



Journal of Local History



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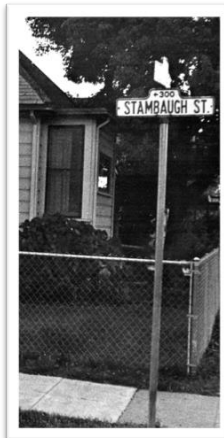
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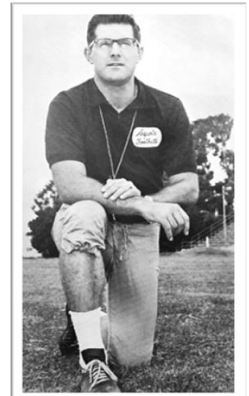
First Person and
More
Anson Burlingame



Burlingame Neon
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President's Message

The Archives Committee of the Redwood City Public Library has lost two of its most knowledgeable and dedicated members this year.

John Edmonds had been President of the Archives and Union Cemetery for many years and we were all very proud of his leadership and his dedication to our history. His many books showed his pride in being a lifelong resident and his pride and love of his work as a Deputy for the San Mateo County Sheriffs Office.

Florian Shaskey was a board member on the Archives Committee for several years after his retirement. He was the librarian at Sequoia High School and brought his knowledge of books and history to the Local History Room. Both men will be greatly missed.

We also lost another longtime member. My mother, Frances Aragon, passed away in June. She had been a resident of Redwood City since 1924. She passed away at the age of 107. She loved Redwood City and saw many changes during her lifetime.

The Local History Room is having to make some changes beginning with this issue. Since our publisher has retired and postage has been raised yet again, we will be sending "The Journal of Local History" to our members via email. We are sorry to have to make this move, but the costs of publication and mailing has made this necessary. To the members that do not have an email address on file with us, we will continue to mail the Journal. We will also have a few copies stored at the Local History Room if anyone would like a printed copy.

Another item that will be coming soon will be that members will be able to pay membership dues on-line via PayPal. Hopefully, that can become a reality by the end of the year.

Your continued support of the Local History Room is much appreciated and helps keep the room open for research and keeping the history of our city from being lost to time.

Marian Aragon Wydo
President

Eulogy for John Edmonds

(The following was delivered by Jim Clifford on Memorial Day at Union Cemetery)

I once asked John to define history for me. His answer was simple and straightforward. "It's the study of the past." Boy, talk about old school. That was years ago when I first got to know John when we both wrote history pieces for the Journal of Local History. There was no debate. It was pretty obvious that most students of history at that time would have agreed. Times change. Today many people – I won't call them historians – are using history as a weapon. They pick and choose what to relate, leaving out what they don't want you to know. They don't regard history as the SUM of the facts, but SOME of the facts. Sounds like borderline propaganda.

Not so John. He laid the facts on thick and heavy. I was always impressed by the amount of words he wrote. I get tired thinking about them. It was as though he never met a fact he didn't like. I sure don't have the energy to do what he did. Just his books alone are impressive. Here's a few "Vanished towns of San Mateo County," "Cops, courts, Jails and judges," and "The Civil War: Northern California's Unrecognized Valor," and his contributions to "Redwood City: A hometown history." My favorite is "Union Cemetery," which is the story of the people buried here – the lives of the people who pioneered life on the Peninsula.

John loved this place. He not only wrote about it, he helped in the fight to preserve it. He served a stint as president of the historical Union Cemetery Association. He cared for the heirloom roses that have grown here since the mid-1800s. He also led tours of the cemetery and was a member of E Clampus Vitus, those crazy guys in red shirts who show up here every Memorial Day and get dogs barking and car alarms screaming when they shoot an anvil in the air.

I think John should have written more about himself. It took some effort, but I talked him in to writing about his days in the Coast Guard. This came during a bull session when we exchanged stories

from our days in the sea services, although my days were behind a radio station mic while his were really at sea. One of his stories was about his time in a 36-foot self-righting life boat, a vessel that spins like a barrel in deadly seas. In his words – “you clip on a cable from the central structure to the aft structure and then clip onto the cable from a belt around your waist. This will hold you in if the boat goes over. You get wet, but you save lives.”

He truly lived a life of service. It was just in his DNA. I didn’t realize this fully until I read an obituary by his family. He spent 40 years as a deputy sheriff, patrolling every area of San Mateo County with his K9 partner Nerf. He ran a crime prevention outreach program, and worked as a bailiff – and, of course, wrote a book about it. An active member of the Trinity Presbyterian Church, he lived his faith. He was a founding member of Hope House of Redwood City, a women’s recovery facility.

The best summation of John’s life came from his wife, Diana: “He loved history and all that he did reflected that. The historical Union Cemetery was a culmination of all the passion in his life. He was determined to make the world better and he did.’

Amen to that.

Archives Committee Board Member

Florian J. Shasky
1943-2022

Florian J. Shasky, who lived and worked on the Peninsula for most of his career, has died. A native Oregonian, Florian earned a B.A. from University of Portland, and a M.A. from University of Washington. After additional studies at University of Exeter in England, he began his professional career at University of San Francisco. Florian then moved to the Green Library at Stanford as head of special collections.

A true bibliophile, he was drawn to beginning his own business, and established a practice in rare books and manuscripts, buying, selling, and appraising important collections. He was the first to create both an on-line catalog as well as a video

catalog. His professional associations included leadership, writing, and editing for such organizations as the Grolier Club, New York, and the Book Club of California.

Florian shared his deep knowledge of English and passion for teaching when he joined the faculty of Sequoia High School in Redwood City. He spent many enjoyable years traveling and sharing friendship with Donna McKinney.

Pearl Harbor Diver’s Name Surfaces

By Journal Staff

“Mystery solved!!” So said the national archives official who discovered the name of a Navy hardhat diver whose vivid account of searching ships sunk at the bombing of Pearl Harbor was found in a Redwood City home generations after the attack propelled America into World War II. The diver’s report, penned in a handwritten journal started a few days after the Dec. 7, 1941 “date which will live in infamy,” is now part of the history room in Redwood City’s main library.

The journal’s author was unknown until Eric Kilgore, a specialist with the National Archives and Records Administration did some outstanding



history detective work, finally identifying the sailor as Alfred Julius Katzenstein, who was 59 when he died in Orange County in 1977. The rare diary details what Katzenstein saw during a dangerous job that started just ten days after the attack. Included are graphic descriptions of remains found aboard the USS Arizona, whose hull is now a national memorial.

The six-page document, which ends on August 2, 1942, came into possession of the archives by sheer serendipity, according to Marian Wydo, president of the archives committee. It was discovered at the home of Mike Markwith’s mother,

“among her things after her passing”, said Wydo. “If anyone would like to see the original manuscript, please feel free to come to the Local History Room and we will be happy to show it to you.” The entire document was printed in the prior issue of the *Journal of Local History*.

No one knew the name of the diver until Kilgore investigated. Time had erased much of the name at the top of the first page, leaving only what appeared to be “A.J. Katz.” Among other documents, Kilgore used muster rolls to finally come up with the name. The diary said the author learned of the attack while having breakfast with a shipmate named “Gudka.” an easier name to decipher.

“I was able to search and found Ernest Gudka aboard the USS Harris,” said Kilgore. “Guessing that Gudka and “Katz” were shipmates, I scrolled to the “Ks” on the Harris’ muster rolls and found Alfred J. Katzenstein” who turned out to be a salvage diver at Pearl Harbor.

Rare Find

“These types of accounts are particularly rare as keeping a diary was forbidden due to security concerns during the war,” said Scott Pawlowski, curator at the Pearl Harbor National Memorial. “That sounds like an amazing diary,” he said. Indeed it is, especially the author’s reporting of his dive to the Arizona, its remains a cemetery for hundreds of men killed in the attack. Of the 2,335 military fatalities in the attack 1,177 were aboard the Arizona.

“The sight is terrible,” the diver wrote. “To be quite frank, there are thousands of bones broken into bits, lying all over the deck. There also are shoes in various spots that the foot still remains.” The battleship was “the most sickening sight,” he continued. He also inspected the remains of the battleship West Virginia where “we ran into a body lying across the hatch which we had to open. We left it or rather I should say pushed it aside as any attempt to bring it up would have been foolish as it would have broken apart.” Katzenstein noted recovering the commission pennant “that flew on the Arizona, the one she carried on the day she was sunk – Dec. 7, 1941.”

The diver’s diary is in rare company. When the book “Descent into Darkness” was published in

1996, it was billed as the only first-hand account of the salvage work at Pearl Harbor. The book by Navy Commander Edward Rayner, who passed away in 1997, tells how divers operated in waters so dark they couldn’t see much beyond the front of their helmets. There was always the fear of unexploded ammunition going off. According to the book, the divers memorized the blueprints of each ship and then guided themselves by feeling their way through the wreckage. Eight battleships were damaged with four sunk. All but the Arizona were salvaged.

For his work, Katzenstein was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal. The citation awarded in 1944 reads in part: “During the extraordinary hazardous conditions inside submerged vessels totaling well over 100 hours of successful under water work, his individual efforts contributed in a large measure to the success of the diving phase of these operations and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.”

One mystery remains: how did the journal end up in the Markwith home?



First Person and More Got a Story to Tell?

By Jim Clifford

Every family has a story. A good place to recount your family history is the *Journal of Local History*’s “We Share Your Stories” feature. The families spotlighted in past editions include the Seely, Dehoff, Wallace, Haas, Cullen, Ryan and Schutz. Send them in!!! The stories should be no more than 1,000 words, accompanied by photos when possible.

Almost all of the featured families started out in what used to be called “the old country.” For example, the Seelys came from Belgium, the Dehoffs from Germany, and the Ryans and Cullens from Ireland. Also, of note is how much they had in common. In his 1877 novel, *Anna Karenina*, Leo

Tolstoy wrote “all happy families resemble one another, but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way,” which pretty well sums up the Journal families, a happy lot that reflects the “Land of Opportunity” gallery at the San Mateo County History Museum at Courthouse Square. The museum exhibit tells the story of immigrant groups that came to America, often encountered prejudice and built a better life while contributing to the nation’s history. Again, the salient point in the gallery is how much each group had in common as well as having distinct qualities. For example, all of the ethnic groups had music, although the instruments might differ. Finding things in common is no small matter in this time of division.

A new state law that is effective in 2030 requires high school students to complete an ethnic studies course in order to graduate. The ethnic groups spotlighted in the Land of Opportunity gallery include Irish, Chinese, Portuguese, Italian, Japanese, Filipino, Mexican and African American. It will be interesting to see what groups will be covered in the schools. Usually mentioned in public prints are “marginalized” groups of today, forgetting that almost all newcomers where at one time “marginalized.” I was informed that Sequoia High School has been teaching such a course for two years. I tried to find out what was being taught, but my emails and phone calls to the school went unanswered.

I simply wanted to determine if so-called “ethnic groups” of the past, mostly Catholic or Jewish, would be covered or lumped into the “white” melting pot. I suspect politics has reared its ugly head, a fear driven home recently in Burlingame, where



some public art was dedicated to Anson Burlingame, whose name the city bears.

Burlingame, who was first elected to Congress from Massachusetts in the 1850s, was honored for his fight against slavery as well as his work as a diplomat in China. “The City Council wanted to honor Burlingame’s values and diplomacy,” Councilmember Michael Brownrigg is quoted in the Daily Journal. Fair enough, but what was not mentioned is that Burlingame was a staunch nativist and a rabid anti-Catholic who opposed what he called “priestcraft” and was initially elected on the American Party ticket, aka Know Nothings. Funny, but I hear my history teacher’s warning that “truth is the sum of the facts, not some of the facts.”

Another Place Wants to Hear From You

Another place to tell your story is at the Writers Group that meets Thursday morning at the Veterans Center on Madison Avenue. Despite the name, not everyone in the group is a writer. Some members just want to talk the walk and share their experiences via spoken word.

A member of the group, I want to stress that it is not an academic class on how to write a book, although some members have done so.

The latest to publish is Steve Latner, author of “I Love you to Death” and “This Taxi for Hire.” We mostly sit around the table and tell our stories. Among those tales were those from Ralph Nobles, who helped develop the atomic bomb, a Rosie the Riveter who worked on bombers during World War II as well as veterans of that war.

We heard from a man who fought in the Battle of the Bulge. “He also told us about guarding prisoners. We assumed the prisoners were German but turned out they were American soldiers accused of criminal offenses, including rape and murder. Life is full of surprises.

The most familiar name in the group was Nobles, who passed away in 2015 at the age of 94. A physicist, he helped develop the atomic bomb that led to the end of World War II. He was the youngest staff member at Los Alamos and was present when the bomb was tested in the desert about 100 miles

from Albuquerque. He was stationed inside a shelter where his task was to make sure data recorders were automatically started and "if they were not, I was to start them manually," he wrote. After doing his job, he went outside and witnessed "the most brilliant flash of light heretofore seen on earth."

Nobles recounted many of his adventures to the writing group. The tales included his days aboard his yacht "Starbuck," scientific work in the South Pole and post war travels that included trips south of the border and beyond.

Not all of his stories were serious. One of the more memorable WWII yarns was about Captain Diablo. Yes, that was his name. Nobles' stories depicted the Los Alamos officer as a sort of Colonel Blimp who let his wartime power capture his ego. In one story, Diablo zipped by a guard post in his jeep one too many times, ignoring the MP's order to halt. The military policeman became so exasperated that he finally fired a warning shot that brought a quick halt to the captain's self-importance.



Locally, Nobles was best known for helping preserve Bair Island as open space. A sign at the entrance to Bair Island credits Nobles and his wife, Carolyn, who passed away in 2002, with saving the island "for future generations."

The 1946 Arson Blaze at Black Vet's Home

By Jim Clifford

In 1946 the partially-built home of a black World War II veteran was burned down, an almost forgotten chapter of Redwood City history that was revived recently during the competition for the proposed Racial Equity Mural on the Jefferson Street underpass near Sequoia Station. One of the entrants included a panel simply stating that John Walker's home was "burned down by racists." Now for the rest of the story, which included people who rallied around Walker.

The December 6th fire, which took place during rain and wind in the Dumbarton Oaks area, just a few hundred feet over the Redwood City line, followed racist threats. Almost immediately, fire and law enforcement officials deemed the blaze an obvious case of arson. While the fire wasn't a big one its social ramifications

were huge. The San Francisco Chronicle of Feb. 16, 1947 dedicated two pages of its This World section to "The Redwood City Story," opening by saying "An old Southern custom came West."

According to the Chronicle's account, the blaze was one of the "few cases of intolerance" on the Peninsula. As prior examples the story listed windows that were broken at the home of a Chinese doctor and an anti-Semitic "group near Atherton" that was short lived. Surprisingly, the article did not list the 1925 burning of a cross on a hill near a Burlingame mansion, that housed Catholic sisters, which, according to local lore, was carried out by people in hooded regalia.

Walker's was the second black (then referred to in news reports as Negroes) family to live in the area. The initial black family, the DerBigneys, lived in the area for five years and got along well with their white neighbors, but some attitudes changed when Walker started building his home nearby. Among other outrages, the DerBigneys received an envelope containing a penciled messages warning that "The Klan is on the march!"

Joe Marvin: A Sequoia Football Legend

By Jim Clifford

In addition, they said old friends became hostile. "There were no more visits, no more conversations on the street," the Chronicle reported. Still, reaction against racism was swift.

Three days after the fire, the Redwood City Tribune ran an editorial under a headline that read "Stamp Out KKK Menace." The editorial said there was "no room on the Peninsula for any bigotry so lawless as to destroy property or harm a person." Sympathy for Walker was immediate, with many people citing his wartime service in the Navy. "If Walker is good enough to fight for this country, he is good enough to live here," a woman who lived in the Dumbarton Oaks area told reporters.

Walker, who served at the battle of Okinawa, said he didn't "want any special treatment because of my service in the Navy, but I do feel that I am an American like a lot of other folk." Aid to help him rebuild his house came from several groups, mainly veteran's organizations. The list included the American Veterans Committee, which offered a reward and urged members to offer free labor to build the house.

Two men were arrested two weeks after the fire and charged with arson. They were acquitted but were sued for civil damages and received what was described by Walker's attorney as "a substantial settlement." Walker, however, ended up in jail – for failure to pay support for his wife and two children. The charges were dropped by his wife, Dorothy, and he was released.

What did the Chronicle conclude after its extensive investigation? Among other things, it decided the Klan was not involved, a few people made threats "and a small group of neighbors tried legal means to bar a Negro from an unrestricted area. Over 90 percent of the persons living in the immediate section deplored the crime and the thoughts that preceded it." What the reporters could not anticipate was the day when there would be a law enforcement tool called a "hate crime."

The passing of Sequoia High football legend Joe Marvin recalled a time when prep football games drew thousands of fans, including those who unashamedly rooted for the "Cherokees," a mascot replaced decades later by the more politically sensitive Raven.

Marvin was 93 when he died February 23 at his home in Aptos. Between 1958-1963 his Sequoia teams won 33 straight games in what came to be called "the streak," which was ended by a Carlmont High School victory. In all, Sequoia won 51 of 58 games during Marvin's tenure at the Redwood City high school. The 33 consecutive wins amassed four South Peninsula Athletic League championships from 1958-1961, a Peninsula record. In 1960, Sequoia beat Palo Alto 19-7 before 18,254 spectators at Stanford Stadium to become the top-ranked team in Northern California. Marvin was named Northern California Coach of the Year in 1961. Large crowds for the "Little Big Game" between Paly and Sequoia weren't all that unusual. The 1968 encounter reportedly drew 30,000. The rivalry between the two schools went back to 1927 and ended in 1975 when Palo Alto switched leagues.

Marvin, who was a tailback at UCLA, may have benefited from what can be described as "a perfect football storm." He was "the grateful custodian of a unique, five-year Mother Lode of athletic talent whose simultaneous emergence at Sequoia remains unexplained to this day, and likely will never be seen again," reporter James Gallagher wrote in The San Mateo Times in 1992 when Marvin was inducted into the San Mateo County Sports Hall of Fame.

Marvin's players included guard Bob Svihus, who would go on to USC, the Oakland Raiders and New York Jets, and center Rich Koeper, destined to be an All-American at Oregon State before playing pro ball for Green Bay and Atlanta. And, of course, there was the sensational Gary Beban, a Heisman Trophy winner at UCLA who later played pro ball for



Washington. The two linemen were present at the beginning of the streak while Beban saw its end. Svihus, now 79 and living in Salinas, said Marvin was “a true gentleman” who was “an outstanding individual, not just an extraordinary coach.” He helped “a lot of boys become men,” Svihus said. “He was a role model to me. My parents were divorced, and I didn’t see much of my father.”

Single Wing Days

In a 2011 interview with the Journal of Local History, Gallagher, who passed away in 2014, noted that Marvin used the old single-wing offense that dates back to the “leatherhead” days of football. “Some opposing coaches didn’t know quite what to make of it,” he said.

Briefly, the single-wing featured an unbalanced line with two linemen on one side of the center and four on the other. Also, the formation has a long snap from center with no hand-offs needed. Gallagher was near poetic in his description of the flight of Marvin’s single-wing when he penned this in the 1992 article: “For an instant, as they veered in unison to the point of attack, three to five blockers would achieve a ballet-like symmetry in advance of the prancing tailback before exploding into the midst of protesting defenders.” Marvin learned the single-wing attack as a tailback under UCLA coach Red Sanders from 1949-51.

Marvin and his wife, Jean, raised three children in Redwood City before he moved to the college level where he coached the backfield at Washington State and later at Cal. After moving to Aptos, Marvin coached at Cabrillo College where his



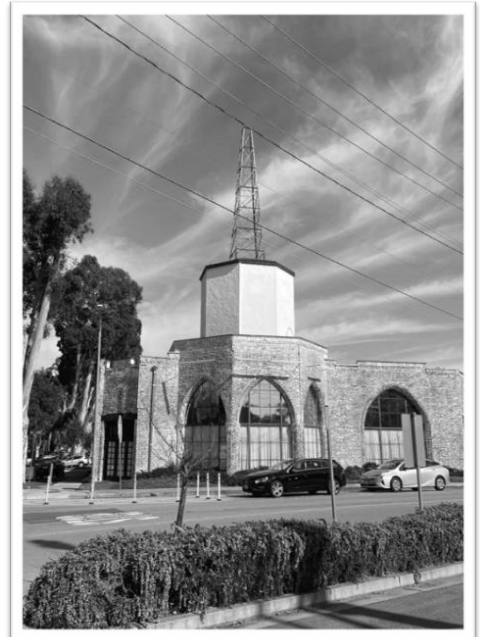
record as head coach was 75-22-5. Cabrillo won four Coast Conference championships under his leadership from 1974-1983 – creating another legacy.

A Mystery Solved

By: Journal Staff

That’s not a large radio antenna that sits atop a brick building across from the Burlingame Caltrain station, although that’s what it looks like. The tower, it turns out, once held neon lights that beckoned customers to a car showroom below.

The story of the brick building at 1021 Burlingame Avenue is featured in the Winter issue of The Record, the newsletter of the Burlingame Historical Society. The article by Russ Cohen is headlined “The Magic of Neon.” According to Cohen, the showroom opened in 1928 and “featured large neon letters spelling out “PACKARD” atop a large tower that sat at the peak of the building’s roof.” The society’s Jennifer Pfaff noted that the building was designed by “our most famous local architect, Ernest Norberg who designed many of our buildings, including our library.”



Cohen’s article is extensive and covers much more than the Packard sign. “Neon can be found throughout” Burlingame, he wrote. “Perhaps the most recognizable neon sign in Burlingame, the Broadway Arch, has quite the history.” The 100-year-

old sign used to read "PACIFIC CITY", and directed traffic to the long vanished Pacific City amusement park at Coyote Point. On at least two occasions concerned citizens saved the Broadway sign from the dustbin of history.

The sign went dark in the 1970's when the nation was hit by the energy crisis. "By 1987 the Broadway Merchants Association launched a drive to properly restore the sign", Cohen wrote. "The lit and refurbished neon sign was dedicated on November 26, 1988 at a cost of nearly \$44,000".

Many of the signs mentioned in Cohen's story have been saved and are part of the Burlingame Historical Society's collection. They include the Burlingame Hotel sign and the original city hall police sign, the latter being restored and will be on display inside the museum when it returns to a regular schedule.



Businessman, Land Shark, and Physician A Brief History on the Life of Dr. Solomon Schultz Stambaugh

By Jerett W. Godeke

Dr. Solomon Schultz Stambaugh was born in 1828 in Franklin County, Ohio, near Columbus. His grandparents were reportedly among the earliest settlers in Ohio. Not much is known about his early life; however, Solomon attended public school and Carter's Academy in Columbus to gain his education. Solomon would study medicine (a pupil of the Demonstrator of Anatomy) at the Starling Medical College, now The Ohio State University College of Medicine, beginning in 1846 at age 18. Five years later, in 1851, Dr. Stambaugh would begin his first medical practice in Delaware County, Ohio.

Though his reason is lost to history, probably in relation to the California Gold Rush, Dr. Stambaugh moved to California in 1852, where he took up a brief job as a miner before moving again in 1853 to practice medicine in Valparaíso, Chile. That would also be a temporary arrangement, as he

would only stay in Chile until 1855 before returning to California to practice medicine. Between 1861 and at least 1864, Dr. Stambaugh was San Mateo County's coroner, located in Searsville, California. He also happened to be the "only doctor in Searsville."

Dr. Stambaugh remained in California until the America Civil War, when he returned to his native Ohio to serve as a contract surgeon in the Union Army. He was stationed at Camp Thomas (North Columbus) and Camp Dennison (East Cincinnati). After his service to the Union Army was complete, he briefly returned to California, setting up another medical profession in San Mateo County. Three years after the war, in 1868, Dr. Stambaugh again returned to Ohio to marry Cornelia A. Powell on September 10, 1868. Cornelia was the daughter of Judge Thomas Watkins Powell and the brother of 1887 Ohio gubernatorial candidate Thomas Edward Powell. Shortly after their marriage, Dr. Stambaugh moved to Toledo, Ohio, in 1870 and began working with Fuller, Childs & Co., a "wholesale boot and shoe" company. He lived in the Oliver House at 27 Broadway Street in Toledo.

He remained at that firm for four years before joining the Toledo law firm Lockwood & Everett as a dealer in lands sometime in 1874. During this time, Dr. Stambaugh bought and sold land around Ohio with legal assistance from the Toledo duo of William F. Lockwood and Clayton W. Everett. In 1874, not long after starting with Lockwood & Everett, Dr. Stambaugh acquired land in Paulding County, Ohio, under somewhat dubious circumstances, that had been occupied by a canal feeder reservoir for the Wabash & Erie Canal over the last 30 years at that time. After two separate lawsuits, a supposed attempt to influence the locals to abandon the reservoir, and four years later, in 1878, Mr. Stambaugh was granted his land within the reservoir by default of defense. He would never get to use it, however, as he returned to California in 1877 to practice medicine, and the State of Ohio effectively blocked any ability to drain his property of water unless he created embankments around the property to keep the water out.

As mentioned, Dr. Stambaugh left Toledo in 1877, returning, once again, to California to practice medicine in the San Francisco area in a partnership with Dr. Kirkpatrick. Sometime between 1878 and 1883, Solomon became the "Master of the City Receiving Hospital" and a "consulting surgeon of St. Mary's Hospital." Also occurring in that timeframe, Dr. Stambaugh took a position with the White Star Line as a ship doctor on the S. S. *Oceanic* in 1881. The ship was chartered by the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company and sailed between San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hong Kong during its career. When Dr. Stambaugh returned from his first trip on *Oceanic*, he preferred keeping his boots on land and resigned from that position. Another factor that likely influenced that decision was Dr. Stambaugh becoming the police surgeon for San Francisco a week later, a position he held between 1881 and 1882.

In 1883, Dr. Stambaugh was wrapped up in the timber business in Alabama and Mississippi. He reportedly paid dearly for that decision, as it turned out to be a "disastrous investment." About this time, he was also in the market to purchase a sheep ranch in Virginia. Dr. Stambaugh then took up a lumber business near McCook, Nebraska, in 1884, and Danner Land & Lumber Co. in Mobile, Alabama, that same year. Dr. Stambaugh returned to the Bay Area for the final time in 1885 to practice medicine again, partnering with Dr. James Stanton. Dr. Stambaugh lived the rest of his life practicing medicine in Redwood City or San Francisco.

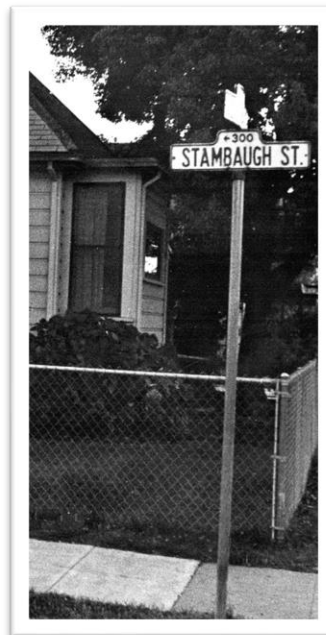
Dr. Stambaugh cared dearly for Redwood City as he made "substantial" improvements to the city. In 1873, after briefly returning to Redwood City from Toledo, Ohio, he was reportedly "anxious to pay his portion of the expense necessary to open Stambaugh into Main." In 1887, Dr. Stambaugh improved some property along Phelps Street (now Middlefield Road), wherein "nearly 600 loads of earth, about 1200 yards," was used to improve the land. As well as adding a "32 feet in diameter" pond with a small island in the middle for "the growth of lilies." This pond was designed to be an attractive water feature for the community with fish and flowers and served the practical purpose of being an

overflow for the pump providing water supply to nearby homes from an artesian well.

Dr. Stambaugh seemingly retired from being a physician in 1896. Sometime around February 20, 1897, Dr. Stambaugh became "dangerously ill," and his recovery was "doubtful." Five months later, Dr. Stambaugh, a man once "considered one of the brightest and most skillful physicians on the Pacific Coast," had been declared "mentally incompetent by the Superior Court of San Mateo County." around July 17, 1897. Two weeks later, Dr. Stambaugh died at his home on August 3, 1897, from complications related to late-stage syphilis known as *general paresis*.

Dr. Stambaugh is reportedly interred at Cypress Lawn in Colma, California. However, an inquiry to the cemetery came up with nothing. At this time, his resting place is lost to history. After three years in the probate court, the estate of Dr. Stambaugh was at last "distributed to the legatees mentioned in his last will" on November 27, 1899. "Some of the most valuable real estate in this city belongs to the estate, which is appraised at \$15,000." His wife Cornelia received the most property from the estate, and an unnamed nephew of Dr. Stambaugh was given 80 acres near Fresno, California.

The legacy of Dr. Stambaugh has not been entirely erased, as the Stambaugh-Heller neighborhood still bears his name, with his namesake street still connecting to downtown Redwood City at Main Street. 2,300 miles from Redwood City, a historical marker stands as a silent sentinel of the past along a quiet county road in Paulding County, Ohio. It tells of a local civil disturbance in 1887 that Dr. Stambaugh may have inadvertently inspired

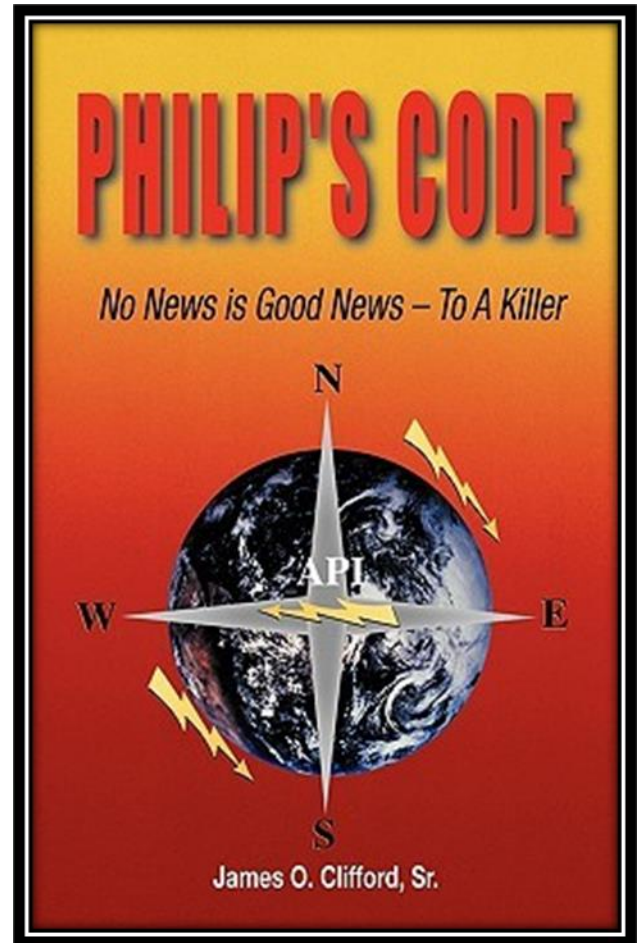


by planting the seed in the minds of the residents of Paulding County that the land occupied by Six Mile Reservoir could be used as a vast area of fertile agricultural land. A detailed history of Dr. Stambaugh's involvement in that event will entail the first chapter of my upcoming book, tentatively titled *The Reservoir War: A History of a Gilded Age Ohio Community Seeking Redress for a Forlorn Canal and Reservoir - 1874-1888*.

Dr. Solomon S. Stambaugh About the author

Jerett W. Godeke is a local historian from Antwerp, Ohio, who received his master's degree in history from Bowling Green State University. His primary focus is telling largely forgotten historical events in America's Rust Belt, particularly those that pertain to the region's transportation history.

He became interested in Dr. Solomon S. Stambaugh's story while researching for his book on Paulding County. Ohio's Reservoir War. A part of the project always aimed to learn about every significant individual in the Reservoir War's history. However, one man was an enigma amongst the notable names of Paulding County, Defiance County and some of Ohio's most legendary military officers. As details of many of those other individuals emerged, Dr. Stambaugh remained a specter of the research by appearing in the primary sources but never a whisper on where he came from and where he went. This article is the culmination of many hours of research to expand upon Dr. Stambaugh's life story and answer the question of where Dr. Stambaugh came from and the many places he went.



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