

SAN FRANCISCO TODAY





Richardson's Bay

Angel Island

SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Alcatraz Island

Treasure Island

Golden Gate

Yerba Buena Island

Mile Rock

The Presidio

Geary Street

Bay Bridge

Al Rocks

PACIFIC OCEAN

Golden Gate Park

Twin Peaks

Mission Dolores

Zoo

19th Avenue

Mt. Davidson

Third Street

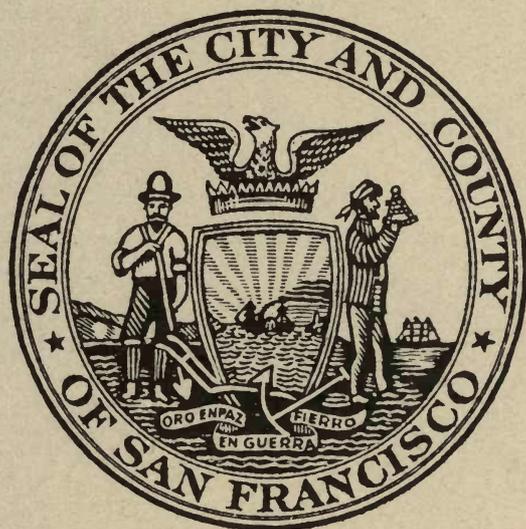
Lake Merced

Hunters Point

SAN MATEO COUNTY

SAN FRANCISCO TODAY

by the Elementary School Department



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THE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco has a story to tell. A city is more than its hills and valleys. It is more than the buildings that cover them. A city is more than just a name. It is a story of people.

It tells of the ideas and the work of everyone who has ever lived here. When we think of San Francisco, we think of many wonderful sights and sounds. All of them are parts of our San Francisco story! Each day people can write new parts of the story.

The Bridges

Look! Can you see the two tall bridges that tie San Francisco to its neighbors across the bay? See how proudly the tall bridge towers stand.

The Golden Gate Bridge spans the entrance to San Francisco Bay. It looks down upon the little fishing boats that sail out with the tide. Beneath it pass beautiful ocean liners and cargo ships. The ships are on their way to and from distant lands.



The other bridge is the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. It is a giant highway in the sky. It is eight miles long from shore to shore. At one end lies our city. At the other is Oakland. In the middle is Yerba Buena Island. Yerba Buena is the Spanish name of a plant that grows on our hills. It means "good herb." Did you know that San Francisco was once called Yerba Buena?

Hear that strange "Kree-kree?" That's a sea gull. San Francisco knows thousands



of gulls. They follow the ships into the harbor. They live and fish along our beaches. They fly into the city parks and backyards for food.

A Friendly Sea Gull

Would you like to hear about one certain sea gull? His home was near Seal Rocks at the beach. His friends were the sea lions sunning themselves above the spray of the waves.

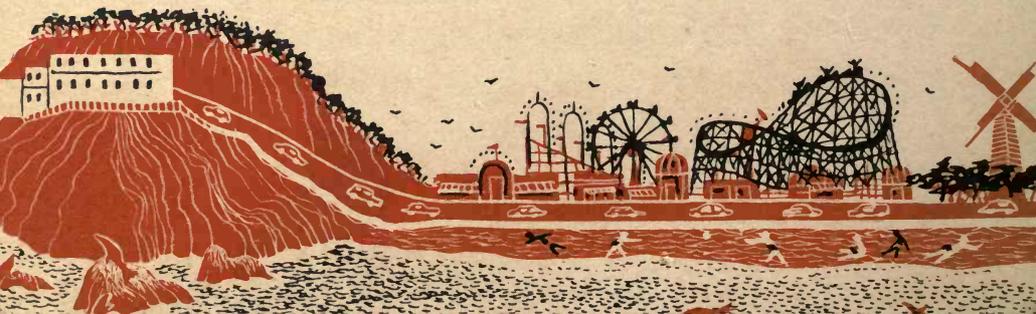
Our sea gull was hungry. That morning there had been no little fish in the surf for his breakfast.

"I shall go into the city," he decided. "I shall visit the pigeons at the Civic Center. I shall find some delicious bread crusts for my breakfast."

The sea gull glided over Playland and the Dutch windmills at the beach. He glided over the zoo. Animals from all over the world live there. He called to his friends, Nip and Tuck, the bears. He stopped for a moment to look at the toy train.

He flew close to the tops of the tall eucalyptus trees in Golden Gate Park. He saw the playground where the children go after school. Ducks were paddling about on Stow Lake.

He was just turning to fly toward the beach when he saw a group of children in a school yard. They were grouped around their teacher.



"I am sure to find some food there," he thought to himself. "Children always have good things to eat."

The sea gull flew down to a low bush. He wanted to be sure these were kindly children. They were eating sandwiches and oranges and drinking milk.

"Already lunch time," thought the gull. Then he began to listen to the children.

"Do you remember some of the things we planned to talk about today?" he heard the teacher ask.

"Let's talk about why we like to live in San Francisco," said a child.

"That is a splendid idea," the teacher said. "We shall talk about the things that we see and hear and do in San Francisco. These are the things that San Francisco means to us."

"Now that is an idea I like," said the sea gull to himself. "There is nothing I like better than a friendly talk about my home city." He pushed his head through the leaves of the bush to hear more clearly.





Montgomery Street



Listening to the City

“First,” he heard the teacher say, “we shall close our eyes and listen. Then we shall tell what we hear.”

“I hear the rumble of the many street cars on Market Street,” said a child. “They go east and they go west with a busy clatter.”

“I hear the fog horns,” said another. “They sound so sad and lonely.”

“I hear the angry roar of the waves as they crash upon the sands and rocks of our beaches.”

“I hear the music of the wind as it whistles over Twin Peaks.”

“I hear the roar of a huge airplane as it flies toward the airport.”

“I hear the church bells,” one child said. “Their ringing is like a song. It sounds peaceful and clear.”

“I hear them, too!”

“And I!”

“Our city has many churches. Here in America we can go to any church we wish.”



Mission Dolores

Early San Francisco

“When I close my eyes,” the teacher said, “I think of early San Francisco and the people who lived here long ago. I hear the Indians as they work and play. I hear them talk of hunting and fishing.

“I can hear the hoofbeats of the horses of the early Spaniards,” continued the teacher. “I hear the marching feet of the Spanish soldiers of the Presidio. I hear the soft voices of early people praying at Mission Dolores.

“Did you know that Mission Dolores is still standing? It could tell many stories of early San Francisco!”

“Now that gives me something to do,” thought the sea gull. “Some day I shall fly to the old Mission and look around.”

He shook his head and moved a little closer to the group of children.

Seeing the City

“Let us now tell what we see in San Francisco,” he heard the teacher say.

"I see the little yachts in the harbor along Marina Boulevard," one child said. "Their sails puff out as the wind drives them over the blue water. The little boats look like butterflies!"

"I see children picking golden poppies and blue lupin on the side of a hill," said another.

"I see the cable cars. They climb up and down the hills like busy ants."

"I see the big trucks rumbling along the Bayshore Highway."

"I see the busy factories near the waterfront."

"I see the cool gray blankets of fog that float in from the sea," said another child.

"When I look at San Francisco," said the teacher, "I see the people of history. Their courage has made our city the great port it is today."

"I see the soldiers of Gaspar de Portola as they looked down upon our bay for the first time. That was about 200 years ago."

"I see Padre Palou and the brave soldiers,



Anza and Ortega. They founded our city.

"I see the men of the Gold Rush Days.

"Someday soon we shall find out about these men when we read the story of early San Francisco.

"And when I look around me, here on the playground, I see the great-great grandchildren of these pioneers. I also see many children who moved to our city because it is a great city. All these children love San Francisco."

"Now, I never thought of children that way," said the gull to himself. "Their work and play are a part of the city, too. These children will want to keep San Francisco a great city."

"When I look at San Francisco," he said to himself, "I see the bright California sun shining on the waves. I see the cool green of tree tops, and the spiders and ants and tiny animals."

He moved even closer to the group of children.



Pleasant Things to Smell

"Shall we sniff the air and find out what reminds us of San Francisco?" he heard the teacher ask.

"I smell the beautiful flowers in Golden Gate Park," said one child.

"I smell the cooked lobster and crabs and shrimp along Fisherman's Wharf," said another. "They make me hungry."

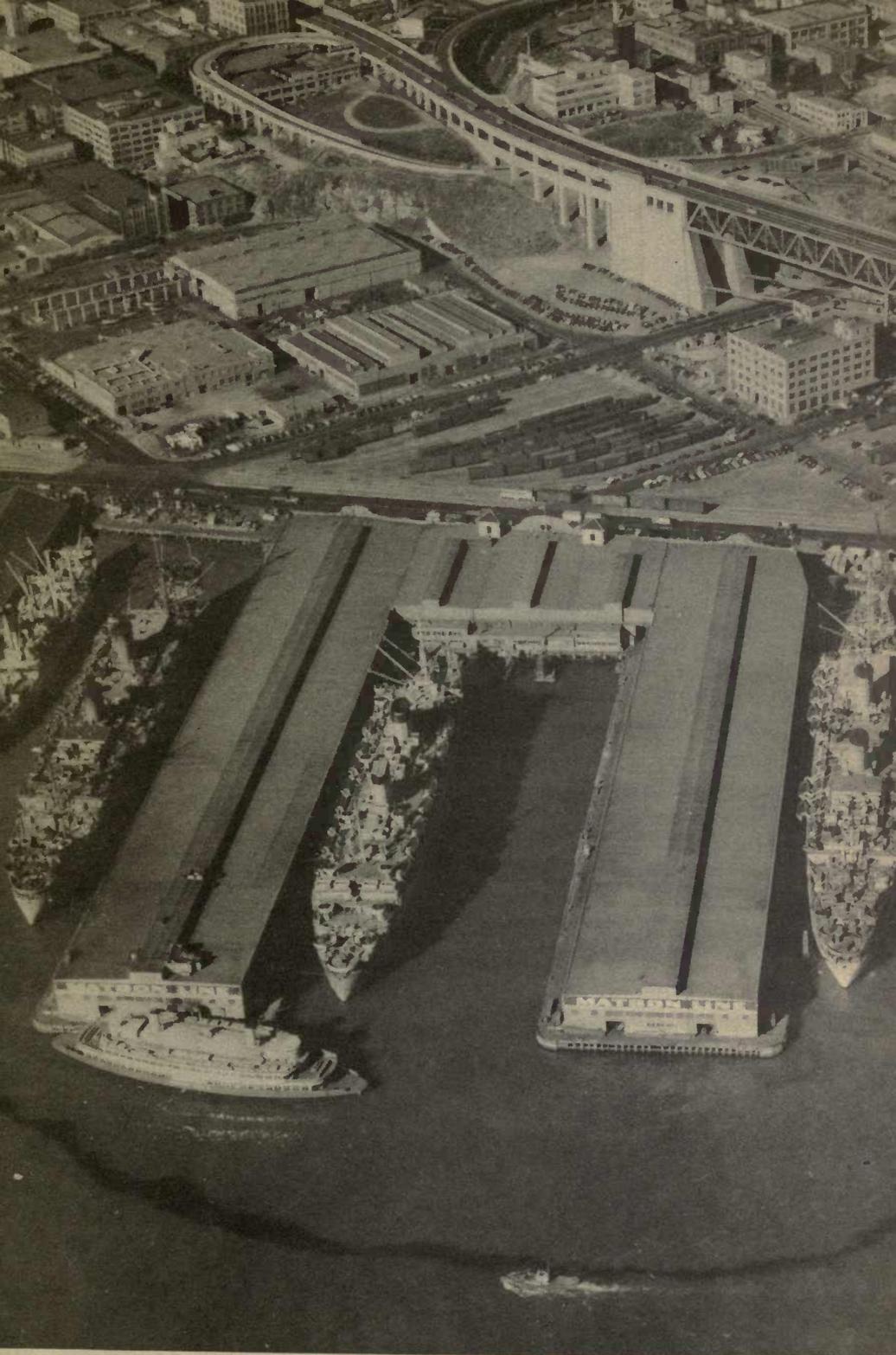
"I smell the coffee roasting in factories near the Ferry Building."

"I smell the delicious chocolate. It comes from the factories near Aquatic Park."

"I smell the oil from ships along the piers by the Embarcadero."

The teacher said, "I smell the vegetables in our great wholesale district. The trucks bring them to the city early in the morning."

"Those are nice smells," thought the sea gull. "I smell the salt of ocean spray. I smell the clean, washed air of the Pacific Ocean. I smell some bread crumbs that a child left on the school playground."



The San Francisco Waterfront



Fishing Boats at Fisherman's Wharf



Places to Visit

“Now,” said the teacher, “where would you like to go in San Francisco?”

“I would like to go for a boat ride on the bay,” said a little boy.

“I would like to go to a football game at Kezar Stadium,” said another.

“I would rather go to a baseball game at Seals Stadium.”

“It would be fun to go on a picnic to John McLaren Park.”

“I would like to see Chinatown again,” said one girl.

“I would like to hear the music at Sigmund Stern Grove on Sunday afternoon,” said another.

“Kree-kree,” screeched the sea gull just behind them.

“Children,” said the teacher. “I have been watching that sea gull while we’ve been talking. He looks very old and wise. I think he knows exactly what we are saying. And I think that he agrees with us.”

“After all,” said one child, “he is a part of San Francisco, too. Maybe when we have a picnic, he will join us.”

“Good-bye, sea gull,” said the children.

“Kree-kree,” answered the gull.

“These children have a friendly teacher,” he added to himself. “I most certainly shall come back. I think I am a wise gull. I have started my education now. I have gone to school and learned many things. I have made many new friends. That, too, is what I like about San Francisco.”

The Civic Center

Slowly he flew away from the school playground. He circled over the city. He perched on the dome of the City Hall in the Civic Center. Nearby were other public buildings. He saw the Library, the Opera House, and the Civic Auditorium.

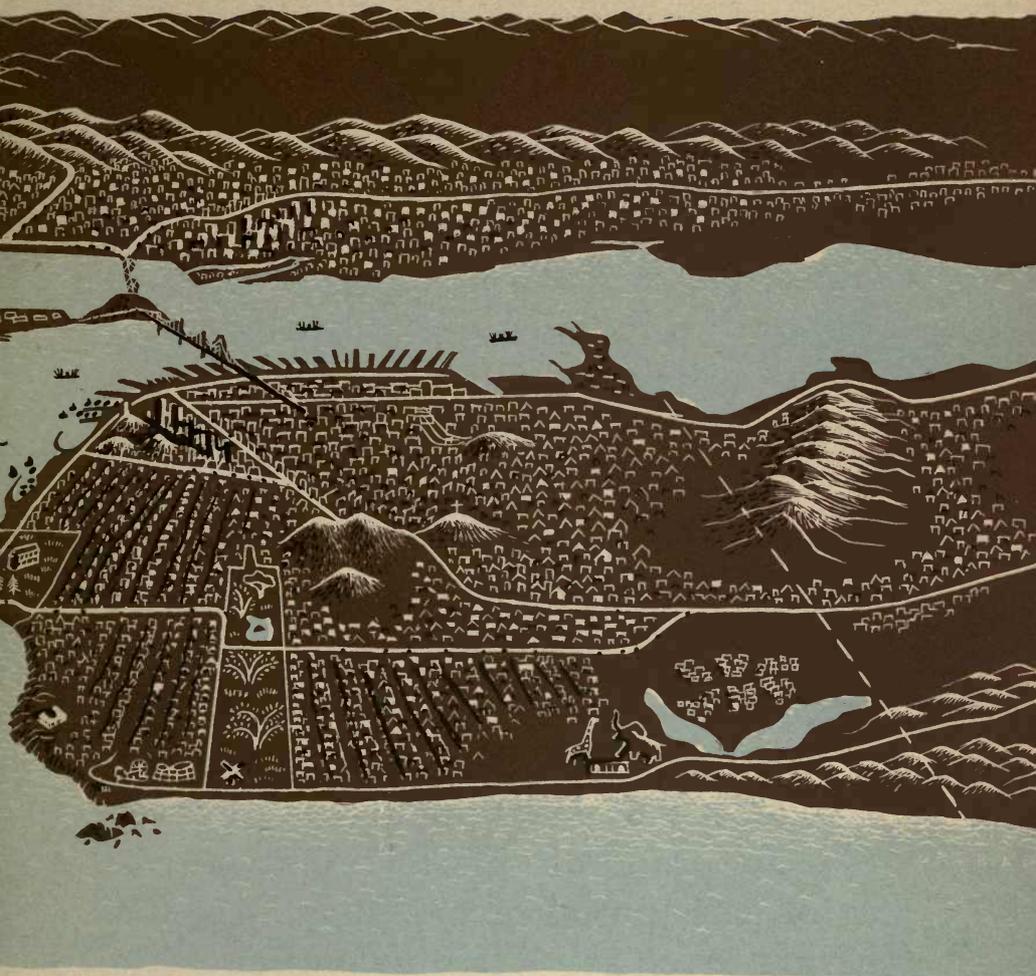
Swooping low, he looked through a window of the City Hall. There he saw the Mayor of San Francisco and some of his workers. Then he flew to one of the four tall towers of the Bay Bridge.



The City Hall



“I like it here,” thought the sea gull. “I can see Oakland across the Bay in Alameda County. Mount Diablo is farther to the East. I can see the oil tanks at Richmond in Contra Costa County. I can see Mount Tamalpais in Marin County. San Francisco is a city and a county all in one.



“When I look south, I see San Mateo County. There is a sign on the Bay Shore highway marked ‘County Line.’ It is near the Cow Palace. When you pass this sign, you are in San Mateo County. But I don’t think I shall go there today. I have had a busy day and it is getting late.”

The sea gull flapped his wings and flew toward his home at Seal Rocks. As he passed the Golden Gate, the setting sun turned the water bright as gold.

“How beautiful!” he said to himself. “You can discover gold every day in San Francisco.”

The City by the Golden Gate

The friendly sea gull and the children learned that there are many things to find out about the city. It is fun to find out. There is always something new to discover.

We are proud of our city. Our state of California is proud of San Francisco, too. Visitors often say, “San Francisco is the most beautiful city in America.”

The city is located on the northern tip of a long narrow peninsula. This land is called a peninsula because it has water on three sides. The word peninsula means “almost an island.” An island is land surrounded by water. Boats and bridges and hills and islands are around us.

A narrow body of water connects the ocean and the bay. This is called a strait. It is the Golden Gate Strait. When the sun sets in the West, the water across the strait and the sky behind it look like a golden gate.

The Pacific Ocean is on the west side of the city. On the east side is the large Bay of San Francisco. It is the harbor which helped our city to grow. It has given work to many people.

A City of Hills

San Francisco is built upon many high hills and in the valleys between them. Houses seem to hang from all sides of the steep hills.

Many visitors go to the top of the Twin Peaks for a view of the city. They can look straight down Market Street to the Ferry Building. It is the main street of our busy city. Street cars come up Market Street and go through the tunnel under Twin Peaks.

Mount Davidson is not far from Twin Peaks. It is the highest point in San

Francisco. A cross as tall as a ten-story building stands on top. Each night during Easter-Week the cross is lighted. It can be seen from many parts of the city.

At sunrise on Easter Sunday religious services are held at the foot of the cross. Thousands of people attend these services. Some go up to the top of Mount Davidson by automobile. Others walk through the woods to the top.

Mount Sutro is another high point near Twin Peaks. A television station is there.

Telegraph Hill

Telegraph Hill overlooks the central business district. It is in the North Beach community. Coit Tower rises from the top of this hill.

Long ago there was a signal tower on this famous hill. When a flag was raised on top of the signal tower, people in the city knew that a ship was coming. They always hoped it would be a mail boat, bringing news from far away. They rushed to the post office and stood in line to get letters. Most ships took about four months to bring letters from the Atlantic coast.

Think how different it is today! Mail comes to San Francisco by train, airplane, ship, and truck every day. In a few minutes the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio bring us news from other states and from distant countries. We read the news in our daily newspapers.

Russian Hill and Nob Hill also are near the main business district. Tall apartment houses rise from the top of Russian Hill. Nob Hill has both hotels and apartment houses.

Other hills can be seen from Twin Peaks. Toward the north are Pacific Heights and Lone Mountain. Not far from Hunters Point is Potrero Hill. "Potrero" is a Spanish word meaning pasture. In early days the Spaniards kept their horses on this hill.





Our Pleasant Climate

Let's look at today's newspaper to see what the weather man has to say. Some of us heard him on the radio this morning. Day after day the weather man gives us almost the same report. He says, "Early morning fog, blue skies the rest of the day."

In our class we have lots of fun keeping a weather record. Every morning we make a record of the temperature on our chart.

Sometimes the early morning fog hides the tops of Twin Peaks and nearby hills. Did you know that fogs are low clouds that blow in from the Pacific Ocean?

The fog and the sun like to play hide and seek. When the fog comes in it steals our shadows. When the sun chases it away, we can again play with our shadows.

We like our climate. It is never too cold and never too hot. In the summer San Francisco is one of the coolest cities in the country. The breezes from the Pacific Ocean help to make it pleasant. The flowers in the flower stands on Grant Avenue always look fresh and lovely.

We can play our games outdoors all year round. The temperature in the winter is almost the same as it is in the summer. We don't have much rain from May until October. Even in winter and early spring there are more sunny days than rainy days.

Some people wish that each season of the year was very different from the others. They say they miss the bright red leaves in autumn and the snow at Christmas time. But most of the people in San Francisco like our climate the way it is.



Our People

San Francisco is a good place in which to live. The climate is pleasant. The views are beautiful. There is much work to do. People like to make their homes where they can be happy and earn a living. More than eight hundred thousand people live and work and play in San Francisco. It is a busy place.

Many people who work in San Francisco live across the bay and down the peninsula in other communities. Our city and these communities are growing in population.

Some of the people in San Francisco were born here. Others came from states and countries far and near. Some came for a visit and then decided to stay. Every day people travel to San Francisco by land, by sea, and by air. Many are tourists. Others come to make their homes here.

San Francisco is only seven miles across from the coast of the Pacific Ocean to the shores of the bay. Many American cities are much larger. But San Francisco has all kinds of neighborhoods. In some neighborhoods most of the houses are cottages. In others there are many flats and apartment houses. Near the central business district there are many hotels.

Planning New Homes

Some parts of our city are growing old. They were built long ago. Many of the houses are too close together. Some rooms get no sunlight and are dark. There is no space in the neighborhoods for playgrounds. The children play in the streets and alleys.

Some day most of the buildings in these old neighborhoods will be torn down. New neighborhoods will be built.

The new buildings will get plenty of light and fresh air. There will be parks and playgrounds for children and grown-ups. The streets in these new neighborhoods will be safe.



A Night View of San Francisco

San Francisco is a great city. Some day the city will be better than it is now. The workers in our Civic Center are making plans for better homes and better school buildings. They are making plans for better parks and transportation. The people of San Francisco are helping them.

People from all over the world have helped to build San Francisco. They brought interesting ideas and customs with them. Some neighborhoods look like places in other countries.

We are glad that the people of our city know how to live and work together. In America people from many lands work together to make better communities. We are proud to be Americans.



