



Memories of my Honorable Manongs

by Sharon V. Bosque-Wiebe Hoffman



Filipino Diaspora – Go West Young Man

Most of the Manongs that I knew and grew up with immigrated as young men; some not even twenty years old, arrived in the United States in the early 1920s. (Manong translates to brother in the Ilocano language but I always considered it to mean “elders” as I was instructed to call elder women Manang). Due to established laws, these young men remained single and bonded with each other as brothers. They settled where there was work, having been invited here to work on various farms and businesses in the U.S. Many initially settled in Watsonville, Stockton, and all points on the West Coast. They followed the crops and Alaskan canneries. What would become the Livermore enclave first settled in the Pajaro Valley town of Watsonville, CA. This group was largely made up of Ilocanos from Santa in the province of Ilocos Sur on the island of Luzon.

Migration North

Most Manongs tended food crops or seed crops. The seed company my father and uncles helped build was the Ferry Morse Seed Company, now part of a

multinational, multibillion dollar industry. When the flower industry began to grow the (future) Livermore enclave commuted at first, eventually heading north to the rose and grape industries to settle in Livermore.

Livermore is Home

For the early part of these young men’s lives, they lived and worked in Watsonville, single and without the right to own land. During World War II many of the Manongs enlisted, fought, (some becoming heroes) and became U.S. citizens. After the war things changed in their favor. Anti-Miscegenation was reversed in California in 1948 and land ownership became legal. Some married in their forties, started families, and bought homes. Many remained single and resided in field labor camps. Some that served in the military garnered work at LLNL.

Our Enclave was Vibrant and we Enjoyed Life

I recall many a picnic with a roasted pig being turned by Clay and John Felicitas and their brothers. There were other festivities as well. Dances that we attended at Forester or Dania Halls were

well attended. We danced to live music played by Filipino musicians who were part of the enclave – they always played jazz music. I’m sure that is where my love of jazz music comes from. Originating in the islands, rooster fights were a popular sport back then, but I understand my father stopped going to rooster fights after I was born.

Being a native of Livermore, born at St. Paul’s Hospital, I hold fond and special memories of the days gone by. Having my cousins just around the block meant having a whole group of kids with whom to safely walk to May Nissen Park to go swimming and elsewhere around town. We had many of the enclave’s children to play and grow up with. We all went to school together and we were God sisters and God brothers with the Cabellos and Burdioses. Our Easter Egg hunts were at a large yard on P Street where there was a huge chicken coop among the very large pepper trees where we played.

Livermore is where I first experienced a sense of wonder at nature. We took walks out in the tall grass at the camps where our fathers would visit to enjoy a barbecue or visit the single Manongs and speak in their native tongue under the most billowy, white, beautiful cumulus clouds, in the bluest of skies, and in the greenest of hills.

(Manongs, continued on page 4)

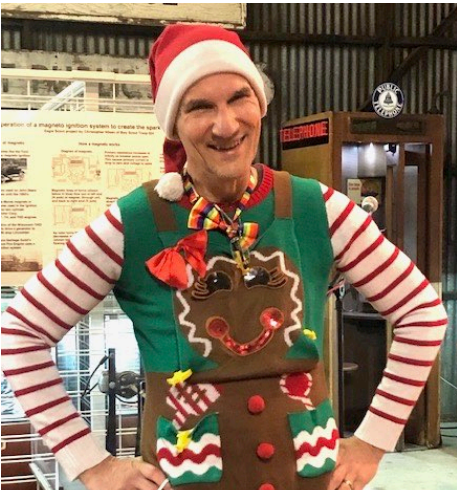
Above: Members of the Bosque family, circa 1944. Photo courtesy of Sharon V. Bosque-Wiebe Hoffman.

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Writing Is Hard

by Jeff Kaskey



The title line is a mantra repeated between the missus and me, reflecting upon a script or a lyric sufficiently deficient that rather than decry the author we instead remind ourselves that the capture of words is like many an art. Anyone can wave a brush, few can create a painting. When you are absorbed in a movie and the dialog gets wretched (“Flash, Flash, Flash, I love you, but we only have fourteen hours to save the earth!”), you can castigate the writer, but sometimes it is easier to simply nod knowingly to your movie date and repeat “Writing is Hard.”

I bring this up, because I have started reading through *The Klondike News*, edited by Gary Drummond and Anna Siig. The title has been for sale at the Guild since 1998, yet I have not gotten around to reading it until it was gifted to me as the prize for winning “Ugliest Sweater” at this year’s holiday gathering of the Heritage Guild volunteers. While opening my gift, still wincing in shame for the outfit that won the award, Sheri Ann Dante perked up, and said I would love it and I really should read it right away. And so I am.

It is wonderful; truly a delight to read. It chronicles the journey of Livermore residents who chased the Alaskan Gold Rush of the late 1800s from their printed stories sent back for Livermore papers. And while the multiple writers include news reporters as well as individuals writing personal letters, the writing is charmingly of the time. I don’t doubt that the newspaper editors corrected an occasional grammatical foible, but each letter or article reflects its author’s style. I don’t know how often I can get away

with this, but here I pad my article with a piece from the book:

Editor, Echo: Our steamer left the Howard Street wharf at 2:45 on the 28th of July and, after the usual delays, passed outside the heads at 5PM. The supper bell was rung at 5:45 and we all trooped down with great confidence in ourselves. (Mr. Bistorious and John Dougherty had both been at sea before, in fact they had sailed “to Seattle and other northern ports” only a short time before and were “old sailors.” I was a landlubber and expected to be seasick.) The waiter gave us our choices of divers and sundry kinds of meats, cooked to the queen’s taste, and served to order. The table was adorned with fruit, flowers and a great many tempting delicacies. Each of “us three” ordered steak – and got it. About this time the steamer commenced to bow and dip, and pull sideways, just enough to make us brace our feet under the table. “Bis” picked up his knife and fork, laid them down, looked longingly at the porterhouse, and then, turning to me with a look so appealing, so full of horror and anguish, that would make one pity an enemy, he heaved a great heartbroken sigh, tried to swallow something – and without asking to be excused left the dining room on the run. John and I winked the other eye to each other, but were too delicate to suggest the cause of our partner’s hasty exit. We finished our suppers and went on deck. I needed the fresh air, and my salivary glands were working in an up-to-date manner, so I took a hasty stroll aft. The stroll got to a brisk walk, and then to a run. I seemed to be in a hurry. I leaned over the rail for a long time, gazing into the sea and meditating on the vanity of earthly greatness. On looking round I discovered “Bis” seated on a box with his arm fondly encircling a post and looking unutterable things at the sea below. I asked him after a while if he was sick: I will not attempt now or at any other time to repeat his answer.

And on it goes. The narrative spends less time on mal de mere and more on the experiences of the mines and the towns that sprung up in the area to support them. It is written in a style that is both colorful and delicate. Unpleasantries are

suggested, not sharply detailed, but the experience becomes visceral as the reader puts in a bit of work to absorb meaning behind the charming turn of phrase about an unforgiving wilderness.

There are challenges in the text. Native Americans are sometimes described in demeaning terms, as dogs and worse, though also as fellow humans. I was lightly intrigued when our reporter described another as “conceited and bigoted”. How much worse must this creature be than the writer describing the local natives as “Siwash dogs.” Many of the merchants don’t fare much better, described as driven at best by greed and with no concern for others. But perhaps that is an accurate description of the time.

As a reader, it is useful to keep in mind that many papers were sending back stories, so a successful byline came to the reporter with the best drama, the most adventure, and the sharpest eye for analysis of the weaknesses of fellow adventurers. The Yukon in the 1890s was inhospitable and cruel, and exaggeration seems hardly necessary, but still it is worth attempting some perspective. At one early point, our writer notes that each of the three had gained weight as they were kept in what must have been at least modest comfort waiting for a transfer steamer on their way to the fields. On the other hand, there is a decent description of the manual work in cutting down trees and sawing lumber in freezing temperatures to build their own boats for the river journeys.

The commentary is acerbic, and I will leave it to those of you who venture to buy a copy of this book to learn which political party are those described as “a feather brained people (who can be easily talked into voting for any old thing).” Even writers for other papers on the same ship are not spared; a missive from a competing *Chronicle* writer described thus: “...you will have to sift it a good deal to get the gist of it...”

(Writing, continued on page 9)

Top Left: The award winning costume that earned Jeff a copy of *The Klondike News*. Photo by Janet VonToussaint.

President's Message: Tending and Mending Fences

by Will Bolton

One feature of ranch life has always been tending and mending fences. That is still true at Hagemann today with the horse fences and even the wire fence in front of the Hagemann house needing some post replacements. It is perhaps not as obvious that the Duarte Garage and Cottage also have fences that need attention every decade or so. For example, recognizing the deteriorated state of the redwood fence between the Garage and Cottage, Kathy Lee made arrangements to have the fence completely replaced. More recently, it became obvious that several posts holding up the picket fence between the Cottage yard and the adjacent park had rotted and needed to be replaced. Ron Chaffee heard about the need and, having the experience, skills, and tools, volunteered to replace the posts.

The picket fence at the Cottage is only ceremonial and isn't needed to control animals. However, the condition of the posts was so bad that the entire fence was in danger of falling over. The posts had been set in concrete but the concrete visible at the surface was badly cracked and not supporting the posts. Ron purchased new 4' x 4' posts, assembled the tools, and set a date in mid-November to work on the fence. The

first step was to remove the fence sections attached to the damaged posts. After removing the broken surface concrete it became clear that there was a first pour of concrete that was still solid. The plan changed a bit with the decision to set the new posts in the old concrete. After laboriously removing the rotted wood, the new posts were cut to length and fit right into the square holes in the old concrete. One post needed to be driven into the hole an inch or so to match the height of the other posts. While Ron was pounding on the post with a small sledge hammer, a fellow walking his dog in the park stopped to chat. I told him that Ron had started with an 8 foot post and had been pounding on it for 3 hours to get it down to where only 4 feet were still sticking out of the ground. With a skeptical look on his face, he continued walking his dog.

After setting the new posts, Ron used high density urethane post setting foam to close the hole around the posts. Neither Ron nor I had experience with the foam, so it was an adventure. In some regards, it is simpler than concrete but once it is mixed it is going to expand however much it wants to and wherever it wants to. After the foam had set, some trimming the excess with an oscillating



cutter finished the posts' installation. After reinstalling the picket fence panels and a little touchup painting, the fence was back in service.

Returning to fences at Hagemann, there are continuing volunteer opportunities to replace posts at the Hagemann house. The reason for bringing that job up is to mention that LHG's 2nd Vice-President Donna Stevens has engaged the Membership Committee (Donna Stevens, Dottie Eberly, Sheri Ann Dante, Sally Nunes, Carol Wahrer, with able technical assistance from Harry Briley) to improve and streamline membership processes. As that effort matures, the Committee is going to turn its attention to improving our processes for engaging with volunteers and potential volunteers. This will be a great step forward in matching the needs of LHG with the interests and skills of potential volunteers to broaden the opportunities for meaningful engagement in rewarding projects - like replacing the front yard fence posts at Hagemann Ranch. Stay tuned to learn more about volunteer opportunities from Donna Stevens and her committee.



Above: Posts had rotted and concrete had failed in the Duarte Cottage picket fence - literally about to fall over. **Left:** Ron Chaffee trims away the hardened excess urethane foam that had been used to set the posts into the concrete. Photos by Will Bolton.

LHG Auction: Save the Date!



We need YOU! Be sure to put May 21st on your calendar!

The famously unique LHG auction is set for May 21st at the Duarte Garage. We're getting excited about the items collected

for the auction so far, among them two twin bed headboard/footboard sets, and a turn of the century walnut pump organ in beautiful condition. Rides on the hay wagon or an LHG fire truck in one of the Livermore parades will again be offered, as well as the opportunity to use Hagemann Ranch or the Duarte Garage as the venue for a special party. The auction is always a fun way to catch up with old friends, meet new friends, enjoy a delicious dinner, and go home with that newfound treasure you never knew you needed until you saw it at the LHG auction.

We need YOU!

We are still collecting unique, auction-worthy items so be sure to keep us in mind as you do your early Spring cleaning. Please email event@livermorehistory.com if you find any nice treasures to donate.

We need YOU!

It's time to assemble an auction committee to plan the details - theme, food, decorations, publicity, auction lots, ticket sales, and more. Help is desperately needed! Please email event@livermorehistory.com and say you want a part in planning the fun!

Manongs

(continued from page 1)



We went with our father a few times to the vineyards while he worked with the Cairels and others. The Burbanos lived around the corner and they'd all gather to play cards there. Our Manongs built homes close to one another. I recall a Quonset hut as an abode for Manongs on Livermore Avenue. It was one long room with cots lined up in a row on each side of the room and it had a kitchen and bathroom at the far end. There was also a camp at the bend of Tesla Road and Livermore Avenue and it may have been the one they called Camp Corregidor; it was a house near large eucalyptus trees. In the early 1950s there was a camp house on Park Street where some Manongs lived as well.

Livermore was less populated in the fifties. My brothers Ben and Les (Georgie) and our boy cousins would camp at a place we called Turtle's Creek which was at the junction of Livermore Avenue and what would become I-580. It was wide open land with few homes out there then.

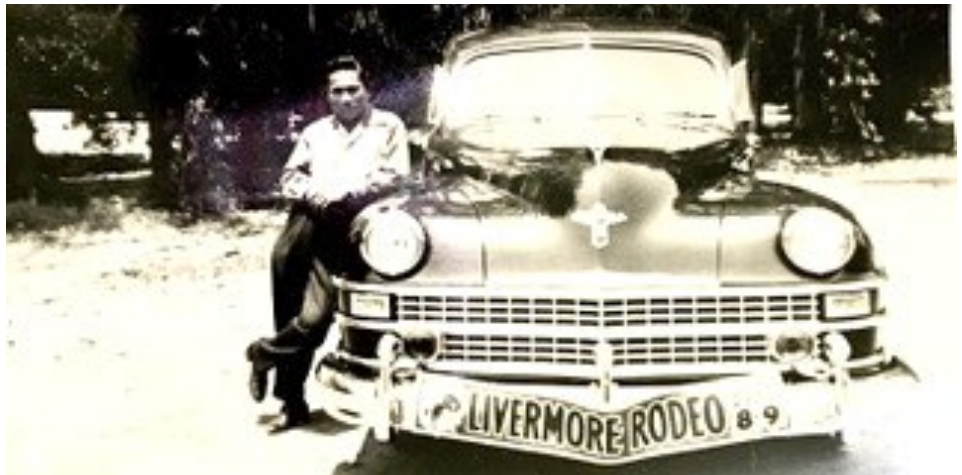
I have a picture of the enclave Bosque and DePeralta boys marching in the Rodeo Parade circa 1958. They were dressed as military men carrying our flag. My girl cousins, friends, and I marched in that parade; I as a cowgirl in my cowgirl hat, twirling a baton. I was a toddler.

Most of our boys grew into young men and went off to serve in the Army and Navy during the Vietnam War and their sons in subsequent wars and thank God they all returned home.

The Felicitas and the Bernacils, a few descendants of our pioneer Manongs, remain in Livermore. Most of us have moved out of the area to be able to purchase homes or be nearer our employment. I come home at least once a year and tend my loved one's resting places at St. Michael's. There is an

extension of the Manong's Santanian Organization established in the 1920s. The Fil-Am Organization started up in 1965 I believe, when the new wave of immigrants from the Philippines arrived in the mid 1960s. Our pioneer, Paul Begonia, was President during their inaugural year. We are proud that they have kept and continue to keep a cultural presence in Livermore.

This article is only a small sampling of a very rich spectrum of our little known history, of the young gentlemen that immigrated here upon invitation to work the crops and businesses, leaving their families and homes to brave the uncertainty of the wild west. They met the unexpected challenges with fortitude, determination and grace. They met many kind people along the way and proved their place in history in this town, state, nation, and the world.



Above Left: Enclave kids in the 1959 Livermore Rodeo Parade; **Above:** Guillermo Bosque at the Livermore Rodeo in 1946 before his return to the Philippine Islands. Photos courtesy of Sharon V. Bosque-Wiebe Hoffman.

Hagemann Happenings

by Barbara Soules

Winter at the ranch is calm, peaceful and very green. The grass is high enough to need cutting and the horses are thrilled with the clippings. Programming at Sunflower Hill is on break until the beginning of February and the riding program has slowed a bit due to weather and illnesses. However, all regular maintenance and restoration work continues unabated. The ranch has several angels who are on site religiously, working on their chosen projects. Sandra Lormand and Karen Jefferson work on the house's perennial beds. Del Eckles is a jack of all trades and tackles needed carpentry jobs. John Slover mucks the paddocks, cuts the grass, and whacks the weeds. Jeff Kaskey chips logs and does various maintenance chores, especially if they require the tractor. In his caretaker position, Brian O'Dell trouble shoots and watches over the site. Kathy Lee is on hand to create new things or repair whatever needs fixing. Whenever we need electrical work done, we call on Tom Eberly. Phil Dean and Don Bartel are the fellows who have restored

several buildings on site. Their latest project was dismantling the house back porch. It was structurally unsafe and having that space open gives us better access to the house foundation. Building a house foundation is the next step toward creating a ranch house museum and is included in the 2022 strategic plan. The plan is to rebuild the porch once the foundation is done using old photos as a guide.

Creating a house museum is a long-term goal, but local citizens already have the vision and are contributing appropriate items for the interior. Anna Siig is sorting at her own home and has donated many period items. Heather Rozzoli bought treasures at the 2007 Hagemann Estate sale and is donating them back to the ranch. These vintage items will contribute greatly to making the house feel like a home instead of a museum when we finally finish it.

Did you see the fabulous holiday display on the front fence? It was by far the most elaborate on the street. Thanks to Kathy Lee who was responsible for the design,

implementation and the lion's share of the work to build it. We will display it again next year.

Sundays at Hagemann events have been well attended and entertaining. On Halloween, families came in elaborate costumes to decorate pumpkins, paint gourds, make corn husk dolls or visit the Blacksmith Shop. The highlight of that day was the fortune teller. Carol Wahrer played the part to perfection with her trusty crystal ball perched in the enticing hay wagon. As families waited in line, some got temporary tattoos, played old fashioned games, or learned about Dia de los Muertos at the beautifully decorated display created by Loretta Kaskey and Soraya Rawlings.

At Giving Thanks in November, we remembered our veterans and learned about giving at the Choose Love display. Vendors scattered about the ranch had beautiful wares and I can attest to the fabulous holiday shopping opportunities. Check out the full calendar of upcoming Sundays at Hagemann on page 10 of this newsletter.



Above Left: Fred, our alpha male goat, perching on a tree stump to make sure everyone knows who's boss; **Above Right:** Many families waited their turn to climb into the hay wagon to get their fortune told during the Hagemann Open House on Halloween; **Left:** The Hagemann Express on the fence outside Hagemann Ranch lit up Olivina Avenue with its whimsical display once it finished its circuit of the parade route during the Holiday Sights and Sounds Parade. All photos by Barbara Soules.

Bank of Italy Centennial

by Jeff Kaskey

This year, Livermore's Bank Of Italy building hits the century mark, and although it isn't in the Guild's collection, we'll look at it as our collection item for this issue. As the building itself is the "new" building on the site, let's step back to talk about the history of the spot. Being on the east side of Livermore Ave, Lizzie Street in its day, means that the site was not in the original town laid down in 1869 by William Mendenhall, and being south of the railroad, it also was not in Alexander Esdon's Northern Addition, and it didn't even properly belong to Laddsville. By virtue though of these properties meeting near the intersection of Livermore and First Streets, the building site was no more than 1000 feet from any one of them. In 1875, while Esdon filed his plan for the Northern Addition and a year before Mendenhall had incorporated the town of Livermore, Andrew McLeod laid out the McLeod tract from that same corner, fanning out to the east, bound on the south by Livermore Avenue, and on the North by the railroad. By the time of incorporation, McLeod, Esdon, and Mendenhall's plans were all part of the town of Livermore.

McLeod put his namesake three-story Victorian building on that North East corner of Livermore Avenue, completed by 1883, replacing a burned smaller building that had housed his original general store. Presaging today's

occupancy of the site by our local *The Independent* Newspaper, McLeod's building housed the Livermore *Herald*, and also the Bank of Livermore. Yes, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

McLeod passed away in 1905 at 68; his wife Delia died the following year. The McLeod building remained until 1920. During that time, mergers occurred between the Bank of Livermore, Farmers and Merchants Bank, Livermore Savings Bank, the First National Bank of Livermore, and the Livermore Valley Savings Bank, with the banks distributed among the important downtown buildings including the Masonic Building and what we now call the Old Firehouse, as well as the McLeod building. They were finally consolidated into a branch of the Bank of Italy in the McLeod building around 1916. The Bank of Italy was becoming the largest bank in the United States, so to show their dominance, they announced a new building in 1920 and the building we now know was finished in 1922.

We have been asked why the Bank of Italy would bother with the small town of Livermore, but the number of precursor banks makes it clear that, while the town was small, there was a large amount of commerce flowing through Livermore. Unlike boom towns based solely on mining or one agricultural product,

Livermore could boast Kaiser Sand and Gravel, local hospitals, Coast Manufacturing, various brickworks, some mining, ranching, and other agriculture. The growth itself drove growth with lumber and labor. Livermore's housing stock also exploded in the 1910s and 1920s. And all of this was well connected with rail as well as being on the transcontinental Lincoln Highway. So Livermore was likely viewed as an important hub of commerce.

The Bank of Italy was ultimately itself consolidated into the Bank of America, which continued in the same building until 1957. The City of Livermore then used the building for City Hall until 1978, at which time the building also became listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Other uses of the building came and went until 1991 when Joan and Lynn Seppala bought the building to house *The Independent* newspaper, of which Joan was (and still is) the publisher. As the building was nearly 60 years old, the Seppalas needed to do extensive and expensive restoration and seismic retrofit, including an embedded steel structure to support the otherwise unreinforced brick (from the Livermore Fire Brick Company). At the end of the restoration, the reinforced building looks today much as it did in the days of the Bank of Italy, including the original marble floors and two original vaults. The building itself is not formally open to the public, but if you step inside and ask for an extra copy of *The Independent* or perhaps inquire on the cost of advertising space, you can look around at the space, including historic exhibits that help tell the building's history. Your author is heavily indebted to Anne Homan's Historic Livermore A-Z for much of the information here, as well as notes from a recent article in *The Independent*.



Above: The then known as Bank of America building, circa 1935. Photo from LHG Archives.

Amazon Smile

The AmazonSmile Foundation will donate 0.5% of the purchase price of eligible products to the Livermore Heritage Guild. On your first visit to AmazonSmile (smile.amazon.com), you are prompted to select a charitable organization. Type in the Livermore Heritage Guild and then you are ready to begin shopping. It's just that easy!

Meet a Board Member: Madelynne Farber

by Dottie Eberly

Madelynne was born on Fort Monmouth Army base in Eatontown, New Jersey, and lived in Tacoma, Washington, and then Germany before her father passed away when she was three years old. At that time, she, along with her mother and two older brothers moved to Clinton, New Jersey, to live with her grandparents. She acknowledges that Clinton was a picturesque place to grow up but describes it as being way too quiet for her. By the time she was 8, both of her brothers had joined the Navy and one was eventually stationed in Albuquerque. (Yes, you read that right. Navy. Albuquerque.) He convinced the family to join him in New Mexico and Albuquerque became Madelynne's hometown at age 15 until she moved to Livermore just ten years ago.

She has an extensive line of letters following her name, Madelynne Farber, BAFA, BSEE, MBA, JD. She estimates she has had 35 years of education in total. The story of how all that happened sums up the essence of her as she describes herself as a ridiculous overachiever with a healthy "willful" streak. And some quirkiness, but we'll get to that in a few minutes. Back to the story: it seems there was a conversation between her high school Chemistry, Math, and Spanish teachers discussing what field Madelynne would excel in. Each teacher was championing their subject matter as being the best fit for Madelynne. Her original plan, decided upon when she was nine years old, had been to become a lawyer and work with

computers. Unknown to them, she was overhearing this conversation and decided right then and there to go into theater instead. Thus, a Bachelor degree in Fine Arts with an emphasis in theater arts, was the first to be added to her collection of degrees from the University of New Mexico. She knew that theater arts wasn't going to be useful long term so she decided to do "the computer thing". She liked computers but didn't want them as a course of study because that would take the fun out of them. She decided to pick up a Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering instead. But engineering school didn't know anything about business so it seemed logical to grab that MBA in Management of Information Systems after that. Still, she didn't have the law degree decided upon at age nine, and needed to get that checked off her to-do list. Once she got that taken care of she became a patent attorney at Sandia, Albuquerque, transferred to Livermore in 2012, and retired on January 1, 2022.

Madelynne wasn't sure she would stay in Livermore after retirement but a bit of coincidence and good luck for us seems to have her leaning towards staying. Madelynne's brother and his wife were living in Chicago when her brother came out to do some contract work at Diablo Canyon a decade ago. Madelynne orchestrated a conversation between her brother and his wife that resulted in their agreeing to pack up and move to Nipomo, CA in about 2016. This makes



it just under a four hour drive for her to get to him and serve as assistant mechanic as well as tow driver for his show cars. That's a lucky brother-although we can assume he's handy when she has a problem with her beloved car, a 1987 Pontiac Fiero, which she calls "My Precious".

You need to know that Madelynne worked the entire time she was picking up all of these extra letters to add to her name. When she was running for election to be LHG's Treasurer, her candidate's statement mentioned she was a *forklift operator*. I had to ask about that and learned that one of her jobs while in college was at a General Mills manufacturing plant. Everyone needed to learn to do everything including driving forklifts. Being the competitive person that she is, she had to be the top student in forklift driving. She didn't give up the title until the day she was loading the forklift onto a truck and the truck bed gave way. An additional challenge came her way when another boss, at another job, asked if anyone could drive a Zamboni. Madelynne, thinking it couldn't be too difficult, handled the truth a little carelessly and said she could drive one. Nothing terrible happened and she can

(Board Member, continued on page 9)

Above: New LHG treasurer, Madelynne Farber; **Left:** Madelynne's Precious. Photos courtesy of Madelynne Farber.



The Thrill of Rediscovery

by Will Bolton



I propose that most discoveries are really rediscoveries. When Howard Carter “discovered” and opened King Tutankhamun’s tomb in 1922, he clearly wasn’t the first person to see the artifacts inside. However, the fact that Carter wasn’t actually the first person to ever see the artifacts didn’t diminish the thrill of his discovery - or rediscovery. Coincidentally, the subsequent death of Carter and several others involved in opening the tomb and the rumored “curse of the pharaohs” led to the thrill of Boris Karloff lurching across the screen in the 1932 movie, “The Mummy.”

While the Duarte Garage doesn’t have any items to match King Tut’s burial artifacts – or Boris Karloff shuffling out of his coffin – it does have many items that are worth rediscovering. For example, a redwood water pipe had almost been lost from sight resting on what had been a narrow shelf along the west wall of the Garage. The weathered wood of the pipe blended into the wall and many layers of items pretty effectively screened it from view. Recently, Jay Morris and Fred Deadrick have been reorganizing the random collection of old things in the area and uncovered - shall we say “rediscovered” - the water pipe. A hand-drawn sign stated that the water pipe had been installed as part of a water project by Thomas Hayes in 1876. The sign also noted that the pipe had been donated by John Jensen, Sr. I was aware that wood had been used for pipes and open channels to convey water as far back as Roman times but wasn’t aware of wood pipes in Livermore.

I first realized that wood pipes had been used in Livermore when I noticed the

redwood pipe against the wall several years ago. The Garage also holds an example of open wooden channels to convey water: four redwood rain gutters. Subsequent measurements and estimates establish, at least to my satisfaction, that these four gutters were originally installed around the water tank platform on the Duarte Cottage tower. The water pipe section is turned from a single log and bored to form a pipe. Each end has a male or female fitting with a removable section that is installed after the pipes are mated. The gutters are milled on the outside and inside to form the gutters, looking much like modern house gutters but made from wood rather than metal or plastic. The gutters even have metal downspout tubes to direct rain water away from the Cottage. Clearly, these items were manufactured in an industrial-scale process, but who made them?

Searching for the answer to that question, led to the history of the second major period in which wood was used for water pipes. This happened in the 16th and 17th centuries in Europe and the 17th and 18th centuries in North America. In the Bay Area, there were several manufacturers of wood pipes including the Pacific Tank and Pipe Co. in Oakland, and the Redwood Manufacturers Co. in San Francisco and Pittsburg. Small diameter pipes were made, as mentioned above, by turning and boring single logs. Larger diameter pipes were made of wood staves, generally held together with wire – similar to wood barrel construction. These larger pipes were offered in sizes up to 10 feet in diameter. Manufacturing wood pipes was a well-established industry with published data on pressure ratings, flow rates, and estimates for service life stretching from 40 or 50 years to indefinite life. The claimed advantages of wood over metal pipes were lower cost, simpler tools needed for installation, and lighter weight for less costly shipping and installation. The reality is that there were other problems with wood water pipes, as Livermore’s experience showed.

Some of the history of wood water pipes in Livermore came from another

rediscovery: the November/December 2007 issue of the LHG newsletter. In that issue, Gary Drummond recounted the Livermore Water Wars in the 1870s between the Livermore Spring Water Company and the Arroyo Valle Water Company. The Spring Water company drew water from the Arroyo Las Positas and distributed it through cast iron pipes. The Arroyo Valle company drew water from the area now flooded by the Del Valle Lake and distributed it through wooden pipes. In 1875 and 1876, the *Livermore Enterprise* paper contained a spirited exchange between the companies about the relative merits of iron vs wood pipes. The paper also contained items about the long process of getting the water distribution system in place. This exchange started in March and April of 1875, noted that the Arroyo Valle company received 7 ½ miles of wood pipe on 5 rail cars in July 1875, that the water was admitted to the main pipes in October 1875, and that Thomas Hayes posted a reward of \$100 for identification of the person tampering with the water works in June 1876. However, when the water actually flowed, it had very low pressure and smelled strongly of hydrogen sulfide. It was considered undrinkable and the Arroyo Valle project was declared a total loss.

(Rediscovered, continued on page 9)



Top Left: The new display rack at the Garage, courtesy of Jay and Fred; **Above:** The male end of a water pipe, manufactured to fit, probably with the help of tar and wire or a metal band, into the female end. Photos by Will Bolton.

Musings and Memories from Anna Siig

by Dottie Eberly

Anna currently has no computer with which to write a column but that doesn't mean she isn't musing over memories. She's busy reminiscing as she goes through boxes long ago packed away. A couple of texts have come my way that I think you might enjoy.

November 21, 2021

Quoting Leontine Bonne Canziani, also called Lee and Tina, from a conversation in 1992.

"Herman's and Ernest Wente's brother, Carl, went into banking instead of wine making. One of Carl's hobbies was woodworking. He made 230 – 240 piece puzzles out of wood. He would get See's candy boxes to put the puzzles in.

"Carl also made pepper grinders. He would get used baseball bats from Bob Lurie, of the San Francisco Giants, and give them to Boy's Clubs."

Do you have one of Carl's puzzles? Or one of his home made pepper grinders? If so, please let the Guild know! LHG would like to photograph it and perhaps display it for a while.

November 3, 2021

I found an old root beer bottle cap, a beer cap, and a matchbook cover under my house years ago. The caps are only of interest in that we know one or two workmen drank Kist root beer and Golden Glow beer. The matchbook cover has a business on it in Pleasanton on Highway 50 and a drawing of a battleship.

After reading Anna's text, I Googled Cruiser's Inn to learn where it had actually been located and found an August 20, 2020 article written by Dublin City Historian, Steve Minniear. He included photos of the building as well as a "vintage" matchbook found on an online auction site. His article leaves me with even more questions about this infamous establishment. But for the purposes of this current intrigue I will stick to matchbooks and say that Anna's matchbook is not a, ahem, "match" to the one shown in Steve Minniear's article. I suspect Anna has the original matchbook and Steve's is a later version. Hmm... if Anna's was placed in an auction what would it be worth? I can't wait to see what Anna digs up next.



Right: The matchbook cover Anna found under her house. Photo by Terry McCune.

Writing

(continued from page 2)

It is a barely possible trip under miserable conditions. Rain, ice, snow, impassable river shallows and unscrupulous people at every turn. Broken bones, and occasional untimely death. Trunks full of gold for some and empty pockets for most, but our narrators seem determined to allow us to enjoy even their misery with a smirk. We learn of a Thanksgiving "...probably not duplicated in California. Our menu consisted of bacon and beans for breakfast; beans and bacon for dinner, and, for a change, at supper we had nocab and snaeb." This compilation by Gary and Anna is a wonderful gift for yourself as much as for a friend.

Right: The redwood gutters from the Duarte Cottage (c. 1915) were carefully milled and mitered to fit tightly. Photo by Will Bolton.

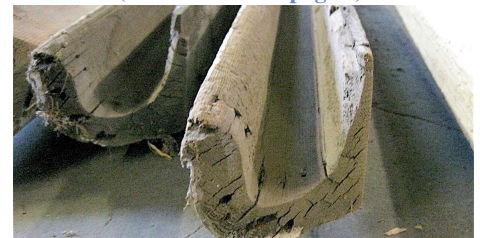
Board Member

(continued from page 7)

now say she knows how to drive a Zamboni though she admits the boss quickly figured out she had never driven one before. Good to know in case we ever need one of those. Or need an amazing Yule Log baked for one of our events. (Complete with meringue mushrooms.) Or any other baked goods for that matter. And if you ever want to meet your match at video games, be sure to challenge Madelynn. By the way, in case you are wondering how she fits into the LHG, she mentions teaching accounting at a community college while she was working on that MBA. We're in good hands with our new LHG Treasurer, lawyer, electrical engineer, actor, computer guru, accountant, baker, video game champion, forklift operator, Zamboni driver.

Rediscovered

(continued from page 8)



In 1915, workers preparing to pave East First Street plowed up several sections of the wood pipe. One of those sections is the one now on display at the Duarte Garage. Jay and Fred collaborated on the design and construction of a display rack for the water pipe, with the sections of redwood gutter displayed below. These are perhaps not as interesting as King Tut or Boris Karloff, but still worth rediscovering at the Duarte Garage.

Celebrating Life Members

We wish to acknowledge the loyal commitment of our Life Members. The trust and support these members have shown in the Heritage Guild by becoming Life Memberships is truly appreciated. If you wish to purchase a Life Membership, please visit www.lhg.org and find the “Join” button or refer to information on the back page of this newsletter.

Beverly Schell Ales	Dorothy Clarkson, Andy	Jeanette King	Neil Riley
Anastasia Alexander	Lundberg	James and Carol Lathrop	Mary Rizzo
Margaret Andersen	Nancy Cooper	Steve Laughlin	Tim Sage
Baughman’s Western	Manuel Costa	Jean Lerche	Joan Seppala
Outfitters	Charles Crohare	Richard Lerche	Lynn Seppala
Kathy Baird Baumgartner	Whitney Dahl	Marcus Libkind	Anna Siig
Thomas Beaudet	Kathleen Duarte-Erickson	Daren Livermore	Don Smith
Judith Beery	Ellen Eagan-McNeill	Len Matchniff	Ann Stephens
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Alice Calvert	Susan Junk	Russ and Claudia Riley	Beverly Wooster
Laina Carter	Loretta Kaskey		

LHG Events Calendar

Information is subject to change pending County/City health guidelines. Be sure to check the lhg.org website frequently for updated information.

Date	Time	Event	Place
Wednesday, February 9	7pm	LHG Board Meeting	Virtual Meeting
Sunday, February 20	10am — 2pm	Duarte Garage Open House	Duarte Garage
Sunday, February 27	2pm- 5pm*	Sundays at Hagemann Ranch: Vintage Crafts and Toys	Hagemann Ranch
Wednesday, March 9	7pm	LHG Board Meeting	Virtual Meeting
Sunday, March 20	10am — 2pm	Duarte Garage Open House	Duarte Garage
Sunday, March 27	2pm- 5pm*	Sundays at Hagemann Ranch: Children’s Day	Hagemann Ranch
Wednesday, April 13	7pm	LHG Board Meeting	Virtual Meeting
Sunday, April 17	10am — 2pm	Duarte Garage Open House	Duarte Garage
Sunday, April 24	2pm - 5pm*	Sundays at Hagemann Ranch: Mad Hatter Tea Party	Hagemann Ranch
Wednesday, May 11	7pm	LHG Board Meeting	History Center
Sunday, May 15	10am — 2pm	Duarte Garage Open House	Duarte Garage
Saturday, May 21	5pm	ANNUAL LHG AUCTION	Duarte Garage
Sunday, May 29	2pm - 5pm*	Sundays at Hagemann Ranch: Vintage Wheels and Engines	Hagemann Ranch

*Note new time for Sundays at Hagemann events

City Historian's Report

by Ingrid Wood and Dottie Eberly

As City Historian, Richard Finn has heard some fascinating stories and has helped to solve some interesting puzzles. We are happy to share the following account of one such puzzle and hope that although his tenure as City Historian is coming to an end, he will continue to share his stories of Livermore's past with us.

The Mystery of the Missing Painting

Compiled by Ingrid Wood

Curtis and Ingrid Wood were married in Oakland, CA in 1966. Soon Ingrid learned the history of her husband's California family going back to 1850. Curt was a descendant of David and Eliza Glass who had come in a covered wagon from Iowa to Placerville. Eventually they settled in San Ramon. They had seven children all born in the San Ramon Valley. Their oldest daughter was Clara Glass, Curt's great-grandmother and the youngest was Clement Rolla Glass, Curt's great-granduncle. Over the years a lot of research was done on the large Glass family.

The most famous of the Glass children was Rolla Glass. He was educated and had become a Mining Engineer. In 1899, when Rolla was 31, he left San Ramon and traveled to Bolivia, South America. There he found employment in the Tin Mines in the Andes Mountains. He died on Jan. 2, 1909 at age 41 while on a trip in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

In 2015 Ingrid started to write a book "Rolla, the Yankee from San Ramon". In it she included a chapter on Margaret McKee. Maggie McKee was a school friend of Clement Rolla Glass. They met at the Livermore College Institute in 1881 and 1882. Rolla had an Autograph Album and Maggie had written in it but did not use her name:

To Rolla

*Why do smiles sometimes delight us,
bright eyes turn our visions cold.*

*What is that which sometimes tells us,
all that glitters is not gold!*

Yours in Friendship, Mr. W. McKee

L.C.I., November 1882

Mr. W. McKee, deceased in 1880, was Maggie's father. Why did Maggie not use her own name? Because of this discovery Ingrid put a little romance between Maggie and Rolla in her Creative Nonfiction book "Rolla, the Yankee from San Ramon" which is still in draft form. Maggie appears in Chapters 5, 14, 15 and in the Appendix of Mini Stories/Portrayal with six pages.

More research on Maggie revealed the career of an amazing beloved teacher in Livermore. Just before her father died on Nov. 29, 1880, he had written in his will that he wanted his oldest daughter Maggie (age 16) to go State Normal School. Maggie never married.

When Margaret McKee died on June 6, 1922 at age 58 an outpouring of love was given to this highly respected teacher who taught at Livermore Public School, (renamed Livermore Grammar School in 1891) for thirty-six years. Out of respect to her memory, the town flag was kept at half-mast the day of her funeral and a painting was secured by a fund made up by many friends. The beautiful framed painting is of a field of California wildflowers with the ocean in the background. When the new Livermore Grammar School was dedicated in 1923 the painting was placed in the main entrance to the new building, with the inscription: GIFT OF FRIENDS in Memory of MARGARET M. McKEE,

Twenty years later in September 1943, a disaster struck the Livermore elementary school. A fire destroyed the auditorium and two classrooms. It was assumed the painting dedicated in memory of Margaret McKee was destroyed by the fire. It was not so.

In 2014 Livermore Historian, Richard Finn, found the article of the fire in *The Livermore Herald* dated Sept. 24, 1943. The article stated that all the large pictures on the auditorium walls, donated by friends of the school soon after the building was erected in 1923, were burned. The memorial painting, dedicated to the late Miss Margaret McKee, which hung on the wall in the



entrance lobby, was saved. Richard Finn and Ingrid Wood went to the school, now Fifth Street School, to inquire as to where the painting was but were told it was not there. Where was it?

Richard Finn kept the mystery in mind for seven years. He and another LHG docent combed through the storage area in the History Center looking unsuccessfully for it. As he met various people, he asked if anyone had any knowledge about the painting. He had an opportunity to speak with some of the older people who had gone to the Fifth Street school but no one remembered any paintings as described in the 1923 newspapers.

On August 26, 2021, Ingrid received a letter from Richard saying that he had learned where the painting is located. Earlier Richard had a conversation with Barbara Savoy and she said she and her husband Lee Savoy have a painting like it in their historic home. Richard and Ingrid went to the Savoy's home, which was formerly called The Gables, built in 1895 as part of the original Livermore Sanitarium Women's Dormitory. The painting hangs in the center of their home, in the gallery, the most special place for Margaret McKee's memorial painting. Thank you, Barbara and Lee Savoy for taking such good care of the painting for so many years. Without your tender care the painting would have been lost forever.

Above: Barbara Savoy (left) and Ingrid Wood (right) in front of the memorial painting. Photo by Richard Finn.

Welcome New and Renewing Members! October - December 2021

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Alan Frank

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Archeological Historical Consultants-NEW

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Senior

Dona Blackmore
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John Dill and Suzanne McCann

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NEW

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Lorraine Mann & Family -
NEW

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NEW

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In Appreciation

Donations

Archeological Historical Consultants

Gail Bryan

Jean and Richard Lerche

Terry Rossow

Barbara and Tom Soules for Hagemann Ranch

In Memory Of

Phyllis Fachner by Wendy Howe

Steve Fallon by Dona Blackmore

Bill O'Neal by Jean and Richard Lerche

Help Wanted

History Center Docent

One Friday per month

11:30am - 3:30pm

A docent is needed to represent LHG in the History Center. The job includes smiling, greeting people, hearing great stories about Livermore, and selling LHG merchandise. You will be trained to sell the LHG merchandise.

Apply to
susan.kbsj@gmail.com

Free, Family-Friendly Activities

Sundays at Hagemann Ranch

Vintage Crafts & Toys

February 27, 2022, 2-5 pm
455 Olivina Ave., Livermore



Needlework by Christine
Spinning
Pottery by Sue

Piano music by Greg Pane
Vintage Children's Games

Ongoing activities: Refreshments, Tours, Blacksmith Shop and Art Demonstrations

Livermore Heritage Guild
HAGEMANN RANCH
www.lhg.org

March 27—Children's Day
April 24—Mad Hatter Tea Party
May 29—Vintage Wheels & Engines
June 26—Rancho Day

August 28—Schooldays of Old
September 25—Harvest Festival
October 30—Halloween
November 27—Holiday Celebration

The Livermore Heritage Guild History Center is located in the historic 1911 Carnegie Library building at 2155 Third Street.

Hours for the History Center are varied at this time. Please call ahead or check lhg.org for updated information as it becomes available.

Annual membership dues are: Individual \$25.00, Family \$35.00, Senior (age 62+) \$15.00, Student \$15.00, Sponsor \$75.00 and Patron \$150.00. Life (Individual) \$500.00 and Business \$300.00 memberships are also available. Please make checks payable to "LHG." Mail to P.O. Box 961, Livermore, CA 94551.

If you have not heard about our various events, then maybe we don't have your email. Please update us at lhg@lhg.org and we'll let you know about all the heritage happenings!