**Memories: Corte Madera Stories from May/June 1991**

Bob Mahood

“I remember “Rock Hill” just to the north of Holy Innocents, the fire house squeezed in between the church and Mahood Brothers store. I remember Mr. Wyatt’s fresh vegetables and fruit store, Buckley’s, Grosjean’s, and Mr. Schneider’s butcher shop.”

“My dad, Foster Emerson Mahood, was treasurer of Corte Madera for many years (35 I’m told) as well as being a merchant and volunteer fireman. He received a gold badge. I used to help my dad clean out and get things ready for the Corte Madera concessionary part of the Rose Bowl dance hall in Larkspur.”

“I sold newspapers at the railroad station in Corte Madera and magazines at Baltimore Station every morning before school.”

“The old two story building is gone at LCM and so is the “speedball” and/or football field. The baseball field is still there and that eucalyptus tree gets bigger and bigger. So a lot of things don’t change much.”

“I was born at Ross Hospital Nov. 7, 1921 and lived the first three years in a rental house just about where the Post Office is now. The Cunningham’s and Eastman’s lived down that street. It’s now called Pixley St. It was just a marsh from there down to the bay. The Meadowsweet Dairy cows came up to the fence. We guys played football while dodging the chips. There was a map on the wall of the Post Office (when it was part of the Mahood Bros. store) depicting the lots and roads that would be built in the future on that marshland. Madera Gardens and the shopping centers and the 101 are part of it now. I used to climb clear to the top of C.M. hill before breakfast. I made it one more time in my fifties.”

“There was Tony Graf and then Mr. Lynch barber shops. Gasoline (5 gal. for 95 cents) at Bondanaro’s. Tragic Fred Apostoli’s place. Tam O’Shanter’s. I remember visiting the Oglesby’s. He was the engineer (civil) for the old highway. There’s more but I’ll save for a book.”

Jean Levesque

“I was born in San Francisco and remember a neighbor, Mrs. Hans, who in a heavy German accent, would tell us every weekend that she was going to Corte Madera. As a little girl I always thought Corte Madera must be the most beautiful place in the world – never dreaming I would wind up there. I always wondered just where she lived. I did meet someone who knew her. Anyway dreams do come true and Al and I both think Corte Madera is the most beautiful place in the world to live, especially Christmas Tree Hill. “

William Talley

“When we moved to 8 Stetson Avenue in 1948 we became active in the one school then existing. Frances became the very able secretary for the very pretty wife of John Siemens, Marguerite, who was then serving as President of the PTA. Later the LCM school was served by (wife) Frances, as President of the PTA.”

“And what did I do? Well, I joined the Dad’s Club and staged a minstrel show. Probably the last one.”

“Then one day a well dressed pleasant appearing gentleman appeared in my law office in the Shreve Building in San Francisco. A stranger to me, he said that he was the mayor of Corte Madera (James Thompson), and he was also the president of the Sanitary District. There was a vacancy on the District’s Board and Helen Trumbull had told of my many talents and would I serve. I agreed and labored for about five years.”

“Soon after that I learned that there would be an election for new members on the town council shortly and I might just as well take a crack at that too. I did and Lo and Behold, I got the top vote and I learned that I was to be the new mayor.”

“After 40 years and a couple of bouts with a stroke I’m not too sure of my new job but I think that at the very first meeting a gentleman appeared and said that he owned land between Corte Madera and Larkspur that should be part of a city. He had applied to Larkspur but they were dragging their feet and he wanted action. Would Corte Madera take him in? We decided we would be glad to have him but we had to have a noticed meeting and a date was set. On the appointed time we met and to our surprise the entire Larkspur council walked in with their attorney (Sam Gardiner – later a Superior Court Judge) and said that we couldn’t have the land because they had just taken in land that cut us off and we were no longer contiguous!”

“For some reason I couldn’t sleep that night. The next morning I telephoned John Ehlen, our town attorney, and suggested an end run that would take us to the land. We got it and that is why the Handi-Kup is in Corte Madera and I think of the trouble we had getting it every time I see the steam curling up.”

“Several years later my son came running in to show me a recent map. I had been honored. They named a street Tally Alley (They couldn’t spell so they left the “e” out of Talley). But my honor was not to last. The street is now changed to Industrial Way.”

Lee and Dorthea Miller

“As an honored guest having lived in Corte Madera in the late 1920s I thought back on living on Taylor Lane and Willow Avenue and Mr. Geister, police chief; Mr. Meinke, Town Clerk; Foster Mahood, Fire Chief. I did contribute in a way, as a student to the dedicated teachers of LCM from kindergarten through eighth grade; as fruit and vegetable clerk to Ray Spurgeon in Buckley & Company and delivery boy to the same with our free delivery of a head of lettuce and bunch of carrots to the little ladies of Christmas Tree Hill who lived at the top of one hundred stairs; and spending my entire dollar and a half Saturday wage at Robert Richard’s garage for eighteen cents a gallon Texaco gas to keep my ’26 Dodge running for the week to get to Tamalpais High.”

“It was wonderful to see again students and friends known in grammar and high school and but for this occasion may never have seen again. I particularly enjoyed telling Foster Mahood, son of the original, how much I appreciated the wonderful patience of his father as I tried to decide what color candy bulldogs I would buy for the day at the then current price of six for a penny, at his father’s ice cream and candy store.”

Sylvia Thoelecke (Granucci)

“My parents bought their house at 10 Redwood very soon after their wedding in 1921. Both were from San Francisco. I arrived at the scene January 1926, my brother in April 1928. When our mother died in 1932, we lived in Larkspur for 2 years with our aunt and uncle, returning to Corte Madera when I was in Miss Maguire’s 3rd grade.”

“My husband’s family came to Corte Madera in 1934 and lived at 4 Church Street Ct. My husband’s mother remained there until we had to put her in a convalescent hospital in the late 70’s.”

“Carl and I left Corte Madera in December 1945 when we were married, but didn’t go too far away (Kentfield).”