

# POINT COUNTERPOINT

A JOURNAL FOR CIVIC COMMUNICATION

25¢

Eleventh Issue

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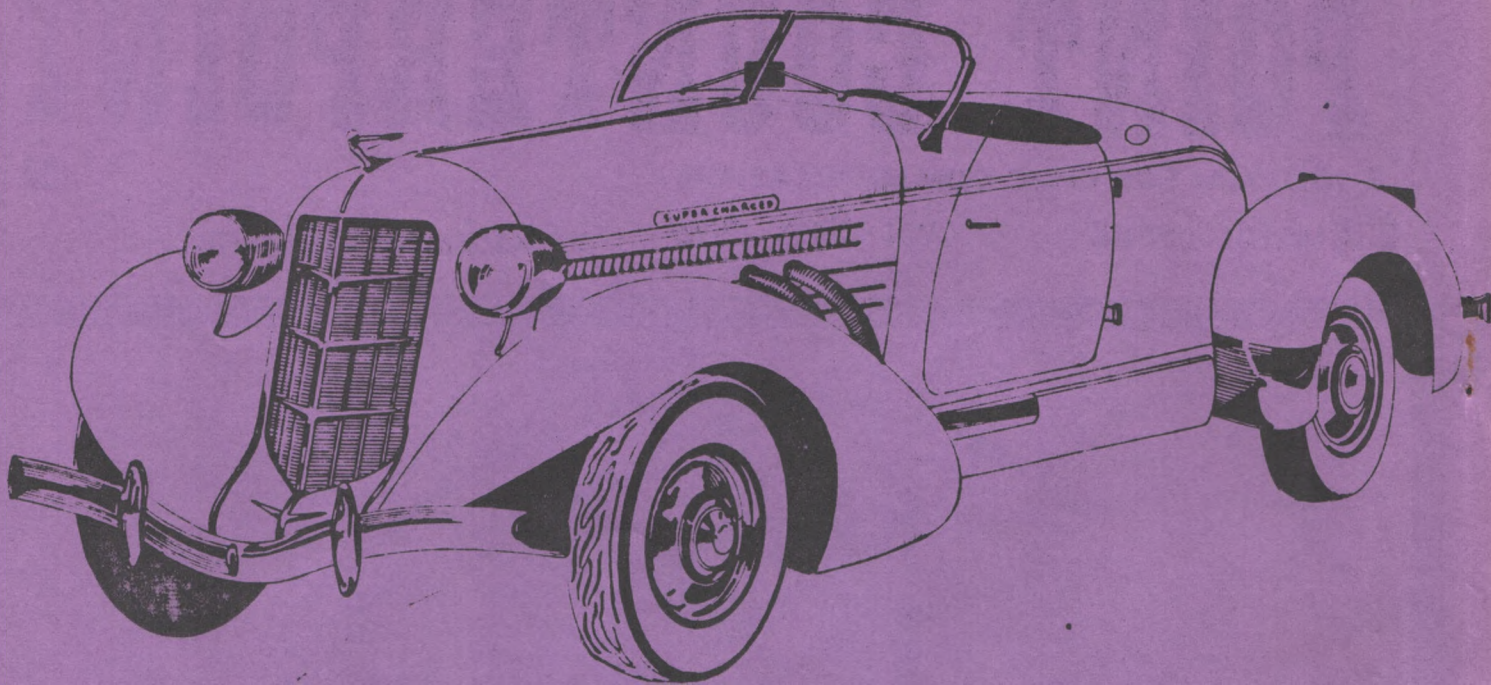
Richmond, California



Norcross, New York

Valentine inspired by Halley's Comet in 1835.





## Drag Racing

-Davis Cort

As Related by  
Harry Bradley

Drag Racing was in its heyday about ten years ago. It still goes on, but on a smaller scale and much changed according to Harry Bradley (of Bradley's Automotive Service) who has remained a fan and participant for twelve years.

From 1963 to 1972 Bradley and his wife Pat worked their way up in the ranks at the Vacaville Drag Strip. Starting with menial tasks, Bradley became Race Co-ordinator in addition to his racing. As Race Co-ordinator, he was aware of the difficulties of race track management. Each race cost between \$1500 and \$2000 and to earn that much from admissions and fees became more and more difficult as interest waned. The track closed down about two years ago.

The best known Drag Strip in the area now is the Fremont track which still opens every Sunday for competition. Although Drag Racing is not a dangerous sport according to Bradley, it is still a thrill waiting for the green light to flash the start of a race. Drag Racing now is not divided into classes, but rather, into speed brackets. The brackets include cars grouped by speed regardless of their make. Bradley usually races his Falcon Ranchero (the same car he drives during the week) and is in a relatively "slow" bracket. "Slow" cars are those that do a  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in 16 seconds and more. A "fast" bracket would be composed of cars that did the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in as little as 9 seconds.

The race, and particularly, winning the race, is a matter of consistency in driving. The morning time trials set your maximum speed. If you manage to go faster than your car is supposed to be able to go, you are disqualified. If you are racing against a slower car in the same bracket, the slower car is given a handicap. Thus, the winning of the race depends on driving skill. So



# Announcements

## Deaths

To Point Richmond:

It's difficult to do a proper job of thanking people and at the same time avoid sentimentality. This is the last Point Counterpoint I will be editing.

First of all I want to thank the new editor, Jeanne Eger for putting out December's Point Counterpoint. I'm sure she will do a good job on her end but remember, the best way to ensure a paper you like is to keep writing "letters to the editor". Criticisms, ideas and suggestions must come from the community to make the Point Counterpoint a real community reflection.

Thank you to those who bought the paper; to Mid Dornan, Mr. Meads, Dorothy King, all those who offered articles, stories, poems so freely and enthusiastically. A special thanks to the downtown merchants who advertised. Without your help, the Point Counterpoint would not have been possible. And to Donna Roselius who must be the eighth wonder, thanks for immeasurable help.

It's been a fun and very special past year for me, and in a very direct way I have the community of Pt. Richmond to thank for it.

Doris Cort  
Retiring Editor



It is with sadness we note the passing of Point citizens. Their contributions to our community go unnumbered.

As a loving father, affectionate husband and loyal friend, BASIL CHERNIAK is one of those irreplaceable beautiful people. His talents were many and varied, and he often shared his remarkable bass voice in churches and social gatherings. As a founder of the Point Masquers, Basil was active in it until his untimely death. One suspects their home always had music within its walls.

For many years, ERIC ALEXANDER was the Point's only jeweler and watch repairman. His shop was located in what is now 'Taxis and Toadstools' and he was considered a professional in his field. He and his wife, Maud, enjoyed life and traveled yearly to the Islands.

Long active in grass roots politics, BOB CARMACK was a successful realtor with offices at Castro and Tewksbury. One could always look forward to seeing Bob at the polls on election day checking to get those registered voters out to vote. He spent many diligent hours promoting his beliefs.

FATHER DENIS KELLY, former pastor of Our Lady of Mercy Catholic Church and respected and loved by all, retired to his native Tipperary, Ireland, in 1972 and passed away January 7th, less than a week before his 73rd birthday.

John Toyoda (known to all as John John) will be missed by all. He was a native Hawaiian who fought in World War II. His greatest pleasures in life seemed to be buying candy for children and bursting into song when he felt happy.

# Trinia

Mid Dornan  
234-5334

Happy FEBRUARY birthday to:

Nellie Matteucci	Drexil Holladay
Jennie Pearson	Dick Smith
Frank Pearson	Sharon Amantite
Connie Healy	Bessie Squires
Josephine Martin	Russell Paasch
Shelley Amantite	Walter Paasch
Dixie Copeland*	George and Abe

\*Anyone who has been on the postal route as long as he surely must be considered somewhat of a Point resident!

This is a fine month for popping corn, sending valentines (the 14th) celebrating Ground-hog's day (the 2nd) the Mardi Gras (the 12th) Lincoln's Birthday (the 12th) or Washington's Birthday (17th--a holiday or 22nd as traditional). February flower: Primrose

Abe Lincoln said this a long time ago:  
You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.  
You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.  
You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.  
You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.

If you haven't recovered yet from New Years, be thankful you aren't Chinese. They are about to start their celebration, which will last 10 days. Legend has it that on a New Year's Day (Juan Don) many centuries ago, Buddha summoned all of the animals of the world. He promised to name a year after each in return for its obeisance. Only 12 obeyed the bidding and they came in this order: rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, ram, monkey, rooster, dog and boar. This is the year of the rabbit. You are under this sign if born in 1963, 1951, 1939, 1927, 1915, 1903, 1891 and 1879.

TV news cameramen at the top of Tewksbury hill barely drew side glances from passersby.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY-- SEND SOMEONE A VALENTINE!

At least two caroling groups were about the Point before the holidays, the Methodist Church group and the youthful O KI ZU Camp Fire Adventurers. These melodious voices add to the holidays. Caroling customs throughout the country vary and were evidenced by these groups. In some parts, carolers expect money for their services, and in other parts, treats are passed to carolers. However, Point carolers do it for the joy they can give and receive.

It is time for CAMP FIRE MINTS again! Aren't you glad? And we understand they are still \$1.25 in spite of the huge sugar increase of recent months. Treat yourself while helping the young girls. YUMmmmm. If you aren't home and are missed or need extra, call 235-2608 (Sonja Darling)

Girl Scout cookies are also available for a little while longer. Another worthy and tasty cause.

It is only 18 inches between a pat on the back and a kick in the pants!

Our personable librarian, Carol Bold, is attempting to put together travel slides for Friday afternoon showing. These should be of interest to everyone, especially some of the older residents. Check to find out the dates and times.

Eleanor Armstrong lost her blue wallet purse last month and could 'save face' (after chastising her husband, Lou, for being so careless in losing his just a few weeks prior) if someone returned it. She recalled another incident in which she carelessly left her coin purse in a phone booth containing over \$60 and no identification. When she remembered leaving it, of course, the purse was gone. (This was during the war housing days of Richmond) An advertisement was placed in the local paper. A number of months passed and a mysterious phone call came inquiring about the lost coin purse, and the entire contents reappeared. The finder was in desperate need of money at the time it was found, but through his honesty or conscience, returned it all in due time. Can luck be with Eleanor twice?



It is good to have Vail and Louise Hammond back in our midst. They spend the summer at their Pennsylvania farm and then return to their enviable waterfront home.



Janet Larsen reports our Point is making world news. Her son, while on a basketball tour in Spain last month, read about the Point's new windmills!



We just heard of the newly wed couple who came up with a foolproof way to save money on food. They bought themselves an economy car--and began driving to each of their parents' homes for dinner on alternate days.



Congratulations to Debbigal Mazor on Western Drive for passing the 1974 Bar Exam.



Did you know the new Secretary of State March Fong Eu, is a graduate of Richmond High, class of my other half, and considered a 'brain' even in those days.



Reba and Jim Downs visited her parents, the Lawrence Slagles and her brother Larry during the holidays. They live in San Antonio.



Congratulations to our Point Ells Honor Students: For all 'A's: Sara Warren, Roxanne Elle, and Michelle Healy. Others: Melissa Allyn, Craig Healy, Jodi Roselius, Geoffrey Williams, Jeanne Allard, Shelly Amantite, Sharron Amantite, Mike Ferguson, Jon Healy, Sean McCloskey, Sandy Comer, Peggy Doellstedt, Roxann Dustin and Lori Ferguson.



The 'Monday Bunch' from the Methodist Church traveled to Concord to have lunch with Edna Hathaway, formerly of the Point who is down from her Tahoe home.

continued p.19



## TEDDY BEAR

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Now that winter is really here, outdoor gardening may not appeal to most of us. If your interests are turning to indoor gardening--or if you received a nice potted plant for Christmas and wonder how to take care of it--there are several very useful books available at the Richmond Public Library.

House Plants in Color by G. Kromdijk is a lovely little book that first appeared in 1967 in Holland and has been reprinted in many other countries. It has beautiful pictures in color of 200 houseplants with names and information on care and propagation. If you have some plants that have not been identified, browse through this book and you may very likely find a picture of your plant.

Another book with many illustrations--both in color and black and white--is House Plants, Cacti and Succulents by A.J. Huxley. This book has a good section on cultivation and plant health and much information on pests and diseases. There is a descriptive list of over 80 kinds of house plants with a rating for ease of cultivation--which may appeal to you if you are looking for something easy to grow. There is increasing interest in cacti and succulents among plant lovers and this book has a very large section devoted to these plants with very good illustrations.

One of the older books that is full of good information on indoor gardening is the Sunset book, How to Grow House-Plants. The illustrations tend toward a more architectural use of plants. One of their bits of advice is to move your plants around if they are not doing well in a certain spot. Perhaps plants get bored also. This book has much good advice on potting and propagation and has a plant encyclopedia giving names and basic care. Chapters are included on African violets, indoor-outdoor plants (rotating containers for special occasions or several months) and an interesting chapter on bromeliads--plants that derive their moisture and nourishment from the air and debris that lodges in crevices or tree limbs.

These plants grow well in the dry atmosphere of houses and will survive more neglect than other houseplants.

For those of you who are interested in terrarium gardening, a very good book is Jack Kramer's Garden Under Glass: The Miniature Greenhouse in Bottle, Bowl or Dish. It has a great deal of information on what to grow, tools, soil and methods of planting. Advice is given for recycling items for unusual containers or using odd glass covers for dome gardening. Plants are listed according to use in covered or partially open containers; and they are also listed by theme--such as woodland, herb, or carnivorous--which is a fascinating idea. There is a section on assembling a vivarium--a case with living plants and small animals such as tree frogs, chamelions, salamanders, or praying mantis. Even if you don't plant anything, this is really an interesting book to browse through.



Elaine Reuter  
Branch Librarian,  
West Side

## Storyteller

Friday, February 21st at 3:00 p.m. at the West Side Library, Elizabeth DeVelbiss, Storyteller, will be in action. Be sure to encourage your children of all ages to attend. The telling of a story is a very different art from the reading of a story. Don't miss it.

## Did You Know?

Jerry (Smokey) Solich, featured in the Point Counterpoint as a Pt. Richmond Pioneer (interviewed by Gary Darling) is finishing up an autobiography on how to quit drinking and a new view of Pt. Richmond history.

## East Bay Music

Coffee Concerts continue on 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 7:45 p.m. Jan. 23rd will feature HARP & FLUTE. Beverly Colgan on harp and Terrie Houseman on Flute. Works of Bach, Handel, Bizet, and Persechetti will be featured. 2369 Barrett Avenue.

At the Berkeley Fellowship of Unitarians, Cedar and Bonita, January 23rd at 8:30 p.m., the Charles Moffett Family will be appearing. Tickets are \$2.50 general and \$1.50 students.

## Art Center Classes

Spring classes are about to start at the Richmond Art Center. Registration dates for residents are M-F January 20-24, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Monday and Thursday evenings, 8-9 p.m.

Twenty-nine Adult Classes will be offered. These classes are in Ceramics, Textiles, Drawing and Painting, Jewelry, Lapidary and Photography.

Five Teen Classes in Ceramics, Jewelry and Drawing and Painting and three Children's Classes in Ceramics and Creative Art are also offered.

For more information, call 234-2397

## TM is back

Introductory lectures on the effects of Transcendental Meditation will be given at 8:00 p.m. on February 11th and at 1:30 and 8:00 p.m. on February 6th. Admission free. Our Lady of Mercy Catholic Church in Pt. Richmond.

## Want Ads

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"I'm afraid by the time I grow up it will be too late to be the first woman anything."



## The Farm Report

Dan Robertson

The most pitiful couple I have heard about for years are these people named Meader who live off the land in the Yukon. They have been in stories in the Chronicle and Newsweek, telling how they survive in the wilderness. All they do is plaster their hut with mud, and shoot caribou. They have caribou steak for breakfast, caribou steak for lunch, caribou steak for dinner.

They do the hunting together, and no wonder. When you spend day and night doing nothing but slinging mud and boiling caribou meat, your nerves get so bad, you don't trust your own family behind your back with a rifle.

It is a daft way to live, but when I mentioned them at a dinner party, half the people there said they admired those fuliginous folk, and confessed that they wanted to get back to the land themselves! We were dining with china and crystal, drinking Montrachet '71, but practically everybody wanted to be a Steinbeck yokel, a hayseed. One fellow said that he and his wife had already made a down payment on an island in Canada and were planning to move there, "as soon as we get a little more grubstake."

The girl next to me was a pure city type. She whispered, "grub steak? Did he say grub steak? My God, caribou steak must be bad enough, but grub steak! Did you ever see a picture of a grub?"

I said, "Yes, and I don't care how they barbecue them, I'd rather spend a weekend with the Donner party."

A week later, we had a visit from a couple of ex-Point Richmonders who now live in a wilderness area in Eastern California. It was their last visit before they get snowed in until at least May. They love to talk about living off the land, but when they get out for a visit, their hands are shaking so bad and their teeth are grit so tight, it is a corporal's act of mercy to hand them a triple martini the second they hit the front door.

They came to town to pick up a \$500 bow and arrow that they had ordered handmade by Abercrombie or Fitch or one of those other guys. They were planning to catch their dinner with this bow and arrow that had, I don't know, diamond peep sights and a gold plated string.

If I ever took a \$500 bow and arrow to the wilderness, the first thing I'd do is hire one of those natives they have lollygagging all over the landscape and tell him, "You keep this bow and arrow polished up and guard it with your life. If you see a wild animal of any kind, or even think you see one, you run down to the Post Office and lock this bow and arrow up in the safe right away." Then, I'd go across the street and have a nice hamburger with cheddar, hold the tomato, and catch the Greyhound home.

Our friend and his wife get so lonesome out in the wilderness that they are thinking of buying an airplane so they can visit the Bay Area more often. Somehow, it seems that a little of that old pioneer spirit must be lost when you start curing your caribou skins by scotch taping them to the side of your own Lodestar ExecuJet.

Of course, not everyone is moving to the deep wilderness. There is a national craze to get back to the land, but some people are just buying a couple of acres to build a small house and raise a few chickens, a few goats, a few lids. Enough for themselves, with maybe a little left over to stock a roadside stand in case they need a few dollars for mental health care later on.

But they start dreaming. They picture the roadstand getting bigger and bigger and they see themselves having to hire a French chef and an airport architect,



because they have become the Nut Tree of Fig Pit, Oregon. When that happens, they will spend all their time at Las Vegas, with a chorus girl or boy in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other, which is what they really want to do anyway, instead of sitting around a converted chicken coop, drinking corn cob tea and eating shredded goat burgers.

We have friends in the country who have been after us to move closer to nature. We went to visit them over the holidays. I'll never do it again.

For one thing, the traffic in the country is terrible. On your side of the road are new station wagons and campers, loaded with furniture, squawling brats and a mother and father who can't see the road too well because they have just bought a country place and their eyes are clouded with visions of themselves sowing grain like Millet peasants, and knitting pumpkin pies for the country fair.

The other side of the road is jammed with candletoothed farmers who are cackling and chuckling in their manurey old pick-ups and swerving all over the highway because they keep patting the pockets of their raggedy overalls, which are bulging with city slicker cash that they will trade in for a Coupe deVille the minute they hit Van Ness Avenue, because they have just sold off their Grapes of Wrath specials for about a million dollars a square inch, extra for the falling-down house and the cess pool, which half these city slickers think anyway is a place to swim and cool off after they have run the thresher around the silo, and won't these city slickers be surprised when they unload the beach chairs and the mint julep glasses and start looking around for this pool that the farmer sold them.

With traffic like that, it took most of the day to reach what our friends called the nearest town and which, if you saw it, you would also fall down laughing in the middle of the gravel road. To get directions we went into the combination grocery store, gas station, beer bar and

funeral parlor, which was the only place open, and the only place. As soon as the owner spotted that we were from the city, he started slopping his beer all over and babbling and yabbling, trying to sell us his business for 75 thousand beaners, which included the inventory of twenty cases of beer and a corpse in the funeral parlor. Except for the owner, the only people in the beer bar were nine slackjaws watching the Saturday night cartoons in their Wranglers and Can't-Bust-Em's.

Some places like that are friendly to strangers, some are neutral and some are unfriendly. This one was unfriendly. Nobody would volunteer any information about the road to our friends' house. They just shrugged their shoulders and lapped at their beer. The best thing to do in a place like that is leave, or else start lying like mad. We needed directions, so I started lying. I posed around as a big cattle buyer named Bucky from San Jose and told the owner out loud that I'd be ----- if I'd ever buy any ----- cattle in that ----- town because nobody knew anything and I doubted that there was a ----- in a hundred miles who could find his own ----- --- with both hands, much less get a ----- cow to the ----- truck on time.

Well, that was language they understood having attended the local schools, probably teaching there for all I know. Besides that, farmers get friendlier than the flimflam man if they think you might buy their life's work, when to tell the truth, if you even pass by it in your car, you have to roll up the windows. We finally got directions from that crew of typical television watchers and arrived at my friends' house just after dark.

I was ready to take everyone out for dinner and dancing, but my friends were in bed already! They've been married too long for that, so I said, "Larry, what's the matter? Do you have the flu?" But Larry said that's the time they always go to bed out there. I couldn't believe it! Down at the funeral parlor, those nine rudesbys



living it up with Coors beer and Granny Goose potato chips turned out to be the Jet Set, the Great White Way, the haute monde, because everyone else in the area was sacked out by dark!

Larry's cabin was about as big as six telephone booths stapled together, so we had to keep stepping over their kids who were sleeping on the floor like rotting logs. Mrs. Larry was asleep on a door that was hanging from the ceiling on chains. Larry said it was the sleeping loft. He was very proud of the cabin, which he built himself out of, who knows, falling down fence posts and leather thongs. They hadn't got around to furniture yet, so we sat on the floor drinking bourbon til the wee small hours, nine o'clock, and Larry couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. He went to bed. After awhile my wife went to bed, leaving just me and Old Grandad to entertain each other.

There wasn't much to do. There was no light. I thought about going back to town and buying a few cattle, or better yet, selling some, but when I looked out, the sky was broken. It was filled with some spotty looking stuff, little white dots they were, so I was scared to go out. Finally, I just went to sleep with the rest of the lumps.

About one-half minute later, Larry was shaking me awake, offering coffee and saying it was time to take a tour of the farm. It was still dark. I said, "What in the world time is it?" He said, "It's five o'clock." Like the draftee to the sergeant, I said, "My God, Larry, you better get to bed! We have a big day tomorrow."

But it already was tomorrow. I always knew there was a five o'clock in the afternoon, but that's the first I knew there was another one in the middle of the night. Everybody else was up, rattling pans, making a fire, sniffing and whimpering the way people do in the country. I shouted, "What's the matter with you people? Go to bed! Wait for the sun to come up!" but what with them stepping over me and me having to keep swatting at the kids who wanted to play, and mainly because something was crawl-

ing around in the bottom of my sleeping bag, I had to get up.

I don't want to go into all the details of what happened next, because it was so awful, but when I shook out my sleeping bag, a black snake fell out.

The kids picked it up and laughed and giggled and said it was their pet, Freddy, that they keep in the cabin to eat mice, and Freddy likes warm places, and didn't everyone but me have a big laugh about birds of a feather sleeping together, etc., etc. Well, it took about one minute flat to shake hands all around, tell them what I thought of living in the country, and be on the road back to Point Richmond.

When we went through that little town, the only fellow who looked like he knew what was going on was leaning against the doorway of the grocery store but he probably would have turned out to be the corpse from the funeral parlor out for a little airing. I didn't stop to ask.

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## Jeanne Eger

On Saturday, December 14, the Russian freighter, ANIVA tied up at Pier One, Richmond (through the tunnel). She was carrying coconut oil from Hawaii.

Officers and crew disembarked for their first visit to the United States. They found their way into the Point Friday afternoon, where they encountered the language barrier. But Point Richmonders, accustomed to young sailors from all nationalities, soon made them feel welcome, if not "at home". David King found a group in Allyn's Men's Shop, and having visited the USSR previously, managed enough Russian words to invite them over for dinner at his house on Western Drive. They wandered through Bob & Sherry's, where Sherry, who understands a bit of Russian (her parents came from the old country) managed to get across to the visitors that they should come back the next day because Bob spoke it a bit.

Bob Hartnyk reported that on Sunday, he bought the men and women (2 women crew members) bread, beer, ham and vodka. The custom in Russia is to break bread together, for friendship and that is what they did! They didn't like the beer too much--in Russia their beer has a much higher alcoholic content and is thicker, but they drank the vodka with gusto. Bob sat with the officers--that is to say, they wouldn't seat themselves until he had sat down first. (Bob explained that the custom in Russia is to have respect for one's elders--just as is our custom to automatically say "excuse me" if we bump into someone.) The officers did not go into the same bar as the crew. The Central Pool Hall is where I ran into the visitors. They were playing pool. They were dressed as well if not better than regular Richmonders. One of the girls had high red patent boots and a robin's egg blue cloth coat. Her hair was cut short, stylishly. One of the young men had a handsome beige mohair sweater. They wanted to see the "cinema", but there wasn't enough time because they had to be back on the ANIVA at 3:00.

We drove them back to the ship, only hoping to get a look at the boat up close--but we were welcomed up the gangplank, down through the card room, through spotlessly clean corridors, into the cabin of "Valerie" (man's name) where we sat squeezed in on the bottom part of a double-bunk bed. They brought out cucumbers, candy, canned salmon and vodka and glasses and poured a toast to "Russian-American friendship" all in very excited happy shouts. But we only had a couple of minutes to down the vodka for the ship was to leave in 5 minutes.

The freighter pulled away from the dock, bound for Alameda, New Orleans and "maybe" Cuba--and then home to the far east. Five Americans and an equal number of the Russian crew shouted farewells until the boat pulled out of hearing distance. We drove back through the tunnel and all agreed that it had been quite an exciting weekend.

**LUNCH**  
MON.-SAT.  
11:30-2 P.M.

**DINNER**  
MON.-SAT.  
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# Vitamins, Astrology + Me

David Boyd

When I passed my teens and entered my twenties I was an optimist. I saw the world changing for the better. Jack Kerouac had come out and we spoke the same language, UC Berkeley erupted with a flurry of new ideas from the young, and I promptly moved over there to find out what was going on. Okay, so it didn't work for long but we had the Haight-Ashbury right after that. And so.... that didn't work either. Then what? Where'd everybody go?

Back to the country to grow vegetables and live like our ancestors? Some did that. Back to the universities for higher degrees and a reassessment of the situation? Some did that. And, of course, some of us came limping into Point Richmond to drop out.

So what's going on these days? It's certainly different from ten years ago in Berkeley. At a party back then we would have been discussing Karl Marx, John Stewart Mill, Veblin's theory of the upper-class, thermonuclear energy for the masses, or feeding India. Creativity and new ideas seemed to be pouring out of the walls.

When I go to a party now nobody seems concerned with any of these topics. Whatever happened to Plato and Aristotle Hegel, Marx, or Bertrand Russell? Nobody seems to care about that anymore. When I go to a party nowadays I am invariably asked, "WHAT IS YOUR SIGN?"

Now I went along with this for awhile, regarding it as a humorous parlor game, but the only way I have come to bear it in the past few years is to lie when asked about my sign. This, besides alcohol, gets me through the night in a boring astrology discussion. I am an aries but I tell them I am a Libra, or Capricorn, or whatever falsehood comes to my head. Do you know what they say? Invariably it is, "I knew it!" They always know it no matter what lie I tell them. And how do they know I am a this or a that? Well, of course, I exhibited this certain trait when they first saw me....and on it goes. If, as sometimes happens, I tell them I was only kidding and that I'm actually an aries and not

*continued*

a cancer, they don't seem to hear me. They just smile, pause briefly, and keep right on talking. There is no way to daunt the astrologist.

To complicate matters we have the vitamin freaks. They follow in the footsteps of the astrologer.

I'm sure you've heard it all many times. Got an inadequate sex life? Well, don't worry because vitamin E will cure all that. And not just that but wounds, scars, bruises, and heart disease as well. Wow, that's something, since scientists aren't even sure yet if vitamin E is actually a vitamin! It possesses some of the properties of a vitamin but not enough to actually classify it as such. Since Linus Pauling emerged into senility (and by the way folks, and freaks, he is a chemist, and not a nutritionist or medical researcher), we now have vitamin C curing colds, influenza, or any other virus floating around. Vitamin B, of course, cures any form of mental woe and will completely re-adjust your nervous system. Vitamins, the new cult would have us believe, will cure anything from toe jam to dandruff.

Now science is unable to substantiate any of these claims, but it doesn't matter, almost everybody believes it anyway. I have seen old friends get into long arguments about Adelle Davis, macrobiotic diets, astrological signs, and all the rest of these nonsensical topics. All of this is about as important as the bored bourgeoisie learning dead languages to impress their peers at the turn of the century. Moreover, it's getting worse. Anyone privileged to enter the current party set can be stimulated with subjects such as: I-Ching, EST, predetermination of your baby's sex by the configuration of the stars, talking to your plants, or extra-terrestrial life as the origin of Cromagnon Man. I am just waiting for the person to come along and tell me the concept of the global earth is an illusion and that the world is flat. I expect that anytime now.

At this point almost anyone should be able to recognize I am having difficulty adjusting to the temper of my times. As a younger person I

incorrectly foresaw an exciting world ahead filled with stimulating change through accretions of knowledge and application of the scientific method. It hasn't been happening the way I'd like to see it go.

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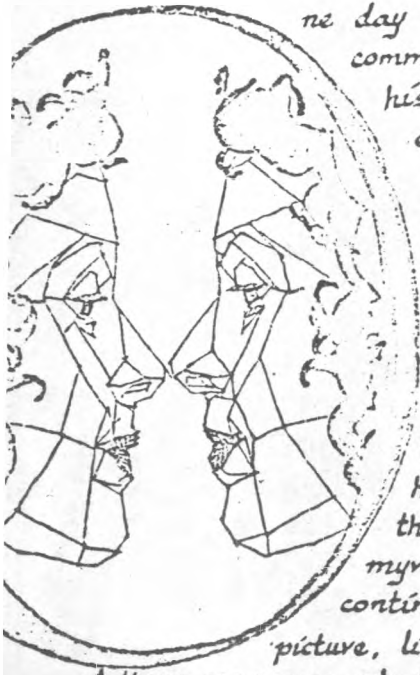
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EVERY SATURDAY at 1:30 p.m. children are welcomed to the West Side Branch Library, 135 Washington Avenue, for a half-hour story program.



# The Return of the the Rhinestone Lady



ne day not so long ago we were gathered young and old alike to commiserate at the Reaper's funeral. Arthur stood quietly beside his father's grave looking more incredulous than sad. No one cried. The atmosphere was one of bewilderment. Into this grey pageant walked a pillar of blazing fire. We gasped to look once again on the shimmering form of the Rhinestone Lady.

She shone with the reflected light of the after-~~noon~~ sun as she stopped beside the grave. A sound of high pitched, tinkling laughter cascaded from her flushing mouth. "Perhaps now you are ready to profit from a reflection," she said. And as we stared at her we gradually became aware that her body was not made of rhinestones, but of mirrors, hundreds and hundreds of tiny mirrors. Each one tilted slightly this way or that, breaking the reflections of our faces into myriads of little faces gleaming back at us. And then as we continued to watch, the images cleared and fused into one deep picture, like an icy-cold pond after the ripples have faded.

Arthur was nearest the Rhinestone lady and he looked first upon his own cleared image. We watched him as he looked and saw his surprise give way to grief. He sank to his knees saying, "Yes, yes, it is true." Next a hunter approached and stared curiously into his own sun bright image. His hands flew to his eyes and he ran screaming off toward the hills. His fellow huntsmen, stricken with sudden fear, followed him.

We each looked, one after another, into the impartial mirror of the Rhinestone Lady. We saw there the truth of our faces. We saw that we had failed and yet we had not altogether failed. We saw there much that was good and we saw how hope still lingered there. "And now," said the Rhinestone Lady, "We shall see how you use the gift of truth." With that her body began to stretch and thin until it was as a screen spread out all around us. We saw there all the possibilities of our future lives moving before and about us. We saw ourselves huddled together, fearful of the world we had made; we saw ourselves splitting one from another to go our separate ways; we saw ourselves working together, healthy bodies brown from the sun. We saw endless possibilities, those which were less likely grew ever dimmer until finally the mirror was transparent and then it was gone. With it went the Rhinestone Lady.

Arthur stood up, recovered from looking in the mirror. His face glowed with a new depth of understanding which comforted us. "Perhaps we can do better this time," he said. We drew close around him and smiled hopefully at one another. And then we were laughing, walking away from the Reaper's grave, back to our town.

Sunflower

"SOME OF THE ORIGINALS" as remembered  
by Karl Feudner

by Gary Darling

Karl Feudner's father arrived here in Point Richmond in 1902. Immediately he started a bar with a partner, Henry Hanger. In doing this he was preparing the way for the rest of his family which arrived in 1905 from Dixon, Ca. The Feudner family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Feudner, Karl, and Karl's sister Gertrude. Their first house was located in Smokey Row (now Oregon St.--near the Plunge). Karl's father's bar was well known as the Eagle's Nest Bar. Directly beside (but in the same building) was the Eagle's Cafe run by Oliver Wylie.

Karl went to Standard Ave. School and finished his elementary schooling in Washington School. Instead of attending high school, he got a job at Standard Oil Refinery and took a leave of absence in 1917. He then started his molding trade at the Santa Fe Foundry, and finished it through his jobs of making tubs. After this, he returned to Standard Oil for a number of years. In 1941 he got a job with the Atlas Foundry, and from there he retired in 1965. Karl is at present living at 319 Nevada Ave.

The following are some of the original businesses that were in their "prime" in about 1910: Leitner's Cigar Store (now the Spot Liquor Store), Schelien's grocery (first grocery store in Pt. Richmond, located on the corner of Castro St. and Standard Ave.), Gaston's grocery (now the Masquers Playhouse), Eagle's Cafe run by Oliver Wylie (located on the now empty lot between the Pool Hall--49 Washington Avenue, and Mariner's Tavern--101 Park Place), Eagle's Nest Bar, run by Karl's Father Moyles Shoe Store (where Hotel Mac is now--which was formerly known as the Colonial Hotel), a chinese laundry (located beside the shoe store on Cottage Avenue), King Brothers Cigar Store (where the Post Office is at present) Obrane's Bar (now the Gingham Goose--100 Washington Ave.), Nelson's

Bakery (now the Mariner's Tavern) which was run by the grandfather of Richard Nelson, the present mayor of Richmond.

One of Karl's fondest memories was the world famous Wolgast and Nelsone fight which took place here in Pt. Richmond in about 1910. A special stadium was built for the fight. Many people came from all over the world to witness this event. They came by the train loads, and every hotel in Pt. Richmond was full. The actual fight was 42 rounds long (the biggest in the world). Karl got to see the fight, and has since treasured it in his memories.

Another very interesting thing in the Point's history, was that prior to Boy Scout Troop 111 (formerly known as Troop 1) there existed an organization known as the Calfee's Brigade, which was run by Reverend Calfee (grandfather of David Calfee--a well known judge). This club was for boys, and was supported by the residents of Point Richmond.



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# HEALTH

## *Comes first*

by A. H. MEADS

HAPPY NEW YEAR- I HOPE THAT ALL OF YOU HAD A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND WISH YOU THE HAPPIEST OF NEW YEARS.

### FABULOUS FOODS

SUNFLOWER SEEDS - THE FLAT FACE OF THE SUNFLOWER IS ACTUALLY A MOA- IAC OF SUNFLOWER SEEDS, AND WHEN THE FLOWER DRIES, THEY ARE EASILY DIS- LODGED. A CUPFULL IN THE MINIMUM YEALD FROM A BIG FLOWER.

JUST WHAT MAKES SUNFLOWER SEEDS WORTH THE EFFORT? AN OLD ARTICLE ONCE DESCRIBED THEM AS "A LITTLE SUNLAMP IN YOUR DIGESTIVE SYSTEM" WHICH IS BENEFICIAL TO EYESIGHT, COMPLEXION, AND FINGERNAILS AND ACTS AS A CURB ON HIGH BLOOD PRES- SURE AND JUMPY NERVES. THE ARTICLE GOES ON TO SAY THAT THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE RATES THE PROTIEN CONTENT OF SUNFLOWER SEEDS NEARLY AS HIGH AS STEAK AND HIGHER THAN ALL OTHER VEGETABLE SEEDS. AND WITH THE PROTEIN COME CALCIUM, PHO- SPHORUS, IRON, VITAMINE A, NITROGEN, THIAMINE, RIBOFLAVIN, NIACIN (B- VITAMINS) AND VITAMINE E.

ANOTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY OF SUN- FLOWER SEEDS IS THE OIL THEY CONTAIN. CHEMURIC DIGETS SETS THE PERCENTAGE OF OIL IN THE MEAT OF THE SEEDS, AFTER HULLING, AT 51 PERCENT. THIS OIL IS LOADED WITH THE ESSENTIAL FATTY ACIDS THE BODY NEEDS. THEY ARE THE FATS THAT ENRICH HUMAN MOTHER'S MILK IN MUCH GREATER QUANTITIES THAN ARE FOUND IN MILK OF COWS AND OTHER ANIMALS. THEY ARE THE SAME FATS THAT ARE STORED CAREFULLY IN THE HEART, LIVER, KIDNEY, BRAIN, BLOOD AND MUSCLES.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A LABORATORY ANALYSIS OF THE CONTENT OF SUNFLOWER SEEDS SO FAR AS VITAMINES AND MINERA- LS ARE CONCERNED. THE FUGURES ARE GIVEN IN TERMS OF 100 GRAMS, WHICH IS ABOUT  $\frac{1}{4}$  LB.

### MINERALS

IRON.....6.0 MGS. PHOSPHORUS...860 MGS.  
CALCIUM.. 57 MGS. IODINE.. .07 MGS.  
MAGNESIUM.. 347 MGS. POTASSIUM.. 630 MGS  
MANGANESE.. 25 PPM. COPPER.. 20 PPM.  
SODIUM.. .4 MGS. FLUORINE... 2.6 PPM

### VITAMINES

THIAMINE ....2.2 MILLIGRAMS  
RIBOFLAVIN ... .28 MILLIGRAMS  
NIACIN ..... 2.6 MILLIGRAMS  
PYRIDOXINE... 1.1 MILLIGRAMS  
PARA-AMINO- BENZOIC ACID.... 62 MGS.  
BIOTIN..... 0.67 MILLIGRAMS  
CHOLINE ..... 216 MILLIGRAMS  
FOLIC ACID... .1 MILLIGRAM  
INOSTOL ..... 147 MILLIGRAMS  
PANTOTHENIC ACID.. 2.2 MILLIGRAMS  
VITAMINE D... 92 I.Us,  
VITAMINE E... 31 I.Us .  
PROTEIN..... 25%  
OIL..... 48% (90 % OF THIS BEING VALUABLE UNSATURATED FATTY ACIDS.)  
CARBOHYDRATE.... 15.15 %.

HAVE A HEALTHY HAPPY NEW YEAR

\*\*\*\*\*



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BY A. H. MEADS

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**PIONEER TOOTH CARE:** THE WAY THE PIONEERS AND INDIANS DID IT, YOUTAKE A TWIG OF DOGWOOD OR SWEET GUM AND CHEW IT UNTIL THE END SOFTENS INTO A BRUGH. SOAK IN WATER (OR BRANDY) WHEN NOT IN USE. ONE PART SEA SALT AND ONE PART BAKING SODA MAKES A FINE DENTIFRICE. IF YOU LIKE IT AND IT GETS YOUR TEETH CLEAN, WHY BUY A PLASTIC ONE FROM THE DRUG STORE.

**JANURARY PLANTING: FLOWERS:** SOW SEEDS OF DOUBLE PETUNIAS, LOBELIA, VERBENA, AND DWARF BEDDING DAHLIAS IN ELECTRIC-HEATED COLD FRAMES. PLANT BARE ROOT DORMANT ROSES IN THE HOLES PREPARED IN DECEMBER. BUY ONLY NUMBER ONE STOCK. SET HYBIRD GLADS FOR EARLY FLOWERING. ROW UP IN YOUR CUTTING GARDEN. THEY LIKE VEGETABLE SOIL. AMARYLLIS BULBS MAY STILL BE POTTED TO COME ON FOR THE SPRING FLOWER SHOWS.

**VEGETABLES:** PLANT PERNNIAL VEGETABLES, ARTICHOKEs, ASPARAGUS, RHUBARB, AND HORSERADISH WHILE THE ROOTS ARE DORMANT. IN WARM SANDY SOIL, POYATOEs MAY BE PLANTED. SPREAD WELL-PREPARED SOIL AND COMPOST OVER THE AREA BEFORE PLANTING. ALSO PLANT WARM WEATHER VEGETABLES -- EGG PLANT, TOMATOES, AND PEPPERS - IF YOUR AREA HAS A MILD FROSTLESS BELT.

\*\*\*\*\*

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FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH....

From the Richmond Daily Independent, January 14, 1925...

"New DIRECT AUTO FERRY Between RICHMOND PIER and SAN FRANCISCO'  
Beginning Thursday, January 15th

NEPTUNE HOLDS COURT ON NEW FERRY BOAT...A grand promenade by Father Neptune and his court around the new ferry boat and slip auspiciously opens the ferry festival this afternoon at 3 o'clock...A bevy of bathing beauties accompanied by Spaniards and Pirates and Indians will draw up the rear...The feature of the afternoon will then take place with the marriage of Miss Progressive Richmond to Don San Francisco. It is being dragged about that dignitaries of Oakland and El Cerrito will be prepared to object to the nuptials, whereupon they will be seized by the pirates and hanged...

January 15, 1925...Today was written as an epochal one in the history of Richmond, when her most progressive citizens boarded the new ferries at 10:50, landed across the bay on the inauguration trips of the new service, and proceeded to tell the world and San Francisco in particular the great faith they hold for the future greatness of their city."

From the Richmond Daily Independent, January 2, 1925...

"HOTEL BURNS AFTER LIQUOR RAID BY POLICE

Law. Fire Both Strike Place In Night

Proprietor and Ten Others Taken in Raid on Union Hotel On West Side, During New Year's Party...While Proprietor and His Aides Rest in Cell, Fire Breaks Out, Does Damage to Structure.

"Investigation to determine whether an incendiarist was responsible for the fire that gutted the upperpportion of the Union Hotel on the West Side, at 3 o'clock this morning is being made by the police and fire departments.

The blaze followed the raiding of the place, at 7 o'clock New Year's night, when police officers halted what was said to be a liquor party by arresting the proprietor, bartender, waiter, and eight inmates, two of them women.

The entire upper floor of the hostelry was gutted by the flames, causing a loss of \$2500. No one was in the place, located at Contra Costa and Monticello avenues, when the fire broke out...

The owner of the Union hotel, originally known as the Piedmont Winery, is A. Simoni, of 2020 Third Street, San Francisco..."

FORTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH!!

January 25, 1935..."CITY TO FIGHT LOSS OF S.F. FERRY LINE...Carlson Asks Right To Intervene At Ferry Hearing...The city of Richmond through City Attorney Thomas M. Carlson has filed a petition with the state railroad commission for leave to intervene in the application of the Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries Ltd., for permission to abandon the Richmond-San Francisco ferry system that has been operated for several years..."

(In the  
late 30's, the bridges opened.)

closely are speeds checked that most of the cars in a bracket may be labeled with speeds within 5/100ths second of one another. In a race you might adjust your speed to within 2/100ths of a second to allow for slight differences in shifting during a race.

The race Bradley remembers best was in Fremont in September of 1971. Four Drag Clubs got together to put on the race. There were six brackets racing and then a final race between the winners of each bracket for a grand prize of about \$2000 worth of car equipment and related prizes. The reason he remembers it so well is that he won. Possibly one of the many trophies that line his shop walls is from that race.

Last year Bradley raced less frequently than in previous years. Asked what he feels has contributed to an increasing lack of enthusiasm in the sport, Bradley said he felt it was basically money. In Drag-Racing, the inclination is always to go into the higher speed brackets and this means a faster car, and a faster car invariably means more money and more time until finally it is prohibitive. Young people don't have the same interests of the last decade and there are fewer car clubs now.

But Bradley and his wife Pat still race occasionally--the only difference is, now they take the children, who always look forward to seeing Mom or Dad in a race. Bradley says he doesn't particularly like to race against his wife when they end up in the same bracket. Why? Because she has been racing for twelve years too and is very tough competition.

For a different kind of Sunday, try driving your family car over to the Fremont Race Track on Durham Road off the Nimitz Freeway in time for the 9:00 AM time trials. Be prepared for an entrance fee of between \$3 and \$4. Get your speed bracket established. Flip a coin to see if Mom or Pop drives and line up at the starting line. This may be one of the cheaper participation sports available--

especially if you win the race and pocket between \$10 and \$20.

Or, if this sounds like too much participation, go as a spectator for about \$2. If you don't make it to Fremont at all, you might drop by Bradley's and take a look at some of the trophies or talk awhile to he and Dan Galvin (who also races) about what's happening in the world of Drag Racing.

##



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## Trivia (continued)

BUY CAMP FIRE MINTS!



Vern and Jeanne Doellstedt have been invited to England to a conference on variety meats. They are owners of Richmond Wholesale Meats.



Wendy Wilson has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at USC. She will graduate in June, Magna Cum Laude, with a Bachelor of Science Degree.



Yawning is the act of opening your mouth because someone else won't close theirs.



Norene and Richard Dowell have returned from a vacation in colorful Colorado.



GUNG HAY FAT CHOY--may your rice bowl runneth over and your chopsticks never splinter.



## Art Exhibit

The Richmond Art Center wishes to announce the opening of ONE, THREE, SEVENTY-FIVE on February 6, 1975, with a Public Preview that evening from 7-9 p.m. The First Show, featuring Three Solo Exhibitions will run from Feb. 6 through March 9.

The three solo exhibitors are Squeak Carnwath (drawings), Jim McManus (sculpture) and Clare Struble (wooden machines)

## The Masquers

PLAYHOUSE, INC.



Always a treat, the Masquer's Playhouse again came up with a winning play in "Shadow and Substance". Seldom have I felt so detached from the characters and at the same time been so caught up in the conflict.

The play is set in Ireland and the conflict is between established authority and law versus faith and belief. Charles Tisher was magnificent as the Canon who both defended and loved the classical approach to Catholicism--eventually to his own defeat.

The play closes February 1st. Admission is \$2.50. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday nights.

Watch for "The Great Sebastians" opening March 7th.

According to Tom Butt, our Pt. Richmond representative, the Redevelopment Agency has decided to fund renovation of the Plunge. Looks like the fishing pier will have to wait.

## Services Exchange

This exchange page was in November's Point Counterpoint and no one filled it out and returned it. Because many people that I talked with still thought it was a good idea, I'm putting it in again, but this is your last chance.

The idea is a services exchange where no money changes hands. If you have a skill or a tool or an idea to exchange or if you need some help or some goods, fill out the next page and return it to Jumbo's or to 8 Western Drive and I will bind them together in a Services Exchange Book to be kept downtown for easy reference.



I can do  
or contribute

- cooking
- sewing
- art work
- carpentry
- plumbing
- auto mechanics
- plants
- jewelry
- cloths
- pottery
- patterns
- babysitting
- typing
- books
- tools
- writing
- stained glass
- roofing
- painting
- hauling
- yard work
- quilts
- toys
- wood work
- use of car
- use of truck
- tree work
- house work
- space to grow a garden
- furniture
- baby equipment
- bookkeeping
- accounting
- vegetables
- fruit
- other services

A black and white line drawing of a row of pumpkins. There are seven pumpkins of different sizes, some with vertical stripes, arranged on a small patch of ground with some leaves.



# Dear Editor

Dear Editor,

You may hear from other readers about the article entitled, "Reminiscing the Good 'Ole' Days" with Jerry Solich by young Mr. Darling.

We were living in Atchison Village Annex during World War II, being unable to build our home in Point Richmond because priorities for building were all allotted to war housing, ship building etc.

Unless we are talking about two separate Indians, the one I remember from the Point blew down during a violent windstorm in 1943. Winds reached a record velocity of 75 miles per hour. I also recall that our sailboat broke loose and was swept up on the beach. The action of wind and water ground a hole in the bottom of the boat. The roofs of some of the homes along the water suffered quite severe damage from the storm.

Through the years it appears that Point fact and fiction have become mingled and a myth of sorts has developed around "The Point Richmond Indian".

Every so often, an interest revived in this picturesque statue that once graced the apex of "the triangle" at the Point. When I was a member of the Richmond Museum Association and working on the project to keep our old Firehouse from being torn down (and that's another story) I did some research on what really happened to the Indian?

It was made of metal--an alloy mostly made of zinc. It was impossible to mend the damaged statue, so the City hauled it to its Reclamation Yard. Metals of all kinds were in great demand, so unfortunately our Indian was sold for scrap metal. Let us hope that he was re-cycled into something worthy of that sacrifice.

Occasionally, a story circulates that our Indian was taken away, and now lodges in "someone's" basement. I really would like to believe this, and that someday he will be returned to his rightful place by a philanthropic citizen.

Sincerely,

Marlys L. Reynolds  
560 Washington Ave.  
Richmond, Ca. 94801



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POINT RICHMOND

The regular meeting of the Washington P.T.A. took place on Wednesday, January 8th.

It was announced that Patricia Webb, will be the new Hot Dog Day Chairman. A vote of thanks, and round of appreciation was given to Joan Neptune, who has held it for the last year.

It was moved and seconded that the P.T.A. at Washington School again sponsor the Cub Scout Pack.

A report was made that the Wine Tasting neted about \$75.00.

The movies on Saturday made a profit of \$12.00.

Kathy Lord gave a report on the Extra Lunch program, and that is was going very satisfactory.

Mrs. Warner reported on a most successful Learning Festival program. She thanked all who had participated in the Festival.

Pres. MacDiarmid announced that Jean Eger was again trying to react the Special Snack Fund Program. More about this later.

Tentative plans were made for Founders Day to be held in February at Washington School

The Vice-President Mary A. Egan then introduced the Speaker for the evening. A Home Economist from the Coop. A most interesting informative time ensued. The Home Economist handed out many helpful secrets, and helps for the planning of meals, saving of monies, and most important Nutrition for our families.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:35p.m.

Please be thinking of your nominations for new officers. That time is again coming around, and much thought should be put to who your new officers will be.

Our thanks to you all who have supported the P.T.A. in the past year, and a most Happy New Year to those who we again look forward to working with this new year.

The last two months of 1974 were very exciting for the students and staff of our school because of the following reasons:

During November the Learning Festival was a great success. The experiences were both educational and enjoyable. The efforts were shared by the pupils, staff and community.

A Thanksgiving Assembly was enhanced with the following three resource people who gave presentations on "The Art of Sharing": Rev. George Hacker, St. Marks Church, Captain Joy Brown, Salvation Army, and Mr. Noah Clarke, Boy Scouts of America.

Canned or packaged foods were put in a basket to help needy families.

The primary classes created their annual pageant depicting the landing of the pilgrims.

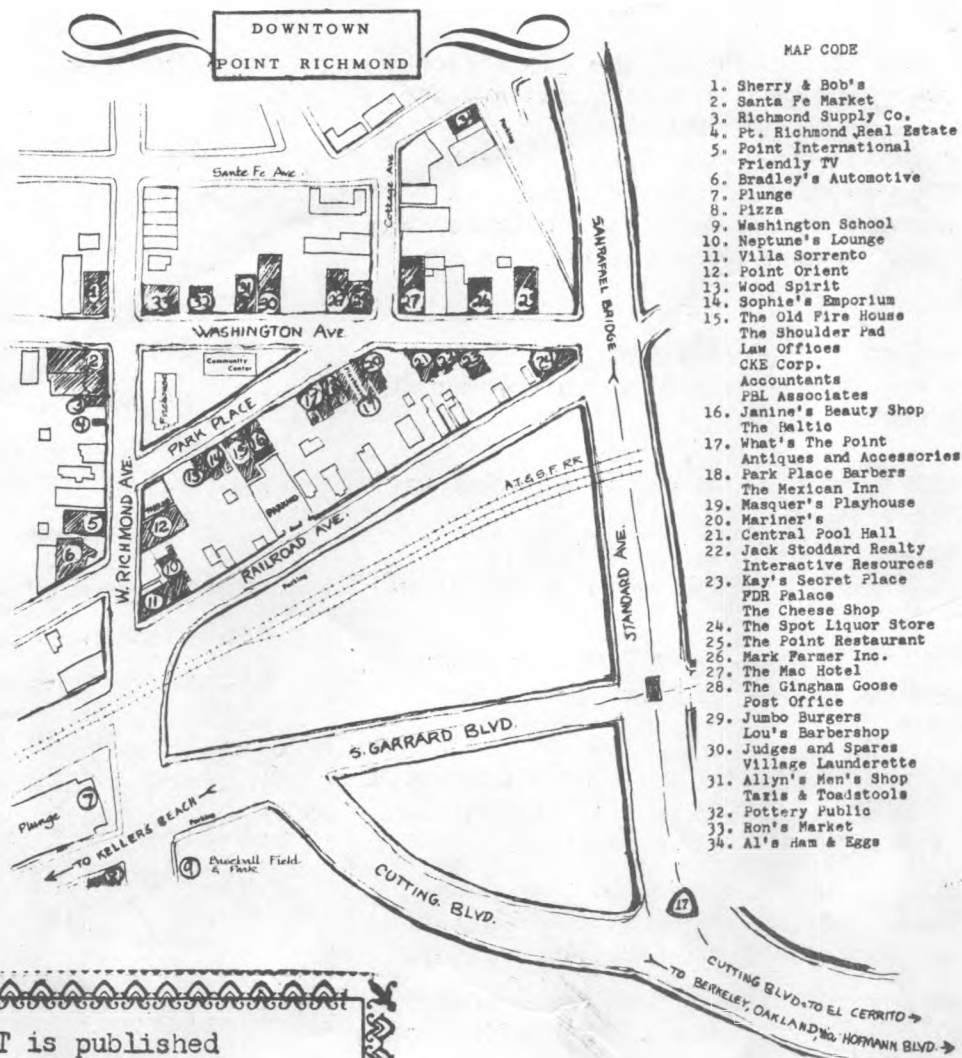
Mrs. Yoshika Woda is teaching Japanese Handicrafts to a group of fourth graders.

Hats off to the students and teachers, Miss Crouse, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Politeau, who gave up part of their lunch hour for several months to bring us the play entitled "What? No Santa Claus!" It was a fine conclusion to an interesting year.

During January a live cow and her calf will visit the students. The animals are being supplied by the Dairy Council of California.







POINT COUNTERPOINT is published around the first of the month in Point Richmond, California by

News articles, poems, art work, stories, ads, letters to the editor are welcomed. Articles and letters must be signed.

Deadline is 10 days before the end of the month.

## FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH OF RICHMOND

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