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PATRICIA JOHNSON FLEMING

An Interview Conducted By

Carl Mosher

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Bridge Families

Henry S. Bridge m.
(brother of Frederick)

Carrie Howard
(sister of May)

Elizabeth

Dorothy (Johnson)

Barbara

Marjory (Farquar)

Fredrick Bridge m.
(brother of Henry)

May Howard
(sister of Carrie)

Winnie (Mrs. Harry Allen)

Arthur

Helen

Mrs. William A. Fleming (née Patricia Johnson)

Born February 7, 1919 in Belvedere, California.

Resident of Mill Valley from 1923 to 1968.

Interviewed June 1979 in her home at 39 Belvedere Avenue, Belvedere.

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PATRICIA JOHNSON FLEMING

Carl Mosher

This is June 5, 1979, and I'm Carl Mosher talking to Patricia Johnson Fleming in her beautiful home at 39 Belvedere Avenue in Belvedere. Pat is a member of several important families in the history of Marin County, particularly southern Marin. Tell us something about the Johnson family, Pat. Where was your home, and where did your family come from?

Patricia Fleming

It mainly started with my grandfather, Henry S. Bridge. At the turn of the century they were auctioning off lots in Mill Valley, and Mr. Billings and Mr. Hayes and my grandfather bid on some of them. The one they wanted was up Cascade Canyon; that was their first bid. They didn't get that, but they did get one on Blithedale Canyon. That was the whole block on Corte Madera Avenue--from about where the big tree is, down on Corte Madera Avenue, all the way up to Windward Way.

I don't know anything about Mr. Hayes. You said you had interviewed Mrs. Clinton, and of course she was the granddaughter of Mr. Billings. * Mr. Billings and my grandfather divided that whole area into two spots. Apparently Mr. Hayes was a little bit north of that. Grandmother and Grandfather Bridge had four daughters--Elizabeth, Dorothy, Barbara, and Marjory. Elizabeth eventually lived in Berkeley. Dorothy was my mother, later Mrs. Johnson. Marjory Bridge Farquar now lives in Berkeley.

I was talking to my Auntie Marj, and she said they first started by living in tents; they would come over to Mill Valley in the summertime and put up tents on the property. After the fire they moved permanently and built the house at 186 Corte Madera Avenue that still stands.

* DR. WARNER, not Billings

Mr. Mosher

Do you know who lives there now?

Mrs. Fleming

No, I don't. Mother sold it about twenty years ago, but the couple who moved in didn't stay too long, and then somebody else bought it. It was a beautiful, big shingled house, but unfortunately the people who bought it from mother painted it a bright powder blue. It was hard on us to even go by the house because it was so contrary to what it really was.

I was born on Beach Road in Belvedere in 1919. Then we moved to the city for a few years, so I would say it was around 1923 when we permanently moved to Mill Valley. However, the family was there on and off. My grandmother, Carrie Bridge, didn't like the winters. It was cold and dark up in that canyon, and in those days they just had a fireplace for heat and an oil heater in the dining room.

Mr. Mosher

Don't forget to tell us what your father's occupation was.

Mrs. Fleming

My father just came here because of marriage into the Bridge family. He didn't really have anything to do with Mill Valley; it all goes back on my mother's side to her father. My father was in insurance. His name was Herbert B. Johnson, and his family lived in Berkeley.

According to Auntie Marj, the family would live in the city in the wintertime and then move to Mill Valley. As the girls got older, as soon as anybody went to college, my grandmother immediately said, "Well, now we'll have to move to Berkeley." Elizabeth was the first one that went to the University of California. So the family would move to Berkeley in the wintertime and come back to Mill Valley for the summers. Time marched on, and then Barbara went to the University of California, so they had to move to Berkeley again.

I gather from what Auntie Marj said that my grandmother didn't find Mill Valley her cup of tea--that sort of hardship over here, you know, compared to a nice house in Berkeley with heat and everything.

I spent all my childhood in Mill Valley. Except for the

beautiful mountain and the redwood trees, it was vastly different in those days than it is today. However, I do feel that one good thing about it continues on, and that is that most people who live in Mill Valley live there because they love Mill Valley. Maybe the type of people has changed. In other words, we now have people who commute to Los Angeles for their work and things like that. That, of course, is quite different.

Mr. Mosher

What was it like growing up in Mill Valley in the twenties?

Mrs. Fleming

Oh, it was perfectly delightful, Carl. The downtown area was very small, compared to what it is now. I remember Suey Kee. He had a grocery store where Sonapa Farms now is. The Mill Valley Market was on Throckmorton. The Pritchard Hardware Store was located about where the bookstore is now. Then there was the wonderful Eastland Bakery. Mother would say, "I need a loaf of bread," and we'd walk downtown for the loaf of bread. As I recall it was about 15¢.

And the schools! All my family went to Summit School, and three of them went to Tamalpais High School. My sister and I went to Summit School and to Tam.

Mr. Mosher

Your sister?

Mrs. Fleming

Carol Long.

Mr. Mosher

You have just one sister and no brothers?

Mrs. Fleming

I had a brother, but he passed away about fifteen years ago. He was really my half brother. His name was Richard

¹41 Throckmorton Avenue.

Wright. My mother was married before she married my father, so that's where Dick came from.

One thing I remember about those days was that everybody walked. If you went downtown to do your shopping, you walked. Of course when I was growing up there was delivery service. Mother would get on the telephone (I remember she'd sit on the stairway, where the phone was sort of on the wall) and call downtown. By noon all the groceries had arrived.

Mr. Mosher

How many deliveries a day?

Mrs. Fleming

I can remember mother saying, "I've got to get my order in for the day before nine," so I imagine just one. I do remember a wonderful Chinese vegetable man who would come around with his baskets on either side. I can't remember whether he came daily, but I remember he had beautiful vegetables.

Another thing I remember is the garbage collection. They only billed you once a year for that. I can't remember how much it was, but I imagine it wasn't very much. Once a year you got a bill.

Next to where we lived were the Billings. They dammed the creek so there was always a wonderful natural swimming hole to swim in. That was one of the most pleasant memories of my childhood. The creek went right by our property. It was cold!

Another thing I remember was the mountain railroad. The train went right up behind our house. You always knew when the train went by because the whole dining room would vibrate. Not dangerously so the glasses would fall off, but the whole room would vibrate.

The mountain railroad was a fun thing. We went on it many times. It's interesting--my husband, Bill, who lived in Corte Madera, never went on that railroad as a child. I asked him why, one time when we were talking about it, and he said, "Well, it was expensive. During the depression days it was too much for my family; it was a big excursion." But it was lots of fun.

To go back to what Mill Valley was like: The scenery

was very much like it is today, but the town was calmer. There was no hustle-bustle, and nobody worried about parking their car. It was like any other city in Marin County that far back, I guess. It was a delightful place to live.

The train and the ferries were so important to us. If you were going to the city you'd take the train to Sausalito and change onto the ferry and have a relaxing trip to San Francisco. I remember the hikers arriving down at the train station on Sunday morning. A mass of people would roll off the trains and take off to hike the mountain.

Mr. Mosher

Did you do much hiking?

Mrs. Fleming

No, only at Tahoe. We used to go to Fallen Leaf Lake every year, and we hiked from there to Desolation Valley. It was the thing to do. It was expected of you, but I don't really love hiking.

Mr. Mosher

As you say, you walked nearly everywhere you went in the twenties and thirties, so it did make a difference.

Mrs. Fleming

Even after that we still walked. We moved to the City during the war, then about 1944 Bill and I moved back. We rented Mrs. Clinton's guest cottage, and there were a lot of stairs up to it. I used to walk downtown every day to do my shopping, with Dennis in the Taylor Tot. I just thought nothing of it. With the gas shortage today you're very much aware that people don't walk anymore. They just hop in their car and go to the supermarket.

Mr. Mosher

Getting back to the mountain train, do you know how long it would take to go to the top?

Mrs. Fleming

I don't remember exactly, but I'd say about an hour. The most fun was taking the open car, the roller coaster, down.

Mr. Mosher

The gravity car?

Mrs. Fleming

That's right. That was the most fun. We didn't do it every weekend, but we were always aware of it because we lived right beside the tracks. If you crossed the bridge over the creek behind our house there was a station, and the train stopped right there.

Mr. Mosher

What personalities downtown stick out in your mind? Any of the merchants?

Mrs. Fleming

I mainly remember the Eastland Bakery and the ones I mentioned before--Suey Kee, where we always had beautiful vegetables, and of course the Mill Valley Market, which always had very selective things. There was nothing like Mosher's Shoes. They did have a children's store later on, but I don't remember it.

I remember the dentist. He was upstairs in the Mayer Building, right there on the corner. Another one was over in the Keystone Building. I remember the real estate agent because my Grandfather Bridge was in real estate. When we were growing up they lived in Berkeley. He would come over to Mill Valley practically every weekend. My mother would pick him up at the station and he would go across to the real estate office. He owned quite a few little houses, and usually every Saturday my mother would have to drive him around to collect the rents--\$10 here, \$15 there. Twenty-five dollars was a big rent per month then. It's amazing to me that some of those little houses are still standing. He probably bought them for \$1,000, and they're really high now.

Mr. Mosher

They're worth a fortune now. People sometimes talk about the Hub Theatre. Did the movies play a big part in your life in those days?

Mrs. Fleming

I remember the Hub Theatre very well. They always had

good movies on Saturday afternoon for the children, Mickey Mouse and that routine. I remember the theatre, but I don't remember going to the movies an awful lot.

Mr. Mosher

In looking at some of the old newspapers of the twenties and thirties I'm impressed with what a big part baseball played in people's lives. I find headlines and articles on the front page about the local baseball team.

Mrs. Fleming

My brother, Dick Wright, was quite a baseball player. Do we have an adult baseball team now?

Mr. Mosher

Not in the same sense.

Mrs. Fleming

Don't you think tennis has taken over? And running? And probably getting away. With the automobile, everybody goes places all the time. It used to be that the only time we'd go away was maybe two weeks in the summer to Fallen Leaf Lake. But now people go away for weekends all the time. In those days it would take seven hours to drive to Fallen Leaf Lake. Now you're up there in three and a half or four hours.

Mr. Mosher

When your parents went to a movie did they go in Mill Valley or did they go to the City?

Mrs. Fleming

Oh, Mill Valley. It would be an all-night trip to go to the City. People didn't go over there very much for anything.

Mr. Mosher

Where were you in 1929 when the big fire came along?

Mrs. Fleming

I remember it very well. It was a very hot day, and

there was a strong dry wind blowing. Down in the canyon where we were we didn't get very much wind, but this day it just blew. The fire started, and, as you know, got worse and worse. It got to the point where they were going to start blasting up Lovell Avenue to save the downtown part of Mill Valley.

What I remember most about it was that my brother and a couple of his friends were down on the road with the hose. All those houses above Corte Madera Avenue, that you got to by a trail--all those houses burned, so tremendous cinders were coming over onto our roof.

I remember my father taking all our dolls and putting them down by the creek. I particularly remember a great big mantel clock that had been a wedding present to my grandmother and grandfather and was always on the mantel in the dining room. My father went out in the middle of the garden and dug a tremendous hole and placed the clock in there. Of course all the silver was taken out and buried in the garden. We really felt the house was going. It got so bad that my mother, my sister, and I went down to the Boy Scout Hall. That was where the refugees were.

Mr. Mosher

Do you remember what day of the week this was?

Mrs. Fleming

No, I don't. I do remember that my mother had just made her favorite pie, a coconut cream pie, and put it in the cooler. My mother was a marvelous cook. This was in the afternoon. I remember she said, "We might as well eat this pie because it will just be burned up," so we all sat down and ate a piece of that beautiful coconut cream pie.

One of the terrors of the whole thing, I remember vividly, was that nobody could find the little Marsh child.¹ Lucien and Margaret Marsh lived in the Marsh home, and of course the fire was very bad up there. I think they were away, but there was somebody staying there, and there was a nurse with the little girl. The nurse, apparently very frightened, had gone down the trail to Blithedale and had hidden with the child under one of the stone bridges that go across the creek, and nobody could find them. The Marshes were very close to my mom and dad, and they were extremely worried. Later in the evening they did find them, but everybody had

¹I believe the child was a visitor, not a member of the Marsh family. P.J.F.

been afraid they had been burned in the brush. I remember that was terrible.

We went back and slept in our house that night, and I remember the terrible smoky smell and the hill across from us all black. The Uphams on Lovell Avenue were very good friends of my family, and their house was completely gone. It was a terrible thing, Carl, to watch beautiful Mill Valley burning. And with something like that, you don't know where it's going to end. As you look back on it--well, the town was saved, the houses were demolished but eventually they were rebuilt, and the trees have grown. But at the moment it was a terrifying thing.

It was almost like a miracle. About 5 or 6 o'clock that night the wind completely turned its direction. The hot wind was the thing, you know, and our house definitely would have gone. Really large cinders, about the size of an orange, were continually being blown over onto the house, and the fire would have just jumped the road. Of course there's so much brush up in there. But none of those houses did go, so we personally were not really affected.

Mr. Mosher

If your dad had time to dig a hole and bury some things, your family was obviously alarmed early in the afternoon.

Mrs. Fleming

Well, the fire started up high and then came down, so we had a few hours to get prepared. What time did the fire start?

Mr. Mosher

Apparently sometime between one and two o'clock. Did the fire burn over the bridge where the woman was hiding with the child?

Mrs. Fleming

Well, it's a cement bridge, but no, it did not get down to that point. It never did cross West Blithedale and go to the other side at all. It just burned down to that point and then back. The fire was all around Ruth White Bowie's house, and they saved it. Of course the house is cement; that's probably one reason.

Mr. Mosher

It was a fearsome experience, I'm sure, for everyone here.

Mrs. Fleming

I think even today it's a smart thing to close the road up there. It takes only one thing to get something like that started.

Mr. Mosher

What was your impression of how the 1929 fire started?

Mrs. Fleming

I don't have any, Carl. If I ever heard, I've forgotten. I suppose it was a cigarette off the train, wasn't it?

Mr. Mosher

I think that's sort of the consensus, but not everyone agrees. You were just ten years old, and you're full of impressions but wouldn't remember all the details. What did they do around here in the way of play when you were growing up in early Mill Valley? Did you skate? Did you have stilts? What were you doing?

Mrs. Fleming

I remember roller-skating, and now it is becoming popular again. Bill and I were talking about it the other day. In the old days we had metal skates, of course. Where we lived the road wasn't very good, so we would go up Windward Way to what was then called Cottage Avenue and is now West Blithedale. There was a wonderful old piece of sidewalk, and every afternoon we'd go up there and skate. Nowadays young people buy boots with skates attached. I will admit they're nice and quiet, but they're putting out \$89 to \$125 for these outfits. I don't remember what our skates cost, but probably \$2 or \$2.50.

We used to swim a lot, and we would take walks to Muir Woods, picnics up the mountain. I remember bicycling. We always bicycled to school, even when I went to Tam High School. The only time I'd take the train was when it was raining. One of the nicest rides we used to make was to leave Mill

Valley and come over to Belvedere. I still think of it today when I'm driving in and I'm behind traffic! There were absolutely no houses, you know. There was a beautiful dairy ranch by the trestle, and that hill was covered with Johnny-jump-ups. I remember coming over in the spring and picking them. I still think of it. All the wild flowers are gone, and I've often wondered what happened to them. A bulldozer comes in and turns up the soil, but what happens to the seeds? You'd think they would be scattered and come up someplace. But I haven't seen a Johnny-jump-up in years.

Compared to now, Carl, everything was simplified. I remember we had dancing school at the Outdoor Art Club, ballroom dancing. As you got to be a teen-ager there were birthday parties and dances, and the girls would get dressed up in party dresses. We'd go to somebody's house and have dinner and dance. It was all very proper, boys and girls nicely dressed, on their good behavior. Most of us were from the dancing school sponsored by the Outdoor Art Club.

Of course when you got a little big older you went to the assemblies held at the Lagunitas Club. There were some Mill Valley people, but mainly they were from upper county. We did more nice social things then than we do now.

Mr. Mosher

You had radio then but no television. That has a profound influence on all these things, I think.

Mrs. Fleming

Oh, undoubtedly it has.

Mr. Mosher

You started to high school in 1932?

Mrs. Fleming

Yes.

Mr. Mosher

Did you have a particular girl friend during this growing-up period?

Mrs. Fleming

Yes. One of my best girl friends was Mary Elizabeth

Swearingen, Liz. I even remember her address--61 Catalpa. She passed away about twenty years ago. There were other friends, but she was really my very best friend. It's interesting, Carl, that none of my other friends have come back to Mill Valley. I grew up in Mill Valley, then I was married in 1941. Bill lived in the city, it was wartime, he went into the service, and about 1944 we moved back here--and believe it or not, there were about three people in Mill Valley that I knew! Casey Mills was one that has stayed on. Casey was a little bit older than I was, so we didn't grow up as real pals. We're very good friends, but when you're growing up your intimate friends are in your class, not a year older or a year younger. So there really isn't anybody, any of the friends I had, who has stayed in Mill Valley. It's too bad, because I've really lost contact. I don't know where any of them are. As I say, Mill Valley has changed tremendously. There are certainly some lovely old-timers left, but very few young people moved back here. Undoubtedly they went away to college, met a person from another place, and were married and then moved away.

Mr. Mosher

I'll have to admit that the other day I went through your high school annual, the Tamalpais High School Class of 1936, and I was struck by the fact that I didn't know anybody. I thought I would see some people who are still around, but you really have to look a long time to find a single one. I found your senior picture, incidentally, and thought you were easily the most attractive girl in the class.

Mrs. Fleming

Oh, Carl! (Laughter)

One person I remember lived right next door to us. They rented one of the houses on the Billings property. The mother was a schoolteacher at Old Mill School. She was a lovely person, apparently left widowed. She had two boys, Paul and Bert, and Mauricia. Mauricia was one of my very best friends. Unfortunately, the last I heard of her she was living in Placerville, and I don't know her married name. I heard that Bert had passed away, and I don't know about Paul. But you see, none of these people live here, so it doesn't mean anything to Mill Valley any more.

Mr. Mosher

What do you remember about Mr. Wood,¹ the principal of the high school?

¹Ernest E. Wood.

Mrs. Fleming

What I think of him now and what I thought of him then may be a little different! I was always sort of a goody-goody. I really didn't do anything wrong because I didn't want to do anything wrong. I imagine, though, that if you were a clown or if you misbehaved all the time, you wouldn't have very fond memories of Mr. Wood. He was a marvelous man with a wonderful family.

I think more in my memories than Mr. Wood would be the dean of men and the dean of women, who was Miss White.¹ In those days, of course, we wore uniforms. The navy blue pleated skirt, the white middy, which was cotton and had to be washed and starched, and the black tie. Until you were a senior you wore a navy blue serge collar, then you were allowed the white collar with a red tie.

The navy blue collar had white stripes, exactly like a sailor's collar, and it buttoned on. You could wear one for a month or so, but then to look right it had to go to the cleaners. As I recall it was about 25¢. This was during depression times, you know, and you could always tell the poor kids, I mean the kids that were really desperate. Those girls just washed their collars, and the lines were never white. They were sort of blue, because the navy wool had gone into the white.

At any rate, you were big stuff when you got to the red tie and plain white collar. That was the privilege of being a senior: you didn't have to button on that navy blue collar any more.

I still think uniforms are good, because in the long run it really cuts down the expense. You buy two uniforms for a child, and that takes care of them for, say, a couple of years. Our daughter, Debbie, went to Mt. Carmel, and they wore a uniform, then she went to Dominican, and they wore a uniform. Of course in this liberal world today the kids probably wouldn't go for it at all. The uniform at the moment seems to be jeans and a T-shirt.

But how did I get off onto uniforms? What was the original question?

¹Mabel Jane White.

Mr. Mosher

We were talking about your Tam years.

Mrs. Fleming

Well, they were wonderful years. We had a lot of fun. I was very interested in sports and went out for absolutely every one. I was on the swimming team, I played basketball and badminton and hockey. I did everything but baseball. My mother used to complain that I spent too much time on sports, but as I look back on it, it was really fun.

Oh, I was telling you about Miss White. Miss White, dean of girls, was extremely strict. In today's world she wouldn't last two days. She had sort of a bitter face, never smiled, was never gracious. She really didn't give the impression that she was kind. However, I remember knowing Miss White in adulthood and becoming extremely fond of her. I'd meet her downtown and say hello, and she was very gracious and nice.

The boys' dean--what was his name? I can't think of it. Bill would know. Anyway, he was very strict. If you were late to class you had to report to the office and write down your reason and then you were deprived. In other words, if your fourth period was a free period that you could use either for studying or going to the library, if you were late you were deprived of your fourth period.

We really had rules and regulations that you had to abide by. There was just none of this fooling around.

This was true in grammar school, too. I can remember being scared to death of most of my teachers except Mrs. Mills, Katie's mother-in-law. She was absolutely my most favorite. She was the dearest teacher. You learned a lot, but she was just a very sweet teacher.

Discipline was very important in those days. You were graded for "deportment." If you spoke when you weren't supposed to, when you weren't asked to speak in class, you had one point against you, and that showed on your report card. It was an entirely different world than it is today.

Mr. Mosher

These things go in cycles, don't they?

Mrs. Fleming

Do you think they will come back?

Mr. Mosher

They're beginning to swing back towards more authority now. I'm quite sure of it. Tell me, what are your memories of your mother? What kind of person was she during your school years? And what was her first name again?

Mrs. Fleming

Her name was Dorothy Bridge Johnson. She was a very active person, a great golfer. Golf and gardening were her big interests. Mother and Daddy belonged to the Mill Valley Country Club, as it was called in those days, and golf was very important to both of them. Mother would play at least three or four times a week, plus Saturday or Sunday. My father was a magnificent golf player. In fact, I have many of the silver cups that they won in tournaments. In later years they both belonged to the Meadow Club and still continued to play. Mother was a wonderful cook, a wonderful gardener--in fact, my mother was a perfectionist. She was more or less hard to live with because she expected a great deal of you as a person.

Mr. Mosher

How did that rub off on you?

Mrs. Fleming

I do many of the things my mother did. I love to cook, I love to garden. I know quite a bit about gardening just through growing up with it. I don't play bridge. Mother and Dad were avid bridge players. To get back to the social life of those days, the thing to do was to entertain your friends for dinner and then have a game of bridge. It's interesting; Bill and I neither one play bridge. My husband has always said that the reason he didn't want to learn was because he never gets to see his friends anyway, so when we do see them he wants to chat with them and not worry about a game of bridge. That's why we've never taken it up. But anyway, in those days they really played bridge!

Mother was active in the PTA when we were in school. Actually, Carl, we didn't have it easy financially. My mother

and father were separated when I was twelve years old. They were separated until after Bill and I were married in 1941. In fact, it was interesting. When I was married I wanted my father to give me away, and that was okay with my mother. Bill and I were married at the Catholic church in Larkspur and then had a wedding reception at our house in Mill Valley. It was a beautiful day. We were out in the garden, and my father and mother saw each other for the first time in many years. A couple of years afterwards they went back together again and celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. All their friends in Mill Valley gave them a party. This lovely box was made by Lucien Marsh and Company, and the names of Mother's and Dad's friends who were at their wedding anniversary party are engraved on this box. This is ivory set in the wood.

Mr. Mosher

What a great memento. Beautiful!

Mrs. Fleming

To get back to mother: As I look back I had a wonderful childhood. It was a struggle during the depression, and there were many things we went without, but we certainly didn't have it as bad as I'm sure many people did. I remember her saying, "Now, we're not going to have any Christmas presents this year," and invariably there would be presents under the tree.

Mr. Mosher

Did your father support the family during the depression?

Mrs. Fleming

I don't really remember how things were worked out, but I think he didn't help as much as he should have.

Mr. Mosher

It sounds nice that they got back together again in their declining years.

Mrs. Fleming

Well, that didn't last very long, Carl. They were only back together a few years, and then they were separated again. Most of my childhood was tied in with my mother's family and their relationship to Mill Valley. My Grandfather Bridge was a great force in my family, as I look back on it.

He was English and definitely of the old school. What he said was law, and everybody jumped. As I said, he would come over every weekend; he was part of our household. He was a wonderful fellow.

Another thing I remember about my childhood was a little boat that my grandmother had called the Miss Muffet. This was a little power boat about thirty-five feet long that was kept up at Antioch. A lot of our weekend time was spent on that boat. We'd go up the Sacramento River, and it was lots of fun.

Mr. Mosher

What are some more memories of your Grandmother and Grandfather Bridge?

Mrs. Fleming

My grandfather and grandmother met at the rowing club in Belvedere, I believe. It's interesting, because they married brothers and sisters. Her sister, May, married Frederick Bridge, my grandfather's brother. May Bridge lived in Belvedere, so I'm very close to her children.

Let's see. To make it simple: My grandparents, Henry and Carrie Bridge, had four daughters, Elizabeth, Dorothy, Barbara, and Marj. On the Fred Bridge side was Winnie, who married Harry Allen and lived in Belvedere; Arthur, who lived in Southern California; and Helen, who still lives in Belvedere. Helen and my Auntie Marj are very close because they're about the same age; they're seventy-five now. Helen never married. An interesting thing about Auntie Helen is that she bought a ranch up in Sonoma County that years and years ago belonged to my great-great-grandparents. It had been out of the family for years, and she found it and bought it. She spends most of her time there.

Auntie Winnie passed away a couple of years ago. Her husband, Harry Allen, developed Seacliff in San Francisco. Then they came to Belvedere, and he developed Belvedere.

Mr. Mosher

Where did your grandparents come from originally? Your maternal grandparents?

Mrs. Fleming

My grandfather came from England basically, then Boston,

and then out to San Francisco. He was a tailor in San Francisco and eventually got into real estate because he made his money on second mortgages. He probably started with one, made a little money, and invested it in another. I really don't know, but I think that is how he eventually went into real estate.

My grandmother also came from England, and they met in Boston and came out here. They were distant cousins to begin with, so that probably drew them together. Then with the two brothers marrying two sisters, they were just very, very close. Winnie Bridge Allen, who was the Fred Bridges' oldest child, was the same age as my mother; they were born the same month, same year. They were cousins, but they were double cousins. Next to Winnie was Arthur Bridge, whose wife still lives in Belvedere, but they spent most of their life in Southern California; he was head of the Southern California Electric Company. Then came Miss Helen Bridge, who still lives in Belvedere part time.

With the Henry Bridge family in Mill Valley and the Fred Bridge branch in Belvedere, they used to go bowling and picnicking and do everything together. It has always been a close-knit family. I think maybe, too, in those days families were inclined to be even closer.

Of course my father's family had nothing to do with Marin County. My Grandfather Johnson was a Methodist minister. They lived in Berkeley, but for a long time he was a minister in Japan, so my father lived in Japan for quite some time.

Mr. Mosher

What was your grandfather's first name?

Mrs. Fleming

I can't think of it right now. I just called him Grandpa Johnson. I could look it up, but I can't think of it off-hand. But, as I say, the Johnsons had nothing to do with Mill Valley. All that comes from the Bridges.

Mr. Mosher

And how do the Allens figure into this?

Mrs. Fleming

Well, my Auntie Winnie Bridge married Harry Allen.

The Allens lived in San Francisco but had a summer home in Belvedere, which Winnie Bridge Allen's youngest son, Howie, now has as his home. Her husband, Harry, developed Seacliff in San Francisco. Then he came over here before the war and bought stock in the Belvedere Land Company. I forget the details, but he worked out something where he owned the majority of the property. He was the one who developed Belvedere Lagoon. He built all those houses down along the shore here--which today would never be allowed. Auntie Bob, Auntie Barbara, built this house twenty-eight years ago, and at that time there were no houses down here at all. There wasn't anything down on this side of the island except way down at the end. She had her pick of what lot she wanted.

But to get back to Harry. Bill feels he was an absolute genius to think of the lagoon. He's made it most attractive, and look at the pleasure that it's brought to so many people.

Mr. Mosher

Yes, it's a gorgeous location. But to get back to you, what did you do after you graduated from Tam High School?

Mrs. Fleming

I went to College of Marin for a year and a half. Mainly because I had a C in chemistry and a C in French, and you had to have As and Bs to get into the University of California. I was determined I was going to Cal, and I did. I graduated in 1941.

That was an interesting experience. Mill Valley was such a protected life. Everybody knew everybody. Your parents didn't have to ask, "Who is this boy? What is his family background?" That was known. It was cozy; it was nice. One of the things that stands out in my mind about going over to Cal in my sophomore year was that I had a Jewish girl as a roommate. I had never heard the word "Jew" or "Jewish." It wasn't that it was a no-no; it simply wasn't mentioned. I mean, why bring it up? Why even talk about it? We were brought up with absolutely no racial prejudice because there was no reason to be. When I look back on the friends I had in Tam there were a few people who were Jewish, but we never even knew it. And of course we never had any blacks in this area.

In my junior and senior year at Berkeley I lived at

International House on the campus, which was a marvelous experience. One of my college friends was Verda Mae Kiernan. She wasn't from Marin County, but she was doing graduate work and we had rooms next to each other. The first night I said, "Come on, Verda, we'd better go down for dinner." She said, "Oh no, I'm not going to walk through the living room and have all those people staring at me." You had to walk through the foyer to get to the dining room, and there were Arabs and Hindus and people of nationalities she had never seen. I said, "Well, you might as well start tonight, or you'll soon be starving." It was an experience to somebody who had always lived in small-town Mill Valley. Today it wouldn't mean anything.

It used to be a big deal to go into the City. I remember going with my mother and arguing when she'd start making me put my gloves on in the train. I'd say, "We're not to the City yet," and she'd say, "Put on your gloves." This is the way you went to the City--with a hat and a coat and white gloves.

I've never gotten over the fact that when I went to the university it was a great big jump. Today you apparently learn all these things in grammar school, but it was an eye-opener when I was growing up. Kids today probably know all the answers to everything, but in those days things just unfolded very gradually. It was a big contrast from small Mill Valley, little Old Mill School, Tamalpais High School where everybody knew everybody's name--even to go to Junior College, which was very small then, five or six hundred students.

Mr. Mosher

You sort of left the cloister and went out into the world.

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, and it was really kind of a shock.

Mr. Mosher

You met your husband, Bill Fleming, at Tam?

Mrs. Fleming

Right.

Mr. Mosher

Was he a student at Cal when you were?

Mrs. Fleming

No, Bill didn't go to Cal. I'll tell you what happened. Bill and I started to go out together in 1934. He was a year ahead of me in high school. It was depression times, and Bill completed his units and got out of school early. Graduation was in June, and he left in December and went to work in San Francisco. Then he decided to go to night school and study accounting. He used to work six days a week and go to night school four or five nights. He didn't have a lot of time for dating, but we saw quite a bit of each other until I went to College of Marin. At that time he said, "I just haven't got time to study and work and see you, too, so I won't be seeing you any more." Believe it or not, I thought that was the end of a pretty nice romance. I didn't see Bill again until I was a senior in college. I went East with my mother on a trip the summer after I was a junior, the summer of 1940, and I wrote him a postcard from New York. He was still in my heart, you see; I hadn't forgotten him. I told him where we were and that we'd be back in July. We weren't home two days when the phone rang, and it was Bill. So that started the romance again. We went together all during my senior year in college, and we were married the October after I graduated in 1941.

Mr. Mosher

That was barely before the war. He promptly went into the service?

Mrs. Fleming

He went into the service in February of 1942.

Mr. Mosher

Where did you live then, and how did it all work out?

Mrs. Fleming

Auntie Bob, my dear Auntie Bob, was living on Russian Hill, and Bill and I got a little apartment right near her. When Bill was drafted I moved in with her. I was working at that time for Columbia Steel as a service representative. As different steel companies would call in their orders I

would handle it over the phone, write down shipping dates and so on. It was fun.

Auntie Bob was a volunteer driver for the Navy. Then Bill was transferred back to San Francisco, luckily, with the Fourth Air Force Headquarters. We continued to live with Auntie Bob, and we'd take turns getting dinner. She would get dinner one night, and I would get dinner the next. Everybody was working for the war cause.

Then in 1944 I was pregnant with Dennis, so we desperately tried to find a place to live. Housing was practically impossible to get; there wasn't any housing anyplace. At the time we were married, Jean and Jack Barnard were very close to us. They had been married a year before and had moved to Berkeley. They lived on Ashby Avenue. Jack was not in the service because he was working for Calpak¹ at the time. They found a little garden cottage for us in Berkeley, and we almost took it. As I look back on my life today I realize that our life and our friends would probably be completely different if we'd taken that little cottage in the East Bay and hadn't rented Mrs. Clinton's guest cottage and moved back to Mill Valley. I was Berkeley oriented by then; I'd left Mill Valley. None of my old friends were here anymore. Just my mom was living in Mill Valley. My sister was away at college, my brother was away in the service. What did Mill Valley have to offer us? We just knew that if I quit work to have a baby we didn't want to live in San Francisco.

In fact, while we were living in the City we were looking at lots in Orinda. We'd drive out there on a Sunday when we had gas and look at lots. We almost bought a lot over in Orinda. Then Mrs. Clinton's little guest cottage came up for rent, and we moved there.

You know, if you spend four years in a place, as I had in Berkeley, you become very attached to it. My family had lived there, too, so Berkeley was a second home to me. My grandmother and grandfather lived on El Camino Real, 17 El Camino Real. It's funny how I even remember the number. Then my Auntie Marj was living in Berkeley, too.

Fortunately Bill never went overseas during the war. He was sent back East, then he was sent back to San Francisco,

¹California Packing Corporation, now Del Monte Corporation.

then he was sent again back East, then back to San Francisco. Bill has a big family, too. He has two brothers, both married. We used to take turns at Christmastime--first my family and then Bill's. But during the war Bill would say, "Well, we have to have Christmas with my family this year, honey, because I know I won't be here next year." This went on during the whole war--having Christmas with the Flemings because he "knew" he wouldn't be here next year. It got to be sort of a family joke.

Mr. Mosher

So you were together most of the time Bill was in the service.

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, we were extremely fortunate.

Mr. Mosher

And Dennis was born in. . . .

Mrs. Fleming

In 1945.

Mr. Mosher

And your daughter Deborah?

Mrs. Fleming

Her name is Dorothy Bridge Johnson. She was named after my mother.

Mr. Mosher

How did the Debbie business start?

Mrs. Fleming

It's really D.B., for Dorothy Bridge. Mom has always gone by D.B.; a lot of her friends called her D.B. When Debbie was little we didn't want to call her Dorothy, so we kind of went to D.B., which kind of went into Debbie.

This is another funny story. My mother said the first

granddaughter named after her would get \$500. That was a lot of money in those days. Right after Dennis was born, my sister Carol had a daughter, so she was in line to receive the \$500. She is quite independent, however, and she named her daughter Wendy. I said, "You're just throwing away \$500." She said, "Well, I don't like the name Dorothy."

It was a joke when I was expecting Debbie. Bill and I kidded and said, "Her name is going to be Dorothy Bridge, but if it's a boy we'll just call him D.B." Anyway, Debbie was born, and she was Dorothy Bridge, and we got the \$500. It paid for the hospital and the baby expenses.

Mr. Mosher

Is Carol younger than you?

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, she's two years and nine months younger than I am. She lives in Greenbrae. I think you should talk to Carol. She probably has a lot of memories, too. She had a whole different set of friends than I did, naturally, a different age group. I can't think of any of her friends that are around Mill Valley. Oh yes, there's one--Dot Nightingale, who lived in Mill Valley and is still one of Carol's very closest friends. She doesn't live here now, but they keep in touch.

Mr. Mosher

Do you and Carol see each other frequently?

Mrs. Fleming

Oh yes, all the time. Well, we chat more than we see each other. I called her up the other day and said, "Carol, I just never get to see you; we have to make a date for lunch," so she's coming down to have lunch with me in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Mosher

You touched lightly on comparing the old days with the current days in Mill Valley. You might talk about that again.

Mrs. Fleming

Mill Valley when I was a child and Mill Valley today

are two different worlds. It's just like drawing a curtain and saying then and now. Mill Valley is probably not unique in that; all the places around California where anybody my age lived, I mean, they've all grown. I'd say life was much simpler then, as far as young people were concerned. I feel sorry for the young people today because there's not enough fun things for them to do.

For example, one of the most fun things we had in high school and in college was the Larkspur Rose Bowl.¹ This was one of the most wonderful things, especially in Junior College when we were older. You would go with a date, and all your friends would be there. You'd say, "Oh hi! Meetcha underneath the Cal sign at the intermission." That's where your group would congregate, and you'd exchange dances with other people. It was not one of those "dance all night with the fellow you came with" things; it was exchanging dances.

I remember the keen dances we used to have--the Junior Prom, the Senior Ball. You would have a dance program, and all the different boys would come and sign you up for the dances. You always had the first and last dance with the fellow you went with, but other than that it was mix, mix, mix. It was so different than today, when you go with one person, and that's it.

Going back to the Larkspur Rose Bowl, they did have a rough element, some drinking, but none of us drank in those days. It was a good way to spend a nice Saturday night. Marvelous orchestra, wonderful music, nice crowd, balmy evenings--just beautiful. But there's no lovely place like that to go now. Probably if they had anything like that the bicycle riders and everyone else would be there, and there'd be a riot or something. There used to be older fellows who would stand outside, and sometimes there would be a fight or something like that. They'd get into a quarrel--probably too many beers or something like that.

Mr. Mosher

There's always that element around, but you're also touching on the fact that the drug scene has made things very different socially.

¹ An outdoor dance pavilion in Larkspur.

Mrs. Fleming

Certainly, certainly. Another wonderful part of our childhood (and I think probably the childhood of all people in Marin County) was the Russian River. We used to go to Guernewood, and it was perfectly delightful. My mom was a keen sport, and sometimes she would chaperone a group of us. We'd rent the Seymour cottage, which I believe they still own at Guernewood. Again, they had wonderful bands and outdoor dancing at Rio Nido and Guerneville.

Mr. Mosher

In those days you generally stayed a while, a week or two. Now you just dash in and out, so that made a difference in the social arrangements.

Mrs. Fleming

A lot of people used to take their vacations up the Russian River, at Guernewood. You never hear about anybody going up there now. However, Bill's youngest brother has a home at Oddfellows, and that's very nice. In order to keep it nice they have a guard at the gate. His brother has to call the guard before we arrive to say exactly who's coming through, give our complete names. You have to give your names as you go in, but this keeps it a very nice family resort.

Mr. Mosher

Where did you move when you left Mrs. Clinton's guest house? When I first knew you, immediately after World War II, you were down in the Locust area. Am I right?

Mrs. Flemming

Yes, we wanted to have another baby, and we didn't have room in the small cottage, so we bought a little house down on Matilda. We lived there four or five years, and then we built our home on Marlin Avenue. In fact, we put the little house on the market and went to Bolinas. My mother built a summerhouse at Bolinas after we were grown, and it was a great place for our children to spend time. We'd go over there a lot. It was up on the cliff right by the lighthouse. In fact, it's still there, and people live there full-time now. It's a darling house.

Another really keen memory--and this has to be before I

was twelve. When we'd get hot weather, like we still do on a June or a September day, my dad would commute home and we'd pick him up at the high school and drive over to Stinson Beach for a cookout. I remember my mother sending me downtown to get lamb chops. We'd get those thick little rib lamb chops and (I remember this distinctly) they were 10¢ a piece! She would call my dad in the City and say, "We'll meet you at five o'clock" and we'd drive over to Big Lagoon, usually, Muir Beach. We'd have an evening picnic over there.

Those beaches are still there, and I'm sure they're certainly used, but that's another example of the way things have changed. I remember one hot day last September I said to Bill, "Let's go to the beach." So we went to the beach. Well, I mean, it was like going to a foreign country! It was crowded bumper to bumper all the way to the beach. To be perfectly honest, it was much nicer to stay home.

Our daughter lives in Australia, and when you go to the beach there it's just like Marin County was when I was a child. You can go to many beaches over there and be the only person on the beach. It used to be like that here, but now everywhere you go is crowded. To me that is one of the saddest things about growth. Except for your own home, there are just very few places you can go for a picnic. I will say that Angel Island is great. You can take a lunch to Angel Island and walk around and be by yourself and be quiet and not just be with throngs of people.

We used to have wonderful fun at the beaches. We'd all go as a group, boys and girls, and we'd take hot dogs and buns, and we'd swim in that cold water, build a big fire, and have a weenie roast. I have wonderful memories of that. We did it all the time during high school, mainly in groups because the fellows would have a car. Maybe this happens today, I really don't know, but I can hardly see these kids getting in the car and going to the beach for a weenie roast.

Mr. Mosher

I think it's done, but not as frequently.

Mrs. Fleming

I don't know whether you've done it, but it would be a fun thing to get some of the younger generation who live in Mill Valley, whether they're connected with any of the older generation or not, and talk to them about Mill Valley today in 1979.

Mr. Mosher

We've done that once, and you're right, it was extremely interesting, no question about it. Speaking of young people, tell me about your grandchildren. How many do you have, and

Mrs. Fleming

Let me go back a little bit and tell you about Debbie. She went to Santa Clara, and in her junior year she went to the University of Vienna. It was a marvelous opportunity during that year abroad, because if they could get their studying out of the way they would go different places on weekends. It was so easy to get places. On one of her weekends she went to France on a skiing venture, stayed at a youth hostel, and there she met her present husband, Kenneth Cameron. His home was in Scotland, but he was on his way to Oxford University. He had a scholarship to Oxford.

Mr. Mosher

What was Debbie's major?

Mrs. Fleming

Sociology. She is now a nurse, however, in Canberra, Australia. The year Debbie finished in Vienna (this would be in 1968) Bill and I made our first trip to Europe. We met Debbie on July 4 in Vienna. Vienna was the hottest city, the hottest country, in the world that day. It was soaring way up over a hundred. At any rate, we had done some of our travels before we met her, and she was going to continue the travels with us. She mentioned when we got to France that Kenneth was traveling around because his family didn't think he was quite old enough to enter Oxford. They felt he had a little more growing up to do, so he was traveling around all over Europe. He would work, earn some money, and then go on to another place. We ended up meeting him in Ireland. After Bill and I came home, Kenneth wanted Debbie to go to Scotland and meet his parents, which she did. She then went back to Santa Clara and finished her senior year.

That summer she had a job at a camp for the blind in Southern California, so she got Kenneth a job there, too, doing the sports and teaching the children fishing. That was the end of Debbie being in the United States. They were married that year, and they lived in Oxford while Kenneth finished college. He taught there for a year, and then they

decided England really wasn't the place they wanted to live. One night he was reading the paper or a magazine, and he saw an advertisement offering transportation over and back and a scholarship at the National University of Australia. He wanted to get his doctorate, so he applied and was accepted. They have lived in Australia ever since.

To answer your question about my grandchildren, Jacob Cameron is now nine years old, and Zoe Cameron is two. They had another little girl this last April, and her name is Ella Mae. They call her Ellie.

Mr. Mosher

Wonderful. That's a very touching and loving story, I must say. I like it. Tell us about Dennis.

Mrs. Fleming

Denny is presently teaching in the public schools in San Anselmo. He's never had the opportunity to teach in a regular classroom; he's always been involved with educationally handicapped children--which means they have other problems, too, or they wouldn't be educationally handicapped. They have behavior problems and many other problems. I think he does a good job with that, and he seems to enjoy it very much. He bought a house in Woodacre last year and seems very happy.

Mr. Mosher

Where did he take his training for this type of work?

Mrs. Fleming

He went to the University of California and proceeded to flunk out, then he went back to College of Marin to make up some credits, and finally he went to San Jose State. We thought we were never going to get Dennis through college. He used to be more or less the playboy, but he has changed greatly. Now he's completely the opposite. He's the great runner, the great athlete, the dieter, watching his calories. He grows all his own vegetables and has lots of fruit trees and grapes. He's gone the complete circle. All we need now is for Dennis to find a nice girl and get married. He'll be thirty-five in July. He's fantastic with children and would make a marvelous father. He has great patience, understanding, and love.

Mr. Mosher

This has been wonderful visiting with you, Pat. Can you think of anything else? Any more little gems we've left out?

Mrs. Fleming

I do want to stress that Marin County is a lovely place to live. In Bill's and my travels, we've never been anyplace that we don't say, "Oh, there's no place like home." It's so lovely here.

As I said before, I think the people who come to Mill Valley usually come with almost love in their hearts. They drive in and say, "Oh, this is beautiful! I wonder if we could afford to live here!"

I kind of have to laugh, because when I was growing up, the place to live was definitely upper Marin County--Ross and that area. Mill Valley was just sort of--well, Mill Valley! Now, to my knowledge, there has been a book and two long articles written about Mill Valley. This is too bad in a way, because everybody's going to say, "Oh, we have to see this place," and maybe it's going to bring in the wrong type. I do feel as a whole that the people who live in Mill Valley just fall in love with it, so they must make good citizens.

Mr. Mosher

You didn't mention¹ the little song which is played all over the United States. Mill Valley is the best-known name in Marin County now.

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, I remember when we used to go down to La Jolla on vacation. My sister and I would go down with our grandfather on the boat. The deckhands would ask where we lived. There we were only about six hundred miles from the Golden Gate, and when we'd say Mill Valley, they'd say, "Where's that?" They'd never heard of Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

That's not true now.

¹"Mill Valley," written and recorded by Rita Abrams.

Mrs. Fleming

No. Well, one good thing about it--it can't really grow too much because there's no place to go. The green belt really surrounds it, thank heaven.

Mr. Mosher

We're very fortunate people in so many ways. Your whole life is testimony to that.

Mrs. Fleming

I did leave out something important, and that is the Outdoor Art Club. My grandmother, Carrie Bridge, was one of the founders, and I would say that it was one of the most important parts of my adult life. Flora B. Reynolds, who was a friend of my grandmother's and a good family friend of ours, was also a founder. She was always close to us as we were growing up.

The Outdoor Art Club has made such a great contribution to the people in Mill Valley who've belonged to it. When I joined I didn't drive a car, and I had a small baby. (Dennis was about two years old at this time.) I would get all dressed, with gloves, bag, and hat, walk him down to a baby sitter on Lovell Avenue in his Taylor Tot, leave him there for a few hours, and go to the Outdoor Art Club. I met practically all my present friends through the club.

It is still functioning in the same way, but the unfortunate part is that so many of the young people nowadays are working. I was talking the other day to my sister, who is a past-president of the Outdoor Art Club, and I said, "Carol, what is going to happen to the club? Where are we going to get new people?" I've gone to club a couple of times recently, and I've looked around, and there aren't any young people anymore. We've got to get them from someplace, because the older people are going to die off, and what's going to keep it going? We wouldn't want it to collapse.

At any rate, the Outdoor Art Club has been a wonderful place. I haven't gone regularly for many years now because I go to the symphony on Thursday. You can't do both when the symphony season starts.

Then I was very interested in Sunny Hills and was on the board of directors of that for nine years. I'm still in-

volved in the Redwood Guild in Mill Valley. In fact, I'm president now for the second year.

Mr. Mosher

Is the Redwood Guild part of Sunny Hills?

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, there are about twenty guilds in Sunny Hills. As you know, Sunny Hills is a home for emotionally disturbed children. It's in San Anselmo. I'm still a member of the club, and it was a very important part of my life at one time. Do you remember the dances, Carl, and the dinner parties?

Mr. Mosher

Oh indeed, the biggest social event of Southern Marin. Let's talk for a minute about some of your public activities since World War II.

Mrs. Fleming

For many years (I can't remember how many) I worked on the Musical Chest. Then I worked very hard on United Crusade. I remember Eugene Crawford was chairman one year, and he called me and asked me to take over Mill Valley. We were living on Corte Madera Avenue at the time. We had sold our house on Matilda and were building the house on Marlin, and we lived on Corte Madera Avenue for a year. Then I joined the Junior Auxiliary of Sunny Hills. It's still functioning. It's a group of forty women who in those days used to work directly with the children of Sunny Hills.

Sunny Hills was originally started as an orphanage, seventy-five years ago. As times changed and there was no more need for an orphanage, it became a home for children--mainly for children who didn't have mothers or didn't have fathers or both. However, the way the world has changed, it is now a home for extreme cases of emotionally disturbed children. The role of the Junior Auxiliary is different today, too. Most of the members are not trained to work with this type of child, so their main function at this time is raising money--which, of course, it always has been. In those days they had the lovely Charity Ball. Unfortunately they had to give this up because there just weren't enough people who would dress in formal attire to go to a party.

I was a founding member of the Guild Governing Council.

In the old days the Sunny Hills Board of Directors ran everything, but the job got to be so large that they formed the governing council. Their purpose was to run the Grape Festival, which is the main activity of the Sunny Hills Volunteers. They put on the annual Grape Festival to raise approximately \$30,000 for Sunny Hills each year. This is the year's effort for all the guilds that belong to Sunny Hills.

After I was on the Guild Governing Council for a year I was asked to become a member of the Sunny Hills Board of Directors and served for nine years. That is the maximum term. You're re-elected every three years, and at the end of nine years (if not before) you go off the board.

As the years go by, the program gets more and more expensive, and it takes more and more time to sell it. It's a vital program and has always been close to my heart. I feel they do a fine job. You're working with kids today who would eventually end up in San Quentin if they didn't have help. I mean, it's that severe, the cases of these youngsters being handled.

I've also been a member of the Redwood Guild of Sunny Hills, which is in Mill Valley. As I say, I am now president of that for my second year. I've thoroughly enjoyed that; it's a wonderful group. It's made up of, I'd say, the old-timers of Mill Valley and the new ones that we've been able to. . . . We try to get the young people who are moving into Mill Valley to join, but we only have a membership of thirty-four. The Redwood Guild is always either first or second in the amount of money that they raise every year. We have a very good reputation, and we work very hard with our making of chutney every year.

Mr. Mosher

You have made a specialty of the chutney business, haven't you?

Mrs. Fleming

The recipe came from Collie Wellington¹ and it's called Colonel Wellington's Chutney. It's in great demand. They make several thousand jars of it, and there's always a waiting list of people who want it. We do other things, like marmalade

¹Mrs. Leslie Wellington, long-time Mill Valley resident.

and plum-raspberry jam with Seymour's plums and other plums that we can get.

I was on the board of the Outdoor Art Club for many years and was vice president. I never accepted the presidency, and I kind of regret that I never did, but the time just didn't seem right in my life, or I didn't have the time to devote to it. I remember somebody saying to me, "Pat, don't wait too long, because if you wait too long you'll never do it." And that's exactly what happened.

Mr. Mosher

You must take great joy in realizing that the famous building designed by Maybeck is now a national monument. That's a nice thought isn't it?

Mrs. Fleming

Yes, it is. Being as close as I was to Berkeley, there are quite a few Maybeck buildings there that I'm familiar with. They do have a similarity.

Mr. Mosher

But this is the only one, incredible as it may seem, to be so honored--at this point, at least.

Mrs. Fleming

It really helps us tremendously with taxes. We were having a terrible time. It looked almost like we were going to have to give up. I mean, the handwriting on the wall was Proposition 13. This has really saved us. It would be terrible to have the building torn down or used for a recreational center or not taken care of. An awful lot of money per year goes into preserving that building.

Mr. Mosher

It would have taken something out of the lives of all of us who were here for many years when the Outdoor Art Club was thriving. All their social events over the years are precious memories.

Mrs. Fleming

They are, Carl. They are precious memories.

Mr. Mosher

What else have you done, Pat? Is that the list?

Mrs. Fleming

A new interest I now have is the Marin Art and Garden Center. I joined about two years ago and am thoroughly enjoying that. The only thing I don't like about it is that you have to put in so many hours a year. But I think it's extremely worthwhile. Again, it's a place like the Outdoor Art Club that has to be preserved, and it just takes a lot of volunteer working hours to raise the money to keep the center for everybody's use.

I think a lot of people who come to Marin County and drive past there don't realize that the center is open to the public. They want you to come in, to the antique shop, to their little luncheon room, to the many things they have to offer.

Mr. Mosher

Well, that's the official list. I know you've had a reputation all your life as a Good Samaritan, and I'm sure you've done a lot of wonderful things that aren't on the list. Thanks again, Pat.

Mrs. Fleming

You're welcome, Carl.

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