

What's New in Birdland

Volume 3, Number 8

AUGUST 1960

MIGRATIONS

by BOB GROWDEN

No one seems to know anything about the Reno Rally. Do you? If so, please contact me. I have talked to several people who are going or would like to go to Reno anyway. So let's have some questions and ideas about this at the next General Meeting (September 10th). I will be taking names of those who would like to spend a weekend at the Largest Little City in the World. The weekend will be the 17th & 18th of Sept.

What's for October??? Your guess is as good as ours, but here are the suggestions which I am working on at the present:

FISHING TRIP — no destination as yet (any suggestions?). Here's a chance for you fishermen to voice an opinion and to come up with a good destination.

OCCIDENTAL, CALIF. — the Old Union Hotel. A tour, a scavenger hunt, a gimmick rally — who knows? Come to the next Activities meeting (Sept. 7) and give us your opinion. The Old Union Hotel has a flat \$2

dinner (steak or chicken), Italian style, including hors d'oeuvres, soup and salad. When you leave you will be filled to the gills.

October 29th will be our second annual Hallowe'en Party. Full costume mandatory. This will be covered in detail next month.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- 9/7 - Activities Meeting, 7:30 p. m., 324 Warwick, Oakland.
 9/10 - General Membership Meeting, The Driftwood Restaurant, 1413 Park St., Alameda, 8:00 p.m. Dinner 7:00 p.m.
 9/14 - Membership Meeting, 3451 35th Ave., Oakland, 8:00 p.m.
 ??? RENO RALLY???

and the course was designed to keep our hard-working navigators on their toes all the time. The first check point was manned by Edna and Roger Neiss, the second by Joe White and Mildred Bogard.

It took approximately three hours to run the course, a scenic one I am sure, though probably most of us were too busy driving and navigating to really enjoy the scenery. We arrived at Gill's Marsh Creek Lodge in time for lunch, a most welcome interlude. After filling our tummies, Bob presented the winners with their hard-earned awards.

Preserving BATOC's honor by being the only club members in the winner's circle were MaraLee and Bill Houston in third place. W. A. Sheburne was second and Ray Fults came in first.

Paul Tanzillo was the only one who suffered any mishap enroute, and since his little White Bird was not functioning too well, had to drop out of the competition. Seems Paul wasn't functioning too well either, since he had been up all night.

A little off the subject, but we certainly enjoyed the Saturday night meeting last month. Since none of us had to worry about going to work the next day, we had ample opportunity to converse, see a floor show, and dance. Needless to say, 'twas fun! Nice to see Joe and Louise Koonce in attendance for a change, too.

ENTERTAINMENT

"The American Road", a 39-minute color documentary of the automobile from the turn of the century to the threshold of the Atomic Age, will be the entertainment fare of our September meeting. The tale begins with the first cars and includes the development of the assembly line in automobile manufacture. The dramatic evolution of the horseless carriage into personal transportation for all is graphically depicted. Our thanks to Elton Wolfe for obtaining this film.

Changing a tire?

No, I just get out every few miles and jack up the car to give it a rest.

LIFE IS NEVER FULL OF DULL MOMENTS DEPARTMENT

Nearly two months ago now Your Editor and His Mistress moved to sunny Oakland. Our new home on 60th Avenue is situated on a corner lot and has a fairly nice lawn. Edna is determined to keep the grass rich and green. Having heard that some California cities take a dim view of indiscriminate sprinkling, particularly during the summer months, she phoned the city water department and inquired, "What is the proper time to put my hose on?"

"Really, Ma'am," replied a gruff voice, I believe immediately after your girdle."



The Di Qui Di Li Rally held August 14 was one of the best time and distance events we have had the pleasure of participating in for a long time.

Bob Growden and Bob Perry really made an all-out effort to plan an event to whet the appetite of the most avid rally enthusiast



BEFORE THE RALLY BEGAN

Out of hiding to help conduct the Marsh Creek Rally came Bob Perry, with the fetching reason for his hibernation, his new wife, Marie. Hope we see much more of them.



AN INTERLUDE AT CHECK POINT ONE

Edna N. is shown explaining the intricacies of rallying to interested residents before the contestants started zooming past. The sign in the foreground may provide a clue as to the whereabouts of our popular 1959 President.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK

"The lousiest trick the record industry ever played was putting Lawrence Welk on unbreakable records."
— Jack Taylor

The above expression of opinion does not necessarily reflect the attitude of this publication. In fact, when we hear a disc jockey playing the top 40 tunes of the day we get the shakes just thinking what the next 40 must be like.

We were at a Jack Taylor jam session one night when a waiter dropped a trayful of dishes. Three couples got up and started to dance! It's not that we mean to knock Jack's progressive music, because it is considered by the cognoscenti to be "way out" and outstanding in the field of contemporary sounds. It's just that, having grown up in an era that produced "The Face on the Bar Room Floor", "You Made Me What I Am Today", etc., it is difficult to adapt oneself to the Sounds of the Sixties. We are not entirely unresponsive, however. When Jack's combo plays "You Go To My Head", we always have to.

While on the subject of our musical friend, we should have more BATOC members like him! Though he is self-employed, he frequently feigns sickness so he won't have to work if the Club happens to be doing something interesting; then he manages to make a remarkable recovery in time to attend the BATOC affair. He has written a Thunderbird song and come up with several other ideas combining BATOC with his music. We trust that changing our meeting night to Saturday, one of his most important workdays, won't prevent him from attending at least now and then. We need his enthusiasm and suggestions.

BAY AREA Thunderbird OWNERS CLUB

ART HORSFALL	President
LEW EDWARDS	Vice-President
DONNA SELL	Treasurer
EDNA NEISS	Recording Secretary
ROGER NEISS	{	Corresponding Secretary
	{	Editor
FRAN LARSEN	Associate Editor

Contributions should be submitted to the Editor, 45 Ecker Street, San Francisco

How Observant Are You?

In mid-August your inquiring reporter snooped around and discovered some interesting facts relative to the distances travelled by ten of our Birds. Believe me, appearances can sometimes be downright deceiving. One of our nicest-looking Thunderbirds has gone quite a fur piece as you must agree. But first we want you to see if you can match the following T-Birds with their proper mileages (shown at the right). Answers appear elsewhere in this issue.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Riggs ... 29,352 | Larsen ... 36,494 |
| Johnston ... 59,089 | Perry ... 49,894 |
| Koonce ... 9,108 | Edwards ... 52,033 |
| Growden ... 43,642 | Neiss ... 86,395 |
| Wolfe ... 46,772 | J. White ... 37,308 |

WOLVES AT THE DOOR



The name "Wolfe" conjures thoughts of adventure and derring-do. One visualizes General James Wolfe going valiantly to his death at Quebec during the Revolutionary War . . . or Thomas Clayton Wolfe laboring at his escriptorio on "Look Homeward, Angel."

Unfortunately, either our Wolfes — Jean and Elton — have led very prosaic lives or they are covering up, for we have been unable to come up with an exciting background for the purposes of this biography. They have proven to be mighty fine members and a decided asset to BATOC, but they appear to bear little resemblance to the figures mentioned in our lead paragraph.

Unlike most Texans, Jean and Elton have little to say about themselves. Getting information out of them for this piece may not have been very rewarding, but we found both of them modest, polished, and utterly charming, qualities not always associated with expatriates of our largest continental state.

Both were born and raised in Fort Worth less than forty years ago. Elton spent 3½ years as a flight engineer of Navy P.B.Y. flying boats during World War II, most of it in combat duty in the South Pacific. His scene of operations included Guadalcanal, Bougainville, New Hebrides, Fiji and other islands.

Our newest couple met at a Texas dance in 1947 and have been going around together ever since. They knew this was "it" and were married after a whirlwind seven weeks courtship. Their hobbies include fishing, dancing, stereo music, cards and cars.

Elton today is factory representative of Roberts Mfg. Co., makers of "Rangaire", a built-in radio inter-com system for the home (wholesale only), being transferred to California in January, 1959 when the company began to expand. His pretty wife draws her stipendiary emoluments from the General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

Their enthusiasm for BATOC and Thunderbird automobiles appears to be boundless, and we feel indeed fortunate to have added the name "Wolfe" to our roster. Congratulations to us!

Sign in a motel: Watch Out for Children!

One of the bachelors in our Club is such a Don Juan that the 47th name in his little black book is Annabelle Aaron.



Dear Editor:

I didn't receive a paper last month and want you to know I appreciate it.

— Bertha Vanation

Dear Editor:

I notice that your paper is getting smaller and smaller, presumably because you are so busy. How about my becoming your Secretary or something? I'll do anything for you — and when I say anything, I mean *anything!*

— Frieda Ewe

Dear Miss Ewe:

Mr. Neiss already has a competent Secretary, and I myself am capable of handling everything else. And when I say everything, I mean *everything!*

— Mrs. Ed

Dear Editor:

Hey, what's with this "Digest" bit? If you don't go back to four page "Birdlands", I'm going to quit borrowing it to read. If you're so short of material, why not print racing information, Vacaville results, and other automotive items like a good car publication should?

— A. Backhaus

Dear Backhaus:

You write 'em then. My favorite racing form is an office girl late to work.

— Ed

Dear Editor:

I hate Thunderbirds and the people who drive them. A year ago I divorced my husband for paying more attention to his Bird than he did to me, and was awarded \$25,000 by the jury. As I was jubilantly leaving the Courthouse, some jerk in another Thunderbird struck me and I couldn't sit down for four weeks. This time the cheapskate jury only gave me \$200. Do you blame me for not liking Thunderbirds?

— Ida Kust

Dear Ida:

The moral here is quite obvious. A man should never trifle with a woman's affections. Kick her in the pants instead.

— Ed

Dear Editor:

I know how busy you are and want to apologize for sending my contribution in late again. But you will admit I am improving. This is the earliest I've been late yet.

— Bob Growden



For the third consecutive year we are highlighting our Club by transporting Football's Glamour Gals in the Annual Fall "Parade of Lights". Moving pictures are taken of the Queens' every move, including the part we play in their Bay Area sojourn, to be shown later as newsreels throughout the country. This is by all odds our most publicized event of the year, and several other car clubs have offered to take this affair over.

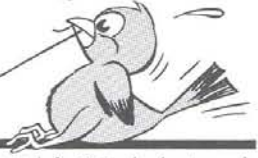
We are looking for 14 washed Birds with drivers in shirts and ties to meet the young ladies at San Francisco's Airport on Tuesday morning, September 13th. Please phone Bob Growden (TU 5-1650) or me (AN 1-8500) if you can possibly help out in this matter. (Remember, the drivers who show up Tuesday get preference the following Friday in the actual Parade.) We are planning to leave Hy's Drive-In at 9 a.m. that Tuesday and will be police-escorted back to Berkeley with our pretty charges. Free tickets to the Coronation Ball Saturday night for all chauffers.

You will be notified where to meet for the Friday Parade a little later. Suffice to say now that we will be able to use all the Birds we can get to carry civic officials and other important people after the Queens have been allotted. I'll be there. Will you?
— Art Horsfall

Editor's Comment: We note an alarming apathy for parades on the part of about 80% of our membership. Some can be cajoled into participating, particularly in this parade, but others consistently refuse to have a thing to do with any parade. We consider this an extremely selfish point of view, regardless of whose toes we are treading upon. We are all proud of our respective Birds. . . why not show them off? Admittedly our passengers will all be beautiful, but many people will look at our cars, too. Even if they didn't, this is a BATOC-sponsored event, and good members participate in all club affairs whenever humanly possible, regardless of how we may feel personally. Belonging to any club is a communal gesture. So let's quit being so individualistic. Say 'yes' when you are asked to uphold the honor of your Club.

HAPPYCH
Simichrompoli
Polishing Paste
TUBE 69¢
James Auto Specialties
Box 151, Pasadena, California

PRESIDENT'S PERCH



Well, we had our first Saturday night meeting of 1960, and, judging from comments overheard, it was well approved. So come back, all you Shebas. There were 16 for dinner and 25 at the meeting, which included Jack Taylor.

We seem to be coasting through August, not because of a lack of interest, but on account of preparing for big September events. The Football Parade and Reno Rally(?) are among our annual highlights and both occur in September. So far there's been no word on Reno (See Bob Growden's column).

The Football Parade is covered elsewhere in this paper.

Start thinking about your costume for the Hallowe'en Party in October, and tell your friends, just like last year.

Miscellany: I left Cirimele last month and am with Hank Jory at 1506 E. 14th St. The phone number is ANdover 1-8848 (for your membership roster) . . . The Houstons are buying a brand new home . . . The '60 T-Bird is supposed to be bigger and clumsier than ever . . . I bought Maxine a cute little red '57 Bird . . . Ken Keyser is still looking for a small Bird . . . Bev and Dick Staples have leased a home at 607 Brooklyn (same phone number) . . . The Lewises have been vacationing at Clear Lake . . . The Nagles are in Juneau - with a Volvo . . . Buenos, come back - we're on a Saturday kick again . . . The Membership Contest has been postponed until the last meeting of the year because things are in a three-way tie at present. Besides, the first prize for obtaining the most new members is a year's free dues and who needs his dues paid before January? . . . Tracy and her husband are workin' at Lake Tahoe again and looking forward to rejoining BATOC activities next month . . . Couple of nice prospectives were guests at our last meeting - Marshall and Margaret Kamena ('59 Bird) . . . The correct answers to "How Observant Are You" are: Wolfe ('59) - 9,108; Neiss ('57) - 29,352; Riggs ('57) - 36,494; Edwards ('56) - 37-308; Growden ('57) - 43,642; Larsen ('56) - 46,772; J. White ('56) - 49,894; Johnston ('57) - 52,033; Koonce ('55) - 59,089; Perry ('56) - 86,395 . . . See you all soon.

TECH TIPS



by FRANK FICKER

— Continued from last month

CONDENSER shorted: Separate the points by inserting a piece of match folder between them. Remove the condenser's hold-down screw and lift the condenser clear of the distributor. Then, with the ignition ON and all other electrical loads OFF, scratch the condenser body against the distributor housing. If a spark appears when the two parts touch or if the idiot light is illuminated, or if your Bird is equipped with an ammeter and jumps to discharge, the condenser is defective. If your Bird has a radio, you can get going by removing the static-suppressing condenser from the outside of the generator and installing it outside the distributor as a replacement for the bad one. Ground it on the engine near the distributor and connect its pigtail wire to the primary terminal.

DEFECTIVE PRIMARY GROUND: Locate the fairly light wire running from one side of the top of the coil to the side of the distributor. With the ignition ON and points separated, ground this wire by touching a screwdriver against the distributor terminal and the engine. If no spark occurs when the screwdriver is moved off and on the terminal, check the wire and its connections at the coil and distributor.

More about IGNITION troubles next month; after next month we will tell HOW TO TRACE FUEL TROUBLES.

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 3—R. Volpatti | 18—L. Koonce |
| 8—R. Growden | 21—M. Horsfall |
| 9—R. Perry | 27—B. Carroll |
| 16—F. Edwards | |

WANTED by BATOC
for FLIGHT and ROBBERY
(Flight from all Club activities
Robbing us of his genius)



DESCRIPTION

Age: About 30	Eyes: Brown
Height: 5' 10"	Scars: None
Weight: 190 lbs	Distinguishing
Hair: Brown	Features: T-Bird
Teeth: White	and a pretty wife

If you have any information concerning this person, please contact the nearest member of the Board.

my untold story...

For the benefit of those who are not following the startling "untold stories" of Beverly Aadland, Polly Adler, or some other heroine currently unfolding in the tabloids, I am going to give you a resume of my own untold story, telling in every sordid detail how I happened to come to San Francisco, an innocent young man from the Great Northwest, how I got where I am today, which is nowhere. Many readers had asked that I do this long ago, but I demurred, hoping that perhaps Ralph Edwards would one day be doing our life on television in which case we wouldn't want to upstage him. But, as my beloved wife is quick to point out, one has to have friends for Ralph to go to work on, so I might as well give up and write my own biography. For want of a better word (actually I have many better words but don't wish to waste them on Thunderbird people), I shall call it my

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

I am much encouraged by the success Mark Twain enjoyed with his *Autobiography*, and see no reason why I cannot do almost as well. There are 15 or 20 minutes in each 24 hours when I have nothing to do and I might just as well be writing an autobiography as reading girlie magazines. In fact, I find I can do almost anything and write an autobiography in the Mark Twain fashion - all at the same time. My method is simple. No matter what I am doing - drawing, typing, janitoring or goofing off - I simply speak my thoughts audibly whenever I recall something which I deem might be good material for my biography. My secretary (see footnote) is trained to drop whatever she is doing in order to jot down these "pearls for posterity" on the backs of old envelopes, gum wrappers, or used Kleenex, which she then deposits in the bottom drawer of the office file cabinet before leaving for the day (she is a very neat girl, having once read about a woman being arrested for keeping a disorderly house).

The drawer is now full of paper scraps with notes on them, more than enough for Volume One of my life. I shall correlate these bits of information into shape for reproduction, after which I plan to stash the autobiography away in the basement of my office building, along with a copy of the San Francisco Examiner of the day. (This building is due to be torn down in a year or so to make way for a house of assignation, and when my papers are discovered and the manuscript given to the world in book form, I shall doubtless be in retirement in my Oakland home and too senile to be embarrassed about the whole thing.)

Some of this material will be printed herewith from time to time for private circulation. Readers are placed on their honor not to divulge the plot.

This admitted lycomaniac was born to a poor but dishonest German family in Spokane, Washington during the waning days of the horse and buggy era. Pa was a bartender, B.P. (before Prohibition) with a yen for the products of his industry. He got

Footnote: A beautiful wench admitting to 40-odd summers. As she will not admit to any winters, this makes her only half my age and too young to type these memoirs for me.



There's something about a uniform girls can't resist - even in 1917!

paid time and a fifth for overtime. Mom did something in Munsingwear, but I was too young at the time to pay much attention to what it was. She was real proud of her first-born son and often praised my well-shaped head with its built-in rattle.

The folks moved to a small German settlement outside Minneapolis just in time for me to begin school - without bothering to instruct me in the rudiments of the Teutonic tongue - and German was the only language spoken in the entire town, to say nothing of the school. I still bear the imprint on my derriere of the topography from the dunce's stool on account of spending nine solid months ensconced thereon. We used slates instead of paper, and what we used instead of paper in the little house behind the schoolhouse I'm not going to tell you. Things were really primitive.

At the end of the term I had even flunked sandpile, but I understood German when she spoke. Gone were the days when my folks could switch to German when the conversation got a little racy for juvenile ears.

When the rest of the class moved on to the second grade, we moved to Minneapolis and I began school all over again - in the first grade! Not a very promising beginning for the guy destined one day to head the staff of "What's New in Birdland". What other person in BATOC can lay claim to having flunked the first grade? Anyone for an editorship?

Model T Fords were becoming the rage of the country by this time, and a few well-to-do people even owned higher-priced jobs. Uncle Louie, a prototype of Fatty Arbuckle (in more ways than one) - and another bartender with a taste for wheat juice - had an early Overland touring car and what a dashing sight this eligible bachelor created as he raced his car over the dirt roads at more than 60 miles per hour, spewing fowl, stones and dust to left and right. I was a bouncing passenger in the tonneau of this magnificent motor when it became involved in one of the century's early traffic accidents while flirting with the land speed record, although the details are lost in Antiquity (a town near Bremerhaven). (Uncle Louie later had a son, got married - in reverse order, I believe - said son also becoming a bartender with a predilection for the grape . . . or am I boring you?)

Do you believe in heredity? One of its tenets is the "Skip" theory, i.e., a person

is more apt to take after one of his grandparents than his parents. Be that as it may, Grandpa Casanova Neiss saw more romance than a policeman's flashlight. He used to cut a notch in his cane after every female conquest. In fact, that's what finally did him in - *he leaned on his cane*. Grandpa had a very large Roman nose. Pa had one even larger and I must admit my own wasn't far behind the two of them. In fact, you might be prompted to remark that large noses ran in my family. Actually, they only did in the wintertime.

My father may have been less profligate where romance was concerned, but he fitted even better the popular concept of the autocratic Teutonic husband and parent. He ruled his family with an iron hand - abetted by a *lignum vitae* (ironwood) stick which he kept handy and used generously. Though this piece of wood was no thicker than the slat that goes into a kitchen wall, it was impossible to bend it! Pa weighed over 250 pounds and when he belabored you with this shillelah you knew you were belabored.

You were supposed to know when supertime had arrived, but out of the kindness of his heart he would come to the front door and whistle just once. His whistle registered in the upper ranges of the sound scale and was audible only to canine ears. If you didn't happen to hear the whistle you "got the stick" when you got home and he appropriated your portion of the supper.

He used to give me a penny (Indian head, of course) to make me go to sleep, take it away during the night ('cause he saved Indian head pennies), and then give me a licking in the morning for losing it. Once when I was much older, my mother gave me two-bits when the circus came to town. That night I got a spanking for not bringing *him* any change.

Mom was a good deal softer than Pa, but she was able to cuff one about the ears when the occasion demanded. Usually, however, she would delay the punishment "until your father comes home". If the "crime" happened to occur early, it would make for a pretty 1-o-n-g day. Pa lacked none of his usual vigor just because he didn't happen to witness the misdeed personally. He couldn't have applied more muscle to his flailing if he had caught me exchanging peeks with a girl on Broadway, our main street.

I remember one day the teacher gave out the names and addresses of boys and girls in foreign lands. We were supposed to draw pictures and send letters to these "pen pals". I drew a girl in Holland as my personal confidante. As this was in the early days of my schooling, I still had difficulty in expressing myself in English, and didn't understand until years later why Mom gave me a spanking when I told her I had gotten a girl in Dutch.

(Next month: *More Life With Father*)

Listen, Birds,
These signs cost
Money -
So roost awhile, but
Don't get funny.
Burma Shave

■ Every year it takes less and less time to fly to Europe, and more and more time to drive to the office.