

Planting kindness ~ An interview-biography with Pacifican Marian Hinshaw

By Jean Bartlett (www.bartlettbiographies.com)

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(A Pacifica Historical Society Project)

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When Marian Hinshaw worked at Cabrillo Elementary School in Pacifica, she kept an eye on families in need. If someone needed lunch money, she was there. If, for instance, someone needed a Scout uniform but their family couldn't afford it, Marian brought in her crew of anonymous helpers, from Cabrillo as well as from Ocean Shore School, to remedy the situation. During the holidays, she coordinated an "Adopt a Family" program.

"As the secretary of the school, Marian knew everyone's situation," said Marian's dear friend and retired Pacifica School District teacher Connie Tse. "At Christmastime she would say, 'Hmm, this is what that family needs and this is what this family needs,' and we would sign up."

Donations included toys, clothing, holiday meals, grocery gift certificates and more. Only Marian knew who the recipients and the donors were, and she saw to it that the right gifts went to the right families.

Connie beamed at the memory. "We all loved being a part of it."

"Marian is all about kindness," said Marian's dear friend and former PSD colleague Janice Gydesen. "She

is caring and generous and so well thought of in the Pacifica School District. When she retired, everyone turned out. God threw away the mold after Marian was made."

"Marian has a heart of gold," said Marian's dear friend and former PSD colleague Stella Doran. "She always helped the kids. She helped whomever she could help. When I would go on vacation, Marian would drive all the way to Fremont to take my mother to Bingo and to lunch – and when my son died, even though Marian was retired, she came in and worked for me for a month at Vallemar Elementary. She is as close as a sister as I could ever have."

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Marian Joan (Kerrigan) Hinshaw was born on December 5, 1938, at St. Joseph's Hospital in San Francisco. Opened in 1928 and closed in 1979, St. Joseph's was long ago converted into condominiums. Marian is the daughter of John Aloysius Kerrigan and Josephine Veronica (Flood) Kerrigan.

"When I married Marian, with that 'Flood' last name in the family, I thought I was going to be wealthy," Marian's husband of 56 years guffawed. Marian's husband, Horace Hinshaw, is also an extremely well-known Pacifican.



Both of Marian's parents spent time in orphanages growing up, though in her mother's case it was pretty much full-time until as an older teen, she went and lived with her aunt. But both parents knew who their parents were and in the case of Marian's mom, while she does not appear to be related to the famous San Francisco "Flood" family—unfounded links at this time, notwithstanding—her ancestry is quite colorful nevertheless. (James Clair Flood, 1826-1889, is a 19th century silver baron. His mansion, which inhabits an entire city block of San Francisco's Nob Hill District, is located at 1000 California Street and is a National Historic Landmark.)

Marian's mother Josephine Veronica Flood, pictured at left in 1939, was born in San Francisco on February 14, 1899 to John Aloysius Flood and Cora (Hanks) Flood. Josephine's mom's name, Cora, was short for Corina. Marian's mom Josephine was the youngest of John and Cora's children. (On the 1900 U.S. Federal Census, Cora reported she had had seven children. Only three were alive in 1900.)

John and Cora Flood married in San Francisco in 1881, which was where John Flood was born in February of 1857. The couple's first child, Christopher, was born in August of 1881. Sixteen years later, in 1897, Frank Flood was born. In 1899, along came Josephine, Marian's mom.

Josephine never had a chance to sit down and talk to her mom about her mom's family as Cora died on March 15, 1902, when Josephine was just three years old. As it turns out, Cora would have had quite a story to tell.

FLOOD—In this city, March 15, 1902, Cora, beloved wife of John A. Flood, and mother of Christopher, Frank and Josie Flood, a native of Sacramento, aged 42 years and 3 months.

Cora (Hanks) Flood obituary, 1902, San Francisco Call.

Corina (Cora) Hanks, Marian's maternal grandmother, was born in Sacramento, CA, in December of 1859 to actors Fanny Hanks and Julius Deming Hanks. It's Cora's mom Fanny that is quite the page-turner. Born in New York about 1830, at the age of 20, Fanny can be found living in Pekin, Illinois. In 1859, she and her husband Julius were living in Sacramento. When Fanny turned 30, the family was still living in

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Sacramento. In 1861, when Fanny was 31, her husband joined the U.S. Army in San Francisco. He can be found living in New Mexico in 1864.

In 1862, 32-year-old Fanny can be found working as an actress, singer and dancer at Gilbert's New Melodeon. Located in San Francisco at the N.E. corner of Kearny and Clay streets, the old Gilbert's Melodeon was famous for its "course and vulgar" programs which catered to stag audiences only. By the time Fanny performed there, it was mostly offering established plays, operas and variety shows to the general public. It would subsequently become Worrell's Olympic and then, finally, the Olympic Theatre. Fanny performed at all three houses.

In 1863, Fanny was living with her daughter Cora and gambler John Woodard at 116 Natoma Street in San Francisco. Her list of performances included lead roles in: "Day and Night," "Union and Disunion," "Woman of the World," "Youth and the Girl," "Richard the III," "Ophelia" and "Boys in Blue." She was earning \$700 a week, the equivalent of about \$24,990 a week in today's dollars.



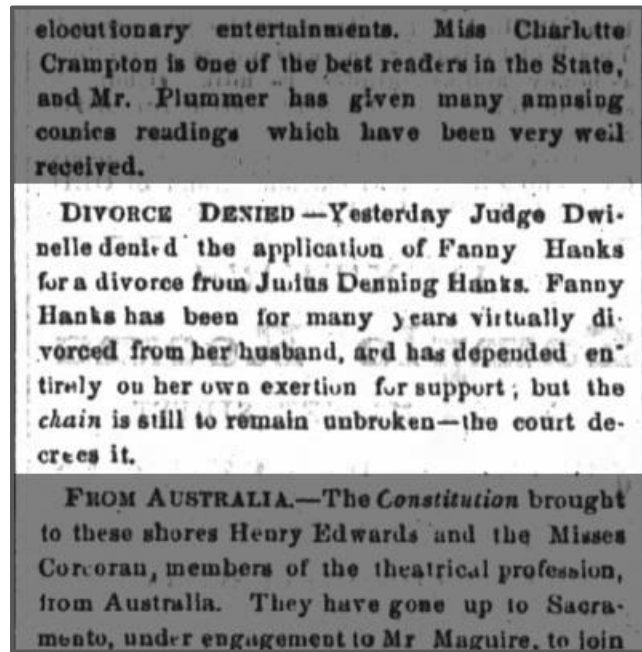
**Marian's great grandmother Fanny Hanks, Virginia City, Nevada, 1866.
(University of Nevada Reno Special Collections)**

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In 1866, Fanny filed for divorce from her husband Julius Deming Hanks. She charged her husband with desertion but on October 19, 1866, her divorce was denied.



The San Francisco Call, October 20, 1866.

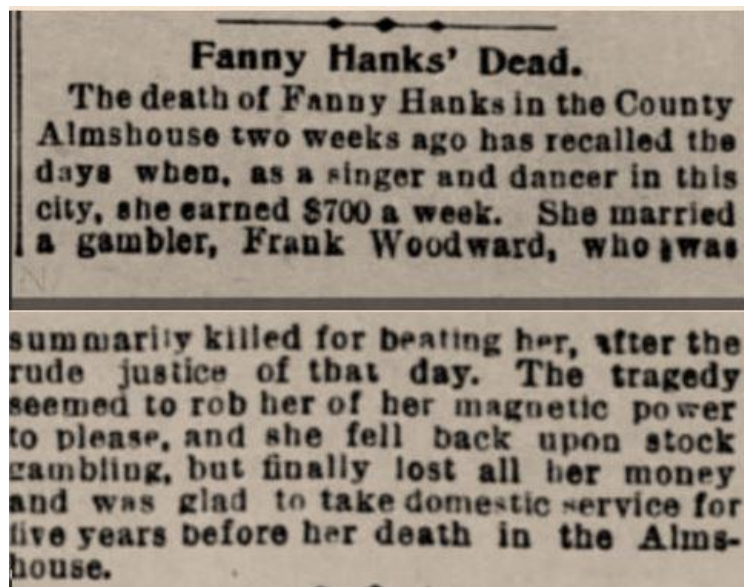
In 1870, when Fanny was 40, her husband Julius died. Not long after the death of her first husband, Fanny married John Woodard. In 1872, Fanny is listed as an actress at San Francisco's Metropolitan Theater and she and her family still live on Natoma Street. In 1884, her husband John Woodard was killed.

When Fanny died at the age of 63 in November of 1893, several newspapers reported on the hardships of her later years.

The End of Fanny Hanks blazed the November 20, 1893 *San Francisco Daily Report* headline.

Fanny Hanks, many years ago a wealthy and well-known actress in this city, died two weeks ago in the County Almshouse. In her palmy days in the fifties, her salary as a singer and dancer was \$700 a week, while enthusiastic miners in the front rows used to throw her, over the footlights, gold enough to more than double her pittance. In the height of her prosperity she married John Woodard, a worthless gambler, who was killed when he was found beating her on one occasion. After that she waned in popularity, lost her money in stocks, and for five years before entering the Almshouse, helped the servants of rich people when work was heavy.

In an unidentified San Francisco newspaper obituary, Fanny's death garnered the following notice, November of 1893. (Her husband John Woodard is referenced here as Frank Woodward.)



"My great grandmother Fanny was mostly just a name to me," Marian said, "as was her daughter, my grandmother Cora."

Undoubtedly, it was because of the death of Cora, that Marian's mother was placed in Mount St. Joseph Orphanage in San Francisco. A review of several orphanages in the late 1800s revealed that approximately "twenty-seven percent of children in those orphanages were full orphans. Sixty-nine percent of the children had one parent, the other parent being deceased or absent."

Located at the top of Mount St. Joseph, a broad hilltop above the Bayview District that is now a 144-home subdivision called Silverview Terrace, the land was purchased by the Daughters of Charity in 1869 where they built and ran the orphanage for girls. The Daughters of Charity had an "infant asylum" as well. The original wood structure burned to the ground in 1910. Josephine would have known that structure and the new brick building. In fact, Josephine can be found living at Mount St. Joseph, in the 1910 U.S. Federal Census where she, along with her fellow orphans, is listed as an "inmate."

At the time Marian's mom lived there, there were a little over 160 girls, up to age 18, with three to four girls sharing a bedroom. The Daughters of Charity closed the orphanage in 1977 to focus on residential treatment for young women.

"My mother told me that when she was a teen at the orphanage, a lady came and it turned out to be her aunt," Marian marveled. "'I am your aunt,' she told my somewhat stunned mother. She told my mother, 'If you get a job, you can live with me.'"

This was Aunt Catherine (Flood) Lee, Josephine's father's sister, and Aunt Catherine and her family had a home on or near, San Francisco's Lake Street in the Richmond District. Josephine did leave the orphanage, went to work and lived with her Aunt Catherine. On August 10, 1935, Josephine married John Aloysius Kerrigan in Daly City.

John A. Kerrigan was born in San Francisco on August 9, 1897, to Daniel Kerrigan, 1875-1909, and Bridget Ellen (McGovern) Kerrigan, 1878-1950. John was the younger of their two children. His sister Ann was born on April 3, 1896. Both of John's parents were from Ireland. His father was from County Roscommon and his mother was from the village of Glangevlin in County Cavan.

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"My father's father, Daniel Kerrigan, died by drowning when my father was 12 years old," Marian said.

That happened on August 30, 1909 at Pt. Richmond, CA, though he wasn't found for four years. (Another discovered note says he died in Port Costa, CA.) Marian's relative, Katrina Dempsey, posted the following story online on January 31, 2016.

"Daniel Kerrigan worked where they repaired ships and he was known as a very strong swimmer. They had some small boats the workers would take across from one worksite on the bay to another worksite. On occasion, all the boats would end up on one side and he would swim over and bring one back. What they think happened, after talking to co-workers, was that he was working alone through his lunch and swam over to get a boat. But the current was too strong and he was not the spring chicken he used to be and so he got swept away and drowned. When his body (which had traveled along the water quite a ways) first washed up on shore the authorities had no idea who he was, but knew he was Catholic because the only thing in his pocket was a rosary and his tobacco pipe. So they buried him in Potter's Field in Knightsen, CA. Eventually they realized what had happened when his wife came looking for him and everyone talked about when they last saw him. So they started checking hospitals and graveyards. Finally, a priest where he was buried showed her his rosary and pipe and so they finally knew where he was buried, but did not move him."

Daniel's wife Bridget went to work in a millenary store and during the week, while she was at work, she placed both of her children in an orphanage.

"My grandmother put my father at St. Vincent's School for Boys because she didn't want him to get into trouble," Marian said. "And she placed my father's sister Ann at Mount St. Joseph Orphanage where, as it turns out, my mother was living. Isn't that an interesting twist of fate? This is years before my parents met, and yet here, at Mount St. Joseph, my mother and her future sister-in-law are fellow orphans."

When they were in their thirties, Marian's parents met at a friend's wedding. After they married, they bought a home on 22nd Avenue in San Francisco's Sunset neighborhood, 2178 22nd Avenue. It is where Marian grew up.

"How would I describe my parents?" Marian pondered. "My mom was very nice, she was a sweetheart and she was a quiet soul. She was a very good mom just like my dad was a very good dad. She was willing to try things if she felt it would help her children out. One upcoming May Day, when I was at St. Cecilia's Catholic Elementary School, my mother quietly volunteered."

The May Crowning of Mary in the Catholic faith symbolizes the significance of the Virgin Mary in the Church and in the lives of Catholics. In Catholic elementary schools, throughout the first week of May, one May Queen is picked among the students to represent the school and this representative also crowns the school's statue of Mary. This was true at Marian's school and Marian's mother decided she would take it upon herself to make that May crown.

"My mother tried to make it," Marian burst into laughter at the memory. "Could she sew? No! She got a piece of wire and began to tackle making a flower crown. One of the parents saw my mother at work and immediately got the idea she was having a great deal of difficulty. So they made it!"

"My friend Jan Gydesen," Marian burst into laughter again. "When she was growing up, she was the Queen of the May at the really big event in Golden Gate Park. When she and I worked together at Linda Mar Elementary, on May 1st she announced her arrival with, 'The Queen is here!'"

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"As to my dad's personality, he could be very serious," Marian continued. "He was also a bit of a character when he wanted to be. But boy did he show up for his children. My brother Jack—he was born John A. Kerrigan, Jr. on April 2, 1940—also went to St. Cecilia's until an episode in the second grade. This is a big family story!

"In second grade, Jack came home from St. Cecilia's with no books. Because my mother was quiet, my father went down to the school to find out why. 'Why isn't John coming home with homework or even books?' Well, Sister Gerard Marie, and she was a serious sister, she informed my dad that all the books had not come in. She also told my dad that John was just slow. So my father said to her, 'So that means you don't give him books?' She tried to wiggle out of it. 'You know, Mr. Kerrigan, Jack will always be better with his brawn than his brain.'

"That was it. My father pulled my brother out of St. Cecilia's and placed him in Columbus on 12th Avenue (now Alice Fong Yu Elementary), and right away, not going to Catholic school proved to be a real boon for my brother because it really put him on a better path to baseball."

Marian's brother Jack, who was tall for his age, one time was denied a kids' ticket to the local movie theater. Once again, Marian's dad stepped in.

"Like everyone at the time, we didn't have a television when I was a kid and the movies were a big deal. We used to go see cartoons at the Parkside Theatre on Taraval Street. I think the tickets were about .40 cents. I remember one time, the guy at the movie theater told my brother, because of his height, 'You need to pay more money. You are trying to sneak in!' Well my father went right up to that guy and said, 'Just because he's tall, makes him cheating?' Problem solved!

"My paternal grandma, Bridget, was tall for a woman during her time and my brother, I think, got his height from her. As an adult, Jack was a little over six-three."



Grandma Bridget (McGovern) Kerrigan, when Marian knew her.

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Marian's dad worked for San Francisco's Union Iron Works when he filled out his WWI draft card. He then went to work as a foreman for the Railroad.

"When I was born, he worked as a foreman but he went to school to become a fireman."

When he filled out his WWII draft card, Marian's father listed his employer as San Francisco Fire Department, Truck No. 7, 3050 17th Street. His badge number was 1277.



Marian's father John Aloysius Kerrigan.

"I have memories from the Second World War. During blackouts, if there was a fire, my father and his crew rushed faster than ever to fight it. No one wanted enemy planes to see smoke. We would hear the fire station's alarm bell at our house and off he went."

Marian's father was the recipient of a Meritorious Conduct Medal and several days off work when he found and saved an unconscious woman from a burning building.

"I remember one time when my brother and I were old enough to drive, we were driving out in the Richmond District and there was a fire. We saw my dad's engine there. 'Oh my God, it's Dad's engine,' my brother said to one of my dad's fellow fireman. 'Where's Dad?' Because everyone kept coming out of the building, except my dad. And the fireman said, 'Put it this way, your father is the first one in and the last one out.' My dad loved that job but thankfully did not lose his life to it."

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While Marian and Jack's mother was mostly a stay-at-home mom, she did part-time work while they were in school.

"She had a little side job as a chocolate dipper. She could tell from every piece of chocolate what was inside. She worked for Hassetts Chocolate. She later worked at Pig & Whistle and then she worked for Bunny's Candy Shop on Taraval Street."

Chocolate dipping was a skilled job. You really had to have the knack for it which required speed and judgment regarding having the condition of the chocolate at the perfect melting point. Dippers used wire forks as well as their fingers to dip the fondants and creams into pools of chocolate, providing each piece with signature ridges and curls. An experienced dipper could dip sixty pounds of chocolate in a day.



An afterschool photo of Marian and her brother Jack, 1947.

Marian said her childhood was really great. One of the things they did as a family was go fishing.

"My dad was a fisherman. He loved it. We would pack a lunch and go to Thornton Beach in Daly City. We caught bass. My mother did not fish but she enjoyed those days together as much as we did."

The family enjoyed camping at Williams Grove Group Camp in Humboldt Redwoods State Park.

"We would go up the Redwood Highway and take my cousin Claire. Claire was the youngest of my Aunt Ann's five kids. She was maybe two years older than me. I remember one time she was doing her toenails in the car and drying them out the back window. My father said, 'What are you doing? Keep your feet in the car!'"

"We had all the camping equipment. We looked like an advertisement for camping! On Saturday nights, the lumberjacks would play baseball with the campers and everybody that was there brought something to eat. It was great fun. I remember one time a skunk got into the eggs. We watched him, or her, eat them, one at a time. No eggs for breakfast but no scent was left behind, so everyone was happy!"

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"My dad had a lot of heart. He loved it when his family had fun. He loved all our dogs. We always had a dog when I was growing up and I especially remember when my dad had to put one of our dogs down, there were tears in his eyes. And talk about even more heart. When my mother's older brother Christopher died in 1943, my dad paid for his funeral. Later, he gave away each of Christopher's daughters on their wedding day." (Like Marian's maternal grandparents, Uncle Christopher is buried at Holy Cross Catholic Cemetery. Marian's Uncle Frank, who died in 1942 during the Second World War, is buried at San Francisco National Cemetery in the Presidio.)



"I had such a good time growing up," Marian smiled. "There were lots of kids in the neighborhood to play with and I had lots of friends at school. My family lived right across the street from Lincoln High School and I was always over there in their schoolyard on my roller skates. St. Cecilia's was a good school for me. Although some of the parishioners were snooty. One of our neighbors parked his old junk car right in front of St. Cecilia's. Oh, they were outraged. There were always so many pink stoles at the service. One St. Patrick's Day, St. Cecilia's announced all our names and ours was the first because we were late. Oh my God, so embarrassing!"

←St. Cecilia second grader Marian Kerrigan on the day of her First Communion.

"We used to go to Playland at the Beach. That wasn't that far from where we lived. I remember the fun house mirrors and the air jets that blew your skirt up and of course, Laughing Sal."

Laughing Sal was a large, carnie-looking clown animatronic, who greeted Playland guests. You can still find her in San Francisco. She resides at Musée Mécanique, which moved from the basement of the Cliff House to Pier 45 in 2002. Her equally unattractive sister is at the Santa Cruz Boardwalk.



Marian with her childhood friends. Top row, l to r: Marian, Barbara, Nancy, Lorraine and Carol. Bottom row, l to r: Rosemary, Gail and Eleanor.

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"My family also used to take our specially saved bread crumbs and go out to Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park and feed the birds. We also went to Golden Gate Park for my brother's baseball games. I remember, there was this announcer, Sam Levine, and he would always say, over the loudspeaker, 'Good morning everyone. We are going to see a good game today! And I see the Kerrigans are here! They are a lovely family.' I thought, 'Oh my God, shut up!' That's so humiliating when you are a teenager!"

When Mercy High School San Francisco opened its doors to its first class on September 3, 1952, Marian was one of the 199 entering freshmen, and in 1956, Marian was again with those classmates when they graduated and became Mercy San Francisco's pioneer class.



Marian and her junior prom date, 1955.



Mercy High School senior Marian Kerrigan, 1956.

Marian's brother Jack went to Lincoln High School and Marian's husband Horace, the *Pacifica Tribune's* longtime sports editor—since 1969—pulled up a chair to talk about his late, beloved brother-in-law.

"In the 1950s, he was the kid with the golden arm," Horace stated. "He was one of the best pitchers to ever come out of San Francisco's high school baseball system."

"He played three seasons as an all-league pitcher for Lincoln High School," Horace went on to say, "before he graduated in 1958. He was named the most valuable player of the 1957 San Francisco Examiner's All-Star Game, and in that year, he tied a San Francisco high school record by striking out 17 batters in a league game." (Jack Kerrigan was inducted into Lincoln High School's Sports Hall of Fame in 2001. That same year, he was also inducted into the San Francisco Prep Hall of Fame.)

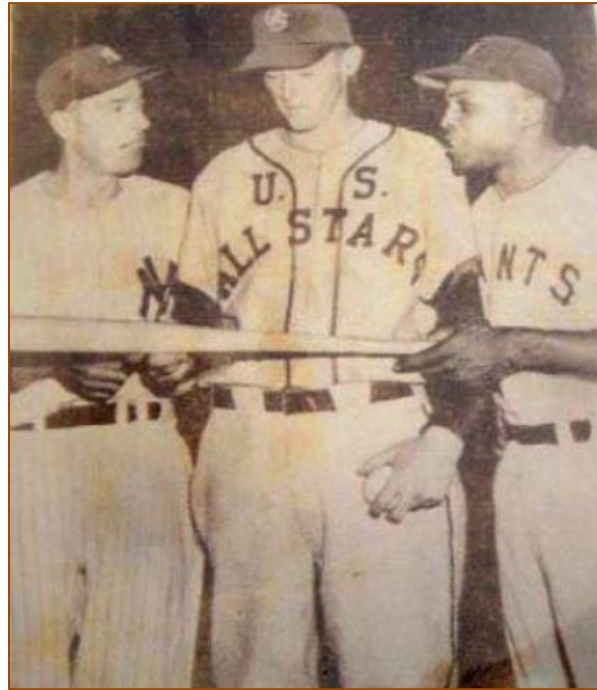
"His pitching performance earned him a spot on the United States all-star team," Marian read from a newspaper clipping. "That all-star team played against the New York all-stars in the Hearst Sandlot Classic at the old Polo Grounds in New York."

"In 1958, Jack signed a contract with the Philadelphia Phillies and played seven years," Marian continued. "Military service interrupted his career in 1960. After he was honorably discharged from the Army, he played seven years in the minor leagues, until an arm injury curtailed his career."

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On Sunday, August 18, 1957, Marian's brother was part of quite the photo op in all the top NYC papers. Captioned: THE STARS MEET—Jack Kerrigan, the pitcher representing San Francisco in the Hearst Sandlot Classic in New York last night, is flanked by two great ones, Joe DiMaggio (left) and Willie Mays the New York Giants star.

The following information is straight out of Jack Kerrigan's minor league baseball stats. *Jack Kerrigan compiled a career record of 43 wins and 47 losses and a 4.21 ERA in his 170-game pitching career with the Johnson City Phillies, Bakersfield Bears, Des Moines Demons, Williamsport Grays, Chattanooga Lookouts, Buffalo Bisons and Arkansas Travelers. He began playing during the 1958 season and last took the field during the 1964 campaign.*

It was when Jack played for the Arkansas Travelers that Marian's brother met Arkansas journalist Horace Hinshaw. But Marian didn't know anything about Horace...yet.

"After I graduated from Mercy, I went to work for PacBell (Pacifica Telephone & Telegraph Company) in their building on 2nd Street on the 22nd floor. I got a job as a typist. I was still living at home. Every paycheck a group of us would go out for dinner. We really enjoyed ourselves!"

"It was also the time of Elvis Presley. My friends and I would drive to the Stonestown Shopping Center and sit in those sound-isolating booths and listen to the new records by Elvis. That was such a treat! This was in the late 1950s and I was still living at home. I remember when we first got a television. The whole family would gather around and watch the Ed Sullivan (Variety) Show. I do remember when the Beatles performed on the Ed Sullivan Show. I definitely liked the Beatles. But I wasn't living at home then. That was in February of 1964. By then I had already lived in several apartments on my own, well, with a roommate."

While she was working for the phone company, Marian went to a local secretarial school and became a medical secretary. The school placed you when you graduated.

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"One of my classmates, Sue, was from San Luis Obispo and she used to come over to my folks' house all the time. They really liked her. Sue thought it would be fun if we both took jobs with Scripps in La Jolla, CA, after we graduated. She talked my parents into letting me get an apartment with her, I was too scared to ask, and we found a place to rent in San Diego's Mission Bay."

It was a grand adventure but after a while, Marian missed San Francisco and so she got a medical secretarial job in San Francisco and rented an apartment with her friend Joanne.

Meanwhile in Arkansas, Horace Hinshaw was finishing up his bachelor's degree in communications and media studies at Arkansas State University, and he was also the editor of ASU's newspaper, the *Herald*. This would be 1962.

After graduation, Horace went to work as a sports writer at the *Arkansas Democrat* in Little Rock, Arkansas. He covered games during Jack's baseball days with the Arkansas Travelers and the two got to be friends. It was the time of the Vietnam War. In May of 1963, Horace was drafted into the U.S. Army.

"Originally, Horace was assigned to Fort Knox, Kentucky," Marian said. "But two days before he was to leave, he was reassigned to the Presidio of San Francisco. They needed a journalist. So Horace flew to San Francisco where he was stationed for the next two years."

That's where Horace reunited with Jack, and where he also met Jack's and Marian's folks. He often stopped by their house and they got to be friends. Marian lived elsewhere in the City and didn't know Horace.



"Back then, I had so many friends trying to fix me up. For those days, I was old, 25. But then when I would meet some of these guys – my Aunt Ann would later say, 'Tell your friends, the pot and the lid are just not fitting!' I loved my Aunt Ann!"

Jack phoned Marian. His team was coming up from Arkansas to play a game in San Diego. Could she come? So Marian went and her folks went. Jack also phoned Horace and Horace headed to San Diego. And that's where Marian met Horace, at a baseball game. Horace came up into the bleachers to sit with Marian's folks and they made the introductions. Horace and Marian chatted about baseball and Horace suggested to Marian that they should get together back in San Francisco. At that point Marian was working for UC Hospital in San Francisco.

"We first met in 1964 but we didn't see each other again for six or seven months," Horace said.

"I liked him," Marian noted. "But I thought, he's in the service, maybe he'll get transferred."

←During their courtship, Marian and Horace enjoyed a Halloween party.

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Along with his Army job, Horace was working as an Usher at the Clay Movie Theatre. "I phoned her one night and said, 'What are you doing tonight? Why don't you come down to the theatre?'"

"So I agreed and I brought my roommate Joanne," Marian laughed. "And that was the start of it. Plus my brother assured me that Horace was a good guy."

The couple did a lot of dancing. They really have line dancing down. They went to the movies and baseball games. Horace would join Marian at her parents' house for dinner. But one thing Horace made clear, marriage was off the table until he was out of the Army.

Not long after he was honorably discharged, Horace proposed to Marian.

"It was at Trad'r Sams," Marian said.

Known as the "oldest, longest-operating tiki bar in the world," Trad'r Sams on Geary Boulevard in San Francisco's Outer Richmond District is still serving an excellent selection of rum-based blender drinks in a "kitschy Polynesian-esque décor."

"Horace had a ring, and I said, 'Yes!'"

The couple married on August 20, 1966 at St. Cecilia's Church. Marian's father walked her down the aisle.



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The couple went to Lake Tahoe for their honeymoon and their first home was an apartment over a grocery store on 9th Avenue in the City.

"Horace had job offers from both the Emporium and the Post Office," Marian recalled. "I remember it was Christmastime and he asked my father for his advice on which job to take. It was more money at that time from the Emporium, but my father said, 'Horace, I advise you to take the Post Office because it could result in something permanent.'"

As it turns out, that was great advice. When Horace retired from the U.S. Postal Service in January of 2006, he did so as their Public Affairs Manager. He also started writing for the *Pacifica Tribune*, in September of 1969, working always as sports editor and for several years, after his retirement from the Post Office, he served additionally as managing editor.

"We moved to Pacifica from our apartment on 9th in July of 1969, when we bought our first home on Lynbrook Drive. That is in Pacifica's Fairmont neighborhood. A friend of mine was a local realtor and I remember after we had been in our first house a few years, Horace asked her if she had something in her book that had three bedrooms, two bathrooms and good weather. By that point in time, he had been to Linda Mar many times to report on things and he liked the weather better."

The family, which included their two children, Steve and Kam, moved into their Linda Mar home in 1973.

"It was a fixer upper but it was a good deal. We paid \$34,000. We told my friend we couldn't pay more than \$150 a month. Can you imagine? Those were different days!"

Planting kindness ~ An interview-biography with Pacifican Marian Hinshaw

By Jean Bartlett (www.bartlettbiographies.com)

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"I met Marian 46 years ago at the Pacifica Co-Op Nursery School," Connie Tse said. "Marian was a stay-at-home mom at that time and I was working part time as a supervisor with the food services department at Mary's Help Hospital (now Seton Medical Center). I thought it was time for my son Jeff, who was 3 or 4, to socialize, so he went to nursery school on Mondays and Wednesdays. Part of the criteria to have your child at the Co-Op was you had to attend the monthly Tuesday night parent meeting. Things like sibling rivalry, how to manage your child and good behavior were some of the topics on the meeting agenda. It was very serious, conducted like a real college classroom and no one other than the speaker spoke.

"I remember I was sitting at one of the little round tables, not really processing what was being discussed and I see this lady, also not talking, and I smile at her and she smiles back. Then the topic of the annual wine tasting and auction event comes up and I did clearly understand, like everyone else, I would have to make something. I'm thinking, 'Holy bejesus, what am I going to make?'

"I look up at this lady again, she must have been standing, and she is smiling at me. 'What are you making?' I asked her. Then this lady goes off into a great big description of this really complicated thing she is going to do that begins with hallowing out some bread, and you know, we're not supposed to be talking, and this lady and I were shushed. After the meeting she and I introduced ourselves, and 'she' of course was Marian, and that was the beginning of our beautiful friendship."

"I also met Marian at the Co-Op Nursery," Stella Doran said. "We liked each other immediately. We started carpooling and having lunch. Our kids grew up together. Later when I went to work for the Pacifica School District, I worked at Cabrillo in the Special Ed department. Marian had already been with the School District for a few years and by then was working as Cabrillo's secretary."

Marian began working for the PSD in 1978. Most of her career was at Cabrillo Elementary, but in her earliest PSD days, she worked at Linda Mar, Pedro Valley and Ortega.

"I've got an Ortega story," Connie chimed in. "I saw Marian in action because our kids were at the same school. When the whistle blew and the kids lined up, Marian would walk down the line. She would put her hands on a child's shoulder and say, 'Jean knows how to line up,' 'Connie knows how to line up,' and it was like the waters would still as she walked down the line. I thought, 'Now there's a woman who is great with kids!'"

"I met Marian at Linda Mar Elementary in 1978," Janice Gydesen said. "We were both yard supervisors at Linda Mar. Marian, our friend (the late) Josephine Freschi and I were in the yard one day. There was this one boy, who was always getting in trouble, but we tended to like those kinds of kids best. Suddenly we see that the police have arrived at the school, to talk to him, and Marian tells Josephine, 'Tell him that the police are out there and to jump over the fence.' And so she did and he got away!"

"Another Marian-at-school story," Janice continued. "There was this kid that his teacher didn't like. He always had to sit out in the hall at his desk. Marian, Josephine and I took him under our wing, as we took all the troubled kids under our wing. Years later, Marian, Josephine and I went to his very successful place of business and he told us, he wished that particular teacher could see him now."

"I loved every single day I worked in the Pacifica School District," Marian said. "The children were always, and still are, near and dear to my heart."

Following supervising kids on the school grounds, Marian got a job as a clerk. At Cabrillo, she became a secretary.

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It was during her early days with the PSD, that Marian and Horace started taking cruises. This photo was taken on their first cruise in 1979.

"It was when Marian was at Cabrillo that my teaching career began," Connie said, "due, of course, to Marian."

When Connie started college, she was told that once she became a teacher, she could get a job anywhere.

"Of course those were also the days when CSM (College of San Mateo) was free and you only had to pay for books," Connie noted.

By the time Connie had her teaching credential in hand, jobs in education were sparse. So the graduate headed off to work at Mary's Help Hospital, got married, had two children, Jeff and Amy, and her family lived in Pacifica.

"I am sitting at home thinking life is good and Marian calls me and says, 'Connie, I want you to come down here to Cabrillo right now with a copy of your credential, because we need a sub right now. The principal, Miss Linhares wants to talk to you.'"

"This is Halloween that Marian is calling and I'm thinking, 'I don't want a job but this sounds kind of fun. So I bebop down with my credential and the next day is the first day I ever subbed, at Cabrillo School with Marian as the secretary.

"Then later on, I am at Clear Lake on vacation. I get a phone call and these cabins don't even have phones. I have to go to the office and it's Marian. She says, 'Connie, I was talking to Patty McNally and she really needs a job share person.' I said, 'What?' And she said, 'Yep, when you come back I want you to talk to all of us. I think it will be every Friday.' Meanwhile I was subbing every once in a while because it was a little extra money. I thought, 'Do I want to do this?'"

Connie and her dear friend Patty McNally (*Patty, beloved Alternative School/Ocean Shore teacher, passed away in November of 2020*), met at San Francisco State University and took classes together to earn their teaching credentials. At the time of Marian's call, the Alternative School, now Ocean Shore, shared space at Cabrillo School. Patty had a 4-5 class and her job-share person had gotten ill and had to leave. Connie took the job.

At the end of the year, Connie was offered a full-time job at the Alternative School and her days as a full-time teacher with the PSD became official. Twenty-four years later she retired from Ocean Shore.

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"Basically Marian got my life together," Connie smiled.

What was a typical day for Marian at Cabrillo School?

"I started every day at 7:45 a.m. and prepared district paperwork," Marian recalled. "I worked with three principals, over my time there: Leslie Linhares; then Alberta Freitas, a dear, dear friend; and when I retired, Alice Wycke was principal."

Each morning the principal and Marian would figure out which kids were missing from class. Then Marian would start making phone calls. As her day continued, she: sold lunch tickets; continued tracking children as needed; typed paperwork; followed up on situations as they arose with kids, parents, staff and visitors; bandaged playground wounds; called parents when their child was sick; gave hugs when they were needed; left a note in a teacher's mail slot if she saw a child having trouble on the schoolyard; and repeat. She was also famous for knowing every child's name, their parents' names, and of course knowing all the names of staff and their families.

"When Marian was at Cabrillo, everyone knew, if you had a problem, you just had to call Marian," Stella stated. "She knew the answer to everything!"

Marian's likeability and determination to get the job done right, is why her fellow classified union members tapped Marian to serve as an officer in the local union. For 15 years, Marian served as secretary to the School District's CSEA (Classified School Employee Association). She also served as vice president, and from 1999 until she retired in December of 2003, she served as CSEA president.

"Marian was so good at it," Connie said. Connie's time as LSEA (Laguna Salada Education Association) president, corresponded with her friend's presidency. "Marian is very kind and quiet but underneath that exterior, she is a bulldog and she was a bulldog for her constituents."

"When we were in negotiations with the School District, Marian was always up front in telling them to listen to us and to be quiet," Stella said. "Marian was very powerful as a negotiator."

While Marian worked at Cabrillo, she also served on the board of the Pacifica Resource Center, and later when she retired, she became a PRC volunteer. (*The mission of the [Pacifica Resource Center](#) is to "support the economic security of Pacifica families and individuals by providing a safety net of food, housing assistance, and other critical services, including coaching, advocacy, information, and referral."*)

Why did she retire after 25 years with the Pacifica School District?

"I have two grandchildren," Marian said, "my daughter Kam's and her husband Greg's daughters, Kerrigan and Natalie. I retired because I wanted to spend more time with them."

Marian still gets teary-eyed when she recalls her daughter calling her and asking – would she mind if they named their daughter, "Kerrigan." Of course she wouldn't mind she told her. She would be honored. As the family story goes, when Kerrigan started kindergarten, she came home one day and said to her mom, "You know Mom, nobody in my class or the whole school is named Kerrigan. Why did you name me that?" And her mom answered. "Well, Kerrigan was Grandma's name before she got married." And Kerrigan was thrilled.

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Marian's family at her retirement party, December 2003. (She had two other celebrations as well, one with the Cabrillo PTO and one with CSEA.) In this photo, left to right, son-in-law Greg Bull, granddaughter Kerrigan being held by daughter Kam, brother Jack, sister-in-law Karen Kerrigan, Marian holding granddaughter Natalie, son Steve and husband Horace.



Marian and her brother Jack, circa 2004. "Jack and I had so much fun together. I still miss him." Marian's little brother passed at the age of 67 on June 2, 2007.

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"When I retired, I did spend a lot of time with my granddaughters," Marian smiled. "And I loved it and I love them. Horace and I bought a small one-bedroom condo in Chico and I drove up every week. I volunteered at their schools and got to know quite a number of their fellow students." (...and those students' parents and the teachers!)



Marian and Kerrigan enjoy Halloween.



Natalie and Marian also get Halloween silly.

Marian has been the recipient of numerous awards and recognitions throughout her years in Pacifica. The Pacifica School District Board of Trustees presented her with a Resolution of Appreciation on November 19, 2003 in honor of her service. A cub scout with Pacifica Cub Pack 216, named Marian as his hero, and along with several other Cub Pack 216 heroes she was honored at a "Blue and Gold Dinner." She is the recipient of a Pacificans Care Volunteer Award and a Pacifica Resource Center Service Award. (A nonprofit, [Pacificans Care](#), locals supporting locals, provides annual grants to Pacifica's four core social service agencies: the Pacifica Youth Service Bureau, Pacifica Resource Center, Pacifica Senior Services and Pacifica Child Care Services.) For her birthday every year she was at Cabrillo, every class made Marian a birthday card and for her final birthday celebration at Cabrillo, a special assembly was held in her honor where students sang songs and acted in skits.

In March of 2014, Marian and Horace were invited by Cabrillo to be "Co-principals for the day."

"I think after our first classroom visit, I was demoted to vice-principal as Marian was returning to an environment where she had worked for 24 years," Horace laughed.

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Cabrillo Principal-For-The-Day Marian Hinshaw, second from right, with Cabrillo fans, which includes The-Rest-Of-The-School-Year Principal Tom Stafford, second from left, March, 2014.

Principal for the day, community volunteer and visiting grandmother extraordinaire, Marian has also been, along with her husband Horace, a longtime usher with the San Francisco Giants.

"Horace started as an usher when the Giants moved from Candlestick Park to their downtown location," Marian said. (This was following the 1999 MLB season.) "Then in 2003, after I retired from the School District, I thought I would join him as an usher. We have had so much fun at the park interacting with both fellow ushers and so many fans."



Marian, 3rd from left, with some of her usher buddies on San Francisco Giants Opening Day, 2017.

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"I still love baseball," Marian said. "I'm talking the Giants, of course! If I'm not watching it, I'm listening to it on the radio. We've gone to so many spring trainings in Arizona. That is great fun!"

She and Horace still enjoy dancing and traveling. "We've been to so many wonderful places," Marian said, "including Alaska, Hawaii, the Caribbean and Italy, and local train rides. I have no complaints!"



Horace and Marian enjoy dinner on the Napa Valley Wine Train, circa 2004.

"Have you mentioned that along with everything else, she has volunteered locally with Meals on Wheels and St. Anthony's Foundation in San Francisco?" Marian's friend Stella asked.

"Oh, could you be sure to mention this," Marian's friend Janice chimed in. "Through the Pacifica Resource Center, my husband and I adopted a local family to be sure they have food and clothing. Well, Marian and Horace – they have been there for them too. When we ask for help, they help."

"Stop the presses," Marian's friend Connie said. "Have I got a Marian story!"

"We used to go up to Lake Tahoe. The Hinshaws had a cabin up there. So we had the Hinshaw kids, Kam and Steve, my kids, Jeff and Amy, and Kam and Steve each brought a friend. So, now we are going on a river raft on the Truckee River. We get there and we have to put on our little life floaties. The guy in charge of the rafts says, 'How will we divide this?' I get the girls and Marian takes the boys. Was Horace there? No. He's not a water person! He dropped us off."

"There I am, Captain of my raft and we are racing. I am going, 'Row, Row, Row!' and we are winning because we are focused. The boys are not focused and Marian falls out of the raft. I remember Jeff is shouting, and laughing, 'Oh, no!' and he is trying to retrieve Marian's shoes. Did Marian make her way back onto the raft? I can't remember because I was laughing so hard, it is a wonder I didn't fall out of the raft myself. But our team won. That's the whole point of the story. Ha! Ha!"

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"One day, Marian and I were at Cabrillo and we were going over our evaluations," Stella said. "Your principal gives you an evaluation. They tell you all the good things you did and suggestions for improvements. The principal wrote on Marian's, 'She couldn't improve because she is too nice.'" Marian and I laughed for about ten minutes."

"Marian is a wonderful wife, mother and caretaker," Horace said, smiling at his partner of many years. "She is a very strong person. It is Marian who holds our family together with her support and caring. She was like a magnet for children. Our house was always filled with Steve and Kam's friends. Children were drawn to her. Even when she was taking care of both her mother and my mother, she was always there for people. For nine years her mother, who had dementia, lived with us and later, after my dad died, she helped my mom, who was legally blind, to keep active. It is just in her nature to help – and be kind to people. I can't say it enough. She is simply amazing."



Horace and Marian, ever in love, in Hawaii, 2011.



Jean Bartlett is a longtime Bay Area features writer: Pacifica Tribune, Oakland Tribune, San Jose Mercury, San Mateo Times, Portraits & Roots, Marin Independent Journal, Twin City Times, Ross Valley Reporter, Peninsula Progress, Coastal Connections, Contra Costa County Times, Bay Area Business Woman and Catholic San Francisco. She is also a former Hallmark Card writer, a produced playwright and a published author.

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