

VOL. 3, NO. 10

OCTOBER, 1960

THE Election

For President -

MaraLee Houston, Edna Neiss

For Vice-President -

Joe White, Elton Wolfe

For Treasurer

Donna Sell, Jean Wolfe

For Recording Secretary

Fran Larsen, Louise Koonce

For Corresponding Secretary

Maxine Horsfall, Roger Neiss

On November 12th, at The Driftwood in Alameda, your Bay Area Thunderbird Club enters into a new era, for at that time it becomes a *matriarchate* - a club with a woman leader! Both male candidates who had agreed to run for president had to decline earlier this month for personal reasons, and two dedicated clubwomen arose in the emergency to accept nomination. MaraLee Houston and Edna Neiss both have the enthusiasm and ideas necessary to revive BATOC, so we feel the future looks bright no matter whom you elect.

It is not our intent to compare the qualifications of these two good friends. You know them well, their temperaments, and how they feel about BATOC. The choice is yours. Frankly, we feel so high on both of them that our main concern is that only one can be elected.

Every member should plan to attend this final - and most important - meeting at The Driftwood to choose your leaders for 1961. Especially so if you are among those who felt that the 1960 Board was one of futility - and they are legion. Here's your chance to get the Club off on the proper foot by selecting the five people you deem best suited for the job.

The list above indicates the candidates nominated to date. If you aren't completely satisfied with either candidate being proposed for a specific office, you have the right to nominate someone else on the night of the election. But when you vote, vote for the persons you honestly believe can best achieve the goals you are working for. The people we elect in November must take their responsibilities seriously and be willing to work conscientiously to improve our Club.

Officers must believe thoroughly in BATOC, respect it and its purposes, have enthusiasm for what it is trying to accomplish, put aside any personal aims they may have that might disrupt the Club, its spirit, or its harmony. They must be sincere about this and take a positive, helpful attitude. A

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For the Time of Your Life!

COME TO THE HOTEL

El Rancho

The weekend of November 19 and 20, 1960 marks our first overnighter of the season. Destination . . . The El Rancho Motel, 1029 West Capitol Avenue, West Sacramento, Calif. A weekend of fun and relaxation, including dancing, swimming and delicious meals in the warm fall climate of the Sacramento Valley is promised. Dancing will be under the direction of Rolly Schumacher's 5-Piece Band. Swimming, naturally, will be in the huge outdoor pool. A prime rib dinner on Saturday night is the piece-de-resistance - in a private room to be set aside for Bird-Lovers. More cocktails and dancing follow the dinner for a night of howling hilarity.

Sunday morning you will awaken to the sound of chirping birds and have breakfast served in bed (so I hear) - Bloody Mary, eggs, bacon, ham and plenty of black coffee. After a morning dip in the pool you will be ready for your Swiss Steak lunch with all the trimmings.

What more can a Bird-Lover ask for in late November than a wonderful time out of town with all your friends, away from the fog and smog, hustle and bustle, etc.?

The cost per person for this wonderful weekend is the incredibly low price of - but who cares about mere money when such a glorious time is the prize! (Those who do measure their fun in terms of cost will find the exact amount in our prexy's column this month.)

This overnighter is the last event of the year - excepting, of course, the Installation Dinner on December 10th. So let's end the year with a large turnout.

This is one of those affairs you may invite your friends to attend, even if they don't drive Thunderbirds. All they have to do is be willing to have fun. Reservations have been made for 15 Double Rooms (some have double beds, some have twins), so first come first served.

Departure time will be 11 a.m., Saturday, November 19th, from Jack London Square. Hope to see all of you and meet your best friends then.

- Bob Growden

LYNN STARR presents . . .

**ROLLY
SCHUMACHER**
and his ORCHESTRA
in the beautiful, NEW
ROUNDUP ROOM

BATOC Calendar

- 10/29 - HALLOWE'EN PARTY at 4493 E. 14th, Oakland
- 11/2 - Activities Meeting at 324 Warwick, Oak., 7:30 p.m.
- 11/12 - ELECTION NIGHT, 1313 Park Street, Alameda, at 8:30 p.m. Dinner at 7.
- 11/16 - Membership Meeting, 401 Fairmount, Oakland, at 8 p.m.
- 11/19-20 - El Rancho Overnighter in Sacramento. Departing 11 a.m. from Jack London Square.

WANTED FOR SOLICITING (Our Affection and then Absconding)



HER GRACE, LADY FICKER

Hair: Blonde Scars: None Visible
Teeth: 32 Habits: Fondness for sailors
Distinguishing Feature: Betty Boop voice

Endearing herself to men and women alike, this charming madame of 2901 Fruitvale Avenue fell for a sailing man, Frank the Sea Dog, and streetwalked right out of our lives. Last seen in the vicinity of Lake Merritt. If located, return to authorities for questioning. Caution: Suspect is armed with a devastating smile, so proceed with caution.

PRESIDENT'S PERCH



ELECTION

Ho-Hum, it's been a long year.

About 20 people showed up at the Membership meeting October 19th at "Chez Wolfe". Thanks, Jean. You are a wonderful hostess. (And pretty, too.)

Everyone really got down to business and our women rallied to the cause after our men failed. Yes, they have many qualities we lack, including the will to work.

The candidates are listed in the Election article on the first page. All have shown such integrity that I now rest assured that the Club will be in good hands in 1961. Great clouds of dust were kicked up getting these candidates but we have them now and all posts will be ably manned. (Did I say manned?)

Every member should check his dues set-up and plan to be on hand at The Driftwood prepared to vote. As this will be the final meeting at this patient restaurant, wouldn't it be a fine departing gesture if everyone came early and dined with the outgoing Board!

In accordance with our By-Laws, each office will be voted upon separately. The loser in one may be nominated to run for the next competition, and so on down to the last office. Less chance to lose for a whole year some valuable member, thanks to this system.

I am not running for office this year. I was Vice-President in 1958 and President in 1960. Your turn! But aren't you glad Edna and Roger don't wear out so quickly as Old Man Horsfall!

OVERNIGHTER

I am looking forward to the El Rancho over-night trip next month. Aren't you? An over-nighter has been overdue all year and here it is. We have reservations for 15 rooms, but can secure more if these are gobbled up soon enough. So, if you plan to be

among us, let Bob Growden (or me) know as soon as possible. It isn't necessary that you send your money in just yet (\$13.90 per person covers everything but your drinks), but you will be held responsible to pay for your reservation if you later back out. Remember, this is the last car event of the year, so let's all go!

INSTALLATION DINNER

Our final event of the year will be held at Veneto's Restaurant in San Francisco. Plenty of time to cover this in next month's issue, but keep in mind that my Board and I go out when I turn the gavel over to the next President. After the meal, we will again exchange Christmas gifts, not to exceed \$2 in value. Note: All good-looking girls are to kiss their ex-President goodbye. (Ed. — Why not your humble scrivener?) About 60 people turned out last year and we should try to do as well again out of courtesy to the departing Board, as well as to pledge support to the new officers. Fun, too.

MISCELLANY

We suffered a great loss when Bob Growden was given a new assignment within the ranks of Encyclopaedia Britannica, said position taking him to far cities three weeks out of every month.

We have received a nice trophy from the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce for our participation in the Parade of Lights last mo.

Our Club is very definitely entering a new era. Standby reliable members are deadly serious when the future is considered, even though the lackadaisical ones appear to be getting weaker. I feel the Club is still secure and faces a solid future.

As your President, I thank all the members who have worked so hard with me during the past year.

See you all at the Hallowe'en Party.



We're having a birthday celebration of sorts this month. It seems only 20 years ago that then-President Skip Riggs cajoled us into believing that editing "What's New in Birdland" was so easy it could be done on our lunch hour. Actually, it was October of 1958 that Skip told the Big Lie, but it worked and we've been editing this tabloid two years this month in what must be the longest tour of duty in BATOC annals. It's the one position not up for grabs in the November elections, worse luck. We're not complaining, as it has been fun and helps bolster the id of a frustrated editor. We like to think our efforts have helped to maintain interest in the Club and its members, too. The fact that we have not permanently offended anybody in 24 issues of poking fun speaks well for the type of people who comprise the Bay Area Thunderbird Club.

This would seem an appropriate time to reiterate our thanks to the many fine contributing writers who've pitched in and helped us this year. Dr. Frank Ficker has been a prompt and faithful conductor of "Tech Tips" for the past ten months, and if we've not mentioned it often enough, it's not that we don't appreciate his steadfastness. Highly informative column, too. Our pet, Fran, the Mrs. Hansen who does everything well, has been extolled so many times by your Editor that people will suspect a liaison if we say another word. A pleasant surprise has been Bob Growden, our Activities Chairman, and a good one. He took over after three others had worked at it briefly, and put Activities on a paying basis immediately. In addition, Bob turned out to be a darn fine writer. Our thanks, too, to our President and the occasional writers, to say nothing of those who just utter a kind word now and then to further inflate our ego.

(For those who care, editing this sheet actually takes two lunch periods.)

CORRECTIONS FOR YOUR ADDRESS LIST

Members are allus bellyaching cuz they haven't kept their Membership Address lists up-to-date as they were told. So, get your ball-pointed heads in hand right now while we finish this sentence, because we're gonna repeat all the changes (except Lorie Gail's) of the past six months.

New Members:

- Bellasano, Art, — 2711 Carlson Blvd., Richmond Annex, Calif. — LA 6-8324
- De Costa, Ray & Rose, 1905 E. 17th St., Oakland, Calif. — KE 6-1485
- Spickelmire, Carol & Dick, 1125 E. 18th Street, Oakland, Calif. — AN 1-3132

Changes:

- Houston, MaraLee & Bill, 2139 Thayer Avenue, Hayward — SU 2-9372
- Romey, Tracy & Len, 2441 Tice Valley Road, Walnut Creek, California
- Sell, Donna, 25809 Booker Way, Hayward, Calif. — SU 2-8474
- Staples, Bev & Dick, 607 Brooklyn, Oak.

This is a "car" story and not meant to cast aspersions on anyone's political leanings or presidential choice.

A few days ago Pedro wandered into his home in Caracas looking pale and haggard. "Where have you been?" asked Carmelita, his wife.

"In jail," said Pedro.

"In jail?" said Carmelita, "Porque? What have you done?"

"I was arrested for speeding."

"Speeding? But we do not own a car."

"I deed not say anything about a car. I was arrested for speeding on Meester Neexon."

ELECTION — *Cont. from page one*
 good officer is anxious to contribute and to serve beyond the call of duty, to give his time without stint or complaint.

The President Even though leadership is shared with the Board, the President is the person usually held responsible for everything — for supervising or checking all that goes on. He or she must represent everything BATOC stands for, and should ideally be a diplomat, able to be scrupulously fair when someone voices a contrary opinion. To only a slighter degree, the vice-president should have similar qualifications, as he is the stand-in for the president in emergencies. Both should be good organizers and be able to arrange the agenda of our meetings and other functions meticulously so that everything progresses smoothly.

The Recording Secretary Often the Recording Secretary does more work than anyone else in our organization. Taking proper care of the minutes is a painstaking job. The secretary must be alert to everything that is going on and make a record of it at the same time. She must refrain from putting down her own

thoughts about a member or what is going on. Whether she agrees with the action or not, or dislikes a member or what he says, the minutes are for the record, not for her to interpret with personal remarks. Not always easy to do.

The Treasurer The treasurer's job is just as important as anyone's, involving much work and attention to detail. We are fortunate in having a fine incumbent in Donna Sell, who has done an outstanding job since taking over for a resigning Mara-Lee Houston. Her opponent, Jean Wolfe, is also quite qualified by reason of her on-the-job training with a finance company.

Corresponding Secretary The least important position on the Board, to our mind, is also the easiest, requiring the preparation of less than a dozen letters a year. Witty Maxine Horsfall has her hands full raising little Barbara, but has accepted nomination for this position in order to give your struggling editor a little less work in the coming year. Bless her well proportioned bones. May I be able to do as much for the voters' at this time next month!

NOTE: Your dues must be current before you will be eligible to vote.

SCRAMBLED AUTOMOBILES

If you will rearrange the letters below, you will discover the names of 10 American automobiles. You should be able to complete the list within ten minutes. But, better yet, get someone to work it at the same time, using separate sheets of paper. Winners will be awarded fresh wads of street tar, said to be excellent for whitening the teeth.

1. DFRO _____
2. ITCAOPN _____
3. DCRO _____
4. TOECVETR _____
5. MOODLLSIB _____
6. DIBRDRETNHU _____
7. NFLOAC _____
8. REKTUC _____
9. URANUB _____
10. BESEDUDGERN _____

**BACK
FIRE**

Dear Editor:

Don't worry if your job is great
 And your rewards are few;
 Remember that the mighty oak
 Was once a nut like you.

The above is typical of my poetry. If you wish, I can send you more of the same. My friends tell me my poetry reaches great heights. Do you agree?

— Ina Fogg

Dear Ina:

Yes, it smells to high heaven.

— Ed

Dear Editor:

Thanks for placing my name on your mailing list, but don't you think I live pretty far away to think of joining your Club? The paper is fine but I think most T-Bird owners are snobs. Your group sounds like a bunch of crumbs held together by a lot of dough.

— Sally Mander
 of Baked, Alaska

Dear Editor:

If you are trying to make a perfect fool of yourself, I've never seen better craftsmanship. I never voted for you in the first place and want you to know I wouldn't do it again.

— Belle E. Button
 Fuzzynavel, Idaho



TECH TIPS



by FRANK FICKER

(Continued from last month)

How to trace FUEL troubles

Dirt or water in carburetor — If the engine has been sputtering, remove the air cleaner and try cupping your hand over the carburetor throat while operating the starter. This draws heavily on fuel in the float chamber and may dislodge a clogging speck of dirt, or suck water from the float chamber.

Persistent flooding and stalling

Make sure the choke butterfly valve is not stuck. It should move easily. (A back-

fire can slam it shut so hard that it sticks, or an overtightened air-cleaner clamp may deform the throat enough to jam it.) Clear a flooded engine by operating the starter with the accelerator held flat to the floor. If no fuel is being delivered to the carburetor, check the fuel line. Inspect the fuel line under the Bird. If you spot a kink (sometimes caused by flying stones or running over a box), try to remove it by squeezing across it with pliers.

(Next month we will talk on LEAKY fuel line fittings and vapor-lock.)



my untold story PART 2

Following the printing of the first chapter of my life and hard times, I was flooded by an avalanche of letters, to wit:

"I liked everything in it except the hero . . ."

"You are better than Hemingway - Sam Hemingway from the delicatessen."

"You have a great future, but not in writing."

And when I asked one member (who wasn't nice enough to bring up the subject first) if he had read the last chapter of my life, he said, "I hope so".

So, with all this encouragement, who could do other than to continue with the next episode. And here it is . . .

□□□□□□□□□□

Father used to love playing games with me. Like throwing sticks into the alligator pen at the City Zoo while teaching me to play "Fetch". Then one day I came home from school to learn the folks had moved. Sort of gave one the feeling of being unwanted. I was up against a stone wall (no kin to a brick outhouse), and had to stay with a neighbor lady while I tried to find them again. I think she was a lady doctor. At any event all night long she kept going out on calls.

We moved to Portland, Oregon around 1920. In Minneapolis in the wintertime the gals used to sit around hugging the stove while the fellows smoked. But in Oregon the guys sat around hugging the girls while the stove smoked. Between girls I managed to register for the third grade - in my third school! In all I was exposed to a dozen different schools, with generally disastrous results.

Of course, I might have done better had I devoted more time to study. But there were so many more interesting things to do. Aside from those things which are unprintable, there was playing hooky, decorating the flag pole with closet lids, dropping navy beans into teacher's ink well (resulting in an indescribably foul odor after a few days), and filling the girls' toilet bowls full of ice cubes and removing their light bulb. I was such a cut-up that I became known as Rodge the Wit. I guess they were half right. What we boys didn't think of was a caution, and I wish I might recall one of the things I remember particularly vividly. She was a buxom blonde, and . . . but that's one of the stories I'd best leave untold, for she is happily married now, I understand, and the grass widow of several of my old friends.

My favorite subject within the classroom was spelling, at which, naturally, I excelled. Otherwise I wouldn't have enjoyed it. Every Friday afternoon we had a bang-up spelling bee and I was usually one of the last boys to fall (in spelling, that is). Girls are generally better scholars in grade school, so most every Friday would find me in a show-down with two or three girls by the time the next to last lad had to drop out. I have one bitter memory of the time I had to drop out myself. I thought "auspice" was spelled with an "h" - and was summarily asked to change schools again.

We lived in the Albina District in Portland where the kids were so tough that not to have spent time in juvenile court was the

mark of a sissy. This degrading opprobrium was never accorded me because I was soon hauled before the bailiff on a 'petty puberty' charge, a rather obscure crime involving the transporting of trained female seals over the state line for immoral porpoises.

We lived on Albina Avenue, the heart of the Albina District. The further out this street you went, the tougher the kids became. I lived in a tent two blocks past the last house. All the punks talked out of the sides of their mouths. Not to be outdone, the girls talked out of the sides of their mouths, too. If a fellow wanted to kiss a girl they had to stand side by side.

We used to play "Spin the Bottle". There was a kid in our gang named Joe Bottle, who had long, curly hair. Joe was my cousin twice removed (and you can remove him once more for all I care). He was smaller than the rest of us, so we would grab him by the hair and spin him around. Joe still has lots of hair, but it's all under his arms.

We started playing with girls early. Until I was five I thought girls were just boys who were afraid of barbers, a knowledge of the anatomical difference being hard to come by when one had no sister. Once we learned the difference we started to make up for lost time. When I say that we played with girls, I mean we really played with them. We played house, red light and all.

During these days we were very poor. With Prohibition, Pa had gone into barbering, carpentering, and eventually grocerying, about which more later. To give the curmudgeon his due, he was a real jack-of-all-trades, competent in each one and he demanded no less of his underlings. When he assigned a work detail (such as stowing X cords of wood in the basement, shoveling snow - or sweeping rain off the sidewalks after we moved to Portland), he insisted on top grade labor, namely his sedulous son. He was competent at avoiding physical labor, too, you see.

We had period orange crates for furniture and Dodge hubcaps for company dinnerware. Later we had real period furniture - after we had it for a period they came and took it away. We couldn't afford a stove. The only thing that kept us warm in the wintertime was listening to Gabriel Heatter on my crystal set. Cosseted as I was, the radio was all mine - until I finished building it; then good old Dad expropriated same for his own amusement. I had financed the construction by scavenging old catsup and whiskey bottles from the neighborhood gulch, a three-block ravine where poor people dumped their refuse. And poorer people salvaged it. Even during Prohibition whiskey bottles were to be found and sold, which suggests someone was cheating. For my industry I received a cent apiece from itinerant junkmen. The "Neiss Bottle Collecting Works" flourished, and by the time, eons later, I had amassed sufficient collateral with which to buy wire, crystal and earphones, Pa arrogated title. Dear old Dad! How I longed to throw my arms around his neck, perhaps shutting off his wind.

In 1924 I graduated Summa Cum Laude from grade school, one of only five boys.* There were perhaps 25 assorted girls, as I remember. On second thought, you remem-



Circa 1921 and dressed to kill. Note the wrinkle-free stockings on the handsome one. The other lad is my one and only brother.

ber. I'd just as soon forget them. While they may have seemed a covey of beldams at the time, these lassies never thought of bluing their eyelids, beehiving their hair, or using white crayola for lipstick. In fact, notwithstanding their printed lisle hose, rolled to the knee, compared with today's zombies, they seem positive dolls in retrospect.

Driven by some insatiable monomania - although perhaps I am minimizing just a bit the degree of my own allure - these filles de joie made the seduction of the class paragon their post graduate goal. In whispering groups of two and three these scheming soubrettes would occasionally allow to slip audible and mysterious words such as, "step-ins", "bloomers", and - excuse my audacity - "brassiere"! These overt gestures were calculated to set the blood of any red-blooded boy afire, thus making him a willing confederate to their nymphomania. The fact that here were ostensibly women of the world, eminently qualified to introduce a boy to the crimson pitfalls of life somehow managed to elude me - for, not to keep you in suspense further, the paragon of whom I speak was I! I didn't really become interested in pitfalls until later, so the only effect of their scabrous talk was to bring the blood to my cheeks. All of them.

One of the little doxies, more persistent than the others, even moved into our two-story flat the better to pursue her quarry through high school. She was five feet tall and about the same dimension about the pectoris major. Getting near enough to this bathycalpan creature for osculatory pursuits would have required a degree in engineering. She was extremely aggressive at a period when I was still shy and retiring. When she'd suggest we retire beneath the front porch for erotic research, I was too shy. Stunned by my pudency, she began taking lacteal ablations to make herself even more attractive. No one told her that the milk was supposed to be fresh like her and so she curdled to death.

Next: Pitfalls become more attractive.

*I often return to Summa Cum Laude to watch them play the annual game against Slippery Elm Subnormal.