

# What's New in Birdland

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER 1959

## ACTIVITIES REPORT

by ANDY LARSEN

- Dec. 1** - **ACTIVITIES meeting**, 7:30 p.m. - 3451 - 35th Ave., Oakland. The last time at Don's Diggin's after nearly two years!
- Dec. 5** - **INSTALLATION dinner** (See article on this page).
- Dec. 8** - **BOARD meeting** to have an auditing and changeover of the reins of management to the new officers. 3451 - 35th Avenue, Oakland. 7:30 p.m.
- Dec. 31** - **NEW YEAR'S EVE Party**, Jenny Lind Hall No. 1 - 2265 Telegraph Avenue. Full details next month.

With a slow start in the rounding up of Birds for the Veterans Day Parade, the Club came through with all the cars that were needed for our part in this notable event. We'd like to thank each of you for taking the time to help our group promote a better understanding with the motoring public. I hope we are never referred to as a "hot-rod" club and when we show our interest in community affairs by participating in events such as this I don't think we have anything to worry about.

How does a Ski Trip sound? We have a peach of a deal lined up for the First of the Year. This time with all the comforts of home. Well, almost. The Thunderbird

Motel at South Lake Tahoe has this proposition to consider (are you listening, Lucy and D.W.): Leave Oakland on a Friday early enough to take in the floor show at one of the Clubs. Up early Saturday morning and to the ski runs for the harder ones. And back to the Clubs for a round of Chuck O' Luck, Keno, Black Jack, Roulette, Imbibing, Dancing or another show. Now you're asking, "Where's the Croesus who can afford a weekend like that right after Christmas?" Well, it isn't going to cost quite as much as you might imagine. The price of a room for two at the Thunderbird will be \$20 for two days and two nights. Each person will receive \$10 in gambling scrip for use at the Plaza Casino and \$5 in bar chits. If you don't gamble, cash in the scrip (\$20 for two persons) and you've got yourself a free room for a couple of days and ten bucks to get pie-eyed with the one you love or somebody.

If you can't leave until Saturday, the Thunderbird Motel will charge you only \$12 for the two days and one night (for two). But you'll get \$14 back for games of chance and six for quenching. That's roughly about 12 drinks, and you can make quite a bit of headway with that, if you care for headway-making. Who doesn't?

Let us know if this sort of a lark - it's a play on "Birds", get it? - appeals to the red corpuscles which are to be found in every true Bird lover.



The BIG annual social event of the Bay Area Thunderbird Owners Club is without doubt the combined Installation Dinner and Christmas Party. This gala affair will be held December 5th in the Cascade Terrace of the swank Lake Merritt Hotel which affords a panoramic view of beautiful Lake Merritt.

Cocktail "hour" has been set from 7 to 7:30, with a wonderful dinner to follow promptly. You will have a choice of the Ham entree at \$3.35 or Steak at \$4.00. Dancing begins at 9:00 and continues until 2:00 a.m.

On this occasion, Don Brooks will formally turn the "gavel" over to incoming President Art Horsfall. Following this brief ceremony, "Santa Claus" Larsen will distribute the gifts which all of you so thoughtfully remembered to toss beneath the tree when you came in. It is suggested that each lady bring a present for a man and vice versa, not to exceed \$2 in value. Mark "For Her" or "For Him" on the outside but do not specify any particular recipient as the gifts will be given out indiscriminately. This is to discourage those who might otherwise consider a "ticking" present and marking it "For the Editor".

Single gals - this is the BATOC event you have been waiting for! You can bring your boyfriends secure in the knowledge that they will definitely not be bored by it all. But, like everyone else who attends, they must bring a little gift for a lady. There will positively be no organized business meeting to slow up the fun.

For those of us who have always belonged "across the tracks", the Lake Merritt Hotel is at 1880 Madison in Oakland. Guests and prospective members are more than welcome so long as they remember the aforementioned Christmas packages.

Plan to attend the last Club event of this year, and come prepared for a full evening, including the dinner at 7:30.

## MEMO from MEMBERSHIP

by MARALEE HOUSTON

Welcome to prospect Rich Leavitt who attended our November meeting as the guest of Gene Andrade and Lavita, who were practically making a "guest" appearance themselves, having been absent for too many months.

We have a new member - or rather, TWO new members to welcome into the fold (fold of our wings - it's another play on "Birds" - get it?). Happy to have you with us, Joyce and Dom Fulco with your '59 soft-top. Jot down their address on your membership list before you forget it.

Joyce and Dominic Fulco,  
905 Elm Street, El Cerrito  
Phone: LA 5-2048

While about it, please make the following corrections to your list:

Doris and Bob Growden  
1270 Pine Street (Apt. 22)  
San Francisco  
Home Phone: PR 5-0145  
Business: YU 2-8464

Mr. and Mrs. Romey (Meg, Tracy)  
11 David Court, Walnut Creek  
Home Phone: YE 4-2563

How about those weddings! Three of them since September First! Congratulations to newlyweds . . .

Jackie and Warren Clark  
Doris and Bob Growden  
Mr. and Mrs. Romey (Meg, Tracy)

December proved to be the birth month of more Bird lovers than any other with 9 members having been one-time "Christmas presents" to their parents.

12/5 - MaraLee Houston  
12/7 - Andy Larsen  
12/18 - Dwight Johnston  
12/24 - Bob Cole  
12/27 - Max Semler  
12/27 - Maxine Nunes  
12/27 - Bill Bosak  
12/28 - Clo Bueno  
12/29 - Ben Bueno

- Continued on page 4



## THE ELECTION



HORSFALL  
NEW  
PRESIDENT

The Election of Officers for the year 1960 is history!

Despite a last-minute emergency which necessitated much scurrying about by Prexy Don Brooks to secure a substitute meeting place, and then individual phone calls to the membership by glamor-puss Donna, more than 20 eligible voters put in an appearance at Cerro's in El Cerrito to choose the officers for the coming year.

As was the case this year, three fellows and two gals will comprise the new Board. In fact, the gals are the same as last year, only their duties will be slightly different. Irreplaceable MaraLee succeeds Larry Farrell as Treasurer . . . not so mute tribute to her high esteem among the membership. Popular MaraLee Houston thus becomes a fixture at the head table for an unprecedented third straight year! The likeable grey-head, Edna Neiss, was re-elected Recording Secretary unanimously in an emotion-packed gesture.

Art Horsfall, our charter vice-president, inherits the head office so admirably filled by versatile Don Brooks this year. Lew Edwards was elected his running mate, thus succeeding our good friend and bombastic parliamentarian, Dick Staples.

Last, and certainly least, your not-too-humble editor will attempt to follow the wondrous MaraLee in her capacity as Corresponding Secty. It is to be hoped our Rabelaisian typewriter will not imperil the Club's social standing irreparably. Apparently no one took this hazard into consideration, as the selection was unopposed. Or perhaps no one else wanted the job.

Congratulations to our new leader, Art Horsfall. We know he has the qualities to guide the Club wisely in its third and crucial year. He has the necessary enthusiasm to regenerate the interest of apathetic members, and has always had the best interests of the Club uppermost in his heart.

Deepest thanks are in order, too, for the entire outgoing Board which inherited a Club mired in debt and pulled it out of the morass without stinting one whit on fun and frivolity. Many pleasure events were staged during the year with little emphasis placed on their money-making aspects. The fact that we are currently almost \$200 in the black is a fine tribute to outgoing Don Brooks, Dick Staples, Larry Farrell, and their capable committee people who saw to it that we had lots of good times while avoiding events which proved too costly during our first year. A wonderful, wonderful job. Thanks, all of you!

We regret that our photogs, Owen Lewis and Frank Ficker, were not in attendance at the election. As a result,

appropriate election pics are not available at this time. But we'll get 'em at the Installation Dinner next month, eh lads?

## ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

Thank you for your vote of confidence in selecting me to the highest office of our Club for 1960. I promise to do my job to the very best of my ability. And I'd like to commend this year's officers for keeping the Club intact and laying more groundwork for the years to come.

We now enter our third year and I promise you will see strength and cooperation such as you haven't witnessed before. My motto will be, "The strong members will gather the weak and the weak will become strong."

At the turn of the year I plead with all of you to attend the meetings and regain your enthusiasm. Winter months usually show a slacking off of interest, while spring and summer find interest perking up again. I am going to strive to revitalize the winter events so that spring and summer will be better than ever before.

I call on each and every member to attend the Installation Dinner to pay respects to the outgoing officers who labored so well for us during 1959, and to pledge whole-hearted support to the new regime. This is a call to all. Please be there.

Support your Club and it will continue to be the best in the business. My officers and I are going to do our damndest to make this hold true, but we can't do it alone.

Come - and do! We need you!

- President-elect Art Horsfall

P.S. - Anyone for Committee work? If interested, please contact me.

## CRY HELP



Sure would like to have an associate editor to help prepare some of the articles for publication. As said, before, this periodical is somewhat under subscribed, and it gets to be quite a chore writing the articles, re-typing on the composing machine, illustrating, and doing the camera work necessary in preparing copy for photo-offset printing. How about one or two of you gals with a flair for writing stepping out from behind those bushel baskets? We know of five or six eminently qualified.

This is not exactly a thankless job, as witness the accompanying photo of your Editor resplendent in a brand new Club jacket which was presented at Reno in appreciation for a year's work as Editor. We might as well take this opportunity to thank the members for this fine gift and promise to wear it proudly - er, humbly.

## NEW STORE OPENS FOR SPORTS CARS

Remember that old song, "There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty"? Well, now there is - for poor, unfortunate sports cars. Not a society, perhaps, but a home away from home so to speak, where the sports car owner (and that even includes us!) can "stop and talk", and have a free cup of coffee to boot. At last someone has done it - created a store exclusively for sports cars and imports, and how welcome they are! Faye and Flo Stillely, who originated the idea, claim that the most encouraging part of their business is that everyone tells them, "We're so glad someone has finally done it . . . opened a place just for us!" "Us", of course, being the ever-growing league of individuals who have put the driver back in driving by demanding more in an automobile than push-buttons and tons of chrome.

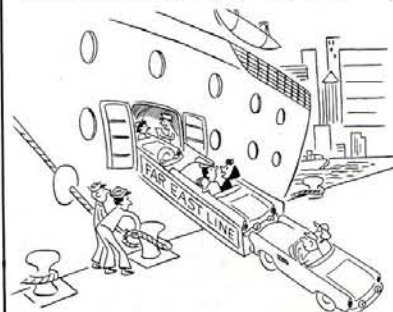
As you well know, from belonging to a distinct group of sports car people, it isn't always easy to be a pioneer in any field. So all the support you can give the "Cole Grand Prix" (pronounced "Pree") will be much appreciated. At the moment, their line of Thunderbird goodies may not be complete, but it is being added to by the day in hopes that Santa Claus will find their shelves full by the time he comes a-shopping next month. Faye and Flo (one girl, one fellow) are searching the four corners of the U.S. for more and better things to brighten the plumage of this proud bird which is second only to the American eagle. Cole Grand Prix is located at 20619 Mission Blvd., Hayward, and remains open Thursday and Friday evenings from 7 until 9, as well as six days a week during regular hours.

If you have any suggestions - constructive ones preferred - these fine people would appreciate hearing from you. In any event, drop around and reiterate, "It's about time!"

"Consumers Research" states that two out of three Ford buyers this year are going to buy a Falcon. What's a Falcon, Daddy? Well, it's not a Thunderbird chick, but a little car with the motor up front where it belongs and the payments in arrears where they belong.

## OVERHEARD AT MONTEREY:

"Do you have suitable accommodations where I can put up with my wife?"



"I DIDN'T KNOW RALLIES WERE THIS MUCH FUN."



# Halloween Treat

We doff our sports caps to Chairman Rich Volpatti and Co. for a Hallowe'en Party that provided a gay time for some 100 Thunderbird people and their friends. Those who couldn't come missed an orgy.

To the naked eye - and ours was reasonably nude due to the fact that our rubber John Barrymore face mask made glasses unfeasible - all of the costumes were of prize-winning calibre. To single out any here would be unfair to those we might neglect to mention. If one dancing girl's neckline had been any lower she would have been barefoot.

Selecting the best of the lot must have been a tough chore for the judges, but who will argue about the "Pair of Dice" being the best team get-up? They were Joan and Don Highley, friends of the Staples. Second in the best couple category was the caveman team of Pat and John Alvergue.

Best female costume was worn by Betty Duncan, girl friend of "Chief" Ken Keyser. Second among the gals was Mara-Lee Houston in a Thunderbird impersonation that won our nod as being the most original and appropriate of all. First prize for men was taken by clever Jack Reynolds, the hunchback, and who will argue over that choice? Jack later gave a pantomine dance to underscore his versatility. Second to Jack was Herb Sevens, the "female" with the rag-mop hairdo.

Too much praise cannot be given the people who worked so hard to put the Party across. Particularly Joe White, who got out of sick bed to help decorate the hall, and indefatigable Bill Houston who is always Johnny-on-the-Spot when it comes to a work detail. Here's a list of those hard-workers who gave their all for our entertainment. We apologize if we have inadvertently omitted any one.

**DECORATIONS** - The two Volpattis,



the Buenos, Andy Larsen, Don Maich, Bill Houston, Joe White.

**TICKET-TAKERS** - Clo Bueno, Don and Donna B, Edna Neiss.

**FOOD COMMITTEE** - Maxine H and Lorraine L, with food being donated by the wonderful women of the Club. Special mention goes to curvy Dottie Farrell for the clever Jack-O-Lanterns stuffed with salad. Almost made salad look palatable.

**JUDGES** - Maxine Nunes, Paul Tazillo, Art Horsfall, Frank Ficker.

**CLEANUP** - Lew Edwards, Rich Volpatti, Danny Diaz, Bill Bosak and others.

**BARTENDERS** - Bill Houston (again!) Rich Staples, Ben Bueno.

A bit of inter-consanguineous osculation was detected by your otherwise myopic editor. According to the Bard (Tom Bard of Wetnoodle, Arkansas), every red-blooded male likes to kiss a pretty girl, even if only the ice man has his pick. This reporter received his first kiss in the fourth grade when a sexy 9-year-old blonde and I were munching the same tootsie roll. Our lips met when she ate past her half . . . and we have never completely trusted a female since. As a consequence, we have remained aloof from public amatory displays, although we have been known, in a moment of unbridled passion, to wink at a barmaid. These moments of aggression, horrendous though they may seem, have occurred so rarely that we decided this Hallowe'en night we would savor such assorted flavors of lip-

stick as might be proffered. We would LIVE! And live we did. We would not want to compromise the virtue of all the lovely women we bussed but we just wish we had a nickel for each one. We'd buy a package of gum. One passionate wench kissed with such intensity it made our head reel - Virginia, of course - while smoke curled out of our open-toed Keds. There is much to be said for the interlabial form of greeting.

The music of Rand Thomt and His One Penny was dandy, with Art's Hi-Fi set taking over during the interludes and in the later stages. Don't know why we put this off until last, but the Hallowe'en Party made money. About \$87 worth! Those foxy gals, Maxine and Lorraine, had planted enough potato chips and other saline foods to make a rush on the liquid dispensary a certainty. All the beer sold out and much of the soda pop as well. At a nice profit, needless to say.



In response to many requests - well, one - we are resuming this column after a long layoff. Quietly we have been accumulating these gems against the time when our pages aren't crammed so full of dry stuff hardly anyone reads. So, recklessly discarding the less flattering ones, here we go:

**Dear Editor:**  
I thought you were the clean-living, Sir Galahad type who wouldn't say 'slop' if you had a mouthful of it. Last month's crossword puzzle called for a four-lettered word beginning with 's' for a substance found on the bottom of bird cages. Somebody should edit YOUR material.  
(Sd) Truebody Goodpants

**Dear Truebody:**  
Yours is a scatological mind. The word required was 'sand'.  
\*\*\*\*\*

**Dear Editor:**  
A few months ago you told me to put my contributions in the fire because they were pornographic. I'll have you know I don't even own a pornograph.  
(Sd) Vilma Piddle  
\*\*\*\*\*

**Dear Ed:**  
I thought this was supposed to be a car publication, not a 1926 edition of Joe Miller's Joke Book. Next time you write something that's supposed to be funny, please mark "humor" after it so we will know.  
(Sd) Id E. Ott

**Dear Id:**  
I'll telephone you. The others will know.  
\*\*\*\*\*

A moronic motorist was picked up on the highway and hauled into traffic court. "What's the idea of driving sixty-five miles an hour?" asked the judge.

"I couldn't have been driving sixty miles an hour," said the man, "because I haven't been out an hour yet!"



A few of the revelers at the Hallowe'en Ball. How many can you recognize?



# Sports Car \* CHRISTMAS CARDS

Did you know that there are several concerns specializing in Christmas cards for sports car aficionados? Well, there are, and as might have been expected, they are located in Southern California. One of them even includes seven variations of a card for Thunderbird owners, but all have general styles which are applicable for the owners of any sports car. If interested, we suggest that you write all three of the dealers listed, asking for their free illustrated brochures. But don't linger too long, as the Yule Season draws on apace and the preparation of personalized Christmas cards takes a little time. What better way can you devise to show your rugged individuality than to send out distinguished sports car cards this year?

At the right we are printing the names of three concerns which specialize in this type of cards, along with their respective prices.



UNIQUES, 9416 Venice Blvd., \*  
Culver City, Calif.

	12	25	50	75	100
Plain	3.25	6.25	12.50	18.75	25.00
With your Name	5.50	9.00	15.00	20.00	25.00

\*Uniques also sell gift wrapping paper to match your Christmas cards.

NOTE: Club discount of 20% for quantities of 100 or more cards placed on one order through BATOC.

MOTT ENTERPRISES, Box 1608,  
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Each	12	100	144
40¢	4.10	31.00	46.00

(No name imprints this year)

JON'S STUDIO, P. O. Box 124,  
Monterey Park, Calif.

	12	25	50	100
Plain	4.00	6.25	12.00	21.00
With your Name	7.50	9.75	15.50	24.50

And, of course, you must add 4% to all the foregoing prices for state sales tax.



We saw Doris Carroll at a recent Activities meeting looking not one day older than she did ye eons ago when last she came around. Which prompts one to wonder, "What is there about these 'minor' meetings that so often lures so many absentees back into the swing?" Can it be Donna's or Beverly's coffee? In Doris' case it proved not. Just too many ardent swains competing with us for her time and in most instances the Romeos win out . . . Marvelous MaraLee has taken another job - after waiting a long while for her former employer's business to pick up. A case of one employer's loss being another's gain . . . It's Pat Nagle who's off to England, France and countries adjoining in company with her glamorous beauty contesting sister, Mary Murphy, Richard being unable to get enough time off for such an extended trip.

"Gone are the days of . . ." Richard Staples' 1890 mustache (and Don Brooks' 1980 haircut) . . . Want a handsome thorbred Siamese tomcat free, with no noticeable faults other than possibly abnormally developed sympathetic tendencies toward his feminine contemporaries? He's all yours (and 1200 Oakland lady cats) if you'll but phone the Horsfalls at ANdover 1-8095 . . . Our first Technical Chairman, B. S. Brown, proud possessor of a show-room shiny black '56, has acquired a new bride.

Quite a controversy developed at the October Activities Meeting - a much more sane place to hold them than at a General Business Meeting. The subject was, "Why are signs of apathy beginning to appear?" High on the list of probable reasons was the Saturday meeting nights, and quite likely the new Board will experiment with other days after the First of the Year, perhaps even rotating nights and sites. Another criticism heard was more concentration should be devoted to fewer activities. Inasmuch as more than 20 persons were present, these suggestions may be considered to carry some weight. The questionnaires sent out last month ought to add grist to the mill also.

Donna Sell has been in the hospital suffering from a general malaise. When last we heard, she was at home recuperating slowly . . . As of November 7th, our fiduciary assets totalled \$173.35. Our intangible resources, the wonderful people of the Club, remains incalculable . . . Charter member Dan Nieto has acquired a brown '59 T-Bird (soft-top) and a pretty wife named Betty (blonde-top). Danny is applying for reinstatement.

The "Mystery Man" this month has to be the unknown husband (no photo) of Margaret Tracy. Even Birdbrain, your nosy-newsy editor, cannot supply the answer to this one . . . Have you considered what a devilishly handsome group of men will be facing you from the head table in 1960? . . . Jack Taylor has pulled up stakes again, now performing at "The Pink Elephant", 467 Broadway, in the Big City. He works Wednesday through Sunday each week. If you wanna hear the T-Bird theme song, he advises, better tool on across the Bridge before it is renamed, "When I Take My Brunette In My Little Corvette". See you all at the Installation Dinner.

## RAY DeCOSTA HURT

We know you will be sorry to learn our good friend, Ray De Costa, of the M-G Club, was seriously injured while racing his car in the recent Monterey meet. Ray and his clever wife, Rose, have been our guests many times and have been most cooperative in their help to a founding Bird Club which has not been exactly hailed as equals by other established sports car clubs. Ray is still not back on his feed. We know a get-well card from you directed to his home, 1905 E. 17th Street, Oakland, will help to shorten the slow recuperation period he is now undergoing.

### CLASSIFIED

WANTED - HARDTOP - any style and color. Call Frances Giffin, San Rafael (GL 4-6918) or Andy Larsen (KE 6-1244).

FOR SALE - '57 BRONZE T-BIRD with hardtop, white interior, power brakes and steering, Fordomatic - \$2900. See Art Horsfall or call eves. (AN 1-8095)

## Solution to October Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
A	R	T	R	A	M	E	D	N	A		
12	H	U	R	13	R	O	M	14	M	E	I
15	E	N	E	16	A	M	U	S	E	M	E
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G	L	A	N	B	L	U	S	H	E	S	
52	R	E	I	53	P	L	A	N	54	O	A
55	O	L	D	56	T	U	N	E	57	S	S
58	S	A	A	59	A	R	E	S	60	T	E

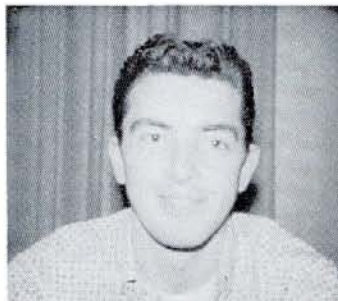
## MEMO FROM MEMBERSHIP

- Continued from page 1

(How's that for timing! Maxine and Bill, a "steady" duo, sharing the same birthdate! And Clo and Ben being but a day apart - on the calendar, at least.)

Sincere thanks to Bev and Rich Staples for allowing us the use of their home this past year for Membership and Tech meetings. We truly appreciated it. I personally shall miss those friendly once-a-month gatherings at their home.

Ruth rode on a Thunderbird  
Directly back of me:  
I hit a bump at 65  
And rode on ruthlessly.



Smile of victory is displayed by handsome Lew Edwards following his election to the vice-presidency of BATOC for '60.