

# What's New in Birdland

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 7

JULY 1959

## ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

- JULY 26 — BARBECUE at CHAS. KRUG WINERY. Also a Question and Answer Rally. Meet in Jack London Square at 10 a.m.
- JULY 28 — Membership/Technical Committee Meeting, 3451 - 35th Ave., Oakland (Apt. 7) at 7:30. For prospective members and interested parties.
- AUG. 1 — GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING at The House of Harvey, 320 Hagenberger Road, Oakland. 8:00 p.m. NOTE THE CHANGE OF SCENE!!!!
- AUG. 9 — RALLY & FUN KHANA. Meet at Jack London Sq. at 10 a.m.
- AUG. 17 — Activities Committee Meeting, 7:30 p.m. at "Manager's" Apt., 3451 - 35th Ave., Oakland.

## AUTO MAGNATE



Auto tycoon demonstrating one of his used Fords to a prospective customer

Art Horsfall always wanted to be his own boss, and now at last he is. He recently purchased the used car lot at 1139 E. 12th Street in Oakland, substituting his own shingle: "ART HORSFALL - USED CARS".

Can an honest man become a successful used car dealer? Frankly, we always doubted it. But Art believes honesty can pay off in the used car field as well as in other businesses, and he aims to prove it.

Tell all your friends who may be in the market for a good used car that you know a dealer who would have ended Diogenes' search. Art is building toward repeat sales and has to mean it when he promises a square deal. The new phone number is TE 2-7750.



It's a big name, but it does a big job, this miracle cleansing agent. Here's a polish that will make your aluminum door sills and valve covers like polished chrome. Recommended for silver, brass, chrome, and other metals also. Imported from Germany, it's non-abrasive and works by chemical action. Can even be used on plexiglas rear windows without scratching. Also available in 8-oz. can for \$2.50.

JAMES AUTO SPECIALTIES  
BOX 151, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

## ACTIVITIES REPORT

By BOB GROWDEN

I missed the Mt. Tamalpais Tour, but from all reports everyone had a wonderful time. Eighteen Birds flew to the Mountain for a view of the surrounding countryside. The weather was hot, so after a leisurely lunch, they all glided down to Stinson Beach to cool their feathers before returning to their roosts.

After the Fourth of July Picnic Lunch, a Sack Race, Egg-on-Teespoon Race, a Dance Contest, and a Get-Lost Rally were the main events at Elderberry Park. Dash plaques went to Kangaroo Andrade, Hard-Boiled Silva, and Rock 'n Roll Don Brooks. Trophies went to "Completed" Acosta, M.G. Club President, and the grand trophy for "most points of the day" was taken by the Staples.

Our next event will be the Barbecue and Winery outing on July 26th. We'll be leaving Jack London Square at one minute intervals beginning at 10 a.m. on the "Question and Answer Rally" facet of the tour to the winery. I promise you no one will get lost. But there may be some questions missed. Dash plaques for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

Bring your own silverware and plates. We'll supply the steaks, but if you want anything to go with, better bring it along. For a suggestion: Bake a potato in aluminum foil the night before and reheat it in the Barbecue pit on Sunday. The vintners are furnishing a quart of vino for every three adults, but if you want any other beverage you'll have to bring it.

The Winery requires a clean area when we are finished, and they will levy a 50¢ charge for every wine goblet lost or broken. Naturally, minors will not be permitted to have alcoholic beverages.

The Activities Committee has been

chewed out directly and indirectly lately for not planning more rallies. Our answer to this: No one comes to the rallies. Want proof? Have a look at these figures:

- 2/9 - Friday Night - 9 Birds
- 3/22 - Mystery Rally - 8 Members
- 4/19 - Hare & Hound - 9 Birds
- 7/4 - Picnic Rally - 10 Birds (24 were at the picnic)

Is it worth the time, trouble and expense (for trophies) to conduct a rally? What is more discouraging than a rally planned and fussed over - then unattended? It's like a wedding without a groom.

But we're willing to try again. Sunday, August 9th, we're scheduling a Rally and Fun Khana which should prove exciting to all. Let's have somebody there besides Brooks, Staples, Larsen, White, Perry, Houston, Volpatti, and Andrade.

The Reno Rally is September 19 and 20, with reservations a MUST. So far I have 15 names. Others wishing to go should advise me soon if they want to be bivouacked with the Club. The cost per couple is \$29.50 and that includes just about everything - a room, breakfast, dinner, cocktail hour, a rally, and probably a few bucks for gambling. Make your check payable to Larry Farrell, our Club Treasurer.

WANTED: 3 or 4 Barbecue chefs for the July 26th affair at Chas. Krug Winery. Must be experienced in turning steaks. Contact me, Bon Growden.

WANTED: \$1.00 per person from those who wish to go to the Barbecue. Send same to Larry Farrell, 3451 - 35th Avenue.

## FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

The first annual BATOC Picnic was held at Elderberry Park on the 4th of July. It was a bright, sunny day and there were events aplenty for all. We counted 24 Birds of sundry sizes, but, as most of us had sold tickets to unenlightened friends driving other makes of cars, the total people in our group exceeded 50. There were too many other picnickers present to make an accurate count.

There was swimming for the young of heart in a mammoth sunbathed pool and picnic games for all. And a minor rally for those who get their kicks out of tooting their Birds along the By-ways, plus girl-ogling for the senile. Then there was FOOD!

In picnic competition, Gene Andrade took the Sack Race; Dick Staples the Balloon Shaving contest; Ernie Silva the Spoon-and-Egg Race; and Don Brooks with partner Bev Staples waltzed home with a first in rock and roll dancing. Many were too shy to enter this event, but the winners deserved to win, don't misunderstand. MaraLee's neighbor, Ruth; was miffed because her husband wouldn't dance with her. Well, it WAS pretty hot.

(Speaking of neighbors, MaraLee must have more of 'em than a sideshow medicine man. Seems every time we see her we meet "another neighbor". How does one keep in the good graces of the people next door? Ours won't speak to us, much less attend the same picnic.)

Excuse the editorial interruption. After the park games, the rally began. We wouldn't say it was difficult, but only those far-sighted enough to unwind a ball of twine behind them were able to return the same way they had gone. Nobody got lost but Rich Staples claimed he drove



around the municipality of Hayward for two hours trying to locate someone's piece of string to follow. He finally made it back on his own. The winner of this event was our guest, Ray DeCosta, president of the M-G Club, with Ernie Silva and Don Brooks following in that order. But the day was not a complete bust for our hero Staples. Thanks to his beautiful (and athletic) wife, together they amassed more points than any other family and took the master trophy for the day (see photo).

On the whole, the day was considered a success, with all enjoying themselves and no member becoming one of the National Safety Council's accident statistics.

— Rosemarie Volpatti

(Editorial Comment: A big hand for the two Volpattis who worked mighty hard to make this a full day for the rest of us. Rich, in fact, must have shed a pound or two of avoirdupois. He seems slimmer, somehow.)



Many of you, lucky enough to get vacations in the southern part of our state, will make sure that Las Vegas is at least a stopover spot. But for those not so fortunate, a marvelous two-day "vacation" in Vegas is being worked up by your enterprising Activities Committee and Owen Lewis. The dates are indefinite, but only because an attempt is being made to have our new-found friends from the Southern Cal Club join us. Originally set up for next month, it will now probably be sometime in October.

For the ABCs of fun, Las Vegas can't be beat . . . A - Inexpensive; B - First-class eating and sleeping accommodations; C - Plenty of GOOD entertainment. Also sunshine 365 days a year with many facilities for keeping cool and comfortable.

You can live like an Indian potentate for a day if you but tear yourself away from the gaming devices before the contents of your wallet are gone. Owen believes an arrangement with the Thunderbird Hotel will be made for free accommodations for up to 100 couples in Thunderbirds, plus a big Saturday banquet thrown in. The Hotel considers the vision of a flock of T-Birds parked outside well worth their largesse. Besides, knowing human nature, they realize that they will get it back and then some at the tables.

If you can stop gambling long enough, there's much to sightsee around Vegas. Just 30 minutes away is mighty Boulder Dam with the largest man-made lake in the world. Lake Mead has 550 miles of shoreline and abounds with bathing beaches,

(Continued on Page 4)

## WHEN WE WERE YOUNG



HER MOTTO TODAY - "VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE"



26 YEARS AGO, A HONEYMOON

## WONDER BOY



Here's a phlegmatic little fellow everybody loves — even misopedic me. (That's a \$2 word meaning a dislike for children, and is your new word for July.) You can harness him to a post, drop his play pen around him and go, or even tell him his father once was the red mustachioed trigger man for the James Boys. Nothing seems to bother him. Nor does he ever appear to run out of gas.

Of course, we're eulogizing the Club's favorite 1½-year-old boy, Mitchell Staples, the most even-tempered little tyke we know. Come to think of it, he may be the only 1½-year-old lad in the Club, which isn't exactly noted for the fertility of its members. Offhand, we can recall only two — the Gonzales and Staples couples who have had as many as two offspring. The notable exception which comes to mind is, of course, your prolific (in more ways than one) editor and his Mrs. who didn't know enough to quit until we had four! That makes us kinda out of place in a Club founded for people with an affinity for a one-seated automobile.

## MR. GONZALES

Our sympathy goes out to Joe Gonzales on the death of his dad during the month of June.



"He tried to get into Skip's new club owning a '58 Thunderbird."

## On Maids and Mustaches...



One of our favorite boyhood pastimes used to be to dream of the magic age 21, automatic manhood, and the time when we could grow a mustache and be suave with the ladies just like Errol Flynn. (Errol was really younger, but manhood avoided your editor, as you will see.) Words cannot convey the utter frustration and anguish we endured during the first decade of adulthood when hair simply refused to appear on our upper lip. Marriage came, and after that child upon child, but not a single follicle became fertile. Can you imagine the abject humiliation of walking the corridors of maternity hospitals hour after hour and seeing other prospective fathers become shaggy and unkempt with beautiful, bristly whiskers, while our own visage continued to match the cherubic faces in baby bunting on the other side of the viewing glass? It was horrible.

Former school chums (six boys and one girl) who had been shaving twice daily since the 7th grade, ridiculed us at our 30th birthday celebration when only the downiest fuzz was showing on our upper lip. "Grass can't grow where the sun never shines, Pinocchio," they taunted. Even my mother had more of a mustache than I. Father was a swarthy aborigine who needed another shave minutes after putting away his straight-edge. He used to fasten his hard eyes on me (using a Little Giant Stapling Machine) while I applied a concoction of Vigoro and olive oil to my lip. Then, throwing up his hands in a typical gallic gesture (no, not Gaulic, you fools — gallic), he would remark, "Gad, how that kid of yours galls me!" Pa used to shave 30 or 40 times a day himself. (He was a barber, so he did shave 30 or 40 times a day.)

Those were hectic days. And when I say hectic, I mean trying, because I don't know what hectic means. But eventually the scraggly lip foliage you see today put in an appearance and our happiness was boundless — until we found that hair was growing on the rest of our face, too, and it was virile stuff, effectively camouflaging the insipid com silk under the nose. Immediately we were launched on the shave-once-a-day kick that rugged men everywhere abhor. Men unconcerned

with nurturing a mustache envy women, the lucky stiffs, because they don't have to shave at all. The reason they don't have to shave is because they have no beards. The reason they have no beards can be explained by scientific facts. Now I didn't study science in college. In fact, I didn't go to college. (And I don't know the facts.) But the logical explanation seems to be that millions of years ago Mother Nature made women beardless because she knew that no woman would be able to keep her tongue still long enough to shave her chin.

The reason for this long prologue is merely to show you the travail your editor went through before he was able to attain man's estate. Yet, overnight as it were, almost half the male membership of the BATOC has sallied forth (I wonder what's become of Sally?) luxuriant with lip lettuce. "Slick" Staples, "Con" Brooks, "Candy" Larsen, "Knuckles" Silva — yes, and even that young upstart, Joe ("Gat") Gonzales, are challenging the charter members of the Mustache Club for Cookie Duster supremacy. Overnight, I say. It's enough to make one wonder where to go to get an overdose of napping pellets.

Well, I have sad news for these young whippersnappers. Women inherently mistrust the chap with a mustache. Errol's way with a wench was never ours. We were still as unpopular as a flea with bad breath. Whereas the ladies used to acquiesce once in awhile, it was always "no" after the mustache came along. Even if I just asked a gal for the time, she said "no". (This was a leading question calculated to place her in a compromising position. It may have worked for Errol Flynn but it never worked for me.) Hirsute adornment. Phooey!

So, in a mood of total disillusionment, I am now trying to perfect a new product which I am going to call "Reversall". Reversall, if successful, will do away with razors, shaving cream, depilatories, styptic pencils and all that jazz. If it could do away with women, that will be OK with me, too. Applied to the face, Reversall will cause the beard to grow inward where it can easily be bitten off by the teeth. Thank you.



Dottie Farrell clipped her beautiful blonde tresses - "to a length more in keeping with today's styles", she says. Her hubby likes it this way, which should be good enough for the likes of me. This leaves Rosemary Hallum all alone in the Long Hair League if failing eyesight and a dimming memory serve . . . Speaking of hair, my son, "Curly" White doesn't worry about his getting thin. "Who wants fat hair?" sez he . . . Other appearance changes noticed in addition to Don's Cue-Ball Haircut previously mentioned are the crop chops of Messrs. Riggs, Shideler and Houston . . . How about the Little Lord Fauntelroy drawers worn by Board Members Farrell and Staples to the last meeting? If you missed this sight, be sure to come to the August meeting. Now that they bought 'em they have to wear 'em, and where else can they appear without being arrested? . . . Incidentally, the next meeting (August 1) will be held at The House of Harvey and on a Saturday instead of Tuesday. These innovations may become permanent if they meet with majority approval. Where is The House of Harvey? Simply proceed south on the East Shore Freeway toward San Jose - at an obedient 50 mph, of course. Watch for signs indicating the Oakland Airport and Hagenberger Road where you will turn right. The H of H is only a short distance and all by itself. You can't miss it . . . Our distinguished president, not to be outdone by Ray Davis of the Southern California Club, presided over the last half of the July meeting (he was late) attired in white coat and dark, striped trousers. Do you suppose he read that an MC should always appear in full-dress regalia so that if his performance isn't well received all they have to do is fold his arms? At some union meetings, it is considered thoughtful to sew handles into the sides of an MC's trousers. It makes things easier for the pall bearers. But this Club isn't violent, Don. If you want to dress dangerously, it's your privilege . . . Back to the House of Harvey once again - a group of 19 members made a "test run" one Saturday night in early July and liked what they saw. The meeting room is completely closed off from the rest of the restaurant. The food was voted good, even tho one stubborn couple, perhaps from force of habit, still ordered fish. At 9 p.m. a Three-Piece Orchestra took over and was absolutely tops! You have to hear for yourself in order to appreciate fully the wondrous effects to be obtained from a violin, accordion and bass viol when the musicians are experts. Perhaps we should leave the critic's appraisal of music to an expert like Jack Taylor, but at least you get the idea that we liked it. . . Speaking of our boy, Jack,

bet you didn't know he was born to the purple. One of his ancestors had varicose veins . . . Your Editor's hub-caps are still drawing raves. Apparently nobody dislikes them. Unless, of course, we consider one member of the family Canis Familiaris (probably a St. Bernard), who, having discovered the downtown garage where the car is stored, regularly places his moist stamp of disapproval on them. On second thought, it must be a "Bird" dog, because our car is quite secluded. . . . Birdland has received many nice compliments during the past year (in addition to the carping letters we sometimes print.) Much of the credit must be passed along to you people who contribute your efforts and/or offer encouragement so faithfully. It takes help to put out a Club paper, and we'd like to take this chance to thank those of you who have helped in the past year. Thanks, too, to you who may not have submitted any material but were nice enough to say how much you enjoy the paper. It means a lot . . . We were happy to learn that jackets with T-Bird emblem are being considered for our Club. One bid of \$7 has been received which seems more than reasonable . . . The Horsfalls sold their beautiful home in the Oakland hills recently and are now living at 3917 Atlas Street. Art and Maxine really do have two 1959 Birds. Any member owning a lettering brush who can spell 'His' and 'Hers' is invited to drop around . . . The mystery members on page 2 this month are Bev Staples (who changes her hair color practically every other day, and the Fickers, Grace and Frank . . . Dick Nagle was made Chief in the Coast Guard recently . . . Are we slipping? No new members this month, altho we seem to have prospectives at every function . . . Last but not least - an IMPORTANT NOTICE! Portions of our By-Laws will be voted upon at the August meeting. If you have definite convictions as to how they should be written, better be there!

**OL' HARDTOP RETURNS**

It's a warm welcome back to our congenial bachelor, Andy Larsen, after a long spell of the dorsal miseries that included an operation, hospital stay, and the usual convalescing period at home. But he's back at last, ornamented with, of all things, a bristling, reddish mustache! It'll prove the kiss of death insofar as future success with the ladies is concerned, we fear. Well, at least the fellows welcome you back, Andy.



What most people have ready for a rainy day is a freshly washed car.

**LAS VEGAS** (Cont. from Page 2)

boat docks, bass and trout. But the one thing Las Vegas is most famed for is its entertainment, and that is practically free. There is no cover at the resort hotels which regularly feature the likes of Frank Sinatra, Marlene Dietrich, Danny Thomas and Carol Channing.

Another way of avoiding too much temptation (at the tables, that is), is to avail yourself of the activities outside the gambling rooms. Most motels have excellent swimming facilities and there are two 18-hole golf courses handy. In all sincerity, there's really too much from which to choose in only one day's time there. It'll seem a waste of time to have to go to sleep.

Plan now to be one of the group to be heading toward Las Vegas in October. Just bring your budget, your will-power, and your Bird. Las Vegas will be everything we promise - plus those real nice people from the Southern Cal T-Bird Club.

MEMO FROM MEMBERSHIP . . . Due to circumstances over which Maralee had no control (Uncle Sam wouldn't deliver mail on a Sunday), her material didn't arrive at our office in time to make print. She says she didn't have much to say anyway. But she phoned in the list of birthdays for the month of August which are as follows:

- 2 - Mel Talley      13 - Byron Shideler
- 4 - Jay Stewart    15 - Joe Koonce
- 12 - Don Brooks    16 - Donna Sell
- 24 - Paul Tanzillo

**THUNDERBIRD ACCESSORIES**



T-BIRD TURTLE BACK luggage racks are reshaped to fit the deck. They are made of aluminum tubing. Installation is permanent with new, patented fasteners. Specify model year of car for correct fit. The 1957 style shown is \$90 F.O.B. Hollywood. Prices for '55 and '56 Birds are available on request.

Also shown in the picture is a Continental Kit for the '57 T-Bird. You get distinctive beauty plus the trunk space of a big car when you mount the spare wheel outside. This unit sells for \$180 with the extended section in prime paint, and \$200 if chromed.

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