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Way back in 1996, individualism was in

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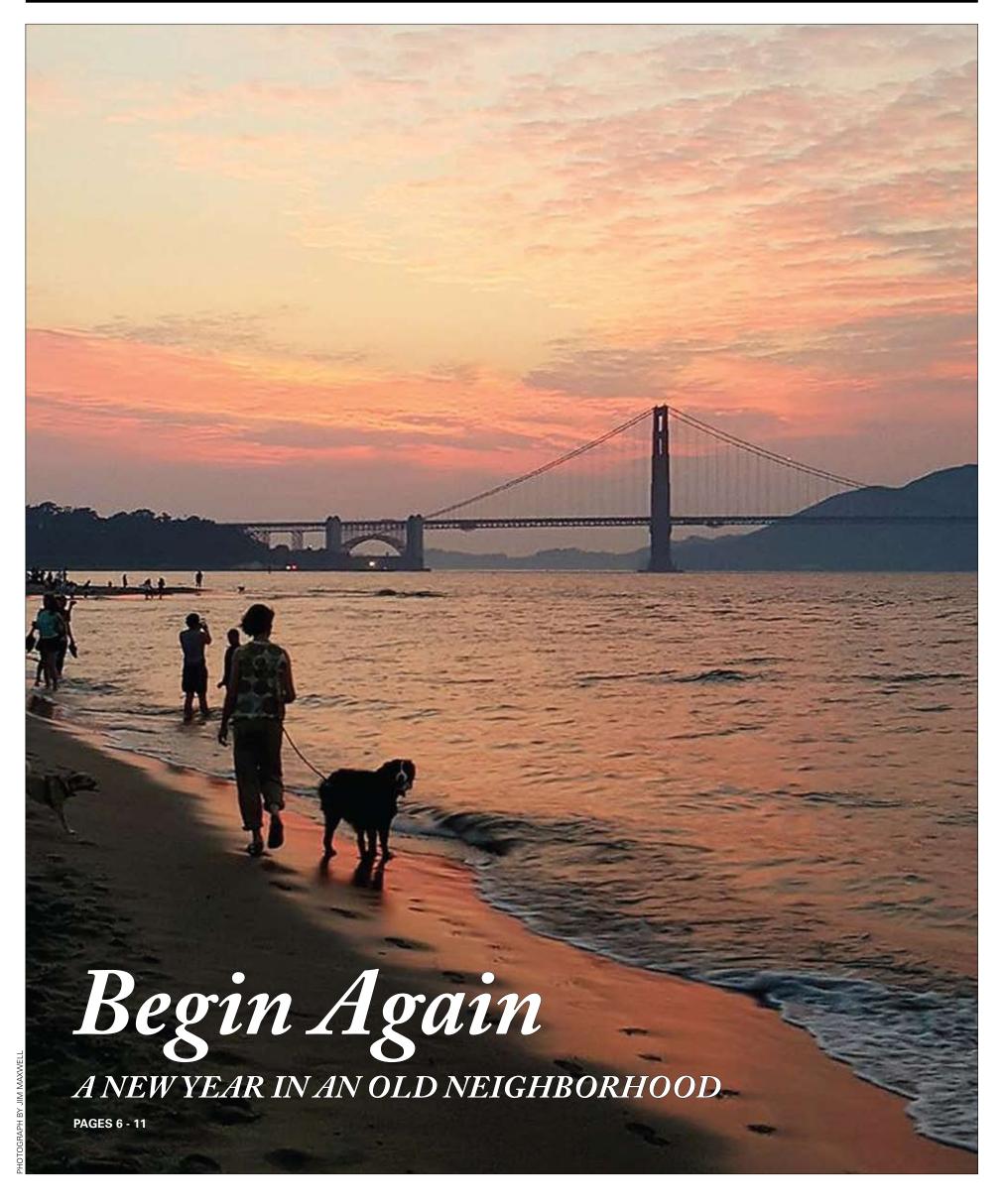
A Grand Home Comes Alive

Kevin Starr on 'The Haas Sisters'

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THE NEW FILLMORE

SAN FRANCISCO ■ JANUARY 2018





UPFRONT

WHAT NOT TO DO

resolutions about what they would do in the new year, opposite approach.

HILE OTHERS were making Ruti Zisser, owner of the Ruti fashion boutique at 2119 Fillmore, took the

I'm religiously fond of coffee shops, where I love to drink a beautiful Americano with steamed milk and watch the women around me (sorry guys...). I'm fascinated by women's choices: what they wear, what they eat, and what they do. I ponder these things for myself as well. Around this time, many of us are busy writing personal "To Do" lists for the coming year. But I decided to do it differently, and instead have made my personal list of things not to do in the New Year. Because for me, 2018 is the year where we don't do what we don't want. Here are the details, please share your thoughts! - Don't wear uncomfortable clothing - Don't buy clothing just because it's trendy - Don't spend more time cooking something than eating it - Don't fly red eye - Don't text while on the phone - Don't apologize (for who I am and what I love) - Don't go to sleep after midnight (unless it's for a very, very fun reason) I wish you an amazing 2018, with one important "To Do": That you listen only to your own voice. It is the right one.

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Connecting the neighborhood

Every month, 20,000 copies of the New Fillmore circulate to homes and businesses in the Fillmore, Pacific Heights and Japantown. We thank you for your support and encouragement and welcome your ideas and suggestions.

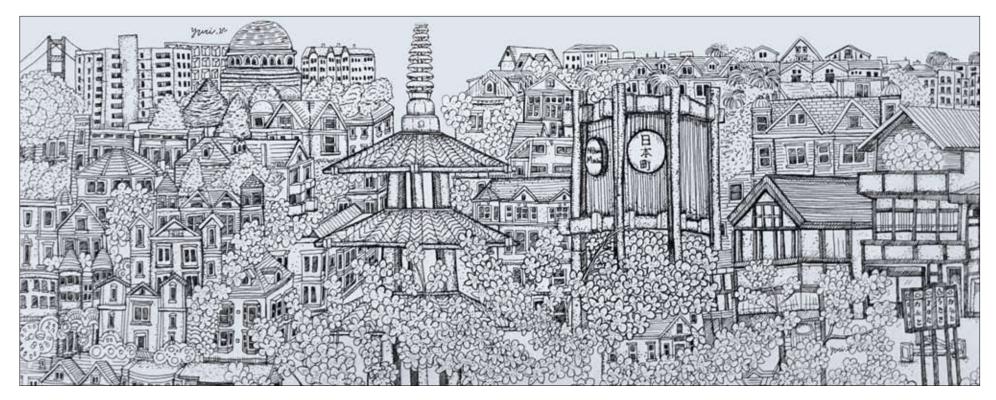


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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS



DRAWN TO JAPANTOWN — Yuri Hyun, a Korean artist and illustrator based in San Francisco, is currently embarked on a drawing project that captures the city's neighborhoods in her own distinctive style. Among her recent subjects: Japantown.

"The buildings show the beauty of the Orient from Japantown and the beauty of western buildings from the Victorian age are mixed harmoniously," she says. "And it creates a beautiful and exquisite new atmosphere."



Monetta White and David Lawrence at Black Bark.

More Yoshi's Fallout: Black Bark Is Moving

THE CITY'S DITHERING OVER the future of the Fillmore Heritage Center has claimed another casualty: Black Bark, the modern barbecue joint at 1325 Fillmore, did not reopen after a holiday break.

Only weeks after ending regular dinner service across the street at their upscale 1300 on Fillmore restaurant, owners Monetta White and David Lawrence decided to remain closed as they continue negotiations to move

Black Bark to another location "on the other end of Fillmore," White said, gesturing toward the Marina but refusing to be specific until a lease is signed.

White and Lawrence have already begun moving their equipment and say they hope to reopen in the spring.

White said the food, the concept, the graphics and the furnishings will all remain the same. Since it opened two years ago, much of Black Bark's thriving takeout business has come through delivery services, and they are preparing to launch a line of sauces and other products.

But they want more foot traffic, and that may take years on a block where the entire east side is occupied by massive empty spaces that for a few years housed Yoshi's restaurant and jazz club, plus a gallery and screening room.

In November the city threw out the bids from five potential buyers and said the process of finding a future for the heritage center will begin all over again.



Institute on Aging presents the 35th Annual

Dinner à la Heart Ageon. Institute on Aging



Uniting two of San Francisco's favorite qualities: good food and a giving heart.

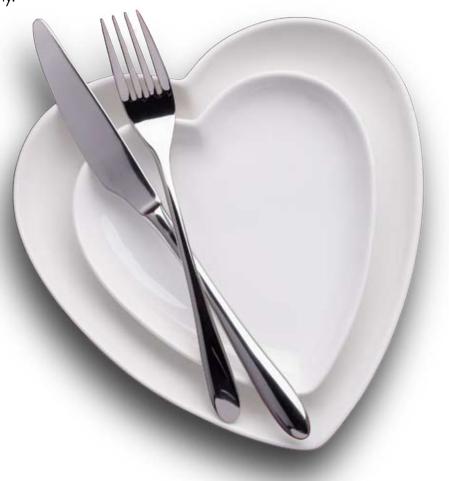
Dinner à la Heart gives Bay Area residents an opportunity to choose a restaurant, make reservations through Institute on Aging, and enjoy a unique dining experience while supporting seniors in need. Treat yourself and invite your friends to an exclusive prix-fixe dinner, including wine and coffee or tea, and help our seniors remain independent and healthy.

Lunch à la Heart.

Gather your friends and dine out for a cause at lunchtime! For reservations and additional information, call 415.750.3443 or visit www.ioaging.org/dinneralaheart

Participating restaurants include:

3rd Cousin, All Spice (San Mateo), Barbacco Eno Trattoria, Buckeye Roadhouse (Mill Valley), Boulevard, Bungalow 44 (Mill Valley), Chez Marius, Delfina, Ecco (Burlingame), EPIC Steak, Farallon, Fringale Restaurant, Garibaldis, Gary Danko, Hayes Street Grill, Harris' Restaurant, Il Fornaio (Corte Madera, Palo Alto, San Francisco, San Jose), Izzy's Steak & Chops, (San Carlos, San Francisco), Jason's Restaurant, Le Central Bistro, Le P' Tit Laurent, Locanda (Wed.), Marin Joe's, Monsieur Benjamin, One Market, Pane e Vino Trattoria, Perbacco, Piperade, Poggio Trattioria (Sausalito), Puerto 27 (Pacifica), Regalito Rosticeria, Roka Akor, Roti Indian Bistro, Sam's Grill & Seafood, Sessions, Sixto's Cantina (Burlingame), Sushi Ran (Sausalito), Swan's Oyster Depot, Trader Vic's (Emeryville), Venticello Ristorante (Wed.), Waterbar, Waterfront Restaurant & more!



CRIME WATCH

Armed Robbery Anza and 2nd November 22, 11:43 a.m.

A man was walking home when he encountered a stranger who held a knife to his stomach and told him to hand over the messenger bag he was carrying. He complied, and reported to the police the bag contained multiple valuable items. The robber fled in an unknown direction and the case is still outstanding. The suspect is a Hispanic male from 20 to 35 years old, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighing about 180 lbs.

Vandalism, Aggravated Assault Pacific and Presidio November 25, 11:51 a.m.

A woman and her child walking down the street were followed by a man who shouted obscenities at them. The woman attempted to get the child away from him, but the man continued to harass them, then started throwing rocks at them. Several witnesses had earlier seen the same man vandalize a car and throw a rock through the front door of a residence on Pacific. Police responded and, with the help of the U.S. Park Police, detained the suspect in the Julius Kahn playground. He was booked into county jail on several felony charges.

Hot Prowl Burglary 7th and Geary November 27, 10:07 a.m.

A woman who lived on the ground floor of an apartment building was in her bedroom when she saw a hand reach around the door and take her wallet from a night-stand. The woman shouted out to her roommates, but got no response. Then she got up and looked out her front door, where she saw a white male walking away with her wallet.

The woman chased him and confronted him, but he claimed he didn't have her wallet. Then she saw it on top of a nearby mailbox, and discovered that the money inside was missing. She flagged down two officers, who caught the suspect and detained him. He was booked at county jail on burglary charges.

Collision Divisadero and Geary November 28, 11:22 p.m.

A motorcycle collided with a car and a woman and man were taken to the hospital with life-threatening injuries. Anyone who witnessed this incident is encouraged to contact the police through the department's anonymous tip line at 415-575-4444, or to text TIP411 with "SFPD" at the start of the message.

Pursesnatching Webster and Ellis November 29, 11:30 a.m.

A woman walking down the street was approached by a man who grabbed her purse and ran. The thief fled in a waiting car. The woman also lost her wallet, which was inside the purse. The suspect is described as being from 18 to 20 years old. The matter is still under investigation.

Assault, Robbery Franklin and Grove November 29th, 6:15 a.m.

A woman out for a walk was approached from behind by three men. One hit her with a golf club, grabbed her wallet and removed the cash. The three suspects then ran. When police arrived, they transported the woman to the hospital, where she was treated for injuries. Police are still investigating the matter.

Hot Prowl Scott and Grove November 30, 1:30 a.m.

A man was sleeping when he heard footsteps outside his front door. Soon afterward, he realized that someone was opening his door. He got up and confronted the intruder, who fled on foot, and found nothing missing from his residence. The intruder was between 30 and 40 years old. The matter is still under investigation.

Shoplifting Fulton and Central December 2, 10:25 a.m.

A store employee called the police when a woman walked out without paying for numerous items. An employee seized the woman's shopping cart, which was full of stolen items, but the woman continued on with additional merchandise in her purse. The store manager saw the woman get into a waiting car parked in a handicapped space, and took down the vehicle's license number as the suspect was driven off. The matter is under investigation.

Shoplifting 7th and Cabrillo December 5, 12:44 a.m.

An officer on patrol spotted a man running out of the Safeway store, clutching a bag to his chest. The officer jumped out of his patrol vehicle and attempted to stop the man. At the same time, a store employee ran out of the store, shouting to the officer that the fleeing man had just grabbed items from the shelves.

As the officer chased the suspect, he started tossing Safeway products into the bushes. Eventually the officer caught him. The man was detained, and the

JCHS *FI

officer learned there was an outstanding warrant for his arrest. The suspect was booked into county jail on multiple charges.

Unlawful Entry, Burglary Broderick and Golden Gate December 4, 7:10 p.m.

Officers on patrol received a call about a burglary. The caller stated that he had returned home to find a number of his possessions were missing. There was no sign of forced entry, but his door was not secure because his house was being renovated. Officers searched the area for security cameras that might have recorded the entry, but with no success. The matter is still under investigation.

Shots Fired in Road Rage Gough and Austin December 11, 7:25 p.m.

A driver got into an argument at an intersection with a man and a woman in another car. As the altercation became heated, the single male driver got out of his vehicle, produced a gun and fired a shot. The suspect then drove south on Gough Street. The man the suspect was aiming for was not injured and no arrests have been made.

Shots Fired Webster and Post December 17, 1:52 a.m.

A man was inside his home when he was struck by a bullet. An unknown individual had fired into his home. The man heard several shots outside, then realized he had been hit in the leg. When the police arrived, they sought medical care for him, and he is expected to recover. Police are still investigating the matter.



Fillmore Slim

FILLMORE BEAT

Coming: A New Kabuki

By Chris Barnett

N A CITY of grand, gilded, pricey hotels, the 225-room HOTEL KABUKI at 1625 Post Street in Japantown is a serene temple of hospitality owned by a powerhouse Wall Street investment fund that has quietly spent \$32 million re-imagining the hotel. The Kabuki's low profile is about to change. A destination restaurant created by what's said to be a big name San Francisco chef — plus an elegant lobby bar — are slated to open in the first quarter of the new year.

The landlord, **BLACKSTONE GROUP**, with \$385 billion in assets, didn't scrimp on the makeover. Interior paneling uses shou sugi ban wood, an ancient Japanese technique of charring wood until it is black and looks burned, but has the texture of crocodile skin. A 3,000-square-foot lavishly equipped fitness center, which includes a 400-square-foot yoga studio, is exclusively for guests and without charge. Usually hotels devoting that much space to a gym solicit outside members to beef up revenues, much to the annoyance of guests. Other hotels charge a "resort fee." Neither case here.

Rooms are, well, roomy — and airy, many with Pacific Heights views, all with free WiFi, which is also gratis in the public areas, themselves furnished with contemporary but comfortable sofas and chairs and coffee tables piled high with art and music books. There's even a little hideaway library. Plus, Blackstone doubled the lobby ceiling height to 19 feet, added 13,000 square feet of meeting space to entice business travelers and the conference crowd (not gratis) and created outdoor Japanese gardens, ponds and a lounge.

Generally, San Francisco's better hotels fetch \$400 a night, but Kabuki's management company, Joie de Vivre, is pricing this virtually new hideaway at a lot less. They quoted \$189 a night plus tax for a king-bedded room with a view for early January, \$199 a night plus tax for the same room midmonth. Rates will no doubt increase when conventions hit the city. Self-parking is \$24 a night, while valet parking is \$46.

CRIMEFIGHTING AT SAFEWAY: Stung by shoplifters for an estimated \$3.4 million in theft a year, the **FILLMORE SAFEWAY** is hiring off-duty, uniformed SFPD cops to bolster its unarmed private security force floating around the store. A reliable source says Safeway deals directly with the city, which pays the officers an overtime rate — time-and-a-half, or currently \$70.50 an hour. No word on how much the supermarket giant pays the city for the show of force, which includes a cop at the exit door and a black and white parked in front.

AND THE (COP) BEAT GOES ON: The reactivated SFPD Fillmore foot patrol is seeing dividends for the daily investment of shoe leather, store managers say. SANDRO assistant manager LINDSAY SCHUTZMAN reports that visibility works. "Strange people aren't lurking around any more," she says. "Big help." LUCY LOWE, manager of DE NOVO fashion boutique, says: "It was scary this summer when we had people actually walking in and grabbing things. This holiday it was okay. I see the two officers walking and I feel safer." RAG & BONE supervisor KAYLA BEARG says: "We got hit a couple times during the holidays, but it wasn't bad. Without the cops on the beat, it would have been a lot worse."

THANKS FOR THE RENT HIKE: COPYNET owner MARYAM ZADEH says she's thrilled to be at 2174 Sutter, now four years after her former landlord kicked her rent up from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a month, forcing her to leave her longtime California Street location. "Thanks to Yelp, people are finding us and business is booming," she says. Instead of just photocopying and renting out PC time, CopyNet, in looking for new revenue, now does all sorts of printed invitations. "It's tacky to send an evite for a wedding," Zadeh says.

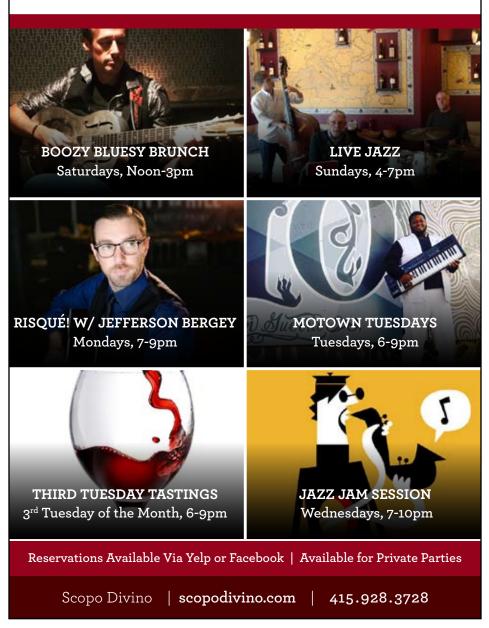
SIGNS OF THE TIMES: On the front door of the **THAI STICK**, finally: "We're Closed For Sale." No trace of life inside, the restaurant owner can't be reached, and the landlord says only that there are a couple of interested parties. . . . A few doors north, scaffolding is up and the scorched sign hanging above the **ELITE CAFE** for the past year is finally being repaired. Meantime, the co-working concept, **SPACIOUS**, which rents out the Elite's booths and tables during the day as "offices," is signing up members at \$95 a month — coffee, high speed WiFi and power strips included.

 $Don't\ be\ bashful.\ Send\ sightings\ and\ newsy\ local\ items\ to\ chris@cbarnmedia.com.$



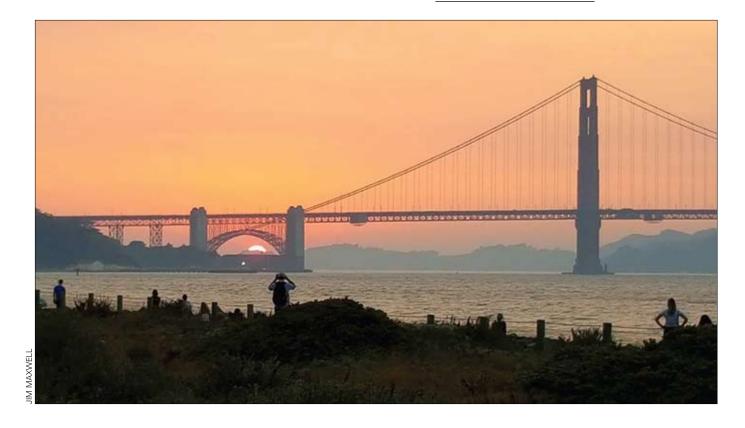


CALENDAR OF EVENTS





LOOKING FORWARD



Flying the Coop to S.F.

NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, FOR GOOD & FOR BAD

By Kevin Frazier

PORTLAND IS A lovely place to call home, and an even better place to find a beer. And what the Portland metro area lacks in dynamic employment opportunities, it more than makes up for in quality of life. You can ski, eat and surf to your heart's content, all within two hours of downtown.

But I'm not at the stage in life where proximity to peaks and pints trumps employment opportunities. My current station — one shared by many of my millennial mates — warrants moving to the epicenters of commerce and education, the mega-cities that pull in talent and resources from around the nation.

So I am pleased that, as the new year dawns, I am now a proud San Franciscan, living just off Fillmore Street.

My chance to fly the coop from my hometown of Portland arrived when Google called offering a job as a legal assistant in Sunnyvale. I quickly accepted, called my partner Dalton and, shortly thereafter, encountered the first of the growing pains lining the path ahead.

Dalton and I huddled around her laptop and started our search for a landing destination. Apartments were not easy to find, but we whittled our search down to two possibilities:

OPTION A: A soma loft with all the marks of S.F.'s tech transition — laundry in the unit, gym access, proximity to hip pubs and plenty of startups nearby.

OPTION B: An under-500-square-feet studio at Fillmore and Greenwich that made up for its lack of frills with a location in one of the city's most beautiful areas — and unparalleled access to some of the best recreational areas, not to mention a dizzying number of delicious dining options.

In the limited time we had to pick our new nest, we surveyed our families for their recommendations. Dalton called her Aunt Debbie, a Marina resident of nearly two decades, and I texted my Uncle Tommy, a former bartender at the Horseshoe on Chestnut and perpetual Bay Area lover. Aunt and uncle alike pressed us to move to this neighborhood.

Their advice was hard to discount, but thinking back on our previous San Francisco visits really tipped the scales. We noted that we rarely found ourselves in soma unless a Giants game was on the itinerary. Instead, our best food, our longest as well as hardest urban hikes, and our most frequent stops to pause and admire the beauty of the bay took place on the north side of the city.

Admittedly, the final push that led us to select the location was the lower rent. Yes, it's true: It is less expensive to live in Cow Hollow than South of Market.

What we hadn't factored in was how to grapple with the effects of being part of the millennial migration to our new city.

Google pays me handsomely but, after rent, the financial grass was definitely greener in Portland. I left cheaper rent and a coffee under \$3 because I wanted to be a part of something substantial, international and impactful. I share that desire with my generational colleagues.

Count me among the millennials who read the headlines and lament the scale of the problems ahead. Within Oregon's borders, those problems felt beyond my reach. In San Francisco, though, I am at the center of efforts to take on the most intractable problems of the present and the future.

Meeting my coworkers and neighbors has confirmed what the demographics make clear: My story is not unique. I am among thousands of other young idealists who are moving to the Bay Area. From 2011 to 2016, the number of San Franciscans between the ages of 25 and 34 increased by more than 25,000.

With the wave of millennials has come a surge in rent. Five years out

from January 2011, the average rent for a one-bedroom apartment soared from \$2,176 to \$3,451. Rental vacancy rates in neighborhoods around the city have plummeted: from 9.1 percent in soma in 2011 to 5.7 percent in 2016, and from 6.6 to 0.57 percent in the Outer Sunset. What's more, as new residents arrive, they are increasingly forced to live with more people in smaller spaces. In the Marina, for example, the average household size of a renter-occupied unit climbed from 1.5 in 2011 to 1.65 in 2016.

People say that change is the norm in San Francisco. But when you're a part of the city's latest cohort it can feel more like disrupting is the norm. Like so many other tech workers, I wake up and take a shuttle provided by my employer down 101 South; and, like so many young people, I'm inclined to Lyft rather than BART when navigating the city. These choices feel commonsensical, but the consequences of the "right" choice made by one can generate a swell of negative consequencies when made by many.

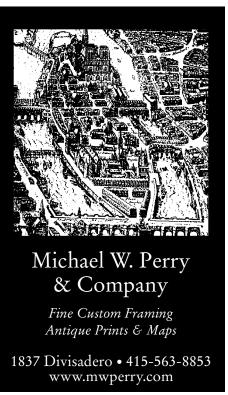
My other commute — a bike ride from Cow Hollow to the Financial District on Mondays and Fridays — puts faces and places to those consequencies. I watch shuttles full of techies contribute to stifling congestion. I witness homeless and mentally ill individuals being passed by Blue Bottle-bearing millennials and tourists. I see yet another classic San Francisco establishment being renovated, replaced or removed.

I'm torn. I came here to help change a world increasingly defined by inequality but, in doing so, I exacerbated the negative trends taking place in my new home.

My friends at Twitter, Bungalow and other start-ups and nonprofits say they are pulled by the same sentiments. We've come to the conclusion that our fervent desire to incite global change must be paired with a dedication to improve San Francisco and address the negatives tied to the economic boom that make our own dreams possible.

Already I am realizing our new home in the neighborhood comes with many benefits. We remain confident we made the right choice. We have developed a few routines that have eased us into turning our new neighborhood into our new home: date nights at Jackson Fillmore, weekend coffee trips to Philz on the Marina Green, milkshakes at Roam after long days at work.

But I am still grappling with my part in the city's transition — whether you call it gentrification, the latest round of turnover or simply ever-present change.



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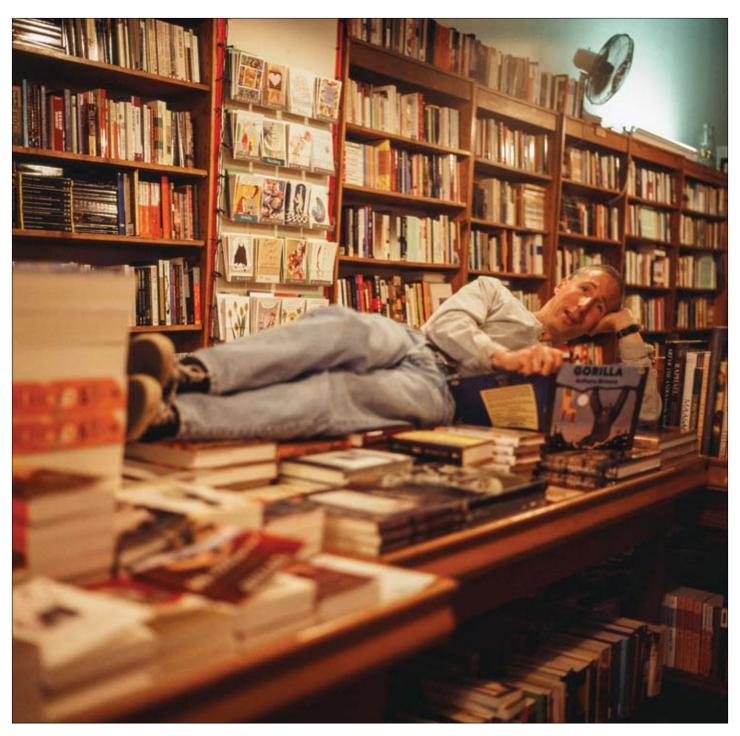
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LOOKING BACK



Steve Damon at **Browser Books** 2195 Fillmore Street

Born in Brooklyn in the 1970s, Damon took what he calls "the Kerouac Trail" west, which involved experimenting with psychedelics. The bookstore opened in 1976 and Damon was working there when the previous owner said he would sell it to him, then disappeared. Damon became an ordained Zen priest and, in 2005, started Browser Books Publishing, specializing in spiritually oriented poetry and prose.

A Moment in Time

TEXT & PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCY GRAY

wo decades ago, in the summer of 1996, I photographed shopkeepers and workers on Fillmore Street. I thought there were wonderful looking people in my neighborhood, people who looked like characters. They understood the performance aspect of small shops, the need to create a style.

I could see that the street was changing, as independent stores and thrift shops diminished and branding put a shellac over individual expression. I wanted to hold on to a moment when individuality was celebrated. The people in this series of photographs all owned or dreamed of owning their own shop, or they were living the dream of expressing themselves through their choices. There was an ideal of earning a modest living through self-expression that may have been sentimental, but it was an era when to be inimitable was prized.

I regret not taking a picture of Cheryl, who was given the dress shop Jim-Elle by its previous owner, which was true for several shops on the street. She was very funny and I can still hear her joking. She married the handsome Irish UPS driver we'd all known for years and she was gone in a snap. Lucky guy.

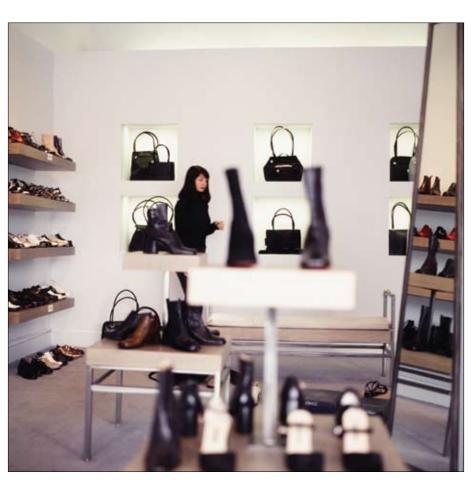






Jose LaCrosby at LaCrosby Style House 1552 Fillmore Street

After serving in the Army in Korea, LaCrosby was the only man to go to the Charm Beauty School in 1955. Being male and black made it hard for him to rent space. Eventually he owned a little chain of beauty salons, had five children and started various lines of hair products. He said he was nearing retirement when pictured here, but he continued to work for another decade in shops around the neighborhood.



Allyson Beaulieu at Gimme Shoes 2358 Fillmore Street

Beaulieu was 26 and had just decided against her lifelong dream of becoming an actress. She planned on paying off her car and then opening a shop with her sister in Paris. Meanwhile, she was taking college courses in anthropology and French.



Kima Kamman at Coup de Chapeau **1821 Steiner Street**

Kamman, a hat designer paid by Coup de Chapeau to push her imagination as far as she could, was the first inspiration for this series of photographs. She grew up in Chico, where she said people thought she had landed from Mars. She moved to New York and designed women's clothes for small manufacturers by day and for cross-dressing performers by night. When she moved to San Francisco, she said, she didn't want to get stuck in one style.



Magna Elmendorf and Michelle Kamakeeaina at Johnny Rockets, 1946 Fillmore Street

Elmendorf and Kamakeeaina had had an affair in Los Angeles, and afterward Elmendorf came north to be near her mother. Kamakeeaina came to visit her old friend and they both got jobs here. She was estranged from both of her parents, so she didn't know at first that they lived apart, but both were nearby.

Phil and Eric Dean at Fillmore Glass and Hardware 1930 Fillmore Street

When Philip Dean came to work in his mother-in-law's shop in 1966, many owners lived behind their stores and rents for the storefronts were \$50 a month. By 1996, they were \$4,000 a month. Phil imagined that when he retired, his son Eric could rent the premises and live on the proceeds in Tahiti.



Lara Taylor and Gina Martocci at Betsey Johnson 2033 Fillmore Street

Taylor said she barely made it through high school. Then there were schools she pretended to her mom she was attending — and drugs, boyfriends, wrecked apartments. She hoped there was a future for her at Betsey Johnson. Martocci got her start designing jewelry for the company. She was the manager, brought here from Los Angeles by way of New York — a place she missed terribly.

FILLMORE 1996



Ronald Hobbs at Spectrum Exotic Birds 2011 Fillmore Street

In 1978, Hobbs was in New York having lunch when he got chatting with Jamie Yorck. When it was time to go, Hobbs said: "If you want to continue this conversation, you'll have to come to San Francisco." Yorck and Hobbs ran their bird shop for two decades, and Hobbs has now lived on Fillmore Street for more than 50 years.



Marcella Madsen and Judy Gilman at Nest 2300 Fillmore Street

Judy Gilman and, later, her daughter Marcella Madsen studied painting at the San Francisco Art Institute. In 1974, Gilman's marriage broke up and she had two kids to support. She started selling at the fledgling Marin Flea Market. She'd had two stores on Haight Street and another at Fillmore and Pine when in 1994 she and her daughter opened their shop at Fillmore and Clay, which is still thriving.

A Family Story

'The Haas Sisters' is a love song to San Francisco past and present

By Kevin Starr

HIS VIVIDLY WRITTEN memoir, The Haas Sisters of Franklin Street, lovingly explores themes of family, sisterhood, the passage of years and life among immigrant German Jewish San Franciscans who had succeeded, in terms of the American Dream, in the second half of the 19th and first half of the 20th century.

Centered on the sisters Alice Haas Lilienthal and Florine Haas Bransten, the memoir evokes the mid- and late-19th-century role played by German Jews in the creation of a great city through commerce and a sense of civilization brought over from Europe and reinforced by Jewish identity. It is also the autobiography of its author, Frances Bransten Rothmann, one of four children of Florine and her husband Edward Bransten.

On one level this is clearly a story of privileged families living in grand Victorians on Franklin Street: houses that have survived to this day and whose architectural exuberance and capaciousness continue to delight architectural historians and preservationists. In these grand and welcoming rooms, three generations experienced more than 70 years of marriages, births, child-rearing and holiday celebrations that filled oversized first-level ballrooms with more than 50 relatives seated at ingeniously decorated tables, as well as more sedate Sunday evening dinners that on a regular basis brought members of the extended Haas, Greenebaum, Triest, Bransten, and Lilienthal families together at a great table in the comfort of the dining room, with its richly paneled walls and coffered ceiling.

It is also the continuing story of Frances Bransten Rothmann through childhood, adolescence, young adulthood, college at Barnard in New York, a romance there with a distinguished German physician, Hans Rothmann, followed by marriage and motherhood and the rearing of her own fourth-generation San Francisco family. Yes, San Francisco! For this memoir is as well a loving and detailed evocation of the city and what was achieved in the 19th century, destroyed by earthquake and fire in April 1906, then rebuilt, recapturing its unique existence as a world city on a human scale.

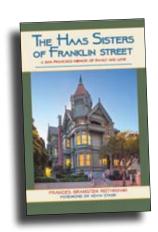
From this perspective, Rothmann centers her story on 2007 Franklin Street, where the Haas sisters, her mother and aunt, orchestrated the delightful pageant of family life that represented their existence. The narrative moves seamlessly to the nearby downtown where the sisters shopped so avidly in elegant department stores, took lunch or tea at the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, caught a play at the Alcazar Theatre, or treated young Frances at Blum's to the most delicious ice cream and cake.

The Haas Sisters constitutes a love song to San Francisco past and present. "Present" because the two homes on Franklin Street have survived and in their later years continue to nurture daily life as only homes can do. Their daily life in San Francisco, as these pages reveal, emanated a mood of well-being — of being safe and at home amid the family in a city that fused the necessary and the practical with the poetry and deeper resonances, magic, even, of developed urban culture in a dramatic setting.

The narrative moves down the Peninsula to the Haas summer home in Atherton, with its vegetable gardens, tennis court, swimming pool and greensward



Alice and Florine Haas grew up the Haas-Lilienthal House at 2007 Franklin Street.



A look back with love

Frances Bransten Rothmann's loving memoir of the Haas sisters — her mother and aunt was first published as a black and white paperback in 1976. It has now been expanded and reissued by Heyday Books and S.F. Heritage in a deluxe edition with many color photographs and additional materials.

The author's son, John Rothmann, will talk about the book and his family on January 31 at 6 p.m. at the family home, the Haas-Lilienthal House, at 2007 Franklin Street. For more information, go to sfheritage.org.

on which tables could be aligned for alfresco lunches in the sunshine that was so conspicuously absent on Franklin Street during the fog-ridden San Francisco summer. Rothmann deftly chronicles excursions to yet another summer home in a completely different direction: a popular resort on the shores of Lake Tahoe. The conjoined families — with more and more children added to their ranks as the years went on — traveled to Tahoe by standard- and narrow-gauge railroad. Over time, this arc of travel centered on Franklin Street would be extended to embrace New York and Europe to the east, Hawaii and Hong Kong across the Pacific, as the sisters and other family members became world

Here was a world of graciousness, family love and leisure sufficient to allow the sisters time for five to six telephone calls a day to discuss a myriad of topics: budding romances of grown-up daughters and sons, forthcoming holidays, weddings celebrated on the great lawn at Atherton, menus for dinners to be ordered by telephone from a grocer who delivered, along with a milkman, a baker and a dry cleaner who also delivered, and an aged family physician who made

Across their long lifetimes, Alice Haas Lilienthal and Florine Haas Bransten shared an enduring treasure of love, sisterhood and friendship that formed the emotional and ceremonial nucleus of the larger family clan. Whatever happened - including the destruction of the city by earthquake and a fire that came within a block of destroying Franklin Street whatever surprising developments might occur as the 20th century progressed, there were always the sisters, the special delight, the secrets even, the smiles and mutual support they shared, the love and warmth, the regard for others that emanated outward as a matrix of identity and support for the entire clan.

Between 1904 and 1908, the first generation of the family returned to Germany to visit birthplaces, hometowns and family relatives who in earlier times decided not to emigrate to the United States. Fast-forward to World War II, when so many relatives, including Frances's husband, brother and cousin, were serving in the armed forces. She, her mother and her aunt rolled bandages for the Red Cross, served coffee and donuts to departing troops, invited assorted soldiers and sailors to holiday dinners, wrapped care packages and wrote Victory letters: all this added to their continuing work with various Jewish charities keyed to the war

During these years — from 1933 onward — a horror beyond imagination was being carried out against the Jews living in Europe, beginning in Germany, where the ancestors of these and all the other names in this San Francisco narrative had developed their personal, professional and cultural identities. With great delicacy and restraint, Rothmann movingly concludes her narrative, written at the end of her long and happy life, probing the meaning of the distance between the German Jewish San Francisco of her narrative and the horrors of the Holocaust.

German Jews had played a major role in founding the city and bringing it to maturity. On Franklin Street, family members celebrated Christmas and Easter as secular American holidays, along with Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July, as well as special days in the Jewish calendar of observance at Temple Emanu-El.

The terrible events, the monstrous crimes in Europe of the 1930s and first half of the 1940s, obliged Rothmann to wrestle with questions that could never be answered. "For Mother's and Aunt Alice's particular class of Jew in San Francisco," Rothmann writes, "the 19th century was one of security, propriety, tranquility: one of successful enterprises, affluence and social amenities.... What could they know of ghettos, iron-fisted militarism and revolutions that existed for their forefathers a century earlier? What could they know of persecution, these ladies who were so loved and accepted? How could they smell the horror of the ashes of their fellow Jews, thousands of miles removed from isolated San Francisco? The daggers of pain and death could not penetrate their senses, but their hearts were never immune to the suffering of others."

As a fourth-generation San Franciscan who lives on Franklin Street just two blocks from where the sisters lived, I appreciate this memoir and the San Francisco these families helped to create.

Former State Librarian Kevin Starr completed this foreword for the new edition of The Haas Sisters of Franklin Street shortly before he died in January 2017.

FIRST PERSON

A New Project Brings Life Into the Present Tense

By Kelly Johnson

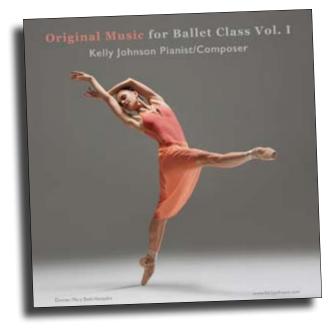
N THE SUNSET years of my life, I sometimes realize that many of my friends don't see me as I see myself. They see just an old guy on the corner outside Peet's. But inside my head, I know I've had an interesting life - even if the interesting parts all seem to be in the

Recently I took on a new project that involved writing original music for ballet class, publishing a CD and developing a website. It was life changing.

And it turned out to be the glue that holds together all of the disparate parts of my life: as a child performer in vaudeville, later at the S.F. Dance Theater, which started on Fillmore Street; then as executive director of the Berkeley Symphony, followed by my years as a concert pianist and now my newest work as a composer.

Many of us have a time in our life we consider the most exciting, exhilarating, even defining. For me, that was when I was part of the dance world. Dancers were my family. They were in the studio all day: class in the morning, rehearsals in the afternoon, performances at night. We propped each other up through absolute exhaustion, injuries and long hours. We were disappointed or exhilarated together with performances.

Because of my childhood career on the vaudeville circuit, when my mother pushed my sister and me to perform as acrobats and contortionists, I got involved in the SF dance community after moving here in the early 60s. I really went for it and blossomed in a big way. As I



Kelly Johnson composed and performed the music on his new CD for ballet students.

sometimes say: "I did everything and everybody and lived to tell about it." The timing was perfect in San Francisco's late '60s into the '80s. There was a real dance boom.

Looking back, it was my years while founding and running the S.F. Dance Theater that gave me my real identity and brought all else into focus. I was a bit naïve, but bold. I jumped in and helped transform the dance communities of the Bay Area and the state of California through new priorities and funding policies. I helped bring the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts into being.

A couple of years after the S.F. Dance Theater closed, I was recruited to help revive the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra. I loved the Berkeley Symphony and left my mark. But it was different. The musicians showed up five to 10 minutes before rehearsal and were gone almost immediately after. The deep sense of family was not there. Supporting a full orchestra is expensive, so I spent long hours fund-raising in the community. I felt it was worth it because it was an important orchestra that presented

groundbreaking performances. It was, however, extremely stressful to raise so much money in Berkeley, and after 13 years my health was in tatters. So I left, without really knowing what was next.

Then it dawned: I knew when I was 6 years old that I really wanted to play the piano — the only thing I hadn't gotten to in my life. This was my chance. I devoted myself to the piano and gave concerts at a circuit of upscale retirement communities from Napa down to San Jose. I did 120 performances a year until I started losing the use of my left arm. I had neck surgery to get my left arm back and got one more year of performing before the arm gave out again. It could not be revived.

In 1999, I started writing some pieces for ballet class, mostly for fun. I didn't get very far and, frustrated by technical problems, I gave up on them.

Then last year I came across a book with some of my compositions. I played them and liked them. I got serious about finishing the project and managed to complete all 21 pieces. I wanted not only to compose them, but also to be the one who recorded them. My partially paralyzed left arm was a real problem. It turned out to be a nightmare to get a clean recording of all 21 pieces. They are not perfect, but I've done it.

As I was completing these 21 short pieces for ballet class, my end goal was to publish a CD for teachers. And to do this the way I wanted, I needed to have a website, complete with pictures. I started digging through old photo albums and boxes and uncovering who I was in the 1940s and '50s. It was the vaudeville circuit, big theaters, big bands — things that young people only know from old movies. Memories flooded in: the smell of the grease paint (gone), lots of men working the ropes in theaters (mostly gone), having a band or orchestra in the pit (very rare).

In the process of doing these compositions, recording them and creating my website at kellyjohnson.com, I've brought all the pieces of my life back into focus. I no longer feel my life is past tense. I now feel once again I am the glorious sum of all my crazy parts.



LANDMARKS



The cottage at 2514 Gough projects out over the brick retaining wall in treehouse fashion.



The northernmost of the two cottages, 2516 Gough, rises above the brick retaining wall.

THE BURR COTTAGES

Side-by-side William Wursters in Cow Hollow

By Bridget Maley

URING HIS LONG career designing innovative houses, architect William W. Wurster (1895-1973) completed a number of significant local commissions.

Among them were his well-sited Modern dwellings for the Fleishhacker, Gerbode, Grover and Stevens families scattered around the neighborhood, which we discussed last month. From 1939 to 1941 about the same time he designed these family homes — Wurster also built two small cottages for sisters Alice and Marian Burr on a sloping block of Gough Street, between Green and Vallejo. The sisters were the granddaughters of an early San Francisco mayor, Ephraim W. Burr.

The cottages are around the corner from 1772 Vallejo, the house in which the Burr sisters were raised. That Victorian-era, Second Empire Italianate mansion is a far cry from the small Modern pair of cottages in which the sisters invested in 1939. They engaged Wurster to build side-by-side residences along Gough Street, perhaps with the intention of eventually moving into the



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smaller dwellings. However, they remained in the family home throughout their lifetimes; the two Modern gems were rented, changing hands only after the sisters died, in 1966 and 1968.

The Burr sisters were the daughters of Edmund and Anna Burr, for whom the Victorian-era house at 1772 Vallejo Street was built. Edmund's father, former mayor Ephraim Burr, was a major landholder in Cow Hollow and Pacific Heights; he built the Vallejo Street home as a wedding present for Edmund and his wife, Anna, who raised three daughters there: Elsie, born in 1877; Marian, born in 1884; and Alice, born in 1888. Elsie married writer and sociologist Harry Overstreet and raised three boys, one of whom became a successful gynecologist, inventing the Overstreet forceps. Elsie later divorced Overstreet, and eventually settled in Berkeley; her two younger sisters never married.

Alice Burr, a budding photographer, is credited with a series of photographs of soldiers marching down Van Ness Avenue before they embarked to Manila during the Spanish-American war. These images which she took in the spring of 1898 when she was only 10 years old — are now in the collection of the California Historical Society. The backgrounds of those photos record the remarkable residential properties that lined Van Ness before they were destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire. Alice became a successful artist and photographer, eventually building a separate studio behind the Burr mansion that faced Green Street. This little studio, designed for Alice in 1916 by Henry Higby Gutterson, the architect of the Storybook castle



The sisters who commissioned the cottages remained in the family home at 1772 Vallejo.

complex nearby at 1729 Vallejo, sits beside Wurster's house for Harley and Georgiana Stevens, which was completed in 1941.

Alice and Marian Burr were the cousins of the Allyne sisters, who lived a block away in their family home until the early 1960s. Allyne Park sits on the lot once occupied by their grand home, which was on par with the elaborate Burr home. By 1963, both of the Allyne sisters had died and a bit of controversy arose about what to do with their home before it was eventually demolished to create today's park. However, in 1969, Alice Burr's estate successfully secured a landmark designation for the Burr mansion on Vallejo, which became Landmark #31 and still stands.

Georgiana Stevens, Wurster's client on Green Street, stepped in and purchased the home. In 1970, Stevens, along with attorney Rubin Glickman, applied to to convert the building into offices. Planning Commission minutes noted: "The city owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Stevens for her efforts to preserve the Burr house. And she indicated she was pleased Mr. Glickman had the imagination to conceive of a use which would enable the building to remain in its present state."

While efforts were ongoing to save the Burr mansion from the fate of the Allyne house, the two Burr cottages Wurster designed were sold to new owners in the early 1970s: Thomas C. Stapleton and Levin A. Sledge. The homes have subsequently changed hands a few additional

The adjacent dwellings, each accessed by

a set of stairs, march up the Gough Street slope. The northernmost, 2516 Gough, is downhill from the other cottage at 2514 Gough. Wurster set this two-unit dwelling on top of the brick retaining wall, punctuated by the garage doors. There is a front and rear unit, each accessed via an outdoor, brick-paved walkway. The front two-story unit has a ribbon of windows at the first level, paired with windows of the same proportion above. An overhanging hipped roof along Gough caps the front facade, punctuated by a brick chimney along the north elevation.

The cottage at 2514 projects out over the brick retaining wall in treehouse fashion. The glazed room created by the overhang is capped with the same hipped roof used on the downhill partner. This simple grouping of dwellings epitomizes Wurster's design philosophy and incorporates his typical assemblage of wood, brick and glass.

When World War II began, Wurster's practice took a different turn. All of the homes he built in the neighborhood set the tone for subsequent commissions undertaken both on his own and with partners Theodore Bernardi and Donn Emmons.

Wurster's residential work culminated with the dramatic Big Sur Baer House of 1963, by which time he had been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. He died a decade later, after unparalleled contributions to both the profession and architectural education. Wurster's other innovation, founding the U.C. Berkeley College of Environmental Design, brought the disciplines of architecture, landscape architecture and urban planning into one college, a first for an American university.





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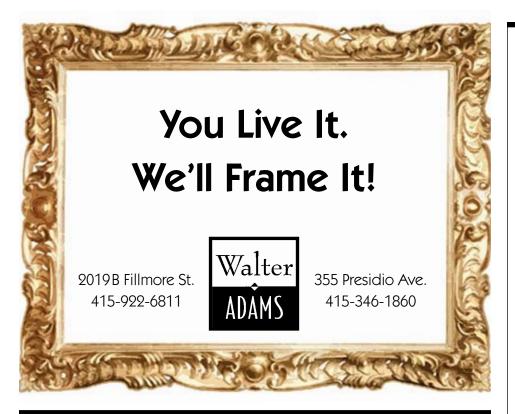
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NEIGHBORHOOD HOME SALES

Single Family Homes	BR	ВА	PK	Sq ft	Day	o Doto	Asking	Sale
2621 Lombard St	3	1	7 K	2,222	•	s Date 11/27/2017	1,595,000	1,500,000
2961 Broderick St	3	2	2	2,222 n/a	1	11/27/2017	3,450,000	3,450,000
1908 Broadway	2	3	0	3,343	23	12/5/2017	2,995,000	3,500,000
2334 Pine St	5	4	3	4,540	100	12/3/2017	4,195,000	3,800,000
46 Presidio Ave	4	3	ა 1	2,805	25			
	4	3	1	•		11/20/2017	3,995,000	4,225,000
2555 Filbert St	4 5	3	2	3,836	65 76	12/15/2017	5,800,000	4,995,000
2625 Scott St	5	3	2	3,660	70	11/21/2017	5,950,000	5,518,000
Condos / Co-ops / TICs / L	ofts							
1450 Post St #412	1	1	1	715	187	11/29/2017	350,000	290,000
1450 Post St #602	1	2	1	1,094		11/20/2017	550,000	570,000
2415 Van Ness Ave #105	1	1	0	540	12	12/5/2017	525,000	590,000
1395 Lyon St #1	1	1	1	511		11/29/2017	635,000	650,000
, 1701 Jackson St #207	1	1	1	743		11/22/2017	859,000	863,000
2046 Greenwich St #1	1	1	1	802	22	12/1/2017	899,000	915,000
1755 Filbert St #1V	1	1	1	1,001	14	12/5/2017	799,000	1,005,000
82 Garden St	2	2	1	1,179	19	12/13/2017	899,000	1,090,000
2341 Franklin St #3	2	1	1	1,306	48	12/7/2017	1,250,000	1,160,000
2299 Sacramento St #18	2	1	1	1,270	98	12/15/2017	1,150,000	1,195,000
2476 Sutter St #2	2	2	1	1,125	37	12/7/2017	1,095,000	1,200,000
1895 Pacific Ave #105	1	2	1	1,165	7	11/27/2017	1,095,000	1,254,825
2315 Divisadero St #O	2	2	1	1,203	29	12/15/2017	1,295,000	1,275,000
2121 Laguna St #6	2	2	1	n/a	11	12/1/2017	1,175,000	1,300,000
1449 Baker St #2	3	2	1	1,400	29	12/4/2017	1,495,000	1,425,000
2016 Pacific Ave #401	2	2	1	1,160	3	11/30/2017	1,420,000	1,450,000
1770 Pacific Ave #302	2	2	1	1,500	45	11/29/2017	1,450,000	1,450,000
2451 Buchanan St	1	2	1	1,700	5	12/13/2017	1,395,000	1,500,000
2090 Pacific Ave #502	1	1	1	n/a	17	11/17/2017	1,500,000	1,500,000
2831 Webster St #5	3	2	2	1,678	75	12/6/2017	1,725,000	1,580,000
2200 Pacific Ave #10D	2	2	1	n/a	15	11/16/2017	1,695,000	1,750,000
2539 Clay St #5	2	2	1	1,550	47	12/15/2017	1,795,000	1,776,000
2655 Bush St #301	3	2	2	1,600	28	11/28/2017	1,775,000	1,795,000
3439 Sacramento St #302	3	2	2	1,900	41	12/15/2017	2,495,000	2,300,000
2929 Fillmore St	3	2	1	2,008	7	12/1/2017	1,995,000	2,350,000
2064 Green St	2	2	1	1,834	36	11/20/2017	2,675,000	2,490,000
2719 Franklin St	4	3	1	n/a	34	11/22/2017	2,695,000	2,685,000
2121 Webster St PH#3	3	3	1	2,207	61	11/17/2017	4,495,000	4,595,000
2288 Broadway #1N	3	3	2	n/a	4	11/22/2017	5,500,000	6,000,000

'Twas the season for high-end bargains



Holiday season real estate activity in nearby neighborhoods looked a lot like it did one year ago, with a pair of single-family home sales representing excellent values for local buyers.

There were 36 single-family home and condominium sales in Pacific Heights, Lower Pacific Heights, Cow Hollow and Presidio Heights between mid-November and mid-December. That is identical to the number of sales during the same period last year.

Two sales at this year's end particularly stood out as reminders that patience and year-end home shopping can reward buyers.

On December 5, 1908 Broadway sold for \$3.5 million — the first time in more than 50 years it had traded on the market. The Victorian home features three sides of light and views of the bay, and it will likely be worth more than \$6 million once renovated. One week later, the spacious home at 2334 Pine Street (above) sold for \$3.8 million, priced at \$837 per square foot, or about \$300 less than the average single-family home sold in the area during the last year.

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

"I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines."

— Henry David Thoreau



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Fillmore Counterbalance, circa 1905

LOCAL HISTORY



Sandlot baseball on Pacific Avenue, circa 1910

25,000 views of San Francisco

In 2017, the Western Neighborhoods Project added 15,000 image scans to its website at OpenSFHistory.org. It wrapped up the year with 25,000 historical views of San Francisco, including these two favorites in Pacific Heights.

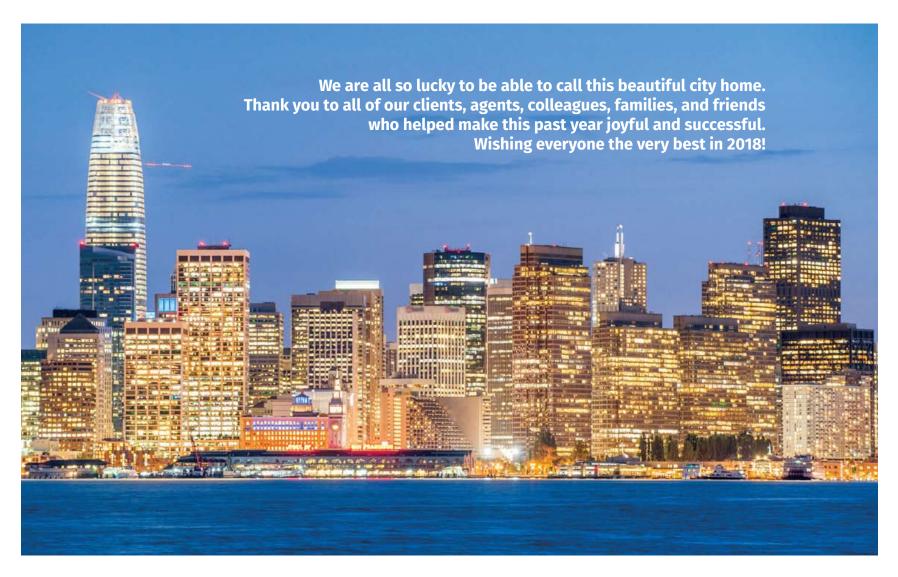
- FILLMORE COUNTERBALANCE A century ago on Fillmore Street, one could transfer onto an unusual counterbalance car to go down the steep hill to Cow Hollow. In this circa-1905 photograph looking up cobblestoned Fillmore to Pacific Heights (left), the descending car gives the power to pull the one going uphill.
- SANDLOT BASEBALL Part of the value of OpenSFHistory's program is to tap the public's collective knowledge for images we can't identify. We knew this sandlot baseball game on a hillside surrounded with fine Victorian homes (above) was definitely in San Francisco. The little bakery wagon appears to have the business address of 1433 Divisadero on its side and the roadway has cable car tracks. We put it up as unidentified and hoped someone could figure out the location.

Quickly, in response to a public plea, researcher Glenn Koch identified this empty lot as being on Pacific Avenue between Franklin and Gough. A couple of the houses visible in the background still stand.

The Western Neighborhoods Project has a target of adding 15,000 additional images in 2018. If you would like to see more or help with our efforts, visit OpenSFHistory.org.

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