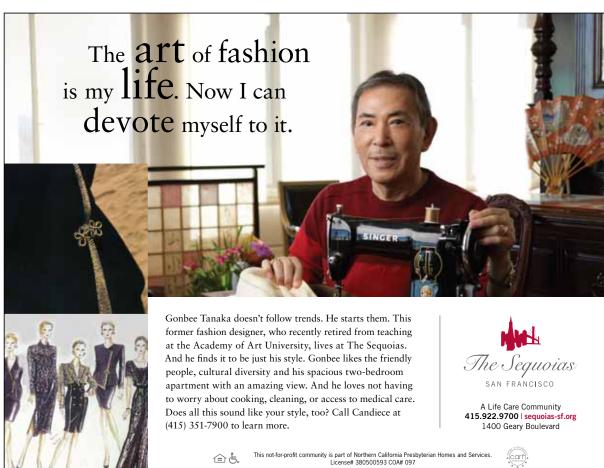
I've outlived nearly all the men I served with, and have been blessed with a 57-year marriage and a rewarding life with both ups and downs that included business, television and city government. One of the main things the war taught me was the need to make sound decisions, even under pressure, and the potentially dire consequences of making poor decisions. An example of a particularly stupid decision was ordering the field artillery forward observers to go into the attack on Troyes, France, in open, unshielded jeeps instead of well-armored light tanks. In tanks, they could have performed their jobs just as well and been protected from enemy small arms and machine gun fire. Thinking things through and trying to make sound decisions became my mantra in civilian life.

I often wondered why I got to live out this long, gratifying life, while so many of my fellow servicemen had their lives truncated prematurely. I still miss them, even after all these years.

I made a series of trips back to Europe over the years to quell my nagging memories of the war, and also to research my book. I walked the battlefields, visited the graves of my fallen comrades. But I was never able, to my dismay, to locate the spot where they had buried one fellow forward observer whose death had really troubled me. I had always remembered him with sadness because he asked for my advice shortly before he was killed and I had little to offer him. In retrospect, I realize I should have told him not to cross that field in an unarmed open jeep; he could have crossed in a light tank.

Years later — quite recently, in fact — I learned his body had been repatriated and buried in the Golden Gate National Cemetery, only 15 miles from my home. So it is here that I have finally made my peace with it all.

Roger Boas returned to San Francisco and entered his family's automobile business. He was a producer and moderator for public television, a member of the Board of Supervisors and later the city's chief administrator. See more about his book at battlerattlememoir.com.



'The last war we had any business fighting'

LEVEN MONTHS OF ANGUISH — that's what it's been, give or take. Sure, there are moments when I you cut loose, when someone stumbles upon a cache of brandy and we play an extra round of poker. But the fear never leaves you. It's ever-present — a constant gnawing that has you wondering if you've said all the things you need to say to all the people you need to say things to. Because any given breath could be your

Nights can be agonizing. When you hear that ghastly whistle of an incoming mortar round . . . its eerie crescendo, increasing in intensity as it approaches out a doubt the most awful sound I've ever heard. Here it comes. Only a few seconds before it's going to hit, barely enough time to grab your helmet and pray to whatever God you hope is still listening. So loud now, it's like a thousand shrieking pigs. And then the earth shakes — a geyser of stones, cards and bodies. You exhale. Not your poker game. Not tonight.

Fifty yards away, a trio of aluminum dog tags is all that's left of three young men who were just like you ten seconds ago. Barely shaving, heartsick, terrified, numbing themselves behind an armor of bravado. By the luck of the draw, you'll live to see another day.

I myself lived another 25,600 days . . . but who's counting. In my mid-90s now, I'm a dinosaur of the last men left standing in the last war we had any business fighting. At least that's how I see it.

Many of us died in the fields of France and Germany; others, later, on the battlefronts of life, By God's grace, I outlived most of them. And it's given me plenty of time to think — about what it all meant, whether it was worth it. I needed a good deal of hindsight and perspective to piece it all together; the rumination certainly didn't happen in the moment. There aren't many philosophers on a battlefield. The true magnitude of the



Lt. Roger Boas (left) with fellow soldiers during the war.

nightmare doesn't sink in until much later. But there was one incident that shook the foundations of my being the instant it occurred. It hit me like a ton of bricks.

T WAS APRIL 4, 1945. We were deep into Germany, and yet the Nazi army refused to surrender. In less than a month, Hitler would put a gun to his head and the war would end. Until that time, however, they kept fighting us tooth and nail, as if backed into a corner. The previous morning, my battalion had barely survived a vicious ambush on a bridge south of Gotha, and on this day it became clear why the Germans were fighting with such desperation - what they did not want us to

I was riding in a jeep behind that of my commanding officer, Bob Parker, only five years my senior and already

was a general, Parker exuded confidence, and I felt privileged to serve under his command. At age 23, I was a lieutenant in the 94th Armored Field Artillery Battalion of Patton's Third Army. My job was that of forward observer, the expendable officer who sneaks up close to the enemy to get a read on their position and radios it back to the howitzers. But on this crisp spring morning in 1945 I wasn't on the battlefield; I just happened to be out in front with Parker as our combat command moved forward into newly conquered terrain. Everything seemed almost routine - until we approached the town of Ohrdruf and passed a large residential structure in the countryside, Bauhaus style and probably built in the 1930s, complete with a moat. It struck us as slightly odd. A moat?

Tall trees screened a full view of whatever was on the other side of the road. Parker glanced back at me - let's check it out. We drove over the moat's bridge and parked. Parker grabbed his carbine and I followed suit. We ventured inside the building. The interior was lavish. The wealthy German industrialist who owned the place was not present, but his servants were and they seemed nervous as hell. We soon understood why. It was plainly visible through the living room windows

Parker and I dashed out of the house, our pulses racing. What we saw was something no American had witnessed up to that point. Surrounded by filth, we encountered a grim spectacle, a huge pyramid-like stack of corpses, seemingly murdered by shots to the head within the last few hours. Nearly all the bodies had Jew-ish stars on their tattered "prison" uniforms. The ghastly scene still haunts me, the horror, unspeakable. Why were we the first GIs to stumble upon this? God only knows. It's taken me a lifetime to come to terms with it

Excerpted with permission from Battle Rattle: A Last Memoir of World War II.



LANDMARKS

THE SHAH'S CONSULATE

Built as a home, later a flashpoint for Iranian protests

By Bridget Maley

ONSTRUCTED IN 1927 by insurance executive Henry Foster Dutton for his second wife, Violet, the classically inspired house at 3400 Washington Street was acquired by the Imperial Government of Iran to serve as its official San Francisco consulate in the mid-1950s.

The house was designed by architect Erle J. Osborne, who had a steady stream of wealthy clients and produced interesting houses in Presidio Terrace, St. Francis Wood and Atherton — in addition to a few Southern California commissions — throughout the '20s and '30s. His corner lot house for the Duttons replaced a house built there earlier by Judge James Monroe Allen.

The wood frame house is stuccoed to resemble stone, with quoins flanking the formal entry facing Washington Street. There is a nicely detailed front stair leading to an arched entryway with a balconette centered above it on the second story. This ensemble is then capped by a dormer into the attic level. The house was originally U-shaped, with what was likely a spacious rear garden. A bay window and more quoining is found on the Walnut Street side. An addition to the rear, likely constructed to accommodate the consulate, encroaches on the rear yard, and is awkwardly placed into the roofline of the original house.

Dutton was the grandson of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. founder, also named Henry Dutton, and his was likely a grand Presidio Heights home when completed in 1927. Dutton had married June Dunn, daughter of the founder of the American Biscuit Co., in 1899, but after 25 years of marriage the two divorced.

A year later, Dutton quietly married Violet Phillips Dunn, who had previously been married to his ex-wife's nephew. The Chronicle had reported a year earlier, on February 1, 1925: "Mrs. Phillips Dunn



The corner home at 3400 Washington Street was acquired by the Imperial Government of Iran to serve as its official San Francisco consulate in the mid-1950s.

[later to become Dutton's wife], who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton to Palm Beach yesterday, was the center of the luncheon party at the Hotel St. Francis the Monday prior." Violet Phillips, a native Angelino, had married James Dunn in 1918 and the Chronicle enthused that she was "acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful girls who has graced society in either city for many years." It added: "Miss Phillips is still very young; she has not made her debut, and for this reason the marriage will not take place for half a year at least." Apparently, however, several years later she fell in love with her husband's uncle.

Henry and Violet Dutton had two girls, and also raised Mrs. Dutton's son, Witcher Dunn, from her first marriage.

Henry Foster Dutton died in November 1953. Violet Dutton outlived her husband by more than 20 years, but did not hold onto their house for long.

By 1957, a building permit was issued allowing the 3400 Washington Street home to be renovated and converted for use as the Iranian Consulate. It was the scene of

many parties and the home of Dr. Parviz Adle, the consular general, and his family. The building also functioned as the Iranian government's official San Francisco business office. The consulate was established at the height of the Iranian monarchy, headed by the Shah of Iran, and the site became the focus of a number of demonstrations against the Shah's government. There were hunger strikes on the sidewalk and a horrific event: A young Iranian student set himself on fire in front of the consulate and later died.

and later died.

On the night of October 14, 1971, a bomb — then believed to be the most powerful detonated in San Francisco history — exploded at the consulate. A month later, Moira Johnston, a neighbor, published an account of the bombing night in California Living, the Sunday magazine of the joint Chroniclel Examiner. Describing the evening's events, Johnston detailed the damage to her house, the terror inflicted on her son, and the shock of her husband and neighbors. Far along with her second child, Johnston recalled that her husband left the house just a few minutes before the explosion only to return to find the consul-

ate engulfed in flames, the neighborhood shrouded in smoke and fire trucks blocking the street.

After the bombing prominent attorney Vincent J. Mullins, who lived across the street, sued in federal court to have the consulate declared a public nuisance and shut down. The suit claimed that on every major Iranian holiday hundreds gathered in the residential neighborhood to protest. "Residents of the area are in constant fear of violence," the suit said.

Protesters had timed the blast to coincide with a lavish party thrown by the Shah in Iran celebrating the 2500th anniversary of the founding of the Persian empire. After the bombing, the Iranian Consulate's business office moved to the Embarcadero Center, but the consular general's residence remained at 3400 Washington Street. The Embarcadero Center office was subsequently bombed in 1976 before Iranian officials were expelled from the United States during the Iran hostage crisis of 1970 80

The government of Iran still owns the building at 3400 Washington Street.



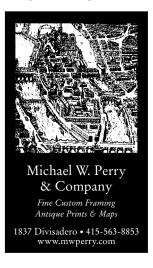
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eam of artisans and craftspeople from Teevan contractors, led by foreman Luis Marquez (left and center) began repairing and repainting the historic Haas-Lilienthal House last year

It's a Grand Victorian, **But Not a Painted Lady**

The Haas-Lilienthal House gets a subdued paint job

HE HAAS-LILIENTHAL HOUSE at 2005 Franklin Street has a new paint job that returns the historic Victorian to its original, more subdued color palette.

To restore the historic integrity of the house, which now serves as its headquarters, San Francisco Heritage commissioned architectural conservator Molly Lambert to conduct a paint study to determine the original colors, patterns and sheens of the house. Lambert took 40 paint samples for microscopic testing, which can differentiate layers of primer, glaze, dirt and paint to identify the original colors.

"We don't choose colors," said Lambert. "They are there for us to discover."

The results of Lambert's study were unambiguous and consistent across all facades, stories and ornamental elements sampled. Before 1982, when the house was last repainted, the body color of the house had always been a monochromatic greengrey, with dark green-charcoal window trim. The study also revealed that the original 1886 body color and window trim were applied in glossy linseed oil paint. Lambert recommended a semi-gloss exterior paint for the body color and a gloss finish for the window trim to approximate the historic appearance.

A previous analysis conducted by architect Kenneth Cardwell in 1981 corroborated Lambert's findings. Cardwell found the house was painted at least nine times in a monochromatic body color between 1886 and 1982. But he concluded there would be "no harm in choosing lighter tones as long as the value difference between the sash and the body paint is maintained."

In 1982, Heritage retained longtime San Francisco Victorian color consultant Bob Buckter to recommend a new color scheme — while also seeking input from the National Trust for Historic Preservation, which holds a facade easement on the house, on "whether we go monochromatic grey or add more shades of grey to detail the ornamentation of the house.

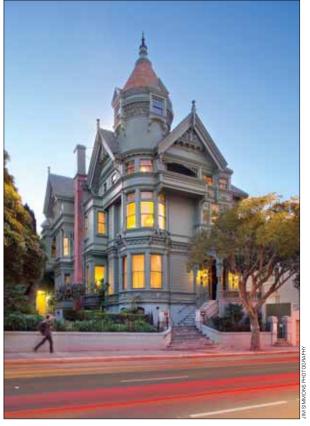
Correspondence from the time suggests that the process for selecting the house's new colors was subject to intense scrutiny and debate. The Heritage board and staff ultimately decided on multiple shades of medium-to-light grey, with their final placement determined by a cadre of color consultants, architects and other interested

Starting in August 2015, a team from contractor Teevan scraped, stripped, epoxied and replaced deteriorated woodwork based on detailed specifications developed by ARG Conservation Services.

As layers of paint were removed, the severity of damage quickly became apparent: Extensive dry rot had deteriorated the siding, structural elements and many intricate architectural details. Moisture infiltration threatened the strength and integrity of the wood siding and floral embellishments on the turret were missing petals. Teevan's artisans and craftsmen worked to repair and reconstruct these elements.

Although the roof had been replaced in 2008, the prominent turret on the southeast corner of the house was not part of that project. Teevan discovered that multiple wood shingles on the south elevation were missing or paper-thin. Heritage replaced the turret roof with six-inch cedar shingles to match the original construction.

The next phase of the project will include repairing and repainting the north and west elevations, the large 1927 addition at the rear of the property and the wrought-iron fence in front of the house.





Restoring an icon

San Francisco Heritage, the architectural preservation group that has called the Haas-Lilienthal House its home since 1973, is conducting a \$4.3 million fundraising campaign to restore the house and enhance its endowment. More than \$3 million has been raised and the most visible parts of the house have been repaired and painted in historically accurate monochromatic colors (above today and at left in 1955). For more information about the house and the campaign, visit sfheritage.org or call 415-441-3000.







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Single Family Homes	BR	ВА	PK	Sq ft	Day	s Date	Asking	Sale
133 Richardson Ave	3	3	2	2,323	66	1/7/2016	2,300,000	2,080,000
3027 Webster St	3	3	1	n/a	91	1/15/2016	2,650,000	2,350,000
2953 Broderick St	2	2	2	n/a	84	12/18/2015	3,495,000	3,000,000
1833 Laguna St	5	4	2	4,400	42	1/8/2016	5,295,000	5,500,000
2470 Broadway	5	4	2	n/a	16	1/13/2016	6,995,000	6,500,000
2865 Vallejo St	3	2	3	2,230	62	1/15/2016	6,995,000	7,450,000
2828 Divisadero St	5	5	2	5,590	90	1/13/2016	8,995,000	8,400,000
Condos/Co-ops/TICs/Lofts								
1945 Washington St #411	1	1	1	653	54	12/16/2015	739,000	665,000
2101 Baker St #6	1	1	1	808	37	12/22/2015	775,000	825,000
2234 California St #B	2	1	0	n/a	48	1/4/2016	849,000	899,000
1326 Lyon St	2	1	1	1,300	44	12/17/2015	879,000	945,000
2737 Bush St	2	2	1	1,105	29	12/18/2015	998,000	1,030,000
2149 Lyon St #4	2	1	1	n/a	39	12/28/2015	929,000	1,100,000
2200 Sacramento St #901	1	2	1	952	89	1/15/2016	1,350,000	1,125,000
1950 Gough St #306	1	1	1	1,000	23	12/21/2015	998,000	1,150,000
1501 Greenwich St #304	2	2	1	948	121	1/15/2016	1,299,000	1,150,000
2299 Sacramento St #3	2	1	1	n/a	74	1/15/2016	1,175,000	1,150,000
3330 Clay St #C	2	2	0	1,283	41	1/6/2016	899,000	1,210,000
1880 Steiner St #1	2	2	1	1,332	45	12/22/2015	1,249,000	1,350,000
33 Perine PI	2	2	1	896	5	1/8/2016	1,500,000	1,400,000
2801 Jackson St #303	2	1	2	1,330	64	12/24/2015	1,495,000	1,418,000
3016 Sacramento St	2	1	1	1,408	56	12/22/2015	1,875,000	1,863,000
2311 Scott St #1	3	2	1	1,986	21	12/29/2015	2,495,000	2,720,000
35 Perine PI	3	3	1	1,755	5	1/8/2016	3,000,000	2,900,000
2151 Laguna St #2	3	2	1	2,624	14	1/7/2016	2,995,000	4,500,000



The view home at 2865 Vallejo sold for far more than a similar home

Location, location, location

Over the past few years, just about every part of San Francisco has seen intense demand for homes, as buyers forced to contend with tight inventory spark bidding wars that further escalate prices. But a pair of recent local transactions highlight the fact that a stellar location can translate into millions of dollars for a seller, while a challenging locale still presents struggles.

Early last month, a 2,323-square-foot, three-bedroom single-family home at 133 Richardson Avenue built in 1939 sold for \$2.08 million — 10 percent less than its original asking price. The following week and six blocks up the hill, a 2,230-square foot, three-bedroom home built in 1925 at 2865 Vallejo Street sold for \$7.45 million, netting the seller a premium of 6.5 percent over asking.

Though the property on Vallejo surely commanded a much larger price due to an extensive remodel, luxury amenities including an elevator, and sweeping views, it is also located on a very private block just east of the Presidio that even Google Maps has yet to fully track. By contrast, the Richardson Street property, while convenient, is situated on a section of heavily trafficked Highway 101 as it

— Data and commentary provided by PATRICK BARBER, president of Pacific Union. Contact him at patrick.barber@pacunion.com or call 415-345-3001.



DESIGN

Making Life Lighter and More Elegant

Off the beaten path, a designer finds her niche

THE'D WORKED for the Ritz in Paris and other international corporations, Mostly designing hotels, but French designer Isabelle McGee wanted something different — something more intimate - when she set out to establish her interior design atelier in San Francisco.

One day she was walking on Sutter Street, just a block from Fillmore, when she struck up a conversation with Joan O'Connor, longtime proprietor of Timeless Treasures at 2176 Sutter and a notorious neighborhood networker.

"I need a space like this," McGee told her. So O'Connor promptly called upstairs and introduced her to the landlord of a nearby vacant storefront.

She had found her home. In late 2013 McGee opened her consultancy and showroom called Regard at 2182 Sutter.

Most of her work is designing residential spaces or advising clients, but her showroom also offers for sale a small collection of interesting objects and accents.

"It's more like an invitation," she says. "It starts the conversation. I listen with respect and develop projects that make life



"I work to simplify their lives and add a little zest.'

— ISABELLE McGEE

easier and lighter - and never forget to be elegant."

Sitting in her comfortable showroom and offering a visitor a glass of bubbles, she has clearly found her niche.

"People just walk by and say hello now most of my clients are people who pass in front of my shop or live in the neighborhood," she says. "This is exactly what I was looking for. It remains extremely intimate

She relishes the one-to-one approach. "I really wanted to be separate from the other designers," she says. "Many more people should have access to design because beauty has no price."

She prefers the more holistic French concept of interior architecture, rather than interior design, and she thinks of herself as a design coach as much as a designer.

"Our interior, our street, our neighborhood, it's all connected," she says. "I can offer some advice — to refresh and rearrange and live in accordance with our values."

She mentions a client who came in to ask for help selecting lamps.

"We talked about what she wanted," she says. "After talking, it was not lamps, but lighting more generally."

So they examined the broader concept: how the client lives, why she lives that way, what she really wants.

"It's something quite intense," McGee says. "What they want is often something different. It has to have a total purpose.

McGee says she most enjoys working with owners and renters "to simplify their lives and add a little zest." She also likes working with small businesses and helping solve their problems. But she admits she might enjoy working on larger projects,

"Perhaps a boutique hotel," she says, "something cozy and natural."

Regard is located at 2182 Sutter Street. For more information, call 415-306-4717or visit regardinteriors.com.

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