

THIS POINT....in time

NEWSLETTER

The Point Richmond History Association

Vol. XIII No. 8

March, 1995

\$1.50



In Memory

CAPTAIN
THOMAS
EVANS
EDWARDS
1914-1994

HISTORY ASSOCIATION NOTES

FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT

Elizabeth McDonald

I catalogue and copy old and recent photos every Wednesday for the Richmond Museum of History. Whenever I find a picture pertaining to Point Richmond which is not in our collection I bring a copy to our newsletter editor.

The museum is located at 400 Nevin Avenue and is now open from 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm on Wednesday through Sunday. I think that members of the Point Richmond History Association will find a visit very rewarding, especially those who remember the building when it was Richmond's main library.

Kathleen Rupley, the curator of the Richmond Museum is planning an exhibit of the Ford plant during the World War II years. She would very much like to hear from anyone who was employed at the plant during those years.



*Ed Garrard
with Ed, Jr.
in his arms.*

*Picture was taken on
September 3, 1919
at a ceremony for a
visit of the Secretary
of the Navy.*

*(Richmond was being
considered as a site
for a future Naval
Academy.)*

*Taken from our Don
Church photo collection*

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Thank you to the following members
who have renewed their memberships:

Frank Lopez

Jan & Bob Burdick

Grace & Jerry Cerknowicz

**Lynn Maack/Sandi Genser-
Maack**

C.F. Hochgesang

Mrs. Mae Mandl

Anna O. Booth

Patricia L. Milano

Kate Harps/Dale Roberts

Linda Andrew Marshall

Jack Elle

*Museum Staff Coordinator Betty Dornan
thanks volunteers who staffed the History
Building in February*

&

Thanks to Andrew and the crew at the

Copy Mat

*on Solano Avenue in Berkeley
for their courteous, quality work printing
this newsletter over the past few years.*

&

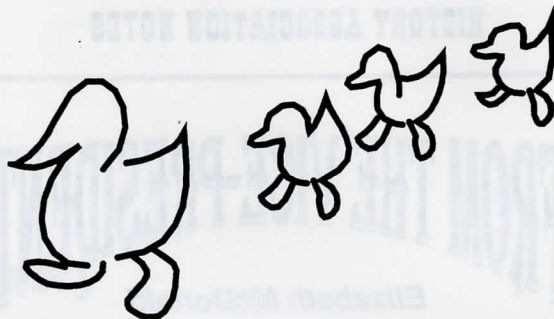
The usual

Thank you!

to our

Santa Fe Market

*for their donated distribution of
"THIS POINT....in time"*



Get Well Wishes to

Claudia Beale

*You are missed at your
Print Shop!*

The Cover:

**1903 view of Point Richmond
ridgeline with S.F. Bay, Point
Molate and Marin hills
in the background.**

**Photo was donated to the
History Association
by Dr. Wm. L. Thompson.**

If you can help staff our History Building
(2½ hours per month) call museum Staff
Coordinator Betty Dornan at 232-4317.

Museum Hours:

Thursday

11:30am - 2:00pm

Saturday

11:30 - 2:00pm

Editor's Notes

GARY SHOWS

Sorry, but no "A-Mid Trivia" as Mid Dornan was taking a vacation. However, I am very happy to offer TWO articles from the Franco family, that's right Al Franco joins sister Delfina both share their memories of growing up in Point Richmond we all (especially the "old timers") enjoy your writing, thank you both.

This issue also marks the beginning part of the concluding chapter of Muriel Clausen's "This Old House". I hope to as time permits reproduce this work in one booklet for our historical reference.

Thanks to those of you who gave me your material before the deadline, you have no idea how much this helps me.

Happy birthday to my mom Bernice Shows who turns a happy, healthy 80 years old this month.

The deadline for the April issue is March 17, 1995 please try to meet it, remember that it can still be updated for the next week.

The February Issue Assembly Crew:

Liz McDonald

Muriel Clausen

Mary Highfill

Pam Wilson

Mid Dornan

Sonja Darling

Jerry Cerkowicz

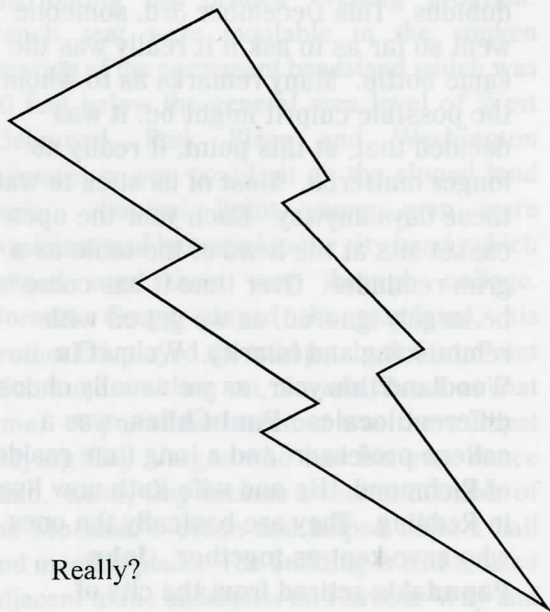
Gary Shows

Dear friends and History Association members Grace and Jerry Cerkowicz of San Deigo (Carlsbad actually) send the following poem courtesy of their local paper,

AFTERSHOCK

*THEY MIGHT HAVE LOST THE BATTLE
BUT THEY HAVEN'T LOST THE WAR!
THEY'LL RECHARGE THEIR VOLTS OF STRATEGY
TO EMPLOY THE WINNING SCORE
THEY'LL BE BACK!
SAME TIME NEXT YEAR!
THEIR SPIRIT SHINING BRIGHT
THE FANS ALL THERE BEHIND THEM
TO CHEER THEM TO THEIR HEIGHT
THEY HAVE THE "WILL"
THEY HAVE THE "HEART"
TO DISCHARGE THEIR "LIGHTNING BOLT"
TO SHATTER ANY RIVAL!
FOR YET ANOTHER "JOLT"*

VIRGINIA WALTER
CARLSBAD, CA



Really?

American Legion Friends

by **Marian Hawkins**

For many years **Fay Hawkins** has been a member of American Legion Post #10, of Richmond. Every year since 1950, members of the LAST MAN'S CLUB from this Post have gathered on the Sunday nearest to December 7th, in memory of those who have gone before. Originally over 50 men were members. Last year, 1994, only seven men and their wives (included in order to make the ranks more impressive) were able to attend. In a casket shaped box (honest) is a bottle of cognac, when finally opened to be drunk to the memory of all the others....BY THE LAST MAN. It has been mentioned at times, that it could darned well finish off the last man. Not stored properly much of the time, the contents are, at least dubious. This December 3rd, someone went so far as to ask if it really was the same bottle. Many remarks as to whom the possible culprit might be, it was decided that, at this point, it really no longer mattered. Most of us stick to water these days anyway. Each year the open casket sits at the head of the table as a grim reminder. Over time it has come to be largely ignored, as we get on with reminiscing and hilarity. We met in Woodland this year, as we usually choose different locales. **Paul Chiles**, was a college professor, and a long time resident of Richmond. He and wife Ruth now live in Redding. They are basically the ones who have kept us together. **John Papadakis** retired from the city of

Oakland. His father, Tony, had a confectionery store on Macdonald Avenue. Last year John married the lovely Margaret. **Harold Johnson** who is a carpenter, and Jackie live in Susanville. **Leonard Albright** and Mimi live in Dunsmuir, where he is a former Mayor. He retired from Standard Oil. **Charlie Guzzo** was in the machinist business, here in Richmond. He and Helen retired to Yuba City, where she works hard to keep him in running order. His health isn't good, but they continue to enjoy life. **Chuck Haglund** is a retired Richmond Fire Captain, now recuperating quite well from recent surgery. He and Joan are the lively ones in the outfit, and live in Tahoe City. **Bill Moses** is still a dues paying member, but hasn't attended any meetings in years.

Fay and I are the only ones who have remained in Point Richmond. We do enjoy the trip to the designated city for any meeting..Fay came here with his family at age 3, and I was born here in the Point. Wee were married in the Point Methodist Church, as were my parents, Jesse and Marian George. May 29th, 1993 our family celebrated our 5th Anniversary in the same, dear old Church. The United Methodist Women, all wonderful friends, prepared and served the buffet. Now that is true friendship. Greetings to all.

A-Mid TRIVIA

-Mid Dornan (510-234-5334)

*Mid is on vacation, will be back
in the April Issue.*

Allan's Potpourri

by Mr. Allan Smith

A correction to my column in the February issue of "This Point" in which I mentioned working for the Standard Oil Company during the late 1930's for an hourly wage of \$5.60. What a dreamer I was! Not Hourly! but DAILY!!

Ed. note: I thought this amount was not very noteworthy but I reported as presented, no inquiries Allan, readers must have just thought you Standard Oil employees well paid.....even then!

Gary



Note to all early, late, and native Point Richmonders.....Don't be hesitant to write to our editor, Gary Shows, with your Point memories because, like me, you had to take "Bonehead English" or "English 1A" at school. Gary edits, corrects all misspelled words and grammatical errors. (I keep him very busy!)



A nostalgic message to Point Richmond former ballroom dancers. The beloved and renowned "Sweet's Ballroom" in Oakland bay be restored to its original grandeur. It's still located above the J.J. Newberry store in Oakland and used as a warehouse. All the great dance bands of the past in the United States played at Sweets.



Someone sent me a copy of a photo of the old bandstand that was in the area where the fire station and community center are now located. I recognize some of the Washington School students that were in the picture so I think the year was around 1930-33.

Every Wednesday evening during the summer months the Richmond Municipal City Band would present a concert for the Point Richmond residents. It was a local event we all enjoyed especially if we had the privilege of distributing the printed evening program. Bench seat were available in the sunken location of the permanent bandstand which was 10 feet below the general area level of West Richmond, Park Place and Washington Avenues or you could sit on the sloped land bank. Several Point young men were musicians and belonged to the city band, which helped earn their way through college. Norman Gregg played the trombone, his brother Ed. played the trumpet, both from Point Richmond residing on Nevada Street at that time. A prominent member was the trumpet playing Gay Vargas who had his own dance band. Later, Gay became a charter member of the Musician's Union and helped build a hall and meeting place. The building is still located adjacent to the underpass on Harbour Way and

Chanslor Avenues in Richmond. It is now used as a church.

The city decided to build a new bandstand in the park at the old Washington School area. It was a beautiful structure but did not have the attendance success that the center location had had.



In the February 1995 issue, I wrote of Peter Cakos in the article about the 1937 June Richmond Union High graduation class. Well, I have just learned the Pete passed away at his home in Texas after a long illness.

Pete, as we all called him, was the second of four sons of the Point pioneer Cakos Family who resided at different times on Santa Fe, Cottage and Tewksbury Avenues. He was preceded in death by his younger brother, Andy, in 1993 and two sisters earlier. Peter Cakos was a popular young man, especially in high school where he was rated very high scholastically, played sports and wrote for the school paper.

Pete was a veteran of the United States Coast Guard having served in the U.S. Maritime Service where he received his Master's License. He is survived by his wife who lives in Colmesneil, Texas and brothers Spiro of Phoenix and Gus of Los Angeles. The Cakos family were very personal friends of Rosie Grosso and her family.



Another U.S. Merchant Marine Veteran died recently and that was Captain Tom Edwards of Point Richmond. His sea going career was with the Standard Oil Marine Department now known as Chevron Shipping. I'll have more about Captain Edwards, a great

personality, in the April issue of TPIT.



Writing for the Sunday West County Times each week in the "Days Gone By" feature is correspondent Nilda Rego. What a great job she is doing writing about the history of Point Richmond. Where is she getting all the information about our area; probably from the Contra Costa County Historical Society or the University of California's Bancroft Library. Last Sunday's excellent story concerned the February 22, 1910 Championship boxing match between lightweight champion Battling Nelson and challenger Ad Wolgast. It is the first of a series of articles of the championship fight.

What bothered me is she mentioned the proposed site for the battle was a baseball field called Lang's Park. We always called the area the "Polo Grounds" and I've never heard of "Lang's Park".



Dr. Judy Forbes, the eldest of four daughters of Jim and Mary Forbes of Point Richmond is on another exotic excursion. She returned last year to her adopted country, New Zealand, from a volunteer medical journey to South Africa. Dr. Judy is presently on a trip to Antarctica aboard a Russian ice breaker named the M/S Kapitan Khlebnikov. This is an expeditionary voyage and Judy will serve as the ships's Medical Officer. Incidentally, if you are interested in a trip to the Antarctic aboard a Russian ship, the cost is only \$25,000 U.S. dollar (not Russian rubles). Do you think that Judy's Antarctic journey comes close to equaling her sister Cindy's wedding that took place on the top of Nichol Knob?

Sports Memories

Allan Smith

We all knew that the high salaries demanded and received by the major league baseball players would eventually ruin our national pastime. It now appears that the 1995 season will be cancelled as the player are on a 'strike' for a "bigger piece of the pie" which the ball club owners will not share.

I know our editor, Gary Shows, an avid Oakland Athletic baseball fan, is very disappointed with both club owners and players.

I say let's get back once again to local city baseball teams who play a good, exciting brand of semi-pro baseball. This was the was it was before we had the major leagues on the West Coast.

How well I remember the Oakland Tribune Tournaments held each year among semi-pro teams at the old Oakland Oaks baseball bark in Emeryville. All East Bay cities were represented. It was here that local players such as Russ and Loyd Christopher, Les Scarsella, Leonard Smith, Steve Legault, Roy Banducci, Charles Novascone and Jiggs Wright, just to mention a few from a great number of very good baseball players that participate locally.



Well, Editor Gary says:

Here! Here! Allan! I've had enough! The rich, self absorbed players had no right to destroy our season as they did last year. I am now ON STRIKE against major league baseball. I am not renewing my A's season tickets that I have held for the past twelve years and will not contribute to major league baseball in any way during the season..... regardless of how their infamous dispute turns out. I hope many more fans join me and we teach those running our national pastime who "pays the bills" and kick them out of their castles!

Office Calories

Beating around the bush.	75
Tooting your own horn	25
Passing the buck	140
Bending over backwards	200
Pushing your luck	300
Eating crow	225
Dragging your heels	100
Swallowing your pride	50
Throwing your weight around	50-300
(depending on weight)	

-From Mid Dornan

Note:

Evelyn MacDonald saw mention of Reitha MacDonald's name in the November issue of TPIT as a survivor of Gladys Pizzotti and is trying to locate her. Evelyn says that their mothers were friends and she baby sat Reitha's son Stan. Write or call Mid or Gary and we'll put you in touch.

Church News

Our Lady of Mercy

Allan Smith

Our parish priest, Father Jim Clift, is preparing once again for the Lenten Season which begins this year on March 1st, Ash Wednesday. This year Easter Sunday will fall on April 16th.

Organist Betty Concepcion has returned from a visit to her native Philippine Islands. Betty was one of a thousand persons who recently became U.S. naturalized citizens this month.

Mrs. Louisa Banks is at home recuperating from her recent hospitalization.

We are doing research in preparation for the 100th Anniversary of Our Lady of Mercy Church. It was discovered that the first of two of the stained glass windows in the sanctuary were donated by the Grosso and Moglia families during Rev. Michael Garvey's pastorate between 1953 and 1964. Prior to 1953, the huge windows were of plain glass and during sunny summer Sundays it was very warm on that side of the church as the altar boys and priests at that time remember.

Later, the other stained glass window was donated and installed in memory of the following families from Our Lady of Mercy:

- Matteucci and Quirolo
- O'Hara and Muldowney
- Louis and Marie Bernes
- John and Anna Stark

- John Leonard Smith Family
- August, Magdalena and Edward Gilig
- Captain and Mrs. Stephen Banks
- In memory of the Grosso, Moglia families by Mr. & Mrs. Mario Grosso
- In memory of the McDuff and Kelly families by Mrs. Edward McDuff.

The magnificent stained glass window in the choir loft was donated by the parishioners for the 60th Anniversary of the parish in 1962. The indirect lighting makes an impressive view to the rose window, especially at night.

Look for a new volunteer to report about Our Lady of Mercy history and news in the next issue

Point Richmond Methodist

Jean Reynolds

Eighty people were on hand for worship on February 12th as we welcomed Katy Bright Covarrubias into membership and celebrated the baptism of her daughter Carolyn. Enrique Covarrubias is the proud husband of Katy and father of Carolyn. Two Sets of Carolyn's grandparents were present to witness her baptism, and several aunts, uncles, cousins and other well-wishers came to show their love for her and her parents. She has a wonderfully supportive family to guide her as she begins her Christian journey!

Bill Coolidge was guest preacher on February 5th. Bill is a member of Church of the Good Shepherd United Methodist Church in Richmond, is employed by the Richmond Public Libraries and is a graduate of Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley. He sometimes is seen in productions at the Masquer's theatre.

Worship on March 5th will include more special musical offerings than usual as we begin our journey through Lent in preparation for Easter. The Joyful Noise Choir, directed by Virginia Cherniak and accompanied by Jean Eakle will participate in the service. Put on your travelling shoes and journey with us!

Point Methodist Church members will provide and serve at least one meal in March for the Winter Shelter Program sponsored by G.R.I.P. to house homeless families. Residents will be housed at St. Luke's United Methodist Church for two weeks (March 11 to March 25) as the program ends its season of operation.

The annual church "Junktique Sale" is scheduled for Saturday, May 6th and we are receiving items to sell. Call Betty Dornan (232-4317), Marian Hawkins (235-3048) or the church to arrange to drop off or have picked up your good, saleable household items.



Westside Women's Improvement Club

Report

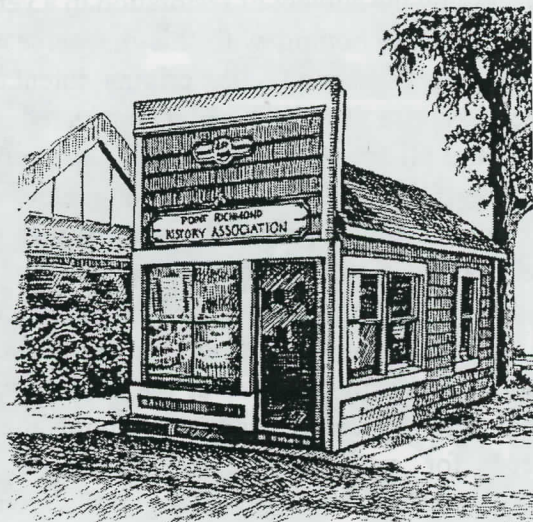
Betty Dornan

A delightful soup luncheon was enjoyed by 32 members and guests on February 7th at the Friendship Hall of the Point Richmond Methodist Church.

The treat of the day was minestrone soup made by President Anita Christiansen.

A talk on "Superstitions" was given by Betty Dornan. After the talk members enjoyed discussing their past and present superstitions. A good time was had by all.

The next meeting will be on March 7th at 11:30am. Nancy Neilson of the Richmond Senior Center will be the guest speaker and available to answer Questions for members and their guests. Interested women in the community are invited to attend. For more information call 233-3343 or 232-4317.



Point Richmond History Association

This Old House

by

Muriel C. Clausen

Chapter VIII Some Final Remarks Part One

From time to time in your reading room we have been visiting on the subject of the early houses in Point Richmond. We have been most concerned with the houses built from 1900 to the 1930's. They represent our present visage while we walk or drive through Point Richmond. We have also been discussing the subject of restoration in a very oblique way, hoping with this discourse to encourage the saving of the original intent of the old house when it is being considered by one and all for remodeling. The unity and charm of the old houses gathered together in this picturesque community is a pleasure to behold and so it can be hoped that we will retain Point Richmond as our Historic Place.

The railroad and oil companies focused their interest in our area at the turn of the century and created our town through their need for workers. As a result Point Richmond started as a workingman's town. The kinds of houses that were built early

were those workingmen's houses: the simple hip roof cottage, the bungalow, and the West Coast version of the "styles". There is a homogeneous quality in these houses even though they are from different sources. That quality is the directness and simplicity of their structure giving them charm and unity, for the workingmen's homes were very basic and built very quickly.

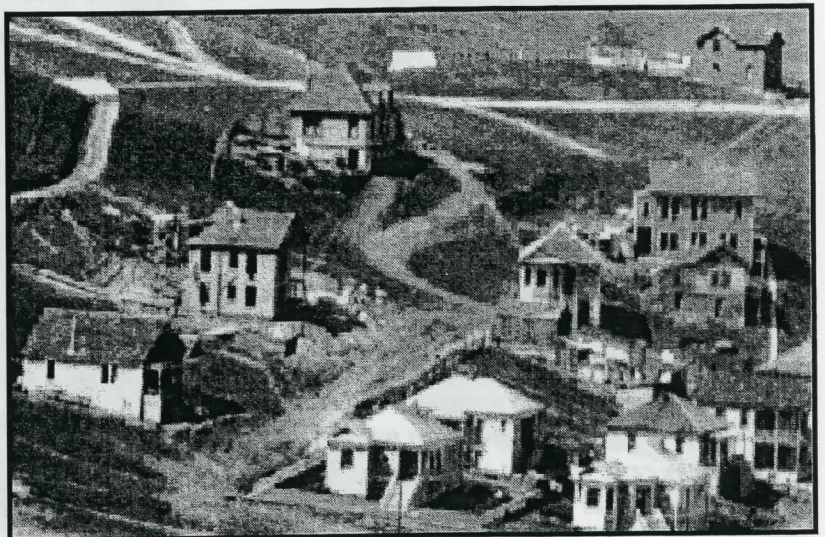
Point Richmond began as a melting pot of people from far away lands as well as from the East Coast of the United States, coming quickly to fill the jobs that were offered. With the dedicated purpose of getting their jobs done these people of Point Richmond worked well together and in so doing, created that very melting pot. Today's children are a remarkable blend of the early heritage of the workingman's ethic. It is a proud heritage and one that the young people of today could learn, keep close, and respect, and it could help them to retain their self esteem. Such a heritage can also help them to forge ahead in their own new world, carrying with them a history of their past.

We have had an interesting description of the tent as a shelter and about the Miwok Indians who lived in tents on this coast for many many years longer than we have as yet occupied this space. The Miwoks were comfortable in this small tent space but had a different approach to living than that of the early white settlers on the coast. They lived to roam and hunt and grow food where available and so wanted their homes to be portable. Our early settlers started out through necessity living in tents, but could

hardly wait to have a house instead, desiring to be settled and secure in one place where their jobs were located. The houses that were built were simple houses but suited them, providing shelter for a very different kind of life from that of the Miwok Indians. The charm of these first houses was their simplicity, built for the purpose of shelter without outside influences, and built of local materials and accommodating the local terrain, weather and needs.

Another concept has become an historical influence in our area mirroring that same urge to build quickly and simply. This was the Gold Rush in 1849 which preceded the start of Point Richmond, but helped set the pace that a house could be built quickly to serve as the most simple shelter. New West Coast arrivals always seemed to be in a hurry for their first shelters in those early days, for the work for which they came was far more impelling. The Gold Rush "house" out on the claim was more of a shanty, erected with the most available materials and covering only the necessary needs, but a shelter just the same. The idea that it was a permanent structure was not foremost in their minds. For that reason some miners existed in tents. When necessity

arose, miners gathered together to bring in their finds and obtain supplies. Small towns grew up with supply house, eating places and lodgings for this gathering place. This town was strung out along a "main street" with quickly built facilities teetering along its edges. Main Street USA was born of these quick meeting places where people came to bring in their product and take back supplies whether it was in the California mines or out in the prairies of America. The buildings along main street reflect the type of housing that is built surrounding it. Main street is an American idea born out of the haste to gather, get things done, and get back to work. Our miners in the hills of California created their quickly built houses and their main street much as we see it in Point Richmond today, though here we were not in such a hurry that we could not establish a more permanent environment.



Another Point neighborhood in 1903, do you know where?

Old Historic Road Grades in the Point Richmond Hills

Wm. L Thompson

William L. Thompson, often called Louis by his friends, was born in Point Richmond on February 17th, 1909, lived on Scenic Avenue, graduated from Richmond Union High School and was the first native Richmondite to go through medical school. Dr. Thompson began his practice in 1940 at 9th & Macdonald, later moving to 32nd & Macdonald until that building was sold, at which time he moved to an office on Broadway. In 1979, at age 70 and after 39 years, he retired officially from medical practice. However, his many loyal, local patients continue to call him for advice. Thanks to Dr. Thompson for his valuable contributions to our written archives. Here is our ninth series from Dr. Thompson, in which he describes the early road grades he has discovered in our hillsides.

Part Two

Part One ended with:

Starting above the old Santa Fe reservoir two old grades ran diagonally up to the summit of Nicholl Nob. The one on the north side of the hill is still visible but is almost completely overgrown by weeds and brush. The grade on the Bay side of the hill also runs diagonally upward and in my early years it had been mostly eroded away. In recent years it was regraded and is used as an access route to the top in order to reach and care for the radio site and water tanks on the summit.

We might mention here that Professor Botts of the Botts airship used the top of Nicholl Nob to construct his old plane because it was the only hilltop around that was easily reached. That was about 1900 or 1901 and the Santa Fe route up to the reservoir was available and there was a rather easy slope from there to the summit. It was quite possible to transport his equipment up this slope with horse drawn vehicles.

On the Bay side of the hills three road grades were laid out starting at the end of Crest Avenue. The upper one was the route to the summit described above. The lower road bed zigzagged down a ridge to the base of the hill near the old Bernardi residence. This route gave rise to a lower road which extended around the base of the hills just above the old brickyard which was located in the flat where the motorcycle club building now stands. From here it extended along the base of the hills and over the low ridge that now separates the Brickyard Cove marina from the Miller-Knox Park.

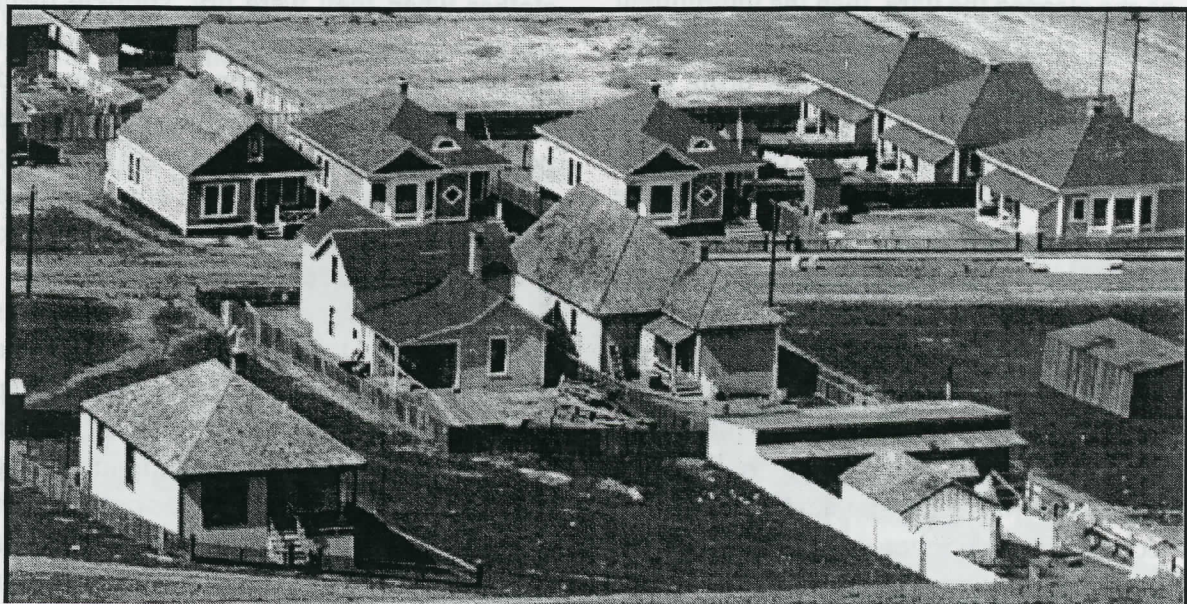
The third of these grades took a middle course around the hill at about the same level as the Santa Fe reservoir. It continued on to a low spot in the ridge visible from the Miller-Knox Park. This depression in the ridge was deepened by the old road workers for about 15 feet so that the expected road could pass through the ridge

and join a long extension of the East Scenic grade on the northeast side of the hill. When we were kids this depression was known to us as "the cut". This grade did not continue any further on the Bay side of the ridge.

The continuation of the old East Scenic grade, starting from its junction with Buena Street, passed on along the northeast side of the Potrero Ridge to join with the old grade from the Bay side at the cut described above. Just beyond its junction with Buena Vista it rose slightly to pass around Murray's Point above where the Washington School now stands. The house below on the point was built very early by the Murray family and later was the home of the Hanny family. From this point another old eroded grade passed slightly upward and back across the north face of Nicholl Nob to pass above and behind the place where the old Thompson and Morrison homes were later built. This old road continued on to its termination at the end of Crest Avenue. Near its

point of termination, later both the Burns family and Fred Fredericks built small homes now long gone. Beyond Murray's Point this old grade of East Scenic was completely destroyed by a quarry which was excavated to obtain dirt fill for an extension of the Standard Oil Plant. This route was destroyed almost as far as the cut described above where it joined the old grade from the Bay side of the ridge.

The two old road beds which joined at the cut continued on as a single bush-covered path around the marsh side of the range of hills tending slightly downward. After a short distance this trail was intersected by another which joined it at a right angle from below. This began at a primitive brush-covered road which passed along just above the base of the hill and was somewhat like the Glen Avenue grade mentioned before. This area now is the section covered by the sewage disposal plant and an area of large warehouses.



Who recognizes this 1903 Point Richmond neighborhood?

Delphina Franco moved to Point Richmond as a child of three. This is the fourth and final installment in a series of articles about her experiences in Point Richmond beginning in the early 1920's.

Point Richmond in the 20's & 30's

by Delphina Franco

Day by Day

Part One

My days growing up were very much alike and yet different. On Monday mornings I remember the creak of the clothesline as my mother first ran the wire line out to the other pulley and then back in as she cleaned the wire, then the intermittent creak as she pinned up the clothes. (Sometimes a creak today will bring back that memory of a time when, not having any responsibility for that work, I could snuggle down in bed for a last few minutes before getting up.) At first, I remember the steamy kitchen as she boiled the clothes in a copper boiler on top of the stove. Then the clothes were put into rinse water with bluing and finally hung on the line. When I was older, someone convinced my mother that doing the laundry by hand with boiler and washboard was being supplanted by modern technology, a wringer washing machine. It took some talking to finally convince her to buy a used machine since she didn't think it

could get the clothes that clean. Housewives set great store by having blindingly white whites and colors that are bright and sparkly. Also, clothing had to be starched by making boiled starch of various types, thereby requiring an additional amount of time. Once the clothes were on the line all would go well if the wind was blowing in the right direction, but sometimes, too many times for my mother, the flying specks from the burning of sludge at the Standard Oil plant would land on the laundry, much to my mother's irritation. Most of the time if left alone the specks could be shaken off when the clothes were dry, but other times they needed to be rewashed. Nowadays I understand that the sludge is further refined and several products including perfume are made from it. When my mother felt superenergetic, she would bring in the clothes when they were dry, sprinkle them and iron them all in the same day. That night we would have an unmemorable meal and we watched what we said since her irritation point would be low because she was so tired. Then my father would complain and would say he didn't see why she had to do everything in the same day.

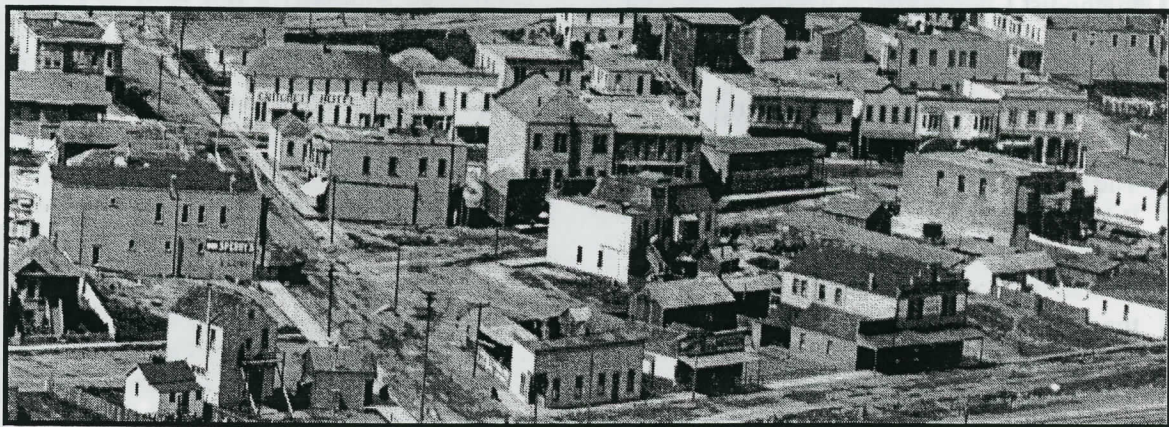
Another vignette of life that has remained with me was observing one morning my mother in handmade mopcap sweeping the rug before the front screen door. The sunlight was streaming in making a path of light that my brother on the floor grabbed for with his starfish hand; he was a little over a year old I would assume. It was a beautiful picture, with strong light and

shadow, and Al's hair was burnished with the gold of the early morning sunshine.

Another sound memory was when Al was about four years old and we lived on Tunnel Avenue. Our backyard was quite long and adjoined the backyard of the Sonoda family. This hard-working Japanese family owned the local shoe repair shop on Richmond Avenue. Mr. Sonoda did excellent work and was always busy. His wife cleaned the boarding house next door to where we lived and I particularly remember her cheerful laugh. It was rumored that this couple had a grown family in Japan with one son a doctor. At the time we knew them, they had a daughter Jean of about my brother's age, and she and my brother used to play together in our backyard. All would go well until there was a disagreement. Al would raise his voice expecting her to retaliate, but she would say that it was time for her to go home now. Never did she engage in the rough and tumble disagreements of the rest of the children. My mother used to worry that the family would have hurt feelings over the kids'

disagreements, but before too long Jean would be outside by the fence calling "Alford" and wanting to know if he could play. Later she had a brother Ray but we had by that time moved to Golden Gate Avenue.

This same backyard was the area where my mother cleaned our "Sunday clothes" in some gasoline byproduct out in the open air and hung them on the prop clothesline to air out and dry. One time, after my brother and I had had a shouting match about something, my mother couldn't find a pair of gray cotton gloves I used to wear for Sunday best. She looked, as she said, "high and low", but they were nowhere to be found. My mother used a fair amount of slang in her conversation, particularly when she was angry. She suspected that my brother had something to do with the missing gloves and she told him that he had better "dig them up right away". Out he trotted and dug them up from where he had buried them! Years later he told me that he couldn't figure out how she knew what had happened to those gloves.



Memories of the Point During the 20's & 30's

by Al Franco

In a letter which I recently received from my sister, Delphina, wrote about returning to Point Richmond to visit some of the places we have written and read about in "This Point...in time". As it has been apparent to all of us, things are not as we remember them and she was reminded that you can't really "return home". She had mixed emotions about the houses we resided in during our youth in the Point. However, she gave a glowing report on the downtown section of the Point, and praised the Historical Museum, the pride and joy of the History Association.

She also mentioned visiting the First Methodist Church which we used to attend as children and young adults. As a young child I can remember every Sunday being dressed in my "Sunday Go to Meeting" (literally) clothes and being escorted to church by my parents. The minister at that time was named Reverend Prince, whom my parents idolized. My mother used to say that he was well named for he was truly a prince. But, at that age I found the sermons long and boring, during which I would dream about getting out of church and getting back to the more important task of

playing. Old churches seem to have a special smell all of their own, a combination of oak pews and paneling, burning candles and the musty smell of the hymnals.

Mention of the Methodist Church reminded me of an incident which happened to me as a kid. One day, my mother discovered that she had run short on some of the essentials which she needed for the preparation of dinner that night. Since she was in the process of cooking, and didn't want to get off schedule by going to the grocery store, she gave me a list and sent me down to pick up "a few things". I presented the list to Mr./Mrs. Whiteside who filled two large bags and sent me on my way. In those days no money was required. The merchant put the amount of the purchase on your bill which was settled up at the end of the month. To my knowledge, very few customers reneged on paying their bill. The bags were heavy and cumbersome for me to carry, and about half way to our home on Golden Gate Avenue. One of the bags broke and I found myself between a rock and a hard place, to be more exact. I found myself between the Catholic Church and the Methodist Church. Here I was with cans, boxes and fruit spread on the sidewalk in front of me. I was confronted with only a few options: return to the grocery store and get another bag, go home with the bag which hadn't broken and return with another container, or cry. In any event what would I do with the loose groceries? Would they be safe? Would someone steal them? Would the church think they were a contribution? Would they be there when I got back? Whatever decision I made, I was sure that it was a no win situation for me. I could visualize my mother becoming angry at the loss of the food, saying "You are big enough

and old enough (one of ma's favorite expressions) to be able to carry two bags of groceries without losing half of them". I opted to go home, confess what had happened, plea bargain for a light sentence and return to where I had left the groceries, on the steps of the side door to the Methodist Church, as I remember. When I got home, I learned that my fears were unfounded for my mother understood that such things can happen to anyone. But this may just me the clam before the storm, after all the supplies had not yet been delivered to my home. All the way back, plagued by anxiety, I prayed that they were still there. Bargaining with God, I promised

that I would be more attentive during the sermons and try not to think of how much I missed not being able to play. If only they were going to be there. About five feet before I arrived at their resting place, I closed my eyes afraid that I couldn't stand the shock if they were gone. I cautiously took a few steps and slowly opened one eye. Thank God they were still there!

My prayers having been answered, I don't remember now how many sermons I paid attention to or if I did at all, but I still remember how relieved I was that the people of Point Richmond were, at that time, all honest. I would guess that they still are.





The Poppy

Washington School
June, 1922

This 6" X 9" faded green construction covered booklet has an orange crayon poppy on the cover and is tied together on the left side with a faded half-inch wide orange satin ribbon. The purple mimeograph lettering is also faded with age. The original writing inside is by hand. This is the sixth installment.)

Glenn: "What kind of berries grow on electric wires?"

Howard: "I don't know."

Glenn: "Electric Currents"

Mrs. Tomlin: "Henry, why were you absent yesterday?"

Henry: "I was sick."

Mrs. Tomlin: "I saw you riding a bike."

Henry: "That must have been when I went after the doctor."

Teacher: "Use defeat in a sentence."

Willie: "Soap and water are good for defeat."

Teacher: "Fred, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class, Do you know what spunk is?"

Childs: "Yes, it's the past participle of spank."

Miss Lucas: Alfred, run up the courtain."

Alfred: What do you think I am, a fly?"

Denzell: "Joe, do you know what a ground hog is?"

Condon: "Yes, its a sausage."

May 6, 1929
Washington School 3rd Grade Class
See the February TPIT

TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT

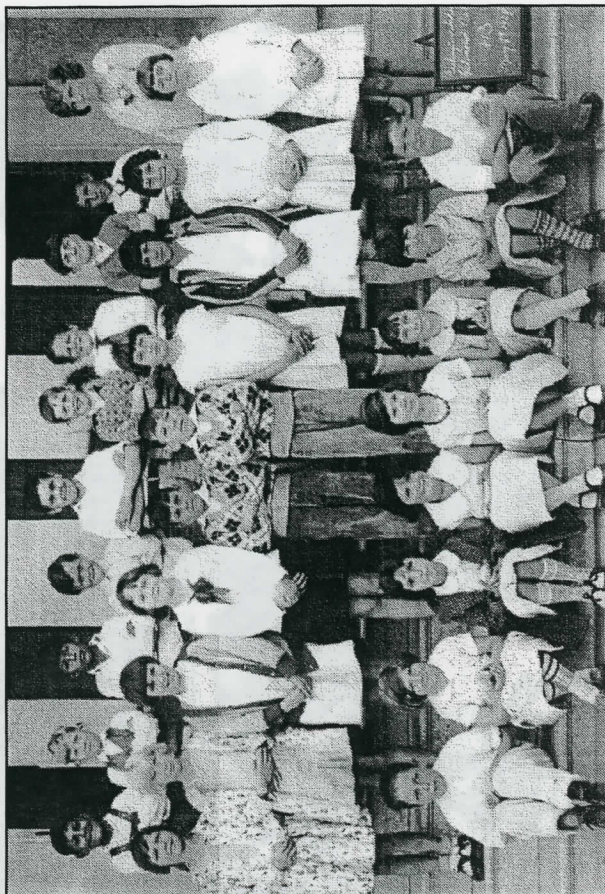
- 1- Phil Carrera
- 2- Gerald Lewis
- 3- Conception (John) Granada
- 4- Charles ???
- 5- Leo Matteucci
- 6- Fred Beasley
- 7- Milton Shaw ("Bud")
- 8- August (Goosey) Zanzi
- 9- David ???
- 10- Mrs. Caskey (teacher)

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT

- 1- Rosalie Morrison
- 2- Tootie Whiteside
- 3- Thelma Rogers
- 4- Winefred Wichersheim
- 5- Albert Kollar
- 6- George Kollar
- 7- Betty Clinger
- 8- Abigail Munoz
- 9- Amelia Giaconcelli
- 10- ???

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT

- 1- Terry Downey
- 2- Vienna (Toddy) Bono
- 3- Frieda Guisti
- 4- Melba Ghieri
- 5- Betty Parker
- 6- Bernice Locke
- 7- Helene Raffanelli (Frosini)
- 8- Gregory Solich



Your Westside Library

*By Lynn Whitson
Branch Ligrarian*

Sorry no report from Lynn Whitson.

I'll introduce the team to you
next month and tell you
all about them.



*The Washington School Bonecrushers
Champions, 1936*

Cards & Letters

Dear Mid Dornan:

Yes, I would be very interested in attending a reunion of former Washington School students. I too, went from kindergartn to sixth there and a few of my brothers and sisters also. I hope some of them respond.

We moved to the Point in 1926 or 27 and there were seven of us kids then, then Mom and Dad had three more, making the ten all told.

We have great memories from there.

Regards,

June (Beesley) Solosabal

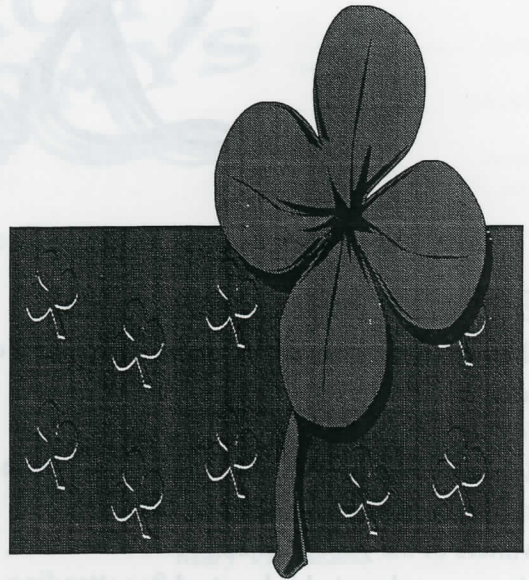


Photo below courtesy Mrs. Bena Bowles



Deaths

Captain Thomas Evans

Edwards, tugboat pilot for Chevron Shipping during his professional career, died of heart failure at his home in Richmond on February 14, at the age of 80. Captain Edwards, a native son of California, was born in Piedmont in 1914. Here he spent the winters of his youth, the summers in Bolinas, a place very close to his heart. After attending Haverford College in Pennsylvania he went to sea on the tankers of the Standard Oil Company of California. Gradually he rose from Ordinary Seaman to having acquired his Master's license; but he decided he would never know his growing children if he continued going to sea, so transferred to the Bay Fleet and became a Tugboat Captain/Ship's Pilot, where he continued til his retirement in 1975.

As well as being acclaimed as one of the best pilots in the San Francisco Bay, Captain Edwards was an extraordinarily talented and versatile individual who was a well known raconteur, beekeeper, baker, blacksmith, crocheter and linguist.

He is survived by his living wife, Lucretia, sons Barnaby and John, daughter Hannah, daughter-in-law Linda, and grandson Sam.

Lois Lucille Stewart died on February 5, 1995 at the Delta Memorial Hospital in Antioch of natural causes at the age of 76. Mrs. Stewart was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and resided in Point Richmond, San Rafael and Antioch for the past 53 years.

She was the co-owner of Stewart Trucking and Warehousing Company for 60 years. The firm was established in Richmond, California. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were active members of the Ran Rafael Yacht Club. She is survived by her daughter Peggy J. Roberts of Antioch; her sons, Gerald I. Stewart of Martinez and James E. Stewart of Stockton; her brother, Donald Busby of St. George, Utah and her sister, Phyllis Downey of Antioch. She is also survived by 7 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held on Thursday, February 9, 1995 at the Civic Center Chapel of the Wilson & Kratzer Mortuaries in Richmond. The reverend Palmer Watson of MacArthur Community Baptist Church in San Pablo Officiated. Burial Followed at Rolling Hills Memorial Park in Richmond.

Your remembrance may be sent to the American Lung Association, 105 Astrid Drive, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523/

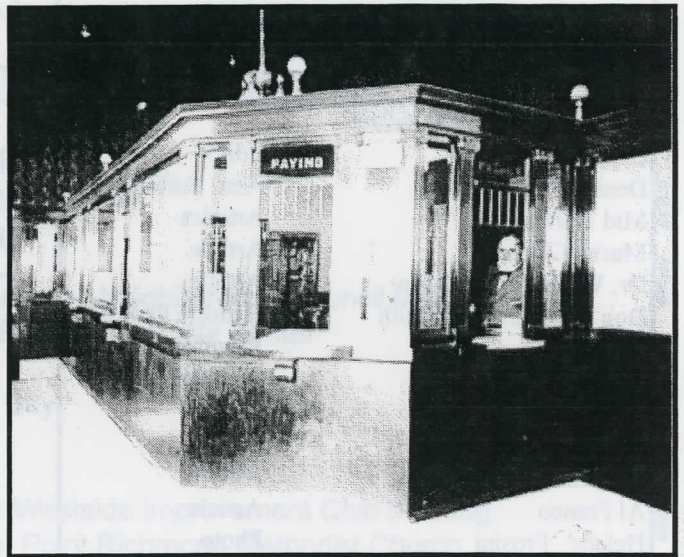
MARCH BIRTHDAYS

Rachel Elizabeth Palfini
Karolyn Macdiarmid
Ben Bray
JoAnn Bray
Bernice Shows
Carol Darling
CAMP FIRE GIRLS
GIRL SCOUTS
Carl Paasch
Noraleen Dowell
Janice Jones

Marie Wilson-Dietz
Maxine Mayer
Brian Richardson
Winnie Guisti
Virginia Cherniak
Isabel Folson
Naomi Huffstetter
Dale Hawkins
Carol Seawell
Wendy Wirth
Jim Morrison

Dolly Frosini
Reba Downs
Allan Smith, Jr.
Don Hain
Rich Schuldt
Susan Berman
Phyllis Feyder
Jean Knox
Avis Blanchette
Mary Valenzano
Myron Pestana

*Inside the
Bank of Richmond
(now "Sherry & Bob's")
before 1910*



"Wherever I have gone in this country, I have found Americans."

-Alf Landon(in America), during a speech in his presidential campaign against FDR

I would like to join the P.R.H.A.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Type of membership (check one):

<input type="checkbox"/>	Single	\$18.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Senior (65+)	12.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Family	25.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	History Preserver	50.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Corporate Sponsor	75.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	History Maker	100.00

Membership in the Point Richmond History Association includes a one year subscription to "THIS POINT...in time" newsletter (nine issues). Please make your check payable to the Point Richmond History Association and mail it to:

Pam Wilson
521 Western Drive
Point Richmond, CA 94801

If you would like to have birthdays noted in the newsletter, please include names and months.

Articles for each issue are due on or before the deadline printed in the calendar section.

Please mail articles and items of interest to:

Gary Shows
229 Golden Gate Avenue
Point Richmond, CA 94801
 or

fax 510-233-0762

"This Point...in time" is a publication of the Point Richmond History Association, a non-profit organization at:

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 Point Richmond, CA 94801

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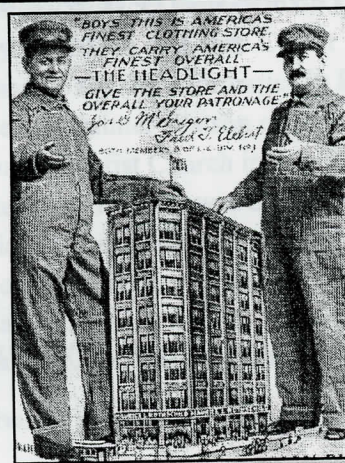
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Bena Bowles	Photo
Jerry & Grace Cerkawicz	Poem
Virginia Walter	Poem

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 Fax 510-233-0762





Calendar

March, 1995

March 1
Wednesday

Ash Wednesday

March 7
Tuesday

Women's Westside Improvement Club Meeting,
11:30 am, Point Richmond Methodist Church

March 8
Wednesday

Point Richmond Business Association Meeting
Noon, Hotel Mac

March 17
Friday

St Patricks Day

DEADLINE FOR THE APRIL ISSUE OF TPIT

March 20
Monday

Municipal Natatorium Dedicated, 1926

March 21
Tuesday

First Day of Spring!

March 28
Tuesday

Point Richmond Neighborhood Council Meeting
7:30pm, Point Community Center

April 1
Saturday

All Fools Day

April 3
Tuesday

Women's Westside Improvement Club Meeting,
11:30 am, Point Richmond Methodist Church