



"The Broken String"
Painting by Karla Andersdatter
Photograph by Frederic Larson

BEACHCOMBER

A Muir Beach Journal of News and Opinion Since 1946

Issue 253 July 2011

In This Issue

**Karla Margaret
Andersdatter
1938-2011**

An Imaginary Life
By Karla Andersdatter

Editorial

We Are All the
Muir Beach
Volunteer Fire Dept.

Where Are They Now?

Muir Beach
Child Care Coop 1984
By Lorna Cunkle
and Gerry Pearlman

Design Review Committee

Do We Want One, Need One?
By Liza Crosse, Admin. Aide
to Supervisor Kinsey

"Hitched to Everything"

Backyard Dinosaurs
By Scott Sampson

and much, much more

TABLE OF CONTENTS	
Front Cover	
“The Last Tree”	
Oil Painting by Karla Andersdatter	
Photo by Frederic Larson	
Karla Margaret Andersdatter 1938-2011	3
By Karla Andersdatter	
Son, Scott Billings remembers	
“Hitched to Everything” Backyard Dinosaurs	5
By Scott Sampson	
Design Review Committee	7
by Liza Crosse, Aide to Sup. Steve Kinsey	
Where Are They Now?	8
Muir Beach Child Care Coop 1984	
By Lorna Cunkle and Gerry Pearlman	
Poetry	11
Walking into 90, by Dick Moore,	
Why not Turn, by Judy Yamamoto	
When, by Karla Andersdatter	
“The Story Teller”	13
Oil Painting by Karla Andersdatter	
Photo Frederic Larson	
Electric Impressions: Our All Electric Car	14
By Paul Jeschke	
Book Club/Discussion Group First Meeting	15
By Paul Jeschke	
New Places, Old Faces	16
By Anne Jeschke	
Editorial	17
We Are All the Muir Beach	
Volunteer Fire Department	
BBQ Photo Essay	18
Muir Beachers Doing Their Thing	
By Julie Smith	
Lagunitas Brewing: Big BBQ Benefactor	24
By Paul Jeschke	
Announcements	25
Supporting the Beachcomber	27
Back Cover	
“The Broken String”	
Oil painting by Karla Andersdatter	
Photo by Frederic Larson	

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CIRCULATION

Beachcomber Covers Muir Beach

Beachcombers often find interesting surprises buried in the sand. Beachcomber subscribers often find tantalizing tidbits buried in the pages of our local publication. Currently, 110 Muir Beach families subscribe to the Beachcomber. In addition, 32 subscriptions are mailed outside Muir Beach. Some of these are part time Muir Beach residents; a few are former residents; and others are friends and family of residents. We are currently negotiating with Marin County libraries and bookstores to make the Beachcomber available in these venues.

We would really like to see that every local household receives a Beachcomber, enabling families to keep up on news, discussions, and activities here at the beach. Do you have suggestions of places that might want to see and/or sell the Beachcomber? Do you have relatives outside the area who would like to keep up on the local news? If so, let either Gerry Pearlman or Anne Jeschke know, and we will follow up with info and sample copies with a special introductory subscription rate.

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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Please email your text as a Word attachment to gnpearl@hotmail.com on or before the deadline. Short pieces can be placed directly into email. Include a headline and your byline (name). 1/4 page: 200 hundred words plus photo; 1/2 page: 400 words no photo; full page: 850 words no photo, 750 words with photo; two page spread: 1600-1700 no photo, 1500 words 1 photo.

Font: Times New Roman, 12pts. Please spell check your material and single space within paragraphs with no hard returns. Double line space between paragraphs and one letter space between sentences within paragraph.

Photos in JPEG format with jpg extension(.jpg),save in highest JPEG setting (100%). Email as a seperate attachment from story document.

Captions should include file name of image first, where caption goes and, credit to Photographer.

If you have any questions contact the editor.



Karla Margaret Andersdatter
1938-2011

By Karla Margaret Andersdatter:

WHEN YOU ARE GONE LOVE
WHO WILL READ
MY POEMS?

“About the stories I told him or the poems I read to him, or the prose I wrote, he would ask me questions and consider. “But is this true?” he often asked. It was from these conversations I came to conclude that all stories are true, it’s just that we, listeners and the readers, must discover the truth ourselves; the truth of each poem or story, for the truth is not the same for everyone.

Author’s Acknowledgement, Diary of a Poet: An Imaginary Life (2007 Pen Oakland National Book award) Sept. 2006

“I have a particular love of the word ‘primitive’ when it is used in conversation and even in the works of Carl Jung, primitive is usually used as a put down, a negative description.

I prefer to take it as a compliment, as a definite positive, for the primitive is still connected to an unseen universe and tuned into essences and wafts of instinctive knowledge because of life lived close to our Mother the Earth. I find the writings of Laurens Van der Post descriptive of these things. In the Bushmen of the Kalahari for example, the whole text is woven through with a gestalt like fabric of love, in the author’s appreciation of the intelligence of these ‘primitive’ people who can find honey and water in the vast desert where no civilized man can function...

I should... be complimented to be called primitive—a being wealthy in spirit, understanding of the clouds, knowing of the smell and touch of things, protective of the Earth our Mother, an ancient soul that sees into a person, knowing instinctively if there is love in the heart: innocence, purity, authenticity, simplicity... I hope I am primitive. I hope I am capable of love. Without this part of our nature, we can analyze, dissect, subject, reject, separate, systematize, statistically significate, and die, but without it we can never love. That is what has gone wrong between women and men today... that is what has gone wrong with the world today...that is what is wrong with the weather today! We have stopped loving. We have lost our connection to the Primitive. We have lost our connection to Mother Earth.”

Letter to Hugh Fox May 27, 1997

I don’t have ‘themes’, ‘structures’, ‘purposes’ I just write it. It comes out, unfolds in its own patterns, creates its own structure. I don’t want to know where it’s going. And after it’s done, than I look at it and let it speak back to me....”

“Everything I write is about the same forbidden theme... the dirtiest word around, love!

“Nothing I write about is ‘around here’ It all comes from my childhood spent on an island in the middle of Puget Sound. A small town. ‘Rural’ That’s my principle source for my work, everything small-townish... rural... these are the people who haunt my fiction...

Interview by Hugh Fox 1998

Beneath these city clothes,
these closets full of costume-
high heeled boots, perfume
and Japanese kimonos
there is a country woman, tuned
to essences, importances that vibrate
from the earth....atomic energies
that shake the limestone from the concrete
and hold the sea to salt
Rising of the Flesh 1983

It’s putting the whole into the hole
That turns chaos into world
And world into words,
Throwing them into the void, believing
someone is there on the other side
of the Universe.....
Paintings from the Dark side of the Moon 2006

“Don’t you see that this pattern of intervening in the internal affairs of small countries, of backing terrorist activities of corrupt governments, of allowing private individuals from Texas to buy planes for the Contras, to crash some of these small planes or to knock down bridges by accident is not collateral damage. It is something else. I don’t know what to

call it, but I know it’s wrong! Look how much does it take for the fellows in Washington D.C. to see what is happening here? The kids in school don’t have any color crayons, (if they even go to school) and the military owns the police force. Now what does that add up to?”

“Boy you *are* a radical” he laughs.

Is that so *radical*?” I reply. Is it so *radical* to see that the problems here are mainly those of economic survival, and that ‘outside agitation’ is the chorus of an old record played too long by the US government, and supported too long by US taxpayers, that perhaps this military dance is moving to a particular beat that should have gone out with the Charleston, and acts of war, such as mining the harbor in Nicaragua, need to be approved by Congress, not carried out behind the back of the American people?”

A Poet in the Third World, Oct. 17, 1983, A Radical at the Mayan

“I am going to write my mind as if it were someone else’s, as if I were a girl I once knew, a girl who had not stopped to gather her words into writing, but had let them slip out of the present like lost opportunities”..

Diary of a Poet An Imaginary Life

MEMORIAL SERVICE SPEECH
BY KARLA’S SON, SCOTT BILLINGS

Thank you so much for being here today. I am so grateful for all of the support and love that you have given to my mom and to me and to our family over this difficult time.

Jennifer, my sister, thank you your long trips from Reno. You spent so many days and nights at mom’s cabin without any relief. Never complaining, always offering more help. And most importantly, to Margaret (Scott’s wife), I could not have gone through this without you. I want you to know how much I appreciate all of your help. Mom was so lucky to have you by her side these past few months. And so was I.

It wasn’t always easy being Karla’s son. She would never hesitate to speak her mind or stand up for her beliefs. And as a young boy I worried. She might create a scene. She might draw attention to me. And I would be embarrassed.

Often she seemed sad, and I would see her cry. I wanted to protect her, but I was too young to know how. And this made me sad.

Because she was my mom and I loved her very much.

In January of 1975 she packed up my sister and me and took us to live on the Shoshonee Indian Reservation in Duckwater Nevada. She was a single mom, 36 years old. She had taken a teaching job in a two room school house on the reservation. The nearest store was in Ely Nevada 70

miles away. Our toilet was an outhouse and we showered in the school.

On February 4th, 1975, she writes in her journal: “I am wondering how it is we arrived at this point on the ruler of time. It seems a frightening and headstrong force that makes my decisions—and I know that too is a part of me, but there is also the tiny timid soul who tiptoes along hugging the fence—and she is frightened as soon as she leaves her own backyard.”

Mom was courageous and I loved her very much.

I grew older, and became a man and Margaret became my wife. Simon and Emily were born and we had a family. And mom was always close by. She took teaching jobs in the kid’s classroom. She took them for ice cream. She played with them, She read to them, She told them stories. She helped us when they were sick. She loved her family. She cherished her grandchildren.

They called her Granny and they loved her very much. Yet it still wasn’t easy being Karla’s son. She offered advice, and gave direction. Her ideas and beliefs were never held back. And it overwhelmed me.

She wanted to share her wisdom and her experience with me and I loved her very much.

Now she is gone and so many have written to share the way she will be remembered. Courageous, intelligent, consciously aware, sassy and energetic, with a surreal edge and a lot of common-sense wisdom, a wonderful, joyful, communicative person, an earthly wordsmith, a companion of the heart, a precious friend, and an inspiration to all who loved her.

She will be deeply missed and I love her very much.

ALIVE

Don’t think
I’m gone
because you
exile me.

I live
beyond death
like a bird
in your cage,

still singing!

Amen... A Collection of Lost Poems December 2010

HITCHED TO EVERYTHING

“When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.” -John Muir

Backyard Dinosaurs

By Scott Sampson

“Can we go see the barn owls one more time? Pleeeeeeeeeeeease?” That was my daughter Jade a couple of Saturdays ago. “Ok, ok,” I gave in. “Let’s go!” We found the owl couple perched in the rafters of the barn just as we’d left them an hour before, with the tan-and-speckled female wedged up against the snowy-white male. Only the male cracked open his eyes as we snuck back in for another peek. Through binoculars, their striking, heart-shaped faces appeared unreal, almost otherworldly.



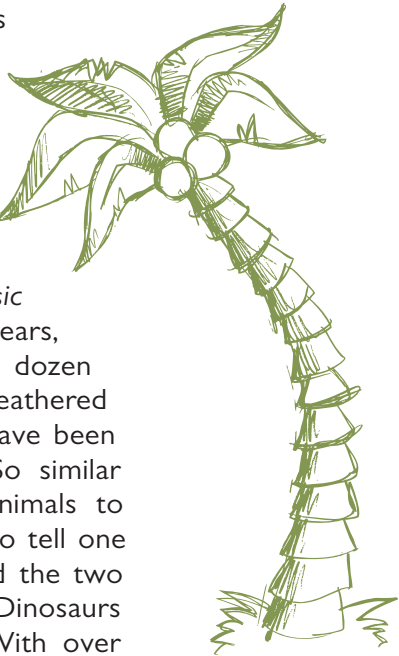
It was International Migratory Bird Day, and Muir Woods National Monument had organized a bird walk at Muir Beach in celebration. Jade and I joined a group of about 15 other kids and adults. Most of us carried binoculars. Our intrepid leaders and local Muir Beachers, Dave Mackenzie and Jim White, each toted an even more powerful spotting scope mounted on a tripod. As we met Dave in the beach parking lot, he pointed at the scope and said, “Check out the Pacific Loons. We’ve seen hundreds fly by this morning heading north to their Arctic breeding grounds.” It took Jade a minute to get the hang of looking through the eyepiece, but then her eyes went wide with amazement as she watched the black-throated fish-eaters zoom past one after the other.

“Turkey vultures,” someone yelled, and all heads tilted skyward. Of course, Jade and I are accustomed to seeing “TVs,” but today, surrounded by this group of bird-lovers, the two-toned undersides of those giant, soaring wings took on new meaning. Ravens, Bonaparte’s Gulls, and an Anna’s Hummingbird were quickly added to the list before we set off for the nearby marsh. A host of Red-Winged Blackbirds perched on cattails was there to greet us, flashing brilliant red epaulets while their piercing metallic voices rang out. A Snowy Egret attempting merely to fly over the marsh was immediately attacked by three of the dive-bombing blackbirds. The kids were enamored with two families

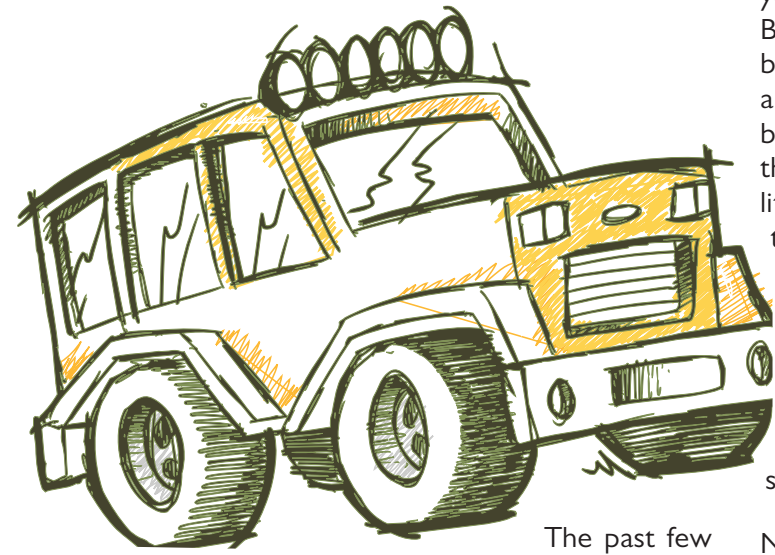
of Mallard Ducks, laughing as the yellow, waddling chicks did their level best to keep up. Meanwhile I was staring through the Jim’s scope at a male Northern Flicker, completely absorbed by his red “mustache” and black-speckled body. A huge highlight for both of Jade and me was climbing a nearby hill to get a “bird’s eye” view into the nest of a Red-tailed Hawk. The large stick nest, nestled atop a cypress tree, held two gangly white chicks, while one of the parents kept a steadfast watch nearby.

“A kid growing up today is likely to spend 90% less time outdoors than a child just one generation ago.”

The surprising truth of the matter is that every single one of these winged wonders is a dinosaur, members of the same family as *T. rex*. All living birds are the direct descendants of small, feathered “raptor” dinosaurs that lived more than 150 million years ago. Thus, in a very real sense, those raucous Red-Winged Blackbirds are backyard dinosaurs, offering a vibrant window into the distant past. An unbroken line of mothers extends from any one of these blackbirds (and every other modern bird) more than 150 million years back in time to a dinosaur much like *Velociraptor* of *Jurassic Park* fame. In recent years, fossils of more than a dozen different varieties of feathered (nonavian) dinosaurs have been unearthed in China. So similar are many of these animals to birds that it’s difficult to tell one from the other; indeed the two are often confused. Dinosaurs aren’t extinct, then. With over



10,000 different living species, they far outnumber mammals (closer to 6,000 species). The Mesozoic Era is often called “The Age of Dinosaurs,” and the succeeding Cenozoic Era, in which we live, “The Age of Mammals.” But no, it seems that we still live in the Age of Dinosaurs. (To be fair, whether your metric is number of individuals, variation, or total biomass, the past four billion years are best regarded as the “Age of Bacteria,” but we macro-sized creatures tend to overlook the microbial world.)



The past few decades have witnessed a startling transformation in children’s leisure time activities. A kid growing up today is likely to spend 90% less time outdoors than a child just one generation ago. What are children doing indoors? Staring at screens, for 7-10 hours a day. Although these statistics would almost certainly be different for Muir Beach kids, it is nevertheless true that, for most youngsters in this country, reality beyond the front door has been replaced by virtual alternatives. How can we possibly build sustainable communities if people don’t care about the places they live. And how are we to care if we don’t spend any time experiencing our local natural communities? Author Robert Michael Pyle has referred to this frightening state of affairs as, “the extinction of experience.”

Like many middle-aged adults, I grew up playing outside and fascinated by all things nature-oriented. Today, as a parent, I’m very conscious of exposing Jade to the nonhuman world around our home. However, I’ve found that taking her on hikes is not always welcomed. “My legs hurt daddy,” is what I hear after the first half mile—in spite of the fact that she can run around all day long with her friends. So I’ve learned to replace the word “hike” with “adventure,” a tip shared by another frustrated parent. Adults tend to be goal-oriented; when out hiking, this means reaching a particular

destination. Kids are more interested in playing. By making the outing more about the moment, and less about the goal, I’ve found it much easier to keep Jade engaged and happy.

Yet, to retain your parental credibility, you still need to deliver on the “adventure.” This is where the magic of birds (i.e., dinosaurs) comes in. Most kids think trees and other plants are pretty ho-hum. And the majority of animals out there can be pretty tough to find, unless you focus on the creepy-crawlies beneath your feet. But, in addition to being beautiful, active, and diverse, birds are nearly ubiquitous. A set of binoculars and an identification book (the Sibley field guides are the birding gold-standard) are all you need to get started, though feeders are an excellent way to attract birds literally into your backyard, and I have to admit that the spotting scope makes a huge difference. In addition to making identifications, it’s fun to watch what birds do. (While I was out walking in the headlands a few months back, a large raven flew toward me about 20 feet off the deck and casually inverted itself just as it passed overhead. I just stood there stunned, suddenly reminded of Tom Cruise executing the same hot-shot aerobatics in Top Gun.)

Now, added to all this is the T. rex angle. As I know better than most, kids love dinosaurs. So what better way to entice youngsters to go outside than to offer the carrot of seeing living, breathing dinosaurs? In short, we desperately need to connect kids to local nature—both for their sake and that of the local nature—and backyard dinosaurs offer up a powerful tool to make these connections happen. Did you know that West Marin happens to be one of the best birding places on the continent? Point Reyes alone hosts many more bird species than do the great bulk of states in the US. It’s high time that we had a backyard dinosaur revolution! So how about it? Are you in?

Jade and I have decided to get more serious about birding and begin keeping a “life list” logbook of bird identifications and observations. So now our “hikes” have become “treasure hunts” as we look to add more feathered neighbors to our respective tallies. Toni (Mom) is excited to join in. Just yesterday Jade asked, for the umpteenth time, “Daddy, when can we go back to see the barn owls?”

Design Review Committees DO WE NEED OR WANT ONE?

By Liza Crosse

In this issue of the Beachcomber, I’m introducing for the first time, in the hope of getting some feedback for future issues, the idea of what kind of community we aspire to be. It means planning for the future, and dealing with present controversies between neighbors. Ultimately it means having our own design review committee to air and even resolve controversy before it travels upward to the county, and the courts where it becomes prohibitively expensive to deal with. It is a place where general policy issues governing land use, trees, views, house size, easements can be addressed locally. To begin the discussion, we are publishing the information sent by Liza Crosse, administrative aide to Supervisor Kinsey, on how such a committee would function, and what has to be done to create one. —The Editor

NOTES ON A DESIGN REVIEW COMMITTEE

Thank you for your inquiry about the possible formation of a design review committee in Muir Beach. Generally speaking the County finds design review groups to be very helpful, and a coordinated community voice through a group can be invaluable in providing direction to County planners, the Board of Supervisors and the Coastal Commission. Here is one example of the need for such a voice in Muir Beach: Two years ago Steve asked the Muir Beach community to provide clear input to the Local Coastal Program update about house size in Muir Beach. Without a design review group to vet a discussion and provide a unified voice about this complex issue, little guidance has been given, if any, from the Muir Beach community.

Most design review groups are organized within the community and operated independently. There are also three design review groups in larger communities in Marin which are appointed by the Board of Supervisors and which receive limited support from the Community Development Agency. The downside of the County managed design review groups is that there are many strict protocols, which must be adhered to, related to the Brown Act and appointments of members. Design review committee members must be appointed by the Board of Supervisors and must comply with Fair Political Practices Commission laws, including reporting income and potential conflict of interest. Given these complexities and the modest number of Muir Beach planning issues, I advise that you consider the first option, a community-based design review group.

There are a number of successful community based-design review groups in Marin, such as the San Geronimo

Valley Planning Group, the Stinson Beach Village Association and the Nicasio Design Review Board. I’m sure their members would be glad to speak with you if you wished, and I can give you contacts if needed. In order to succeed, there must be a dedicated core group or board that is either self-formed or appointed

“Two years ago Steve asked the Muir Beach community to provide clear input to the Local Coastal Program update about house size in Muir Beach.”

by another community organization in an open and fair process with representation of diverse views, if possible. The group should which meet regularly and be well informed about County land use policies and processes. It may be possible to have a planner from the Community Development Agency visit your group to provide information about planning processes. Also important is dedication to good public process, such as reliable and timely noticing of meetings and agendas, maintenance of newsletters or website, solicitation of public input on issues, well run meetings, and clearly defined rules about voting and decision making. Most groups have bylaws, and many have a relationship with a non-profit for management of modest financial needs. Some are non-profits themselves. Lastly, and of critical importance is the way the design review committee communicates with the County on planning or design review related issues, with clear comments and well written letters based on planning requirements. That takes some thoughtful leadership.

There are challenges: I have seen design review groups struggle, or fail to be effective when there were not enough good volunteers, or when a leader with a particular bias over-controlled a group and scared off prospective members, or when, because of lack of volunteers, a leader remained too long in a chair position. I have also seen groups be split over issues, sometimes with acrimony. To avoid these problems, the best run groups also include some elements of community building and board recruitment by encouraging participation, often with informational or fun public information items. Depending on size and resources, some include social and celebratory elements as well, with presentations about local wildlife or history, for example (context for planning issues), clean up days, food on occasion, fundraisers, honoring local volunteers/leaders, hikes or site visits, etc.

“There are a number of successful community based-design review groups in Marin, such as the San Geronimo Valley Planning Group, the Stinson Beach Village Association and the Nicasio Design Review Board.”

So we appreciate your consideration of the idea of forming a group to consider planning issues. In fact, I left a message with Leighton Hills a few weeks ago about the possibility of Steve coming to a CSD meeting for a general check in with the community. If desired, this could be a topic of discussion. I know that Steve could give you many insights about design review groups.

Regarding the mechanics of forming a group, the answer is it depends. As I mentioned in my previous email, there are two kinds of design review groups—one formally appointed by a governmental entity, such as the County or CSD, or a community based group. For a community based design review group there are no formal guidelines. The most important thing is to establish the credibility of the group by undertaking a good process leading to selection of committee/planning group members. That could be done in any number of ways.

Since you have an elected CSD board, it makes some sense that they appoint members—that would certainly provide legitimacy. However, I believe that a standing committee appointed by the CSD, (which is a governmental entity) will be subject to same Brown Act and Fair Political Practices Commission requirements as the County. As I mentioned before, this is burdensome.

I don’t have alot of experience with management of CSD’s and suggest that you check with the CSD attorney. In response to your question about whether decisions of a subcommittee of the CSD would need to go through the CSD board, I suspect that it would be not necessary, but I am not certain. It would not be a requirement of the County. However, it is possible that the CSD board would want that decision making role, or that state laws regarding CSDs might require it.

For a community based group, there could be some kind of election or nomination process. It is also helpful to make some effort at representing the different stakeholders in the community. I suggest that, when considering the membership of the first committee/group, you lay out some parameters for membership, based on their interests, groups they represent, or professions, such as being an architect, representing an environmental organization, having legal or other pertinent experience. Once you have established desirable characteristics or interests, those can then guide the appointment or selection of members for years to come. Just a suggestion.

Regarding decision making, for a community based group, you can choose how you make decisions. But most groups rely on a vote, majority rules, and many use Robert’s Rules of order to conduct motions, votes, etc. It would be worthwhile to visit one or two other groups to observe how they handle decisions.

As a middle ground, perhaps the CSD could create a short lived committee to form an independent design review group, and vet the initial appointments, then dissolve the formation committee when the design review group is set up and rolling. Then, going forward, the design review group would work independently, and could act like the board of a non-profit, to consider and manage all future appointments to the group.

Where Are They Now?

By Lorna Cunkle & Gerry Pearlman



Standing, left to right: Harley Pearlman, Avram Pearlman, Jonah Simoneaux, Betty Rappaport (teacher) with Morio Sakaguchi on lap, Cassidy Friedman, Katy Burkell, Eric Nelson, Isaac Pearlman. Seated, left to right: Alexandria Arent, Jessica Wolfe, Patrick Visser, and Brian Jones. Children who attended but not shown: Evan Fortin, Graham Groneman, Nicole Groneman, Booker ?, Brianna?, Janet? Photograph by Lorna Cunkle

One of the lesser-known facts of Muir Beach history is the existence of the Child Care Cooperative that opened in 1984 and operated for three years. At first there was controversy about using the Community Center as a childcare center dividing the community into the parents favoring the use and a small group of residents who felt that use would preclude other uses. Tempers flared but after a while common sense prevailed and the Coop opened its doors to the kids pictured above.

It really was quite a bit of work on the part of the participating parents, who not only organized the Coop and raised the funds to implement it, but were obligated to donate one day a week as a teacher’s aide. All in all it was quite an achievement!

So where are they now these kids after their first educational experience in the Muir Beach Childcare Cooperative.

Harley Pearlman took a BA in film at UC Santa Cruz; has just sold “Triumph”, an urban boutique he owned and operated in San Rafael for three years. After an extended surfing trip in Indonesia he has just taken a management position with the Upper Playground Corporation in San Francisco.

Avram Pearlman lives in Berkeley and is an engineer at kW Engineering in Oakland. He received his B.S. in environmental engineering from Humboldt State. He also teaches yoga

at Monkey Shala in Oakland, at The Athletic Playground in Emeryville, and at the Berkeley Climbing Gym. In his spare time, he backpacks and rock climbs.

Jonah Simoneaux lives in Santa Cruz and works as a Paramedic and Fireman for the Watsonville Fire Dept, where he has become a very effective First Responder. He is an avid surfer, snowboarder and is remodeling a house he recently bought in Santa Cruz.

FROM BETTY RAPPAPORT, PRESCHOOL TEACHER:
I had some fun and wonderful times with the kids and families at Muir Beach. We were such a small and intimate little group who got to play and learn together in a beautiful setting. My memories are: the kids bombing down the zigzag path to the yard in ‘big wheels’; lovely walks down the steps to the beach; going though the ‘woods’ and blackberry patches; playing ‘johnny jump up’ down the sidewalk; the smell of the fireplace in the community room; the woman quilting and enjoying talking together; and, Katie Burkell screaming from the bathroom hallway “and I bet you’re not gonna come and rub my back!” when I once had to nap her away from the other kids because she was keeping them from sleep. We had some memorable times just being together. I met and worked with some very nice and supportive parents. I must admit it was a bit of a hassle wheeling in the cabinets and setting up each day. I do think about those days and treasure them!

At present, I coach early childhood teachers in San Francisco. I also have come ‘full circle’ in the sense that I also work on a project funded by Marin Community Foundation a.k.a. the Buck Fund that is focused on closing the learning achievement gap experienced by low-income children. I have two wonderful ‘almost grown’ children. Don, my husband, retired last year from teaching at Davis and we are enjoying having more time to hike, bird watch, and garden.

I mostly recall the founding, smaller group of children. A few words that come to mind.

- Avram:** serious thinker yet sweet little cuddler
- Harley:** quiet, sweet and easy disposition
- Eric:** loving the power and persona of “Jaba the Hut” yet gentle inner person
- Nicole:** curious, sweet and friendly, took Brianna under her wing
- Cassidy:** born diplomat, out for fun
- Katie:** rambunctious, big and loving personality, had a fierce crush on me for a little while
- Brian:** gentle, watchful, pensive
- Janet** (possibly Cuco’s daughter? came for a little while): quiet, curious, and easy-going
- Brianna:** the little one who showed much aplomb & resilience around the older kids
- Morio:** little, open-eyed, curious, and easy-going
- Jonah:** a little shy at first, observant
- Isaac:** on Lorna’s back a lot, watching, curious
- Patrick:** lively, attracted to action
- Jessica:** friendly and easy-going
- Booker:** friendly, amiable, smiled a lot (blond-haired boy)
- Alexandria:** showed spunkiness, held her own with the big kids

Morio Sakaguchi does both computer software and engineering in Sonoma County, but will be moving to Santa Barbara to complete a program at UCSB. He volunteered on the Sonoma County Jerry Brown campaign and for Habitat for Humanity. (Morio’s father, Hiroshi Sakaguchi, a traditionally trained Japanese carpenter, built the Japanese sukiya-style house with tearoom at Green Gulch Zen center)

Cassidy Friedman got his BA at UC Santa Cruz and was a reporter for 3 years with the Times-News in Idaho. He came back to SF to found “Stories Matters Media”. His work as a video journalist has been featured on CNN, Yahoo, the

Huffington Post, NBC, and sfgate.com. He has also worked with BBN3 and Caring.Com.

Katy Burkell received her BA from Denver University where she also met and married her husband. They have two children and have moved back to Marin. Katy expects to receive her nursing degree from the College of Marin next year.

Evan Fortin currently lives in Oakland with Jen, his partner of five years. He does book arts there (book binding, book restoration, book printing). He lives and works at Green Gulch four days a week helping to build energy-efficient green student housing.

Eric Nelson went to Pomona, played basketball, studied politics, philosophy, economics, and then got an MA in education. After college he volunteered at Teach for America. He is married, living in New York, and working for a company called Children’s Progress developing testing programs for kids K through 5.

Isaac Pearlman received a B.A. in English and a B.S. in environmental science from UC San Diego. After two-years in Peru as a Peace Corps volunteer, he got an M.S. from UC Santa Barbara’s Bren School of Environmental Science and Management. He is now on a one-year assignment as a California Sea Grant fellow working for the California Department of Parks and Recreation. He has hiked the entire John Muir Trail and has completed his first marathon.

Brian Jones got a BS in microbiology and is working for Bio Marin, a pharmaceutical company in Novato.

Jessica Wolfe got her BS from the University of Colorado at Boulder. She worked for one of the labs at the university upon graduating but decided to join the finance district in San Francisco instead, where she now lives.

Graham Groneman was the youngest acting captain ever appointed for the Throckmorton Ridge Marin County Fire Station and Nicole Groneman is pregnant and hiking in Ecuador with her husband.

All of these graduates of the Muir Beach childcare Co-op are testimony to a job well done by dedicated parents and teachers (Karla Andersdatter and Sharon Savage also taught there). Today parents are scrambling and shelling out big bucks to get their kids into the right preschool, but back then one can only marvel at the challenge that was confronted and so grandly overcome.

POETRY

WALKING INTO NINETY

There’s not much to say for it, for walking.
In less than a mile, calf muscles cramp. Hydrate. Hydrate.
I know the rule and even follow it, but water cannot
Lift the weight of years, it finds its level which is always down.

Some roses push perfection into the near-absurd.
The gardener has a walker, without it he would fall
And fail to bring his roses to the completion of their rush
Into extravagance beyond all expectation, and then die.

In California the mockingbird is less talented, meaning fewer songs,
Than southern relatives, but alone on the topmost tree branch that bird
Is the king of song, wild pop and classic discipline, in whatever repertoire
Comes rushing in to possess a bird, a rose, an old man slowly walking.

—Richard. O. Moore

POETRY

WHY NOT TURN

Why Not turn another door knob,
one that opens into a whirlwind,
around and upward and not seen, and yet
seen. There was the dreamer
and builder of dams killed in Nicaragua, and the knitter
down the block who slipped yarn over needles,
stitches that forever increase. The air fills,
makes bigness real and soft, holds the odd-shaped house
where the mother slowly lowers the sleeping baby
into a crib of white leaves,
and they fall like clouds.
Like clouds, they are gone before we have known them.
A book ajar on a table, the disappearance of streets,
presidents and murderers walking among us.
There are too many wars, poor streets forever knocked down.
The words not heard, and yet
heard, loud in those whirlwinds that separate the mothers
from the sky, like clouds.

—Judith Yamamoto

WHEN

When I am gone
and you are left to remember
begin with the songs I loved,

the poems I wrote. Be silent
for a while and listen to the birds,
they will remind you of

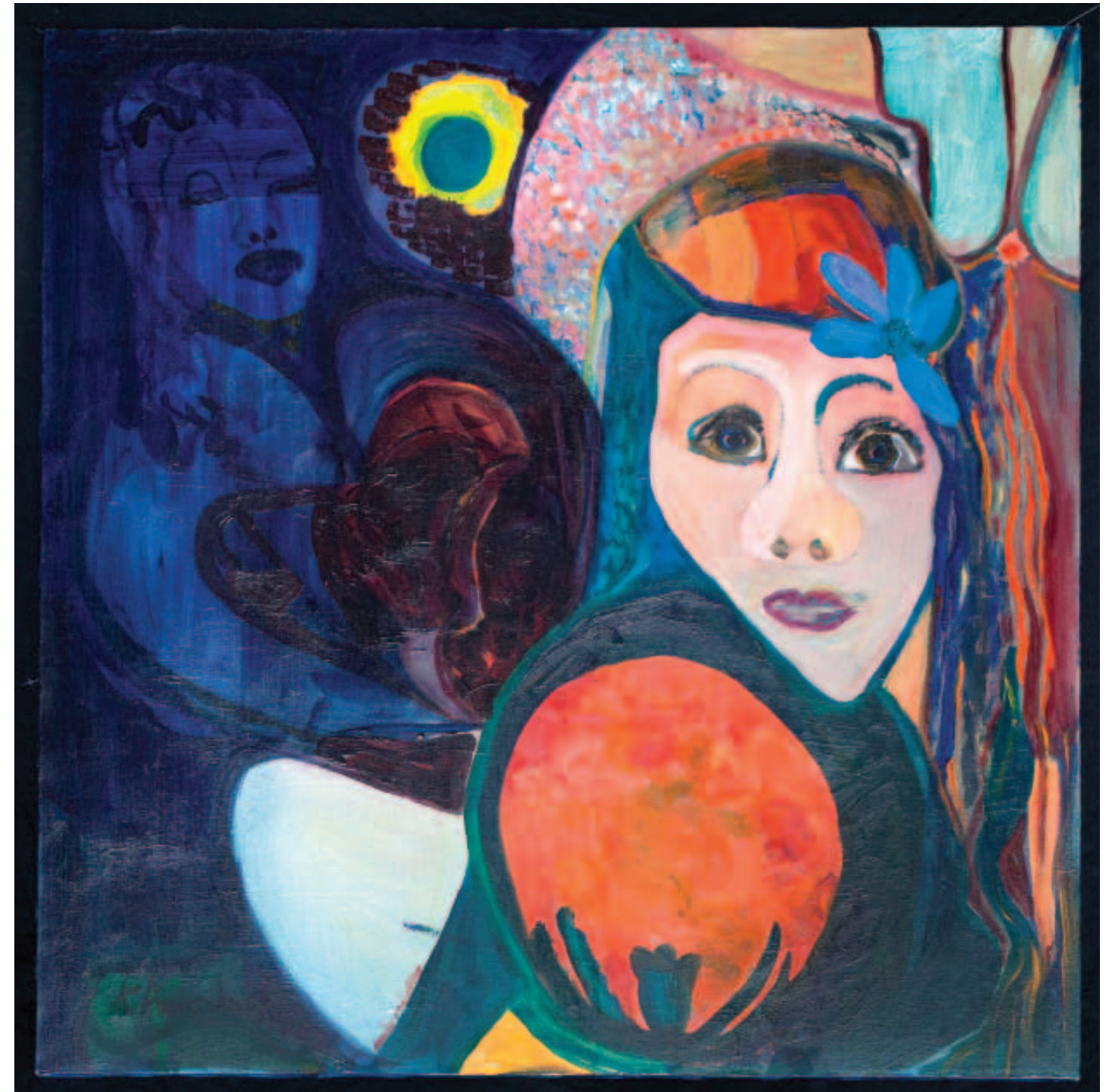
my teachers. They will inform you
of my passage for I will be gone
to another place, yet still I am here for you
when you claim me again in memory,

If you take time to discover
The meaning of the conversations of birds,
The drifting of plum blossoms early in Spring
You will not lose yourself or the Way of a Poem.

The Way of the Poem
Is not always dreary, not always sad.
Rather is lively and laughing-
Alert to opposites and ironies
To the puzzlement over human ways
Of asking, “is it true?”

It keeps me capable of loving you again
If you remember me and read my poems.

—Karla Margaret Andersdatter



“The Storyteller”

Painting by Karla Andersdatter, Photograph by Frederic Larson

Karla Andersdatter was the author of 16 books of poetry and prose, as well as a painter. She had a B.A. and M.A. from UCLA, and was also the owner and operator of the Butter Fly Tree, a Bed & Breakfast in Muir Beach where she lived. She was born in San Francisco, and grew up on the West Coast just before and during the Second World War. She and her mother moved from one relative to another from Los Angeles to Washington State, finally settling on Vashon Island in Puget Sound. She was a navy wife, and later a single mother raising two children. She was my friend and neighbor for 36 years.

—Gerry Pearlman

Electric Impressions: Our All-Electric Car

Story and Photograph by Paul Jeschke

If you're feeling pain at the pump while gassing up, you might consider switching to a new, all electric Nissan Leaf.

Anne and I admit to smiling smugly while we drive by the Arco station at Tam Junction in our newly purchased, Cinnamon Red Leaf. "Take that, BP. So long OPEC," we've been known to mutter.

Instead of filling up at the gas station, we plug the Leaf into a 240-volt home charging station in our garage. We took delivery of our Leaf at Northbay Nissan in Petaluma in early April and already the cost savings are considerable. In one three week period, we drove about 700 miles and used close to 150 kilowatt hours. PG&E's baseline rate for electricity is about 12-cents per Kwh, so we paid about \$18.00 to power the car. To drive the same distance in a Prius getting 50 mpg would cost \$56 for gas at \$4.00 per gallon.

The name, "Leaf," certainly implies that the car is a "green" vehicle, and it is, but Nissan says the name is actually an acronym for Low Emission Automobile of the Future. It has no engine, no tailpipe, no harmful emissions. As a zero emission vehicle, it's eligible for Diamond Lane stickers.

Even though the car itself produces zero emissions, total environmental benefits are less clear. If the electricity to power the car is generated from coal, the carbon emissions are approximately equal to a gasoline hybrid. In PG&E's service area, however, hydroelectric, solar, wind and nuclear power constitute nearly half of the fuel source so the Leaf has an advantage. If the energy comes from solar, the Leaf is literally running on sun power and that's why we'll be installing solar panels as soon as we can get a clear picture of how much electricity we need to generate. Experts think a two-kilowatt system would be more than sufficient for the car's needs.

"Nissan claims the Leaf will go 100 miles on a full charge, though there are reports of up to 135 miles."

The five-passenger Leaf hatchback uses recycled water bottles for its seat coverings, and a range of other recycled wood and plastic materials in its interior and exterior

design, making it the greenest production car ever built. The company says about 94 percent of the car's components are recyclable.

We ordered our car last September and took advantage of federal and state incentives that reduced the cost by nearly 40 per cent. After months of waiting, we took delivery in early April. Luckily for us, the car was shipped a week or so prior to the devastating Japanese earthquake and tsunami.

Is the car fun to drive? You bet! Powered by a lithium battery and motor that produces 107 horsepower, this is no golf cart. The Leaf zipped up the Divisadero Street hill between Lombard and Pacific like a rocket. The electric parking break holds the car at a steep intersection and releases automatically when the accelerator is depressed. And it's among the safest cars you can drive with ABS, anti-skid protection, tire pressure monitoring and high scores in NTSB crash tests.

Nissan reports the car is selling well despite what critics call "range anxiety." Nissan claims the Leaf will go 100 miles on a full charge, though there are reports of up to 135 miles. (We

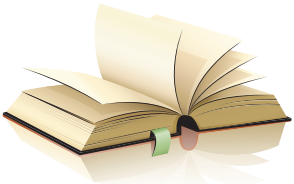
use our Honda Fit for longer trips.) Anne and I alternate driving the Leaf around Marin and San Francisco. A navigation map shows how far the car can travel on the current charge. It's fascinating to watch the range drop as we climb the hill to Three Corners and then increase on the downhill trip as the brakes are applied. The motor is also regenerative and automatically goes into charging mode as the car slows. By the time we get to Tam Junction, the estimated range is the same or even increased from when we left home.

If the battery should start to get low, a voice prompt is activated and a navigation map shows the location of the nearest public charging stations. The C Street parking garage in San Rafael has two charging stations and at least 10 others are scheduled for Marin. In an emergency, it can be plugged into a 110-volt circuit, but charging time is greatly increased.

The car turns heads with its elongated headlights, Volvo-like taillights and "Zero Emission" logos. Strangers have left notes under the wipers congratulating us on the purchase. Like us, they're all charged up about the ecological, economical Nissan Leaf.

Discussion and Book Club Groups Formed for Muir Beachers

By Paul Jeschke



SAUSALITO HAS ITS NO NAME BAR AND NOW MUIR BEACH HAS ITS OWN NO NAME GROUP.

Spurning "Senior Citizens," flirting briefly with "Elders," and trying out and rejecting "Ancient Mariners" because of perceived negative connotations, the group of Muir Beach residents of a certain age meets once a month at the Community Center without benefit of an official moniker.

The lack of a name doesn't seem to be inhibiting. A book club offshoot, also unnamed, has been formed. The group is tackling the long, unresolved problem of transportation to and from our coastal hamlet. Talks from Muir Beach's Lee Sagatelyan, who spoke about legal and financial aspects of estate planning, and a representative from West Marin Senior Services with information about available support locally, highlighted meetings earlier this year.

The book club, which meets the second Tuesday of the month at 7:00 pm, picked "Never Let Me Go" by Kazuo Ishiguro as its first read. It engendered a lively discussion with opinion split by gender. The next book hasn't officially been officially announced. It is likely to be one of several

from a list provided by the Marin County Library which can supply 10 copies of selected titles.

The book club is actively soliciting new members. Anyone interested (regardless of age), should contact Anne Jeschke at 388-2278. Watch Laurie Piel's "What's Happening" emails for more details.

Transportation over the hill continues to be a festering problem. West Marin Senior Services can help arrange transportation to medical appointments, but there are no public transportation options for individuals can't or don't want to drive. Several Muir Beach residents have set up a ride sharing website on Yahoo Groups, but users report that access is problematic.

The unnamed group, most of which's members were born before 1950, meets on the third Tuesday of the month. Meetings alternative between noon and 6:00 pm. Watch the "What's Happening" emails for details. Bring something to drink and a dish to share.

And think about an appropriate name.



Anne Jeschke plugs in the charging unit of the all-electric, zero emissions Nissan Leaf.

New Places, Old Faces

By Anne Jeschke

We waited for our friend on the steps of the Casa de Jorge Amado, the home of a well-known Brazilian writer who lived in the Pelourinho section of Salvador in northern Brazil. Though it was late afternoon in May, the sun was going down and the days were getting shorter in this former colonial capital 13 degrees south of the Equator. Then down the street, dancing through the multi-ethnic crowd of pedestrians that thronged the plaza, came Allison Pinto, looking gorgeous and relaxed in a sundress. Now that was a thrill!

Allison suggested a small outdoor restaurant nearby and ordered a lovely fish soup for dinner. The former Muir Beach resident was happy to see some faces from home, and we were equally pleased to have someone who could tell us all about life in Salvador, a charming World Heritage site known for its food, music and architecture.

We had stayed 3 weeks in our latest home exchange in Florianopolis, an island off the southern coast with gorgeous, uncrowded beaches, quaint fishing villages and seemingly limitless fresh seafood. For the last week and a half of our trip, we decided to fly to various points of interest in Brazil: Salvador, Brazilia, Iguassu Falls, and Rio de Janeiro.

I was amazed at what a Caribbean flavor Salvador has. It reminded me of Cuba, with splendid colonial buildings, some falling down in decay and others rehabbed to their former glory. The complexions of the locals varied from very dark tones to totally light skin, with every shade in between. There were definitely more poor people than in the affluent island of Florianopolis.



Photograph by Paul Jeschke

Pink and turquoise buildings, lined cobblestone streets. Live music was in the air everywhere. Parties spilled into the streets. Tables and chairs were dragged outside to improvised bars and cafes presided over by platoons of busy waiters. All in all, it looked like a great place to get a bit of the flavor of northern Brazil. When you add to that having personal friends to show you around a bit, you've got a perfect situation.

We sat at that table on a small side street drinking our caipirinhas, Brazil's national cocktail made from fermented sugar cane juice, sugar and plenty of fresh lime. We drank, ate and chatted about mutual friends and happenings in Muir Beach. Allison was anxious to hear tidbits about her sister, Erin, and brother-in-law, Brian, as well as news about all the good friends she had left here. We did our best to fill her in.

We in turn wanted details about her life in Salvador, why she was there, how it was working, how Everaldo and Benjamin were getting along. We talked on and on, until finally we had to go our separate ways—Allison on the bus to her home in Pituba, on the eastern side of Salvador, and we by foot several blocks to our B & B, on the bay side, near the central part of Salvador. We agreed to meet in the morning at the Praca da Se, a centrally located plaza.

In the morning we waited an hour for Allison and Everaldo in the Praca da Se. We checked several close by plazas as well, thinking we might have misunderstood the name. Finally, we had to give up, as clearly something had gone wrong. We had gotten up from the park bench to walk to a nearby museum, when we were approached by a young Brazilian man. "Hey", he said, "don't you know me?"

Everaldo with a shaved head sure didn't look like the Everaldo we knew! Allison would be there soon, he explained; she had taken the wrong bus. She arrived in short order, and off we headed to the MAM, Museu de Arte Moderna, right on the water, about 15 blocks away in the lower section of the city.

The state-operated museum occupies a stunning patch of the coast in the Solar do Unhão, a 17th-century waterfront complex. We walked into a huge classroom on the lower floor where some 30 artists were at work. About half were printers, cutting pictures out of wood or linoleum blocks, inking them with rollers and finally passing them threw an ancient, hand-operated printing machine. The other group was working with clay, making a variety of sculptures.

I had no idea that Allison had once been immersed in printmaking herself. It turns out we share a fondness for Tom Killian's work. Before we knew it, Allison had made a few inquiries at the front desk, and had signed up for a

Saturday class. All classes are free, and Allison was excited by the breadth and quality of work we were observing. She also signed Benjamin up for a class. She had no idea she could continue her print making in metropolitan Salvador.

It was time for goodbyes again. Allison had to work in the afternoon. She teaches English at "the best private school

in Salvador", where Benjamin is enrolled. But Allison and Everaldo have a message for all Muir Beachers—you'll be welcomed with open arms when you come to Salvador. All you need to do is bring a hug from Erin, take a hug back from Allison, and have a few tidbits of news from Muir Beach.

We Are All the Volunteer Fire Department

I was troubled by the recent alert thanking all the volunteers for their participation in the recent BBQ. It felt like someone above thanking those below. To my mind we are all the volunteer fire department and should simply be congratulating ourselves on a job well done. From the original fire department volunteers who started the whole thing (and managed to secure funding for the first fire truck that had to be driven all the way from Florida to Muir Beach), to Debra Allen's phenomenal development of the raffle which generates mega income, to Bryce Browning's logo that has enabled the sale of a never ending line of fireman's apparel both at the BBQ and via the internet generating even more income, to Julie Smith's design of the web page, to the 100 odd volunteers that make the BBQ possible, to the community voting for the surcharge on our property tax—**this is the web of interconnectivity that is the MBVFD.**

Sure there are the guys who actually get to drive the fire engines (probably a lot of fun) and give their time to all that training (probably not so much fun but good knowledge to have), so let's always give them the credit they rightfully deserve. But let's not isolate them in a world of their own. The Fireman's Association is the non-profit arm of the MBVFD. It handles the general administration and manages the money from all of the fundraising activity. There are some general meetings from time to time especially around planning for the BBQ. I'm not sure whether the Association's meetings are all open but it is where basic decisions are made on how funds are spent and other policy matters implemented.

There has always been somewhat of a controversy as to who is really in charge of what with respect to MBVFD affairs. There is little question that the ultimate responsibility for Fire Dept. in every sense, financially and otherwise, rests with the CSD. It is clearly stated in their enumeration of powers on file with the State of California and well beyond any legal challenge.

The authority vested in the CSD provides a method of accountability because they are elected and answerable to those who have given them the responsibility of their office. Yet they have little to no knowledge of actual Fire Dept. finances. Perhaps the only entity in possession of this

knowledge is the Association who do not go out of their way to make it public. It would not only be interesting to know what the gross and net of the BBQ is every year but a source of some satisfaction to the 100 volunteers whose considerable effort make the event possible.

"There has always been somewhat of a controversy as to who is really in charge of what with respect to MBVFD affairs."

Muir Beach residents recently approved a property tax surcharge that has generated \$92,000 additional income for the MBVFD so far without any of it being used to my knowledge. A new Fire House is in the offing because of an impasse in negotiations with the GGNRA about the old one (again largely remodeled by members of the original fire dept.) Whoever is making any of these decisions; it is apparently not the CSD, who has actual legal authority.

And another interesting question is why the CSD, if they clearly have the authority, do not assert it when there is an opportunity to do so in the negotiations with the State Park or the GGNRA. **It is a grave mistake for a non- governmental entity like the MBVFD or the Association to take it upon themselves to negotiate with another governmental organization like the State of California, or the Feds on their own. Their natural tendency is to cave in to higher authority no matter the legitimacy of their own position.** A case in point was the recent directive of the State Parks to move the present location where MBVFD apparel is sold on the day of the BBQ. It actually occupies a small sliver of their land and they raised the old bugaboo of liability for a place where there is hardly a hint of any threat to health and safety and where there has been no incident of any sort for the entire existence of the BBQ. Evidently the Association acquiesced immediately to the State's demands, even though the CSD was in the midst of negotiations on the matter that had the promise of a more favorable income. The most obvious solution, which was a simple transfer of the property in question to the CSD (it's only a very small piece—no skin

off their back), was never even considered. Only a quick agreement to the onerous task of removing the present structure piece by piece and rebuilding it a few feet away on CSD land.

To be sure these are all judgment calls and it is only a matter of who is making the best call. Everyone has to be thinking they have the best interests of the community at heart. But as in all things, there is always room for improvement. It is absurd that BBQ planning committee sits like some corporate board figuring out ways to squeeze every last dime out of those in attendance at the BBQ rather than ensuring that everyone has the best of all possible times. After all many attendees are loyal supporters who have been coming for many years. It is not good that volunteers working their butts off are refused pitchers of beer or have to beg for a desert cookie or a bottle of water. It is not good that there is no breakfast for the volunteers who come early on the day of the BBQ to set up, or that any planning meetings have to be potlucks.

It's just that accountability should devolve to the CSD where it rightfully belongs and there should be more transparency

about all finances. We are all the volunteer fire dept and we should all be rightly proud of all that has been accomplished over the years.

Anyway this is merely my opinion and the *Beachcomber* intends to be a journal of news and opinion. And not only mine, so I hope I'll be receiving for publication letters to the editor expressing your opinion on anything and everything. They can be short or long and must be signed. If emailed they should conform to the submission guidelines. I'm also thinking a classified adds section might be a useful tool for the community. In this issue we introduce poetry once again and plan on more exposure for our artists who have contributed so much to the *Beachcomber*. I want to welcome Scott Sampson to the ranks of our regular contributors and I'm hoping to enlist a few more "regulars".

It does happen to be a little more work than I am used to, so it would be very nice to find an editorial assistant to help out.

Thanks for the kind words about the last issue!

—The Editor

BBQ PHOTO ESSAY

Muir Beachers Doing Their Thing

Photographs and Text by Julie Smith

Who knew the 39th Annual Firemen's BBQ would be the only dry, warm, sunny day within weeks! The sun came out, a gentle breeze kept the temperature well within the "Perfect" range, and the freshly mowed meadow was still green from all the late spring rains. Overheard in the crowd: "It just don't get no better than this!"



David Taylor, manning the First Aid booth, had time to catch up on the morning news... he had a ringside seat, and very little business all day. That's how we like it!



Laura Pandapas and Lonna Richmond served beautiful donated high-end wines. No Two-Buck-Chuck here!



David Piel served up perfectly steamed tamales under the tutelage of Master Tamale Steamer, Maury Ostroff.



Rob Allen was the eager recipient of the very first serving of Chicken Dinner. "Mmmm Mmmm Good!"



Brenda Kohn and Tee Shirt Maven Kathy Sward are revved up for a great day in the MBVFD logo gear booth. They weren't disappointed, and neither were the customers who added class to their wardrobes with great new styles.



Kathleen Call and Levon Sagatelyan practice their hard-sell pitch on Bob Hayden: "You tryin' to tell me you only want to buy ONE of these?"



Early in the day BBQ Master Amadeo Banducci's shirt and apron were still bbq sauce-free.



Shirley Nygren, Tayeko Kaufman, Joey Groneman and Gail Falls—Master Bakers all—outdid themselves once again. There was hardly anything left but crumbs by the end of the day.



Jubilee Jumps introduced a new favorite among the young set—it got tons of action all day. (I personally know a lot of "grown-ups" were secretly wondering if they could get away with pretending to be 8...)



Cuco Alcala prepped the grilling racks. Even though the Alcala family has moved away from Muir Beach, they're still very much a part of the community and BBQ.



Eric Groneman, at his usual chicken-grilling position, hands off a perfectly cooked bird to Steve Shaffer, who will make a hungry partier's tummy happy.



The ever-vigilant gate keepers, Al Kile & Company welcomed folks, checked for Ids (issuing red bracelets to those qualified to drink beer and wine), and reminded cooler-toting partiers that BYOB was not allowed.



Steve Wynn gives a rack of chicken a turn while Shirley Nygren's son, Eric, tames the raging fire with a quick squirt of the hose, sending a plume of delicious-smelling smoke out into the crowd. Could this be subliminal marketing?



André Pessis, engulfed in a cloud of smoke from the BBQ pit, explains how a last minute collection of musical heroes saved the day by standing in for the scheduled opening band that cancelled at the last minute.



The MBVFD Mascot, modeling a bright yellow bandana and the new MBVFD dog collar and leash, anointed the Raffle ticket booth's post.



Paul & Anne Jeschke, Volunteer Coordinator, were here... were there... were everywhere, making sure everything was going smoothly. It was!



Rob and Raffle Queen Deb Allen manned the Raffle booth that featured coveted prizes for a hundred lucky winners.



David Brandt and Barbara Herwitz were cheerful promoters of the always popular MBVFD Gear.



Mabel Taylor (right) and her friend, Scarlett Costello, managed to work on their fiber arts creations during a few minutes of down-time in the tee-shirt booth.



Alan Steinbach in his colorful "Bye Bye Trash" hat and helper dog at his heels, kept the picnic grounds pristine all day.



The celebrity-of-the-day, the brand new brush truck made possible by a Fireman's Fund Heritage Employee Bucket Brigade Grant makes its grand entrance with lights flashing and siren blaring.



Dee Dee and Kyle Nygren were at their traditional post, the Nacho Booth, serving up nachos to hungry snackers.



Speeches are made and the giant checks are presented. Jon Rauh, Bucket Brigade team member Tom Ryan, Incoming Fire Chief Steve Wynn, Kristin Nelder (Fireman's Fund employee who nominated Muir Beach for the grant), Don Tarantino of Gallagher-Tarantino Insurance Services, and Chief John John Sward give thumbs up in celebration of the new truck that will help keep Muir Beach safe.



Peter Lambert and Aran Collier do a quick inspection of the yummy baked beans.



Dave MacKenzie and Marilyn Laatsch scored seats at a picnic table where they could listen to the band and savor their chicken dinners.



Brent Smith's grandson Jake Nelder and Michael Kaufman's grandson Asa Kaufman check each other out as Chief John John drives off in the new MBVFD truck.



André's All Stars kept everyone in a joyful dancing mood! Everyone! All afternoon!



Al Kile finally gets a break from his gate-keeping duties.. We're guessing that by the time he's downed that bbq chicken, his apron won't be so clean anymore.



Forget your Jaguars, Harleys and fancy horse-drawn carriages... privileged ladies get to ride in red Radio Flyers propelled by Toddler Power.



André's All Stars have been the hit of every BBQ for more years than most can remember. Thank you André!



Laura Van Amburgh demonstrates the fine points of multitasking to Steve Shaffer, Virgil Taylor, Lonna Richmond and Charlene Modena, who are singularly focused on getting dinner on the plates.



Eric Nygren, Michael Kaufman, Matt Silva and Steve Wynn relax with a beer... and still, Laura rocks on...!



Savor the scene, Folks. The wonderfully funky booths we've known and loved for years must come down... the 40th MBVFD BBQ will have a new look. The "funk-index" is yet to be determined.



Lagunitas Brewing is Big Barbecue Benefactor

By Paul Jeschke

You could put out a house fire with all the beer Lagunitas has donated to the Memorial Day fund-raising barbeque for the Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department.

Lagunitas, the local brewery that got its start in a West Marin kitchen, has been supplying barbeque beer for 10 years, a generous gift and vital component in the event's success. "Volunteer firemen put their lives on the line every day and we want to do anything we can to support them," said Stephanie Parsons, the firm's donations coordinator.

"Lagunitas' owner, Tony Magee, is very community minded and puts a big focus on donations," Parsons said. "He believes in supporting events like this in a big way."

The brewery is now based in Petaluma after being chased out of the San Geronimo Valley because of a problem Muir Beach homeowners can identify with—a problematic

septic system. The brewery is expanding rapidly and now distributes in 25 states, including New York.

Jesse Rudnick is in charge of beer for the barbeque and made the trip to Petaluma to pick up the donation. "They are great people and helped me load the beer into truck," Rudnick said. Each keg holds 120 16-ounce pints.

Lagunitas supplied three different styles of barbeque brew—traditional Indian Pale Ale, Dogtown Pale Ale and A Little Sumpin' Sumpin' Ale, with what the company describes as Wheatly-esque-ish-ness.

Muir Beach isn't the only volunteer fire department that benefits from the brewer's generosity. They donate to Stinson Beach and long list of departments.

We can all drink a toast to our friendly benefactor. Cheers.



Photograph by Julie Smith

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dear Friend of Muir Beach,

The third phase of the restoration project at Muir Beach is scheduled to begin July 6 through October 2011. Last summer we created part of the new creek alignment and secondary creek channels and constructed a new pond for the California red-legged frog. We also improved the emergency access road adjacent to Highway 1 and realigned the Coastal Trail south of Muir Beach to create a natural drainage pattern that prevents erosion.

This summer and fall, the National Park Service and Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy staff and contractor crews will build on this progress by connecting the old creek alignment with new one.

The creek will still flow under the Pacific Way Bridge, but it will follow a new route out through the Green Gulch pasture. The existing creek next to Pacific Way will be filled in to become a new wetland. We will also remove the levee road, which artificially divides the creek from its floodplain.

The new creek alignment, with a more natural width, will improve the movement of water and sediment, establish a better connection to the floodplain, and restore important habitat for steelhead trout and the endangered coho salmon.

Because the existing pedestrian bridge would not survive the high flows through the new channel very well, we will also build a new 235-foot-long pedestrian bridge from the existing parking lot to the intersection with the Coastal Trail. It will span the lower floodplain and sit on deep, widely spaced piles. It's an 8-foot-wide aluminum bridge with wood decking. It will be shiny at first, but it will weather over time to a duller silver-gray; please be patient while natural weathering helps the bridge settle into the landscape. The existing pedestrian bridge would not survive the high flows through the new channel very well, so it was important to build this part of the bridge at the same time the new channel is activated.

You will also see some clearing and fill placement in the riparian area between the parking lot and Pacific Way. We will be storing soil in the footprint of the future parking area. The levee road material removed this year will be stored there for future parking lot construction, and sandy soil will be stored for restoration use when the existing parking lot is removed. The parking lot work is not expected to take place until the summer of 2013.

This year's work is funded by grants from the California Wildlife Conservation Board, the California Department of Fish and

Game, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the California Coastal Conservancy, the NPS Recreation Fee program, as well as your ongoing support.

You can also catch up on the science behind the transformation. As with past years, Project Information Coordinators will be on site to answer questions and provide project updates. Please feel free to forward this to others who want to receive updates about the project as it progresses.

Thank you for your continued support of this project. We look forward to sharing with you regular reports from creek and, even more, to seeing you on site as the restored landscape grows in.

All the best,
NPS Project Manager Carolyn Shoulders and The Redwood Creek Restoration Team

For more information, please call (415) 561-3054 or write trailsforever@parksconservancy.org.



ANNOUNCEMENTS



H A I K U

One son gives me yogi licorice tea,
The other son self brewed beer,
What more could a father want?

West Marin TRIPtrans
Volunteer Driver Program
Sponsored by Marin Transit
& funded by the Metropolitan Transportation Commission's New Freedom Program.
Administered by
WEST MARIN SENIOR SERVICES

West Marin Senior Services has received a federal grant through Marin Transit to provide a \$.35/mile reimbursement to volunteer drivers who take seniors to medical appointments and errands.

WMSS encourages seniors to find their own drivers and we will reimburse mileage expenses incurred by a friend, neighbor, or IHSS worker.

Implementation will begin February 1, 2011.

- Volunteers "work" for a friend
- Volunteers are not "on call"
- There are no set hours
- TRIP service provides an opportunity to build friendships
- Satisfies the wish to help others
- Mileage reimbursements offset expenses

We are looking for:

- Seniors (60+) who need rides
- Volunteer drivers to drive
- Volunteers to help coordinate the program

Please contact:
Chloe Cook, Volunteer Coordinator
415-663-8148 x114
chloe@wmss.org

BETH NELSON

I first came to Muir Beach in 2004 as a visitor, walking along Pacific Way and looking up towards the Pearlman's and de Barros' residences in envy. I distinctly remember saying "Now who are the lucky people that get to live here?" Not too many years after that, I found myself living briefly on that very property.

Thus began a love affair with Muir Beach, the people and the community.

Whilst living on Sunset, I began a visual and written diary about Muir Beach, the day-to-day life, the people and places of Muir. We moved away, but managed to find a little cottage at Muir for weekends, where I continued to write and paint about Muir Beach.

Recently I realized that the center of this work, was really about the Elders of Muir. I've decided to act on that realization, and begin an oral and visual history of those residents that came to Muir between the 1940's and the 1970's. It is my hope that people will support this project, and will come forward to tell their stories, share their memories, their photographs, their unique history.

I am researching grants from sources as varied as the Book Club of California, the Marin Headlands Center for the Arts, Marin County historical sources, Kickstarter.com, and Chronicle Books whom I have published with for many years.

I would love to hear from any of you who might want to contribute to this book in whatever way you feel moved. I hope soon to begin the first phase of interviewing and photographing people. Please feel free to telephone me on 415 497 7387 or to e-mail on nelsonart@ymail.com I look forward to hearing from you.

EDNA ROSSENAS (415-381-6404) wishes to highly recommend "Project Vote Smart", an organization aspiring to "thousands of citizens, conservatives and liberals alike, working together, spending thousands of hours researching the backgrounds and records of thousands of candidates for public office and incumbents: voting records, campaign contributions, their public statements, their backgrounds and work histories, even the evaluations made on them by over 100 competing special interest groups. And each election volunteers pressure candidates to provide you with their intentions on major issues they will likely face if elected. www.vote-smart.org; 1-800-Vote-Smart

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