

POINT COUNTERPOINT

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FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING JANUARY 12, 1968

POINT RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA



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by Don Church

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

~*~1935~*

From the "Point Richmond Progress" of January 11, 1935:.....

"WORST STORM IN YEARS ON BAY COAST"

"A record storm lashed the Bay Shore last week, from Keller's Beach to Point Orient, causing considerable damage and a great deal of excitement. In the University colony, waves were reported above the sea wall at Kozy Kove and spray to half the heights of the eucalyptus trees growing there.

"Dan Keller's automobile was rescued just as it was about to be washed out to sea; and 100 feet of his newly nonstruc-
tured wharf was

entirely destroyed. Heavy wharf timbers were tossed about by the waves like tooth picks, and the shore was covered with the debris the entire length of the beach.

"The oldest inhabitants of the district report the highest tide and the strongest wind since the Christmas Day storm of 1921."

Same Day; Same Paper.....

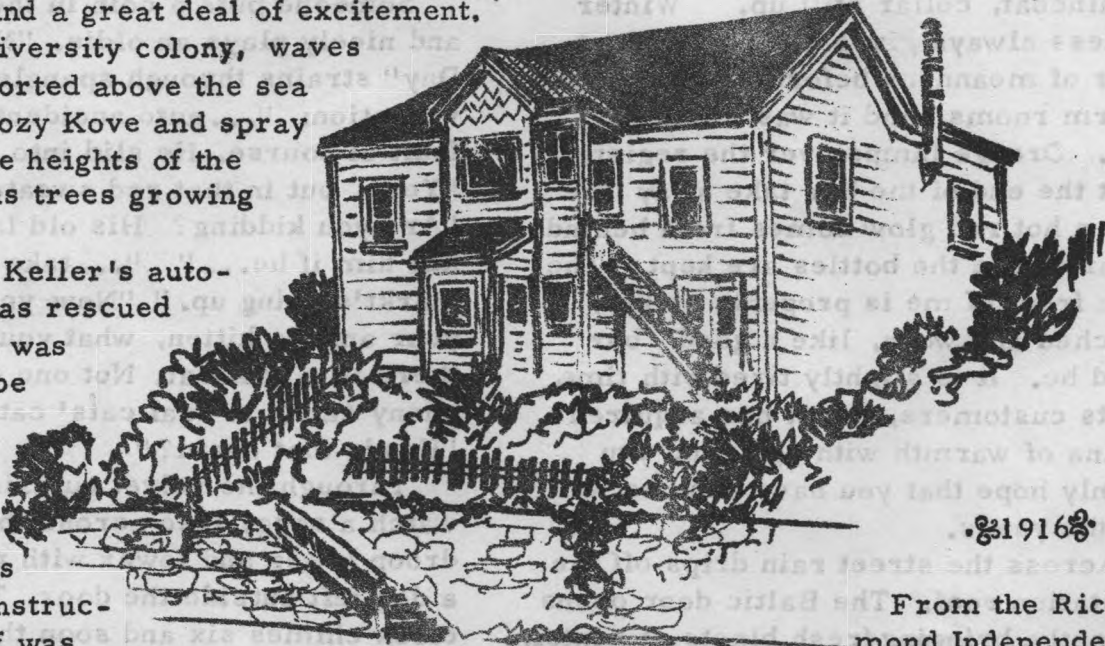
"POINT MASONS"

"The new officers of the Point Masonic Lodge for 1935 are: Dr. C. M. Neilson, who has been Master for the

past year, will again be installed. Charles Bennett, Senior Warden; and Clarence Peterson, Junior Warden.

"The Point Chapter of the O. E. S. put on the program under the direction of Worthy Matron, Mrs. Rose Dingle.

"Mrs. Margaret Allyn, the Point's prominent vocalist, sang "When Love Sends a Gift of Roses", in her lyric soprano voice, while the 1935 officers marched in with the gift to which blue and gold ribbons were attached."



~*~1916~*

From the Richmond Independent

of January 12, 1916:.....

(A MANSION FOR \$15, 000)

"E. M. Tilden, banker and lumber magnate has moved into his new \$15, 000 residence near the corner of San Pablo Avenue. This is one of the finest homes to be found in the county. (This was the first large home to be built in what is now Mira Vista.)

January 11, 1917:.....

"The Standard Oil Company recently purchased the tug "Daring"... she was built in Tacoma in 1909 and is equipped with triple expansion engines and a Scotch boiler."

A Rainy Night At The Baltic

by DAN ROBERTSON



On one of those rain-blurry, gusty evenings we've been having lately, a melancholy wind blew me into the Baltic Bar. It's a good place to wait for someone, and on a soaking evening a dry martini is one of the true blessings bestowed on man. George makes good ones.

"Really miserable out there, isn't it?" George asks, working smoothly with the gleaming steel and glass implements of his trade. I nod, shivering in my raincoat, collar still up. Winter dankness always gives us that one last shiver of meanness before releasing us to warm rooms, and it was warm in there. Orange lamps over the register and at the end of the bar take away the chill; a hot red glow comes from behind the bar where the bottles are kept. The bar in front of me is properly nicked, scratched and worn, like a good bar should be. It is slightly tired with time, like its customers, but it has acquired a patina of warmth with age, and you can only hope that you have done as well over the years.

Across the street rain drips off the fire station roof. The Baltic door opens frequently, bringing fresh blasts of winter, and thirsty customers. Most of the men have ties, for it is not yet six, some have briefcases. All bring with them a strange loneliness, a feeling of solitude. The rain does that, on winter evenings. Eyes turn in, away from reality. There is a tendency to see warm, sensual beaches, instead of your own floppy overshoes; in the back bar mirror a man sees sleek, black haired girls bathing in tropical pools, instead of his own weary, stubbled face. It feels pleasant, but it might go away too quickly. That is why George is kept busy, because a potent martini can keep the beaches and the golden girls a little longer, and that is worth 65 cents.

The place fills slowly. A few women come in, to meet their husbands or lovers. There is shivering and over and over "Hello, darling. Isn't it miserable out there?" "Isn't it terrible outside." "What a crummy evening." Customers walk toward the bar or to the tables. Their hair sparkles under the chandeliers, but their feet make mud tracks on the floor.

Someone puts a coin in the jukebox and nicely plays an oldie. "Night and Day" strains through spangles of conversation: "...auto accident. Not my fault of course. He slid into..." "Yeah, but in that red sweater, she..." "Are you kidding? His old lady'd kill him if he..." "...take my word. Markt's going up." "Now you take your angora kitten, what you've got there is a real cat. Not one of your phony cats. A real cats' cat!" "How's that again?"

Through the velvet curtains I watch a soggy tree across the street droop lower and lower with rain, like a dog left outside the door. The Baltic clock chimes six and soon the tree fades away in the night. At the other end of the bar, a man gazes blankly at smoke from his own cigarette. He is trying to forget what the boss yelled at him today, and that his wife is getting chubby, and that he will never be what he hoped to be when he was twenty years younger. He won't forget, but he can try.

In a corner, a young man and a woman talk earnestly of an ice show they saw. They have just met. They care nothing about the conversation or the ice show. They look at each other warily, but hopefully. I wish them luck.

The noise level becomes (con'd)