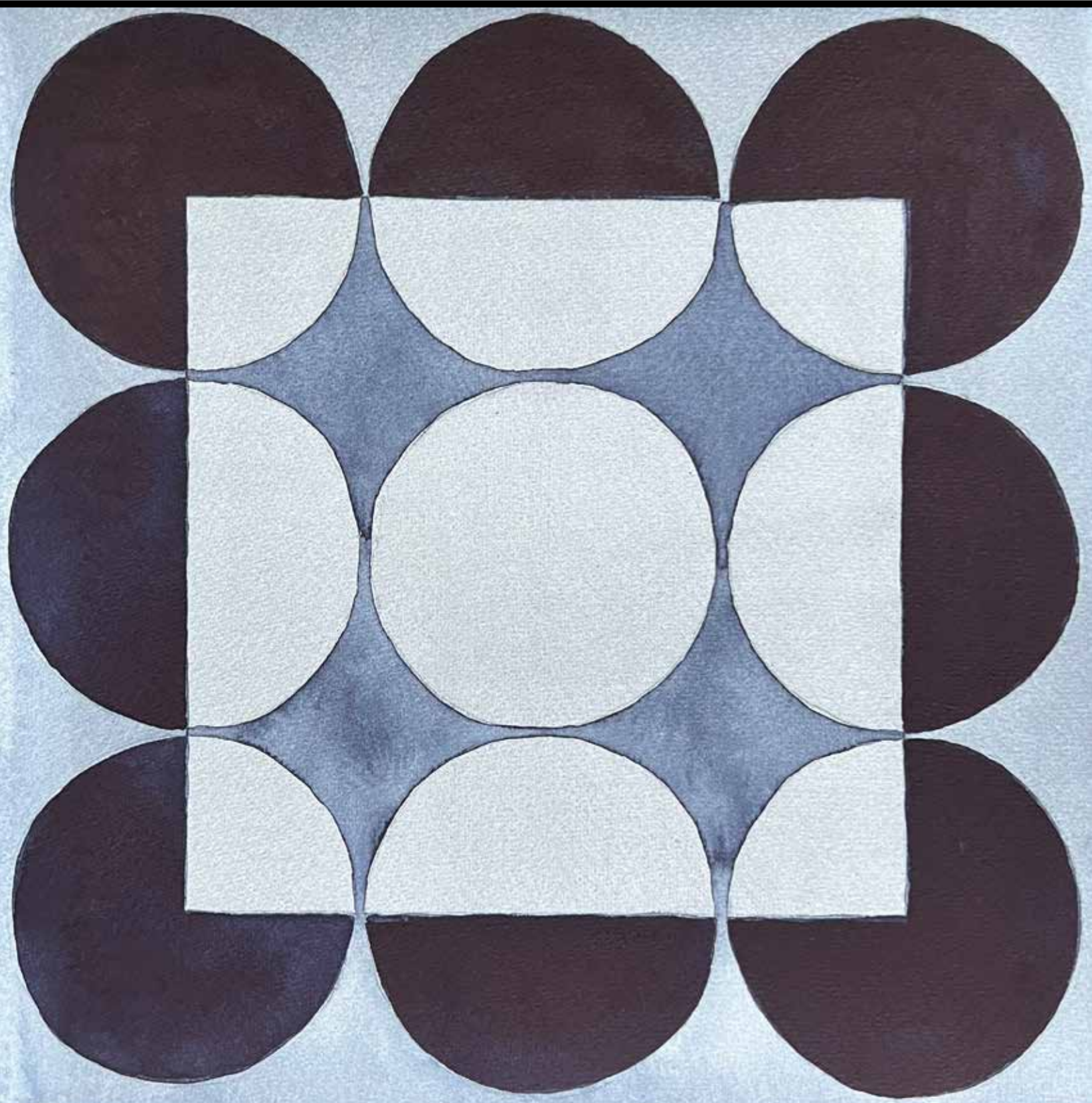


BEACHCOMBER

SINCE 1946



49th Annual Muir Beach Volunteer Firemen's Barbecue, Sunday, May 28

By Denise Lamott

The 49th Annual Muir Beach Volunteer Firemen's Barbecue returns on **Sunday, May 28 from noon to 5pm** in Santos Meadows. Enjoy delicious food, fantastic live music, tasty craft beers from Lagunitas Brewery, premium wine, and a whole lot of fun for the family. As most of you know, the Firemen's Barbecue is a festive gathering and fundraiser for our very own **Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department** and a favorite Memorial Day Weekend tradition in Marin. Keeping the nearly-50-year tradition going, local favorites **Andre Pessis and his All-Stars** will be back to get the spirited crowd on the dance floor with their classic rock and R&B tunes. **Pardon the Interruption**, a 4-piece energetic Bay Area band will kick off the afternoon playing upbeat funk, rock, soul, reggae, and blues.



Andre Pessis and his All Stars



Pardon the Interruption

49TH MUIR BEACH VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S BBQ
SUNDAY, MAY 28TH, 2023 - NOON UNTIL 5PM
SANTOS MEADOWS ON FRANK VALLEY ROAD



LIVE BY ANDRE'S ALLSTARS
MUSIC & PARDON THE INTERRUPTION
FOOD, FUN, DANCING, DRINKS, RAFFLE, T-SHIRTS, KIDS PLAY ZONE & MORE!
PARKING \$30 PER VEHICLE • CARPOOLING ENCOURAGED
\$10 WALK-IN • ALCOHOL PURCHASED ON-SITE ONLY • NO B.Y.O.B.
ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE MUIR BEACH VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT.
SPONSORED BY THE MUIR BEACH VOLUNTEER FIRE ASSOCIATION

BBQ poster by Brad Eigsti

Muir Beach firefighters and community members tend to smoky grills. Barbecue chicken and vegetarian tamale lunches, handmade desserts, sodas, beer, and wine will be available for purchase, as are clothing and other items featuring the famous Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department's iconic dog logo. The day's activities end with a raffle of dozens of wonderful prizes, including fantastic accommodations and gift certificates from popular Bay Area and beyond restaurants and attractions.

The **Annual Firemen's Barbecue** is a fundraiser for the **Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department** and donations and purchases of merchandise, food, beverages, and raffle tickets are encouraged and appreciated. Parking is \$30 per vehicle; carpooling is encouraged. There is a suggested donation of \$10 for walk-in and bike-in attendees.

If you'd like to volunteer, please email Nina Vincent ninavp@earthlink.net. For further details, please email Denise Lamott denise@deniselamottpr.com or check out muirbeachfire.com/bbq.

Update from Debra Allen regarding the 49th MBVFD May 28th Raffle



As of early May, I've got 65 prizes so far, from generous donors including:

Hampui Hats, Joe's Taco Lounge, MB LAN, Sausalito Picture Framing, SF MOMA, Juniper Ridge, Oxgut Recycled Fire Hose Co., Proof Lab, Scents of SF, Easy Breezy, Seaside Weavers, Chileno Valley Olive Oil Co., Heyday Books, Align Chiropractic, Berkeley Rep, Nugget Market, New York Puzzle Co., FairyTale Brownies, Womanswork, Green Jeans, Buckeye, Drivers Market, Pt. Reyes Farmstead Cheese Co., Grilly's, Autographed Books from Marin Authors, Spinnaker, Mill Valley Car Wash, Waterstreet Hardware, Two Neat, Sloat, SeaTrek, Mill Valley Pottery Studio, Good Earth, Tivoli Decor, In-Out-Burger, Magic Flute, Renee's Garden, The Studio, Filana, Northbay Candleworks, Laurie Piel, Mountain Play, Trader Joes, SF Bay Adventures, Hen House Soap Co., Light & Motion, Lapperts, CA Baby, Kona Earth Coffee, Claremont Hotel...!

Please look out for your raffle tickets booklets of 25 that I put in local boxes on May 1 (remember to make the checks out to MBVFA, not MBVFD), let me know if you'd like to buy more tickets and/or if you have a raffle prize that you'd like to donate!

Thank you, Debra Allen
(deballen@deballen.com or text/call 415-279-3751)

The *Beachcomber*, our neighborhood news, is published quarterly by and for residents, friends, family and former residents of Muir Beach. Published since 1946 (on and off), circulation 170 (more or less).

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Contribute your essays, poems, stories, photographs, artwork, announcements, reviews – anything that celebrates Muir Beachers and our community. 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 except for readability and general appearance.

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ON THE COVER

Landscape Series-
Emily Carroll

Watercolor
(on 300 lb. Fabriano paper)
12" x 12"

From Your Muir Beach Disaster Council

BE PREPARED, MUIR BEACH!

Gather Emergency Supplies

Build a Go Bag & Assemble a Stay Box

Elderly & Special Needs

Residents who need extra help, you must plan in advance. Ask a younger neighbor or family member to drive and assist as needed. Make a plan with them.

Whether you Stay or Go after a major disaster, you will need supplies to survive on your own for 5-7 days. Plan for what you and members of your household will need to meet daily needs such as meals, sanitation, medication and maintaining personal medical devices.

To organize your supplies, you will need a backpack and a storage box.

- The backpack, or **Go Bag**, contains items you may use whether you shelter in place or evacuate.
- The **Stay Box** will contain additional items needed for you to be safe and warm at home.



Go Bag

- Make a Plan** checklist
- Wallet with personal ID, credit cards, cash in small bills
- Water bottle and snacks
- N95 masks
- Cell phone charger and battery bank
- Flashlight or headlamp
- Prescription medications for 5-7 days
- Personal hygiene, sanitation supplies, hand sanitizer, baby wipes
- At least one change of clothes (focus on socks and underwear first)
- Small First Aid kit
- Your **Last Minute List** of the irreplaceable items you will collect if you have time before you evacuate
- Extra eyeglasses and hearing aid batteries
- Financial documents stored on a portable hard drive



Stay Box

- Water – 1 gallon per person per day
- Non-perishable food with pop-top lids
- First Aid kit and manual
- Flashlight or headlamp, batteries
- Fire extinguisher (store in the kitchen)
- Warm clothes and sturdy shoes
- Portable toilet/bucket and trash bags
- Hand sanitizer and baby wipes
- Radio – battery, solar or hand crank
- Sleeping bags, blankets
- Tools – wrench, duct tape, hammer, gloves
- Camping supplies, tent, cooking stove
- Rope, bungee cords, scissors, tarp



Got a heartbeat? Need a Go Bag. Remember Your Pets, too.

It's important to pack a Go Bag for every member of your household. Update your kit as your family's needs change, such as food preferences or clothing and shoe sizes. After assembling your food supplies, come up with a plan to store them safely:

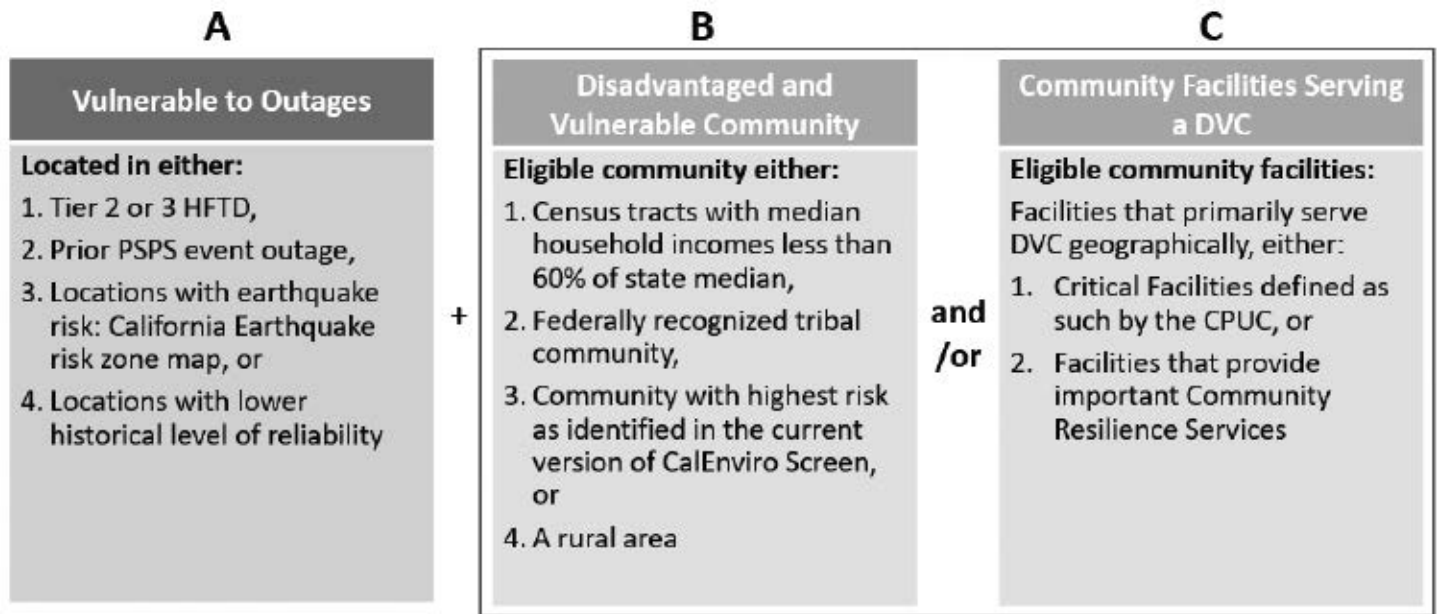
- Write a date on water jugs and rotate them every 6 months
- Store food in a cool place
- Pick a date, such as your birthday, to check the expiration dates of your supplies



Muircogrid

By Steven J. Moss

Muir Beach could be eligible to participate in the “Microgrid Incentive Program,” (MIP), a recently adopted initiative by the California Public Utilities Commission (CPUC) to encourage community resiliency. Under MIP’s criteria, outlined in the graphic below, a community must meet “A” plus “B” and/or “C” to qualify for state support.



“HFTD” = High Fire-Threat District; “DVC” = Disadvantaged and Vulnerable Community.

Muir Beach is eligible under Category A, having experienced Public Safety Power Shutoffs (PSPS). The community could meet the “A rural area” criteria in Category B, or if our hamlet decides to create a microgrid around the community center, bolstering its ability to serve as “resiliency facility” during natural disasters, extreme weather and to support our aging population. For example, the center could be modified to increase its capacity to refrigerate food and medicines, provide significant backup power for plug-in devices and vehicles, the water system, and adjacent properties, and offer telecommunication services.

Even if Muir Beach qualifies for the program there are no guarantees it’ll be awarded funds. However, if successful the community would get access to up to \$15 million in incentive monies plus a \$25,000 development grant.

This and other ways to increase energy resiliency will be discussed at a town hall meeting 7 p.m., Thursday, May 18, at the Muir Beach Community Center. Representatives from Marin Clean Energy have been invited to participate.

UPGRADING YOUR HOME'S VENTS FOR FIRE SAFETY:

A TIP SHEET

By Beth Begault

IF YOUR FIREWISE TO-DO LIST INCLUDES REPLACING YOUR HOME'S EXTERIOR VENTS, PLEASE READ ON! WE'VE DONE SOME HOMEWORK FOR YOU—HOPE YOU FIND IT HELPFUL.

WHY UPGRADE YOUR VENTS?

- 1) By keeping wildfire embers from being pulled into your home's cooler crawlspaces and attic, you will increase the odds that your property can survive a fire.
- 2) Fire-resistant vents can help you keep your home insurance rates down---more and more insurance companies require them.

HOW ARE THE UPGRADED VENTS SAFER?

- 1) Older vents (generally speaking, vents installed before 2008) tend to have larger, 1/4" mesh that encourages embers to enter, and they are often made of corrosive metal that becomes rusty.
- 2) Newer vents have smaller (1/8" or less) mesh while still providing necessary ventilation, and they can include a temperature-sensitive honeycomb structure that closes the vent at high temperatures.

GETTING STARTED:

Consider grabbing a pad of paper, permanent marker, measuring tape, and masking tape to 1) walk the perimeter of your home and count/measure/label-by-number your vent openings and then 2) create a corresponding numbered paper list, i.e. vent opening #1 is 14" x 4".

Vents may be located along your perimeter foundation, under roof eaves, in gables, and don't miss your dryer vent. The total number of vents can vary greatly from house to house.



DEFINITELY NEEDS REPLACING!!!



TOP: AN OLD VENT; BOTTOM: VULCAN VENT

Continued on next page

BUYING YOUR VENTS

Here's a partial listing of local stores that sell Firewise-approved Vulcan Vents (and alternatively, non-corrosive flat-cover 1/8" mesh vents and/ or rolls of 1/8" mesh screening for non-standard-sized vent openings):

Point Reyes Ace Building Supply Store

11280 CA-1 in Point Reyes Station

Open M-F 7:30-5:00

(415) 663-1737

(note: Manager Mike Simon is extra helpful AND a 10% discount may be available for orders of 10 or more Vulcan vents. If what you need isn't in stock, Mike says to order by Monday to have your sizes delivered to the store on Wednesday.)

Jackson's Hardware

62 Woodland Avenue in San Rafael

Open Monday-Sat, closed on Sundays

(415) 454-3740

Goodman Building Supply

775 Redwood Hwy in Mill Valley

Open 7 days a week

(415) 388-6233 (15% discount on Sundays or 10% senior discount on Weds)

Currently, Bolinas Hardware doesn't carry Vulcan Vents

NON-STANDARD-SIZE VENTS



Don and Barbara Piotter's house needed a whopping 42 vents, and many of the 42 included non-standard vent openings in their concrete foundation. Don purchased a roll of corrosive-resistant, noncombustible 1/8" mesh screen to make custom fire-safe vents.

Pro tip: Don noted that particular "blue screws" are needed for concrete. Bonus: He shared his leftover roll of screen with the Begaults for THEIR non-standard vent openings. Thanks, Don!

For information about California-approved vents for wildland urban interface, see <https://ucanr.edu/sites/fire/Prepare/Building/Vents/>

Approved vents include:

Vulcan Technologies in San Rafael
www.vulcantechnologies.com/
(415) 459-6488
(LOCAL COMPANY!)

Embers Out LLC in Yorba Linda
www.embersout.com/
(415) 363-3459

Brandguard Vents in San Clemente
www.brandguardvents.com/
(949) 481-5300

NEED HELP WITH INSTALLATION?

Call Cuco Alcala at (415) 309-1135 for experienced installation of your vents.

HAVE QUESTIONS?

HERE'S OUR MUIR BEACH FIREWISE TEAM:

Don Piotter, Lead
Fire Chief Chris Gove
David Taylor
Ron Rosano
Rick Bernard
Klaus Poppensieker
Pamela Tom

**THANK YOU TO
FIREWISE LEAD
DON PIOTTER
FOR YOUR HELP WITH
THIS ARTICLE!**

I Learned to Drive When I was Ten

By Jeff Swarts

My Grandpa had an old 1947 Chevy pickup with a granny gear and a hand throttle with “Shasta Cascade Sporting Goods” written on the door panels. The hand throttle was key. My grandfather was crippled from a childhood football accident. His whole left side was left rigid from his hip down to his ankle. The top of his femur calcified to his hip and his knee was frozen solid so he walked with a serious limp. He also didn’t sit. He would wedge his stiff leg in the truck and his butt would be partway up the backrest with a pillow wedged under it. He kind of sat on an angle and used his “good” leg to work all three pedals. That’s where the hand throttle came in handy, especially on hills. And where I eventually became handy.

We spent the summers up at our cabin; it was a mile and a half to the general store by the highway. I was his oldest grandson, tall for my age and spent my summers up on the mountain with my Grandpa. As soon as I was tall enough to see out the front windshield and reach the pedals I was taught to drive. I loved it. I was always volunteering to go to the store or the dump for him. The freedom of driving all those dusty windy dirt roads through the forest at 15 mph was thrilling! As I grew older my cousins would come up to spend time with us and I taught them all how to drive too. We loved that old pickup truck and those cabin days. When deer season came around I was the driver once again. But never on a paved road.

When I was eleven and twelve I spent the summers working at a guest lodge high in the Trinity Alps. I washed dishes, and was in charge of the hot water. I would take their old truck out to gather fir bark from dead snags and pile it next to the gravity water heating system that consisted of a long coil of copper piping wrapped around the inside of a chimney. Every morning at dawn I would make a pile of Douglas fir bark in that outdoor fireplace, splash some diesel on it and light it. At first only steam would spit out of the faucet in the big kitchen sink, then came the scalding hot water.

In the afternoons I was always on the woodpile splitting firewood. Often but not often enough I was pulled off this task to take guests to a number of alpine lakes as their guide. Or to help Kent, Harlan Carter’s son with logging. Either of these tasks were much more enjoyable than washing dishes or the splitting and stacking of firewood. I was Kent’s choker, setter and driver. He had an old VW “dune buggy” with a geared down VW bus transmission in it. We called it the “brush buggy.” I would take that rig everywhere! We would use creek beds as roads and drive right up the side of the mountain loaded with fuel, saws and other necessities. He was always in a rush, falling and limbing trees or on the the Cat skidding out the logs. I would drag the main cable out of the D7 Caterpillar and hook the smaller choker cables to the new fallen trees to the big hook at the

end of the main cable. Instead of walking back down the hillsides I would “surf” the longest log trying to stay up on top of it while it rolled and bounced along.

Kent was a drinker. One late summer Sunday he had to get back to town for his main job. It’s a 3 hour drive so he asked me if I wanted to go with him and drive the first part in his VW squareback. I was all in. I couldn’t wait to get away from my chores. After an hour or so we came to the highway and Kent was still passed out so I just kept on driving. I drove all the way to my grandparents home in town. When we arrived well after dark he woke and asked why I came here? I shrugged and said “where else would I go?” I got out and walked in the house.

I was vetted. I could drive safely. So later that fall my father took advantage of that fact. It was the opening of deer season and we had a long drive from the Bay area to deep in the Trinity Alps. When we got to Interstate 5 my dad pulled over and told me to drive while he got some rest. He shoved some jackets under me and off we went. No problem. I took the wheel for an hour or so while he got some sleep. We kept up that routine for the next few years.

At 14 and in ninth grade I was all grown up, so I thought. I told my friends that I could drive and of

Continued on next page

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course no one believed me so I had to prove it. I asked my dad if I could take my uncle's jeep we kept in the driveway to school and show everybody. He looked at me for a while and asked if I had really thought this out fully. I said that I had and I really wanted to show everyone that I could drive. He said he really didn't think it was a good idea, but if I had to do it, he "knew nothing about it." The next morning I drove the jeep to school. What a mistake! I pulled into the lot and parked next to all the teachers' cars, luckily no one was around. Then at lunch time a friend of mine said he knew how to drive too and begged me to let him take the jeep around the block with me. Believing him, off we went out of the parking lot and slowly rolled right through a red light into a busy intersection. Luckily we weren't hit or killed. I told him to get out right there in the middle of the intersection and drove straight home. I didn't drive again until I got my license. It was no longer a big deal. I had been scared straight.

But believe me, I really did learn how to drive when I was ten years old.

FLASHBACK 1997

MUIR BEACH FISHING REPORT

With the Salmon Season closed, here's a blast from the past that should lift your spirits... *a reprint from August 1997...*



...Beachcomber Issue 209, August 1997

on the cover: Anthony Schwartz with his chinook salmon, caught from a boat launched at Little Beach. Photo Schwartz' story page 8: Wow! Have you heard about the new lure at Muir Beach? It's called "the little tony." All you have to do is get Anthony Schwartz in your boat and hand him a rod...Joey, Eric, and Dave can all attest to how well it works to have a little tony in your boat - it's GRRREAT!!

Critter Report: Recent Local Sightings

By Dave MacKenzie

Here's a rundown of some recent Muir Beach critter sightings:

A female Bobcat has been a regular in March and April around upper MB. Probably the same cat, with three kittens, was seen by Lisa Eigsti crossing the farm road which goes to Green Gulch. I suspect the female had a den somewhere in or near the community, but by now it would be moving the kittens around regularly. I had anecdotal reports of a bigger cat in the area, probably the male. The males hunt over a larger territory, often on the local hillsides. At one point, the female squeezed under our backyard fence (4" clearance!), sat near an active vole area on our leach field, killed and ate a vole, and then slid back out. It also has been a regular on the Begault's deck near their hot tub!

On March 25, Jim White spotted an immature Bald Eagle perched at the mouth of Redwood Creek, probably hoping for a salmon carcass to wash by. The immature does not have the classic white head and tail of the adult bird, but is very mottled overall. Nevertheless, it would be easy to distinguish it from the browner and much smaller Red-Tailed Hawk. The big head and bill are prominent. In flight, Bald Eagles are huge, like a Turkey Vulture, but with flattened wings; they don't tilt when they fly like the vultures do. That same day an adult, possibly it's mother, flew over the area. Bald Eagles are rare in Muir Beach, but now that they are breeding in many places around the bay, we should see them more and more.

Coyotes have been doing their regular howling lately. Unfortunately, there have been people feeding them off Hwy 1 just north of the overlook, prompting NPS to put up do not feed signs. I encountered someone at the overlook putting out "food for the rabbits", but it led to afternoon Coyote feeding visits (with Raven help), close to the parking lot. Not good, so maybe my strong comments to one violator will help.

The Gray Whale migration seems slow this year. I saw a pod of 5 (two mother/calf pairs and one single) on April 1, and there have been only a couple of sightings since (as of about 5/1). There are Humpbacks out by the Farallons (which caused the crab season to be cancelled), but unless anchovies pool up near shore, they may stay out there to feed on krill.



Bobcat in bush, photo by Dave MacKenzie

The Marin County Breeding Bird Atlas project continues this year. A possible addition to the local breeder list is Northern Saw-Whet Owl, which has been calling regularly this Spring from somewhere around Redwood Creek, perhaps near the Hwy 1 bridge. Saw-Whets are very small owls, considerably smaller than a Robin, and can be heard giving a repeated short whistle about once per second, sometimes for hours. Much more often heard than seen, but very cool if you can spot one on a day roost!

Gray Foxes have been rare. I see some scat now and then, but nothing like previous years. Maybe another die-off? (typically caused by distemper – make sure your dog has shots!).

I haven't seen Redwood Creek salmon survey reports yet. We are all concerned that the heavy rains may have washed out many eggs and smolt. We will get the info soon.

Finally, it is likely that Peregrine Falcons are once again nesting on the Muir Beach cliffs, based on numerous sightings. Nest failures for Peregrines are common, however, so we won't know until we see some immature birds flying around to be sure.

Lots going on! Enjoy our critters and amazing natural area!

Critters continued on next page



Saw-Whet Owl, photo by Dave MacKenzie



Immature Bald Eagle, photo by John Paul

Last Stop: *Muir Beach*



Shoshanna Kirk and Keith Buckingham with Chloe (13) and Ash (7.5) Buckingham

Muir Beach is the last stop on our 20+ year “Tour de Bay” for us after living in the East Bay, South Bay, and many years together in San Francisco. After Chloe and Ash came along, we leapt into country living and renovated an old farmhouse on Bainbridge Island near Seattle, where we homeschooled our kids, tended land, and marveled at the sheer abundance of slugs that can live in a rainforest. Puffin the Australian shepherd was acquired to chase off the deer that ate our garden, a job she did with vigor. The pandemic subsided and our kids grew taller. It continued to rain. One day, we noticed the Prius had grown moss. It was time to come home. So we sold the farmhouse, packed up cats, kids, books, piano, lawless sheepdog, and too many bicycles and drove south, landing in the world’s most scenic garden on Cove Lane. When Don’s house came up for sale up the street, it felt like serendipity. We are so grateful to be here in what a friend calls “God’s country”... where our morning school run means driving through a national park, where going for a walk means running into neighbors delightfully friendly, and where the soundtrack is waves, wind, and red-tailed hawks.

If we haven’t met you yet, we look forward to it. Don’t be a stranger! We’ll be installed at 260 Sunset this summer.

P.S. Puffin the dog wants a word: Bark! Bark! Bark! (Quiet, Puffin!) We assume she means hello. Puffin barks at deer, mail carriers, squirrels, raccoons, bicycles, coyotes, skunks, skateboards, leaves, cats, raindrops, small children, delivery trucks, and anybody having too good a time on the beach. Puffin has a lot to say. We hope you won’t take it personally. Just toss her a treat and you’ll have a friend.

FIREMEN'S BBQ PREP

Saturdays in May, are for BBQ work parties!

It's a time when our community comes out to help with the clean up of the picnic grounds in preparation for the annual MB Firemen's BBQ - the 49th this year! Thank you for participating.

Early-bird cleanup crew, Day 1: Up to their armpits in weeds.



Ellen, Durand, Steve, Chris, photo by Beth Begault



Klaus with the bagels, photo by Beth Begault



Sara Nesbitt, photo by Denise Lamott



Wanda LaMoore, photo by Denise Lamott



Santos Meadows and BBQ area, photos by Janet Tumpich



Aran Moore, photo by Denise Lamott

The Muir Beach VFA is thrilled to report the purchase of a gently used air- and water-tight shipping container to house all the MBVFD BBQ supplies.



Photos by Janet Tumpich

After a couple of years of dealing with holes and tarps and wet weather and flooding, we are looking forward to keeping our valuable supplies warm and dry again.

– Denise Lamott

From Sticks to Satellites: Restoration 1960-2023 *Submitted by Gerry Pearlman*

By Isaac Pearlman

First published in San Francisco Estuary News Magazine, March 2023



The 1960s and '70s were a time of rapid change for the San Francisco Bay shoreline. It had long been treated as a waste disposal site or area to fill for development, but public outcry for protection reached a crescendo in 1969 with the birth of the San Francisco Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC). The passage of the federal Clean Water Act in 1972 meant that destruction of wetland habitat—already 90% vanished from the Bay—had to be mitigated, or re-created elsewhere. For the first time there was public support and a legal obligation to restore wetlands, but scientists had to figure out how.

On June 3, 1976, an intrepid group of restorationists in the small Marin County town of Corte Madera kicked off one of the biggest and boldest restoration experiments undertaken in the Bay Area to date: returning 128 acres of sunken land to the tidal embrace of the San Francisco Bay. Their working materials included a large pile of thick mud leftover from the creation of the nearby Larkspur Ferry Terminal, a field that had been diked off for agriculture and development decades ago by Domenic Muzzi, and the unproven hope that the Bay's nutrient-rich waters would do most of the heavy lifting by allowing marsh vegetation to naturally establish.

“Restoration projects had very targeted and simplistic objectives back then,” says Stuart Siegel, who cut his teeth on the restoration of Hoffman Marsh in Richmond during the mid-1980s. Siegel, who today is a San Francisco State University research professor and interim director of the San Francisco Bay National

Estuarine Research Reserve, says the early days were simply about trying things to see what happened. “The restoration goals really were: are tides reaching the restored area, are you seeing the right vegetation, and are birds coming back?”

Just a few years prior to the attempt to bring back Muzzi Marsh, it was widely believed that a tidal salt marsh could never be restored. Now, restorationists led by the legendary wetland biologist and recently departed Phyllis Faber were in the midst of “uncharted territory” as she later called the fledgling Muzzi Marsh experiment in a 2015 interview.

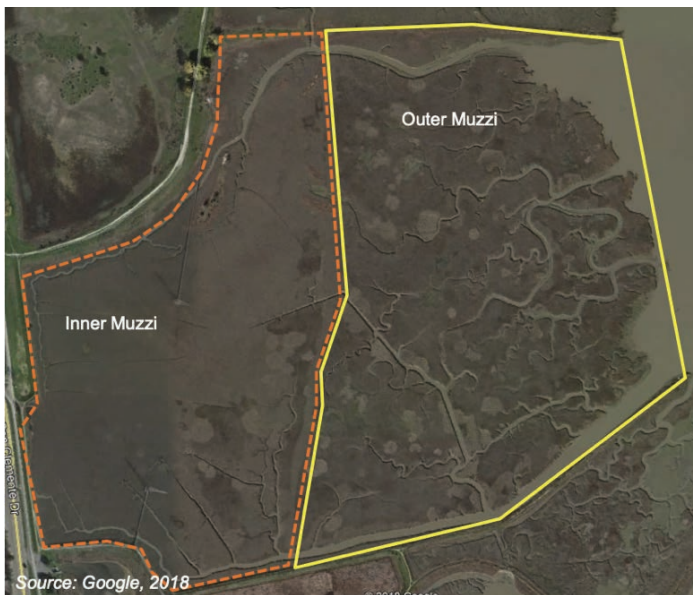
In those early days there were no wetland design criteria, restoration science, or success metrics to draw from. Nor even the most basic data: in the book *Natural History of the San Francisco Bay*, early restoration pioneer Phil Williams recalls organizing shifts of volunteers to note the tidal height on measuring sticks stuck in the mud every 15 minutes—for 30 hours straight. No simple equipment existed to measure water velocity, so field researchers often deployed the “Luna Leopold” method of planting two stakes a known distance along the water and then tossing in orange peels to measure the current speed.

This trial-and-error beginning to tidal restoration meant that early projects were educational laboratories. The expectation at the time was the Muzzi project would quickly develop into a mature, vegetated marsh. But restorationists learned from their first attempt that simply leveling the site to the high tide height didn't produce enough tidal flow over restored areas, which in turn created low plant survival. As a consequence, Muzzi's inner site failed to develop the same channel and topographic complexity that the outer marsh formed on its own from the tides, and later restoration work excavated more channels in order to extend the Bay's reach inland.

Continued on next page

(Top Photo) Measuring sediment accretion and Hamilton wetlands restoration site in Marin County. Photo: ESA

Continued from previous page



Muzzi Marsh site map. Image: ESA

Some lessons were as simple as learning how to work in viscous mud. “You’re not a salt marsh ecologist unless you’ve left behind a boot or three,” laughs Donna Ball, senior scientist with the San Francisco Estuary Institute and 20-year wetland restoration veteran.

Siegel admits to having “donated” many boots to the marsh during his early years. Nowadays hip and chest waders are standard gear, with Siegel’s SFSU colleague Katharyn Boyer improvising use of wetsuits and boogie boards to stay above the muck—though getting stuck is still a timeless initiation to wetland work.

Some of the early restoration sites never panned out: Warm Springs Marsh in the South Bay was restored in 1986, but according to Siegel is still unvegetated mudflat today. Similarly, a site in Richmond called the Nevada Parcel due to its shape, never evolved into tidal wetland.

Muzzi Marsh, however, is now part of the Corte Madera Marsh Ecological Reserve, where raptors soar overhead, shorebirds bob beaks into soft Bay mud, and salt marsh harvest mice hide out under extensive pickleweed. The wetland is home to the one of the Bay’s largest populations of endangered Ridgway’s rail. Muzzi Marsh is now among the most studied restoration sites in the Bay that—to the delight of the countless folks who have contributed to, and learned from, one of the longest restoration monitoring datasets in the San Francisco Bay—is still evolving today.

A regional view of restoration

In 1987, a new amendment to the Clean Water Act forced municipalities to regulate polluted storm runoff, resulting in greatly reduced Bay contamination. Though several large oil spills still muddied the waters...and marshes. In this era, tidal restoration mostly driven by required mitigation was picking up steam: by 1998 about 4,000 acres of tidal wetland had been restored to the San Francisco Bay. New projects now had restoration data and science to guide them—but there were still plenty of lessons to learn.



The activist organization Save the Bay grew out of early efforts in the 1970s to clean up contamination and save species, and continues its work to this day.

Photo: Save the Bay

In July 1994, the Sonoma Baylands wetland restoration officially kicked off with a ceremony attended by then-Vice President Al Gore. The 300-acre project, subject to a White House task force and endorsement from Bill Clinton, was opened to the tides in October 1996 when Bay water rushed into land it hadn’t touched for nearly 100 years.

Unlike the restoration of Muzzi Marsh 20 years prior, restorationists opted to deliberately underfill the Sonoma Baylands site with dredged sediment, leaving it 18 inches below the high-tide mark. This would allow the Bay’s nourishing water to wash over the area like a salting salve, dropping fine sediment and naturally grooving sinuous channels on the tide’s way out. As one of the first restoration projects to formally incorporate available monitoring data into its design, the Sonoma Baylands effort marked a shift

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to “second-generation” projects built off 20 years of hard-earned marsh restoration knowledge. It also represented a regulations breakthrough in providing a home for sediment from the Oakland Harbor, as dredging had been stymied for years by a lack of spoil disposal options.

Both the Sonoma Baylands and the 1999 restoration of San Francisco’s Crissy Field also featured a new design element: deliberately piled “islands” of sediment in the middle of future marshland, which created nesting habitat for birds but came with the additional benefit of buffering the area against wind and waves. In addition, the Crissy Field project pioneered a different type of innovation: human resources. Thousands of community volunteers contributed labor to help restore the dunes and marsh, and enthusiastically participated in more than 100 public meetings. As a result, with its elevated boardwalk and perimeter paths, the project was one of the first to integrate public access with sensitive habitat restoration. (See Bay Trail story).

“I came to the Bay Area restoration community from a small town in Washington State,” says Ball. “It surprised me when I arrived how much support there was for restoration in an urban area like the San Francisco Bay.”

created more mudflat than marsh vegetation. As a consequence it took over a decade longer to develop marsh habitat than expected, though eventually a beautiful dendritic marsh plain did form. Crissy Field, with its complicated and shifting beach shoal, became more of a lagoon than wetland requiring periodic dredging and maintenance rather than the tidal flushing initially imagined.

Reinforcing those lessons was the growing field of wetland science. Data from National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration buoys and its network of tidal stations meant that manually measuring water height wasn’t needed any more. Water-quality monitoring in the Bay expanded its scope to include pollutant impacts in wetlands, and started to uncover the habitat’s key role as a natural contaminant filter.

In the 1990s maps of the San Francisco Bay, which had mostly ignored marshes and Baylands except for navigation purposes, began to reflect satellite radar, infrared, and other spectral imaging that for the first time revealed in richly intricate detail the complex and dynamic boundary between the land and Bay. As environmental science and monitoring data proliferated like an algal bloom, restoration projects began to attract biologists, geomorphologists, coastal engineers, hydrologists, and other specialized experts.



Sonoma Baylands evolves. Image: ESA

As these second-generation restoration projects matured, they uncovered more lessons for scientists. Sonoma Baylands was limited by its existing small Bay channel, which restricted the amount of alimentary tidal flow to the inland restoration area and

Continued on next page



Satellites, GPS and use of airboats help restoration crews target native ecotone plantings in hard to access interior wetland sites. Photo: Simon Gunner

“We now work together a lot more now than we did in the past,” says Ball, remarking how satellite imagery and data on parameters from marsh elevation to sediment supply are just a collaborative phone call away. “Early salt marsh work involved people out there with measuring sticks. Technology now helps us a lot—for example, we can now learn a lot more detail about [marsh] systems through remote sensing.”

In spite of all the progress, a 1999 comprehensive review of San Francisco Bayland ecosystems concluded that “the science of wetland restoration is still in its infancy.” Critical questions like “what does wetland restoration success actually look like?” were still open for debate. Although restorationists ushered in rapid advances in wetland research and data, the community wasn’t always able to benefit. In this era before widespread internet use, a significant amount of monitoring reports, data, and key studies remained tucked away from public view in the dusty record-room cabinets and bookshelves of agencies.

As data expanded our view of wetlands, it also began to offer a tantalizing glimpse of the Bay as a whole. In the late ‘90s, the Bay Area’s top 100 scientists and regulators convened to identify 120 species to serve as proxies for Bayland ecosystem health, and then debated how much habitat was needed to support these species. After three years of discourse the team delivered the San Francisco Bay’s first

regionwide restoration goal in 1999, one that 20 years before would have seemed fantastical to those early Muzzi Marsh trailblazers: 100,000 total acres of tidal wetlands—nearly half of what had been lost to 150 years of human development.

Supersized restoration in an era of climate change

With the purchase of the 10,000-acre Napa River Salt Ponds using oil spill mitigation funds, the restoration community began to shift its focus from individual “postage-stamp” mitigation projects to the idea of large-scale restoration. Since the year 2000, restoration efforts have rapidly jumped up in size, complexity, and ambition, with projects like Hamilton Airfield (648 acres), Sears Point (960 acres), Bel Marin Keys (1,900 acres), Montezuma (2,300 acres), and the South Bay Salt Ponds (15,100 acres). With this came a recognition of the massive benefits of restoring landscape-scale ecological functions, though those benefits came with new challenges—not the least of which include looming climate change.



Montezuma Wetlands project in 2021. Photo: Darren Graffuis

In early 2006 an excavator near Alviso, San Jose’s waterfront district, dug a narrow trench to breach the blandly named Pond A19, reconnecting 800 acres of former industrial salt ponds back to the Bay. The broken berm ushered in the tides, and with it one of the largest tidal restoration projects ever undertaken: a 50-year reestablishment of wetlands across an area

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half the size of San Francisco. “The scale really amazes me now,” says Siegel. “In the 1970s and ‘80s, restoration projects were little things. Today the larger scale has really changed what can be accomplished.”

In addition to their size, these “third-generation” projects have taken a more holistic view, recognizing the importance of including upland transition zones and subtidal habitats in wetland restoration, instead of focusing only on marsh. Incorporating habitat features like oyster beds and eelgrass for wave attenuation into flood infrastructure, and water filtration and marsh mounds into habitat restoration, has given rise to multi-benefit projects that blur the boundary between nature and infrastructure. In a sign of how far things have come, the United States Army Corps of Engineers—a historically habitat-averse agency—is using one million cubic yards of sediment to build diverse wetland habitats on the sloped bayside of the 3.8-mile, 15-foot-high levee protecting Alviso and San Jose from tidal waters once the adjacent salt ponds are breached.

As the scale of projects has increased, so too has the available science and analytics. Now there are streams of satellite and drone data to monitor everything from salinity and elevation to vegetation cover and species observation. The South Bay Salt Pond Restoration Project has a full-fledged science program tracking 26 indicators ranging from breeding success of avocets and harbor seals to public access and water quality. The project is mapping habitat evolution from space at a half-meter resolution. There is now a new Bay-wide wetland monitoring program specifically focused on assessing restoration progress on a larger scale.

Nowadays restorationists have the online-dating-inspired SediMatch tool to connect dredge sediment donors with matching restoration project recipients. They can capture ambient DNA molecules from a scoop of water to determine presence of the most cryptic species. A glance at the last Bay-Delta Science Conference shows researchers using artificial intelligence to inform Bay-wide water flow models, carbon and nitrogen isotope analysis in sandpipers, and a pilot attempt to create floating wetlands.



High tech tools are no substitute for the many people involved in hands-on restoration by organizations like Save the Bay, building an informed community around a healthy Bay. Photo: Save the Bay.

This flood of data, tools, and knowledge is critically important as climate change challenges wetland restoration to continue evolving. For example, sea-level rise means those hard-earned lessons of under-filling restoration sites may not apply anymore, and banking “elevation capital” is needed in some areas to help habitat keep pace with rising waters. Instead of a hard target for acres of marsh habitat restored, the South Bay Salt Pond Restoration Project developed a 143-page, 50-year adaptation plan for how to monitor and iterate data into management decision-trees as the restoration, and climate change, unfold (see related story).

“I’m most excited about collaborating with other scientists working on the shared goal of tackling the climate change issues ahead of us,” says Ball, who is working on the regional wetland monitoring initiative. “Technology will continue to advance—and I think we are ready to embrace it.”

It’s been a long journey since the era of orange peels and sticks in the mud. We’ve added nearly 18,000 acres of wetlands to the some 40,000 acres of remnant marsh that were protected from development. With tens of thousands more acres in the restoration pipeline, we are inching closer to that once-inconceivable goal of 100,000 acres of wetlands.

Almost 45 years after the Muzzi Marsh experiment, the wetland restoration community is now flush with funding and public support, and spurred on by exciting advancements in restoration science and small but important steps by regulatory agencies to speed up project permitting. By any measure, it appears the wetland restoration community is no longer stuck in the mud.

Homegrown Park

Spring is in full song and here's an idea to help you join the dance: Doug Tallamy's Homegrown National Park! Especially apropos for those near a national park: tend your home gardens and grounds as wildlife environs! This will expand the feeding, nesting and your viewing fun for all those myriad critters we share this amazing lower Redwood Creek Watershed (aka Muir Beach!).

One thing you may be wondering as you see new bird arrivals or note *Velella vellala* (the blue by-the-wind sailor jelly fish) on our beach: are these residents, too? are they migrating through and need a place to eat and snack, take a nap? will they set up a seasonal home here to breed? Am sure you, too, wish to offer all the other critters a helping hand especially when the news of "no salmon" (yes, you read that right: no salmon returned to Redwood Creek this year) or 40% decline in gray whales (yes, a big cause is ship-strike) and sometimes it is as easy as keeping your kitty inside or offering a feeder but other times it is in your garden practices: native plants best, no pesticides (no brainer), lots of hiding and roosting spots. Other times, to go back to Doug Tallamy it is time to rethink the trees...

I write this column on Arbor Day and live my life in celebration of trees (esp redwoods!) but do wonder whether Muir Beach was once a tree-less, windswept coastal bluff? with willow thronging Big Lagoon like today? and redwoods tucked into valley folds, an oak or doug fir here and there? were we once host to bishop pine? But if you are looking at what to replace a euc or monterey pine with consider a native

coast oak or toyon or coffee berry (we all want a ceonothus after their glorious showing this year!) and watch it quickly grow, offer critters something every single month... check out **The Doug Tallamy** - Pollinator Conservation Association, Doug Tallamy's Message (excerpted from *Birds and Bees*, The Public, March 10, 2018). www.pollinatorconservationassociation.org/the-doug-tallamy-page.html

How do we move sensitively through nature? on trails! thx to a planted grove of trees we have a nesting site for great horned owls and YES! that's the Owl Trail! When you walk on the Heather Cut Off thank the Banducci family for the gift of our very own blooming persian carpet and add a tip of your hat to the state parks crew who also have been very busy opening back up Steep Ravine Trail (those bridges possible thx to generous donors through Friends of Mt Tam but here's an insider story: they had a bridge done and then

another atmospheric river moved into blow down a huge redwood and crush the bridge) and finishing touches on the awesome Redwood Creek Trail! Pipevine swallowtails grace the journey to Pirate's Cove. And as you stroll Kaashi Trail keep an eye out for turtles emerging from the mud, a melodious red-winged blackbird or maybe even an otter!

Can you believe SunRun and Coda volunteers broke down 35 informal fire rings to relocate 5 tons (yes! 10,000 pounds) and our maintenance crew installed new metal fire rings.... thx for supporting fire safety!

Thank you for being wonderful park neighbors! see you on the trails, bring your binoculars and sense of curiosity!

– *Mia Monroe*
Marin Community Liaison
Outdoor Recreation Planner
Planning and Environmental Division
GGNRA, National Park Service

FLASHBACK 1997



FROM THE NET, MUIR BEACH VOLLEYBALL REPORT.

A volley good time on Thursday nights:

8/7... large crowd celebrated Kevin's birthday. Rachel provided cake and snacks, and Danny created an *uplifting* birthday card for Kevin.

Kevin scored after using his free birthday serve and free birthday takeover.

Injury List:

Denise Lamott ... bad back landing

Reprinted from Beachcomber Issue 209, August 1997, page 3.

Fishing Behind the Circus House

By Charlie Stump

Carrying the twenty-two-inch steelhead home was a chore. Aran and I traded off lugging it, especially up the steep path by the Souza and Harris houses. We had it on a stringer, but the nylon cord dug into our hands because the fish weighed so much. When we got to the top of the path at Sunset Way, Mayor Joe – waving his cane and chewing his cigar – called to us. His eyes were wide when he saw the fish, and a big grin crossed his face. After hearing the story about the catch, he patted us on the backs and told us to sauté it in garlic, butter and wine. That was Joe – it was always garlic, butter and wine.

It wasn't easy getting to the fishing spot behind the Circus House – so named because members of the rock band, Flying Circus, lived there. We could have crossed the bridge leading to the house and asked the men if we could cross the property to where we liked to fish, but they had barking dogs – we didn't want to take the chance of getting bit. Instead we used the rope swing, tied from a big alder tree at a bend in the creek, to get across the water. Holding a fishing pole and that thick rope, swinging from a creek bank ten feet above the water and letting go – just at the right moment – to drop cleanly on the other side was tough for us, but we did it. Tall plants and sticky vines brushed against us and agitated bees circled and buzzed as we made our way along the trail. We knew about the wire fence – old and drooping, tangled in vegetation and somehow still electrified from when the Fullums owned the property and used it to keep their geese from roaming. Learning the hard way, I had once touched it – on a dare – and felt the bite of electricity; so on this day, Aran and I were careful to avoid it. Then there was the big patch of soft, green, furry plants that constricted the path. Once again from experience, we knew about stinging nettle. It was bad. Touch it and suffer. But we also knew about horse tail – a tube-like plant with sectioned stalks containing juice that would eliminate stinging pain from touching the nettle. Bending the nettle away from the trail using our fishing pole, we were able to get by unscathed. And we made it to the best fishing spot on Redwood Creek – a big deep pool where there was a bend in the water's route before it headed for the lagoon and the ocean.

My mom gasped when I came in the door with my catch. She couldn't believe it. I told her about catching it and after congratulating me, she instructed me to gut and clean it so she could cook it for dinner. I slit the fish lengthwise, scooped out the guts, and used the garden hose to wash it clean. Then thinking about it, I decided to save the fish for my dad to see. I wanted to see his face light up and feel his pride like the time I hooked the huge cutthroat trout at Wild Horse Lake. Mom agreed and carefully wrapped the fish in aluminum foil. We froze it because Dad was away on a business trip and wouldn't be home for a few days.

Aran and I had one fishing pole that day, taking turns casting and reeling in the Mepps lure. We were on the embankment, four feet above the creek at the southern tip of the "island" behind the Circus House. It was about my sixth try when I laid down a good cast into the deep part of the pool. Fortunately, I missed the log lodged in the creek which presented a formidable obstacle. We had been avoiding it the whole time. I let the lure sink for a couple of seconds and then began reeling it in. Almost immediately I felt a tug, but then nothing. It felt like a snag – and we were down to our last lure. I walked a few feet to my right and gave the line another tug when all of a sudden a huge silver fish jumped out of the water, flipped, and dove deep. Fish on! It was a beast – a strong and determined steelhead. I played him with my rod tip up as he swam all over that pool, stripping line out of my reel. It took time, my arms were getting tired. Aran – in a frenzy – yelled for me to hang on and to keep the fish away from that log. After ten minutes I got it close to shore. Aran jumped off the bank into the water, scooped up the exhausted fish and launched it onto the creek bank. I secured it and helped Aran up. It was the biggest fish I'd ever caught.

Three days after I caught the big fish, I heard my dad's car glide into the driveway. The steelhead was cold as I removed it from the freezer and stood waiting for Dad to make his way down the stairs. He came bearing gifts, as he usually did; this time it was meat

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Circus House

Continued from previous page

from his favorite butcher shop in Sacramento – steaks, chops and ground round. In turn, I presented him with my fish. Astounded, he put the butcher shop packages on the kitchen counter and examined the fish. Before he did anything else – before changing his clothes or getting a drink – he wanted to hear the whole story about hooking and landing the fish. Sitting at the counter, he listened intently as I recounted the experience – with

every little detail. His questions were precise. It was as if he wanted to feel it, to have been there.

His pride was still evident days later when I overheard him telling Tom Norton the whole story – he had remembered every part of it – getting to the island, avoiding the hazards, catching and landing the fish, lugging it home, and freezing it for him to see.



A Muir Beach picture from the Stump Family collection. Photographer unknown. Circa early 1960s.

Long, Long Ago

By Gail Falls and Anne Jeschke

Gail's daughter, Lesley Litwiller, wrote a senior thesis at Santa Cruz in 1989 entitled Women and Community in Muir Beach. Gail is currently visiting Lesley in Blue Hill, Maine, and together they sent along Lesley's paper with permission to permit any of it we like. Here is our first selection from Lesley's thesis.

"In the late 1960's, the more public Big Beach was invaded by so-called "freaks" from San Francisco who enjoy being naked. Gawkers came to look and blocked traffic when they parked along Highway 1. When police moved in, some of the nudists scrambled over the rocks which separate the two beaches. The hidden and secluded community beach was discovered, and word soon got around.

Along with the large numbers of nude sunbathers – in the hundreds, according to some locals – came litter, destruction, and rude behavior. The nudists reportedly used the surrounding area as bathrooms, sexual activity was frequent, and residents were insulted when they tried to use the beach clothed or to explain their side. Peeping Toms came with binoculars and cameras, often parking along narrow Sunset Way which blocked traffic.

Muir Beachers, trying to get use of their community beach back, discovered that sheriffs could do little because it was private property. The community members who owned Little Beach leased it in the early 1970's to the Community Services District (CSD) for \$1.00 a year so that it could become public land. The nudists didn't respond to locals' explanations that the beach was in the middle of their community, or to the new sign which outlawed nudity there. Since these tactics didn't work, the sheriff's department started mounted patrols on weekends. While this discouraged nudity, it was too expensive to continue after the first year.

Those who use Little Beach now do not generally have the aggressive and disrespectful attitude of the early nudists. It is a peaceful scene now, but often over-crowded on sunny days. Like myself, there are Muir Beachers who go unclothed on Little Beach, but there are other residents who don't like that it is a nude beach."

What's in Your Closet?

By Steven J. Moss

If you're like me, you have boxes in your closet or garage filled with "precious" memorabilia from your past. Letter from long ago lovers, international correspondence sent by friends and family written on tissue-thin, blue-toned stationary, curios collected at roadside attractions, photographs, foreign stamps and coins, elementary school report cards, certificates of commendation and graduation. You save these things because you can't throw them away, knowing that when you die that's exactly what will happen.

In 1980 I was a sophomore at the University of California, Berkeley, majoring in Conservation of Natural Resources. After an intensely lonely freshman year, I'd become mesmerized by John B. Anderson, who was running against George H.W. Bush and Ronald Reagan to be the Republican Party candidate for President. Anderson was a straight-talking socially liberal fiscally conservative Republican, in favor of gun control and raising gasoline taxes. The kind of politician that's now extinct.

At Berkeley Anderson attracted a dedicated group of volunteers, some of whom became my closet college friends. Brad, a talented graphic artist cum mechanical engineer, retired early after a career at Hewlett-Packard. Karen, like me, went on to attend graduate school at the University of Michigan before shifting to landscape design. Donia pursued a doctorate in political theory, for a time disappeared into an East Coast cult, reemerging late in life as a music director at a Unitarian Church. Warren installed a television in his car's dashboard so he could watch shows while he drove long distances. Jonathan, with whom I later lived in Washington, D.C., works for the U.S. State Department, posted around the world. In various formations we stumbled through our young adulthood together, making mistakes and having the profound, funny, fantastical experiences that gave birth to who we ultimately became.

On my 20th birthday, after a day volunteering at the campaign's San Francisco headquarters – Anderson had lost the Republican nomination and was running as an independent – I drove to my in-law apartment in the Berkeley Hills. As I hit the northern edge of campus, I started to see placards affixed to telephone poles. They were like campaign posters, but instead of pimping a candidate they shouted, "Happy Birthday, Steve!!" Dozens of them, block by block, leading me home. Brad had silk-screened them, my friends had stapled them to the poles, sometimes, I learned later, standing on car hoods to do so.

I smiled all the way home. I'm still smiling, more than forty years later.



It is said that when you live in Muir Beach, neighbors come to know you by your dog before they know you. They may even mistake you for being that dog. I was once associated with Kayla, a 110 pound Rhodesian Ridgeback with long legs, big ears and a tail of considerable length. In my human form, I am 5 ft. which meant we were the same size standing up once she was a year old.

Ridgebacks are recognized to be loyal and intelligent, strong yet sensitive, athletic while equally content to (try) curl up on your lap for extended periods. With Kayla, our family joked that “love hurt.” In her mind, she remained that little puppy whose body she outgrew so quickly. We called her exuberant outbursts “zoomies” as she’d rocket away from us on the beach, then blast back and almost knock us off our feet. Always almost.

Beautiful Kayla was family and my constant companion for 12 years, her huge heart stopped beating Easter 2019.

Her physical presence is something I miss each day. I like to believe she is still following me in spirit around the house, running with me on the trails, talking to me from the back of the car. I find her hairs now and then, lodged in a cushion or a coat pocket. I hear her tail thump faithfully as I step into the kitchen every morning.

She travelled across the ocean from the UK when we moved here with our children, the pack of three aged two, four and ten. This month, there was no Easter Egg Hunt with them for the first time since Norbert and I have been parents. We’re now empty-nesters and the house and garden saw no bunnies, baskets or zoomies. There was sunshine and laughter of a different kind as we remembered young Maya and Oscar and rattled Kayla’s old leash to summon her memory.

Thank you Kayla, RIP (2007-2019)
– Sara Nesbitt



Muir Beach Community Center

19 Seacape Drive, Muir Beach, CA 94965

Muir Beach resident rentals:

Weekday rental (Mon-Thurs) \$100 flat fee. All out by 10pm. Cleaner required if over 25 people (\$200)

Weekend rental (Fri-Sun) \$250 flat fee. All out by midnight. Cleaner required if over 25 people (\$200)

Joani Marinoff, our MBCC Rental Coordinator, can be reached at muirbeachcc@gmail.com

To view the online calendar <https://muirbeachcsd.com/center-rental/>

Nothing says family like MBVFA PJs



Just a reminder to stock up on those MBVFA outfits at the BarBQ this year. The Riehl family (Rebecca Riehl Shaw, John Shaw, Alexis Backwell (Fletcher's fiancé), Allison Ziegler (cousin), Fletcher Riehl). – Leslie Riehl

From Your Muir Beach Disaster Council BE INFORMED, MUIR BEACH!

In the event of a Wildfire:

1. Locate evacuation bag/go-bag, prepare additional contents
2. Wait for instructions from AlertMarin. Be sure you have signed up with alertmarin.org
3. Evacuate according to instructions from AlertMarin or First Responders
4. Place EVACUATED sign on door or gate as you leave

In the event of an Earthquake:

1. Residents shelter-in-place at home
2. Locate and take out your STAY box with food/water/emergency supplies
3. If you are unharmed, put a towel on your gate or door that CAN BE SEEN from the road
4. If you need help, NO towel.

In the event of an earthquake emergency, **command central will be at the Community Center**

Keeping Little Beach Civilized

CHILENO VALLEY: At 11:15 a.m. someone else needed medics.

POINT REYES STATION: At 11:15 a.m. a man said he was doing tree work and a neighbor was harassing him.

MUIR BEACH: At 3 p.m. a woman said a man kept setting up a tent on the beach and masturbating inside it. She had seen him in action once, when the wind blew away a tarp.

POINT REYES STATION: At 4:13 p.m. a woman said the phone she had lost in a restroom in Inverness had been recovered.

WOODACRE: At 5:07 p.m. someone called for medics.

As published in the Pt. Reyes Light newspaper on April 27, 2023. Beth Nelson called it in about the man in the tent, and submitted a photo of the newspaper page (photo taken by Laura Pandapas and shared with Beth).



To our strong, sweet, complex, protective, goofy and stubborn Leah: Thank you for the 14+ years we got to share with you. We will miss our adventures together! Photo by Deb. – Deb & Rob Allen