

BEACHCOMBER

SINCE 1946



celebrating 75 years of



The *Beachcomber* has been our neighborhood news since 1946. Over the past 75 years, Muir Beachers have graciously submitted news, stories, artwork and suggestions to the *Beachcomber* mailbox/email box to be shared with our community.

Back in the day, local moms would encourage the children to gather at their houses to draw artwork and write stories. From hand drawn art and typed stories pasted up (copied and stapled), to digital art in 1995 (black and white printing), and then the addition of color in 2006, the publication has taken many forms.



Just as the production process has gone from paste up to digital, the *Beachcomber* logo has evolved as well. From the color pencil art, to the black and white illustration that Larry Yamamoto designed years ago, to the modified color version that we use today.

The teams of volunteers producing our neighborhood news have changed over the years, but each has created a unique composition for the community.

Thanks to all the contributors, and the volunteers who work together to deliver the neighborhood news to your mailbox for the past 75 years.

Thank you for supporting the Beachcomber.
editor@muirbeachcomber.com
www.muirbeachcomber.com

Remember, *YOU make the news happen and we want everyone else to know about it.*

– Janet Tumpich

Art Show at diPietro Todd Salon...

Leanne Wood, former Muir Beach resident, will be having a show of her paintings Aug. 2 - Oct. 30.

diPietro Todd Salon
250 Camino Alto, 2nd floor
Mill Valley

You can contact Lea for more information at: leawood60@gmail.com, or just come and see some of her beautiful art.

– Anne Jeschke

ON THE COVER

Tangerine Dream

Oil on Canvas, 24" x 48"

Jill Hamilton

The Jill Hamilton Gallery features original landscape paintings capturing the beauty of coastal, woodlands and farmland settings. Jill's approach to her craft blends her outdoor passions with a clear love of the beauty of the landscape. A hiker, angler, camper - Jill finds herself at home with the settings that ultimately translate her imagination to canvas. jillhamiltongallery.com

I have been fortunate to have lived in some of the most beautiful parts in the country including Marin County California, Outer Banks of North Carolina, Virginia and Oregon. In addition to painting, my passions



Jill Hamilton

include wild mushroom foraging, hiking, fishing and boating - each of which has connected me with nature in their own unique ways. These places and passions have inspired the direction of my artwork. I strive to blend imagination and vivid color to shape to create my works on canvas. I hope my work brings you back to special times in your life with nature.

Be sure to visit my online store, it updates often with new paintings! *Peace Be with You, Jill*



MUIR BEACH CARING

415 320-MUIR (6847)

muirbeachcaring@gmail.com

It's not too late to join our Volunteer Team

8th year! Founded by the Elderberries, Muir Beach Caring is simply a list of community residents who volunteer to provide various forms of help, assistance, and support to neighbors in times of short-term need.

The most common needs of community members have been:

- rides to and from medical appointments
- dropping off a meal
- accompaniment for walking post surgery
- help with errands such as groceries-picking up medicine from pharmacy
- brief home visits
- and/or any other small supports for those in need – even sending flowers or a card.
- Muir Beach Caring does not provide any emergency services, direct care-giving or child care, housekeeping, or gardening.

In all these ways neighbors can ease the challenges during times of difficulty and build even stronger relationships within our beloved community. Supporting others is like entering a beautiful circle of giver-receiver-and gift, and everyone feels better for it.

If you wish to be on the email list to be notified about requests as they arise, please email muirbeachcaring@gmail.com

For those wishing assistance from Muir Beach Caring you may call 415-320-MUIR (6847) between 9am - 6pm or email muirbeachcaring@gmail.com anytime.

You will receive a response from the coordinator as quickly as possible usually within 24-72 hours.

You do not need to be a current volunteer to receive assistance.

For medical or other emergencies please call 911.

Muir Beach Caring is not equipped to handle medical or other emergency situations.

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Beachcomber is a community newsletter published quarterly by and for residents, friends, family and former residents of Muir Beach. Published since 1946 (on and off), circulation 160 (more or less).

Submissions may be sent to:
Beachcomber mailbox on mailbox row,
or to editor@muirbeachcomber.com.

Contribute your essays, poems, stories, photographs, artwork, announcements, reviews – anything that celebrates Muir Beach and our community. To subscribe, email editor@muirbeachcomber.com.

Everything printed should be considered solely the opinion of the writer and printed in the form and condition as submitted. Beachcomber exercises no editorial control over content or distribution, except for readability and general appearance.

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Editorial Support: Kate Somers

VINTAGE BEACHCOMBER

A few favorites from 1995 and 1997...

BEACHCOMBER

MUIR BEACH NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS



...around 2p.m. It did not take me long to realize that she is quite proficient at her job. There are many things that make the job tedious.

I realized that even though the P.O. has a sorting machine, it does not sort the star route addresses. Those letters (not magazines) which come to a street address are mostly sorted in the order that the boxes appear on the route, while the ones that are addressed to you at your star route address look like someone just threw them in a box and the carrier gets to hand sort them. Don't bother to ask how much fun that is six days a week!

— Ellen Mettler

Haiku

pale lavender
inviting silver glitter
lithium sunset

Dusk; viewing sky space
ridgeline trees snuggle under
Baby blue blanket

— Christine Elise Schultz

CORNER SQUAD



Corner Squad is Robert Winkelmann of May takes Winkelmann out of

May 9 While Corner Squad members thought to be a normal chimney sweep, Restaurant had actually turned out over a small fence onto the scene before started to catch the restaurant on fire away from burning building. Then running "You better get a fire extinguisher ... fast that they know." Then screams when sguisher. However he cannot grasp the cor the pin." Host replies "Yes, I know," then flames and seeing a brigade of dishwashers Squad member Winkelmann leaves u Department...Who proceeded to dump the water onto the dumpster. Winkelmann observ

MUIR BEACH DOG OF THE MONTH

Voting results are as follows:

My name is "Buster" I live at Sunset Way, I would like to put in my vote. I vote for Jenny because I think she is cute. I vote for Sandy because I am afraid of her. I am not vote for Bart. He just have big hair, I am bigger than him. — Buster

FROM THE NET MUIR BEACH VOLLEYBALL REPORT

A volley good time on Thursday nights:

8/7... large crowd celebrated Kevin's Rachel provided cake and snacks, and created an uplifting birthday card for Kevin scored after using his free birthday and free birthday takeover.

Injury List:
Denise Lamott ... bad back landing



Bits from Barry

(extracts from the book A Modern Eloquence, 1928)

It's The Lost Effort Counts
Two Scotchmen, much interested in football, learning that an international game was between

MAILBOX CHATTER

Muir Beach Fishing Report

The fishing season has improved. Some locals have been getting stunked salmon fishing from party boats, while others are catching halibut and capturing whales breaching right in the bay! Sam the sea lion is back heralding the official migration of salmon to the plates of Muir Beachers.

Lost lure

Jon lost a mirror lure (looks like an anchovy with red eyes) at little beach. If found please return with fish (if fresh).

1st Annual Pelican Inn Golf Tournament

Hurry Hurry! Get your tickets now! This event is limited to 60 participants and is only open 9am to 5pm (at the Pelican Inn). Check summer time of this writing - check summer hours. No fee is collected before or after these times. Season tickets are available for frequent access to the Inn. For more information, call 415-383-4153.

1st Prize

Hillary Gross won 1st prize in V and third prize in V and V. Congratulations.

Mailbox contest

Since the boxes are mailed by street numbers, the contest is a contest of the Beachers. The Design. Colorful. The box ing pla

Thank you Ellen and Barbara

Through fog, fog and more fog our mail got delivered in Kaia's unfortunate absence. Not only did these gals pick up the mail from Sausalito and deliver to Muir Beach, they also delivered business and trained Kaia's replacement.

Entrance Fee - Muir Woods

Muir Woods National Monument is now charging a \$2 entrance fee. However, the Ticket Booth (located at the Visitor Center) is only open 9am to 5pm (at the time of this writing - check summer hours). No fee is collected before or after these times. Season tickets are available for frequent access to the monument. For more information, call 415-383-4153.

Ruth Moore's Potluck cake recipe:

Due to popular demand we are printing this easy to make and delicious favorite:
Brown Sugar Cumb Cake
mix until well blended:
2 cups flour
2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
1/2 t salt
add and mix well:
2 eggs
1 cup buttermilk or yogurt
1 T soda dissolved in 1 T boiling water
bake 3/4 hour at 350° oven in an 8" square pan (if you double this it can fill a 9x12 pan and make 6 cupcakes). Top with whipping cream.

Happy Birthday Fletcher

100 we miss you — and when you get back we'll be glad to see you!

MUIR BEACH FIRE DEPT.

MVFD INCIDENT REPORT

6/2/97 11:15 am Cliff Rescue
Freebairn-Smith, Marshall and Mettler responded to a report of hiker having fallen from the cliff, 3/4 mile south of Muir Beach, the previous night. The victim was located and pronounced dead.

6/6/97 7:30 pm Motorcycle over side
Feliciano, Sward, Rauh and Mettler responded to a report of motorcycle over the side of Hwy 1, at mile marker 9. After an extensive search, through the hillside of poison oak, no rider was located.

6/7/97 3:00 pm Motorcycle over side
Freebairn-Smith, Kingsbury, Schriffes and Mettler were responding to a report of a motorcycle over the side at mile marker 7.75 when the call was cancelled.

6/7/97 5:00 pm Bicycle Accident
Freebairn-Smith, Sward, Schriffes and Rauh responded to a report of a bicyclist down. Medical aid was given and patient transported to MGH.

MUIR BEACH DOG OF THE MONTH

Keep your votes coming in: Wow, what a turnout of nominations! While we are still tabulating dog of the month votes, we received a nomination for dog of the year!



- WHERE'S YOUR VOTE?
- 1 JENNY
 - 2 BART
 - 3 LUNA - MARKLAND LACY
 - 4 KIRBY
 - 5 SANDY
 - 6 MVFD DOG
 - 7 GUS
 - 8 BAILEY
 - 9 SCOTTY

A TRIBUTE TO
LAWRENCE TOSHIMICHI YAMAMOTO - 1929-2021

Larry Yamamoto passed away on March 18th, 2021 at the age of 91. Larry and Judith Yamamoto were long-time Muir Beach residents before moving back to San Francisco.

Larry was one of the original founding members of the MBVFD, and loved living at Muir Beach for the 45 years that his family was here. Larry loved life. He loved and cared for his family, and believed in the Union, the working class, and people's struggles for freedom, justice, and better lives.

Larry was also an accomplished watercolor artist showing at the Quilter's fair and his art was featured on fair postcards until 2007. He had designed the *Beachcomber* logo which is still in use today.

— Janet Tumpich and Judith Yamamoto

The following obituary can be found on legacy.com:

Lawrence (Larry) Toshimichi Yamamoto, artist and longshoreman, ILWU (International Longshore and Warehouse Union) died March 18th, 2021 at the age of 91, at home with his wife, Judith, and two daughters, Omi and Ruth Yamamoto, at his side. His first-born child, poet/social activist Peter Kenichi Yamamoto, died two years earlier. Larry is also survived by his much-loved granddaughter, Momoye Yamamoto; his sister, Chitose (Chibi) Yasumoto, and



her children, Jason Yasumoto and Liane Yasumoto; his brothers, Leo Yamamoto (deceased) and Stanley Yamamoto; and many cousins and their children in the Bay Area and in southern California.

Larry was born in Oahu, then the territory of Hawaii, in 1929, the year of the Great Depression in the United States and also in Hawaii. Larry's parents left him and his older sister in the care of their grandparents and came to California where it was easier to find work. The grandparents raised the children in a small railroad camp on Hawaii's North Shore. Larry remembers his grandfather taking him along after work to fish for dinner at the nearby shore.

When Larry was six years old, Grandma sailed with the two children to America, where she left them in Los Angeles with their parents. Larry was 11 years old when World War II broke out and his family, with babies Leo and Stanley, was interred in the Gila River concentration camp in Arizona. Amid the hardships of camp life, it was there that Larry discovered his love of the desert,

and where his art teacher in the camp school encouraged him and inspired him to become an artist. At war's end Larry and Chibi left the camp before their parents did and traveled back to Los Angeles, where Larry worked his way through high school as a houseboy.

He attended Otis Art School, then came to San Francisco. He married Judith in 1953, and started longshoring on the S.F. waterfront and raising a family. When Ruth was born, he and Judith bought a piece of land in Muir Beach and, assisted by a neighbor, artist/carpenter Gordon Mosteller, Larry designed and, with Gordon, built their home. Larry and Judith lived in Muir Beach for 45 years, with chickens, dogs, a sheep, and a vegetable garden as Larry commuted to the S.F. waterfront to work, and made art (mainly watercolor paintings), until, as he said, "We got old."

Larry and Judith moved back to the Fillmore District in San Francisco, next door to Japantown, for the last eight years of his life. Larry loved life. He loved and cared for his family, and believed in the Union, the working class, and people's struggles for freedom, justice, and better lives. An injury to one is an injury to all!

See page 20 for "A Story About Larry" reprinted from March 2008 Beachcomber

Scenes from a trip back to Germany post-lockdown

By Susannah Kennedy, DPhil

There is a line at the sushi place. I can see it as we approach around the corner of the Rindermarkthalle. From the right comes harsh drumming and guitars, a punk-like band is practicing or performing on the other side of the gray boulevard, hidden by brick walls and a temporary skateboard park. This is the Karoviertel in Hamburg, always edgy, slightly down-and-out, drawing mostly young people to its unrenovated Altbau apartments. A neighboring ugly meatpacking plant has been transformed into a shop and restaurant hive. We are meeting old friends here.

In June, Germany was still restricting travel. Now it is the end of July and 47 percent of Germans are fully vaccinated. No one wears masks outside, but getting inside requires a new kind of ritual: the COVID check-in.

Our line at the restaurant edges slowly forward as customers are questioned and seated. Almost every boutique, store, office and restaurant here has some version of this ritual in place. Some require us simply to show our vaccination cards. Some require us to fill out a sheet of paper with our name and address, telephone number and exact time of arrival (one form per party). Others offer an QRcode scan for a Corona contact tracing app, usually the Luca App. Since we are only here for a few weeks, we didn't think it necessary to organize the Luca App, which requires a visit to a pharmacy and a vetting process for proof of vaccination, negative test or evidence of Covid antibodies. Now, we are realizing we should have, since filling out these forms three or four times a day has become irritating.

This morning I read that in San Francisco bars are considering implementing a similar kind of system. Interesting. We have many anti-tech friends in Germany, those who refuse to use smartphones or Wi-Fi, who are on high alert about protecting citizens' information privacy. Yet, they, too, must go shopping. I don't know what's best. Expediency versus principle? Perhaps this confusion is the new normal?

“Kann ich behilflich sein?” comes from across the Intersport Christel store in Bonn, where I have been

eyeing the walking shoes displayed on neat shelves across the back wall by size, floor to ceiling. Size 39, size 40, size 41.

“Yes, I'm looking for a walking shoe,” I say in German, easing into my first conversation in a foreign language since moving to Muir Beach and then staying in lockdown for over a year.

“Where will you be walking?” The salesman puts his thick hands on his hips and leans forward.

“Oh, just walking a few kilometers at a time, not hiking - kein Wandern,” I say.

His eyes turn wily. He slows his speech, as if speaking to a dunce. “Wandern ist Gehen. [Hiking IS walking].”

From the sides of my memory comes a hint of something. A soft alarm bell. Of course hiking is walking. I feel my nerves ratch up a notch. “Well, in English we say hiking. I don't want to hike on a path in the mountains. I mean walking around a city.”

“Oh, you are talking about ‘trekking.’” He glows, satisfied at having instructed me, an English speaker, in the correct English wording for his shoes. All this is happening in German.

Now I am confused. Newsreel images of Sherpas in the Himalayas flash in my mind.

I had expected him simply to ask my shoe size, get the shoes. Surprised, I pull in my breath.

“Trekking? Oh, we don't say that.”

He smirks. “What, you speak English and don't know the word trekking?”

Take a breath, Susannah. I cock my head to the right.

“Yes, trekking is a word. But we don't use ‘trekking’ in English to talk about shoes. We say hiking.”

I can see the change in his face as he registers this new information. He is no longer winning. “Ach, interessant.” His tone becomes amenable. I buy low walking shoes that fit well. But as I exit the store, I realize I am back in defensive mode, keyed up, adrenalin higher. The strife of daily errands.

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People often ask what the differences are between our life in Germany and California. That is one difference: the salesperson who talks down to his customers. It almost never happens in California, partly because so many salespeople are not trained and knowledgeable. But also because company representatives are instructed to put the customer's well-being first.

I think life doesn't have to be that prickly.

We are driving on the A3 Autobahn from Bonn to Nuremberg. Our Europcar rented Audi has the latest in driver-correcting gadgets and a touch screen for navigation. It is kind of unnerving. As we pass changes in the speed limit its sensors replace the picture on the driver's side panel: 80 on white within a red circle, 120 on white within a red circle, and very occasionally a circle with two diagonal lines which means no speed limit. GO FOR IT. Then we are zooming along at 110mph, or 180kmh. And because everyone is proceeding at this speed, it feels normal. Except that the trees whiz by in a blur. The lack of speed limit is still found on 70 percent of German autobahns, although most highways we've been using between the main cities seem limited to 130kmh, or 80mph. Government intervention. There are simply too many vehicles on the roads. Germany is a drive-through middle country for long-distance truckers.

A traffic announcement interrupts our Spotify music playlist. Traffic reports here are persistent, an expected part of driving to help navigate the increasingly frequent traffic jams and construction projects. "Hier ist die Verkehrsmeldung für Koblenz. Achtung auf der A3 Höhe Montebaur. Da liegt einen Holzkeil auf der Spur. Attention on the A3 near the exit to Montebaur. A wooden wedge is lying on the road. Attention! There is a wooden wedge on the road."

Klaus and I look at each other in wonder. A small object like that has found its way to the Koblenz radio announcers to thousands of random drivers along this route. I think of the tossed off sofas, ladders, even whole car parts that I see regularly at the side of California highways, or the 101 freeway potholes that make me cringe each time I think of a motorcyclist in the dark.

I am intensely grateful to a German government whose priority is to invest in and maintain functioning infrastructure. I wish we could do the same in California.

Klaus has just dropped me off at Jungfernstieg, a boulevard that runs along the southern edge of the Binnenalster lake. It is a central shopping area in Hamburg, its buildings surrounding the square formal lake are grand, made of smooth stone with a backdrop of the neo-Renaissance city hall. The classic Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten rests along one side. The Alsterhaus department store dominates another.

Today there seems to be construction everywhere, with cones and barricades in place blocking the road. There are very few cars.

I will just be walking a couple of blocks to meet friends while Klaus searches for a parking place. We are two minutes late for a 12-noon lunch appointment. I know our friends will already be waiting. No one is ever late. I'll hurry.

I'm about to cross the empty street when I notice the hip young man across from me stopping at the light. Then a woman stops. I see the little pedestrian light glows red. Obediently I stop too.

We all wait. There are no cars, not even down the block. And due to construction, I am confident there will be no cars coming.

Still, they wait.

So, I wait.

No cars. We wait. I'm amused by my reluctance to cross anyway. There are no policemen around. No ticket I might incur.

It must be a minute of standing.

Finally, the light turns and we are set free.

Our friends are already seated and waiting when I arrive. Never mind, they say, forgiving me for the six minutes. A misdemeanor only.

Group norms go hand-in-hand with civilization –they flourish and tyrannize in complex variation.

Men of Meigs

By Nina Vincent

Eli lives on a street named Meigs on the Mesa in Santa Barbara just a bike glide down the hill to Leadbetter beach where the Pacific Ocean is a warmer version of the one outside my living room window. After a two-year hiatus I was at last able to visit him there. There's a camper parked in the driveway for such visits for me and apparently just about anybody who wanders the Mesa. But as luck would have it, Eli's childhood friend and newly acquired housemate Jake was off on a short hop over to one of the Hawaiian Islands for a wedding so I was able to sleep in his room for the first three nights of my visit. This turned out to be a truly fortuitous turn of events as you shall soon see.

Jake's room looks out onto the Men of Meigs' back yard carpeted in what I call Astro Turf and they call 'turf'. I received a crash course in thirty something lingo and admit my sixty something brain did not retain all that was dished out in the way of acronyms and creative colloquialisms. Nevertheless, we were fairly successful in communicating all that mattered and much that didn't over my eight-day visit. The back yard is the Recreational Mecca of Meigs. One can choose from a myriad of activities; smashing golf balls into a net, playing cribbage or chess beneath the umbrella shaded table or a new favorite of mine the game of Corn Hole – a name I was reluctant to use as where I come from this is a term nobody's mother would be calling out as an invitation to anyone else. Eli and Jake have created a game called Chess and Chest – a strange combination of a timed chess game where while player #1 is racking his brain with lightning speed and skill at the chess board player #2 is bench pressing whatever weights he is able until player #1 smacks the button atop the two-faced clock and the switch is made. Player #2 drips sweaty beads of masculinity onto the board while player #1 heaves ho on the bench. Eli's friend Joey and I watched in amusement while playing a sane and sensible game of Cribbage beneath our shaded side of the table. Entertainment comes in many forms and the Men of Meigs are no amateurs when it comes to any of them.

Visitors come and go throughout the day and night at 555 Meigs Rd., (not the actual address as one has to be careful who they invite to Mecca Meigs). On the day I

arrived Blake, a visitor from Australia, was introduced as such but my cold-ocean-ear condition coupled with his thick Ozzie accent heard 'Blight' rather than Blake. And being the blurter that I am I asked with a sneer, "Did your parents really name you Blight? Well that doesn't seem right." Auditory errors were righted but I was to learn that Blake being Blight was not all that odd since Derek, who is actually Robert but is known as Shoe to his roommates became Vegan Bob by the time I left. (This name was acquired the night before I left when we were searching for a place to dine with the handsome winnings I scored when Eli placed a bet for me on the Bucks who in the second game of the series lost by 34 points. When, on that sorry excuse of a basketball watching night I texted Eli to inquire what on earth had possessed him to bet on the Bucks I was informed quite unapologetically, "Wishful thinking." Hmmm, there may be something to that wishful thinking since the Bucks won the series and my returns were handsome and our dinner delicious.) In any event, Shoe (who is an unapologetic carnivore), was naming one Vegan restaurant after another while the topic of his actual birth name (used by no one) Robert came up simultaneous to our search and there you have it. Vegan Bob was born. One has to be very careful amid the Men of Meigs - they're a creative and merciless bunch.

Going back to the topic of visitors let me tell you just how happy I was to be sleeping in Jake's room rather than the camper on the night before he returned. I had surveyed the bedding and decided it needed a wee wash before it was suitable for sleeping on so I went to collect the laundry on Friday morning. As I entered the driveway dwelling and headed towards the bed I was met with the shock of a Man who did not belong at Meigs sleeping in the very bed that was supposed to be mine for the week.

"Oh my God," I exclaimed a few octaves higher than my normal voice might have been.

"Oh, sorry," the red-faced, bald fellow moaned. "I got in a fight with my girlfriend and needed a place to crash, I just live down the road. I'll be out in five minutes."

"Five minutes?" JD, another Man of Meigs asked.

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“Well damn, did you offer him a cup of coffee while he took his time to leave?”

I seem to have lost my thick outer skin with age and the bold feminist in me was nowhere to be found as I scurried into the house and called out to Shoe, the only Man of Meigs around, to tell him that I thought there might be a homeless man in my bed. Shoe indignantly announced that this was “unacceptable, against the law, and not to be tolerated.” I agreed as he went out the door to confront the man.

“Don’t get in a fight with him,” I worriedly pleaded. “We don’t know what he’s capable of.”

“I’m not going to fight with him, I’m just going to let him know that he can’t do that again.”

I was a bit dubious about how seriously anyone who had the nerve to sleep in someone’s driveway camper would take such admonishments but I kept that to myself and ran into Eli’s room where there was a good view of the camper. If I heard yelling or a scuffle any kind I was at the ready with my cell phone in hand to call the police. Of course, I didn’t have the actual address in my memory banks and in hindsight wonder if the cops would have been able to locate the Recreational Mecca of the Men of Meigs without it. Luckily there was no need to call them as the guy dressed and left without incident. My next course of action was to text Eli who was off at a yoga class, or a massage, or the café or somewhere other than home to tell him that under NO circumstances would I be sleeping in the camper when Jake came home. The couch would be perfectly fine for me. Eli being the gracious and decently raised man that he is gave me his room and slept visitor free in the camper for the remainder of my stay. I think the Men of Meigs need to rename their camper: The Mesa Motel.

My week in Santa Barbara was filled with new adventures - from our daily swims at various beaches, a stroll through the wonders of Lotus Land gardens where one moves from cactus to olive grove, and Japanese garden to paths of succulents. And if that wasn’t enough, E-bike glides down the hill and around Santa Barbara were followed by an eight-hour day on the water with Jake and crew on the Sunfish watching dolphins dance in the wake of our boat as we made our

way to the Channel Islands for a kayaking tour in one of the most bio-diverse parks in the country. Darting through caves and archways carried by surging swells rising between narrow passageways we rode the Roller Coaster, cruised Crystal and Cathedral caves, and slapped the water around our kayaks calling the seals closer as they darted and rolled around us. Being on or in the water brings me to my happy place and Santa Barbara served up many opportunities for happiness. Greatest of all is the happiness I feel when seeing the rich and wonderful life my son has co-created with the Men of Meigs. They are a wonderful bunch and their appreciation of life and community and the warm and welcoming way they allowed me into their Den of Delight leaves me wondering why we all don’t hitch our wagons to fun loving folk and create a recreational mecca of our own.

*Nina Vincent, Author of the award-winning novel:
Sliding Into Home
slidingintohomethebook.com*

*Contributing Author of the multi award-winning
anthology: She’s Got This! Essays on Standing Strong
and Moving On*

Paths of Poop

There are days on my walks down Sunset Way when I am so enthralled by the beauty of Muir Beach that I almost miss the dog poop along the way. But most of the time the pristine beauty so marred by dog owners negligently ignored canine waste drives me to bend my ancient body down to pick it up. After all, I’ve got extra plastic bags that I use to pick up my dog Artie’s poop. Artie, fortunately for me is a small dog. It’s apparent that many much larger canines walk Sunset, their more generous daily deposits nonetheless able to fit into my bags. Unfortunate for the world there is no dearth of plastic bags so I suggest we put them to work and eliminate the minefields of waste for those of us who walk the trails and roads of our community. I implore you – please pick up your dog’s poops whatever the size.

– *Trish McCall*

The Lobster Tale

A story of extravagant proportions



As told by Natalee Shean

Last Tuesday, my boyfriend Ted and I decided to make lobster sushi. I told him to pick up the biggest, finest quality lobsters he could find on the market. So naturally, as all good boyfriends do, he listened to my suggestion, and trekked all the way to Walmart to buy three 5-pound lobsters.

I myself was far too exhausted from a long day at the beach to complain about the quality of Walmart lobsters, so I just went with it. I mean, these were 5-pounders, with claws the size of Arnold Schwarzenegger's forearms!

It was a warm night at Muir Beach, and we opened the kitchen door to let the fresh, salty ocean breeze drift in. While Ted prepared the sticky rice, vegetables and seaweed paper, I boiled an enormous 20-gallon pot of hot water. We named the poor bastards Clawed, Big Red, and Sebastian. Our handy lobster bibs in place, Ted and I were both looking forward to the absurd amount of sushi we were about to create.

Just as I dropped our miserable friends into the scorching water, there came an explosion of squealing, growling, and hissing noises! I peered into the pot to locate the source of the noises and Sebastian suddenly leapt out of the water towards my face, latching onto my nose with his mighty pincers! He dangled from the end of my nose with a fiery look in his beady little eyes. The other two, Clawed and Big Red, followed his lead, hurdling themselves out of the pot and onto the kitchen counter. I shrieked for help and hit the floor crying out in agony. But before Ted could save me, Clawed and Big Red began pelting him with the vegetables. They threw one cucumber so hard at his face that it actually broke his nose!

We were outnumbered 3 to 2 and these crazed crustaceans were invincible.

During the attack, Ted was able to slide his pocket knife across the floor to me and I used it to strike the body of Sebastian. The knife hit his tail, severing it straight off. Sebastian immediately released his grip on my nose and dropped to the floor with a thud so loud we could feel a small earthquake. He then charged his half a body across the kitchen and out the open door. Meanwhile Clawed and Big Red, who were in the middle of strategically suffocating my boyfriend with seaweed papers, abandoned ship and hastily followed their leader Sebastian outside.

As the wicked lobsters scuttled off into the sand toward the ocean, Ted and I stared at each other in disbelief, both clutching our wounded noses. In the distance we began to hear the faint sound of a familiar Disney tune. Could it be? The lobsters were...singing?...

*“Under the sea, Under the sea
Nobody beat us, fry us and eat us in fricassee
We what the land folks loves to cook
Under the sea we off the hook
We got no troubles; life is the bubbles!
Under the sea”*

Their triumphant musical number faded as Clawed, Big Red, and Sebastian made their way home under the deep blue sea. Soon, we could hear only the mellow hum of 50-foot waves crashing. Ted and I were left sitting on the floor traumatized. And hungry! It's not every day that you get attacked by your own dinner. The only evidence that remained of the lobsters was Sebastian's severed tail, which was still lying in the middle of the floor where he had been slain. We had no choice but to broil that damn lobster tail and dunk it in butter for dinner!

The End

It's Raining Fish

By Beth Begault

Yes, that's right. It rained anchovies in the early evening of July 1 on Starbuck and upper Seacape, and this is no fish tale. The heavenly offering was captured on at least one driveway-facing Nest video camera at 7:01 pm, and by morning, the remains were discovered in multiple yards, roadways, and a car rooftop.

A shallow dive into the history of "animal rain" unearthed some gems: In 1st century AD, Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder (who later invented everyone's favorite beer) documented storms of frogs and fish. Rural inhabitants of Yoro, Honduras claim that a "fish rain" happens every summer, a phenomenon they call *lluvia de peces* or *aguacero de pescado*. In 2014 villagers in west Sri Lanka gathered and ate an edible downpour totaling 110 pounds, many of the fish landing very much alive. Tornadoic waterspouts are the most common cause, which can be ruled out for the recent local smattering of bouillabaisse and Caesar salad/pizza toppers.

Two theories have emerged for our local fish rain, which sadly went to waste (unless Max the cat got lucky and stumbled on one or two, but he'll never tell). The dominant theory is that a brown pelican (or maybe several---they number in the hundreds to thousands just offshore and in the lagoon this time of year) gathered too many fish in its pouched bill for flying in the wind conditions that evening. Fisherman Joseph Ferraro came down solidly on Team Pelican, adding some science and a poem: Pelicans weigh 6 to 7 pounds, are about 48" tall with a wingspan of 84", and live an average of 15



to 25 years. They can dive from 65 feet but usually from 30 feet or less, and their neck sacs hold, get this, 3 gallons! They are unfortunately "not the cleanest of birds, often being covered with bird lice from their roost rocks. I have handled several who have been hooked by accident, and it's not pleasant."

A wonderful bird is the pelican
His mouth can hold more than
his belly can.

He can hold in his beak enough
food for a week

But I'll be damned if I know
how the hellican!

– Dixon Lanier Merritt

Denise and Aran Moore are also solidly on Team Pelican, having stumbled last year with Chas on a bunch of fish on their deck that trailed out to the street. Their original suspect was Joseph, who they guessed had driven off with a

bucket of anchovies on the hood of his truck, which the dogs brought up to their deck. Mystery solved and Joseph exonerated when, per Denise: "Just then a flock of pelicans came flying overhead straight towards us, beaks so full of fish they were spilling out and nearly hit me. I screamed so loud....".

Naturalist Dave MacKenzie offers a dark horse competing theory: the fish were fumbled by Caspian terns that fly between the South Bay / Palo Alto area and Bolinas at this time of year, possibly by inexperienced fledglings that dropped their dinner.

Well, chum...happily, we can be relatively (!) certain that the phenomenon of fish falling from the sky in Muir Beach was a natural occurrence and, whew, did not involve the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. But it never hurts to carry an umbrella around here.

The Critter Report: Superpowers

By Dave MacKenzie

I saw the brush rabbit well before our dog Molly did, and she was looking! Yes, we humans have better vision than dogs, but we also have our upright walking stance, which, even for a middle-sized ape like me, gives me a bit of a superpower. I can see prey or predators sooner, in many cases, than can other mammals, who tend to be closer to the ground. This posture may even have been key to our “success” in dominating the planet!

But dogs definitely have superpowers too. Molly, who sadly passed away recently, was amazing at detecting things which were completely oblivious to me even with my bipedal advantage. For example, she was able to hear gophers, voles, and moles, in their burrows even on flat open ground. And she could easily pick out the latest burrow which was active just last night, which she did, I think, by a combination of smell and the look of the freshly excavated earth. The resulting encounter was often a nose-to-nose standoff with a fat gopher, or once or twice, a killer predation caused by her canine genes. Over the years, she detected many things which I could not: a nearby coyote lying under a tree, a nearby bear which had recently climbed over a log, leaving a scent trail Molly could not resist (neck fur up right away!). Interestingly, we once saw her step casually over a rattlesnake, suggesting some things were just too camouflaged, or at least not of interest to this canine. But we apes saw it!

Other creatures have their superpowers too. A Red-Tailed Hawk hovering as accurately as



Molly hunting

any drone can spot a mouse from hundreds of feet in the air. I doubt if there are any drone pilots who can do that. Eurasian Kestrels were found to have good vision in the infrared range, which allows them to detect rodent pathways, and thus their prey, in grassy fields from the rodent’s urine marks. And of course that rattlesnake has heat seeking sensors to allow it to find the gopher even in it’s deep dark burrow!

These types of superpowers have long been honed by evolution. Sometimes the “arms race” between predator and prey has become very specific to the species involved. The Rock Pocket Mouse, a species which lives both on dark lava fields and on light sandy soil in southwest deserts, has evolved two color types: dark on the lava, and pale on the sand. This makes it much harder for that Red-Tail to find it! Definitely qualifies as a superpower.

There are many such examples of evolutionary arms races. And also of evolutionary co-operation as

a kind of superpower. Flowering plants have evolved many tricks to reproduce, including making sugary nectar as an attractant to insects, bats, and hummingbirds, who unknowingly spread the plant’s pollen as a reward to both the plant (reproduction), and the pollinator (food).

Whenever I watch a Peregrine fly by with its superpowers of extreme speed and accuracy I am impressed. This predator has helped evolve many shorebirds’ superpower of flying in large flocks to confuse the fast falcon, which, like most predators, misses most of the time. It is the same idea with a salmon driving into a school of anchovies: both have their superpowers.

I may have lost “my” trusty canine superpowers with the loss of my furry friend, but I will always be on the lookout for live gophers, even though I am not as good a spotter as she was.

What is your superpower?

Linda Gibbs, Animal Lover

By Paul Jeschke

Linda Gibbs loved life at Muir Beach, not only for its physical charms and friendly neighbors, but also for the domestic animals and wildlife that enthralled her.

One of the first things Linda would show visitors to her White Way home was a 50-gallon aquarium in the corner of her living room – the home of a red-eared slider turtle named “Buster.” The reptile was a gift to David Leivick before the couple married and was 36 years old when Linda wrote an article about Buster in the May, 2007 Beachcomber.

Buster, readers learned, was not male as the name might imply and Linda and David assumed. The turtle’s gender was dramatically established when Buster laid an egg. “I can’t stop calling her he,” Linda wrote in an article for the Beachcomber. “Buster is Buster not Busterette.”

Buster is now 50 and spends his days sunning on a rock in a corner of the aquarium. In the article headlined “Buster and I,” Linda wrote about her feeding ritual. “I look at Buster and I see his sunbathing rock, his cave, and the deep water he swims in between the coral. He lives with six goldfish that survived his jaws and grew up to be big fish who fight him for the night crawlers I feed Buster every morning.

“As a vegetarian, I watch as Buster eats another being’s flesh, something I stopped doing 26 years ago,” Linda noted.

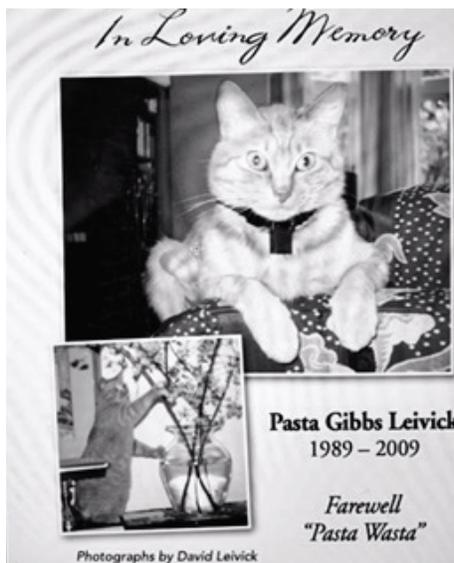
She was also fond of cats. When “Pasta” died, Linda designed a quarter-page Beachcomber farewell to the feline featuring photographs and the legend: “Pasta Gibbs Leivick



No matter the species, Linda loved them all.



Linda loved to ride Breeze in the hills of West Marin.



Linda created this memorial to her beloved cat, Pasta, in the May 2009 Beachcomber.

1989-2009 Farewell ‘Pasta Wasta.’” Her beloved cat, “Risotto” was by her side when Linda passed away July 18.

An enthusiastic gardener, Linda was transfixed one June day while watering the garden by a hummingbird feeding on sunflowers. The bird repeatedly darted in and out of the water spray. “She bathed again, hovering for at least 30 seconds, rising, falling, flying vertically and backwards as she caught the water,” Linda later wrote. “It was extraordinary. She didn’t mind me at all. Then she was gone again. And then she came back. This happened four or five times and the garden was getting drenched from so much watering. But the plants needed it, and I needed some watering myself. That little bird lifted my spirits. And from now on I’ll look forward to hand-watering the garden. Maybe she’ll bring a friend next time.”

Even smaller creatures attracted Linda’s attention. She avidly studied yellow jackets buzzing around her backyard garden and realized she was stirring them up by interfering with their flight path. Better to move, Linda thought. “I am able to coexist with the yellow jackets as long as I don’t walk by their home, but walk up the steps to the next tier and then through the daisy bushes to the pathway leading up to the house. It seems like a small thing to do to accommodate them and I’m glad to do it.”

Linda also loved horses. She took riding lessons at a stable in West Marin and even purchased a horse, Breeze, for the riding academy and had it cared for there so she could ride regularly.

Linda truly loved all creatures great and small.

How Linda Gibbs Transformed the Beachcomber

By Paul Jeschke

When Linda Gibbs took over as Beachcomber editor, she catapulted the sleepy, Beach-casual magazine into a colorful, energetic and eagerly awaited publication that was required reading for Muir Beach residents. She assumed the unpaid position in March 2007 and under her tutelage, the hometown newsletter, originally launched in 1946 and printed sporadically, became a “must read” for keeping track of community events.

Perhaps Linda’s most dramatic change to the Beachcomber was the introduction of full color covers featuring the work of local artists. Eye popping art by Larry Yamamoto, Tom Soltesz, Joy Perrin, Bernard Halliwell and Brad Eigsti graced the covers and created excitement about the articles inside. Beachcomber content increased dramatically. “Eight issues later – 412 pages, 264 stories and 847 photographs – this community is not at a loss for words,” Linda wrote the next year.

The newly energized Beachcomber caught attention outside Muir Beach. The California Room at the Marin County Library at Civic Center requested missing issues for its history collection. “This newsletter has important historical and local information and will be highly valued by researchers now and for generations to come,” said Head Librarian Laurie Thompson. Linda and her volunteer staff got to work and located three collections of old Beachcombers. Judith Yamamoto, Michael Moore and Leslie Riehl generously donated their collections. Laurie and David Piel painstakingly sorted through the donated issues, separating out duplicates. The archived California Room collection is stored in acid-free archival folders and boxes.

Linda also ushered the Beachcomber into cyberspace. With donations from Friends of the Beachcomber, digital issues from recent years are available online at muirbeachcomber.com.

Linda’s work standards caught the eye of professional publishers. The Beachcomber was awarded a prestigious Silver Impression Award for “superb craftsmanship in printing quality” by the San Francisco



Linda Gibbs, Beachcomber editor from 2007-2010

Club of Lithograph and Printing House Craftsmen.

Linda initially concentrated on two goals – putting the paper on a sound financial footing and increasing the number of subscribers. One of her first circulation-boosting promotions centered on the Muir Beach Volunteer Firemen’s Barbeque, the annual fundraiser and traditional

focus of community cooperation. She organized a barbeque photo contest with the first prize of a beach towel featuring a reproduction of the Beachcomber masthead created by Larry Yamamoto. The towels were an immediate hit and at \$30 each were a small but important start on the Beachcomber’s goal of financial stability.

The beach towel promotion was just one of many efforts Linda staged to benefit the fire department. She put together generous, multi-page spreads of barbeque activity covering work party weekends, the Memorial Day party at the picnic grounds and cleanup. “I love the first barbeque work party,” Linda wrote, “because everything’s such a mess from the torrential rains and winds of winter, from the fallen tree branches and pine boughs to the overgrown field of spring grasses and the rotting wooden structures that look like they are about to fall down, but give the desired look of Funky Town.”

Linda also initiated a massive effort to interview all 16 members of the MBVFD and wrote eloquently about their work as first responders and emergency medical technicians. Elsewhere in this issue, Tayeko Kaufman has written a moving recollection of Linda’s work on behalf of the firefighters and the MBVFA.

As editor, Linda put in long days in her home office hunched over a keyboard polishing articles about life in Muir Beach. “I’d see her working on the Beachcomber when I left in the morning and she was still at it when I came home in the evening,” remembers husband David Leivick. She was an eagle-eyed editor who could spot a typo or misplaced comma from across the room and challenged many a contributor to recheck dates or the spelling of a name. Working from her experience as an editor for a New York publisher, Linda established

a Beachcomber style guide and expected writers to strictly adhere.

Linda formed a productive alliance with Jim Kravitz, the principled, award-winning editor of the West Marin Citizen. The two editors shared news tips and occasionally helped each other out with coverage of West Marin events.

In addition to her editorial efforts, Linda took on the de facto roles of publisher and chief financial officer. She launched a series of wine tasting fundraisers. In July 2007, she staged a wine tasting at the Community Center featuring the TR Elliot collection from long time Muir Beach resident and friend of the Beachcomber Theodore R. Elliot. Later, on a spectacular Indian Summer afternoon, Beachcomber benefactors gathered at Ted and Peggy Elliot's Charlotte's Way home with its stunning setting overlooking the Pacific. Guests tasted Pinot Noir and nibbled on Peggy's delectable hors d'oeuvres. "Thank you so much, Ted and Peggy," Linda wrote in the next Beachcomber, "for your generosity in providing a memorable evening."

Mixing business and socializing, Linda organized yet another fundraiser at the Community Center billed as "an evening of music and dancing." The event featured the fabulous Freddie and the Freeloaders led by Muir Beach resident Steve Shaffer. Local artists donated paintings for a silent auction including work by Larry Yamamoto, Tom Soltesz, Joy Perrin, Bernard Halliwell and Brad Eigsti.

Linda's promotional and fund-raising efforts were a big success and the number of subscribers more than doubled. Then, thanks to Linda's personal contact with Jim Canepa, one of the owners of Mill Valley Market, the store agreed to donate 2% of purchases to the magazine when customers mentioned the Beachcomber during checkout, an option that is still available.

Eventually the Beachcomber was able to end the paid subscription model and was once again distributed free to Muir Beach households.

Donations are gratefully accepted and editorial contributions are eagerly accepted though no contribution is likely to exceed the herculean efforts of Editor Linda Gibbs.

LINDA GIBBS

Linda Gibbs of Muir Beach, California, passed away at home on July 18, 2021. She was 77 years old.

Linda grew up in Cumberland, Maryland, and was the daughter of Eric and Maxine Gibbs. She graduated from Alleghany High School and from the University of Maryland with a BA in English.

In 1972, Linda moved from Washington, DC to San Francisco, where she pursued a career in publishing, and met her husband David Leivick. After living in Berkeley and Mill Valley, she and David moved to Muir Beach, and fulfilled their dream of living by the ocean. She served as the editor of the *Beachcomber*, Muir Beach's community magazine, from 2007-2010.

Inquisitive by nature since her days on the *Alcohol Mirror*, her high school newspaper, Linda was a thoughtful and generous friend, a gracious hostess who delighted in entertaining, and an avid writer and reader. She was a caring and kind mother, and an adoring and devoted nana.

Linda was a life-long lover of nature and was especially passionate about the land of West Marin, where she explored the trails both on foot and on horseback. She was also a runner, and ran the famed 7.4-mile Dipsea race from Mill Valley over Mt. Tamalpais to Stinson Beach. She cherished all creatures, wild and domesticated, and especially cats, horses, and her red-eared slider turtle. She spent many hours working in her greenhouse and enjoying her garden.

Linda is survived by her beloved husband David of 45 years, her daughter Sarah and son-in-law Chris, and her identical twin granddaughters, who she called her Little Darlings. She is also survived by her brother, Eric Drake Gibbs.

Her family would appreciate any donations in her memory be made to the Marin Agricultural Land Trust (MALT), stewards of the West Marin agricultural land, or Wildcare, a rescue and rehabilitation center of injured wildlife in San Rafael, California.

This obituary was written by Linda's daughter, Sarah, who, along with Linda's husband, David Leivick and brother, Eric Drake Gibbs, was at her bedside throughout her final days.

Friends Remember Beachcomber Editor

Linda Gibbs enjoyed a multitude of friends and neighbors during her time at Muir Beach. Three of her admirers reflect on her time as editor of the *Beachcomber*. – *Paul Jeschke*

Julie Smith

I first met Linda Gibbs in January 2007 at the Fire Department's CPR Training in the Community Center. I was there to take photos for the MBVFD website. Linda was there to take notes for an article in the "Beachcomber."

This was before the iPhone, when anyone with something bigger than a point-and-shoot camera was perceived as a "professional" photographer. Linda, who had recently become the *Beachcomber's* editor, noticed I had a pretty serious-looking camera and wasted no time in twisting my arm despite my protestation that I didn't know much about photography. I was instantly "hired" to be the "Beachcomber's" photographer.

In the following years, Linda kept my Nikon and me busy taking pictures of events, people and the community for the "Beachcomber." Her standards were high, ideas for articles creative. She was a joy to work with and I learned from her. Among her accomplishments was compiling for posterity past copies of the "Beachcomber" for donation to the Marin County Library's California Room where they can now be enjoyed by the general public. She was also responsible for making the "Beachcomber" available online.

In 2010 The "Beachcomber" was awarded a prestigious prize in the San Francisco Litho Club's annual printing competition - The Impression Awards - for the October 2009 issue.

As editor, Linda was responsible for the compelling content, excellent reporting, editing, and coordination of all the community members who contribute to its publication. Thank you, Linda!

Janet Tumpich

I met Linda Gibbs at the bar during a Quilter's Fair one year, she was hosting a booth/table for patrons to subscribe to, or purchase previous issues of, the *Beachcomber*. She was so gracious and complementary and I quickly discovered that we shared a mutual respect for our community and the *Beachcomber*.

Her enthusiasm to take on the task of editor was impressive and she brought our neighborhood news to the next level. As editor from 2007-2010, Linda not only rallied *Beachcomber* subscriptions, she added featured artists to its now color covers and increased the page count significantly. Finally, readers could truly appreciate the art on the covers, a feature that has continued through today. Over the past year, Linda had regular submissions to the *Beachcomber*, some were about her pet turtle and some were to provide readers with informative tidbits about the *Beachcomber* website and archives. Thank you for your dedication Linda.

Tayeko Kaufman

It was with a real sense of loss that we heard of the passing of Linda Gibbs on Sunday, July 18. Our community has had wonderful, dedicated editors of the *Beachcomber*, since 1946, but Linda was special. Linda took charge of our local journal at a time when we really needed to focus on 2 issues: First the efforts of The Greater Muir Beach Neighbor's, led by Judith Yamamoto, Marilyn

Latch, Kathy Sward, Erin Pinto, and others to deal with the Marin County Transit Agency's implementation of Measure A and the Stage Coaches impact on Muir Beach; and dealing with the GGNRA on the Big Lagoon project. The second issue was how to increase the funding for the Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department. These two issues were crucial to the future well being of our community and Linda, through the *Beachcomber*, helped focus our attention and efforts.

In this thank you to Linda Gibbs I will only deal with her help and support of the Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department and the Muir Beach Fire Association. When Linda became editor of the *Beachcomber* in 2006-2007 she approached Michael Kaufman, then President of the Fire Association Board, and asked if there were any pressing issues about the fire department that he wanted to share with the community. During the turn of the century it became increasingly evident that the BBQ alone could not fund the needs of the fire department.

At the time John John Sward was the Fire Chief and there were 16 volunteer firemen, the largest number of volunteers that we ever had. Each fireman's outfit at the time cost about \$3,800 dollars and we were in dire need of another fire truck and a fire house. So the Fire Association Board had decided to try and pass a parcel tax to supplement the revenue from the BBQ and grants. In order to gain community support for the parcel tax, Michael asked Linda to help make the fire department more real and visible to the community. So began a series of articles on each volunteer to raise the awareness that these were friends and neighbors of

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Couples

By Steven J. Moss

ours with varied backgrounds, from doctors to carpenters, that spent 18 hours a month on training, tirelessly saving community members from the occasional floods and heart attacks, and countless hours responding to calls from Muir Woods and accidents on Shoreline Highway. Linda interviewed all 18 volunteers and shared their unique histories and contributions to our community in the *Beachcomber*.

In addition, the Association Board realized that we could not put all the burden for our safety and well being on our volunteer firemen so they began an aggressive CERT program (Community Emergency Response Training) for the community and a disaster preparedness program and a Fire Safety Day. Linda and David Leivick covered all these events and shared the information through the *Beachcomber*.

As the campaign for a fire parcel tax gained momentum as Measure B in 2008, a \$200 per parcel tax for the fire department, it became clear that the visibility Linda provided the Fire Association and MBVFD was a great help. Measure B was approved by 82% of the voters and secured a base for the department but also allowed Michael and the Board to go after larger grants because the parcel tax showed that the community was invested in keeping the department afloat. The fire parcel tax was approved again in 2012, as Measure E by 86.99%; and again in 2016 for a 10 year period up to fiscal 2025-2026.

As we face the challenges of climate change, and the cancellation of the BBQ for 2 years, I will be forever grateful for Linda's efforts and the continued work of the MBVFA and our Volunteer Firemen.

Relationships, especially long ones, are full of small battles, struggles over whose preferences, or neuroses, will win the day. Couples debate whether lights should be on or off, windows shut against the night air or left ajar to allow refreshing breezes to drift in.

Bedroom doors shouldn't be agape lest an intruder enter the house, or the dog slip in to breathe noisily, or worse, slurp their private parts. No, you're wrong, bedrooms should be accessible, so that any untoward sounds can be heard, and to keep the dog from loudly scratching to get in, waking everyone up.

There are no right answers, just poorly contended ones. Compromises must be made. Arguments in my household often begin with word choice. "We're not arguing," my wife, Debbie, might promptly retort, "We're discussing." We don't typically disagree about the big stuff, like money or how to parent our daughter. It's the small things that trip us up. I drive too slowly, as if bobbing on lapping waves instead of watchfully traversing chaotic streets. She's overly dedicated to symmetry; even art has to be orderly. Both are true, or false. That's not what matters.

For some time, the arc of our petty struggles centered on coffee making. For many years, I was charged with the task, even lauded for it. I greeted Debbie at morning light with a freshly made cup of joe, delivered hot to her bedside table. She boasted of the service to friends and family, evidence of the excellence of my husbandry.

Until it wasn't.

Making java involves daily machine cleaning, a task I attended to imperfectly. I'd wash the various parts so enthusiastically that tiny drops of brown liquid would splatter on the set of white flower vases Debbie symmetrically displayed next to the sink. Which, because I never seemed to notice – or was I subconsciously passive-aggressive? – she had to clean up. I experimented with different types of beans and brands, resulting in an inconsistent product that might have unpleasant – to Debbie – tangs of chocolate, or simply be too weak. I'd mix different kinds of beans together; yes, I did.

Worse, though, was my pathological dedication to "waste not want not" planted by the practices of my Depression Era-raised parents. Unwilling to dispose of "perfectly good beans," which were actually stale or even already ground, I poured these into the coffeemaker's maw, more than once gumming up the machine. Which Debbie had to clean.

The slow drip of my unwelcome methods ultimately resulted in my being banished from coffee making entirely, left solely to my butler role. Which, truthfully, is hard to mess up.

As with all petty partnership struggles, how one reacts to a disagreement is what matters. I could take umbrage that my manhood had been stripped from me, identified as a person so incompetent that he can't even engage in basic coffee making, unable to experiment with the daily grind. Or I could sleep a little later in the morning, safe in the knowledge that I'll be greeted with a fresh pot of consistently brewed coffee, prepared on a timer by Debbie the previous night. What would you choose?

After the Apocalypse

A Review by Gerry Pearlman

Andrew Bacevich is garnering a lot of attention with his latest book: “After the Apocalypse: America’s Role in a World Transformed.” It’s all about America’s foreign policy past and present but especially what transpired after the second world war when the US emerged as the only major super power. It’s familiar territory that has been plowed many times over by such luminaries as Norm Chomsky, (*What Uncle Sam Really Wants*), Howard Zinn, (*A Poor Peoples History of the US*), and Gore Vidal, (*Imperial America*) and many others. But it is Basevich’s outstanding credentials that sets him apart from previous thinkers. He is a graduate of West Point who retired after 27 years of military service after attaining the rank of Colonel. His service included a tour of duty in Viet Nam. After retirement he went on to Princeton to obtain a PhD in international relations which he then taught at Boston University. He currently heads a Washington based think tank, but perhaps his most enduring and tragic qualification was the loss of his son in the Iraq war.

The preeminence of American power after the second world war gave rise to the doctrine of “exceptionalism;” expounding the notion that the US was no longer bound by any of the traditional values that governed international relations and diplomacy. The US could in effect do anything it wanted to do on the world stage with or without the support of former allies. So began the “Cold War” which remains with us til this day, albeit briefly and unsuccessfully challenged by Trump’s attempts to create a more friendly attitude toward Russia.

This book is an impassioned call for change in response to the shifting world order of the 21st century. Basevich states flat out that if the purpose of foreign policy is first and foremost to keep America safe, it has been a total failure. And further more we had better change our tune after the coming apocalypse takes its toll. (*The apocalypse consists primarily of accelerating climate change, shifts in the international balance of power, and the ascendance of information technology over brute weapons of war*). The failure of our foreign policy is largely rooted in the conviction that global military primacy is the key to a stable and sustainable world order; that a market economy (Capitalism) is

compatible with the common good; and that faith in the “idea” of the “West” as “exceptional” governs American foreign policy.

That this belief has only resulted in “endless wars and moral and material disasters” with nothing in particular to show for the cost in lives and resources is abundantly clear but never acknowledged at the highest policy levels (see Biden’s recent national address about the withdrawal of American troops from Afghanistan and Bush’s “Mission Accomplished” statement.)

Basevich does not delve so much into the distant past as he does recent history in Viet Nam, Iraq and Afghanistan. He does make clear America’s imperial ambitions early on in such military operations as the Spanish-American War, the seizure of Texas and California from Mexico, the conquest of the Philippines, annexation of Hawaii and Puerto Rico and other early adventures large and small. All done supposedly under the guise of the advancement of the American democratic ideals. Even though in the course of carrying out these imperial ambitions, the genocidal wars against Native Americans, or the issue of slavery which were ongoing events in the home front, were given a blind eye. Frederick Douglas sardonic response to the celebration of the original Declaration of Independence was made on behalf of African/American still being brutalized by conditions of slavery. Douglas made a rightful mockery of advancing democratic values elsewhere in the world while ignoring the injustices prevalent on our native soul.

How myths more than facts are the way we have come to understand our history is what Basevich is telling us in this book; and hence how we have failed in essence to learn anything from our experience.* Hearing about the truth of our history from an unabashed Catholic conservative graduate of West Point with 27 years of military experience including a tour of duty in Viet Nam, and who actually tragically lost a son in Iraq while not anything new, nonetheless presents a sobering look from one who knows about these matters from his own actual experience.

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The resiliency of the still held idea of American global military primacy even after Viet Nam, Iraq, and Afghanistan where the fact of America's defeat is still not acknowledged defies belief. Everyone knows America was defeated fair and square, that Iraq is in much worse shape now than before it was liberated by US forces, and that America's longest and costliest war in Afghanistan has been an unmitigated disaster for them and the US. How is it possible to believe in the myth of US invincibility in the face of the reality of the American experience in these places!

Better to admit the defeat of our efforts at reforming others and do what Basevich recommends: "a bold reconception of America's place in the world, based on moral pragmatism, mutual coexistence, and war as a last resort." There has to be an acknowledgment that the idea of "America is Back" being pedaled across mainstream media is nonsense. The truth of the matter is that the US is but one of many nations struggling to exist in a world plagued with shrinking resources, increasing populations and worsening climate. A fact based understanding shorn of any of the usual sugarcoating that accompanies any critical examination of the state of the US today is hard to digest, if for no other reason that the truth hurts:

The disastrous social, economic and political defeat America has inflicted upon itself from the combined impact of Covid 19 pandemic, the violent manifestation of social and racial inequality, inequity on the streets of American cities, and the implosion of American democracy during the 20/20 presidential election (must be recognized for what it is.)

America has stumbled badly and will complete its precipitous fall unless measures are taken to radically transform its failed and flawed relationship with itself and the rest of the world.....Andrew Basevich

*Here I am reminded of a quote from Hannah Arendt:

"No matter how much we may be capable of learning from the past," she writes, "it will not enable us to know the future."

Bomba Bombas

The first time I went over the hill without a mask my face got cold. But I'm over that now and delighted masks are no longer mandated in most places. But this is about socks!

Yes, socks. We take them for granted, sliding them onto our feet first thing in the morning knowing they will keep our feet comfortable and warm for the day. But sorting through the laundry to match them up can be a frustrating and time consuming exercise. Does it really matter that one wears blue socks with a blue blazer, or brown socks with a brown sweater, or green socks with a green shirt?

No more Mr. Fashionista for me. I have tried a couple of times on summer holidays to be uber cool and wear no socks at all with my Gucci loafers but the only thing cool about it was the warm afternoon, not me. But I solved my matching socks problem several years ago by unceremoniously throwing out all my socks, many of which had found religion (become Holy), then marched off to Macy's and bought a dozen pair of brand new, on sale, Gold Toe socks. All black, all the same. No more searching for that stubborn matching sock hiding at the bottom of the laundry basket.

Life was good and the result of my epiphany has lasted for years. Then recently I became inundated, mostly on the internet, with Bombas claiming they were "disrupting" the sock industry. Now c'mon, socks are socks. What's to disrupt. I have a daily choice of black, black, or black socks to choose from and am quite happy. But I finally ordered a pair of Bombas because they said for every pair I bought they would donate a pair to the homeless. Having just read somewhere that socks were the number one request from homeless people I felt good about my purchase. The Bombas arrived and lo and behold they are different from other socks. There is a firmer fit, support at the instep, and no seam at the toe. A very comfortable sock indeed. So I ordered a dozen more pair of Bombas. All black of course, and they arrived a few days later. I got mine. I trust the homeless got theirs.

– Mike Miller

“Why Do You Paint?”

A Story About Larry Yamamoto

By Judith Yamamoto

In Larry’s Words:

When I was a kid, eighteen, nineteen, a friend’s mother asked me, “Why do you paint?”

I had to think about it. I didn’t know.

I’m still searching. I still don’t know.

Personally, it’s something I enjoy, but I don’t why.

I used to paint with this girlfriend I was going with, and we’d go plein air painting around town, mostly to run-down neighborhoods, and I’d look around and say, “This is beautiful.”

And she’d say, “Why is it beautiful? It’s old and falling apart. It’s ugly.”

That got me to thinking, why do I think it’s beautiful? Modern clean well-behaved things were not so beautiful to me.

Nature is beautiful but I always liked the urban scenes more. They seem closer to what I’m trying to feel. You have to understand, I’m coming from the bottom rung. I didn’t understand this, but I felt it and knew it.



Joe Rodrigues, 18” x 24”
Photograph by Larry Yamamoto

“Every subject brings a new emotion,
A clean sheet of paper, a new adventure.”

-- Larry’s artist bio

But I always liked nature scenes too. When I was a kid living in West L.A., our Japanese language school took us to the mountains a couple of times, once up to Lake Arrowhead and once to Mount Wilson, where the deer were wild and the air was clear.

We never got to see squirrels and blue jays in the city.

In Judith’s Words:

You can see those squirrels and birds, lots of birds, in Larry’s paintings.

Why does he paint?

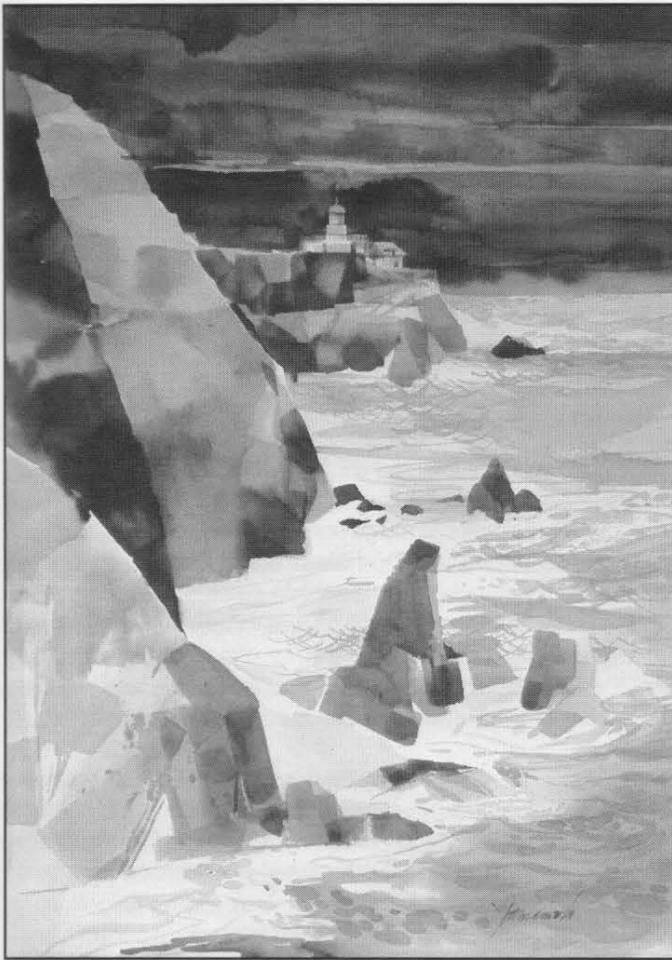
Larry was born in Hawaii in 1929 and lived on the North Shore of Oahu with his grandparents for the first five years of his life. His grandfather worked on the railway tracks, and after work took Larry down to the ocean to catch fish for dinner.

His parents had left Larry and his older sister with their grandparents because the Great Depression hit early and hard in Hawaii. His parents went to Los Angeles to find work.

His grandmother brought him and his sister to Los Angeles when he was five. Larry remembers the big ship and the long ocean voyage, and meeting two people who were his parents. He remembers that after a couple of weeks, his grandmother went back to Hawaii without him.

In 1941, when Larry was twelve, World War II started and he, his family, and all people of Japanese ancestry on the west coast were interned in concentration camps. Larry was at the Gila River camp in Arizona for three years, leaving when he was fifteen years old. He tells me he had a good time with his friends in camp, being kids and being somewhat liberated from the family structure.

It’s not easy to imagine how these families lived in one room in a barracks, eating in a mess hall, cleaning up



Point Bonita, 30" x 22"
Photograph by Larry Yamamoto

in communal showers, being surrounded by barbed wire, guard towers, and armed soldiers. They tell many different stories.

Larry, who had been drawing all his life, met two art teachers at camp who inspired him with their own art and opened his eyes to the life of art. And it was also there that he fell in love with the beauty of the high desert.

He was fifteen when he left the concentration camp. Back in L.A., he worked his way through his last couple of years of high school as a houseboy, earning room and board, and was on his own on his day off.

He took art classes in high school. Worked during summer vacation, painting roses and orchids on ladies' girdles, put a portfolio together and got himself into the Otis School of Fine Arts in Los Angeles.

At Otis, he took classes, painted and drew, met older guys going to art school on the GI Bill, cut classes

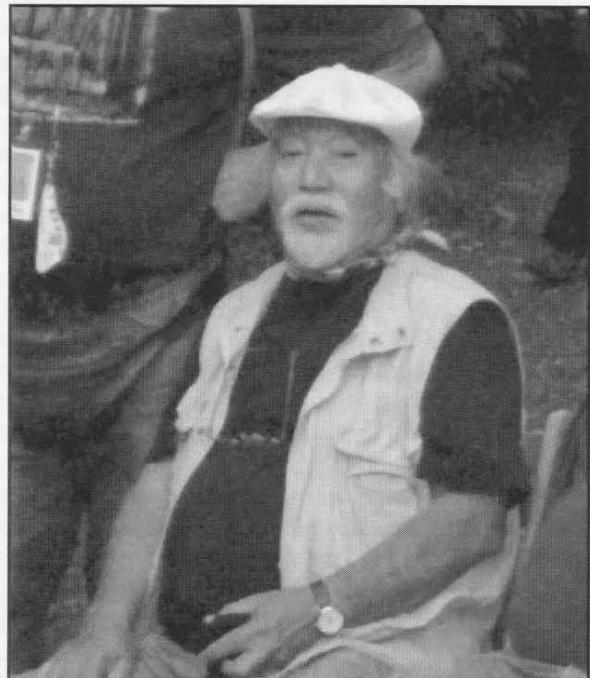
and drank wine and talked with them for hours on the lawn, and was amazed at the way other people expressed their feelings about life!

He dropped out of Otis to head out to be an artist in New York City, stopping first in San Francisco. He was a poverty-stricken linotype operator at a small Japanese language newspaper; lived close by in Japantown; met some friends who stayed friends forever and forever questioned the social system; fell in love with a radical Jewish girl, got married, had three kids, and had a long working life on the San Francisco waterfront, Local 10 Longshore and Local 34 Shipsclerks, ILWU (International Longshore & Warehouse Union).

Moved to Muir Beach and, with a little help from his family and a lot from Gordon Mosteller, built his own house in the early sixties.

We don't know why Larry paints, but that's what he does. Has done it since he was a little kid; always does it. Riding with him in the car is nerve-wracking, and I have pretty much worn out the imaginary brake pedal on the passenger side, because his head isn't facing where he's driving.

His head is turned sideways, where the paintings are.



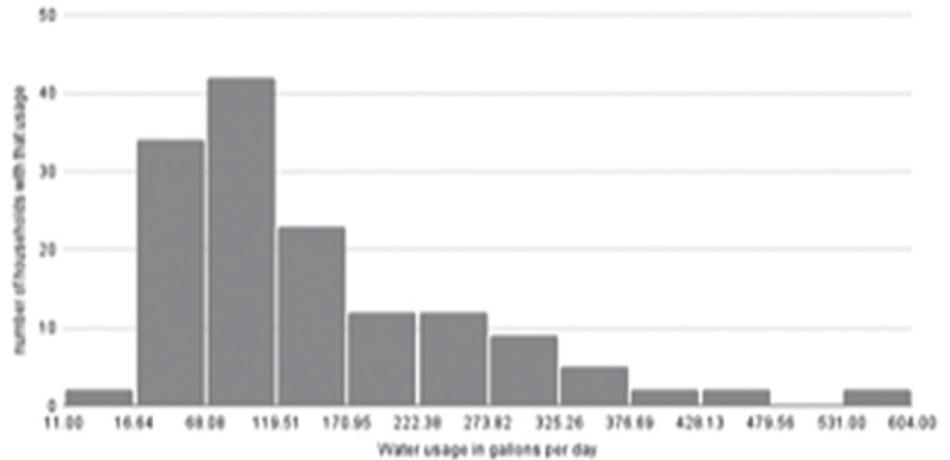
Larry Yamamoto relaxing at the 2007 Mill Valley Fall Arts Festival
Photograph by Judith Yamamoto

Water Element *July 2021*

By Ernst Karel

We're all aware that California is in what is probably not just a drought, but the beginning of a potentially years- or even decades-long dry period. In my previous 'Water Element' articles for *Beachcomber*, I've emphasized that not a lot is known about the condition of the aquifer from which we draw groundwater. Starting from this position of uncertainty, in taking the long view we would do well to reduce our usage and conserve water to the extent possible. Last year was the longest-ever mandatory conservation period for Muir Beach, starting in September, and this year the CSD has declared mandatory conservation measures starting on July 16, much earlier in the season than ever.

The first steps towards being a confident, mutually helpful and supportive water-sharing community, are to really understand how much water each of us is using, and what the usage targets are. While our water district has not yet set a specific target, for reference, Marin Water (MMWD) is aiming for a 40% average reduction in overall usage, which translates to an average water use per person below 60 gallons per day. This can be compared with the statewide standard, introduced in 2018, of 55 gallons per person per day of indoor water use. Here in Muir Beach, usage per household varies widely, and includes households (with full-time residents) that already fall well below those figures. The overall distribution for the July 2021 meter reading can be seen in the following histogram. The numbers along the bottom indicate average gallons per day, with the height of each column indicating how many households are using that amount.



The average household use was 148 gallons per day, with the median at 108, meaning half using less than 108 and half more. Those using more are somewhat widely distributed, with 19 households using 200-300, and 15 using more than 300, two of which are using around 600 gallons per day. (Meters with no usage at all, and the Pelican, were not included in this calculation.) And this distribution has held relatively steady over the past 16 months, as shown on the following graph.

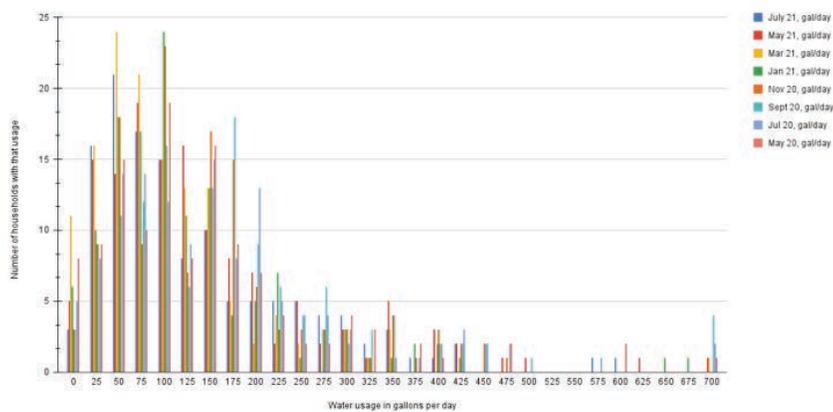
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Life Imitating Art



The Great Blue Heron dropped in to visit the new pelican art atop the tree stump at 7 Seacape. Photo by Sarah Nesbitt

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(Note that the rightmost column is for 700 gallons per day and above, and those instances were leaks.) There is some variation over these eight two-month periods, and some general consistency. Where does your household fall, and what could your household do to conserve?

Our water bills from the CSD for July 2021 contain not just the past three periods, but extend all the way back to the same May-July period last year, to enable you to see your own usage pattern over time. For each period, two numbers are given. The first is the actual number read right from your meter, which for most meters is in cubic feet. The second number is the number of gallons you have used in that billing period. So to get your average usage in gallons per day, to compare with the figures I have given above, simply divide that second number by 60 (for the two month period).

Reading date	Meter reading* / Gallons used*; Payments	Current charge	Balance
07/15/2020	Balance forward		0.00
07/16/2020	366917 / 3059	109.32	109.32
07/27/2020	PMT	-109.32	0.00
09/16/2020	367289 / 2783	107.84	107.84
09/24/2020	PMT	-107.84	0.00
11/16/2020	367624 / 2506 meter reading (cubic feet)	105.04	105.04
11/21/2020	PMT	-105.04	0.00
01/16/2021	367930 / 2289	102.85	102.85
01/18/2021	PMT	-102.85	0.00
03/16/2021	368212 / 2109 gallons per two-month period divide by 60 for gallons per day = 37 gallons/day	101.03	101.03
03/27/2021	PMT	-101.03	0.00
05/16/2021	368521 / 2311	103.07	103.07
05/24/2021	PMT	-103.07	0.00
07/16/2021	368819 / 2229	102.24	102.24
07/20/2021	PMT	-102.24	0.00
			Amount Due

* NOTE: Most meter readings are in cubic feet; there are 7.48 gallons per cubic foot.

To make it very easy – and fun! – to track your own usage, the CSD will be making available for a discount, Flume water meter monitors, which simply strap on to your existing meter, and connect to your WiFi system so that you can see your usage in detail right on your smart phone. Keep an eye out for that offer. These devices will also make it possible to immediately detect a leak, unlike now where we usually discover a leak only when we actually see water on the ground, and often thousands of gallons have already been lost. This would also be easier than making it a habit to read your own meter to see how your usage reduction is going. But that too is also a good option! Easy information about reading your meter, looking out for leaks, and other conservation tips can be found at marinwater.org/water-conservation. And as always, please contact your friendly water team with any questions or concerns at water@muirbeachcsd.com.

MUIR BEACH Fishing Report

By Fishboy



Jon Rauh and daughter Anna with the 21 pound salmon.

August is usually a great month to go fishing...as a matter of fact the annual Bolinas rod and boat club tournament starts August 13 and goes through Sunday. Contact the Bolinas rod and boat club for more info.

On Sunday in the middle of July I took Anna and her grandfather Charles Hobson out on a salmon fishing trip. We got the call on the local channel 66 that there was a bite out by the shipping channel. We made the 30 minute run from Bolinas and found lots of boats and birds diving. After a short time we hooked a small salmon and had a dinner fish. We lost another one near the boat that was about the same size. Time went by and before we knew it we had almost trolled home and Charles says "OK I think it's time to go." Within 10 seconds our downrigger line took off like a bat out of Hell. Anna grabbed the rod and brought in a beautiful 21 pound salmon (after it almost went around the boat) to cap off the day! *Go get one for yourself!*

Muir Beach Emergency Liaisons



Janice, Lotta, Susannah, Denise, and Sarah received their CERT certificates on May 15, 2021, after completing online training and a day of IRL (In Real Life) training in Mill Valley. – Sarah Nesbitt



Preschool Pod at Play



Taking a break from studies, a few of the Pod kids have some fun in the new sand that was delivered to the volleyball court. Photo by Joey Groneman



Preschool Pod creativity. Photo by Janet Tumpich

Mobile Garden

Wendy Johnson's green thumb extends to her car which seems to be sprouting its own mobile garden.

Photo by Lonna Richmond

