

POINT COUNTERPOINT

A JOURNAL FOR CIVIC COMMUNICATION

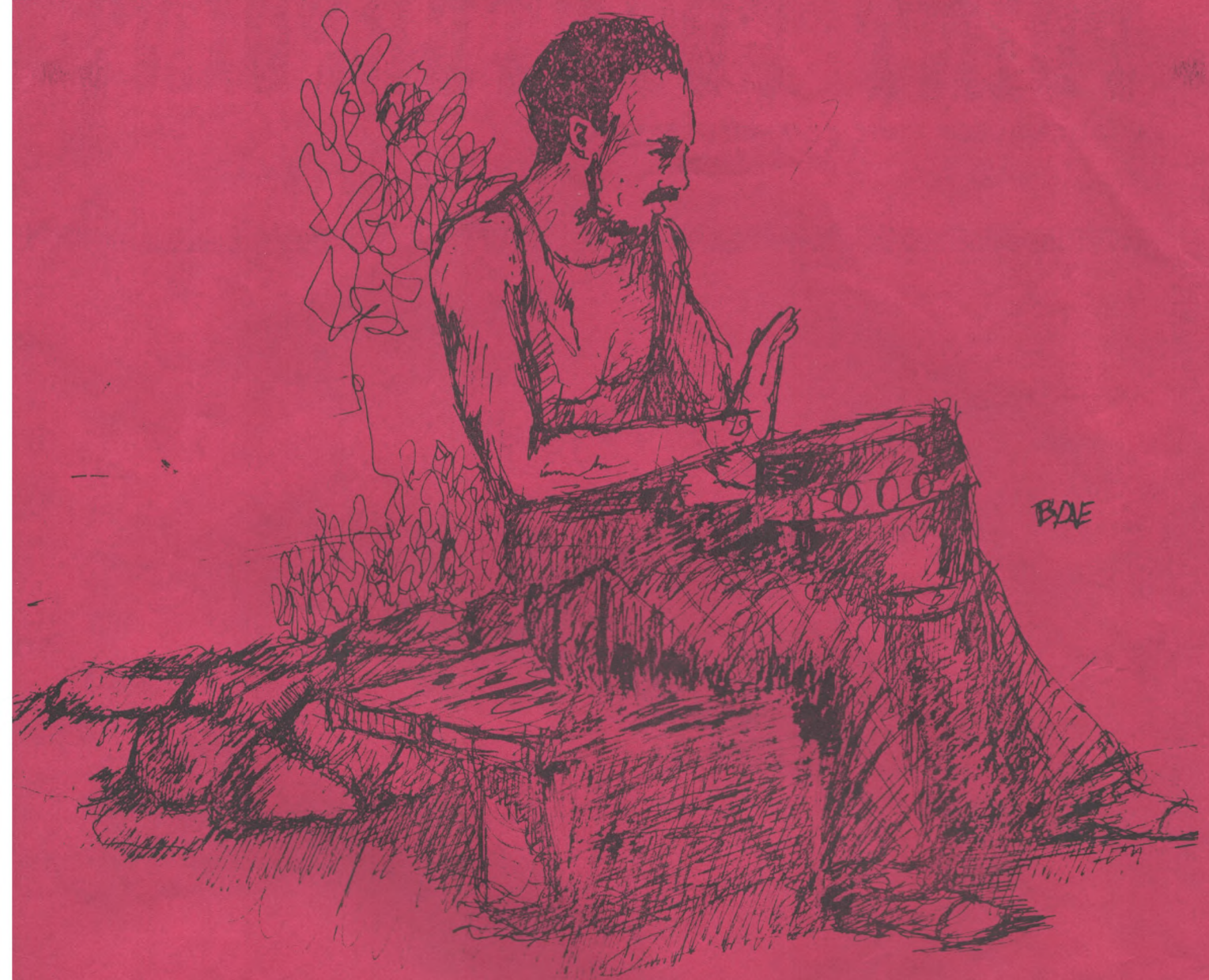
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August, 1974

Sixth Issue

Richmond, California





Beach Art

Have you ever noticed an orange VW with an orange cat-yak (catamaran) tied to the top down at Keller's Beach?

It belongs to Dave McClanahan, the artist who sketched this drawing and the one on the cover. He was good enough to offer both for the Point Counterpoint.

Dave is often down at the beach surrounded by a group of children clamoring for his sketches.

Dave says his art is more of a hobby than a profession but he would like to see that change. He can also be found at Trevino's doing work on request.

If you see his VW at the beach, stop and say hello. He will be glad to show you his sketches and may even sketch you.

Announcements

Westside Library's Summer Film Festival

Jim Smith, our Westside librarian has been busy packing to leave for a new position in South America. The film festival will continue this month however. Call the library for information concerning the films this month. And good luck Jim. Or should we say buena suerte!

PTA News

The PTA at Washington School is engaged in a project to collect items requested by teachers for use in the classroom. Do you have any of the following items to donate

- puzzles
- games (especially board games)
- magazines with good colored pictures
- cookie cutters
- metal coat hangers
- models (plastic car, prehistoric animals, etc.)
- books
- plastic containers
- kitchen items (measuring equipment, bowls, spoons, pots, pans, dishes)
- old clothes suitable for dress up
- yarn
- wigs or hairpieces
- shoe boxes, flat boxes (12") with lids
- old tools
- broken electrical appliances
- used typewriters

If so, call Pat Hoiland at 233-2784 and she will be glad to pick them up. Many thanks.

Community Center

Monday: 7--9:30 p.m. Movie night.
Refreshments.

Tuesday: Beginning Belly dancing
Class. 7--8:30 p.m.

Wednesday: Record Hop. 6:30-9:00 pm

Thursday: Intermediate Belly Dancing
Classes 7-8:30pm.

Friday: General Recreation 1-9:30pm
Rap sessions on various
subjects.

August 7: Special mural-painting
art project 2:00-5:00 p.m.

August 21: Presenting "ECKANKAR"
the path to total awareness. Lecture
7:45-9:30.

August 28: Pot Luck Dinner. 6-9:00pm
Bring your favorite dish.



MUSICAL ARTS, INC.

Don't miss the next summer concert
of Sinfonia Alvarado, featuring
works of Strauss, Sibelius, Rogers
and Hammerstein, Lerner and Lowe

Saturday, August 17, 2:00 PM at
Fernandez Park, Pinole. Free

Here A Park, There A Park

Lucretia Edwards

It is common knowledge to those of us living in Pt. Richmond, that at some time in the future a freeway (the Hoffman Freeway) will be built between (roughly) Golden Gate Race Track and the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge approach. This is common knowledge by virtue of the fact that the proposed freeway has been studied discussed and revised in on-again, off-again way for years. Less commonly known is the fact that Kenny Park (bounded by Castro, Tewksbury, and Standard Avenue) will be wiped out when the freeway is finally constructed.

An environmental statement is being written for the proposed freeway, and the obliteration of our little Kenny Park is causing "major concern" to the highwaymen, because, according to Federal regulations, if there is no reasonable way to avoid a park the state is required to provide a replacement park in the same local area. The State tried hard to avoid the sticky possibility of destroying park property, but of the two possible realignments which would insure the preservation of Kenny Park, one would require a costly and extensive "take" of Standard Oil property, and the other would wipe out the majority of the commercial and residential hillside area between Railroad Avenue and Marine Street. Both alternatives were unacceptable from cost and impact standpoints.

Therefore, about a year ago, city and state representatives began the search for another neighborhood park area in Pt. Richmond, which would provide equivalent land. Obviously, there is little available flat land in the Kenny Park vicinity. Indeed, in all of Pt. Richmond, the remaining vacant land is either precipitously steep, prohibitingly expensive, or in private

ownership. Five possible replacement sites were studied, but each for one reason or another was unacceptable to the city.

Therefore, rather than meekly surrendering Kenny Park without any replacement at all, Mr. Joseph Salvato, director of Richmond's Recreation and Park Department, has suggested to the State Department of Transportation that they provide an equivalent area south of Garrard Tunnel, where land is presently being acquired for the George Miller Jr. Memorial Regional Park.

Since this area is approximately a mile from Kenny Park, it obviously does not provide replacement play space for the children in the Castro-Tewksbury section of Pt. Richmond. But under the circumstances, (considering the eccentricities of the terrain, the scarcity of appropriate flat space and the difficulties of land acquisition) acceptance of this proposal may be the most reasonable solution to this modified highway robbery. The State Department of Transportation has asked for an expression of neighborhood feeling on this matter, and has sent five survey questions which the Department would like to have answered. This little questionnaire has been sent to the Pt. Richmond families whose children are at Washington School, but since there are interested families whose children are no longer in elementary school who might like to comment, additional copies of the questionnaire have been placed at the Pt. Richmond Community Recreation Center. Lucretia Edwards has been given the responsibility of collecting the questionnaires and returning them to Mr. Salvato by the middle of August. She requests that when people are shopping or going to the Post Office in Pt. Richmond, they take two or three minutes to stop by the Recreation Center and ask Mrs. Gladys Ferguson, (who is in charge of the program there) for a questionnaire. A demonstration of community opinion and support may

help to insure that we get something instead of nothing for the loss of Kenny Park.

Rosemary Corbin, KQED
Chairperson for West
Contra Costa County

On behalf of KQED I would like
to thank the following Point
Richmond businesses for
contributing to the KQED
auction:

The Spot Liquors
The Point Restaurant
The Gingham Goose
Jumbo Burgers
Judges and Spares
Taxis and Toodstools
Pottery Public
Wood Art
Santa Fe Market
Point Orient
Villa Sorrento
Mark Farmer Co.
Shoulder Pad
Mexican Inn

And, the Point
Richmond
residents who
worked on
the auction:

Michelle Brant
Patience Rogge
Jean Steyaert
Mary Ann Egan
Margaret Doherty
Pat Hailand
Judy Coleman
Penny Whiting
Barbara Miller
Jane Fernandez
Elwanda Gammill
Rhonna Moore
Lynette Pease



1974 PIONEERS

Twenty-four boys and leaders of
Scout Troop 111 are spending nine
days Pioneer Camping in the
rugged wilderness of the Sierra
Buttes area in the Sierra
Nevada Mountains. This is
their 21st consecutive year.
Thanks to you who con-
tributed your aluminum
cans, the boys recycled
them into three new
propane stoves, one
for each patrol. A
special thanks also
goes to California
Liquid Gas Corpora-
tion in San
Pablo who

'stretched'
the funds so
that it was
possible to
purchase three
stoves in place
of two!

The support of
YOU and former
scouts at the
annual pancake
breakfast enables
these boys to still
attend camp, after
21 years, for only \$2
\$20.

Scouts at camp are
Terry Autry, Larry Bryan
Gary and Dale Darling,
Ingvar and Ivar Elle, Pat
Ferguson, Evan Jahromi, Dav-
id King, John Lizarraga, Mike
Price, Mike Pippin, Robbie
Robinson, Allan and Bryon Smith
Laith Sinawi, Jim Woodson. Assist
ant Leaders are Dan Darling, Clark
and Keith Morris and John Wade.
Leaders are Ben Woodson and Bob Dornan

Thanks To Point Richmond Participants



Mid Dornan
234-5334

It's a Happy AUGUST Birthday to:

Veora Heiney	Bea Kenoyer
Ethel Frances	Gloria Schwab
Roger Genosick	Floria Parker
Lucille Holladay	John Lizarraga
Karla Tedrick	Donna Wilson
Oretta Eaton	Chuck Warren
Mary Stricklin	Doreene Newmeyer

Summer is when it's too hot to do all those handyman chores that you postponed last winter because it was too cold or wet.



We've a new celebrity in the Point! Nineteen year old Kirk Weirick captured the World's Invitational Heavyweight Championship in Kung Fu held in San Francisco and became the first caucasian to ever achieve this honor. (Be cautious when you extend your hand for congratulations



A vacation in Mexico was shortened for the Bob Lathams because their son, Brock, became ill and had to be brought home where he was hospitalized for treatment.



Ethel and Henry Frances held Open House at 50 Crest Avenue to honor their two daughters and families who were passing through the area. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Allen Downey and children well be stationed at the army base outside Japan and the John Hammonds are enroute to the Philippines. Barbara Downey, who is staying with her grandparents while attending college, joined her parent for the summer. About 85 neighborhood and school friends joined in the festive reunion.



Jack: "What's history?"
Ben: "The story of man."
Jack: "What about women?"
Ben: "That's herstory!"



The concrete sidewalk on the southeast corner of Tewksbury and Eddy Street is stamped 'San Pablo Street-1911'. See for yourself!



Anna Fischer, hospitalized this past month, is wished well by her many friends.

Roni Roselius and a girl friend left Richmond in their trusty Land Rover Wagon to tour the northwest states and lower Canada across to Minnesota where they visited Roni's grandparents. Her mother, Donna, flew back to join the visit and traveled back with them.



Would you consider yourself pedantic ???



Marie Wilson is new chairman of the Youth Services Program for West Contra Costa Chapter of the American Red Cross. This involves students in Junior and Senior High in Red Cross activities. They keep records, assist in swimming, are aides at hospitals and convalescent homes, make slippers and toys for children at state hospitals, etc. Interested teenagers who want to serve in any of the Red Cross programs should call Red Cross headquarters 232-7525. We know Marie would be delighted to hear from you.



Jane Fernandez is spending her vacation being Waterfront Director at Camp Seabow up near Laytonville. This is the Camp Fire Girls Council Resident Camp which you help support when you buy those yummy candy mints in February. Those of you with foresight (or is it willpower) who

Trivia *continued*

put a few boxes in the freezer
might be enjoying some right now.



Once upon a time there were three bears, Papa Bear, Mamma Bear and the Baby Bear. One day they went for a walk. When they got back the Papa Bear said, "Someone's been eating my porridge." Baby Bear said, "Someone's been eating my porridge." Mama Bear said, "Fuss, fuss, fuss. That's all you ever do. I haven't even made the stuff yet."



We bet the summer goes fast for Jack Elle family. After just returning from several weeks in Oregon, Ingvar and Ivan left for scout camp. Then, joined by brother, Roger, the boys fly to see the sights of Philadelphia and surrounding areas while Roxanne and Karilu travel to Florida. What's Jack doing meanwhile? Relaxing (and paying the fares).



Unique, these days, is the potluck held recently for residents of Crest and Belvedere Avenues, called the Block Party. Today, when many of us don't even know the people in the next apartment, it sounds like an inspiring event that could be duplicated. They meet frequently but irregularly, and welcomed new residents, Bob and Ellie Strauss and daughter, Joan, who live in the former Squires home.



Mark Twain said, "Conscience takes up more room than all the rest of a person's insides."



Visitors at the Henry Frances home include Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Doren from Oceanside who attended their grandson's graduation from the Maritime Academy.



Have you heard the joke about the sidewalk: (It's all over town) or about the tunnel? (We won't go into that).



"A 225 mile rubber raft trip down the rapids of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon was the most exciting thing I've ever done" is a statement made by a first year teacher in Arizona who must remain unnamed because she feels strongly it smells of nepotism. Her family is happy to have her around for a month.



Some people take everything on a vacation but their manners.



Judges & Spares

a
restaurant

MON-SAT 11:45-9:00
130 WASHINGTON
PT. RICHMOND

Judges and Spares will be opening August 1st after a month's vacation. The first night's menu will feature cannalone.



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Find Out About TM

Susanne Koford

A couple of weeks ago three teachers from Berkeley's Transcendental Meditation Society spoke at Pt. Richmond's Community Center to about a dozen interested people.

They talked of TM's holistic benefits and the technique itself which is systematic and scientific. Benefits come to all people according to their needs--tensions are reduced, buoyancy takes its place and people enjoy their won innate goodness, or creative intelligence. Meditators enjoy other people more, too, say the TM teachers.

The speakers fielded questions ranging from "Is this a second coming of Christ?" to the usual, "When do we start?"

We hope more people will take advantage of neighborhood lectures and enjoy the informal presentation. Its an easy way to find out about the simple, natural technique with a long name--Transcendental Meditation.

Next introductory lecture in Pt. Richmond Community Center will be September 4, on Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m.

Point Art Show

Thea and Dan Robertson will hold an art show at their home August 11th Sunday afternoon. Their address is 423 High Street, Point Richmond. Telephone 233-0887. All are invited.

The Path To Total Awareness

Todd Cramer

ECKANKAR

The essential nature of Eckankar, the Path of Total Awareness, is freedom from all things--the complete independence of Soul, which is the central reality of the individual.

Eckankar is an ancient teaching and can be traced through history by an unbroken line of Eck Masters. Paul Twitchell, who served as Eck Master from 1965-71, was dedicated to bringing the secret teachings of Eckankar to the modern world. Darwin Gross, the present Living Eck Master, through spiritual insights gained by experience with the Eck Masters, is continuing with this work; the teaching of Eck.

Since the psychic space of every individual is respected, the Eckankar movement is not evangelical in nature, nor is it interested in gaining converts. An introductory lecture is a good opportunity for individuals to decide for themselves, whether or not the Eck teachings can help them in their daily or spiritual lives.

The ultimate goal of the Eckist is to return to his true home in the heart of God. In freeing itself of the endless pattern of karma and reincarnation, Soul can find, within itself, the wisdom, power, and freedom to become a conscious co-worker with God.

The public is invited to a free introductory lecture on Eckankar at the Point Richmond Community Center. It will be presented on August 21, Wednesday, at 7:45 p.m. If you have any further questions, please feel free to call me at 834-8272.

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Dorothy King

Whirling Blades will electrify two Bay Houses. A powerful Swiss windmill with three slender, aerodynamic blades has started work atop a grassy bluff in Point Richmond. Around it, on a spectacular site that looks down the windy throat of the Golden Gate to San Francisco, Mt. Tamalpais, and the bay's three bridges, two modernistic homes are being built.

They will be the first homes in the Bay Area to be supplied with electric power from a windmill--and in an energy-short world, they may well represent a relatively simple solution to the future problem of powering a house.

They hope to get the windmill up in time so that they can use the electricity it generates to run the power tools when they build the house, said architect Tom Butt.

The windmill--originally developed to power ski resorts in remote areas of the Swiss Alps--will produce six kilowatts of electricity per hour (That's 6000 watts.) in a 17-mile-per hour wind Mr. Butt said.

Each house will contain a bank of 56 storage batteries--enough electricity to power lights and appliance for two to three days without wind--and just in case the windmill-powered electric system goes sour, or electrical demand exceeds what the windmill can produce, each house will be wired into standby Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

The windmill houses, Mr. Butt noted, will be sold for between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

Interactive Resources is a corporation providing comprehensive professional services to commercial, industrial or residential developers institutions, government; and private individuals for all phases of environmental and economic planning, design, construction and marketing.

Included in the multidisciplinary staff are registered architects and engineers, a licensed general building contractor, and a licensed real estate broker.

Some of the staff are Michael Steiner, Dale Sartor, John E. Clinton, P.E. and Thomas K. Butt, A.I.A. The firm is currently designing several structures to be solar heated and wind powered. Besides adapting these exciting alternatives into their designs, Interactive Resources concentrated on conservation. That is, through careful design the heating demand is effectively reduced.

Interactive Resources is working with Ridgeway Banks from the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratories to develop a heat engine for residential use. This invention will convert solar energy to mechanical energy and will be combined with a wind generation to provide electricity for the home.

When I first saw the Banks heat engine, I was impressed by its unique shape and rapid rotation. While loops of thin wire dangled from the spokes of an eccentric wheel, the entire assembly rotated at about 70 RPM over baths of warm and cold tap water. Inventor Ridgeway Banks explained that the wire loops were trying to straighten themselves out each time they dropped into the warm-water side of his experimental display. Enough force was exerted by this spring-like action against the throw

of a single fixed crankshaft to set the entire outer rim of his engine into motion. On the other side the wires suddenly relaxed as they plunged into the cold-water bath, posing little or no resistance to the force exerted on the opposite side as they were again flexed to be able to deliver another power stroke.

continued

Mr. Butt and his architect and engineer partners in Interactive Resources are down at 39 Washington Ave. in our own Point Richmond. They are environmental planners as well as an engineering and building firm and are confident that the windmill can generate ample power for both homes.



Mrs. Terry Wyne, owner of the Gingham Goose, and her daughter Kiley went to visit their Grandmother, Mrs. Edna Katchevar and two Great Grandmothers, Mrs. Zella Sodnak and Mrs. Pualine Sanders, in Seattle, Washington. The weather was very hot, Kiley enjoyed the airplane ride, but they were both happy to get back to the Point.



Jacqueline Mayer just returned to the Point; she has been visiting Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona. Bob Whittle was going to try to teach Jackie how to catch trout since she had never fished before. Well, you guessed it--she caught two trout: one 18 inches and one 20 inches--it was too big to go into her frying pan and yep, Bob didn't catch any fish.



Mrs. Myun He Cosgrove, owner of the Mexican Inn and sons Bradley and Ron just returned from a month in Korea visiting her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Kim and the boys' Grandfather and Grandmother. They had a wonderful time.



Mr. and Mrs. Thea and Dan Robertson had a lovely barbeque on the 4th of July, chicken and different salads, etc. were served. Many of their friends were there.



Asa Williams held a house warming party in his new home at the Point. A four piece band played and food and drinks were served.



Gladys Ferguson has returned to her work at the community center after a stay in the hospital. We're happy to see her back.



Sherry and Bob's
DEPARTMENT STORE

201 W. RICHMOND AVE.
PT. RICHMOND, CALIF.
TELEPHONE 232-3908

& patio of fashion

<p>LUNCH MON.-SAT. 11:30-2 P.M.</p> <p>DINNER MON.-SAT. 6:15-10 P.M.</p>		<p>COCKTAILS MON.-SAT. 11AM-2PM. SUNDAY 2PM-10PM.</p>
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THE
Point

233-4295
 32 WASHINGTON AVENUE

HEALTH

Comes first

by A. H. MEADS

THE FOOD FOR A DIABETIC DIET IS GIVEN BY USING ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD MEASUREMENTS SUCH AS "CUP", "TEASPOON", "TABLESPOON", "OUNCE", "PIECE", "SLICE", ETC. WHEN A DOCTOR PRESCRIBES THE DIET IN CALORIES AND GRAMS OF CPF, CALORIES, PROTIEIN AND FAT; BASED ON MATERIAL IN "MEAL PLANNING WITH EXCHANGE LISTS" PREPARED BY COMMITTEES OF THE AMERICAN DIABETES ASSOCIATION INC., AND THE AMERICAN DIABETIC ASSOCIATION.

1500 CALORIE DIET.

BREAKFAST:

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE 100 GRAMS
BREAD WHOLE WHEAT 1 SLICE
EGG 1 POACHED
MILK, WHOLE OR SKIM 8 OZ.
BUTTER 1 PAT.
SUB TOTALS: CARBS, 52, PROTIEIN 18
FAT 27; CALORIES, 515.1 ZINC TABLET.

LUNCH:

BOILED HAM 30 GRAMS
BREAD, WW OR RYE 1 SLICE
TOSSED SALAD: LETTUCE, TOMATO &
GREEN STRING BEANS 8 OZ.
MILK 8 OZ.
BUTTER OR MARGARINE 1 PAT
SUB TOTALS: 26 PROTIEIN, 52 CARBS...
25 FAT; CALORIES 545. 1 ZINC TABLET.

DINNER:

2 OZ. ROAST PORK
1 MED. POTATO BAKED
1 CP. COOKED BROCCOLI
1 CP. COOKED CARROTS
2/3 CP BLUEBERRIES
1/2 CP. MILK
1 TESP BUTTER
SUB TOTALS: CARBS 45, PROTIEIN 23,
FAT 20, CALORIES 440. 1 ZINC TABLET.
COMPUTED CALORIES: FOR THREE MEALS:
BREAKFAST 149 x 4 = 596
LUNCH 69 x 4 = 272
DINNER 70 x 4 = 630
TOTAL FOR DAY 1498
3 ZINC TABLETS ARE EQUAL TO 10 MG.

AS YOU HAVE NOTICED IN THE COLUMN AT THE LEFT, THE MENTION OF ZINC WAS MADE. THOUGH ZINC IS A TRACE ELEMENT AND A MINERAL FOUND IN TINY AMOUNTS IN THE BODY, IT MUST NOT BE UNDERESTIMATED IN SIGNIFICANCE.

WE CAN THINK OF ZINC AS A TRAFFIC COP, DIRECTING AND OVERSEEING THE EFFICIENT FLOW OF BODY PROCESSES, THE MAINTENANCE OF ENZYME SYSTEMS AND THE INTEGRITY OF OUR CELLS. IT IS A TINY BUT POWERFUL CATALYST, WITHOUT WHICH MOST INTEGRAL BODY FUNCTIONS WOULD COME TO A GRINDING HALT SIMILAR TO A TRAFFIC JAM.

WHEN FOODS ARE GROWN IN GOOD SOILS, NUTS AND GREEN LEAFY VEGETABLES ARE A GOOD SOURCE OF ZINC.

OTHER FOODS RICH IN ZINC INCLUDE BREWERS YEAST, BONE MEAL, BEANS, SEEDS (ESPECIALLY PUMPKIN AND SUNFLOWER), WHEAT GERM, FERTILE EGGS, FISH AND MEAT. LIVER IS AN EXCEPTIONALLY RICH SOURCE.

IF ONE WORD COULD BEST DESCRIBE THE CHIEF AND MOST IMPORTANT INVOLVEMENT OF ZINC IN OUR BODIES, THAT WORD WOULD BE "GROWTH". WITHOUT ZINC, WE WOULD BE A NATION OF DWARFS, NEVER REALIZING COMPLETE MATURATION.

IT WAS U.S. SENATOR, RICHARD S. SCHWEIKER, WHO SAID, "WE TAKE BETTER CARE OF OUR AUTOMOBILES THAN WE DO OUR OWN BODIES..." WITHOUT MINERALS, VITAMINS COULD NOT PERFORM THEIR CATALYTIC WONDERS. BUT WITHOUT BOTH, WE SEVER OUR OWN LIFELINE.

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BY A. H. MEADS

"TRAIN EVERYTHING TO GROW UP OFF THE GROUND"

"TRAIN EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO GOW UP OFF THE GROUND TO SAVE SPACE." USE POLE BEANS RATHER THAN BUSH BEANS. ALMOST ANY TOMATO OR CUCUMBER CAN BE TRAINED UP ON A TRELLIS. WHEN YOU PLANT YOUR CORN, PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE DIRECTIONS ON THE SEED PACKAGE. CORN THAT WAS PLANTED JUST 12 INCHES APART EACH WAY, AND EVERY STOCK PRODUCED TWO PERFECT EARS WITHOUT EVEN A SMALL WORM... BY PLANTING YOUR CORN THIS WAY YOU CAN GET 48 EARS IN A TINY SPACE OF ONLY FOUR BY SIX FEET.

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH CLOSED ROW PLANTING AT THE ORGANIC EXPERIMENTAL FARM REPORTED THE FOLLOWING RECOMMENDED SPACINGS - ALL MUCH CLOSER THAN PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT ADVISABLE:

BUSH BEANS-18 INCH ROWS; LETTUCE, BIBB - 8 INCH ROWS; BUTTER-CRUNCH - 10 INCH ROWS; PENNLAKE- 10 INCH BED SPACE; GREAT LAKE- 14 INCH BED SPACE; ONIONS - 8 INCH PLANTS; 14 INCH ROWS; PEPPERS - 18 INCH PLANTS, 24 INCH ROWS; BROCCOLI- 12 INCH BED SPACE; CAULIFLOWER- 12 INCH BED SPACE; CELERY- 8 INCH PLANTS, 18 INCH ROWS; CABBAGE- 18 INCH BED SPACE; BEETS- 10 INCH ROWS; CARROTS- 10 INCH ROWS.

"TRY TEA AND SEE"

HOT WEATHER IS A GOOD TIME TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF THE HERB GARDER. MINT LEAVES FROZEN IN ICE CUBES GIVE AN EXTRA COOLNESS TO FROSTY DRINKS. FRESH SALAD BURNET LEAVES ADD A DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR TO SUMMERTIME BEVERAGES, WHILE LEMON BALM, LEMON VERBENA, OR PINE-APPLE MINT ADD A PERFECT FINISHING TOUCHES TO ANY COLD DRINK.

BUT HOT DRINKS ARE ALSO HEALTHFUL ON A HOT DAY. THEY MAKE YOU SWEAT, AND THE FOLLOWING EVAPORATION SERVES

AS A COOLING AGENT. SO I'D LIKE TO RECOMMEND YOU TRY THE FOLLOWING TEAS:

ANGELICA: ADD BOILING WATER TO EITHER GREEN OR DIRED LEAVES AND SWEETEN WITH HONEY TO MAKE A GOOD-TASING TEA WITH STIMULATING EFFECTS.

ANISE: INDUCES SLEEP AND AIDS DIGESTION. USE ONE TEASPOONFULL PER CUP OF ANISE SEED, EITHER FROM THE HEALTH FOOD STORE OR YOUR OWN HERB GARDEN. BREW FOR 15 TO 30 MINUTES.

ROSEMARY TEA: PREPARE $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP OF DRIED ROSEMARY NEEDLES AND POUR BOILING WATER OVER THEM IN A LARGE POT. ALLOW TO STEEP FOR 10 MINUTES. IN THE OLD-TIME GERBALS IT WAS RECOMMENDED FOR FAILING EYESIGHT AND LOSS OF MEMORY. I KNOW THAT ITS SHARP TANG WILL MAKE YOU SET UP AND TAKE NOTICE!

DRINK HERB TEA AND HAVE A HAPPY VATAION.

August's Recipe

Spiced Bread Pudding

2 cups dry bread cubes
4 Cups milk, scalded
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 Tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger
4 eggs, lightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisens

Soak bread in milk 5 minutes. Add sugar, butter, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon and ginger. Pour slowly over eggs. Add vanilla and raisens. Mix well. Pour into buttered $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole or baking dish. Bake in pan of hot water in 350 degree F. oven for 1 hour or until silver knife comes out clean when inserted in center. You may serve with lemon or orange sauce. (I toast the bread when I make it)

Three Cheers

For Reuben
Linderman

AND RUGBY

BOOS FOR CHINOOK !

... Donna Roselius

You can go almost anywhere in a Land-Rover station wagon — even across the U. S. (if you're very lucky)!

Canada must have had a charm. As my daughter took off with a friend on her promised graduation trip in the vehicle she loves so much, we (her parents) were tormented by thoughts of all that could go wrong. None did. Ten days later the two girls arrived at their destination in Minnesota with only delightful tales of their trans-Canadian adventure.

I met them there, having come the "safe" easy way from California -- by airplane. After visiting relatives at my parents' home on beautiful Lake Pepin (the Birthplace of Water skiing!) for a week, the three of us started back in the Land Rover. And this time I wasn't worried. I could now be a part of their great adventure. After a stop in northern Minnesota to see my new nephew and his parents, we were headed west, through northern North Dakota. The country got flatter and flatter. So when I read in the AAA Tour Book that Devil's Lake is one of the most scenic spots in North Dakota, and that on its edge is historic Fort Totten (almost intact), we decided to go around rather than past it; even though our time was limited by the fact that my daughter's friend had to make connections in California for a trip to Scotland.

Around (and almost through) the flooded lake we drove, and finally found what turned out to be Fort Totten -- some old brick buildings, well-kept, but not quite ancient enough to be impressive -- and we stopped. Really

stopped, in the middle of the road in the Cavalry Square, and we couldn't get started again. We stayed there -- under a blazing sun on one of North Dakota's hottest July days. The clutch wouldn't work. Nothing would help, and we tried everything my daughter could think of, before calling long distance to the man in our family. I was happy for only one thing -- that I've never been a women's libber.

After a lengthy instructional lecture, we set to work taking out various parts in an attempt to bleed the line from the clutch master cylinder to the slave cylinder, from above and below, and trying all the wrenches we could find. We couldn't even get to the part that's supposed to bleed. Then we started from inside, painfully and painstakingly taking out the floor boards. There were little separate piles of screws, nuts and bolts. Suddenly there appeared, behind the last piece we could remove -- the little tube that Mr. R. had described. We bled it, and bled it, and tried the clutch, and it bled some more. If we had removed an air bubble, it did no good.

Another call to father. Since the clutch master cylinder was the one thing that the mechanic hadn't repaired before we left, and it had been known to leak, he assumed from the symptoms that that must be the source of our trouble. We had the cylinder repair kit with us. All we had to do was get to a garage. (It was Sunday). The ladies in the Fort Totten Museum, whose phone we were using, tried to help. Triple A had given us the Winter-Spring Emergency Directory, and between that time and summer all the local listings had dropped out of the club. The next town's listing didn't answer; the next one -- Leeds, thirty miles away -- wouldn't tow us that distance, and also wouldn't help us on the following day. So we gave up, and called home again. We got new instructions -- how to start and shift without a clutch. It worked fairly well as long as we didn't have to stop. Putting all the nuts, bolts and other little things in paper cups, and the floor boards wherever we could, we braced ourselves for the bronco-like start of the wounded vehicle. It was now 8:30 p.m., and we were greasy, hot, sweaty and dizzy as we (cont.)

proceeded warily down the highway, searching for some sign of life. Finally, 50 miles away, in Rugby, North Dakota, (which just happens to be in the exact center of the continent of North America) we came upon lights -- street lights, advertising lights, -- motel lights! My first night of camping out would be in this motel, which for some reason accepted the dirty, grease-stained arrivals with admirable hospitality, at 11 p.m., and even gave us advice about service possibilities. In our luxurious pool-side room, we called M.J. McGuire's Garage. A sleepy man answered, and said that they would take us in at 8:00 next morning. Inviting as that pool was, we forfeited the chance for cool comfort in order to get some food. We felt starved.

At 8:00 a.m. sharp we drove into M.J. McGuire's Garage -- a huge repair garage attached to a Ford salesroom with a coffee-shop upstairs. This AAA listing seemed more promising. We were immediately referred to Reuben Linderman, who had probably never seen a Land Rover before. None of the other people there had, either. We took out the repair kit, the instruction manual, and started giving free advice. After an hour, Mr. Linderman obviously wished he had taken the day off. The master cylinder was so cleverly hidden away under welded together parts that he, too, was having to go above, under and inside to get at it. Finally, he got it out, after about three hours of really hard work, and he looked contemptuously at the Service Manual and observed that the diagrams made the whole thing look pretty simple. They did. Diagrams are easy to draw, and instructions easy to give -- especially when the responsible parties are far away in England.

The repair kit contained approximately the correct parts, although it contained instructions for brake cylinder repair. Just before noon, Reuben got the whole thing back together, bled the line again and tested the clutch. Nothing happened. Reuben then inspected the line and found a rod sticking up; pushed it down, and the clutch worked. All the frustrations of that morning were vastly understated by Reuben, who commented that he would have inspected the line except that we had been quite sure where the

trouble was. (Definitely not a M.C.P.!) This rod had been replaced by our mechanic before the trip. But he hadn't got the pin through it, to hold it in place.

After bolting everything back into place, Reuben went out for lunch. I thought he might never come back. He did, looking very clean and neat again. He got under the car to put the cotter pin in place. After a while, he came out looking like he had at the end of the morning, and exclaiming that he understood why the guy didn't put that pin in!

My daughter and I tried to remember how to put the floor boards back in, and whenever we were stuck, Reuben stopped and came to our rescue, and found some way to fit things together. He was working on jobs that had been waiting for him since early morning. As we waited for help on the last baulking bolt, he was finishing work on a car beside us. My daughter became a bit impatient, since it was now about 3 p.m., and commented to me that that bolt could only take a minute to install. She hadn't noticed that the man whose car was being worked on had been standing around since about 8:30 that morning, waiting for Reuben. He had even been one of the many patrons (and mechanics, and managers), who had stopped to chat with us and ask questions about the strange car. The patience of the customers, and the abiding interest of the McGuire employees (who laughingly let us know that there was an opening for the new girl mechanic) made the whole experience pleasant instead of painful. The charge for Mr. Linderman's services, especially in terms of the customary service charges in California, was so modest that I felt really happy to pay it. A feeling I can't remember having felt for years.

The motel had allowed our companion to overstay the check-out time by three or four hours, with use of the pool; so by the time we arrived, she was rested and ready to start on our westward journey.

We treated ourselves to "dinner out" at a roadside restaurant somewhere in the nowhere of western North Dakota, and found a campground with a laundromat for our greasy clothes. Around midnight, my daughter became violently ill, and spent most of the night in the restroom. In the early morning

her friend joined her. After emptying themselves of whatever had poisoned them, they dragged themselves into the car, and my daughter allowed me to drive. The silent trip that followed was broken only by moans and burps.

At one of our stops for gasoline, in Chinook, Montana, in the hot mid-afternoon sun, the Land Rover again refused to start. It burped, too, but that was all. We decided that it could be overheated, and asked for some water to cool it off. The young attendant, full of authority and limited knowledge, told us that we would have to push the car to the other side of the station for water. We did. He helped. We then cooled it off, and followed some previous instructions from home -- pump the fuel pump. We did, as soon as we found in the manual what it looked like. Nothing happened except the same clicky burp. The attendant had dozens of good ideas, and kept trying to get at the engine. We kept trying to get him out. I figured that he didn't know much more than we, since he couldn't find the fuel pump even though he kept reading over my shoulder. While my daughter made another long-distance call to her father, the kid asked me what "brand" the car was. "Land Rover," I said. "Uh... Land Rover Jeep?" he continued. "No." I said, "Land Rover Station Wagon; it's English." To him it was Greek, and he stopped asking questions for a while.

A concerned woman from this tiny town was waiting for her daughter to pick her up, and was standing near with an infant in her arms. She asked if she could do anything to help, and offered information on a neighboring garage. When her daughter came, she told her to get an older brother, in case there was something he could do. About that time, father had offered a temporary solution. "Push", he told my daughter, "and start it in gear." She put the car in gear, much against the objections of the attendant, and we pushed. It was hard. The kid ran to get a chain. While he was trying to figure out how to use it and what to attach it to, Mr. R. was waiting on the phone in San Francisco. We tried to push again. The woman, babe in arms, also helped. As the car started moving, the kid came to

assist, frustrated in his latest attempt at solving our problem. The car started convulsively, and my daughter circled back around to pick us up, and report back to her waiting father. While she got further instructions about starting henceforth, until we arrived in British Columbia where Land Rovers are a known quantity, the attendant asked me for the credit card. I remembered paying for the gasoline, so I asked him what he wanted it for. He said, "Five dollars for the service." Five dollars is not a great deal of money, especially after the fortune we had spent on the Telephone Company, but it seemed to me that we hadn't asked for any of his services, and received very little. Hustlers in Las Vegas or maybe New York, or even San Francisco I can imagine, but in this wide spot in the road called Chinook, Montana? This kid said he had given us an hour of service, had had to make three calls to his boss, and his boss said to charge five dollars. I said that I could see paying the lady, who was still standing by to help, but providing us with water was not worth five dollars. He insisted that he had done lots to help us. I asked to talk to his boss. He phoned his boss, and mumbled something to him while walking into another room. I followed, but he wouldn't let me get at the phone. His boss would be right there, he said. We waited. The woman and her baby waited. Her son, who realized there was nothing he could do, left. Suddenly a buffalo-like man stamped the driveway, and I barely had my mouth open when he was at the door, trying to turn off the ignition and roaring something about "What the hell's going on here?" My eyes felt like lightning bolts shooting through the car at him, and all I could say was, "Don't touch that car!" My daughter dashed into the car, somehow, and said something a little stronger. None of us had strength to push that hulk again. We hadn't eaten all day-- the girls couldn't, and I was being empathetic. I tried explaining to the manager that we hadn't asked the kid for help, and if I was going to pay anyone it would be that lady. He stomped around and yelled, "Get the hell outa here!" We did. But, just as we were on the highway, our

The Stork Arrives



One day not so long ago when most of the town was engaged in harvesting our cherry crop, we were stunned to find that the brief shadow flitting overhead belonged to a stork who was carrying something in his beak which looked very much like a newly born child wrapped up in a blanket. A few among us were old enough to remember a queer little story that had once been widely used to delude children into thinking that the process of birth was less than it in fact was. This faded memory, sweeping over us so suddenly caused at least one among us to mutter shakily, "But it can't be."

The stork circled our crowd of upturned faces once, then came gracefully to the ground and layed his burden in our midst. The stork looked at us from either side of his prominent beak and without a sound or a nod he was once again airborne. Before we could bid him stop he was off in the direction from which he had come. Rock-away was at once

busy with our new addition and the rest of us were not far behind her in our fussy admiration of what appeared to be "our baby". It was soft and pink and crized lustily, furious to be denied so suddenly the deliciously free sensation of flight. It--rather he, as we now observed, was dressed in a little nightgown of grey flannel which Rock-away was quick to remove. A fine child we all agreed, but to what amazing set of circumstances must we owe our good fortune? A multitude of questions burned within us.

Rock-away went back to town with the baby, who was now sleeping peacefully against her ample bosom, while the rest of us returned to the work of harvesting the cherries. The lively mood generated by the good quality of the year's cherry crop persisted, but every now and then one or another of us could be seen gazing dreamily in the direction of the departed stork, almost on the verge of saying something, then thinking better of it and turning back to the work at hand. We returned that evening to town with a record number of cherries, eager for the latest news of our baby. But there was no news except that he was doing well and shared the virtues and failing of all others his age. We named him Arthur.

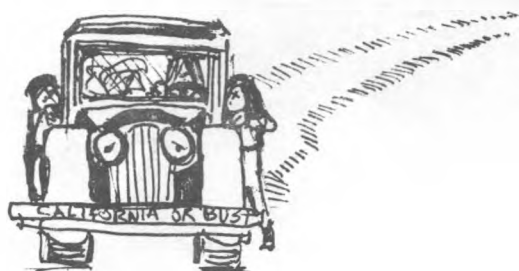
The following day we had a parade to celebrate the success of our cherries. We walked beside the wagons of cherries on their way to the kitchens to be cooked and preserved, made into pies or frozen. Adults and children alike ate their fill as they paraded along beside them. Arthur rode in his own soft wagon clasping and unclasping the pretty red objects we put in his hands. The day was light and happy, marred only by an unexplained visit from the Reaper who flew momentarily over the parade in his Scaring Bird, coming close enough to Arthur to cause Rock-away some concern. The day ended with the mystery of the stork and his little bundle of joy still intact.

Sunflower

4.

friend, who was in the back of the car, said that the lady had given the manager five dollars and walked off. We looked back just in time to see the manager running after the lady, and catching up to her; we assume to return her money. The absurd situation didn't register until we were out of sight, but we hoped that the woman's action had spoken loud and clear to the manager of the station.

And so, in this glorious adventure, the trip to Banff, Lake Louise and Vancouver, the two places I will never forget are Rugby, North Dakota and Chinook, Montana.



A New Point At The Point

It was just two weeks ago that two young 'Marinites', Geoff Kelly and Karrin Erecius, came to 'The Point' for the first time. They were looking for an item which they had been told could be found at 'Better Than Nothing'. They were pleased to find Jean Robinson was having a special sale on her soap which was exactly what they had come for.

As they were leaving the shop, Geoff noticed the sign in Jean's window announcing the closing of the shop.

They tell me that it took them less than an hour to realize that it was "love at first sight with Point Richmond and its peaceful friendly atmosphere."

"The first thing we did when we got home was to place an excited call to Hazel Carr at 'Pt. Richmond Realty' concerning the possibility of our renting the shop. With Miss Carr's help, the rental was quickly arranged.

"We are offering a wide range of hand crafted creations, plants and funky treasures which we have picked up on trips abroad."

"We're still a little dazed... this has happened so fast, but as soon as we are settled, we hope to begin a workshop for children where they can make things and even place them in the shop to sell for themselves if they want."

The future opening of this workshop will be announced in the Point Counterpoint.

We are really thrilled", said Karrin "Walking into Jean's shop was like walking into the shop I always hoped I could someday open. In fact, it was so 'right' we've changed very little with the exception of widening the variety of items for sale and the name of the shop."

So, now there is a freshly painted sign at 119 Park Place, which says 'What's The Point'.

"And, that", added Geoff, "is ex-

actly what I hope to prove... 'the point'."

"I?...We!", Karrin quickly corrected "let me make this point perfectly clear..."

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The Tanks - Round III

The Environmental Impact Panel Public Hearing on the proposed anhydrous ammonia tanks was well-attended by Point Richmond and Brick Yard Cove residents, many of whom came with major criticisms of the EIR and the proposed tank construction.

Unfortunately, because the city neglected to put the required notice of a public hearing in the papers ten days in advance, thus making the meeting "unofficial".

If this was an honest error on the part of the city, it is an extremely unfortunate one for those opposed to the tanks. It gives those in favor of the tank construction more time to prepare rebuttals against the criticisms leveled at the EIR and it brings about a dissipation of enthusiasm in those who carefully researched their criticisms.

The "RICHMOND INDEPENDENT" carried a good article on the July 25th meeting, quoting various speakers, "The death risk would include people in a 1.7 mile radius, not a .7 mile radius as the EIR claimed in the event of a 20,000 ton spill." "The high increase in truck traffic would greatly endanger children walking to Washington School," "The project is a violation of the City's General Plan which places first priority on preservation of its coastline." I urge you to read the article.

Hopefully the 150 who came and the 20 who spoke will return to the "official" meeting now scheduled for August 27th at 7:30 p.m. at the City Council Chambers, City Hall, 27th and Barrett. Even better, of course, would be a larger turn out than last time. Try to come!



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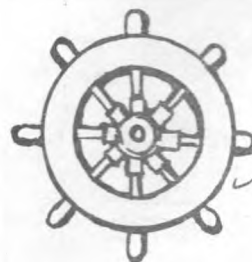
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The Masquers

Last Saturday night, as guests of the Masquer's Theatre, Dorothy King and I spent an evening laughing, hissing, booing and cheering their latest production, "WITHOUT PASSION OR POSITIVELY WITHOUT PASSION"

The old-time melodrama is set in Point Richmond (a long time ago) with all the traditional characters: villain, hero, damsel in distress, etc., many of the actors being Point Richmond residents, in fact. The frequent allusions to the "sinful" folk of Point Richmond and its numerous taverns, invariably brought cheers from the audience.

Between scenes of the play, a rich variety of olio acts entertained the audience. "Fetchen Etchen," "Harmonica Herman", and "Ida Mae Careless" to name a few.

We had a good time. I think you would, too. "WITHOUT PASSION, OR POSITIVELY WITHOUT PASSION" will play every week-end through August 31st.

For reservations, phone 233-4295 after 3:00 p.m.



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Editor's NOTES



The search continue for recipies and Point Richmond History. If you don't fancy yourself a writer, but have a story to tell, please call me and I will be there with a pen and pad in hand.

Also is you have ideas about new kinds of material for the Point Counterpoint, I would like to hear them. Call Doris Cort at 234-6989.

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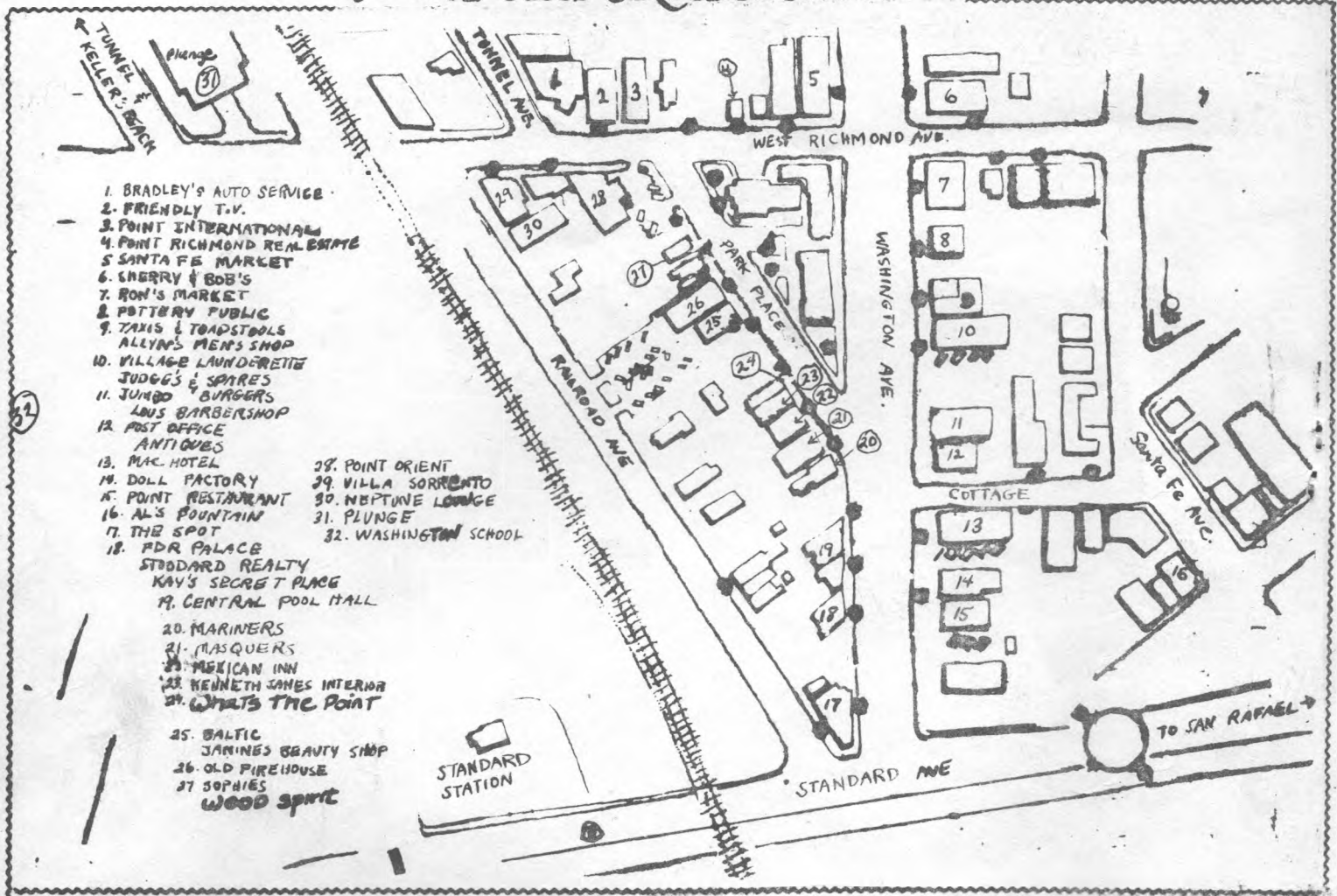
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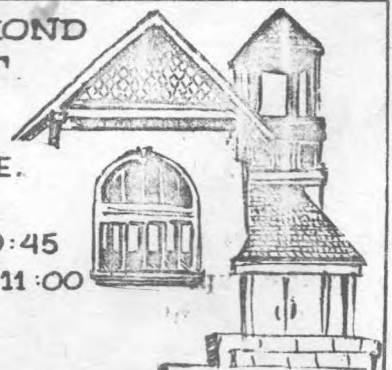
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