

BEACHCOMBER

SINCE 1946



Adrianna Marie Bender



Many congratulations to Adrianna Marie Bender, who graduated on May 11th, Summa Cum Laude, from Northeastern University with a Bachelor of Science. She received her degree in a combined major of Behavioral Neuroscience and Design, with a concentration in Graphic Design. Adrianna was born and raised in Muir Beach, and spent 4 years as an intern on the Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department. While at university in Boston, she fought through pandemic chaos during her freshman year, joined Chi Omega sorority, interned as an inpatient mental health counselor in a hospital, took a part-time job as an analyst for a venture capital firm, and was admitted to Nu Rho Psi national honor society. Adrianna is looking forward to taking some time off (while providing freelance design work) before she starts looking at full time job opportunities. Her parents are very proud of her, thrilled to have her home, and are hoping she decides to stay in the Bay Area long term. While in Muir Beach, she is happy to continue to offer pet, house, and babysitting to the community.

—Suzanne and Scott

Adrianna photo selfie

Leah photo by Abby Cohen

Stella and Hannah photo by Lisa Eigsti

Leah Kennedy



Klaus and I are so proud of Leah, who is graduating from American University with a degree in Psychology and a minor in International Studies.

Despite taking a semester off to treat Lyme disease, she is graduating on time with her friends, and on the Dean's List. CONGRATULATIONS on your academics, Leah, but also we celebrate your resilience and warm spirit and determination. It has not been easy, and we hope the next years will bring happiness and good health. This past semester Leah interned with The H3 Project, a non-profit in downtown DC addressing homelessness and human trafficking on a case-by-case basis on the streets around Union Station. For a psychology major, she says, it was invaluable to see the breadth of experience when humans find themselves on the edge and also the potential – sometimes - to make a difference by being there and by intervention.

Leah will be back in Muir Beach this summer, to continue to heal and strengthen her immune system, while also earning money to prepare for entering the job market and finding an apartment in San Francisco in the fall. Her current interests are to pursue a doula license and to work within family and women's health to gain experience before beginning graduate studies in psychology.

—Susannah Kennedy and
Klaus Poppensieker

Stella Elizabeth Ann Eigsti



Stella graduates from Tam High this June. After traveling to Europe this summer with friends, she plans to continue working as a hostess at the Buckeye until she starts college at Cal Poly in the fall. She will be studying Landscape Architecture, following in her father's footsteps.

—Lisa Eigsti

Hannah Jane Eigsti



Hannah graduates from FIT (Fashion Institute of Technology) in NYC in May. Her degree is in International Trade & marketing with minors in Ethics & sustainability and sustainable materials & tech. She's had a wonderful 4 years, including fun jobs in the fashion world, a coveted internship at Cotton Inc. (Hannah was the only intern chosen) and a fantastic study abroad program in Paris for a semester as well as a 3 week winter course in the Philippines. Hannah plans to remain in NYC as the job market has good possibilities for her to pursue a career. We couldn't be more proud!

—Lisa Eigsti

Trail Rehabilitation from Sunset Way to Little Beach

By Mary Halley

We are just finishing up the Sunset Way to Cove Lane trail rehabilitation project paid for by Measure A funds. This trail had been in need of some improvement with the upper set of cement stairs cracking and crumbling away, and the next set of wooden stairs had side rails and handrails that were rotting. The rest of the upper trail traversed through a muddy spring area over a slippery rock that was in the middle of the path. The rest of the lower trail had sporadically placed half logs or timbers that were rotting and the remaining lower part of the trail was just a dirt path. The rehabilitation project repaired the upper stairs, turned the rock into another set of stairs – trying to keep the trail as natural as possible – then a series of fairly evenly spaced wooden railroad ties with gravel top fill were added to the middle and lower part of the trail. Some drainage was added to divert rain and the natural spring water off the trail and a new handrail was added to the steeper sections of the trail. The last item left to complete is to oil the handrail to give it some



Photo by Mary Halley

protection from the sun, wind, and rain due to its harsh southern exposure. This is still very much a rustic hiking path, so if people have picnic coolers or swimming/boating/surfing gear to carry down to Little Beach, it may still be advisable to use Cove Lane with its smooth paved surface for toting items up and down the hill, but for walking, it should once again add some more variety to our neighborhood footpaths.

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, photos, 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

Diaz Trail

Photo by Leslie Riehl

See *Where Am I* story on page 14.

Pelican Inn News

By Chelsea Swinea

Hi neighbors! I'm Chelsea, the new manager at the Pelican Inn at Muir Beach.

I moved here from Austin a few years ago and now live in Fairfax with my dog, Billy Boy. I'm excited to get to know the community and bring some fresh energy to this beloved British pub.

One of my first additions is *Muir Mates*, our weekly local's night every Wednesday. We feature a rotating dinner special available all evening, and from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m., it's buy one beer or glass of wine, get the second half off. Some past specials have included wild-caught salmon with saffron rice and veggies, mushroom ravioli with creamy marinara, and a comforting chicken pot pie with a green salad.

We often have live music, too—and I'm lucky that the musicians tend to

find me. Many have played here or at the Mountain Home Inn, where I also work. The current lineup includes JO2, a folk trio blending '60s and '70s sounds with bluegrass and soul; Shipwrecked Shanty, who lead interactive sea shanty singalongs; Jo Olin, with his warm mix of folk, blues, and rock; and Phil Richardson, a classical guitarist who also breaks out the banjo or fiddle for a toe-tapping good time.

I've also been lucky to welcome some wonderful new team members. Alex is a bartender/server and musician with a great vibe. Torre is a talented bartender and musician from San Francisco who always brings good conversation. Tayo, a server and artist, is known for her amazing tie-dye work. Kelly is a server, a proud mom, and always has us laughing—she once even did stand-up comedy! And Augi, our food runner of Lithuanian descent, participates in

traditional folk dance when he's not keeping things moving on the floor.

We recently hosted our annual Easter Brunch—and this year, we added a visit from the Easter Bunny and an egg hunt on the lawn. It was a hit with families and definitely something I plan to keep going!

This summer, I'll be adding casual BBQs out on the lawn—just another way to relax, soak up the sun, and enjoy the season together. I'm also working on bringing back the traditional Sunday Carvery. If you're unfamiliar, it's a classic British roast with carved meats, Yorkshire pudding, roasted potatoes, and seasonal vegetables—a hearty and communal meal that's perfect for Sundays.

I'd love to meet you—please stop by my desk by the front door to say hi anytime you're in!

See page 13 for more photos.

Pelican Inn May Events

5/2 Phil Richardson, 7-9 in the Pub

5/3 JO2, 7-9 in the Pub

5/7 Muir Mates Night, JO2, 7-9 in the Pub

Dinner special starts at 5:00, Buy one get one ½ off wine and beer 8:00-10:00

5/9 Jo Olin 6-8 in the Pub

5/11 Mother's Day at the Pelican
Phil Richardson 2-4 Conservatory

5/14 Muir Mates Night

Dinner special starts at 5:00, Buy one get one ½ off wine and beer 8:00-10:00

5/16 Phil Richardson in the Pub

05/18 Megan Schoenbohm, 2-5 in the Conservatory

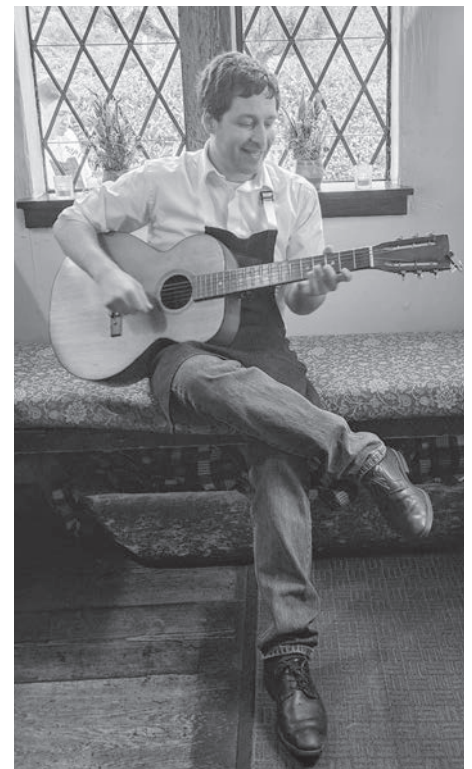
5/21 Muir Mates Night

Dinner special starts at 5:00, Buy one get one ½ off wine and beer 8:00-10:00

05/23 Jo Olin, 6-8 in the Pub

5/28 Muir Mates Night

Dinner special starts at 5:00, Buy one get one ½ off wine and beer 8:00-10:00



Alex, our bartender/server and musician, photo by Chelsea Swinea

MBVFD Raffle Reminder for MB Neighbors

By Debra Allen, volunteer raffle coordinator

By now, you should all have rec'd. your booklets of 25 raffle tickets in your MB mailboxes. They are \$1.00 each, and checks should be made out to MBVFA. Someone will pick the winners at the end of the BBQ, and I'll deliver the prizes. If you'd like to donate a prize, please let me know before the BBQ. If you'd like more tickets, thank you for asking, and I'll put them in your mail box right away (415-279-3751). You can see the updated prize list on the firemen's website. Thank you and good luck!



Photo by Debra Allen

County of Marin welcomes Isaac Pearlman

Submitted by Gerry Pearlman

On behalf of the staff and supporters of Marin County's Collaboration: Sea-level Marin Adaptation Response Team (C-SMART), we are pleased to announce that Isaac Pearlman has joined our staff as Manager of the Adaptation and Resilience Collaboration (ARC) for the Stinson Beach area.

Prior to coming to Marin County, Isaac spent two years with BCDC, where he evaluated sea level rise vulnerability and climate policy as part of the Adapting to Rising Tides program. He then was selected as a Fulbright recipient to research coastal flood risk in Panama and just returned from there, having completed his project. Isaac received his bachelor's degree from UC San Diego and a master's from UC Santa Barbara, where he also spent two years as a sustainable fisheries project manager and researcher. A Marin County native, Isaac served in Peace Corps in both Peru and the Philippines. He has also worked as a FEMA floodplain specialist reviewing environmental compliance of post-disaster rebuild projects, and as a Sea Grant Fellow with California State Parks. His articles on climate adaptation have been published in *Sierra Magazine*, *Estuary News*, and *KneeDeep Times*, among other outlets.



One of Isaac's first tasks is bringing the contract for ESA, the consulting firm selected under the grant provided by the Ocean Protection Council, to the Board of Supervisors on July 12. With that, the ARC project will be fully underway; you can expect to hear from us in the coming weeks.

Isaac's email is ipearlman@marincounty.org.

Our ARC team looks forward to working with you!

Jack

Jack Liebster
Planning Manager
County of Marin Community Development Agency
(415) 342-9553; jl Liebster@marincounty.org

SURVIVORS OF THE PALISADES & EATON FIRES SHARE THEIR STORIES

By Kerry Wynn

On Sunday, April 27th the Muir Beach Disaster Council hosted the 2nd Annual GoBag Extravaganza: **Beyond the GoBag**. This event was unique because I was able to share insights from my interviews with SoCal fire evacuees: what they took; what they left behind; what they experienced at their destination; and what they'd do differently.

Muir Beach and the Palisades face similar terrain challenges: we're both sandwiched between scrub covered hills and the Pacific Ocean; we have limited options for egress; and we occasionally have serious windstorms (the Diablos—the high winds blowing from heated inland). Unlike our neighbors to the south, we're blessed with foggy summers, but after several wet winters our thriving wild land vegetation increases our wildfire risk. With home hardening and emergency preparations, we can all achieve a degree of readiness that should enable us to evacuate earlier and more safely.

I was struck by the perilous personal stories my interviewees offered about escaping the Palisades and Eaton fires.

What they said:

- "Stress affected my judgment."
- "It was hard to communicate."
- "We couldn't figure out what was going on."
- "We're so dependent on (external) news that despite the evidence outside that we should evacuate, we waited for orders from officials."
- "It took longer to leave than was safe -- we should have left sooner."
- "We left important things behind."

"I thought we were prepared, but things changed so quickly. Suddenly the wind changed directions and without power (i.e. light) we had to load our baby, 150lb dog and my elderly parents into two different cars and try to navigate out in the dark. The smoke was terrible and it was super hard to see. We were so scared." E.A.

There were no hotel rooms to rent between LA and San Luis Obispo. It took them over six hours to evacuate from the Palisades. They landed in a hotel with their baby, dog, elderly parents, and pet birds. Fortunately, they booked a hotel early that took pets, which meant there were lots of animals congregating in the lobby, along with feral gangs of unsupervised children running about as their stressed parents waited to hear whether or not their homes were still standing.

"There was a lot of confusion. Our cell phones stopped working and we didn't have Wi-Fi. It was hard to know what was relevant. Or what to do. After a lot of false alarms, they just didn't believe it was happening and they were totally unprepared. My wife's dad packed nothing, while her mom tried to carefully wrap an antique perfume bottle collection as we were trying to get them to leave the house. Once we loaded the car, we couldn't get the garage door open because there wasn't any power. Then we had to take separate cars, because her folks don't drive at night. It was super stressful to be apart." G.D.

Fortunately, both families that I spoke to were able to return to their homes, which had emotional repercussions--"joyful mourning." Another friend's multi-generational

family lived in the Palisades for decades; they evacuated safely but lost four homes. Three months later, they are still sorting out what comes next.

What we learned:

- Keep shoes/jacket/N95 mask/flashlight under the bed in case of nighttime evac.
- The longer you wait, the harder the escape and the worse possible destination options will be.
- Stress affects one's ability to organize and reason. Prepare a list of valuables in advance. Consolidate valuables.
- Sequester pets asap.
- Prepare a **GOBAG** for each person/pet in your household (personalize it). It should be accessible and light enough to carry.
- Make a **PLAN** in advance (so that everyone in the family knows where to meet).

What they wish they'd done differently:

- Have a PLAN B for people & pets if PLAN A doesn't work.
- Digitize important documents, photos, artwork & video home contents

After these interviews, my words to the wise as Muir Beach Disaster Council lead are:

1. If you only do one thing, sign up for **AlertMarin**
2. If you can do two things, **Make a Plan**
3. If you can do three things, get your **GoBag** together.

If you want to learn more, check out: Firesafemarin.org and readymarin.org for ideas on home hardening, defensible spaces and personal preparedness. Or contact your Muir Beach Disaster Council Liaison.

Paul Smith Concert, “Forced to Flee: Vienna to Los Angeles 1938”

By Laurie Piel

On Sunday, April 27th Muir Beach was treated to a spectacular Paul Smith concert.

I was introduced to Paul by Mary Halley at a gathering not long after I moved here 18 years ago. Back then he was teaching piano and some of our residents were taking his classes. Now a Professor Emeritus at College of Marin, he is the founder and Artistic Director of the Music from Marin Chamber Players bringing world class music to communities throughout Marin. Paul was awarded the Sali Lieberman Award for contributions to the cultural life of Marin. We began his “tenancy” at the MBCC with a production of the Christmas classic *Amahl & the Night Visitors* performed by his Contemporary Opera Marin. Little did we know that it would turn into over a decade of wonderful performances by Paul and the various departments at College of Marin that he has worked with. Over the years we have been treated to serious & comic opera, solo and duo piano recitals both classic and contemporary, political satire, chamber music, Halloween &

animal themed programs and international artists...a virtual cornucopia of musical styles. Paul’s interest in everything from Broadway to classical music has been a great boon to us.

This last concert, *Forced to Flee: Vienna to Los Angeles (1938)* was music from the Marin Chamber Players - Tara Flandreau on violin, Steven Machtinger on viola, Myra Chachkin on violoncello along with soprano Morgan Harrington. Paul Smith was our host and historian as well as fulfilling his keyboard responsibilities. The composers all fled Hitler’s Germany and found their way to Hollywood. Many of them wrote for the movies although this program featured much of their German lieder. The six composers were Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Ernst Toch, Hanns Elder, Arnold Schoenberg, Ernst Krenck and Alma Mahler. If you’re wondering about Alma Mahler listen to Tom Lehrer’s song “Alma”, for her interesting personal life.

Paul has two more offerings for us. The first is Sunday, July 20th and

will also feature music from the Marin Chamber Players. Paul will perform Mozart’s Piano Concerto in D minor and Beethoven’s famous Eroica Symphony in their version for piano and string trio. The program runs about an hour and is followed by wine, fruit and chocolate refreshments courtesy of The Quilters... donations always appreciated.

The second concert is Contemporary Opera Marin’s “GabFest” on Sunday, July 27th. Paul, Director of COM, presents music for the spoken word and piano. It includes works by Schubert, Schumann, Liszt and Elgar to name a few. It also includes “Cowgirls vs Commies” a sing off of “A Diary of Annie Oakley” vs “Rayok” by Shostakovich. This program runs just over an hour and is also followed by the Quilters’ refreshments.

We’re thrilled that Paul has put Muir Beach on his performance calendar and look forward to many more opportunities to gather and enjoy incredible music.

Photos by Laurie Piel



A story begins in diverse ways. Maybe it was the bundle of old pier pilings discovered early one morning washed up on Muir Beach. Or perhaps it was the amber fisherman's float, or the shadow of someone whistling across the sand. The tale of "The Whistler" is from a forthcoming collection of Venice Beach Stories by Kristin Shannon.

The Whistler

Jess didn't like it if I walked to the pier after dark, but in the early mornings when the tide was out, I went to a place beneath the wharf and listened to the echo of the tides wash against the crusty pilings.

Salty little streams slanted away from the land, whispering clues to one another as they found their way back to the sea. After a hard rain there were broken boards, bits of rigging, foreign shells and seaweed wrapped around the pilings. The flotsam between the rivulets waited to be washed away. There were no flowers, and no weeds. Like a centuries-old Japanese Zen garden, the sand was swept fresh each morning. The wet stones marked out dark garden paths.

I picked up a pebble and watched it change colors from a moist jade to dusty gray as it dried in the warmth of my hand. The stones lose their subtle colors if you take them away from the water. I put it down gently, at the edge of the tide line. My neighbor's windowsill is piled with pebbles and shells that bleach in the sun.

When I closed my eyes, the scent of wet creosote and the rustle of creaking pilings took me on long voyages. The shifting timbers sounded like an old wooden sailing ship straining at its moorings. Once launched, I could almost hear ancient sailors pulling on long thick ropes, lashing sails tight against the rising winds.

The crunch of mussel shells broke up the reverie. Someone was coming towards the stone garden under the pier, whistling an unfamiliar tune. His high notes were pitched just above the deeper resonance beneath the pier. I turned to see a stranger sit down cross legged on a patch of warm sand, just beyond the pier shadows. His thick wool peacoat was well- worn, but the buttons were bright and sewn tight. This was not a wandering tourist from the topside of the pier. This man was comfortable, as if he belonged at the edge of the sea. Any sea.

I couldn't see his eyes at first because his attention was on a thick glass amber globe in his left hand. He held up an old fisherman's float to catch the sun, turning it round and round, gazing as if he was looking for something within.

Continued on next page



Photos by Kristin Shannon

Java, my chocolate lab, came up between us with a sandy stick, his whole body eager and wagging. To my surprise, he dropped it in front of the whistler. The man smiled and reached out for the stick as he rose. Before he threw it, he knelt back down and cupped a warm place in the sand for his glass float. Then he gave his full attention to the game. He put his whole body into that first throw above the waves. Java swam a long way out to find his treasure. Before Java came back, dripping and wagging, the whistler introduced himself. He gave me a name, but it didn't fit. It was too short for his tall frame.

I couldn't place his accent but the man's English was good. He spoke in a rhythm and afterwards I remembered his words more as a verse, or a lyric. Perhaps Irish. I watched his smile and his generous play with my dog. Java was tireless, but the whistler didn't seem to mind. He extended his arm in a long graceful sweep and sailed the stick further and further out over the waves.

After a while, Java lay panting and happy on the warm sand, crunching the end of his stick. The whistler gave me the words to his song. Then he sang another, in a different language, and offered to translate it. He seemed to translate it carefully, but I think he invented several new verses. He didn't answer my inquiry about why he was here, in this foreign neighborhood. He hedged, though he did say he would be nearby until the end of the week. Then he told another story that made us both laugh.

He opened his heavy rucksack, stuffed full, with one row of sealed pockets. We shared his apples, crisp rolls and some cheese. We passed the whole day exchanging songs and stories. The sun was nearing the horizon when we finally stood up to shake off the sand. As we said goodbye, he knelt again, lifted his amber float, and placed it in my hands.

"This is yours now," he smiled, "it's filled with tales. Look inside when you want to find one."

I hesitated, because the globe seemed dear to him, but he kept his hands quietly on mine until I accepted his gift. Then he stepped back, turned south, and began to whistle another song. Java and I turned the other direction, towards home. A mist came up and the evening chill began to sink into the sand. But the old glass fisherman's float stayed warm in my hands. I placed it on the windowsill above my desk.

Each morning for the next week I thought about walking back to the stone garden under the pier, but I did not go. I looked at Jess's paintings each day after he went out to work, thought about the way he shared his love, and when Java put his head on my lap, I rubbed the place behind his ears, and we stayed inside.

The float's thick glass walls are rippled and scratched with age, but it casts a rare golden light, long after the sun departs. The rich amber color washes over the paper in front of me whenever I think of his songs.

HISTORIC PHOTO

Flooded parking lot and picnic area, 1983

Photo by Lorna Cunkle



Muir Beach Volunteer Firefighters' Barbecue Celebrates 51 Years!

Sunday, May 25 • Memorial Day Weekend

The **Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Department** and **Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Association** are thrilled to announce the **51st Annual Muir Beach Volunteer Firefighters' Barbecue**, taking place **Sunday, May 25, from noon to 6 PM** in **Santos Meadow (2704 Muir Woods Road)**.

A beloved Memorial Day Weekend tradition in Marin, the BBQ is more than just a fun afternoon—it's also a vital **fundraiser for the MBVFD**. This year's event is especially meaningful as proceeds will help support the construction of a new firehouse near the Muir Beach Overlook—our first major upgrade in over 50 years!

Live music will keep the energy high all day! Local favorites **Lumanation** will get the crowd dancing with upbeat reggae music, and then



Lumanation, photo by Michael Padilla

perennial favorites **Andre's All-Stars**—featuring top-tier musicians—take the stage and bring classic rock and R&B.

No barbecue is complete without incredible food, and we have it covered. Muir Beach firefighters and community members will tend to smoky grills. Barbecue chicken, hand-made crepes, vegetarian tamale lunches, organic desserts, sodas, beer, and wine will be available, as will clothing and other items featuring the famous MBVFD iconic dog logo. The day concludes with an exciting raffle featuring dozens of wonderful prizes, including accommodations, restaurant gift certificates, and experiences from across the Bay Area and beyond!

Parking is \$30 per vehicle, and carpooling is encouraged. Walk-in and bike-in attendees can enter for \$10. For more details, visit muirbeachfire.com.

We need volunteers to prepare the grounds throughout May! Join us at **Santos Meadow every Saturday in May from 9 AM–1 PM**. For other volunteer opportunities leading up to and on the day of the main event, please contact: Nina Vincent at (415) 595-2739.

Thank you for supporting your volunteer firefighters—we can't wait to see you there!

—Denise Lamott

President, Muir Beach Volunteer Fire Association



Andre's All-Stars, photo courtesy MBVFD

51ST MUIR BEACH VOLUNTEER FIREFIGHTER'S BBQ SUNDAY, MAY 25, 2025

IN SANTOS MEADOW ON FRANK VALLEY ROAD

LIVE MUSIC BY

ANDRE'S ALLSTARS & LUMANATION

FOOD, FUN, DANCING, DRINKS, RAFFLE,
T-SHIRTS, KIDS PLAY-ZONE & MORE!

PARKING \$30 PER VEHICLE

CARPPOOLING ENCOURAGED \$10 WALK/BIKE-IN

ALCOHOL PURCHASED ON-SITE ONLY • NO B.Y.O.B.



NOON
UNTIL
5PM



ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE MUIR BEACH VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT.
MUIRBEACHFIRE.COM/BBQ

WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER



Join us in practicing one of America's most fundamental traditions: Protesting to hold our government accountable to the will of the people. Looking forward to seeing you...

Below photos by Jess Sward



By Beth Nelson

On 29 March 2025, the inaugural “We Still Have Each Other” peaceful protest began. Muir Beach has always had a tradition of peaceful protest. I think back to The Iraq War protest, The No Muir Woods Bus Stop protest, The Black Lives Matter Protest and now the 50501 National Protest: 50 protests, 50 states, 1 movement. Commitment to inclusivity, commitment to non-violence, and commitment to conflict resolution are the cornerstones of the 50501 organization, along with a commitment to uphold the constitution and end executive overreach.

Each week our numbers have grown including people attending from over the hill. Every Saturday from 10am-12pm we meet by the entrance to the Muir Beach car park. Bring your voices, bring your signs, bring your love. I have purposefully wanted this to be easily accessible to our elders.



Above photos by Beth Nelson





First Wednesday Evening Party for Muir Beach Residents, photo by Renee Boeche



Sea Shanty, photo by Sue Lewis

Easter Bunny and egg hunt, and the annual Pelican Inn Easter Brunch



Baby Hunt



On the hunt with Bunny



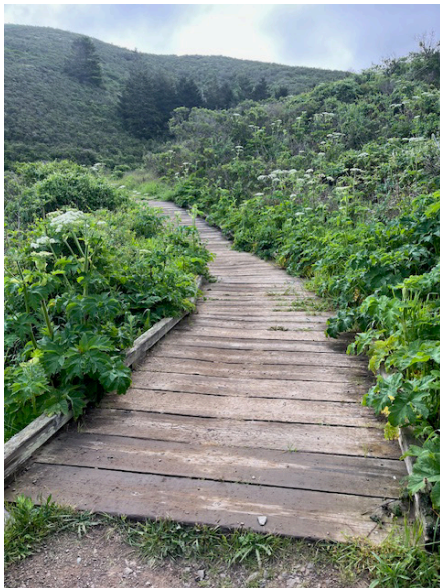
On the hunt



The Easter hunt prize winner.

Photos by Aspen Tune

Where Am I? *By Leslie Riehl*



This is Sally: Actually they are all named Sally or Newton.

Photos by Leslie Riehl

Many times when I am out hiking the Muir Beach trails I try to envision a snap shot of the trail and wonder if I would know where I was by just looking at the photo. After 42 years, I am pretty good at it. But I thought there may be people who would enjoy the game so I thought of “Where am I?” There are many trails out of Muir Beach: Diaz, Middle Green Gulch, Coastal, Pirates, Heather, Redwood Creek and Hope. All of them offer a short or long hike right from our own back yard. The trails that we hike now are not the original trails of many years ago. In fact, they are better. The park service takes great effort to keep the trails well maintained. Most are wide enough to walk with a friend or be able to be passed by bikes, horses and other runners/hikers. 99.99% of the people we meet on the trails are friendly, courteous and respectful. I don’t let the .01% ruin my day.

I particularly enjoy this time of year as all of the flowers are blooming. The flowers on Middle Green Gulch bloom first, then Diaz and finally Coastal/Pirates. The heather blooms on the Heather trail much earlier in the year. The blooms will continue throughout the summer when the late bloomers make an appearance. I have counted over 30 different varieties on the trails, but sadly I still don’t remember their names. I identify them by colors and made up names.

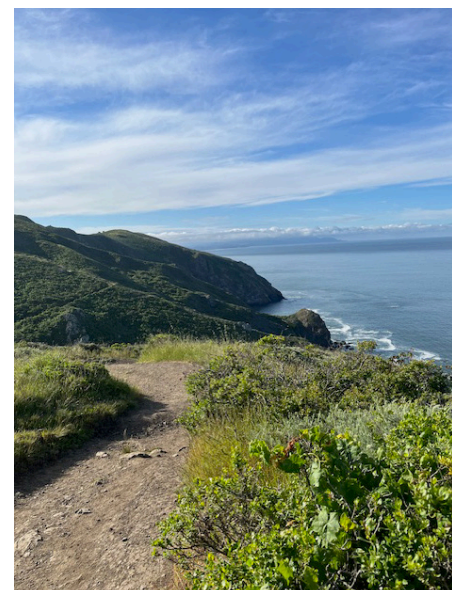
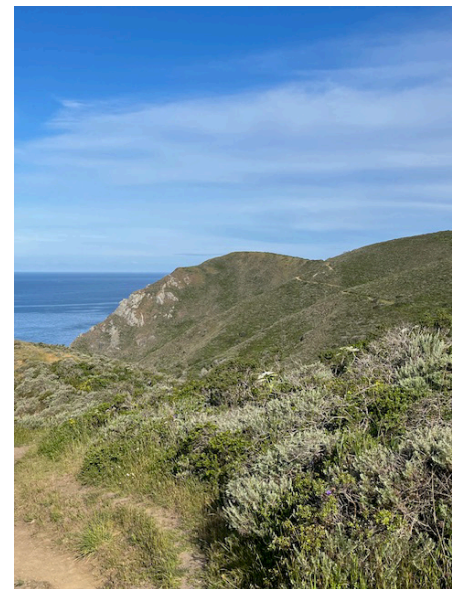
A. Where am I?

The answer is Middle Green Gulch. What I love about this trail is the ease of the hike. The views are amazing, flowers abundant and the climb easy. Middle Green Gulch trail is also home to many four legged friends: Newts, bobcats, deer and coyotes. All leave you alone.

B. Where am I?

This trail takes some initial effort. Many of us look at the beginning of this trail and groan. Many a day I have doubted that I will make it to the top. It is called “that damn hill,” “cardiac hill” and “the coastal trail”. I use the slow-and-go method; I also plan my day and solve world problems while walking up to the top.

But once you are at the top, the hard work is all forgotten. The views, the flowers and the coastline are amazing.



Continued on next page

B. Answer: I am talking about the Coastal/Pirate trail. In addition to the obvious great views, the Farallon Islands are visible, the sea lion on the buoy is loud and chatty, the ships are active and there is a little hidden redwood grove making a comeback.

C. Where am I?

On this trail you are at the top before you know it. The design is great. A bit of switchback, but in general very nice slope. I especially love this trail for all of the bunnies. They are out early in the morning and they compete for cuteness with all of the birds in the area: hawks, quail, flickers, and many more whose names I do not know. Flowers are everywhere including full meadows on the hills. If you continue on this trail you will arrive at Panoramic Highway. This trail is perfect for wet days. Drainage is perfect.



C. Answer: I am talking about the Diaz trail. Beginning right behind the mailboxes.

[This photo is also on the cover.]



No hill is too high to conquer. Even if you only get a few yards in. The views are always different going and coming. I take water and a stick. (My third leg. I don't want Chris to have to carry me out and I figure I will hobble to the trail head using my third leg.)

The Swiss tourist board has a wonderful saying: Nothing is more damaging to the hiking experience than misdirected ambition and overestimation of own strength and stamina. Live to hike another day.

Anyway, that is Where am I?

Chair Yoga at the community center *By Lisa Eigsti*



Lil, teaching Tessa, Steve and Harvey. Photo by Lisa Eigsti

Chair yoga happens sometime during Bistro (not a super set time), on Monday mornings. The teacher is Lilja Dwyer, goes by Lil, she's a friend of mine and Nina and Harvey. Lil accepts donations of cash or Venmo for her offerings, but it's not mandatory. Class is usually 15-20 minutes in length.

Just in case you've not had a chance to get to work on removing that now-blossoming French broom from your yard as instructed in the article included in the last edition of the Beachcomber, here is another related article, which we'd planned to include alongside the "how to" article

JULY 2024

Fire Smart Tip



**FIRE
SAFE
MARIN**



**MARIN
WILDFIRE**

The Menace of French Broom: Efforts to Eradicate a Fire Hazard in Marin

French broom (*Genista monspessulana*) is a deceptively beautiful plant that has taken root in Marin County and many other parts of California. With its bright yellow flowers, French broom might seem like a harmless addition to the landscape. However, this invasive species poses significant fire hazards and ecological threats. Understanding the dangers of French broom and the ongoing efforts to eradicate it can help Marin residents contribute to a safer, more resilient community.



Why is French Broom a Fire Hazard?

French broom is notorious for its high flammability. The plant contains oils and resins that ignite easily and burn intensely. It can form dense thickets that provide a continuous fuel source, allowing fires to spread rapidly across the landscape. During the dry season, the risk of ignition increases as the plant's foliage and seed pods dry out, creating an abundance of tinder.

French broom's growth habit exacerbates its fire hazard. It often forms dense, impenetrable stands that can reach up to 10 feet tall. These thickets not only serve as ladder fuels, enabling fire to climb from the ground to the canopy, but they also block access for firefighters and hinder efforts to control and contain wildfires.

Ecological Impacts

Beyond its fire risk, French broom poses significant ecological threats. It is a highly invasive species that outcompetes native plants, reducing biodiversity and altering habitats. French broom fixes nitrogen in the soil, which can change the nutrient composition and further disadvantage native species adapted to low-nitrogen environments. This disruption can have cascading effects on local wildlife, which depend on native plants for food and shelter.

Community Efforts to Eradicate French Broom

Recognizing the dangers posed by French broom, Marin County has launched several initiatives to control and eradicate this invasive species. Community involvement is crucial in these efforts, and various groups and organizations have mobilized to address the issue.

offered by Shawn Roberts, but inadvertently left out. Shawn and Rick are still happy to lend their weed wrench if it'd be of help to you; just drop an email to Shawn at s.shawn.roberts@gmail.com and she'll drop it off at your house. Reprinted wiith permission.

Volunteer Weed Pulls: Local organizations, such as the Marin County Parks and Open Space District, regularly organize volunteer weed pulls. These events bring together community members to manually remove French broom from public lands. Volunteer efforts are essential, as they supplement the work of professional crews and help cover more ground.

Shaded Fuel Breaks: Marin Wildfire is committed to reducing wildfire fuels by creating Shaded Fuel Breaks. As part of this effort there have been large scale French broom removal projects and work continues to do follow up treatments to keep supporting the eradication of this invasive plant.



Fire Foundry participant pulls French broom in Novato Open Space.

How You Can Help

Marin residents can play a critical role in combating French broom. Here are some steps you can take:

- **Identify and Remove:** Learn to recognize French broom and remove it from your property. Be sure to pull out the entire root system to prevent regrowth.
- **Dispose Properly:** Dispose of French broom properly by placing it in green waste bins or taking it to a designated disposal site. Do not compost it, as seeds can survive and spread.
- **Plant Natives:** Replace French broom with fire-resistant native plants that support local ecosystems. Consult resources from [Marin Master Gardeners](#) for recommendations.
- **Volunteer:** Join local weed pulls and other community efforts to remove French broom from public lands.

French broom is more than just an unsightly weed; it is a serious fire hazard and ecological threat. Through concerted community efforts and proactive management, we can reduce the presence of French broom in Marin County and protect our homes and natural landscapes from wildfire risks. By staying informed and involved, every resident can contribute to making Marin a safer, more resilient place.

For more information on identifying and removing invasive plants, as well as creating fire-resistant landscapes, visit Fire Safe Marin. Together, we can make a difference in safeguarding our community from wildfires.

The Beachcomber thanks the terrific team at Fire Safe Marin that contributed to this article: Meg McCabe, Ed.D.; Jennifer Gauna; Brendan Devlin; Stuart Tanenberg, MBA; Jessamyn Hise; Kaya Halpern; Christine Adela; and Rich Shortall.

Stay safe and garden wisely!
Learn more at firesafemarin.org



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Spring 2025 Muir Beach Real Estate Update

By Debra Allen, Realtor #01002768

2 homes have sold so far in Muir Beach in 2025, and 1 is currently listed for sale. The average sold price per sq ft was \$1,678. (2022 remains the highest sold price per sq ft year with \$1,953.). Sold price per sq ft is only one way to consider value (aka what buyers will pay). Buyers also consider the home's condition, views, privacy, floorplan (primary suite on the main level without stairs, is a top request buyers often have), garage/guest parking, sun and possession availability. Muir Beach buyers continue to come mostly from the Bay Area (Marin, South Bay and East Bay). Enjoy Muir Beach!



Photo by Debra Allen

How (and when) to Love a Forest

By Mia Monroe

Dateline: Arbor Day at Green Gulch, John Muir 's Birthday, Earth Day, National Park Week

What a line up of occasions to celebrate and steward the Earth! An important time to recall and participate in the caring for the trees in our lives, in our landscapes, for the health of our living planet.

And time is best to make a visit to what John Muir called “the best tree-lovers monument in all the forests of the world”: Muir Woods! A hike I suggest is up Coastal to Deer Park, briefly head south to Ben Johnson Trail and admire the craftsmanship of the park's trail crew who over four years has rebuilt this historic route (in 1904 it connected the redwoods of Muir Woods to Tam, to Steep Ravine, to the Dipsea...still does!) in the classic CCC-style. Ben Johnson was the Kents' caretaker and following in his footsteps the trail crew uses local materials, minds the flow of water and how to protect roots, shapes your view into the forest and canopy as one descends this side canyon. There's a replica bench to sit to best absorb the quiet, the sense of solitude, the ageless feel of this setting. Proceed to the valley floor, leave via Frank Valley Road to return to Muir Beach along the newly revamped Redwood Creek Trail!

Yet, when walking in our Redwood Creek Watershed a quote attributed to Ansel Adams, “there is no greater crime in nature than to plant a tree in a treeless environment” comes to mind. So many eucalyptus, monterey pine now! Visitors were always

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surprised to learn that once upon a time most of the Marin Headlands as well as the hills and slopes around Muir Beach were coastal scrub and grassland, chaparral. We think there were willow-alder thickets in the creek bottoms with floriferous buckeye on the higher bank benches, oak woodlands (Dragon Oak comes to mind) in special locations, an edgy redwood here and there (look for the one on the Redwood Creek trail, others up Conlon (maybe ones to seek genetic hints for resilience during future climates?). Elsewhere it is thought that grazers (yes! deer and elk!) kept things “mowed down” and it is known “good fires” (sometimes set by Miwoks) also nipped doug fir and promoted food-rich grasslands, oak woodlands....we

also wonder where else there were redwoods such as in protected areas in Green Gulch and Kent Canyon (hoping someday restorative work there will recover the old-growth values of this logged area).

Sharp eyes can see where the redwood nursery was in the 1950's (an old quarry site) that still has dawn redwood (from China) and Japanese redwoods.

We learn that Miwoks undertook both gathering expeditions into redwoods for salmon, redwood bark and much more but only ventured deeper when on a spiritual journey. And we hope Miwoks will steward the lands (and waters) of Redwood Creek Watershed again to rekindle the human-nature relationships.

Are you familiar with Obi Kaufmann's *treemendous* books to really get you thinking, looking? His latest is a stunner, *The State of Fire* and be sure to check out his field atlases for the coast and forests of California. Dense with information, unique maps and packed with his beautiful art work! Then head out, here's a few ideas for a tree-lover's walk: how about treevia? Can you name all the trees of our watershed? Brainstorm the values and gifts of the deciduous ones? See the return of willow and alder? When do we protect old-growth and when do we manage for our human landscape? Good place to think about all this: sitting on the ground, leaning up against a tree!



MBVFD APRIL 23, 2025 CALL LOG BY DAVID TAYLOR

Since our last report in January we have run 12 calls. Two of these were for a medical emergency in our community. These calls will not be described in any way in the Beachcomber given the small size of our community and our professional and legal obligations regarding confidentiality. These are the other ten calls:

02/11/25 19:44 Emotionally disturbed person at Overlook -- Maurice Conti, Chris Gove, Sefton Murray, Jon Rauh

02/11/25 12:30 Vehicle fire on Seacape Dr. Extinguished by Maurice Conti

02/16/25 11:53 Vehicle accident -- car off side of road/no injury -- Chris Gove, Jon Rauh

02/19/25 16:00 Ankle sprain in Muir Woods -- Chris Gove, Sefton Murray

03/05/25 17:33 Vehicle accident unable to locate (UTL) Chris Gove

03/30/25 11:34 Fatal cardiac arrest at Green Gulch -- Chris Gove, Jon Rauh, David Taylor

04/07/25 23:22 Vehicle accident UTL -- Chris Gove, Sefton Murray, Jon Rauh, David Taylor

04/8/25 22:18 Intoxicated adolescent -- Big Beach parking lot -- Chris Gove, David Taylor

04/19/25 18:30 Psylocybin poisoning -- Big Beach parking lot -- Chris Gove, Chris Vallee

04/20/25 13:10 30 y/o female ankle injury on Pirates Cove trail -- Chris Gove, Chris Vallee

Announcing ... Muir Beach Dog of the Month

Daisy



Daisy, photos by Jeff Swarts

Even as a four month old puppy, Daisy's long legs were on a growth spurt. Her puppy body hadn't quite grown into her legs yet and she looked like a baby deer whose legs have preceded her body's full growth. She grew into an 80-lb. athlete able to run fast and far. Her personality: at once bold and loving.

We got Daisy in the foothills off a Craigslist ad. She was living with a family in the yard of a trailer. The girl who sold us to her had named her Dakota. She said her mom was going away for a long time and they could no longer keep the dog. We assumed that the girl's mom was going to jail but we never knew. To this day, the sound of a gunshot or fireworks at the beach spook Daisy despite her normally courageous demeanor.

We're not completely sure of Daisy's breed. She has tan markings like an Australian Shepherd; the working dog personality of a Border Collie; and the build and white fur of a Great Pyrenees.

When we first got her; we weren't keen on the name Dakota and I chose the name Daisy because it's my favorite flower. Daisy may be a common doggie name but I loved it and after a

history of having dogs, it was my turn to choose her name.

Daisy grew up as the pup to our two other dogs, Billy and Poptart. She took their lead and learned commands quickly. When we lost Billy and Poptart, Daisy assumed the Alpha role, steering our new pup, Shep, that became the newest member of our family in 2020. Daisy taught him what is ok and what's not. She took on the dual role of teacher and companion.

I believe that dogs are more than pets. They are members of our family. I know that many of you understand that! We love dogs for their unconditional love and faithfulness. While we all live busy lives, I make a point never to walk by Daisy without kneeling down and giving her love. The feel of her fur coat is so familiar. I remember what all of our dogs feel like: Hapa, Smokey Bear, Sport, Bandit, Ranger, Hank, Bruno, Billy, Poptart, Daisy, and Shep.

Every morning, our dogs get a breakfast biscuit. While our younger pup, Shep, goes right for the treat, Daisy would rather receive her morning petting first. She extends those long legs prompting me to rub her tummy. Other times while petting her, she will keep nudging me with her nose for more attention. I can't resist.

Daisy turned 11 in March. She is slowing down but still up for chasing bears at Tahoe and scaling the rocks between Big Beach and Little Beach.

If you see us walking our dogs in the neighborhood, please say hello. Living at Muir Beach is paradise found ... not only for us but for our four-legged loves.

Daisy lost her right rear leg and magnificent tail last year. She was clipped by a moving train near Santa Barbara. We are so blessed that none of her organs was damaged and that


her spine went uninjured. It is a place where we often walk the dogs and it happened so fast and unexpectedly. I feel so blessed that she survived.

I'm a proud doggy mama. I recently began cooking fresh food for them. You can find chubs of ground beef or turkey and add veggies and it's actually more affordable, and of course healthier, than commercial dog food. Carrots, broccoli stalks, kale, spinach, peas, garbanzo beans etc. Google what's ok and good for dogs. Daisy's coat is so much shinier now.

We want our dogs to live forever but dog owners always have to say goodbye at some point. It's so painful. In today's world, our doggies teach us the meaning of life: to give love, to enjoy the simple pleasures; to experience nature; and that is their legacy to us.

Dogs live to please. We can learn a lot from them. They are truly man's best friend. I hope that Daisy knows how much joy and love she brings to us. You know what I mean. You can have a stressful day then walk in the front door and see your dog, and all the angst disappears.

Thank you, Daisy! And to all of our wonderful dogs in Muir Beach. Aren't they lucky? Like us, we get to call this special place ... home.

 It's a dog's paradise.

—Pamela Tom Swarts



My encounter with a pelican

By Nina Vincent

I was attacked by a pelican today. Swimming off Leadbetter beach here in Santa Barbara. I was on my way back from a long lap swim. I'd gone out quite a ways and was far from the shoreline. I was pausing from my backstroke where my skyward gaze had just captured a long wide V line of brown pelicans. Such magnificence. I thought about how geese also fly in ways that navigate tailwinds and such. I noticed off to the side one lone pelican and wondered why he was separate from the fleet. I carried on swimming the coastline as the cold began to settle bone deep after 40 minutes in the 54-degree waters. I looked over towards land again and saw a low flying pelican headed in my direction. I thought to myself – that fellow looks like he's headed right for me. He landed just an arm's length from my body and I smiled and said, "Oh, hi buddy." But when he opened his bill wide, looked me straight in the eye and came for my face I realized he was not there to be curious or say hi.

I love pelicans. I've even floated with a large fleet of them off of Muir Beach. They slapped the water with their long powerful wings and I, floating amid over a dozen of them, started slapping the waters with my less impressive wingspan as well. Together we floated and slapped for quite some time as the currents brought us closer and closer together. I was thrilled when one of them took to the air and before flying off circled directly over my body one and a half times and then headed north. I felt there was a message in that circling for me, I didn't know what it was, but I imagined

that pelican had communicated something meaningful to me. That encounter touched me and left me in awe of the broad winged beasts of the sea.

But today's pelican wasn't drifting peacefully inviting me into its sacred floating fleet. It wasn't communicating our connection overhead either. Today's pelican was crazed and coming at me wings flapping, stabbing at me with its bill, snapping as if my eyes were minnows meant to be a meal. I batted its bill away and screamed at it, "Hey, hey get out of here." When that didn't work, I looked it straight in the eyes and roared as loudly as I could. I made myself big as one does when being pursued by a bear, arms raised over my head, legs working to keep me afloat, I ROARED at the top of my lungs. The pelican may have been amused. He certainly wasn't afraid. He came at me again bill open. I batted him away again and when his huge beak closed, his throat pouch tucked up along his long sword like bill, I grabbed it and held it shut. I noticed how the throat pouch felt soft and reptilian. My pelican attacker was confused at first and then rightfully pissed off. He struggled to get away. He beat me with the magnificence of his wings and threw his head this way and that to no avail. I was holding on for dear life.

We were at a standstill. I was treading in the deep waters and the pelican was still for a moment staring me down. We both calmed ourselves a bit. What a thrill it was to stare into the eye of this prehistoric like creature. I wanted to convey to him that I meant him no harm. I wished to understand

what he thought I was and why he came at me with such aggression. I don't remember how I came to the decision that I would swim towards the shore with the pelican's beak in hand, but I did. I could not risk a friendly chat and a one-sided agreement to do no more harm and let my wild and long billed friend free. I pulled my legs to the surface of the water and started kicking, my head turned towards my companion, as I swam with one arm stroking and the other hand holding tight to my crazed companion's lethal beak. I was no longer afraid of him; only afraid I might hurt him. At times he would yank his head and hit me with his wings, and I'd stop swimming and float upright until he stopped and surrendered and together we'd swim again. Towards the end of our long swim to shore he stopped fighting, and we just swam along as if we were partners in a strange and wonderful dance. I felt his webbed feet moving in the water next to me and my swim was easier for his help. I even stopped at one point to pet him and for a little bit I tried to reason with him. "Look buddy, I don't want to hurt you. I'd love to let you go, but you gotta leave me the fuck alone if I do."

I loosened my grip on his bill for fear I might somehow be suffocating him but decided not to take any chances and kept holding tight to him thinking that once I was close enough to shore, I could let him go and if he started attacking again at least I'd have the ground beneath my feet and people on the beach to maybe lend a hand. Once I hit shallow enough waters to stand, I stopped and stood.

Continued on next page

He became agitated flapping his wings and moving in circles, throwing his body around. I told him I was going to let him go. I talked to him for a moment and told him to be smart and fly away from me once I set him free. I gave him one more stroke along the surface of his tucked wing and turned him away from the shore and gave him a shove and set him free. Thankfully he took off out to sea. I watched and saw him take to the air and then circle back around. I got out of the water and warned the group of children and adults to stay alert. They were all standing on the shore cheering me on, asking if I was okay, sorry they hadn't known how to help me. But my winged swimming companion didn't attack again. He circled towards us and then flew away. Once again, the circling... I'd like to think that he was coming around to say we were okay now. That he harbored no ill will towards me and that we'd shared something extraordinary together.

An aside:

The Pelican that so aggressively came at me was likely suffering from domoic acid poisoning, which has also afflicted sea lions and dolphins in southern California. The domoic acid comes from synthetic nitrogen-rich agricultural fertilizer that drains into the waterways. The nitrogen feeds the algae, as it feeds crops. The algae deplete oxygen in the ocean in addition to being toxic to the creatures who eat it. There is also speculation that the fires in LA contributed to the spike in toxic algae near the Central coast. I didn't know this at the time. Judy Irving, the film maker who brought her documentary, "Pelican Dreams" to the MBCC some time ago, advised me that if it happened again I should hold the pelican's bill as I had, and wrap my arm around it's body to keep its wings from beating (me) and call animal rescue services. I'm sorry I hadn't known this as I would love to have given this amazing fellow a chance at survival.

Random thoughts ... *By Michael Miller*

Not having enough sex may have deadly consequences according to a recent survey by IFL Science. Women who have sex less than once a week may be more likely to die early than those who engage in more regular intercourse. The same impact was not observed in men though more frequent sex reduces the chance of an early grave in both men and women. Looks like I'm going to die young ... Exercise makes you look better naked, but so does tequila ... The most over used word in the English language is iconic. Closely followed by weaponized ... I saw a boy on an electric bike towing another kid on a rope on a skateboard. What could possibly go wrong? ... Vegan meatloaf on a restaurant menu. Is that an oxymoron ... Paris is always a good idea ... On tariffs Trump says "Our country has been ripped off, looted, pillaged, raped and plundered." Evidently diplomacy was not in the course offerings at Trump University ... But many of us have something in common with Trump. Denied by Harvard ... Worrying about the world is the enemy of sleep.



Muir Beach Garden Club

On March 28, the Muir Beach Garden Club held a happy hour/meeting to discuss plans for a general garden cleanup, plant removal around the shed, planting the donated plants from Wendy, bank account, and a community garden idea. While we are not planning a community garden, it was noted that the Zen Center has a beautiful, bountiful garden for all to volunteer at, see <https://www.sfzc.org/giving/outreach-volunteering>.

We scheduled the garden cleanup and planting for April 6, 10am -2pm.

That day, we gathered to cut, clear, trim, plant and water the garden, only stopping for a tuna poke and Asian salad lunch.

Thank you to Wendy Johnson and The Dragon Coast Gardens for the donation of Cerinthe major 'Purpurascens' plants, and to all the garden clubbers who worked tirelessly in the garden:

Outi was armed with her chain saw, cutting out the gangly branches and clearing bramble; Kate weeded, and dug holes for the new plantings that Wendy had donated to the garden; Nikola trimmed and beautified the plants that had grown over the walls along the steps; Mike brought his truck loaded with soil, shovels, digging bar and tools to prep the new planting area; Janet weeded, trimmed, and loaded branches for the chipper pile and Joey and Janice weeded, cleared, hauled branches, and planted in the new planting area.

Thanks to all who attended, and if others are interested in joining, contact joeygroneman@gmail.com.

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MBGC Continued from previous page

Also, all are welcome to join us to tend the garden on the second Monday of each month, during Bistro.

Another meeting discussion was to plan a community rummage sale at the end of August – once we find the appropriate location we'll get the word out.

–Janet Tumpich



Cerinthe major 'Purpurascens'
donated by Wendy Johnson



Cerinthe planted below the MBCC retaining wall and Simon's memorial.
Photos by Joey Groneman

Dragon Coast Garden



The Dragon Coast Garden sale on April 26-27 went well, thank you all who came and bought plants for their gardens.

– Joey Groneman

HISTORIC PHOTO

Banducci Flower Farm, 1981 Photo by Lorna Cunkle



big lagoon mutual aid community

Submitted by big lagoon mutual aid community

May we enjoy and practice with the emptiness of the three wheels – giver, receiver, and gift: big lagoon mutual aid is our new neighborhood loop of freely-offered care. Mutual aid is “cooperation for the common good.” A network for asking for and providing things we have

to offer each other, whether a ride to a medical appointment or Manzanita, a recommendation for a dentist or a dowser, or a place to ask for or let go of a kayak or commode. Nothing for sale. Everyone is encouraged to join the list serve to receive requests as they arise. Who knows what-

might-when...let's be available as we are able, and find it is easy to ask for help when we need it. Green Gulch and Slide Ranch residents are welcome. Email blma@googlegroups.com to join network or to post to the network.

Green Gulch Farm *By Elliot Leis*



Nine year old Elliot Leis goes to Tam Valley Elementary. In fourth grade, his favorite subjects are math and reading. He enjoys soccer, Nintendo, and ice cream. What he loves most about Muir Beach is: the beach!
Photo by mom, Lora Gale