

Reply

I agree with the Headlands doctors that they should not be "penalized because they attended medical school." However, like all of us, they cannot be excused from their responsibilities to help, however they can, in time of real need. The problem seems to be one of our being more selective and rational as to what constitutes an "emergency". We must not impose; neither should those who have the ability to perhaps save a life, refuse to try.

Barbara Moseley

AT PRESS TIME, WE RECEIVE THIS NEWS:

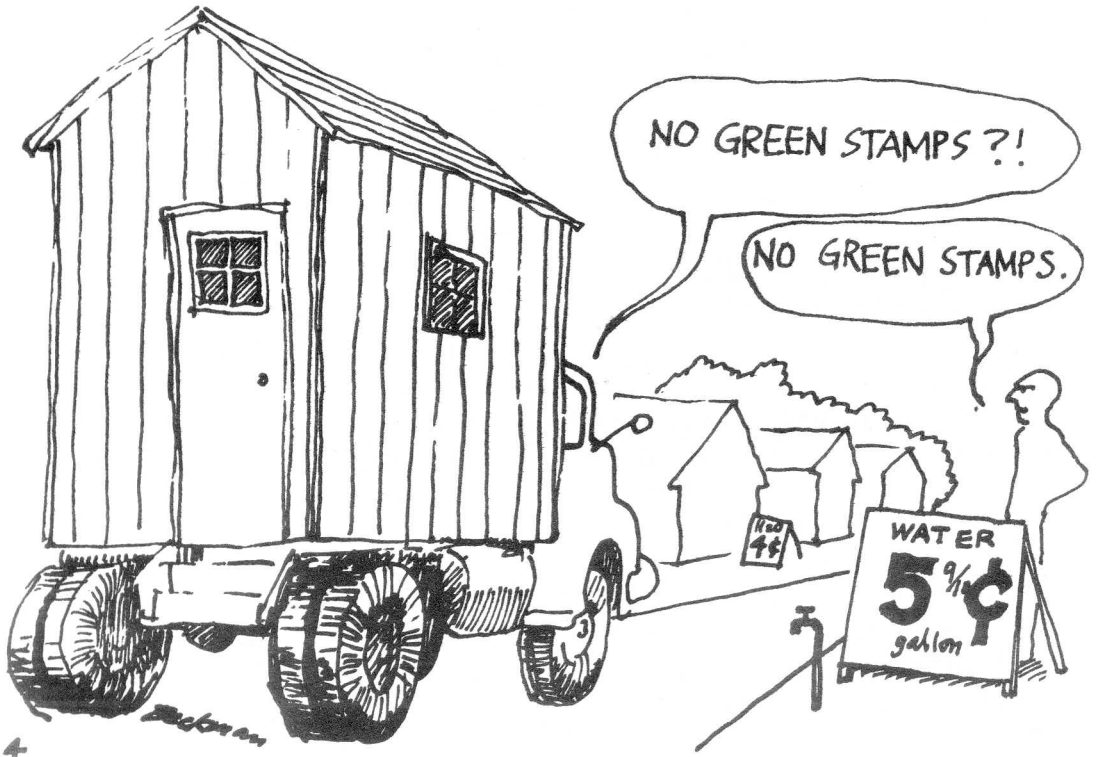
Michael Ingerman of Marin Comprehensive Health Care Service is in the process of setting up an emergency service something called the HEAR Emergency System. If you feel it is important for Bolinas to have such a service, you may call Michael to tell him so at 479-1100.

REPLY TO A LETTER

Sirs:

In regard to the letter by F. L. Lawrence about changing the name of Bolinas: Whales are struggling for their survival. So is Bolinas. Therefore I think that Bolinas (meaning whale) is a very appropriate name. Besides, it has a beautiful sound.

Richardson Clark



Memories and METEORPLANES

"This should be interesting," my friend and I comment as we park in front of the gingerbread house on Dogwood.

"Oh come in," she says, matter-of-factly, coming outside to help us open the gate she undoubtedly heard us struggling with. "So you're from the paper, huh?" she comments once we're inside.

"So where's your camera? Reporters always bring cameras along, you know. I know, anyway, because you can't imagine, oh my God, how many reporters have come to see Jack . . . he's on the phone now . . ."

She motions for us to sit down. "So what paper did you say you're from . . . my, you girls look young . . ."

"We're from The Paper, you know . . . the local Bolinas Paper. You might have seen it in the grocery store," we suggest.

"Oh . . . oh sure. Well, anyway, you're here to do a story on Jack, huh? What did you say your names are?" she asks.

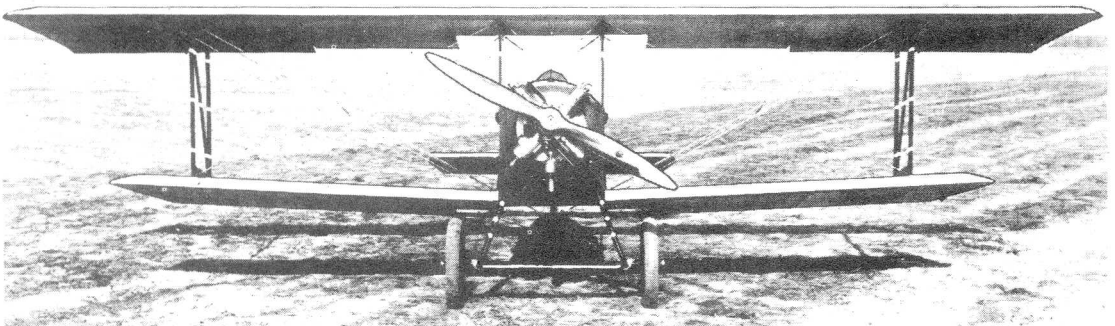
"Janet Peacock and Beth Fairbanks," we tell her.

"Oh my. Janet Peacock. Let's see. I knew a Peacock once . . ." she begins.

"Uh . . . what did you say your name is?" I ask.

"Me? Oh you can call me Ethel . . . I'm Ethel," she says. And let me tell you, Ethel is some lady. She's Aunt Lizzie, Cousin Maude, and Mammy Yokum all rolled into one. You have to meet Ethel to really appreciate her red hair, her ever-present apron, her gusto, her sense of humor, her past middle-age spread, and her warmth.

But this is supposed to be a story about Jack, who's still on the phone. "As you can see, this isn't a house . . . it's an airplane factory," Ethel remarks, waving her arm at whatever it is Jack's got set up on a table which takes up practically all of the tiny living room.



"What is it?" I ask, as Jack walks into the room. Ethel introduces us.

"Janet Peacock? Let's see. . . . seems like I knew a Peacock once. Must have been . . ." The first thing I notice about Jack is the visor he wears.

Cont. on next page

"Jack, tell these girls about your airplane . . . that's what they're here for," admonishes Ethel. Then to us she says, "He's getting old, you know." He simply looks at her.

"Well, Jack, could you tell us what you're working on here?" Beth asks.

"Here? Oh sure. . . this here's part of the tail. It's easier sometimes to put smaller parts together in here first . . . get 'em all glued . . ."

"It looks like you've got resin on the outside . . . or fiber-glass, something like that."

"Oh yeah, yeah . . . here, this'll tell you all about it," Jack says as he gives us both a piece of folded paper which turns out to be the original brochure on his airplane.

We'd both heard about Jack Irwin . . . most people who live in Bolinas have. He's that eighty-year-old man who's reconstructing an airplane in his garage. And it's true, absolutely true.

In 1922 Jack Irwin built The Irwin Meteorplane . . . "The World's First Light Plane," advertises the brochure which was put out by the Irwin Aircraft Company, est. 1908.

"That's when I first began to fly . . . 1908," remembers Jack.

When we ask him why he's rebuilding his plane, he says it's because some museums have asked him for a replica. "Oh, I won't get any honors for it. Won't even get much money. The Smithsonian would like it, but I can't afford to donate it to them. I don't know, maybe it'll end up in Harrah's auto collection. You know, Bill Harrah, the one with the gambling casinos?"

Yes, I tell him, I do know. I used to work summers at Harrah's Lake Tahoe, which brings a rise out of Ethel, who says, "C'mere!"

I follow her into the next room. She shows me another brochure. . . only this one is dated 1972 and has a charming bikini-clad girl on the cover. She's kneeling and smiling, prettily.

"That's my niece," Ethel chuckles. "Oh, she's a charmer! She's going to marry Frank Sinatra Jr.!" I'll be damned! Ethel proceeds to show me newspaper clippings and gossip column tidbits attesting to the fact. I'm thoroughly enjoying myself.

As we wander back into the living room, Beth suggests we see the airplane.

Jack leads the way. It's nighttime, and Jack explains he'll have to walk slowly since his knee occasionally goes out. He opens the garage door, reaches for the light, and there she is . . . (almost anyway). The Irwin Meteorplane!

And as I understand it, the frame is mostly wood, with

three one/sixteenth inch mahogany sheets glued together to form the main part of the body, which is painted bright red.

The wooden cockpit is lacquered. "I use poplar and mahogany," says Jack. "And ash beams."

The plane has a nifty little wicker seat, can go up 10,000 ft. and can fly 75 mph. Jack's company, in its heyday, sold two planes to Iceland where they were used to deliver mail. "They carried twenty-five, sometimes forty pounds of mail," Jack informed us, proudly. "The whole plane only weighs 240 pounds.

We chatted some more about details, including the 20 hp engine, which Jack designed. "The first one I used was a motorcycle engine," he recalls.

To quote the original brochure: "A pair of pliers, a screw driver and one wrench are all the tools necessary to completely take down or assemble the Irwin engine." The Irwin Aircraft Co. used to manufacture the complete aeroplane, right down to the wheels, and "The price complete flyaway or F. O. B. factory is only \$1165."

Back inside the house Jack tells us that shortly before the depression he was in a motorcycle accident which put all four limbs out of commission. Then by the time he'd recovered enough to work again, the depression hit, hard. "So who could buy an aeroplane?" asks Ethel.

Well, Irwin Aircraft put what they had into storage, including one of those Irwin engines. Sometime during the war that engine was stolen . . . the very same engine that Jack has on his plane here. Seems someone figured he needed more power for his windmill.

"Took me some time to track it down . . . but I found her," says Jack.

"Will you actually fly the plane?" asks Beth. It's late, and Jack and Ethel are tired, especially Jack. He seems to be thinking about other things, forgetting us.

"He thinks he's going to fly it," remarks Ethel. Again she tells us "He's getting old, you know."

"Huh! Sure am gonna fly it," says Jack. "There's a field over that way . . . never let me get away with it, if they knew."

I venture to ask Ethel how old she is. She informs me she's sixty-five, and "an old man's darling." "I have to keep him going for at least another year," she says, affectionately. "I don't want him to go until he gets all this damned airplane stuff cleaned up!" She gives us a wink.

"Listen to her," says Jack. "Talking through her hat." We stand to go. Ethel gets up, and Jack starts to. All the while they're poking loving fun at one another.

Cont. on p. 12

TO MYSELF

I said that I need someone
who will tell me that I am a beautiful woman
who will look smilingly at my brown body long in the sun
who will hold that image -- the lioness with her cubs -
who will treasure my long unrewarded search for the good and the right and the
who will stand laughing in the face of all the foolish fear we shroud ourselves v
who will stand strong with me in the beauty of our earth
who will not hesitate to run into the tall grass after a runaway laughing child
who will sing whether listened to or not (like the birds)
who will leave aside the comforts of a smooth foot for the love of feeling
(prickles sticking to my foot - transporting seed for another spring
or carefully placing my foot to avoid a eucalyptus pod
or simply grooving toes into the warm dry dust)
dashing down the beach
tear off clothes
emerge self dangerously into the freezing freeze of a crashing breaker
(white above my open eyes as I dive to avoid its full force)
sit pensively atop a chopped stump watching that same expanse
the sea the sea the sea
stand on a splintery redwood bench (the bench)
and move beyond those shimmering trembling tears ... suspended animation
into the essence of the salt mother below
(above, the swoop of seagull-wings skimming the wind rushes ...)
the swirling blue-green of creation
frothing at the mouth
glorying in its own madness.

Who will leave aside the comforts of a small life
and brave the inner turmoil
of heart or soul or god-head
or m
call it what you will
of essence
or being
of courage in the face of beauty
to stand up and say
very simply
very calmly
you are a woman of the real world
you capture with your hair, fire
with your eyes, water
with your mind, air
with your body, earth
with your children, love?
I would go with you be with you
hold you without censure in your moments of fear or frustration

Poetry ©

Here are some of t
which were read ar

a baby at my breast
I, a woman
a mother
a lover
a human being
and of all the people who poi
none, none, none,
are there with me
when I face
the wind of change

and of all the people who poi
only I
only I
can make that pledge
to go with me into the wild v
only I
treasure
that beautiful flame headed v
who is myself.

... Max

Together

the poems and one of the songs
and sung at a recent women's meeting:

the joyful
with

POEM

"You ate the Spanish dancer
I wanted to have
breakfast in Heaven with."

"(this is heaven.)"

... Gail M.

UNAMUNO, 1968, 1954

We in this time endure
More sorrow than we did before
"The tragic sense of Life" a titular coup
is no longer, but a bone marrow truth.

... Nancy

ONE MORE CHANCE

ulate my world

Christmas cards from old friends
Who only sign their names
and don't let on what's happening
or how their lives have changed
Serve as a reminder of the life I've left behind me
and that LOVE is not a greeting card from last year's
address book.

ulate my world

Linda made a sweater
and Mary baked the pies
Peter bought an autoharp --
surprise!
Some of us gave nothing
And some gave all we had
and all in all this year was not too bad

world

The fastest way to go is just to roll downhill
I've got one or two old friends I'd really LOVE to kill
But sittin' by the fire, and smoking marajuana,
I think I'd better give us all at least just one more chance

woman

... Judith Weston

ine Shapiro

STRAY CAT

or LIT WINDOWS, a LIABILITY

Full moon in Virgo, early evening, it's pouring. Steps on the stairs, a knock on the office door. Put down my pen, got up from my drawing board, flipped on the porch light, opened the door. A young cat, drenched, water pouring down his plastic amber glasses. Stammers that he's waiting for the rock and roll stars who live across the street. He uses their first names only. May he shelter from the rain for a little while? Oh I suppose so, misled by the familiarity of his reference to them. But take off your shoes, I'll find a towel for your hair. And yes you can wear my oldest jeans while yours dry. Yeah you can have some cigarettes. Somebody left a pack of nonfilters here last week. And what's your story?

Fresh from outside of Albany, New York? Wandering around San Francisco trying to talk to 'rock stars. Where are Grace and Paul, do they expect you? Oh you don't know them. You want to talk to Paul about starships, to rap about guitar playing. You liked Hendrix, you play in a group called Laser, except that you're the whole group and you used your guitar as collateral for bond when the "pigs" threw you in jail for busting up a Garcia-Saunders session at Keystone Korner (as San Francisco night music place). You just wanted to talk to Garcia, address the audience a little. The pigs beat you up when you threw yourself on the station floor and started screaming. That's what the lacerations on your forehead are? They're not from the fight you had with the Albany head of the American Legion about the Vietnam war last week when you were back into acid. And the brother of the queer spade who tried to straighten your head out in the Market Street fleabag whose name you don't remember, ripped off your last thirty dollars.

Nobody understood you from the beginning. And after forty doses of LSD in six months they understood you less. All those sweet Albany people, your friends who didn't join you when you spent all night listening to one Steppenwolf record. And you're still slouched in an armchair in my living room with your ugly face, violent language and perforated brain. What the hell do I do with you now.

Grace and Paul, if they return tonight, will never let you in. They've got problems enough with the other crazed freaks hanging on to their intercom threatening to steal their kid, was on to their intercom threatening to steal their kid, wanting tours of their somewhat conspicuous villa. What do we do? I wouldn't wish you on any of my friends. No long raps are going to do anything

more than make you totally dependent on whomever will listen. Can I get you out of here, out of this house, this town? No bus at this hour, it's still pouring. Jesus -- I'll drive you to San Francisco, but mercifully the phone rings. An old friend, long unseen, in Olema, en route here. Look kid take the money I've got, two dollars, hitchike out of here, go to the bar, go away. I can't drive you anywhere . . . Whew. Done, no not quite. The next afternoon I see the cat leaning on the Jeffersons' intercom then heading here. Duck, douse the radio, bolt the door. Gone.

Another evening, I tell this little history to supper companions and one announces that the cat, with a ladyfriend, very down, asked him for a cigarette in the store that afternoon. What is it about this town that makes it possible for the strays to stay? Home after supper.

This morning, at an early hour, my sister, who lives downstairs, calls up, livid, perhaps a little frightened. Last night the cat tried my door again and finding me out, knocked on her door asking to park his retrieved guitar in her house, trying to edge his way in, wanting to repay me my two dollars with a ten. She refused and woke this morning to find the guitar just inside her unlocked back door. What to do now? Wait till he returns and threaten him with arrest for trespass? Put the guitar out in the rain? No, call the sheriff now, tell him the story.

When called the sheriff knows about the cat, and reassuringly, has him in custody. Seems last night the stranger leaped Paul and Grace's fence, was thrown out, wandered further downtown where he disturbed someone else who called same officer of the law. When he was picked up he said he was going to see Garcia in Stinson. The way he talked, that insinuating familiarity culled from fan magazines, the sheriff thought the guy knew Garcia. Obliginglly he drove the dude to Route One and later had to go over to Stinson when Garcia's old lady called up to say that some freak was pounding on their door. Gave the guitar to the lawman. Hope the cat keeps out of town.

MORAL? Who polices whom? Where did privacy go in flight from the new equality? And country hospitality to wayfaring strangers? As the song says, no place to run, no place to hide -- from everything that's happening out there.

. . . . Gordon Baldwin



MEMORIES AND METEORPLANES

"Look how fat she is! She eats all the time . . . even eats in bed!" he complains.

"Well, what else do you do in bed with an eighty-year-old man?" is Ethel's retort.

I simply can't resist hugging her. I feel as though I've known her a long time she could easily be my Aunt Ethel, or cousin Maude . . .

Jack waves and says, "Goodbye, Peacock!" He's decided to stay in his chair, and think about other things.

On the way home Beth says, "He told me it'd take him a month to finish the plane if he worked on it, steadily. But hell, he's been working on it for years, and he can't work very fast. I wonder if he'll ever finish . . ."

RECYCLING

Neil Smith, who founded Whole Systems, has advised June Lacaze of Henry's Service to forget it: Recycling is not economically feasible at this time.

Call Key Reid (868-0550) or Nancy Samuels if you would like to help the effort, in coordination with the Marin Ecology Center, this month. Organizers are needed.

FROM KAY REID

Arthur Okamura has donated his print entitled "Conference of the Birds" to the library. Would someone care to donate a frame, or the money to pay for one?

Donations of magazines will be gratefully received.

Come in to apply for your new plastic library card so that when the new plastic system is installed, you'll be eligible to take out books. Under the new system, you'll be able to keep books for one month, but if you don't return them by then, you will be fined. Maverick Bolinas has been annexed to the County.

Suit

OF THE DOWNTOWN MERCHANTS

On March 1, George West, Al Fowler, Charles Pepper, Vince Greco, Gene D'Accardo and Vernon Bradley sued the Bolinas Community Public Utility District and its individual directors, for \$100,000.00 alleged damages and for a cancellation of the new water rates which they claim are discriminatory and create great hardship for them.

By discriminatory, they apparently mean non-discriminatory, since the new rates no longer discriminate in favor of heavy users by providing a declining rate for increased use of water. All users now pay the same rate for their water.

By extreme hardship, they apparently mean, according to an exhibit attached to their Complaint, the \$75/month increase in the total BCPUD bill of George West, whose laundromat (and Seashore Realty) is the heaviest downtown user of water.

The BCPUD's lawyer, Paul Kayfetz, has filed a demurrer, which alleges that there is no legal basis for the lawsuit - that it fails to state facts upon which a court could act.

Various attempts by Vernon L. Bradley, attorney for the plaintiffs, to have each of the five BCPUD directors and the district's administrative secretary give oral testimony in front of a court reporter in San Rafael, plus produce various studies that the plaintiffs desire, have been stayed by the judge until he makes a determination of "whether this is a spurious lawsuit."

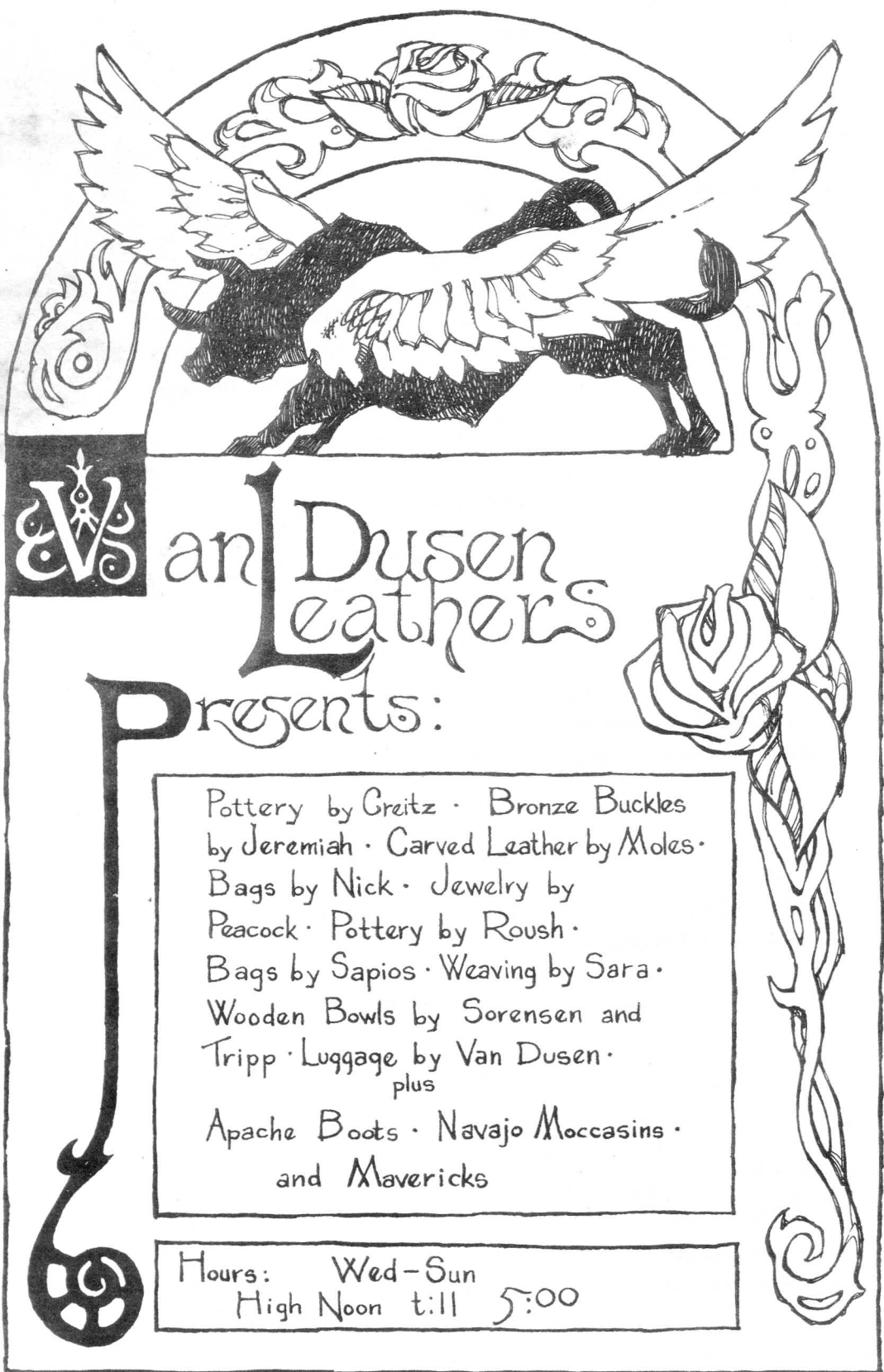
That determination will be made some time after the lawyers submit further memoranda on April 10.

Meanwhile, let's hope that a settlement can be reached without further lengthy and energy-draining legal hassle.

M and M plumbing

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Let us check your pipes!



an Dusen Leathers

Presents:

Pottery by Greitz · Bronze Buckles
 by Jeremiah · Carved Leather by Moles ·
 Bags by Nick · Jewelry by
 Peacock · Pottery by Roush ·
 Bags by Sapios · Weaving by Sara ·
 Wooden Bowls by Sorensen and
 Tripp · Luggage by Van Dusen ·
 plus
 Apache Boots · Navajo Moccasins ·
 and Mavericks

Hours: Wed-Sun
 High Noon till 5:00

RIDDLE

Why did the peace flag have to be taken off the stage before the BCC directors' meeting could begin?

Notice to Oldsters: You can ask for a rebate on your property taxes if you are over 62 and your income is less than \$10,000 a year. Call 479-1100/

THE PAPER

STAFF

Box 242, Bolinas

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CONTRIBUTORS:

The Paper is considering a magazine-type supplement which would come out every 4 months or so. Essays, stories and longer poems are often hard to find room for in a 12 or 16 page issue, but yet we hate to turn them down if they are well-done and evocative of the life here. When submitting material, if it is especially for The Paper or the magazine, say so.

ANNOUNCING

David Van Dusen has been appointed Deputy Registrar. You may register to vote at his leather shop on Wharf Rd. (Open Wed. - Sun., Noon- 5pm) For other hours, call him at 868-0330.

The International Meditation Society is sponsoring a Symposium of artists, musicians, writers and dancers on how to increase your creative expression through contact with your source, to be held Wednesday April 12 at 7:30 at the STINSON BEACH COMMUNITY CENTER.

EVENTS

Now, thru May
Old Library Store

Sat., 4/8 8 pm
Mesa Club

Mon., 4/10 8pm
Bolinás School

Wed., 4/12 8pm
Stinson Com. Cent.

Weds., 4/12, 19 & 26
& 5/3, 2-4pm
Old Library Store

Weds. 4/12 & 4/26 &
Sat., 4/15 Mesa Club

Mon., 4/17, 8pm
Bolinás School

Fri., 4/28 8pm
B. C. C.

Exhibit of bronze sculptures
by Lewis Seiler

Candidates Night: Giacomini,
Peevey, Dougan & Maginnis
School Brd. Mtg. - agenda to incl.
discussion of vandalism

"Creating from the Source" - Free
presentation by the Meditation Soc.
Macrame Workshop with
A Jacopetti, for all ages. Free.

BCPUD Meetings
STP Meeting

B. C. C. Board Meeting

INDICATOR

Amidst various shrubs and flowers in the ex-street at the corner of Alder and Evergreen on the Mesa is a small sign which reads:

"To the Citizens of Bolinas:

We, the residents of Evergreen Rd. and the neighborhood nearby, have decided to turn this corner into a garden where we can sit and talk. The road between Elm and Alder is a lake in the winter and a duststorm in the summer. We did not feel any one would miss it. This road is not a county road. At best, it belongs to the BPUD. Legally it is the road of the property owners that live on it. There is no fire hazard: we have carefully left the required space for a firetruck.

We're friendly and always open to listening. If you don't like the beginnings of our modest garden, call us, either at -0272 or -0303, or knock on our doors. If you do like it, please feel free to plant a plant of your choice, or help with mulch or compost. We hope to turn the redrock surface green."

a chain saw ordinance has been suggested! Operation to be allowed only on Saturdays from 10 to 2.
