

POINT COUNTERPOINT

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POINT RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA

WEEK OF MARCH 14 to 21, 1969



Spring is Happening

A PROCLAMATION

Following is a proclamation signed by the Mayor of Richmond, John Sheridan:

WHEREAS, March 22, 1969, falls on the first Saturday following our Vernal Equinox, and

WHEREAS, it is appropriate that the advent of Spring be joyfully heralded by all, and

WHEREAS, by the graciousness of the City Fathers of Richmond a location uniquely fitted for celebration of this happy day is available at Keller's Beach on the shoreline of sparkling San Francisco Bay,

NOW, THEREFORE, as Mayor of the City of Richmond, I do hereby declare that March 22, 1969, be celebrated as "Spring Happening Day" with fitting festivities.

For details about that day, and the festivities that begin at 1 p.m., see page three.



Record, and if that is already taken, then we claim that our kite was in the air 12 hours at the end of 10,000 feet of string, or even higher, if necessary. It is always best to lie when you are after world's records or public acclaim.

There have only been two major changes in kite flying since I was a boy. One is that kites are now made of plastic and the other is you hope like mad that all your friends are

at work so they will not see you running around the hills dragging a kite behind you.

The wind on top of Nicholl was fierce, making it difficult for my assistant, Thea Kendall, to hold on to the kites, the balls of string, the material for the tail, scissors, tape, the sticks, the picnic lunches, the sunglasses and the coats and sweaters.

(continued on page 5)

We went kite flying up on Nicholl Knob this week, my assistant and I. It is fairly certain that we set the new World's Kite Flying Record, because we had a kite in the air for five hours at the end of 3,000 feet of string. If that is not a World's Record, either the record book is wrong, or we claim the Northern California Championship. If that is already taken, we claim the Tuesday Afternoon Nicholl Knob World

Reminiscing with Don Church

Interesting and sometimes amusing articles from old Richmond and Point Richmond newspapers, courtesy of the Richmond Museum.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN 1935

March 15, 1935: 'Fathers' Night at the Washington School drew out 75 people to see the entertainment put on by the pupils of the various grades.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AND GRADY..

March, 1915.....

"W. D. Grady, Richmond Attorney, has a suit on in the Superior Court by which he seeks to collect attorney's fees, and the case was set for trial on Monday, March 17."

"If your honor pleases, 'spoke up Grady, 'that is a holiday, and I cannot try a case on a holiday.'

"That is no holiday, 'returned the Court, 'and we will have to go on then.'

"But I will not be in condition to try the case on that day, Your Honor, for I must keep my holiday.'

"That is the date set, 'replied the Court.

"But I won't be here, your honor, I will have to get a stipulation to try the case on some other day.'

"What is that you said? That you would not be here?' sternly asked the court looking down upon the near-contempt barrister.

"Yest, your honor, I'll be here, 'sorrowfully replied Grady as he left the court room with his head bowed. Grady will celebrate St. Patrick's day in court this year."



It was in the nature of Saint Patrick's Night as well as Father's night.

Mrs. Martin Salmi, county Art Director and a resident at the Point gave a very interesting talk on art. At the close of the evening, coffee and cake were served to all present. Much credit is due to Mrs. Vloebergh, chairman of the refreshments, as well as to Mrs. Ding-

le, president, and Mrs. Nixon, secretary, for the success of the evening.

March 15, 1915: "Mrs. Edward McDuff returned last Friday from New York where she was called by the death of her mother, Mrs. Bernard Kelley, well known New Yorker. Mrs. McDuff yet maintains that Point Richmond's bonny climate beats the snowy climate of her native city. (She apparently still does, as she is seen often out in the sunshine, walking around the Point.)

I would have helped her, but I was carrying the half gallon of wine at the time and didn't want to dissipate my energy with trivialities. After all, what are assistants for?

While she attended to the simple chores of assembling the kites, making the tails, fixing the bridles and getting the first kite into the air, at which point I planned to take over, I addressed myself to the business of winding one of the balls of string up on a stick. In the event you haven't tried this yourself recently, let me point out that this project takes a long, long time. There are 1,000 feet of string on a ball and if you have a stick one-fourth inch thick, you can see that it will take one full turn of the stick to put one inch of string on. Then, when you figure that there are 12 inches of string per foot and 1,000 feet of string per ball and if the current is flowing south three miles per hour and Johnny rows eight feet in one second, how long will it take the train whistle to reach point A? Don't ask me, I never got to the end of the string.

About half way, all of the string became unaccountably and hopelessly tangled. The only thing to do at this point is throw the string down and leave it for your assistant to unravel, while you take over the job of flying the kite she has already got into the air.

I walked across the grass to her and said, "Okay, that's it. You did good to get it that high, but you better let me handle it from here on out. Gets pretty tricky in a high wind like this you know. Besides, you might get sunburned."

"Well, where is your kite?" she asked, looking up into the sky. You have to hand it to the girl. In spite of knowing me for a year, she still believes that when we do things like flying kites, she can expect to find my kite in the air, as high or maybe higher than hers. It just proves some people never learn from experience.

"Never mind about my kite," I said, "You are definitely getting sunburned. Better go sit in the shade. You can tie the



string I left over there onto my kite if you want."

By now the kite was soaring over the bay and I tied another ball of string on. The string moaned and hummed in the high wind and the kite bobbed happily, like a Saturday night drunk.

From the shade, Thea called, "Hey, what has happened to this string you were winding up? It's all tangled."

"It is? I don't know anything about it. Anything could have happened. Probably a prairie dog chewed on it."

"I doubt that it could have been a prairie dog," she persisted.

"Well, maybe a mouse or a ground-chuck or something. Don't bother me." Who knows the names of all those animals? They all look alike anyway. If it is not a dog or a cat, I don't know what it is and, furthermore, don't much care.

At about this time, I feared for the safety of low flying planes, because I tied on the third thousand feet of string and it was slithering through my hands so fast my fingers were semi-smoking. The wind shifted and suddenly, magically, it appeared that the kite was clear over San Francisco. That's the mystique of kite flying. There is a little shift in reality, so that somehow 3,000 feet of string seems quite enough to cover the ten miles between Nicholl Knob and San Francisco. Probably all that wind and sun makes you a little bit addled. Not to mention the red wine,