

# American Dream

To all his friends, co-workers, fishing buddies and Church fellows he is

Doug

Douglas S. Bishop born August 1, 1929 in San Francisco, California



**Doug Bishop**

**1971**

Doug is a first generation American citizen, the son of western Canadian immigrants Stanley and Olive Bishop. Stan and Olive, came to San Francisco in the late nineteen twenties, both country folks raised in the rural agricultural area of Salmon Arm, British Columbia. Following the family trade, first learned printing with the family local newspaper business, the Salmon Arm Observer, still published today.

Stan Bishop moved to San Francisco for work in 1926. Stan escaped the farm town to the big city, learning the printing trade in vocational school and boldly moving to San Francisco. Stan arrived alone, barely twenty years old, with an agreement of employment with the S.F. Recorder Progress, a firm he never left.

Stan saved his earnings to provide a home for his childhood sweetheart, nineteen year-old Olive Boutwell. Olive, just eighteen years old, arrived three months later. That sweet couple shared a bond for six decades, borne from small town country schoolhouse.



First Doug photograph, Autumn 1929

### **Golden Gate Bridge and 19th Avenue**

Doug was raised in San Francisco's 'Avenues', at 2050 19th Avenue, San Francisco. Doug attended Thomas Jefferson Elementary School, still open today at 19th Avenue and Lincoln. During his youth of the Thirties, sand dunes stretched from 20 Avenue to the ocean.

The Golden Gate Bridge was an immense source of pride to my grandfather Stan Bishop. Stan and Olive were bond holders of issues sold by the original Golden Gate Bridge

authority in 1931. During the depths of the Great Depression, in a never to be repeated financial instrument, San Francisco owners mortgaged their own deeds to finance Golden Gate bridge construction. Grandpa-across-the-bridge proudly displayed his ownership, the framed GGBA Trust Deed in his Corte Madera hillside home. Stan often spoke of the grand red structure.

Future bridge traffic created the need for a north/south corridor to the Golden Gate Bridge. The hard ground of Nineteenth Avenue became the designated approach to the new Park Presidio Boulevard. That street carved through the gardens of Golden Gate Park and coastal cypress woodland of the Presidio.

The earliest and most enduring story from this childhood home is the widening of Nineteenth Avenue in preparation for the Golden Gate Bridge opening. The year was 1933 when Dougie was four or five years old. Nineteenth Avenue was then a standard width avenue, soon incapable of supporting bridge traffic. The San Francisco solution was to widen 19th Avenue, physically lifting the homes and moving them backward. Front yards were chopped and back yards shrunk to accommodate the change.

Doug would play amidst the construction with his buddies, scavenging a little lumber to build forts and toy swords. The guys were three blocks from the dunes, their frontier where pirates were offshore with cannon and raiding parties.

There were fewer lawsuits then, the family actually stayed in the house, never moving out during the house move, literally. Doug was sitting in kitchen having lunch, chicken soup, while the building was shifted to the current spot. True story.



Doug driving and playing with cat, stamped Aug 31 1932; 2050 19th Avenue backyard.

### **Treasure Island Days**

San Francisco was fairly isolated by today's standards. The suburbs were nonexistent then, Daly City was the extreme edge of the southern development. The seaport centered on the Market Street ferry building which formed the social, economic and transportation hub of the region. The grand waterfront warehouse piers surrounding the Ferry Building, were hot with shipping action from around the world.

The opening of the two bridges, the Golden Gate then shortly followed by the Bay Bridge, was the impetus for staging the Worlds Fair on Treasure Island. "T.I." as SF local Doug calls the 'island', was his childhood hangout - the Worlds Fair his playground.

Young Doug of 1937 would explore the waterfront, Market Street and Worlds Fair for an unsupervised day. Doug and Marty would travel by streetcar to Treasure Island for a nickel. Rail cars, specially designed for the lower deck of the Bay Bridge, connected at the Ferry Building.

Young Doug walked a few blocks south from his home on Nineteenth and Noriega to catch the Taraval Streetcar, heading East to the Twin Peaks tunnel. "Taraval Hole", the legendary term heard often during my own youth, referring to the convergence of tracks on the west end tunnel opening. Young Doug paid his nickel, clambered aboard unsupervised, rumbling toward the heart of the city.

Emerging from the East end, young Doug would pass Market and Castro, just as radical and bohemian then as today. The streetcar ride down Market would have been an 'A' ticket, the sights and sounds of pre-WWII, pre-buildout San Francisco. The afterglow from the Pan Pacific International Exposition (think Palace of Fine Arts), two new mega-bridges, active speakeasy joints and that unique optimism found in S.F.

Young Doug spent many days in and around the ferry building. The terminus of trains and streetcars, embarkation point for ferry boats; the place must have been a gas. Imagine the action 1930's, passengers, cargo, cars, boats, commerce and travel motion. Local Dougie would have known his way around, where to pilfer a sliver of shaved ice, get the best deal on candy, get around and make up fun like young boys are wont to do.



Active Duty Sailor in San Francisco, 1954



New Car in South San Francisco, 1957; 28 Years



30 Years Old, Surprise Party 1959 ~ Doug in Middle, Viv seated on arm of chair, Jess and Joan James, Bev and Bill Sands, Paul and Jackie Delaney



Skipper at 40, 1969



Doug in his Fifties, Honolulu, 1983





Doug at 63, retired, April 9, 1993 Five Fish 'Limet', Lake Merced



Doug at 73, Christmas, 2002



Ready for work at SFO, March 2015 ~ Doug, at 85, served travelers at San Francisco International Airport for fifteen years.

**Vivian ~ Gold Wife, Friend, High School Sweetheart**



November 11, 1950, San Francisco California, Vivian and Douglas Bishop Reception at Merced Avenue, Vivian's Childhood Home

Doug was a Junior at Lincoln High School, Vivian Mack a sophomore, when they first shared a journalism class together. They had two classes together that year, sometimes Vivian would do his homework.

In 1947 the High School social scene in San Francisco was active and highly organized. Greek themed social organizations, today's college level sororities and fraternities were the leaders in hosting dances and black tie affairs. At Lincoln, there were five sororities and three fraternities. Vivian was a member of A and O Sorority.

Doug was a member of the number one fraternity, Hoot Owls, consisting of eighteen members. The Hoot Owls were not a Greek themed club, but appear to have taken their God as Dionysus. Hoot Owls were 'Number One', the alpha dogs at Lincoln High School, not the academic types. The group had their chance to shine while hosting a prom during Doug's senior year, an event that went soberly well. Hoot.

Doug and Vivian were a high school power couple and best friends. Vivian lived in the upper area, above Taraval Hole on Merced Avenue. The large Mediterranean style family house was Vivian's only home. This home of "Beezie and Mackie" is where Vivian was raised, schooled and then received on their marriage November 11, 1950.



Lincoln High School Prom, Spring 1949



November 11, 2000, Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, Yosemite National Park, Vivian and Douglas Bishop



November 11, 1985, Thirty-Fifth Anniversary  
Silver Wedding Anniversary Portrait, 1975



Playland at the Beach 1948, Reputedly banned from the Lincoln HS yearbook because of the 'clear' arm embrace



Doug at 20 years old, Vivian 18 at the Russian River ~ 1949

Russian River was the local summer destination, and renting summer cabins was popular among young people, one imagines for good reason. Doug and Vivian embarked on the day long journey along winding 101 many times during their dating years with friends from High School. The Judnick's, Sans's, James's, Vermillion were all Lincoln High couples who forged their early years together with Doug and Vivian in Post War San Francisco and Russian River summertime.



Young and Fun ~ 1954





Camelot 1968, Viv and Doug - 37 and 39 years



**Family**

Laurence Douglas Bishop, October 10, 1951



Kenneth Steven Bishop, March 4, 1954 Spring 1954, waving Dad's sailor cap



Janeen Marie Bishop, February 27, 1957



First Home on 44th Avenue San Francisco



'On the Way', 564 Theresa Drive, South San Francisco, Fall 1955; - New house in booming South San Francisco



NEW HOME scripted in Vivian's hand; Stamped February 1964. Ford Galaxy 500 in garage

next to Green Giant



### **Fishing, Boating, Camping and Sailing**

Sailor on shore leave, Acapulco, Mexico April 17, 1954

- Huge Sailfish Caught Off Coast of Mexico -

' The fish in the accompanying photograph is a Sailfish (*Istiophorus volador*), which was caught 20 miles off the coast of Mexico at Acapulco ' at 10:00 a.m. Saturday, April 17, 1954, by Douglas S. Bishop. The fish was hooked at 9:38 and was landed 22 minutes later after a terrific fight. It weighed 103 pounds and was 7 1/2 feet long.

When hooked the fish took a deep dive, taking about half the line off the reel, then turned and rushed to the surface, leaping about 8 or 10 feet clear of the water, and literally 'walking on its tail' as it struggled violently to free itself from the hook. It made eight separate attempts to get loose, but Mr. Bishop, with great skill and dexterity, brought him up alongside the boat, where it was landed in triumph. For this achievement he is hereby awarded honorary lifetime membership in the Izaak Walton Society. - Fish Tales.

(Doug's fish story as written and set type printed by his father Stan)



Fish On! First fishing photo; with 'Uncle Charlie' in British Columbia c. 1933;

- click for a early SF fish story - [The Wall Place](#)

- click for a fish story - [The Last Cast](#)

Shore fishing gave way to boats, the first one being an open, flat-bottom aluminum model that Doug would car-top with an ingenious rotating boom contraption. Fearlessly young Doug would pound into Bay waves pushed by a little Johnson outboard. Doug fished all over South Bay between Mission Rock and Redwood City. The 'tubes', a spot all SF anglers know, was a favorite.



'The Big One', 1960; morning Fishing with Janeen



New Boat Day - 14' Runabout and Fishing Boat, 'Green Giant', March 1962; Doug 33, Viv 31, Ken 8, Larry 10



Going Fishing with Daddy, May 1963, Love this shot, towing with 36hp VW

### Green Giant

Doug launched at Oyster Point, which in the early sixties consisted of graded sand covered with WWII perforated steel landing strip panels. Decrepit duck blinds still stood offshore, to the North a still operating barge landing, which Doug identified as the “Healy-Tibbits” basin. The paint factory to the South could be readily identified on water by the white painted shoreline, chemical discharge pipes leading directly to water. Beyond the white cliffs of paint mixing, property that is now Genentech, was the “poop plant”. Dad’s fishing neighbor, Barney Schwier then worked the Poop Plant for the City of South San Francisco, The Industrial City.

The Bay was still ecologically alive during the early sixties, experiencing rapid decline during that decade. A sportsman, Doug was informed and supportive of early efforts in wildlife habitat conservation. Having fished and grown up locally he personally witnessed the change, the decline in fisheries, bay fill and toxics. KSFO radio ruled the Bay Area air waves, anchored by irreverent Dan Sorkin. His airtime was pivotal in the Bay Conservation movement following propositions to fill was South Bay mud flats by leveling San Bruno Mountain.

During pre-’environmental impact report’ California, waterfront cities could simply fill in tidal mud-flats and saw-grass with garbage, concrete and refuse from modern civilization. During fishing trips we watched garbage trucks and dozers push out what is now land underneath ten-story office buildings. “Brisdump”, became a moniker for the tiny city of Brisbane, which actively spread along the Bayshore Freeway. Brisbane built more city land by performing legal open dumping right at water’s edge, creating what is now a glass office tower.

Doug has always called them The Tubes, a name unquestionably perfect for this industrial feature. The “tubes” are bus sized concrete pipes running under Bayshore Freeway into “Bayshore Lagoon”, the landlocked tidal zone cut off by the freeway. These great openings



permit tidal flow to and from the broad lagoon, creating strong flows during max current. Fish are drawn by the powerful man-made suction created by funneling the broad lagoon to one point at The Tubes.

Doug progressed through boats during fifty years of boating and angling. Starting with an open row-boat style aluminum rig in the early sixties, he grew to a fourteen foot runabout powered by a brand new Sea King thirty-five outboard motor. Later came sailing the small sloop.

The Tubes were our bait fishing destination. After trolling Mission Rock area with live anchovies or patrolling South Bay for gull diving, we would settle into bait fishing at The Tubes. Hookups with trash fish such as smelt, bullheads and shark was common, while the rockfish and striper were less frequent.

One sunny and warm day found us at The Tubes by midday. We fished a while until the warm afternoon-off coaxed my working Dad into a nap. The tidal current was strong that day, and after an hour of napping, the current into the tubes was creating “white water” from the brown bay soup. The powerful current began to drag our anchor, drawing the runabout closer to the funnel. Larry and I looked at each other in trepidation, ‘do we wake Dad?’, the look asked, when we were likely only fifty feet from being sucked into The Tubes. Fortunately Dad woke up, cussed briefly and motored us out of there.



WhyKnot racing with full crew in stiff air off Alcatraz, 1971

### Why Knot

Doug began sailing at the age of thirty seven years, following a Navy career and fishing boats. His first sailing boat, the sloop Why Knot, berthed at Oyster Point, South San Francisco. She was launched brand new from Sausalito in 1966, the height of the West Coast sailing renaissance. Doug started sailing at thirty seven years age, following a Navy career and fishing boats.

- click for a sailing story - [Night Passage](#)

Sailing is a complex endeavor, yet Doug applied himself diligently to learning and performing. Doug cruised, raced and single handed the Why Knot for 25 years, always fearless.



Looking Good



'Larken', El Toro #5875 sailing dinghy; hand built by Larry at 15 years of age; rigged with the builder ready to give rides to first cousins from Philadelphia;



Hunky Dory at Lake McSwain, Northern California;



Collins Lake Catch, May 5, 1994

### Hunky Dory

The lure of fishing pulled Doug back. Health and fitness goals, coupled with retirement, produced a unique boating and fishing experience. Hunky Dory is a 'rowing dory', complete with sliding seat and foot pads. Doug rigged Hunky Dory with two fishing rods over the stern and 'trolled' his favorite lakes for hours, rowing silently using long, light 'sweeps' with powerful strokes.

Watching the rod tips while sliding back and forth, he would quickly ship oars at the sign of a nibble and set hook. He is fast when it comes to reacting to a bite, yet he lost a few. Doug practiced hook setting by jerking Hunky Dory with a hard pull of the sweeps, with some success. Doug rowed daylong on Collins Lake and McClure lake hunting trophy trout for over a decade.

### Lake Merced



### Another Lake Merced Limit

Retirement at 60 years old in 1990 was cause for twice weekly, or more, shore fishing at Lake Merced. The lake was well run and stocked with trophy fish. By this time Doug had been fishing at Lake Merced for fifty years. He made friends at the shoreline and made a killing on big fish for many years.

### Salmon

Doug completed his long fishing career with Salmon. Doug plied the waters outside the Golden Gate from Tamales Bay to Farallon Island south to Half Moon Bay on the last and only wooden trawler in San Francisco, the 'Lovely Martha'. Embarking from Fishermans Wharf at dawn with his fishing club, always on deck, Doug was the 'guy in the green jacket', the guy who got more hookups. Salmon Slayer!



Salmon Fishing on Lucky Martha with Point Bonita in background



Alaska Cook Inlet, Halibut Fishing in 2007 with Ken and Larry



**Bonsai**

Doug describing the 'Cascade' style he produced; SSF backyard garden; 2011

The creation and care of his bonsai forest has been a thirty year passion. Doug thinks and acts long term. Confucius said that a grown man who plants trees is an optimist. Beginning Bonsai cultivation during his fifties, in the nineteen eighties, Doug visualized a long life. His forest included upto forty trees at a point.

### **Tradesman, Union Butcher, Provider**

Doug is a tradesman. The port of post War San Francisco was hot with commerce, fueling the local business community. Merchant Marine, U.S. Navy sailors, longshoremen, steel hangers and rail workers formed the economic backbone of largely blue collar San Francisco. At the time, the 'Key Line' rail system still operated on the lower deck of the Bay Bridge and cargo nets loaded goods onto ships slung from a crane.

Good and plenty work was to be had for a young and eager tradesman. Doug set his sights for the American Dream.

An independent type as a young man, Doug came and went from shops based on whim, pay and opportunity. His skills and work ethic were in high demand and he capitalized on his youth and opportunity, saving and preparing to marry his sweetheart Vivian. Doug married Vivian Mack on November 11, 1950, a holiday. The couple first moved to 2200 Ashbury Street.

Not without courage, this American Dreamer put-up his shingle and opened the door to his own business. In early 1952 Doug established his business, neighborhood shop at 999 DontKonw Avenue.

Just like any one-man business, Doug operated on the edge between cash flow and creditor pressure, but keeping the door open and paying the bills. Young and bold Doug stayed open for over a year, supporting his new family. About eighteen months in business, during a Doug and Viv business meeting, all accounts payable at once became settled. Clean books and the opportunity for a clean break from the burden was present. Doug acted on the moment and closed shop, opening opportunity for investing in growth.

This risk laced business endeavor may have been pivotal in establishing Doug's vision of growth and quality. Growth became a longer view, anchored not by individual growth, not 'all on my own,' but investing in the post-war growth and G.I. Bill of the American Dream of the Fifties.

Doug began his career on the waterfront of San Francisco during the last year of WWII. The labor shortages of the time created abundant employment for teenage men. The waterfront bustled with action as cranes hoisted cargo nets from shore and ship. Doug the sixteen year old stevedores helped to hook and roll cargo into position.

The War waned and G.I.'s returned home. After some years of general labor Doug pursued a trade, first as baker than as butcher. Learning how trade from old world Italian butchers in North Beach, he apprenticed within the sawdust covered floors of large specialty shops. Full service wrapped in white paper, the Italian banter, eight blocks, hanging quarters on overhead rail.

Doug was called to serve during the last year of the Korean war, 1953.

A decade of apprenticeship and good-pay in free lance work, plus years of service to his country, had seasoned Doug. The long vision of raising a family put time in perspective. Mira Loma Market was the last independent market before a sustained career in an industry leader.



Union Market

Recognizing the time value of money, Doug in 1956 turned to the emerging corporate grocery business, joining the Butchers Union and employment with Safeway Inc. The value of quality record keeping and the wage protection of Union and Safeway was a strategic move. Doug knew how could provide for his family without fear, and perhaps some long day off retire with a pension. This is thinking long. Doug is patient, steadfast and reliable.

The grueling years of 'nights and Sundays' shift as Assistant Manager was very demanding and good pay. Doug provided. Years and years as Manager, with dreaded monthly inventory and bottom-line responsibility, but spiced with Family Sunday's. The final decade, like many of us, in toil without engagement. Doug provided for Vivian.



Mission Accomplished

Travelers Aid, San Francisco Airport





Ten Year Service Award with Work Friends

Doug served travelers and the community at San Francisco Airport (SFO) for fifteen years. A rock of Terminal 3, Doug took the tough shifts on Sundays and early mornings. Doug most liked the International Terminal with the languages and diversity. 'I had a cryer today', was a sometimes comment after work, relating he reaction to misplaced passport.

#### Peace and Serenity



Art Companion, 86 years; Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco