

BEACHCOMBER

SINCE 1946





Share the Health Organic Produce Delivery

Share the Health organic produce deliveries will continue as long as Star Route Farms is offering boxes and there is demand from Muir Beach. To date, Adrianna has delivered over 100 boxes. See story on page 5.



Adrianna Bender

MBVFD Update

By David Taylor

The Fire Department has maintained its training activities during the pandemic. We are wearing masks and social distancing as much as practically possible during our drills. It turns out that it can be hard to wear a mask while also wearing self-contained breathing apparatus (SCBA). Mercifully the SCBA is probably the safest way to avoid

breathing in any viral particles and we each have our own SCBA masks. As we are a small group in close contact we keep each other apprised of any exposures or need to self-isolate and so far we have been safe. We are, however, vulnerable to disruption in our ability to respond if even one or two of us is quarantined let alone ill.

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Brady Stockwell



Chris Gove



Rob Allen



Jon Rauh



Elena Sanchez-Corea,
from Slide Ranch



Adrianna Bender

MUIR BEACH Fishing Report

By Fishboy

We went fishing just for the halibut!



Anna Rauh (left) with friends
Matilda and Penelope.

August 1, off Stinson, we tried to fish for salmon but the salmon weren't biting for us, so we drifted frozen anchovies and that's when we starting catching halibut. The bite was on for an hour straight. With many whales near us, the view was spectacular. See page 15 for more fishing.

Supporting Racial Justice in MB

By Amy Utstein



Since the death of George Floyd on May 25, a group of Muir Beachers has been gathering by the mailboxes with signs saying “Black Lives Matter” to protest police brutality. It feels great to make a public statement that Muir Beach cares about black lives and all community members are welcome to join us as their schedules allow.

However, some of you might wonder why we are still there. You might wonder what the point of it is now, so long after George Floyd’s death.

Of course, one answer is that since the death of George Floyd, the violence against black people at the hands of law enforcement hasn’t stopped. Another answer is that we are showing solidarity with the black people who pass us; we are letting them know that we are outraged by the way that black people are treated in this society - and especially outraged that they cannot depend on those who vow to protect and serve.

You might not realize that almost every day we protest someone shouts

“All Lives Matter” from their car as they pass, or we get a thumbs down, or someone gives us the finger. And that, also, almost every day, we have black people stop their cars to thank us for standing there in solidarity with them and the daily iniquities they face in this society.

But, I’d like to share a more personal story.

I grew up in a liberal family and I knew that racism was a problem, but to be honest, I never spent a lot of time thinking about it. I always meant to read a particular book or article, or watch a documentary about the black experience in America, but when it came down

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ON THE COVER

Sunset at the Overlook

Photograph by Diane McDonald
Captured with her iPhone 8.

Diane is a local artist, massage therapist, and long-time resident of Druid Heights.

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Supporting Racial Justice in MB

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to it, I didn't really want to. And, I didn't have to grapple with racism or white supremacy because I didn't think it affected me. After George Floyd was killed, I realized that I couldn't keep my head in the sand and I opened up a book I had sitting on my shelf called "Me and White Supremacy" by Layla Saad. Within a couple of days, I couldn't believe how blind I had allowed myself to be to the daily lived experience of black people in this country. I am deeply shamed by my willful ignorance about the ways that I benefit from our racist culture.

What I soon realized is that every white person – whether they are bigoted or not – benefits from the racially structured hierarchies in America. Peggy McIntosh who wrote, "White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack" lists 50 examples of white privilege. Here are just a few examples,

- 1) I can, if I wish, arrange to be in the company of people of my race most of the time.
- 2) When I am told about our national heritage or about "civilization," I am shown that people of my color made it what it is.
- 3) I can go into a book shop and count on finding the writing of my race represented, into a supermarket and find the staple foods that fit with my cultural traditions, into a hairdresser's shop and find someone who can deal with my hair.
- 4) I do not have to educate my children to be aware of systemic racism for their own daily physical protection.
- 5) If a traffic cop pulls me over I can be sure I haven't been singled out because of my race.



6) I can be sure that if I need legal or medical help, my race will not work against me.

White is the standard – it is the background against which difference is measured. It is "white" or it's the "other". For example, if a TV comedy features a white family, it's a comedy. If it's a comedy which features a black family, it's a black comedy. We don't have White History Month because White History Month is every month other than February.

Specifically, here in Muir Beach, our houses are expensive and therefore home owners pay more in property taxes than in areas that are less affluent. But, our property taxes aren't split evenly throughout the state; they benefit our community's public schools. Many people (myself included) move to Marin for the "good schools", but if you look closely at how schools are funded, you quickly see that wealthy people, predominately white people, get better public schools for their children. This is just one way that white people continue to have an unfair advantage in this society.

I used to believe in the American myth that with hard work, anyone in the US could "pull themselves up by their bootstraps" and make a good life for themselves. But, as a white person, I start with an unearned advantage which I didn't really understand until very recently.

As Layla Saad writes, the system we were born into is "underpinned with white supremacy and this system has granted [us] unearned privileges, protection, and power." And what I receive for my whiteness comes at a steep cost for those who are not white. We cannot change our skin color to stop receiving these privileges but we can wake up to what is really going on and we can work to dismantle it within ourselves and the world.

Racism is a white problem, not a black problem, and only white people can do something about it. It starts with understanding our own relationship to white supremacy, but there is so much more to do. We can give money to organizations (ideally black-led) who are working on issues we care about. We can help get out the vote and protect voting rights across the country. We can reach out to organizations doing work we care about and get involved. And, we can stand in front of the mailboxes in Muir Beach and let the black folks who drive by know that we're not going to stop caring about these issues; we can let them know that it's a movement – not a moment.

As Tirien Steinbach (who some of you might know) once said, "Be as radical as you can be, where you are." I live in Muir Beach.

Share the Health

By Adrianna Bender

Continued from page 2

On March 12, I found out Tamalpais High School was closing to in-person instruction for the rest of the semester and I would have to finish up my Junior year online. I'm not going to lie, I was initially excited that I wasn't going to have to wake up at 6:40 every morning. At the same time, I was nervous. I didn't know what my future would hold. Prom? Gone. My summer service trip to Panama? Poof. College tours? Forget about it. One of the more painful events I lost was the annual Breast Cancer Awareness Club Fashion Show and Fundraiser. I became President of the club at the beginning of my Junior year and I had been working all year to build the club's awareness on campus, increase member participation, and plan the fashion show. I had big plans, and tons of ideas. It was difficult to put them all on the shelf and realize that we weren't going to be able to raise any money in support of breast cancer research.

I stumbled into the Breast Cancer Awareness Club in my freshman year when a friend of my brother's asked me to help with the fashion show. Once I joined the club, I learned how truly devastating, and common, this disease is. It affects both women and men, including several members of my immediate family. It has become a very important cause to me.

After about a month into the shelter-in-place order in Marin, I began to understand just how difficult it was for people to feed themselves, shop safely, and access fresh foods as the COVID-19 crisis worsened. My own grandmother was advised not to leave her home, because



Star Route Farms employee, Nick, in front of the main office.

she is a senior citizen with a heart condition. The stores became a crowded and somewhat scary place for many people. At the time, not a lot of businesses were consistently delivering to Muir Beach, or elsewhere, and I realized that many of my neighbors were putting themselves at risk just by driving to the grocery store. My father read on Nextdoor about how Star Route Farms in Bolinas was starting to offer organic produce boxes for sale to consumers in Mill Valley and other locations. My mother suggested we try a box. I suggested something different.

In late April, 2020, "Share the Health" launched. Every Wednesday, I drive to Bolinas and pick up produce boxes from Annabelle and Nick at Star Route Farms, which I then deliver to my neighbors in Muir Beach. In the past, Star Route Farms primarily provided organic produce to commercial establishments. Once businesses started closing due to COVID-19, much of their sales shifted to a direct-to-consumer model. I don't accept payment for my delivery service to Muir Beach, but for the first two months of the program I accepted donations for the Breast Cancer Awareness Club.

Thanks to the generosity and hunger of Muir Beachers, I have now raised over \$1,000 and delivered over 100 boxes.

At the beginning of this program, my hope was to make life just a bit easier for those who were nervous to go to grocery stores or interact with people, for fear of getting sick. An added benefit has been helping the great people at Star Route Farms reach an additional market. Personally, I have loved every minute of this program. It not only allows me to get out of the house and go on a lovely drive once a week, but it has encouraged me to connect and form relationships with people in my community that I didn't even know existed beforehand. I cannot tell you how gratifying it is -- receiving small notes of thanks, finding little tokens of appreciation, and knowing that I'm making a difference for my community. It provides a sense of happiness that I cannot find anywhere else. Especially with what we are all facing right now, this has been a true gift.

Share the Health organic produce deliveries will continue as long as Star Route Farms is offering boxes and there is demand from Muir Beach. Each week you'll receive a reminder email to order, along with a tasty recipe using box ingredients. Boxes are \$30 and orders must be placed by Wednesdays at 9 am at <https://www.starroutefarmslc.com>

Once you've placed your order, please send the order number to abvanspyk@yahoo.com along with your address, phone number, and drop-off instructions. All deliveries are contactless. At this time, donations are not being accepted, but will resume once the fall semester at Tamalpais High School begins.

MBVFD Update

Continued from page 2

The average age of the Muir Beach fire department is what would be considered past retirement age in any professional fire service so by definition we are a pretty high-risk group.

We are very excited that the Conti family has returned to live in Muir Beach from Barcelona and that Maurice will be re-joining the department at the end of July. He is a very experienced and well-trained firefighter and we are grateful that he is interested in being of service to our community again. His daughter Annabelle will also be starting as an intern joining Adrianna and Chris Bender.

As tourists have returned to the beach and the adjoining park areas we have had some increase in call volume. A second accident occurred at the intersection of Hwy 1 and Seacape Dr. – this time involving a motorcyclist and a vehicle turning into Seacape. He was evacuated by helicopter for evaluation of head injury and is doing well. Please exercise caution when accessing Seacape as the intersection is essentially a blind one for southbound/downhill motorists and cyclists. The motorcyclist was fortunate that two of the bystander motorists were off duty Cal Fire personnel, one of whom had just been married two hours previously on Mt. Tam. An elegantly attired proud new bride watched as he cared for the victim until we arrived on scene.

Over Memorial Day weekend a Sunday morning motorcycle rider experienced a cardiac arrest by

Slide Ranch. We were the first medics on scene and performed CPR and used our AED however he sadly did not survive and was pronounced dead by the side of highway.

Last month, a late model BMW convertible flew off the Pacific Way bridge at Lagoon Dr. at such high speed that it was airborne and then completely disappeared into the water. The driver also disappeared presumably without serious injury leaving behind not only his car but also an exploding water main. MBVFD and our water department responded but unfortunately a several day water outage effected a number of homes on Pacific Way, Lagoon and Shoreline Hwy. In this scenario our department was one of scores of workers responding but the highly technical recovery meant that we were effectively spectators as SMFD divers entered the creek to attach the tow line from the heavy duty tow truck from Diego Brothers. Most of the local CHP battalion seemed to be on scene to work on locating the missing motorist.

The wildland fire season is fast approaching as everyone can surely notice and feel. Please take this time to prepare. This means considering evacuation plans and managing any defensible space that you may need to attend to. On September 8th we have arranged a chipper day and there will be an opportunity to sign



Wreck at Pacific Way bridge.

up for this service in August. We will most likely experience public safety power outages again in the autumn on high risk days so if you have any generator questions we are always ready to help out.

We continue to hope that members of the community will step forward to help participate in the FireWise [www.firesafemarin.org] program for wildfire preparation. We will be arranging a public teleconference with a representative of this program in the early autumn.

Please consider purchasing MBVFD merchandise to help with the loss of fundraising following cancellation of the annual BBQ. Contact Lisa Eigsti or Kevin Corbit for items and payment.

Photos by David Taylor

Tiny and I

By Linda Gibbs

When Buster, our 49-year-old red-eared slider turtle was younger, David and I would purchase a dozen baby goldfish called feeders and offer them to Buster. The smart ones got away and grew up to be big fish.

This happened with the two 7-year-old goldfish that reside with Buster today. They are tank buddies and Buster would not think of attacking them. When we get down to a couple survivors, we name them. Their names are Poppy (orange colored) and Frosty (all white).

In July I noticed at feeding time that Poppy was chasing Frosty around the tank, nuzzling against her side. They went around and around manically in their 55-gallon tank. I watched fascinated at their frolicking and didn't think any more about this playful behavior. Later I saw a stringy ribbon coming out of Frosty. I thought it was feces.

What I did think about was the fact Frosty was gaining weight, her sides bulging and swollen. She looked uncomfortable. I felt bad that I was overfeeding her and cut back on their food.

So much to my surprise a week or so later, a miracle occurred. A baby goldfish, called fry, appeared, bronze in color and very much alive. I was stunned by the magic of it all.

David researched goldfish spawning behavior and learned that the swirling, nuzzling activity was Poppy stimulating Frosty to lay her eggs—what I thought were feces—so he could release sperm and fertilize the eggs.

Poppy is a male and Frosty is a female! Never have surviving feeders produced off-spring in our tank. We think it was a perfect storm with optimal temperature conditions.

The parents will eat their eggs and their fry once they are hatched. This is worrisome but so far they are ignoring the little one, who grows bigger every day. We call her Tiny. She will not turn orange until two- or three-months old. We think the brown color provides camouflage in her early days until she is more established and can swiftly move away from peril.

Everyday I look for Tiny. She likes to hide behind Buster's cave. And every day I am relieved that she is still alive. The challenge for Tiny is to avoid her parents and Buster. We hope she is a smart one and grows too large for the tank mates to think of her as food.

Her parents were smart, maybe she will be, too.

Note 1: Some years ago we stopped providing feeders to Buster. It didn't seem right to subject the older fish to the slaughter of their kin.

Note 2: Buster was a birthday gift to David in 1971. She arrived in a small wooden matchbox. As a baby David raised her and when I came along in 1975, I enthusiastically helped to care for her, too. How did David's friend Gary know that David would take to this little creature and care for her into her golden years?

We did not know that Buster was a female until she began laying

eggs as a young adult turtle. But that is another story about our unsuccessful attempts to breed babies by introducing a male into the tank. First Billy, then Music Masher, and then Basil. Basil would bite Buster's hind legs during the courtship ritual, causing bleeding and treatment with antibiotics. We had no choice but to return Basil to East Bay Vivarium. Breeding aquatic critters is a challenge for us and that is why we are thrilled with the arrival of Tiny.

It's the little things that p... me off!

By Mike Miller

- Wrap around ads on the front page of the newspaper
- The bump on the bridge at Tennessee Valley
- Cyclists two abreast on Hiway 1
- Trump (not so little)
- The Cars for Kids jingle
- Phone trees
- Narrow gauge toilet paper in public restrooms
- Mayonnaise on hot sandwiches
- Mail thieves
- No Bistro and ginger scones
- Deer eating my flowers
- The new litter – discarded face masks
- Our wetlands that were rewilded and are now an ugly mess
- Oh, did I mention Trump?
- Cinnamon in apple pie

Redemption

That morning I slipped early to the sea
to lift a mean depression
breaking my heart.
Images of my beloved Father
trapped in a nursing home
with a mind that could no longer
save him from the marriage
that had squeezed the very life out of him.

The motions of the paddle
numbly driving the boat northward,
the journey thwarted
by the specter of a fin, which alerted danger,
in those coastal waters.
Yet upon second glance
A pod of dolphins emerged
from the haze of my mind.

And what could I do but follow
their beckoning southward
to another world
not trampled and confined
but filled with the boundless possibility
of free expression.

This shell of my Father
gave way to the silhouettes of the dolphins...
to what could have been
had true love been present.

With pure delight, the dolphins spun and leaped
buoying my spirit
white bellies gleaming, eyes laughing,
over and over they dove and re emerged
For hours bringing me further downstream...

Until all that remained
was the brilliance of the morning light, the swirling of the gulls above,
and the stirring of the murky sea beneath.

—Diana Marie Estey

COVID Changes Options for College Bound

By Paul Jeschke

Give Muir Beach's college contingent an "A" for adaptability and lessons learned during the Covid-19 crisis. Well-honed courses of study and comfortable living arrangements were suddenly cancelled beginning in March as the pandemic forced an end to crowded classrooms and on campus housing. Most students headed for home. "Social distancing" replaced social gatherings for the remainder of the spring term. With the fall semester approaching and no end to the pandemic, colleges are improvising teaching techniques and students are forced to deal with rearranged schedules and changed living conditions.

The abrupt cancellation of classes the University of San Francisco was "shocking" for senior Maxx Moore who was living in an off-campus apartment. "It was novel, interesting at first," he said, "but it got old pretty fast." USF had hoped to begin in-person classes for the fall semester but has pivoted to on-line classes to comply with city and state distancing regulations. "Not the same as in-person," Maxx acknowledged, "but Zoom is better than nothing."

Half a dozen other Muir Beach college students, including Daniella Silva and Joe Levin, scrambled through the summer to plot their academic futures and make alternative plans if necessary. Tennessee Nelson was accepted at the prestigious San Francisco Art Institute and was stunned when the school announced it was shutting down because of Covid-19's impact on its already stressed financial situation.

Continued on next page

Although the school later reversed its closure, Tennessee had already changed course and was accepted at California College of the Arts.

Sophomore Tessa Perez had been studying in Orange County but said the pandemic “put everything on hold.” She’s decided College of Marin is her best bet now with a hybrid assortment of classes including some in-person labs. Jackson Moore, who had studied at UC Santa Cruz, is also switching to College of Marin with most of his classes online.

Maud Utstein heads back to Ohio and College of Wooster where students are required to be tested for Covid-19 and will be quarantined if positive. Classes will continue to be in-person with masks and six-foot spacing. “I’m lucky to study in a safe environment,” Maud said.

Chris Bender spent his first semester at Northeastern studying in the Greek city of Thessaloniki. The spring term was abruptly abbreviated by the pandemic. Class will resume at the Boston university with strict testing protocols and housing options limited to doubles only. Professors may decide their own teaching modes and students can opt out of any class if they find the protocol unacceptable.

Educators say there’s a bright side to all this dealing with chaos and uncertainty. The adversity students face from Covid should forge the most resilient, gritty, and emotionally-grounded generation of young adults this country has seen in decades.

BEARING WITNESS : A PRAYER IN SEVEN PARTS

You are 75, bone tired, sitting on the family sofa, as night falls sensing the empty space beside you. You stretch for the phone, holding the receiver in your left hand, you dial the hospital with your other. The 24 year old nurse who is coming to the end of her 14 hour shift, holds the hospital phone to your gasping husband’s ear. “I love you, I love you, I’m right here”. He cannot answer. You say “good night” and slowly hang up the phone. You’re weeping now. The next call is from the nurse.

Amen

Your mother with dementia has been wheeled to the window of her room at the nursing home. Bushes block your way to her window. You snap off branches, push your way through to her. The glass is cold to the touch. You make a heart shape with your fingers like you saw on television yesterday, maybe some ad. Your mother is mute, expressionless, vacant. Can she even see me?

Amen

Feel your left cheek pressed against the hot, hard pavement, feel the pressure of a knee on the right side of your neck, squeezing your carotid artery, then your wind pipe. Getting harder to breathe now. Someone, something is crushing your back, men’s voices, can’t breathe, “mama help, help: then darkness.

Amen

It’s night time, smell and taste of smoke penetrating your mask as you stand in a line of fellow

officers facing the protesters. The fingers of your right hand clench the pepper spray gun. You scan the protesters, sirens, smoke, sound of approaching helicopter, chaos. Then you catch a glimpse of a young man among the protesters; the son of one of your neighbors. Then you hear a command “shoot.” You aim your pepper spray gun at the ground in front of you, and pull the trigger.

Amen

You can’t sleep, your pacing, your throat is tightening, voices in your head: “win, win”, “fire him”, “don’t trust” (pace, twitter), “commander-in-chief, yes that’s me, commander-in-chief” pace, twitter, pace twitter, pace, twitter.....from somewhere a whisper; “I am so scared”

Amen

You stand at where the front door of your diner used to be. Everything is flooded, blackened, burned, broken. You are broken. You turn and leave.

Amen

You, your husband, your mother and your daughter, Annie have lived a long time in a two bedroom walk-up in N.Y.C. You are experiencing the painful loss of your mother to Covid two days ago. This mid-afternoon exhausted, you collapse on the bed to take a nap. Suddenly Annie bursts in “Mama, where is Grandma! Where is she!” “Honey, she’s with God now” you answer. “Well, tell God to give her back!”

Amen, Amen, Amen

—Martha de Barros

The Year of the Foxes

By Anne Jeschke

Every night one of our friendly foxes leaves a pile of scat on the bench on the community path between Seacape and Starbuck. I sometimes wonder what the Clark family would think of their lovely plaque covered in scat, but hopefully they would be amused. Foxes seem to like raised places to deposit their packages - another common site is a “Bot’s dot”, the reflective marker at the side of the road. And of course there is always a pile or two along our gravel driveway.

Fox photos by Lonna Richmond

Scat photo by Anne Jeschke





MBCSD Lands and Easements Management Committee: A Suggestion

By Gerry Pearlman

Aside from the identification of the easements themselves and questions of who actually has jurisdiction over them, the main task confronting the Subcommittee is crafting a policy governing those easements over which CSD jurisdiction is an established fact. It is a daunting task the success of which I believe is questionable with regard to the committee's ability to arrive at a consensus. There is an abundance of established law pertaining to easements in the general canon of property law which lawyers have been arguing about for a very long time. Any attempt to adopt a policy based on precedent would have to be a frustrating and fruitless endeavor. To avoid challenges to whatever policy this committee came up with would be next to impossible.

My suggestion would be not to spend too much time and effort on determining what a one size fits all policy would be, but to take another tack entirely; and that would be to take each actual case that arises separately. Whenever there is an issue pertaining to easements (or any other matter the committee is charged with overseeing) rather than trying to determine an outcome based on precedents, the committee instead hear and decide each case based on it's individual merits after hearing arguments and evidence from both sides. To be sure references to existing policy would come up as part of the arguments on either side of the issue, but they would not be the sole determining factor.

In other words the Subcommittee would reconstitute itself as a

preliminary hearing on the issue at hand. The committee would make a recommendation based on its findings to the CSD Board who would then make the final determination in its own hearing on the matter. I believe this type of procedure could go a long way to keeping disputes between neighbors from going to court with its attendant uncertainties and significant expenses. It does not guarantee that any decision made locally can not be appealed to a court, but it would ensure that a local matter gets a significant airing at both the Subcommittee and CSD level without the necessity of invoking the intervention of a higher authority.

Would it be possible to reach an equitable conclusion without referencing a priori an established policy is an open question. Policies based on precedent are the norm when seeking an equitable resolution to a dispute between two parties. But I am suggesting that they not be the be all and end all of any controversy. Maybe as a starting point they could serve a purpose as a guide for discussion and direction. Maybe even a policy could emerge from a case decided on its merits alone that might be used profitably to determine a future judgment on an issue. But if a leading consideration is keep things from moving up to the courts away from local decision making, then not having a hidebound local policy in place is the better way to approach the problem at hand.

Either party to a controversy would have the opportunity to give their

arguments their best shot at the preliminary hearing level and again at the CSD level. The CSD would have a lot more information to base their decision on; and the party or parties to the controversy can be assured that they have had a full and fair hearing. It would not be a preexisting policy that determined an outcome but the weight of the arguments on either side of the issue. Often the underlying substance of any argument over land use involves the ideas of public versus private interest. Not a simple matter to arrive at a fair decision but would it not be more comforting to know that the members of your community are the ones who have decided the issue rather than some distant court who has not only decided against you but also cost you a lot of money.

Several meetings of the subcommittee on the subject of easements have already taken place, more information is available at muirbeachcsd.com.

The members of the subcommittee are Kasey Corbit, Victoria Hamilton-Rivers, Christian Riehl, David Taylor, and Julie Smith.

Shop and Give

The Mill Valley Market includes the Beachcomber in its Shop and Give program. All you have to do is tell them you want your purchase to be credited to the Beachcomber when you check out, and a percentage of your purchase will be sent to the Beachcomber.

— Anne Jeschke

What's All Happening at the Fair?

By Laurie Piel

Many people have asked if our Annual Holiday Arts Fair will happen this year. Short answer...we don't know...yet. But if so, what about questions of safety?

I have lots of thoughts about how to handle things if we are allowed to have it and I thought I'd share some of my current ideas with assumed restrictions in place. Of course, as things change so will we. Needless to say, I'm actively looking for any suggestions anyone might have. The obvious first issue is masks... they would be required by everyone.

The next issue is distancing. The number of tables available will be cut in half leaving a total of about 18 inside and on the deck. This meets current requirements and would allow enough space for everyone to feel comfortable.

Possibly there would be only one entrance/exit to the Center which would be monitored. The monitors would

be equipped with contactless thermometers to check all guests' temperatures as well as keeping track of the number of guests inside at any given time.

The kitchen & beverage bar are the sources of revenue for the community. The bar already uses only disposable cups. The kitchen would have lots of prewrapped goodies and, hopefully, the hot foods would not have to change because they don't promote contagion.

Café Q would also lose a number of tables.

Because of the numbers of residents that have expressed interest in participating, as of now, this year the artists will only be Muir Beachers. If you haven't registered and are still interested, please let me know. If possible, I will bring back our glassblower because he is outside and everyone likes to watch him work.

I'm sure there are other questions to be answered but these are my thoughts as of now. Stay safe and please let me know what you think and any suggestions you might have by emailing me at muirbeachartsfair@gmail.com.

Farm Stand at Lower Tank

By Anne Jeschke

The symbiotic relationship between the Muir Beach community and neighboring Green Gulch Farm has always been powerful, but it's been particularly forceful for many of us during the Covid-19 pandemic.

At the same time Muir Beach residents were socially distancing themselves and limiting over the hill food runs, the monks and students at Green Gulch were struggling to find a market for the bountiful crops they normally sold to the Bay Area's fine food restaurants. The pop-up farm stand at the lower tank was what now seems like the inevitable result.

For me, it was a pleasant continuation of a long time relationship with our San Francisco Zen Center friends. Our eldest son, Matthew, is a long time student of Zen priest and Muir Beach resident Norman Fischer. Matt studied at Green Gulch and Tassajara for more than 5 years, and met his wife there. My husband, Paul, and I frequently enjoy walks among verdant fields of produce and flowers that grace this carefully cultivated land.

When farm manager Sara Tashker, marketer Emila Heller, Maria and the Green Gulch farm crew proposed a weekly produce stand, we knew we wanted to be "all in." As our son Matt said, during his years as a farm

intern he always looked forward to the farmers' markets. And we echo that feeling.

Probably no one has been more central to the success of this venture than CSD Manager Mary Halley. She has worked with Green Gulch to find a perfect place to sell the vegetables, with easy access both by car and on foot. She has recruited the Muir Beach "staff" to oversee the sales. And the timing has been coordinated with working adults who need to come in the late afternoon. Each week Green Gulch emails customers with the produce list and prices for that week. Muir Beach residents staff the stand from noon until 6 PM.

Many residents have said that they like to select their own produce each week, as opposed to buying a box of pre-selected produce. And buyers are always in awe of the beauty of the organic vegetables. It is hard to resist the bright greens, golds, reds and oranges of the vegetables.

If you'd like to receive a weekly list of the vegetables coming the next Tuesday, just email greengulchveggies@gmail.com. And don't forget to wear a mask, keep 6 feet from others, and sanitize your hands when arriving and leaving. Bringing your own bags is helpful, and the sanitizer is provided by Green Gulch. The farm stand remains at the lower tank, just off the Starbuck extension and above the community center.

On Being a Writer and Tooting Your Own Horn

By Nina Vincent

From the earliest times I am able to remember - I wrote. It started with thank you letters to my aunts and grandmothers for gifts they'd given me for my birthday, Easter or Christmas. At first, I wrote the letters as directed, "Thank Granny for the etcher-sketch or Gram for the soft cuddly stuffed animal." I don't remember when parentally guided thanks became creative gratitude for me but those letters were the beginning of my love of sending words on paper out into the world.

Black Lives Matter

OK, I get it. Black Lives Matter. But it's time to put down the signs and do something about it. Protests bring awareness and demands. Legislation brings change. Write to your local, state, and national representatives and ask them to write the bills that address the issues brought forth by the Black Lives Matter movement. Then VOTE for those who do so.

—Mike Miller

VOTE November 3rd

We have less than ninety days until our next General Election. This is one of our most important elections. Secretary of State Padilla reminds us that, "Free and fair elections are the foundation of American democracy. Throughout our nation's history, we have held elections during times of peace and times of war, during good economic times and during recessions, and even prior pandemics." www.sos.ca.gov.

—Janet Tumpich

Next came my lock and key diary. Suffice it to say a great deal of whining went on within the locked cover of those widely spaced blue lined pages!

English was always my favorite class. I relished the positive attention when a personal essay I'd turned in received attention from a teacher who might pull me aside to tell me what a good job I'd done. Positive attention was always a plus for me and I was in dire need of it so I wrote with everything I was worth to receive more.

I wrote poetry - some of the worst ever written I'm sure. I wrote short stories, and long stories. But the place where writing was home for me was personal. It was the ten letter pages I would pen to my boyfriend of three years - endless words of love, sorrow, and nonsense.

Still to this day I will choose writing a letter to a loved one or friend in situations that call for deep, honest, vulnerability and sharing. I am able to express my true self in writing far, far better than in person. It is safer and I am able to sit quietly and hear my own words, my own truths and feelings.

Over the past seven years I endeavored to take my journals from our family year in Oaxaca Mexico and turn them into a travel memoir. While taking as many winter retreats to Harbin Hot Springs as work and parenthood would allow I wrote. My travel memoir abandoned, I started a short story that became a novel.

As my novel progressed an author friend advised me to publish essays

in any magazine that would take them so that when I finished my novel I would have published credit on my side. The first time one of my articles was accepted for publication I was amazed. I never considered myself a *writer*. I would never have claimed this as something that belonged to me. Even after several more of my articles were published in widely distributed magazines I did not consider myself a *writer* despite the fact that I was spending anywhere from three to five hours a day working on my novel. A novel I published in 2018.

My novel just received an award with the largest international indie awards program. Amid thousands of entries *Sliding Into Home* landed one of five Finalist Awards in its category. When I received the news in an email Eli was home visiting. He had encouraged me to enter the contests in the first place. In all honesty, I didn't think it was a big deal. I didn't know that the Next Generation Indie Awards were considered the 'Sundance' of indie book awards. When I told Cassidy (my mentor in marketing and fame), he advised me to sing the news from the social media mountain tops. I had to let the world know that my book had won an award – this in the name of marketing.

I don't like tooting my own horn. But when asked to put something in the *Beachcomber* about my book's award I decided, as is my habit, to tell the longer version of the story, perhaps to convince myself that now an award-winning author, I might just whisper from my mouth to your ears that I am indeed a writer!

Repudiating a Shameful Legacy: Help Heal Muir Beach's Racist History

By Gary Friedman

While we have a great and proud history in Muir Beach, there remains an historical legacy of shame that needs to be addressed. When the Muir Beach Company adopted the Bello Beach subdivision in 1945, all deeds contained a racist restrictive covenant that prevented any person of color from buying property at Muir Beach and only permitted such people to live here as household servants.

More specifically every one of the deeds in all of our community with the exception of Seacape contains the following language, **"the premises herein described shall not be used or occupied by any person except those of the Caucasian race, except that persons of other races may be employed as household servants."**

I was shocked by this when it was first brought to my attention.

While this practice of "redlining" was widespread and condoned by the government, it has since been declared invalid and unconstitutional

since the Civil Rights Act of 1964, so it has no legal force today. But the consequences for people of color continue to this day and have been enormous. While white people were able to buy properties here and elsewhere in the country that were valuable, most people of color were forced to live together in ghettos that did not enjoy the appreciation in value that occurred here and in other sought after places. This was consequential for both them and their heirs, the reverberations of which continue to this day.

Today, these properties in Muir Beach carry a moral stain on each of our properties. The good news is that we can file a modification of our restrictive covenants which the county recorder has agreed to accept without a recording fee to repudiate this covenant. The proposed modification reads as follows in part, "We repudiate this clause and are ashamed for our country that many once considered it acceptable, and state that we

welcome with enthusiasm and without reservation neighbors of all races and ethnicities."

Wouldn't it be great if all of us who have such restrictions, band together to take this action to provide an unambiguous welcome to any prospective purchaser of our properties and for our children as well? Please join us in participation in filing the modification. Details to follow.

Addendum from Trish McCall.

The article published in the Washington Post re:

The Sierra Club, nation's oldest conservation group, is denouncing the racism of founder John Muir, the 'father of national parks'

The Sierra Club says it will "pull down" its monument to Muir, who supported white supremacy.

To read the article, please google *Washington Post, The Sierra Club denounces John Muir*.

Moore Fishing Report

By Michael Moore

Earlier this year, the salmon fishing was fantastic as anyone can attest by the number of boats off of Muir Beach and Slide Ranch. While the salmon fishing has slowed, the "flat fish" or halibut bite has been productive in the usual spots. We are all hoping for a red hot August and September.

Good luck and see you on the water.



Mike with his salmon and halibut (rockfish not pictured).



Mike and David Schwartz with their salmon catch.

Diary of a Little Beach Takeover

(The Covid Diaries Part Two)

By Beth Nelson

4th of July

The big Buck Full Moon is rising as I write this. I wish I knew the star or planet next to it. I believe it might be Jupiter. I've been sitting here watching the full moon come up over the mountain – magnificent and the perfect end to a perfect Muir day.

We had a spontaneous community takeover of Little Beach today, thanks to Lisa and April and John.

When I arrived at Little Beach, the towels were lined up, six feet apart from the cliffs to the rocks. Genius! The “Little Beach 4th of July Take Over” had begun. John and April had been woken up and were sitting there reading books, guarding over it all. Lisa had come down at 8 a.m. to “stake our claim”. Masks were mandatory, everyone complied. I thought my heart would burst with happiness. I had not realized just how much I was missing my community.

The sun was hot, the sea warm. The teenagers and the toddlers were all there too. I remembered when the teenagers were the toddlers and all of a sudden I felt like an elder.

Vincent made a little pond in the sand and filled it with baby jellyfish. He kept asking the teenagers to play with him and I heard one of them say, “We are playing”. But Vincent in his wise ways replied, “Talking is not playing.” I loved that.

Aran brought his pump and blew up two paddle boards, then he and Denise paddled off out into the blue. I thought about how long I'd known them. I remembered when they moved here to be closer to my beloved Maxx. I believe he was 8 at the time and now he is 21! We all watched as Aran laid down on his board and took a little nap out there in the deep blue sea, as Denise circled 'round him...a little dance of love. And then we watched as Denise took a spill, then managed to laugh and get back on board again. Later she reminded me Tenn had an assortment of clothing at her house. I said, “He was always this way growing up. His record was losing 5



sweaters in one week in Waldorf School. I remember I sent him to school that week in the cold in a t-shirt. I was trying to make the lesson stick.” (I obviously failed!)

Aran took their reluctant dog Wanda into the ocean; her annual baptism and everyone laughed and cheered. Wanda then crawled under a towel, where we praised her for her oceanic bravery, as Aran patted her old head dry.

Zora was fearlessly boogie boarding. It was ebb tide and a

swell kicked up. We could all see a big one coming in and began shouting “Turn around Zora and paddle...paddle, paddle, paddle!” The wave crested and there she was, riding a big one all the way in, elegant and beautiful and bigger that moment. We had watched her grow. A cheer went up as the whole community remembered what it was like the first time your child masters a big wave.

Laura had a paper parasol. She looked so elegant there in the sand protecting her skin and her beauty. (note to self - I must find a parasol.)

Coach Tenn observed one of his surfing students, “Stella – the –energetic”, as I fondly think of her. I talked about taking the kids to dawn patrol in high school, how the awe and beauty of the sea can save them from so much suffering in those sometimes socially awkward years; the strength that comes from athletics when you are a teenager – so awesome. I thought about how Aran Collier had told me Muir Beach kids always held the record for Cross Country in Marin County because they learnt to run over the hill when their parents wouldn't drive them - right about those middle school years. (Tenn somehow learned to skateboard down the mountain on the dirt trails to Mill Valley !) Only later did I realize girls were often the *raison d'être* for this insane little feat.

I swam my first 350 strokes and put my suit on the hot rocks to dry. A two-swim day I figured. As far as I could see down the beach it was my beautiful community. Sandwiches had been packed, cold drinks for the kids, beers for the grown ups, books as well. Lynda had a knit textile she was working on for an upcoming exhibition.

We teased Matt that he looked like an Italian titan of industry with his beautiful, long silver Covid locks. There was a lovely calm around the whole gathering, six feet apart.

We talked about colleges and schools ... would they start or not? Everyone had somehow survived these last months at home with their children. The new word “hybrid” was on everyone’s lips, and we were not talking about electric cars but about a new way of learning. I loved it when Lynda said “Once I got over being frustrated, I realized what a wonderful opportunity this is as an educator... it demands true creativity. The challenge of making this new modality a rich learning experience for students... it’s demanding completely new forms of engagement.” Daniella was there, home from CalArts and I teased her about swimming out to Borden’s cliff when the kids were little, about how terrified the boys were to follow her. She was fearless as an eight year old. And now here is Tenn, a dedicated waterman.

Tessa showed up, tan and athletic. She had hiked 60 miles somewhere in Yosemite last week! 28 miles on one of those days, in the rain! I remembered her as a little girl when we lived at Gerry Pearlman’s house, coming to the first Christmas Fair when the Quilters were still putting on their 3 - day extravaganza. I feel protective of all the kids here, like they are my own. That is what small places do, they bind you to others.

We kept commenting about how lovely it was to be together, despite how imperialistic our “beach takeover” sort of was! April was already talking about alternative ways to have our Day of the Dead celebration. She had ideas about us somehow standing on the balcony singing and doing our ritual – while below people held a candle and remembered their dead, six feet apart. Like the barbeque, and the beginning of summer party, all so very much missed, we too are trying to reimagine our community and our rituals during Covid.

Commandeering Little Beach – something we never remembered doing before until Aran spoke up and described how his mother would send them down to the beach as kids to “annoy the nudies.” He said they had some good digging dogs in those days and they would throw sticks for the dogs right by the nudies – the dogs throwing sand over everyone as they dug their dog holes! I wish I had known his mother...I still remember meeting

his father, love at first sight. I still have a book of his poetry. I still remember his beautiful voice.

Brad and Tenn talked cliff diving and taking surf camp kids to the Ink Wells when the swell was too big last week. Brad said while in high school in Vermont, he once jumped 60 feet off a cliff! That cured him. He kept shaking his head saying “How could I have been so stupid.” But then we all know what we’ve done as teenagers, just like the ones in front of us.

Lisa said “I was supposed to be in Paris for my fiftieth birthday.” And I remembered all of a sudden that I too had been in Paris for my 40th birthday. Taking the Chunnel to Gare du Nord from London where I lived. I have a photo somewhere of me in a big bathtub drinking champagne, reading Paris Match. Those things seem like a million years ago now. I assured Lisa she would go ...just not now, to have faith in that.

Some of the “littles” are already making us hold our breath as they climb the rocks. Why do all little kids love the rocks at Little Beach I wondered silently? But love the rocks they do, as I watched them skitter across the top of those boulders like nimble little Billy goats, led by Francesca.

All of a sudden Elliot began to cry...shivering in his soaking clothes and whimpering in that way that just indicates, “I’m tired and I want to go home.” Gabe meticulously and patiently gathered up the blankets, the soggy towels and sand buckets, the swimming suits and sand-in-everything-clothing. All the while little Elliot kept whimpering and sort of moaning, little coyote cries, while Tessa tried to comfort him. But of course we all knew it was simply nap time. There we were this big diverse group of Muir Beachers, ready to be there for him, now or when he becomes a teenager, or an elder, ready to comfort him. That’s the thing about Muir Beach, it’s a family, warts and all. As they left Gabe shouted over his shoulder, “Anyone who needs a beer or a bathroom walking home, stop by my house. “

And when I got home, burnt to a crisp, tired from a two swim day, I felt like the happiest woman in lockdown, all because of the “Little Beach 4th of July Takeover.” I had no Idea how much I had been longing for others, and for my community.

Love letter to Muir Beach, a place I feel fortunate to call home. [See back page for more photos.]

The Critter Report: Nature in Place

By Dave MacKenzie

With many people sheltering-in-place at home, and far fewer cars on the roads, the natural world has been getting a bit of a break lately from the relentless assaults of modern “civilization” (although we may still have a way to go to be totally civilized!).

Around the world, wildlife has moved into spaces where they are usually under pressure. For example, there are news reports of Lions in the roadways in South Africa and Elephants on the highways in India. Here in Muir Beach we seem to be up to our ears in Grey Foxes (who has noticed all the fox scat full of ripe plum seeds?). At least one nemesis of our suburban foxes, an adult Coyote (or two or more?) has been seen roaming Muir Beach on numerous occasions, often during daylight hours. And with early summer have come fawns, juvenile birds of all kinds, and other young animals who have never had to escape humans or their automobiles before! Let’s hope they learn to be wary quickly.

With the stay-at-home, many locals have spent more time outdoors in their neighborhoods seeing more nature than they usually do. I have met several neighbors with binoculars (looking for birds and whales, mainly) and have had more requests for critter ID’s than usual. What a great trend!

In April, the City Nature Challenge was held in San Francisco, and thanks to Emma Lasky, Muir Beach also participated. The idea was to find

any interesting life form (animal, fungus, plant, etc.) in your walkable area, and if possible, upload a photo of it into the app iNaturalist. Some of the Muir Beachers participating in this informal event were Bruce Barlow, Ella Brundieck, Lora Gale, Leigha Heydt, Anne Jeschke, Emma Lasky, Melissa Lasky, Kim O’Conner, Scott Sampson, and Jim White. Anyone I missed? And as you can see from these photos (mainly from the iNaturalist site), some interesting stuff was found by some good photographers!

How many of these local life forms can you identify on pages 18-19? (Answers below!)

Early June was also the time for Black Birders Week, resulting from the well-publicized incident in Central Park, NY City. There is a fascinating webinar, now on Facebook, call Birding While Black. The panelists discuss the issues which they have personally faced while birding. A black person with binoculars is apparently a threat in many neighborhoods, and especially some states, and they discuss how they experienced that. Hopefully that doesn’t happen too often here in the relatively “enlightened” Bay Area, but of course I am sure it does. With two rare birds here in June and July, a Hooded Warbler (bright yellow with a black hood) and a Tropical Kingbird (medium sized bright yellow and brown flycatcher), birders came a-flocking! Please welcome anyone who comes to Muir Beach seeking a natural experience on our public lands.



So if you discovered some new nature here in Muir Beach lately, keep your discoveries coming. The critters and the nature observers appreciate your support, and we invite you to join our growing ranks!

PHOTOS AND CREDITS: [Clockwise, from upper left - *River Otter tracks* (Kim O’Conner), *Barn Owls* (Bruce Barlow), *Coyote* (Emma Brundieck and Leigha Heydt), *Grey House Spider* (Scott Sampson), *Giant Green Anemone* (Lora Gale), *Giant Bell Jelly* (Melissa Lasky), *Poison Oak* (Anne Jeschke), *Red-Legged Frog* (Dave MacKenzie).]

Continued on next page

Critter Report: Local life forms
(See previous page for descriptions.)

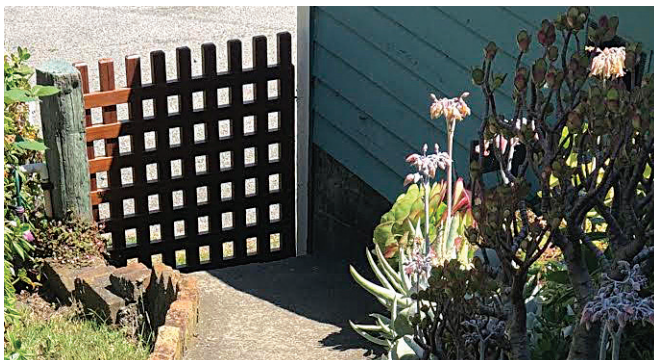


New Gate on Pacific Way

By Maury Ostroff

There's a new gate on Pacific Way, next to Shirley's house. The gate was constructed by Steve Shaffer and Maury Ostroff, built from some of the leftover redwood from the old Upper Tank.

Now we all know that it's on a longstanding easement that leads up to Sunset Way, past the lot where Honey and Rascal the horses used to graze. But recently the amount of public traffic has become more than just a nuisance. The gate is not locked, (just latched) but hopefully it will serve as a deterrent to those undesirable elements and other riffraff who wander up from the beach seeking Lord-knows-what. (Author's note: "undesirable elements and other riffraff" only refers to non-Muir Beach residents; were it to apply to residents it might restrict said builders of the gate.) Current neighbors are invited to stop by anytime and say hello to Shirley as they've always done.



Supporting Racial Justice in MB



Story and photos by Amy Utstein. See pages 3-4.

Meet Enzo



Ted Elliott Jr. and girlfriend Natalee Shean just welcomed home a little "toyger" kitten to 38 Charlottes Way. A toyger (toy tiger) is a domestic cat breed with a striped coat reminiscent of a tiger's. Her name is Enzo and she is a wonderful mix of spunk and snuggles, with a dash of troublemaking!

Little Beach Takeover - 4th of July



Diary of a Little Beach Takeover, (The Covid Diaries Part Two). Photos and story by Beth Nelson, see story page 16.