

POINT COUNTERPOINT

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WEEKLY 10¢

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

DECEMBER 22, 1967



MICHELANGELO • 1475-1564 • MADONNA & CHILD WITH THE YOUNG ST. JOHN [MARBLE]

CHRISTMAS and

LOCAL CHURCH SCHEDULES

Our Lady of Mercy Church will have Christmas Eve Confessions at 3:00 to 5:30 p.m. and from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., Sunday, December 24.

Christmas Mass, December 25th, will be at 8:00 and 10:00 a.m.

New Year's Eve Holy Hour will be December 31 at 7:30 p.m., and New Year's Day services will be at 8:00 and 10:00 a.m.

The First Methodist Church will hold services on Christmas Eve at 11:00 a.m., Sunday.

New Year's Eve services will include the 11:00 a.m. services, and an evening service, time of which is not set yet.

The Point Richmond Baptist Church Christmas Eve service is at 10:45 a.m. on Sunday; New Year's Eve service is 10:45 a.m., Sunday, December 31.

DINING

Most people will be having dinner at home on New Year's and Christmas Day, so the Point Orient, Hotel Mac and the Mexican Inn will be closed on those days. The Mexican Inn will also be closed Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve. If you have no company coming, or, -- too much, the Holiday Inn will be open both days, and on Christmas Day features a complete Turkey Dinner for \$3.75 for adults, and \$1.95 for children.

NEW YEAR

THREE WAYS TO SPEND NEW YEAR'S EVE (Safely Close to Home !!)

There will be a New Year Eve Dance at the Atchison Village Mutual Home Auditorium at Curry and Collins Streets, featuring a Five-piece band, the "High Harmonics", and many door prizes.

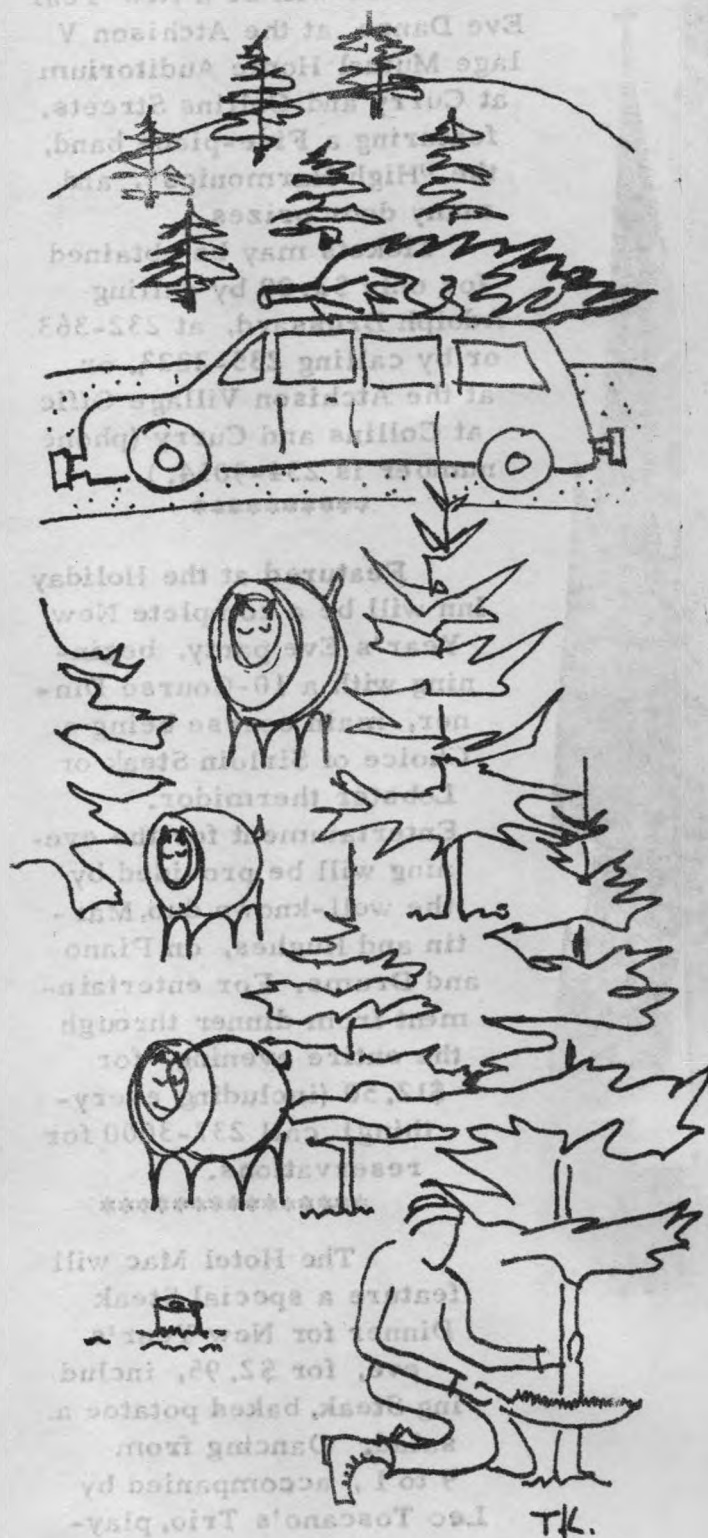
Tickets may be obtained for only \$2.00 by calling Adolph Brussard, at 232-3631 or by calling 235-2223, or at the Atchison Village Office at Collins and Curry (phone number is 234-9054.)

Featured at the Holiday Inn will be a complete New Year's Eve party, beginning with a 10-Course Dinner, main course being a Choice of Sirloin Steak or Lobster thermidor. Entertainment for the evening will be provided by the well-known duo, Martin and Hughes, on Piano and Drums. For entertainment from dinner through the entire evening, for \$12.50 (including everything) call 237-3000 for reservations.

The Hotel Mac will feature a special Steak Dinner for New Year's eve, for \$2.95, including Steak, baked potatoe and salad. Dancing from 9 to 1, accompanied by Lec Toscano's Trio, playing dinner music and jazz, will complete the evening's entertainment.

BRINGING IN THE TREE

by DAN ROBERTSON



I am a city boy, and scared of everything that is not trademarked, wrapped in plastic or bottled in bond. A ladybug can send me through the ceiling. Even those shirts with alligators on them make me nervous.

Therefore it was a surprise when my girl got me out into the country to cut a Christmas tree. Fresh air got on us. Sunshine. Vitamin A was all over us. It was very healthy. I don't know when I'll be able to forgive her.

At the tree farm, we saw children and mothers running happily from tree to tree, while hearty, flannel shirted father followed them looking wise and capable. I have never trusted people like that. Huddled down in the car seat, I sneered at them over the window frame. My girl rapped on the window. "Get out?" I asked indignantly. "You're kidding. Where is the boy to bring the tree? Where is the bar? What are all these bushes doing here? There are probably animals on them. Bugs, even!" I shouted.

She pouted, she frowned. Because she is beautiful, and because she had the gas money for the trip home, I got out. There was woodsmoke in the air.

"We can't cut a tree. The joint's on fire," I said. "It's only the owner's fireplace," she answered. "Doesn't it smell wonderful?" She wandered off among the thousands of trees, enraptured. It did smell kind of good at that. Woodsmoke and pine. And fear.

I found a place where trees grew together like a glade and ducked in. It was quiet there. I could see sheep on a hill far away. They became fuzzy mounds of gold in the slanting December sun. The landscape was hazel soft and brown. Everything I saw could have been seen two thousand years ago. Sheep, pines, gentle hills, gold-shot clouds. Time was transfigured. "There really is a Christmas, "

I thought, "and if we don't remember it properly, the earth does, and keeps it holy for us." Pretty good thinking! I wrote it down with my Scripto on the back of a Christmas bill.

The pine branches parted, a red cheeked, blue eyed face peeked in. "I've found the most beautiful tree. It's nice and fat!" she said.

"Just like me," I mumbled and was born out of my green cave. You can't get away from these women anywhere.

It's one of the wonders of our times. Probably His time, too, come to think of it.

Hand in hand, we headed for the tree. I noticed we were going down an awfully steep hill. Not being athletic, I even get out of breath going downhill. Hopefully I asked, "Is it this tree?" "No." A few steps more down that ravine. "Is it this tree?" "No, dear." Finally, at the bottom of a hill that would have boggled a lifetime Sierra Clubber, she pointed to a fat monster of a tree and said, "There." The tree and I eyed each other sullenly. It didn't appreciate being disturbed by this eager woman and a sort of Lou Costello lumberjack.

"Well, that surely is a beauty," I allowed. "That is what you call your outstanding tree. My, my." I looked at the tree, then at the hill. "Well, it's getting late. We better head towards the car and cut a tree. I saw a nice one near the parking...."

She looked teary-eyed, disappointed. What's a guy going to do when a good looking girl has her heart set on something like that? Bug out? No! He's going to get her that tree! (Actually, I would have bugged out but she had the axe and she's built for speed.)

Laying under the tree, I measured along the trunk with upraised thumb and one eye closed, like Charles Bickford in an old lumberjack movie. Finally I calculated that the tree would either fall on me or away from me or maybe toward the left or possibly toward the right, and sawed like mad. In about an hour, I had made a one inch cut into the tree and took

time out for a mild heart attack. A gentle kiss revived me enough to complete the job.

Getting the tree up that hill was something I'd prefer to forget. A drag-it yourself deal. We took turns. First my girl dragged the tree a few feet, then she came back and dragged me a few feet. Eventually we came to the place where the man takes the money. We got a good price, because the man was anxious for us to leave. Probably he thought that the wheezing gasping creature wallowing and moaning all over his ground was bad for business, but I want him to know I did not collapse all over his holly bushes on purpose.

Now the tree is in his new home. There are pin points of light like stars in his branches. He was a worthy adversary. I drink a toast to him and wonder, is it better for a tree to die of old age or disease on his own hillside, or is it better that he should brighten the lives of us who will also die of disease or old age, but who need all the beauty we can get? It is a puzzle I have never been able to solve, and I do not expect that I ever will.



REMEMBERING

with Don Church

CHRISTMAS

IN POINT
RICHMOND 43 YEARS
AGO.

1924

"LADY OF MERCY CHRISTMAS PROGRAM"

"A beautiful program is to be given in connection with the Christmas entertainment at Our Lady of Mercy Church in the West Side on Sunday, December 21.

The affair begins at 2 o'clock. All parents are cordially invited to attend. A luncheon set and pillow is to be given away after the entertainment."

(The program included many songs and recitations, besides a special play directed by Miss Irene Corey, entitled "There Was No Room At the Inn", a play about Christmas eve in Bethlehem, in the home of a Jewish family. Included in the program were: Rose Mignon, Pauline Keimahan, Alta Golden, Charlotte Keimahan, Eugene Corr, Henry O'Hara, Jennie Stark, Irene Kelleghan, Molly C'Brien, Agnes Hounsell, Christopher Corr, Mary Lazorio, Frances Randall, and Gilbert Golden. After the program, Santa Claus distributed gifts to members of the Sunday School Class.

"FIRST M. E. CHRISTMAS PROGRAM"

"On Monday night, December 22, the Sunday School children of the First Methodist Episcopal Church are to present a delightful Christmas program in the church parlors. Songs and recitations including the play "The Princess and the Match Girl", and a pageant, "The World's

Christmas Fireplace" were presented. Children included in the program were Barbara and Ruth Hensel, Claire Smith, Jane Kunkle, Leo and Virginia Bottom, Wave Redman, Elsie Harris, Lloyd Dicely, Ruth Finley, Edward Owens, May Friesendorf, Alfred Shawl, Ruth Weston, Mildred Wollet, Loren Granger, Dean and Jean Griffin, Iris Bird and Leslie Stanley.

BAPTIST CHURCH PROGRAM TUESDAY NIGHT

"The Christmas program and entertainment will be given on Tuesday night at the First Baptist Church of the West Side. Fred Huckaba is superintendent of the Sunday School which is giving the program. (The program included many songs and recitations, and included the following children: Virginia Huckaba, Fay Hallstrom, J. D. Vincent, Henry Northway, Helen Oehney, Batty Parker, Dorothy Paasch, Marjorie Mills, Betty Jenkins, Shirley Parker, Shirley Hamilton, Sam Jones, Jr., John Steckle, Gene Williams, William Parker, Fravil Mills, Cecil Sullee, Francis Northway, Rodney Brothers, Helen Scofield, Virginia Lee, Lois Wood, Lucille Vincent, Earl Scofield, Anna Shaw, William Wood, Elva Green, Helen Bilhart, Pauline Dice, Elsie Beck, Gene Williams, Lois Busby and Eva Garloff.

the OLD PROF *

Howdy, folks (and/or students). Your old Prof has had an exciting time since announcing termination of the popular "Limerick Series". Thousands of admirers (including folks and/or students) have been phoning or writing such heart-warming messages as: "Dear Prof: Your limericks make my week!" (This lady spells bad. She had it "me weak!") or: "Keep them limericks coming. They are just right to line the bottom of my bird cage!" and so on, until the Old Prof has decided to continue in the same "varjocose vein", at least one more time. So-o-o-o-o.....

Let us do a little random rhyming, then, and first off we shall take a hike in the woods (and also take the following advice:

Should you ever encounter a bear,
Here's a little advice I will share.
Do not stop, look or loiter
And don't reconnoiter
Just tear (like a hare) out of there!

And now, having avoided this grizzly encounter, we will, in the spirit of the holiday season, contemplate yonder shrub, of the family Aquifoliaceae, a shining symbol of Christmas, thus:

See you next lent, at the latest.... O.P.

*Robert C. Friend

THE CHRISTMAS CAPER

by BETTY NEWBOLD

(The following is a mythical one scene, one act, one minute playlet and the rookie officer portrayed is not to be confused with any local police officer either past, present or future... I hope.)

PLACE: Upper Washington Street in Point Richmond

TIME: Very late on Christmas Eve

SCENE: The street is dark and quiet; the residents of Point Richmond are all sleeping. Christmas tree lights twinkle through the window of a large, two-storied house in front of which is parked a police car with its lights off. The officer inside the car is hunched down behind the steering wheel with the radio microphone clutched in his hand. His eyes are glued on the house, and he speaks into the mike in a low furtive



FUN
WITH
WORDS

5.

The beautiful red-berried holly
Has leaves that will stick you, by golly;
And if you should grab one,
It surely would stab one,
Without even saying, "So Solly!"

At this juncture, after merthiolating our punctured pinkies to ward (hi there, Blanchette) off an attack of "holly-tosis" it seems only fitting to consider the predicament of us voters in a ding-dong election year.....

Politicos coax and cajole us.
In speech they beseech and extol us.
They wheedle, they blandish,
My gosh! It's outlandish,
The things they will do to control us!

The Old Prof will now leave you with a timely Yuletide admonition to be good children or your Noel won't go well as follows:

For all of the very best reasons,
Christmas time is the gayest of seasons.

So, be gay and wax merry,
And, (until January),
Just be sure to abjure all malfeasons.

THE CHRISTMAS CAPER(continued)

6.

Officer: (Loud, urgent whisper into microphone) Beat One!

Radio Operator: (Loud voice over radio transmitter) Come in, Beat One. But speak louder--I can't read you. Over.

Officer: Sh-h-h. There's something mysterious going on out here in Beat One. Over.

Radio Operator: What does it look like, Beat One? Over.

Officer: It looks like a crime in progress! It's pretty dark and hard to see clearly, but I'm almost certain that someone is entering this house I have under surveillance. Over.

Radio Operator: Beat One, may I remind you that entering a house is not a crime Over.

Officer: Through the chimney? Over.

Radio Operator: That's different. That sounds suspicious. Can you describe the suspect? Over.

Officer: I didn't get a good look at him yet but I'll catch him with the goods when he comes out. Over.

Radio Operator: I'll send you some cover. You may need help. Over.

Officer: That is probably a good idea. I think he has a gang with him. I can hear funny sounds coming from the roof on the other side of the house. Sort of a stamping and snorting--almost like--animals? (Pause. Whisper) Over.

Radio Operator: Animals? On the roof? Beat One, do you feel alright? Over.

Officer: I am in top physical condition. A bit tense perhaps, but that is only natural because this is the first nefarious crime that I've cracked since coming on the force. Over.

Radio Operator: I see. Well, keep me posted. I've got all the roads blocked and the suspect can't escape from the Point. Over.

Officer: Roger! Oh, oh. Stand By. Someone is climbing out of the chimney. Yes, we've got him now. This is a clear case of burglary, P.C. 459, because he has a big bag full of stuff slung over his shoulder. Wait! I'm going to turn my flashlight on him now. (Slight pause)

There he is! I can see him clear.

(Gasp) This is not only a P.C. 459, I think we can also nail him on a P.C. 185. Over.

Radio Operator: A 185? What's that charge? Over.

Officer: According to the Penal Code which I have committed to memory, it states that "it shall be unlawful for any person to wear any mask, false whiskers, or any personal disguise--" You should see this guy. You wouldn't believe. Over.

Radio Operator: (Cold, efficient tone) I believe. Will you please describe the suspect. Over.

Officer: Certainly. He has on a bright red suit trimmed in white fur. He's a heavy set fellow of undetermined age--you might almost call him jolly looking. And--here's the clincher--he is wearing a long white beard! I told you--a clear case of P.C. 185--but no one has a beard like that. And--get this--those funny noises WERE animals. He's got what looks like a whole bunch of reindeer harnessed up to some kind of a sled--if you can believe. Over

Radio Operator: (Dryly) I believe.

(Pause) Beat One, you will please release the suspect and resume your patrol duties. At once! For your information, Beat One, this is Christmas Eve and the suspect you just apprehended is well known in this area. He has many alias's, but would you believe it's Santa Claus, Over.

Officer: (Gasp) Santa Claus! But I thought there really wasn't a . . . (Voice fades out)

Radio Operator: Calling all cars.

Calling all cars. Return to your own beats. Everything is under control. And fellows--please no U.F.O.'s for the rest of the night. please! Just remember this IS Christmas and anything can happen. MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL---even you, Beat One. Over and Out.

The End

The Night After Christmas

(A Short Story For After the Holidays)

by Betty Newbold

Did you ever hear the story of Molly Claus, and Roodles the magic elf, and the night after Christmas? It's not surprising if you haven't because everyone is so excited before Christmas waiting for Santa to arrive, but then they sort of forget him after his visit. And I don't think any of us fully realize all the work and effort behind that one quick trip of his each year.

Picture now, if you can, Santa's workshop far away at the North Pole on the day after Christmas. It is a cheerful, cozy room with a warm fire glowing in the big, black cookstove, and snow heaped high outside the windows. If you peek under that tired-looking Christmas tree near the front bay window, you will see a little elf wearing a high-pointed sorcerer's hat lying on his tummy reading a big book propped up in front of him. And if you look closely you will see that the book is entitled "You Too Can Learn Magic". The elf is entirely engrossed in the book, and pays no attention to Mrs. Claus surveying the after-Christmas damage to her home. For if you think YOUR house is a mess on Christmas day, you should see the Claus residence on the day after Christmas.



Dirty dishes are heaped everywhere, and mountains of dirty laundry cover the floor. One glance tells us that Molly Claus has been too busy for housework for some time.

"This is too much," said Molly, looking for but not finding the sink under the piles of dirty dishes. "Each time I promise myself it will be different after Christmas next year, but somehow it always ends up in a mess like this."

Deep, rumbling snores drifted down from the bedroom above, and Mrs. Claus looked up. "It's all well and good for Santa because he goes to sleep when Christmas is over. He figures the work is done. You would think that by now he would have realized there is more to this delivering-the-toys bit than driving a bunch of reindeer around the world on Christmas eve. Like who does the cooking, and the laundry, and the housework. And for that matter, who feeds and takes care of his silly reindeer all year long. It's enough to make a body weary, just thinking about it," and she sighed.

Santa's wife was usually a happy, cheerful woman and it wasn't like her to be grumpy. But too many years of cleaning up the toy shop after the holiday had finally reached her.

"When I told Santa last year that it would be nice if I had a little help straightening all this out he said to hire someone to come in and give me a hand. He never even stopped to think that it isn't quite that simple when you live up next to nowhere at the North Pole and there just isn't anyone to hire."

A loud noise at the back of the house interrupted Mrs. Claus' complainings. "What on earth," she said, and went toward the window, a short but perilous trip around piles of laundry and sleeping elves curled like kittens all around on the floor and furniture. She brushed the frost from the glass and looked out.

continued... next week...

HAPPY

FROM THE POINT'S



HOLIDAYS

BUSINESS PEOPLE



Christmas

is for
CHILDREN

by GEORGE "COCON" WALTHER

For a child, so much of Christmas is anticipation. The days before are filled with the surprise of cold and snow, the mystery of hidden gifts, and the promises of rewards for good behavior and the busy rites of preparation shared by the whole family. All senses tingle. Gayest are the sounds of the season, the triumphant chorus of the hymns, the brass clanging bell of the Salvation Army lass, and the squeals of children early in the morning. When we say that Christmas has become too commercialized, that obligations have replaced self-giving, we forget that for every child, Christmas is still a soaring moment of pure delight.

At last the waiting, the wishes are over---it's Christmas morning. The living room glows with colored balls, lights, and shimmering tinsel. Under the tree--placed there by some incomprehensible magic, are the presents. Then wrappings and ribbon fly.

Each toy must be played with, every doll hugged immediately. And later, after church, there will be the warmth of family reunion and a turkey dinner. For this one day, the world is child-sized and the joys are children joys. Although for little boys or girls Christmas is a time of receiving.

their parents know that on a long day off when their children awake upon a Christmas morn, as adults, they indeed will discover the even more wondrous joy of giving.

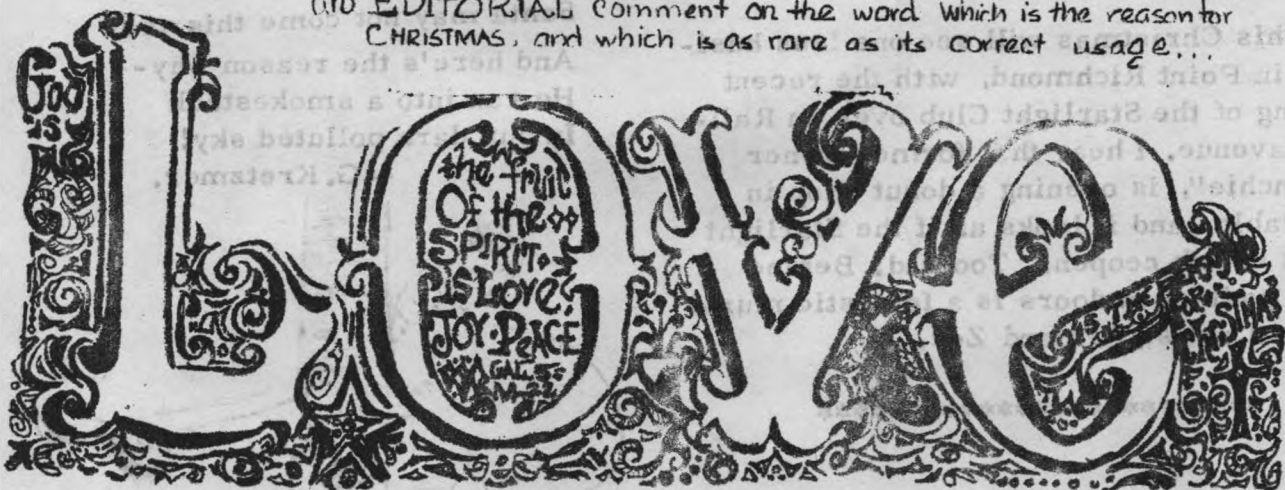
Lest we forget then, the story of Christmas begins with a child. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Thus it began, with special meaning for Christians. Through all ages, man has rejoiced at this time of year, with the shortest day passed, the dark corner turned. In early America, the Puritans, offended by England's elaborate festival, outlawed Christmas.

Over the years, our Christmas has become a melting pot of customs: Santa Claus from the Netherlands, the tree from Germany, Cards from England, the Yule Log from Scandinavia, the Jewish Feast of lights--Hannukkah, and candles from the Romans.

But for all people of all faiths, the spirit is one: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, Peace, Good Will toward all men."

(Mr. Walther is a staff writer for the International Negro Press)

an EDITORIAL comment on the word which is the reason for CHRISTMAS, and which is as rare as its correct usage...





by G.E. HAIGH

A crew of carpenters has been hard at work for some time now at the Baltic Bar. They are building a new room to the rear of the place, which will increase the bar's capacity by some 40%. The new room is complete with a service bar, which a cocktail waitress will be able to work from. It was hoped that the extension would be ready by Christmas, but the delays that invariably accompany any construction project have blowed the work down, and now it looks like the room won't be ready until after the first of the year. Nobody who has seen the beautiful job done by owner Bob Barker on the rest of the bar has failed to marvel at the attention to detail and the good taste shown. I know I echo many when I wish Bob all the best success with his plans.

Are you a chronic late shopper, or do you always seem to find that you have forgotten somebody the day before Christmas, when all the shops are closed? If so, I have good news for you this Christmas. Many of the shops here in Point Richmond (where the crowds aren't) will be open all day this coming Sunday, the day before Christmas. This includes Sophie's Emporium, where you get treated to a free drink at the Point Orient Restaurant with each purchase; and also the shops located upstairs in the Old Firehouse.

This Christmas will see one less business in Point Richmond, with the recent closing of the Starlight Club over on Railroad avenue. I hear that former owner "Frenchie", is opening a donut shop in San Pablo, and it looks as if the Starlight might never reopen. Too bad. Behind those padlocked doors is a fantastic mural by local artist, Armand Zoc.

RECIPE POP CORN BALLS



As taught to campfire girls by Mrs. Vern Valentine:
5 quarts popped corn
2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cup water
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1 tsp. Vinegar.

Keep popcorn warm. Butter sides of saucepan; in it combine next five ingredients. Cook to hard ball stage (250°). Remove from heat, and add vanilla. Slowly pour syrup over hot popped corn, mixing well to coat every kernel. Press into small balls with buttered hands.
Yield: About 30 balls.

The Week Before Christmas

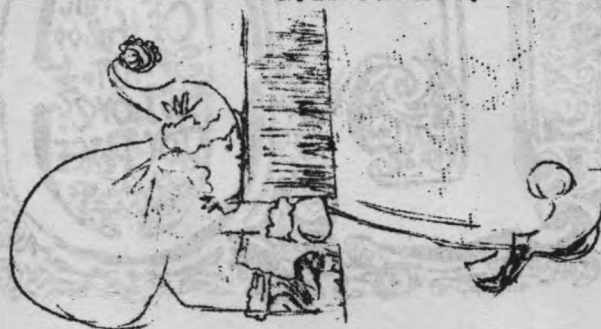
This is the time to be weary
A time to say 'never again'
And to solemnly vow
Not to leave for the now
All the things that we
should have done then.

--Ethelyn Milton

A FOGGY NOTION

Santa may not come this year
And here's the reason why--
He ran into a smokestack
In our dark polluted sky!

--G. Kretzmer.



WANT ADS

13.



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS WANT ADS:



FOR SALE: Girl's Bicycle, 20-inch
with high bars, and seat,
\$10.00. Call 235-3897

FOR SALE: Girl's Bicycle, 26-inch.
Boy's bicycle: 24-inch. Reasonable.
Call 234-8551.

FOR SALE:

Hamilton Organ: \$300.00
Daguerrotypes and Tintypes
Collection of Stone-age Indian artifacts.
U.S. and foreign first day covers.
Antique Gold and diamond locket-\$25.
Gold and silver rings.
Antique Hat-Pins.
Amber necklace
Bone necklace
1897 Cycle-Poco No. 3 Camera. \$20.
Arabic Prayer Rug. \$20.
Russian Rug Sarak - \$75.
Korean Winter Costume with shoes \$20.
Fur hats, small sizes - \$5.
Stone age stoves and lamps -
Oregon Jasper pebbles, unpolished.
1952 Vincent Black Shadow Motorcycle,
\$750 or best offer.

Leigh Craig Wright-- IDHJ
111 West Richmond Ave.

HELP WANTED:

Companion-Housekeeper:

To live with elderly lady (age 80)
who has broken shoulder. Needs help
with dressing and undressing. Light
housework-no heavy lifting--groceries
are delivered.
Separate bedrooms--share bath--live
in. Salary:\$100 to \$140 per month.
If interested, ask Data Bank for
additional information--848-0343.

Wanted: Lady to Live In.
Will have to sleep in living room.
\$150.00 per month with board.
Phone Amy King--526-0173

Wanted: Man to do light gardening work
Mow Lawn, rake leaves, etc. Salary
\$1.25 per hour., or monthly contract
Call Mrs. Loring: 444-1479.

Active Retired or semi-retired
Couple needed: To live in and do some
light work on cattle ranch near Alamo.
Man to do some gardening, watering
feed horses, etc.
Woman to do some cleaning and cook-
ing.

Rent in return for these services,
plus salary. Delightful cottage with
all modern kitchen, etc. 2 miles from
nearest town.

Call 837-5528.

WANTED TO BUY: Small House,
in Good condition. Lot size or view
not important. Call 234-7505.

WANTED: Rain Gear for Huscicon,
Grade School children's assorted
sizes. Call 235-3897 or leave in
special box-at Washington School.

WANTED TO RENT: A house in Point
Richmond. Prefer View.

Needed by January 1.
Couple with no children. Excellent
references. Chevron Research Chemi-
cal Engineer. Call 234-3429.

NEEDED: Baby Sitter

2:30 to 5 p.m. Monday thru Friday,
Plus some light housework.
Call 234-5149.

Embroidery Lessons: here in Point
Richmond. Call Carla Pasternak
237-7646.

Continued →

NEEDED: Full-time Housework or Baby sitting, or both. Call Wilda Longacre----237-1385.

FOR SALE:

Deluxe two-bedroom home, 1 1/2 baths, Fantastic view of both Bay and S. F. Two decks--Open Plan, Beautiful wall-to-wall carpeting, Call Betty Pearson, 232-6424, or Stoddard Realty-234-4651.

WANTED: Girl for work in restaurant. Must have good background. will provide on-job training.

Four Corners Cafe.

INTERESTING CLOTHES

hand-made and designed. Reasonably priced since made and sold at home. Have sold my things at boutiques in S. F. Call after 5 p.m. - 2370838.

SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED:

In your home, any make, age, condition. Free estimates. 30 yrs. experience. Point Richmond resident. Call 234-2590, or 233-3480.

Baby Sitting:

Mrs. Ramona Calvan: 235-4369.
Mrs. Harry Swift: 232-5762.
(name not listed) 235-1016.

GLASS FOR SALE:

3/16" Tempered, 46" by 76" \$10.00
3/16" Crystal, 46" by 76" \$10.00
3/16" Crystal, 34" by 76" \$7.50

Call Mike: 232-2660

FOR SALE: '57 Dodge. Runs good. \$100 or best offer. Mrs. Swift. 232-5762.

TEENS FOR HIRE: Baby sitting

Pat & Kathy Dornan: 234-5334
Lisa Simpson: 232-4283 (also pet-sitting)
Debbie Coles: 234-1045
Lisa Williams: 233-5211

SEWING: Michele Williams: 233-5211

ODD JOBS: Robert Drake: 234-8031

Cindy Forbes: 232-5395

Steve Lizarraga: 233-4692

Dale Westman: 234-3327

CIVIC CALENDAR

See page one, and have a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year!

We thank all the people who took time to write special Christmas stories and articles. Also thanks for the special art work, on page 2, donated by Thea Kendall.

POINT COUNTERPOINT

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