

Pacifican Paul Slavin Guardian of history, keeper of community (1945-2022)

By Jean Bartlett (A Pacifica Historical Society Project)

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"If you have the slightest interest in local history and community, get involved." —Paul Slavin, 2015 interview with this writer for the Pacifica Tribune

When word got out that a biography was going to be written on the late Pacifican Paul Slavin, a number of local voices weighed in. "He was a friend and defender of the Sharp Park Golf Course," wrote Richard Harris of the San Francisco Public Golf Alliance.

"Happy-go-lucky Paul agreed to be my godfather when tragedy struck and my brother Aaron and I lost our mom at a young age," said Lyla Smith Reinero, further noting that Paul dropped everything to move from the East Coast to the West Coast to help her family.

"Paul was like my kid brother," said Kathleen Manning, Pacifica Historical Society (PHS) President Emerita. "He told the best stories and could always make me laugh. He also had a great love of local history and he was a powerful voice for saving it. Has anyone mentioned his meatloaf recipe? Fantastic! Whenever I had an issue, there was Paul with a meatloaf!"

In the PHS Newsletter, Spring of 2023, PHS Board member Deidra Crow wrote this about Paul.

"There are folks one meets throughout a lifetime—few can be described as one-in-a-million. We met one: Paul Slavin. Just to our organization, the Pacifica Historical Society, he was a breath of fresh air, full of new ideas, boundless energy, exhaustive research and a helping hand – like for our Lady Pacifica when she needed a handmade, homemade, wooden base painted white to stabilize herself."



←The "Lady Pacifica" that Paul stabilized.

An 80-feet tall statue, "Pacifica" was created by sculptor Ralph Stackpole for the 1939 and 1940 Golden Gate International Exposition, held at San Francisco's Treasure Island. Placed at the main ferry entrance to the World's Fair, she represented the theme of the Fair, world peace and Pacific unity. She would be seen by 16 million visitors. To make way for a wartime naval base, the statue was demolished by the US Navy in January of 1941. Oakland-raised Sal DeGuarda, a swimmer with the Billy Rose Aquacade performing at the Fair, never forgot her and decades later, joined by Oakland resident William Chamberlain, commissioned two 8-foot replicas, one which he donated to Pacifica and which resides in the Pacifica Coastside Museum at the Little Brown Church. The second replica is located at City College of San Francisco. (Jean Bartlett, 2016.)

"Paul was our President after Kathleen Manning and before Erika Rigling," Deidra went on to say. "He enthusiastically developed exhibits for our participation at the San Francisco Bay Area History Fair held at the old San Francisco Mint (5th and Mission). Over 100 history groups and affiliates meet for a weekend, once a year, to make friends, encourage volunteers and showcase their individual stories of Bay Area communities. Paul helped put our new museum on the map. One example of his passionate advocacy was the historical research, support, help and assistance he willingly gave the Sharp Park Golf Course. In June of 2017, he was instrumental in organizing the 'Save Sharp Park' Golf Tournament which funded the defense against the suggested imminent closing of Sharp Park Golf Course. Battling against what Jean Bartlett called 'the anti-golf prejudice' and what we are calling 'an over aggressive use of the Endangered Species Act by eco-terrorists from Virginia,' Paul enabled the San Francisco Board of Supervisors to 'see the light' and vote 9-1 to keep our historic golf course. A perfect sendoff was held in December (2022) when we said 'Fair Winds & Godspeed' to Paul with family and friends at Molloy's Tavern in Colma. He was one-in-a-million."



"Paul was President of the Pacifica Historical Society in 2016 and 2017," said Jerry Crow, PHS Archivist and PHS President Emeritus. "He wrote historical articles for the Pacifica Magazine, since merged with the Coastside Magazine, from 2015 through 2017. He helped with the PHS large-scale (Sam Mazza) Castle tours, when we had about 20 characters in costume. Paul dressed as the Coast Guard lieutenant in charge of the WWII communication center and beach patrol group that resided in the castle from 1942 to 1943.

"Has anyone mentioned that Paul's meatloaf and chili cooking results were highly regarded?"

←Paul Slavin as LT James Carr, USCG, PHS event, Sam Mazza Castle, 2015. (photo by Jean Bartlett)

Also to be mentioned, segment host Jerry Crow's interview of Paul—Paul was a

former governor of Pacifica Moose Lodge #1944—for the Pacifica Historical Society's "Footprints of Pacifica," a multi-award winning television show on Channel 26. (*"The Moose with Paul Slavin," <u>Episode</u> <u>129</u>.) Paul became a member of the local Moose, several years after he and his wife, Diane Brodeur, moved to Pacifica in 2000.*

"He participated in cooking dinners for the Lodge especially during big events, such as ragtime pianist Bob Milne' concerts," Diane said. "Paul developed 'The Governor's Meatloaf,' complete with mashed potatoes and vegetable on Thursday nights. It was a big hit! Paul met so many very good friends at the Moose."

"I went into the building at the Moose Lodge when I had to vote," Paul said in his 2013 "Footprints" interview with Jerry Crow. "It was the first time I was in the building. I was impressed. I looked around and signed up to be a member."

"The Moose is primarily a social organization, a fraternal organization with the Women of the Moose," Paul continued. "We run our own dances and dinners. We serve dinners a couple of nights a week. We have party nights and games and bus trips and what not. The Moose is also a service organization and we try to do as much for the community as we can. This includes offering the Lodge to a number of local organizations to help them raise needed funds."

* * *



Paul Henry Slavin was born in Newark, New Jersey, on March 27, 1945 to Harry Aloysius Slavin, Jr. and Agnes Marie (Healy) Slavin. He was the first of their five children: Paul, Anne, Mary, Christopher and Michael. The family's roots trace back to Ireland's County Meath and County Mayo.

Paul's father Harry, also born in NJ, was the son of Harry and Anna (Boulger) Slavin, both New Jerseyborn. Nanna Anna lived with the family the first few years when Paul was growing up. Paul's mom Agnes, born in NJ as well, was the daughter of Michael and Catherine (Ludlow) Healy. Paul's dad worked as an insurance broker in the general and life insurance industry. While Paul's parents were Catholic, they were fairly relaxed as far as Paul's involvement with the church.

←Paul as a young man, circa 1948.

"Harry was very active in the church and had friends, many of whom were priests, who would try

to encourage Paul to enter the priesthood," Diane said. "Paul didn't embrace the dogma of the church and Harry did not push Paul to be more involved. In general, Paul's parents were not very strict. For instance, Paul did not have regular chores. Things became a little more unsettled when he was a teenager and would get into minor trouble. At that point, Harry and Agnes became more stern. His sisters said that if Paul were to describe his childhood, he would say it was pretty easy!"



Paul, Nanna Anna and Paul's little sister Anne, circa 1948.



The Slavin siblings, Christmas, 1957: Christopher, Anne, Paul, Mary and Michael.

The family moved from Newark to Toms River, NJ, in the late 1950s, and Paul attended Toms River High School. His high school accomplishments, noted beneath his senior year photo, read as follows. "known for: college prep classes, drawing, curly hair, dress shirts, Janice Dittenhofer, and he is often seen with Salvatore." Janice Dittenhofer and Salvatore are stories, undoubtedly fabulous ones, lost to history. As to the rest, Paul remained a curly top, he kept his fashion "dapper," and he attended Monmouth University in West Long Branch, NJ, under its original name, Monmouth College. He took general education. He remained interested and involved with art. His sisters said he was a tough act to follow in high school, especially art class. The teachers would talk about Paul's talent at length. When he met his future wife Diane in San Francisco in 1975, he was working as a sign painter and graphic designer. The only thing Paul might add to his yearbook résumé was "dog lover." His family had beagles when the kids were young, PappyLou and Louie. As a young man, Paul had his dog Trinka. Rosie was his dog in later years.



Paul, Toms River High School, senior year, 1963.

During the Vietnam War, Paul served in the United States Navy. He served from 1965 to 1967.

"Paul signed up for the service so that he would have a choice of which branch he served in," Diane noted. "He served in Vietnam aboard the USS Iwo Jima. His rank was Quartermaster 3. His duties consisted of assisting the navigator and officer of the deck with steering the ship, taking radar bearings, depth soundings and celestial observations, as well as plotting courses."

His tour of duty would also bring him to Northern California.

"The first time I was in San Francisco was 1967," Paul told Jerry Crow in 2013. "I was in the Navy. It was the 'Summer of Love' and I loved San Francisco. I went back to the East Coast for a while after I got out of the service. I moved to California for good in the mid-1970s. Got married, raised a family and we lived in San Francisco until we moved to Pacifica (in 2000)."

"My biggest reason for moving to Pacifica," Paul said with a laugh. "We could park in front of our own driveway!"

There was a specific call for Paul to move to San Francisco. It goes back to a few years after Paul had returned to New Jersey, following his time in the Navy. He was living in Hoboken, and he got to be good friends with his neighbors, Frank and Toni Smith. Frank and Toni asked Paul to be godfather to their first-born, Lyla. Born in New York City in December of 1970, when her parents were living in Hoboken, Lyla said, "My parents were big-time hippies, and my mom's folks were as opposite as possible, meaning they were as super straight-laced as they come."

There's a story here, one which Paul told many times and only Paul knows the real truth behind one particular detail.

It turns out that Toni's dad was the Reverend Dr. Leroy Nixon and he was presiding over his granddaughter's baptism. Paul was there, supporting a recent injury with a walking cane. Paul told the Reverend's daughter and son-in-law that he had been involved in a bar fight, "Gone awry!" Lyla laughed, which resulted in Paul being shot in the leg. Paul was instructed by my mom that he most definitely could not disclose the true nature of his injury to her parents!"

Paul's lips remained sealed except in later years, when his story was known to advance in size.

Now, Frank and Toni's own tale, prior to marriage, was one of moving from coast to coast, sometimes together, sometimes not. They originally met at a jazz concert in New York City. Toni was in the audience, Frank was on saxophone. It was probably 1966. They dated. They split. They ran into each other again in San Francisco, quite literally at the corner of Haight and Ashbury, most likely in the Summer of Love. They got back together in San Francisco and then moved back East. They met Paul, had a daughter, and sometime in 1972, Frank, Toni and Lyla moved to Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and/or "out to the country," where Lyla's brother Aaron was born in August of 1972. In January of 1973, Frank moved back to San Francisco and Toni spent a few months in Pennsylvania with Lyla and Aaron before moving with her children to New York City's Chelsea neighborhood. The stay was short. Paul at that point was captaining on "a rich man's boat" in Florida and Toni and the kids headed to Florida.

"My dad asked my mom to bring us kids and join him in San Francisco in hopes of reconciliation. We arrived via Amtrak, September, 1973," Lyla said. "My mom died unexpectedly the following month. My dad called Paul and invited him to come to San Francisco to stay and help take care of Aaron and me. Paul stepped up to the plate and drove across the country in his yellow VW Bug with his German Shepherd Trinka. My dad was not a dog-lover and also was not always easy to live with, so this two-men and two-babies situation didn't last too long."

Living in San Francisco, working in the sign-painting industry, Paul worked with a guy whose niece happened to be a young lady by the name of Diane. It seems as if Paul and Diane were fated to meet. If he hadn't met Diane through his co-worker, Paul would have met her through Lyla's dad Frank.

Frank and his two children were riding one of San Francisco's Muni buses, when they all met Teresa Brodeur. Frank and Teresa got to talking and when it was discovered that Frank was a widower, of course Teresa and her sisters (four altogether and add a brother in there) could offer Frank babysitting services. (The Brodeurs lived at that point on Athens Street in San Francisco's Excelsior District.) While Diane missed that introduction which would have undoubtedly led to an introduction to the Smith's dear friend Paul, she had her own introduction to Paul through her uncle.

"Our first date was dinner in Chinatown," Diane smiled. "The Peking duck and Moo Shu pork were outstanding!"

The couple married on February 17, 1980 in Reno, Nevada.



Paul and Diane, on their wedding day, February of 1980.

"The Brodeur family essentially adopted us all, including my dad, and took us under their collective wing," Lyla said. "Over the years we would spend countless hours at the Brodeur house. Paul and Diane, and Diane's sisters were a big part of the village that helped raise Aaron and me. I fondly remember the sleepovers Aaron and I would have at Paul and Diane's duplex apartment on Oak Street across from the Panhandle in the City. It was like they were a bonus set of parents to us, which afforded our dad with a little break from single-parenthood every now and then."

In the fall of 1980, Paul and Diane's son Brian was born at Children's Hospital on California Street in San Francisco. The family lived in a number of the City's neighborhoods, and Brian attended St. Anne's of the Sunset, Sacred Heart Cathedral Preparatory and San Francisco State University.

Paul and Diane discovered Pacifica when Diane's mom retired and moved to Pacifica with her partner.

"We spent many holidays, birthdays, graduations and barbecues here," Diane said. "Brian and his cousins loved playing baseball and basketball and sharing family time, visiting Grandma and Gramps. We grew to love the relaxed small-town atmosphere, beautiful coastline and general vibe of Pacifica."

And that is really why they moved to Pacifica in 2000!

Paul worked for many years as a sign painter and graphic designer.

"Technology rendered sign painting mostly obsolete," Diane noted, "so he began doing graphic design for different electrical sign businesses in San Francisco. He did layout, sales, design and neon sign work."

Diane talked about some of the things her husband particularly loved to do on his list of joie de vivre.



"Paul loved fishing and boating. We used to go out on the San Francisco Bay with friends and family on our boat the Compass Rose. She wasn't great for fishing but we'd spend hours sailing around the Bay, with Paul's first mate, Dan Novak, at the ready. We'd rent a slip at South Beach Harbor, catch a Giants game, then head back to the boat for drinks and cook something on board. It was absolutely magical – a quiet evening on deck, the lights from the bridge and skyline. Those were among the best days of our lives."

"Paul was an avid sports fan," Diane went on to say. "My family had season tickets for the 49ers from the early days, and used to watch practice games at Kezar Stadium in the seventies. Paul and his cronies would take a bus from their favorite bar out to Candlestick Park for several years. Later on, our son Brian would join the fun. Every Sunday from early fall to the Super Bowl, football dominated the television.

←Paul captaining his ship, the Compass Rose.

"As enthusiastic Giants fans, every year would start with high hopes for a winning season and often those hopes would be realized. We would spend many, many hours watching the games – either at Candlestick, Pac Bell Park or at the house, cheering the home team with optimism!"

On a humorous side note, Diane wondered how many locals know that Paul could juggle and do really good card tricks!

In 2005, Paul "officially" retired. By that point he was mostly doing part-time consulting. Once he retired, he got more involved with his community.

"Paul always had a keen interest in history," Diane said, explaining her husband's absolute enjoyment of being a part of the Pacifica Historical Society. "He would read constantly about any historical event that grabbed his attention, be it political, wartime, almost any subject – and there were many! He loved reading about the Ohlone people of the region, the Pacific coast, golf, the list is almost endless, and it also includes being very involved with plugging the last passenger car of the Ocean Shore Railroad, Car 1409."

Car 1409—which lay forgotten outdoors for decades before thankfully it was found and saved by the PHS—once carried passengers from San Francisco down the coast into and beyond what is now modernday Pacifica. The Ocean Shore RR, in fact, traveled south all the way to Tunitas Glen, about 43 miles north of Santa Cruz. Passengers had a choice to investigate our local community, if they ventured out at any of the station names that today's Pacificans will recognize: Edgemar, Salada, Brighton, Vallemar, Rockaway and San Pedro-Terrace by the Sea. Without a doubt, Car 1409 helped build Pacifica. At the time of this writing, stunning restorations have already been completed on the car, but more is needed. With the right skilled workers already on board, what is specifically needed is funds. As Paul said in 2015, "If you have the slightest interest in local history and community, get involved." (*To learn about the Pacifica Historical Society's Ocean Shore Railroad Car Restoration Project visit the PHS website, or if you are reading this story online, click <u>here</u>.)*

"Paul wanted to be involved in the community and share the knowledge he learned about and researched," Diane said. "He wanted to get people fired up and involved too. He had a passion for the work."

Richard Harris, mentioned earlier, with the San Francisco Public Golf Alliance, was a dear friend of Paul's and his thoughts on Paul express volumes of just how much Paul's "passion for the work" he believed in, made all the difference in bringing about real change.

"Paul Slavin was a hero of Pacifica's decade-plus of political and legal fights over the Sharp Park Golf Course, from 2009 thru the early 2020s. His pen, his sense of humor, common sense, analytic ability and his commitment to Pacifica History and to his Fairway Park neighbors were, taken together, mightier than the legal and ideological swords of the enviro-activist / anti-golf crowd. From his platform "My Turn" column and in his frequent Letters to the Editor in the Pacifica Tribune, Paul slyly (and sometimes sharply) pointed out the narrow-mindedness, self-righteousness, self-interest, magical thinking and hypocrisy of the close-the-golf-course movement and its corporate enviro-activist leadership. Paul was a friend of the San Francisco Public Golf Alliance, and attended many of its early morning strategy collaborations in a Montgomery Street law office. He was also a member and sometime leader of the Pacifica Historical Society, which recognized Sharp Park's historical bona fides and advocated for its recognition as a Pacifica landmark. At Sharp Park's annual Alister MacKenzie Tournament, Paul would organize a historical photograph display, which was a predecessor of the permanent MacKenzie History Exhibit installed in the Sharp Park Clubhouse foyer in March 2023.

"And Paul rarely missed an opportunity to testify at San Francisco and Pacifica public meetings in support of the golf course. As President of the Historical Society, Paul, in December 2016 and February 2017, testified as part of the community's successful defense of Sharp Park at public hearings of the San Francisco Planning and Recreation and Park Commission and Board of Supervisors. Later that year, in November 2017, Paul was a key speaker on a 10-man-and-woman public speaking team that successfully defended the Sharp Park levee at a California Coastal Commission public hearing."

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The following is one sample of Paul's gift not only as a wordsmith, but as a thoughtful force to be reckoned with when something was worth fighting for, in this case the continuance of the Sharp Park Golf Course. There are many more articles by Paul online, give him a search.

My Turn: Save Sharp Park

By PAUL SLAVIN | Pacifica Tribune October 28, 2009

I'm an occasional golfer, playing Sharp Park a couple times a year, hit two or three good shots in a long afternoon and that's enough to bring me back. I love the course, the brisk ocean breeze over the wide fairways, a bit of fog shrouding a distant green, the relaxed camaraderie of some other old duffers.

There's that realization that we're playing an old historic course, laid out by the legendary Alister MacKenzie himself. Invariably, sometime during the round, someone will call it "the poor man's Pebble Beach."

This course, Pacifica's Coastside gem, is being threatened with destruction by an environmental group affiliated with the Arizona-based Center for Biological Diversity and headed locally by Mr. Brent Plater. Mr. Plater calls his organization (with a straight face) "Restore Sharp Park."

Mr. Plater (who is a lawyer) is basing his legal attack on the endangered status of the California redlegged frog and the San Francisco garter snake, and the potential harm to their habitat by the operation and maintenance of the golf course.

He has righteously proclaimed our legal and moral obligation to protect them. Now, the red-legged frog is found across much of low-elevation central California so we're not talking about extinction here, however heated some of the debate has gotten.

The frogs, and their eggs, have been found on course property as well as much of the surrounding area, including Mori Point.

In response to Mr. Plater's concerns, the San Francisco Recreation and Parks Department, which owns and operates Sharp Park, came up with a comprehensive Endangered Species Compliance Plan to "avoid possible harm" to the San Francisco garter snake and the California red-legged frog. Specifics of the plan closely regulated the landscaping, mowing, watering, drainage and similar operations. Workers were trained to recognize and protect the two species. Experts were designated to oversee the program.

At this point, you could expect everyone to breathe a sigh of relief. Reasonable people were reaching reasonable consensus, the frogs and the snakes and the golfers would continue to co-exist as they had for the past 75 years.

But Mr. Plater was not satisfied. His vision of "diversity," in my opinion, does not include old duffers like me, or, for that matter, our wives and children, the high school golf teams and local company tournaments, the thousands of ordinary people who stand to lose their best shot at outdoor recreation. I'm starting to feel a little endangered myself.

Perhaps realizing the weakness of the "endangered species" approach, Mr. Plater attacked the entire golf course, its history, its designer, its layout, its condition, its workforce and, above all, its finances. At a recent City Council meeting one of his followers even complained about the fence. Mr. Plater has called it a "cheap but poor quality course to play" and an "exclusive, underused and budget-breaking golf course." Now, the money generated by Sharp Park goes, of course, to San Francisco, and who knows

what happens there? Decoding the bookkeeping of the entire Park & Rec could be a real adventure. The rest of Mr. Plater's complaints sound like sour grapes. (But really, how can a course be "exclusive" if I play it?)

He has even invoked the specter of Global Warming, warning us that in 50 years the course will be underwater anyway, so why not give up now.

One issue I didn't see on the "Restore Sharp Park" website (a slick, impressive if unconvincing production) is that of "mitigation banking," a legal entity so obtuse I got a headache trying to read a few pages about it.

But one thing I understood — there's a lot of money involved. Mr. Plater, in speaking to the SF Park, Recreation and Open Space Advisory Committee earlier this year, used the figure of \$300,000,000 the city could realize from Sharp Park. "Free money," he called it.

There are no problems facing Sharp Park that cannot be resolved. Reasonable people can reach reasonable consensus. But we won't get there via lawsuits, threats of financial Armageddon or a starry-eyed vision of Palmetto Avenue paved with gold.

Most of us in Pacifica consider ourselves decidedly pro-environment and have proved that repeatedly at the polls.

We cherish our unique coastal community, have protected it in the past and will certainly have to again. Sharp Park is part of our community, our history, our human ecosystem. It needs protection now. Save Sharp Park!



Paul Slavin testifying, as President of the Pacifica Historical Society, to public hearing Dec. 15, 2016, of the Joint San Francisco Planning and Recreation and Park Commission, on the matter of adoption of California Environmental Quality Act Findings on the Sharp Park Laguna Salada Natural Resources Management Plan. The plan – to retain the golf course – was approved by the joint Commissions and ultimately adopted by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

Involved as Paul was in his Pacifica community, he never lost sight of his favorite and number one priority, his family.

He and Diane celebrated 42 years of marriage and 47 years together before his passing in 2022. Paul and Diane's son Brian "married a wonderful woman and together they have two beautiful daughters," whose ages, at the time of this writing, are 6 and 18 months."



Diane and Paul with their son Brian on his wedding day.

"Time went by too quickly," Diane said.



Paul and Diane take to the dance floor, at their son's wedding.



Diane and Paul, 2022.

Paul Henry Slavin left this world on December 5, 2022. Besides being very much present in the minds and hearts of all who knew him, it seems only fitting to include this "Paul Slavin" newspaper story, and/or entertaining-Clement-Moore-style-rhyming-couplets-Pacifica-informational-Christmas poem written by Paul for the December 12, 2012 Pacifica Tribune, as an extra remembrance.

Merry Christmas, Pacifica

By PAUL SLAVIN | Pacifica Tribune December12, 2012

'Twas the night before Christmas, and here on the coast Our glasses are raised in a holiday toast. To friends and neighbors, Pacificans all, Let's spike the eggnog and deck the halls! Here's to the City Council-to-be, Mayor Len Stone and Sue Digre, Mary Ann Nihart and (here's the New Deal) Karen Ervin and Mike O'Neill. Let's toast them all with a heartfelt edict: "Best of luck, you're gonna need it!" And a farewell toast to Pete DeJarnatt For years in the heart of political fray. His new job may risk the mosquito's ire, But not the wrath of Therese Dyer. Greetings of the Season to Anita Rees, Dan Underhill, Mary Dougherty, Kalimah Salahuddin, Marty Anaya, Wendy Tukloff and Chief Jim Tasa. To Sue Beckmeyer, Sandi Anderson, Susan Vellone, Bob Hutchison, Ginny Jaguith and Penny Keating, We send along the Season's Greetings. Here's to Kathleen Manning and her Historical Friends Who saved the Little Brown Church from an ignoble end. With just a little more work it will soon become Our town Pacifica Historical Museum. No toy trains for Jerry Crow at Christmas time, He's got the Ocean Shore Railroad Car 1409. The museum we hope will have it on display To share ghosts of the past with the world of today. A toast to Rich Campbell and Marv Morganti, Eileen Manning-Villar, Kevin Ramsay, Crab King Andy and Anna Boothe, Courtney Conlon and Bill Meyerhoff.

For 85 years the lights have burned At Rockaway Beach, and we have learned The grand hospitality and politics Of Chuck and Lena and our own St. Nick. Here's to Avram & Vicki Frankel, Helen James and Julie Lancelle, Suzan Getchell-Wallace, Ian Butler, Tom Spruitenburg and Chris Porter. The Pacifica Tribune should surely be named: Here's to Elaine and Horace, to Jean and to Jane. And thanks to all those who can take credit for All the wonderful Letters to the Editor. Cheers to Chris Ranken and Kathy O'Connell, Sam Casillas, Gil Anda and Chris Fogel, Steve Rhodes, Mary Brown, and Peter Loeb, Erika Rigling and Bruce Banco. Here's to Butch Larroche, and we're eager To toast Bill Hooper and his Little Leaguers. The Moose Lodge is aglow with holiday cheer Music and laughter and buckets of beer. Let's bang out a tune on the old piano For Rich and Debbie Russitano. Here's to Javier Chavarra and Cheryl Yoes, Shirlee Gibbs, Marty Cerles and Vic Spano, Mark Stechbart, Mike Mooney and Cindy Abbott, Neil Sofia and Bill Fitzpatrick. Sea turtles send best holiday wishes To Lynn Adams and the Beach Coalition. And spreading the alarm of eco-dangers, It's John Maybury and his Riptide Rangers! May this year be the year to ban plastic bags, Fireworks on the beach and...Hey, nice shirt, Wags! Cheers for Mazzetti's and Salada Beach Café, Pat Rogan and The Rockaways. They've already started the celebration At Sonny's Pizza and Vallemar Station. Steve Sinai climbs on the Holiday bus And sends Season's Greetings to Anonymous. Sharp Park sends a federally-permitted fruitcake To the red-legged frogs and SF garter snakes, While Judge Illston's holiday message is "moot" To the Wild Equity Institute.

Here's to the Surf Spot and the Spindrift Players, Colombo's Deli and the Resource Center, A Grape in the Fog, our iconic Taco Bell, We wish you all a Joyous Noel. OMG, I see the problem! We're rapidly nearing the end of the column. Too many not mentioned! I'd better drop out of sight. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night!



Paul Henry Slavin, March 27, 1945 – December 5, 2022.

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Jean Bartlett is a longtime Bay Area features writer: Pacifica Tribune, Oakland Tribune, San Jose Mercury, San Mateo Times, Portraits & Roots, Marin Independent Journal, Twin City Times, Ross Valley Reporter, Peninsula Progress, Coastal Connections, Contra Costa County Times, Bay Area Business Woman and Catholic San Francisco. She is also a former Hallmark Cards writer, a produced playwright and a published author.

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