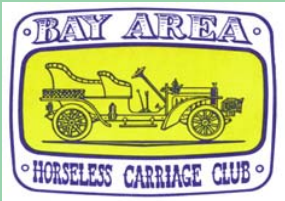




*Bay Area  
Horseless Carriage Club*



## BAY AREA HORSELESS CARRIAGE CLUB

### 2009 BAHCC BOARD OF DIRECTORS

<b>David Pava</b>	<b>Chairman &amp; Treasurer</b>
1104 Chiltern Drive, Walnut Creek, CA 94596-6444 925-932-2923 david@pava.com	
<b>Don Johnson</b>	<b>President</b>
1645 Bay Laurel Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025-5809 650-325-4007 dearlj@sbcglobal.net	
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2874 Fieldview Terrace, San Ramon, CA 94583 925-837-6961 jcrow22006@aol.com	
<b>Kaaren Brommer</b>	<b>Secretary</b>
19529 Alana Road, Castro Valley, CA 94546-3501 510-538-1795 sszephyr@aol.com	
<b>Don Azevedo</b>	<b>Authenticity Swap Meet Chairman</b>
3802 Briarcliff Drive, Pittsburg, CA 94565-5501 925-427-6624 Imnuts4fords@comcast.net	
<b>John Morrison</b>	<b>Tour Chairman</b>
1450 Grand Avenue, Piedmont, CA 94628 510-655-6128 johnmorrison@sbcglobal.net	
<b>Bill Brommer</b>	<b>Membership</b>
19529 Alana Roac, Castro Valley, CA 94546-3501	
<b>Joe and Esther Sernach</b>	<b>Hospitality</b>
	925-846-8512
<b>Norman Schwartz</b>	<b>Swap Meet</b>
	925-932-3477
<b>Susan Durein</b>	<b>Sunshine</b>
	510-523-4993
<b>Erika Kopman</b>	<b>Web Master</b>
	510-717-2397
<b>Muriel Lundquist</b>	<b>Gazette Editor</b>
	650-342-9988 Fax: 650-401-8711 muriel@documentprocessors.com

### **CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS:**

November 24 - "Train of Lights" Sunol - Whitney Haist.  
No Meeting Dec 2nd  
Dec 12 - BAHCC Holiday Party - Piedmont Community Center.  
January 6, 2010 - General Meeting - Piedmont  
January 13, 2010 - Board Meeting - Johnny Crowell's home  
May 26-29, 2010 Spring Tour - Soledad area - Tony Wolleson

The **BAY AREA HORSELESS CARRIAGE CLUB** "BAHCC" was founded in 1951 by and for the automobile antiquarians dedicated to the preservation of PRE - 1916 ancient motor vehicles. "BAHCC" is one of the numerous Regional Groups of the Horseless Carriage Club of America "HCCA" which has 4600 members nationwide. "HCCA" membership is required of all active touring Bay Area Horseless Carriage Club Members, but is not required for "Associate" members. New membership into our club is invited.

### **BAHCC TELEPHONE NUMBER FOR TOUR/ SWAP MEET INFORMATION: 510-835-6069**

**MEETINGS: First Wednesday** @ 7:30 PM monthly (except July and December - no meeting) at Piedmont Community Hall, Piedmont, CA near Piedmont City Hall. (Public Phone at the hall: 510-547-9311) April and November are potluck dinners starting at 6:30 PM. Guests welcome. Special presentations at meetings.

**BOARD MEETINGS: Third Wednesday** (except July - no meeting) at various homes. Members welcome.

**ADDRESS:** c/o President **PHONE:** c/o President  
**WEBSITE:** www.BAHCC.org

### **EDITORS NOTES:**

By the time you receive this newsletter Thanksgiving will have come and gone. Our "Train of Lights" ride in Sunol was a great event with cool but clear weather. Our family including two of our grandchildren and our daughter in law had a wonderful evening. Thank you to Whitney and Diane for planning this event for our club. What a great start to the holiday season.

Our family is winding down from a month long visit with our daughter Carolyn and family from New Zealand. With our house full of the activity of lively grandchildren it seems very quiet now that they have returned home. **May you all have a wonderful holiday season packed with love and joy. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.**

Remember to submit your articles and pictures by the 22nd of the month.



## December 2009 - Presidents Message

My term as your President is ending. It has been an honor to serve our club this past year. Everyone was extremely helpful in making my job easier. We have had an amazing year, packed with activities every month. The highlight this year was the very successful May National Tour in Santa Rosa. I want to thank each board member, committee chairmen and their committees for all their hard work on behalf of our Bay Area Horseless Carriage Club. Including, our Gaslight Gazette Editors, Muriel and Eric Lundquist; Snoopy Editor, Esther Sernach; Joe and Esther Sernach for Hospitality; Doug and Susan Durein for Sunshine; Erika Kopman for Web Master; Bill Brommer for Nuts and Bolts; Don Azevedo and Norman Schwartz for swap meet; and all of our event planners.

I am pleased to announce that Kaaren Brommer has accepted the club President position for the coming year with Johnny Crowell continuing in the position of Vice President. Our Secretary will be new board member, Whitney Haist. Dave Pava will continue as our club Treasurer. Membership Chairman will be Bill Brommer. New board member, Ed Archer, will be in charge of Authenticity. Ed will also be Tour Chairman with help from Dave Pava and Johnny Crowell. I will serve as Chairman of the Board.

Finally, I want to thank out-going board members, John Morrison and Don Azevedo for their un-selfish hard work serving our club.

Don Johnson

### December Anniversaries

<b>GREEN</b>	Richard	Ellen	Dec. 13, 1969
<b>LUNDQUIST</b>	Eric	Muriel	Dec. 14, 1968

### December Birthdays

<b>RYAN</b>	Kathy	12/11
<b>CHMIELEWSKI</b>	Joe	12/17
<b>RITCHEY</b>	Lillian	12/17
<b>STONE</b>	Robert	12/18
<b>MCEACHERN</b>	Mary	12/21
<b>VOLQUARDSEN</b>	Marianne	12/21
<b>BERTOLOTTI</b>	Joan	12/22
<b>HOLTHAUS</b>	Tom	12/23
<b>METAIS</b>	Bernard	12/23
<b>AZEVEDO</b>	Joyce	12/26
<b>BORBA</b>	Bill	12/26
<b>REAK</b>	Bea	12/27
<b>ANINO</b>	Rae	12/28
<b>BUTLER</b>	Layden	12/29

### “Reminders and Notes”

Don't forget to get your reservations in to Carolee Morrison for the Holiday Dinner Dance on December 12th. Check with Carolee if you are planning on decorating a table.

Special recognition is given this month to our contributors. We have articles from Doug and Mary Lou King's son Brian and Don and Joyce Azevedo's daughter Kelly. Thank you!

**Please note the new booklet format to this months Gazette. We have a new printer and soon will be using a new computer and program. Let us know what you think. We also went back to the large calendar which we will expand on next year.**



## SNOOPY

By  
Esther

Another month and hardly any news. At least everyone stayed well, and that's good news.

I have some news that I'm thrilled with. Most of you know from the last meeting (Nov.), but for those that weren't there, I am truly grateful to **Dr. Fred Byl**. He performed a 4 ½ hour surgery on my previously deaf left ear. I can now hear quite well with it and Fred said it should even get better in 4-6 weeks. I keep nagging the officers and other speakers to talk louder at the meetings because I and a few of my other older friends have trouble understanding a lot of the speakers. Maybe I won't have to nag anymore but you all should know that I'm not the only one to leave the meeting saying "what did whosit say, I couldn't get it all".

2010 is the off year for the BAHCC multi night tour. **Tony W.** announced that the Santa Clara, Modesto, and Santa Cruz groups are getting together to host a 4 day tour starting May 26<sup>th</sup>. The way it looks now, that's the only long tour planned for this area. If we want to keep driving our old cars, we need to make sure that we have several one day tours. It's time for more members to step up and plan a daily tour. I'm sure the usual planners will still do their job, but we need to see some other members step up and plan a day of driving.

I was sorry to hear that the field meet that was talked about for this fall didn't come off. But I'm thrilled to hear that it is being planned for next year. I'm told there will be a Bar B Q and refreshments and I'm sure everyone will have a good time whether they are participants, judges, or spectators. I'm guessing the event will be for pre 16 cars to keep the competition even. Maybe there could be 2 classes, pre 16 and 16 thru 32 or 42. If that sounds good to you, contact John Morrison and tell him what you think. In any case guys, get to work on those cars so they will be ready.

A little bird told me that **Charles E.** has officially retired and is looking forward to sleeping in, working on his cars, going on overnight midweek tours, and just doing all those things us retired folks like to do. Congratulations Charles, enjoy!!!

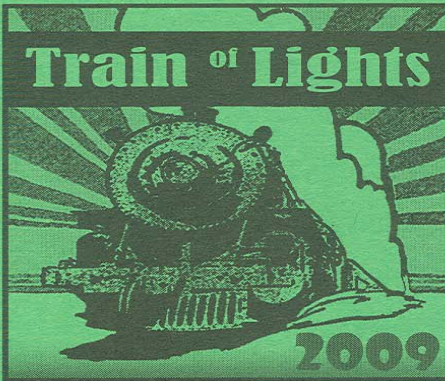
Don't forget the holiday party on December 12<sup>th</sup>. I'll look for you there.

SNOOPY

# TRAIN OF LIGHTS

November 24, 2009

Niles Canyon Railway

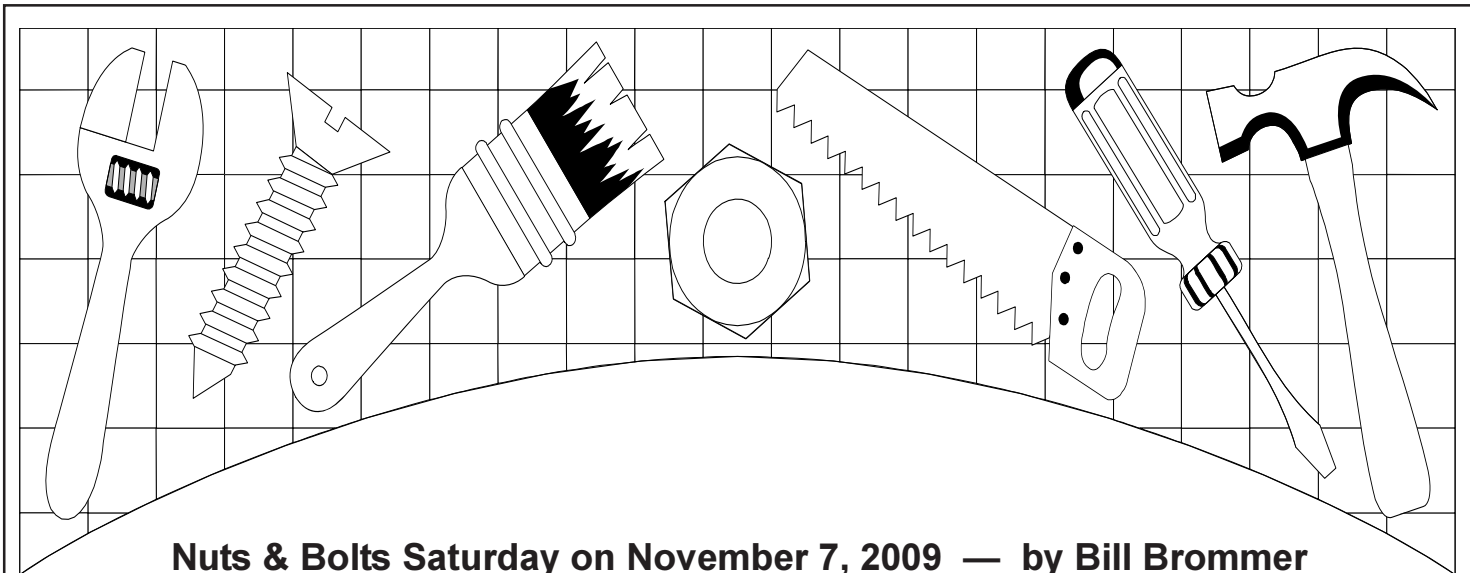


Niles Canyon  
RAILWAY

Bah Humbug

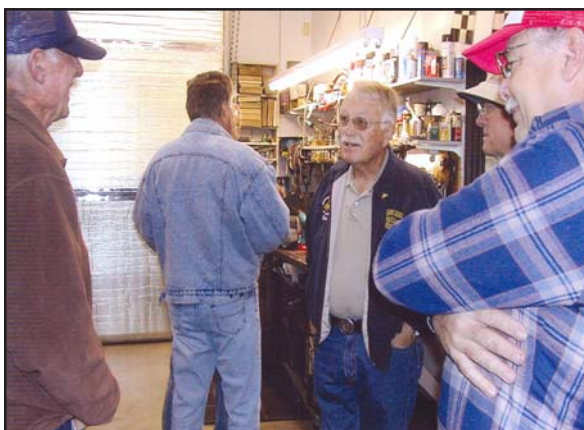
Good for one round-trip passage  
Valid only on date and time indicated  
No Exchanges-No Refunds  
Ticket Value \$25

**SUNOL BOARDING**  
Tuesday  
November 24  
6:00



## Nuts & Bolts Saturday on November 7, 2009 — by Bill Brommer

Doug King was on the ball as our day's host - when he drove his "old" car out to beacon the driveway area - making it easier for everyone to spot the entrance. The warm up table included delicious coffee and sweet doughnut treats - thanks to Mary Lou and then it was on to the serious business of viewing Doug's wonderful collection. There was the brass era Model T Speedster (oh, the stories it could tell), the mostly stock 1932 Ford Victoria and the currently under restoration 1914 Model T Roadster. And everyone of course knows that Doug loves all aspects of racing — so, there was a powerful dragster in all it's glory. What's the record time, Doug ? Completing the adventure were lots of photos and automobile memorabilia to view and discuss — so much history in one place. Our thanks to Doug for sharing his wonderful projects and special collections.



## THE YEAR 1909



1909 Ford Model R

This will boggle your mind, I know it did mine!

The year is 1909.

One hundred years ago.

What a difference a century makes!

Here are some statistics for the Year 1909 :

\*\*\*\*\*

The average life expectancy was 47 years.

Only 14 percent of the homes had a bathtub.

Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.

There were only 8,000 cars and only 144 miles  
of paved roads.

The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.

The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower!

**The average wage in 1909 was 22 cents per hour.**

**The average worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.**

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year,  
a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer  
about \$5,000 per year.

More than 95 percent of all births took place at *HOME* .

Ninety percent of all doctors had *NO COLLEGE EDUCATION!*

Instead, they attended so-called medical schools, many of which  
were condemned in the press AND the government as ‘substandard.’

**Sugar cost four cents a pound.**

**Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.**

Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month, and used  
Borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

Canada passed a law that prohibited poor people from  
Entering into their country for any reason.

Five leading causes of death were:

1. Pneumonia and influenza
2. Tuberculosis
3. Diarrhea
4. Heart disease
5. Stroke

**The American flag had 45 stars.**

The population of Las Vegas, Nevada , was only 30!!!!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and ice tea  
hadn't been invented yet.

**There was no Mother's Day or Father's Day.**

Two out of every 10 adults couldn't read or write.

Only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school.

Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstores.  
Back then pharmacists said, *'Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the  
stomach and bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health'*  
(Shocking? DUH!)

Eighteen percent of households had at least  
one full-time servant or domestic help.

There were about 230 reported murders in the ENTIRE U.S.A.!

*(There was a firearm of some sort in almost every home! An armed society is a POLITE society!!)*

*I am now going to forward this to someone else without typing it myself.*

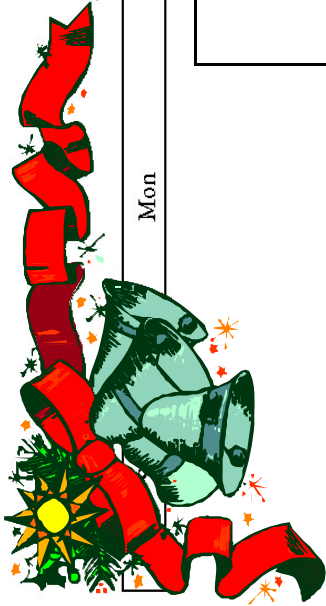
*From there, it will be sent to others all over the WORLD - all in a matter of seconds!*

Try to imagine what it may be like in another 100 years



**Mark Cerruti's 1916 Maxwell**  
**"Start of Restoration"**





# December 2009

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	<i>Annual Holiday</i> <i>Dinner Dance</i> <i>6:30 Cocktails</i> <i>7:30 Dinner</i>
13	14	15	16	17	18
20	21	22	23	24	25
				CHRISTMAS	26
27	28	29	30	NEW YEAR'S EVE	31



•

**Central California & Santa Clara Regional Groups**

(In conjunction with Bay Area, Modesto & Santa Cruz)

# THE 2010 SPRING TOUR

MAY 26,27,28 & 29,2010

**ALSO KNOWN AS**

**OLD CALIFORNIA TOUR/ BLOSSOM TOUR/ BAY AREA TOUR**

A hub tour headquartered in Soledad, California in the heart of the Salinas Valley. We will tour to Sanjuan Bautista via the old stagecoach route, which will include part of the old DeAnza Trail from the Salinas Valley to the Sanjuan Valley.

Tour to Carmel by the Sea where time will be allowed for lunch and shopping and a visit to the Mission, Carmel Village or whatever one desires.

Tour through some of the richest farming areas of the CentralCoast.

This will be a low frills/no frills tour in an effort to keep the price as low as possible. Tour routes will be on very rural roads with little or no modern traffic for the most part.

Space may be limited so get your applications in early with a \$50 Deposit. Make checks payable to: Central California Regional Group.

Send to: Ken Ryan, 578 Sixth Street, Hollister, Ca. 95023

Limited to cars manufactured prior to 1931

**NAME & ADDRESS** \_\_\_\_\_

**MAKE AND MODEL & YEAR OF  
MACHINE** \_\_\_\_\_

**NUMBER OF PASSENGERS** \_\_\_\_\_

**INSURANCE CARRIER & POLICY NUMBER** \_\_\_\_\_

**E-MAIL ADDRESS & PHONE** \_\_\_\_\_

**SIGINTURE** \_\_\_\_\_

**KEN RYAN & TONY WOLLESEN TOUR CHAIRMEN**

**Published in Senior Spectrum Tuesday, August 19<sup>th</sup>**  
**By Kelly Azevedo**

Greetings from the other end of the spectrum! As a twenty-three year old it may seem I have little to contribute to a publication that focuses on the needs of seniors. Three years ago I would have agreed with you. In 2005, I was a college senior, far from worried about social security benefits, the cost of medication or family legacies.

But a single decision has brought me miles from that place; 3,000 miles to be precise. When I finished college in Virginia I was dazed and confused; I had no earthly idea what to do after 16 years of advisers telling me what class to take next, what internship to apply for next, what dorm to move to next. There was no suggested class schedule for life.

The options were intimidating. In my mind moving home was for losers and finding a job and thus moving away from the comfort of friends and family scared me out of my recently educated mind. I could just keep going to school which would involve more loan debt and less idea what I wanted to do with my life. I could join the Peace Corps but I don't look good in green.

Somehow, in the chaos of determining my life's path, I came to the decision to move to Sacramento with the goal of caring for my grandparents in exchange for a reduced rent room and the opportunity to delay those life-altering decision another few years. Surprisingly *that was* the life-altering decision I'd been afraid of making.

As I've spent time in the past 26 months caring for my grandparents I have come to a certain appreciation of their lives, their lifestyles and their choices. You may have been blessed with children and subsequently grandchildren. If you're lucky you may even have a positive relationship with some of them. Even if you don't know the details of each grandchild's school and hobbies and dreams allow me to share my take on the generation at the other end of the spectrum.

My generation is stubborn. We're largely idiots who want it all without paying our dues, we talk in numbers and symbols (if U kno LOL) and have little understanding of our history. For example, I knew my grandparents had never traveled internationally to exotic locales. But thumbing through photo albums I realized they'd used every vacation to visit family across the nation, going to Dollywood and St. Louis and driving through redwoods *always with family*.

Until she was unable to drive, my Grandmother traveled about town in a 1991 Olds. I thought it was ugly, the seats creaked and it had enough cat hair on the hood to genetically engineer a new Fluffy. But there was the evidence in her financial records and thank you cards of a half dozen used cars bought for us grandkids when we were young and freshly licensed.

In a world when everything seems to be drive-thru to get through the day my Grandma was a proponent of home cooked meals, fresh produce straight from the farm and ice cream for dessert. My Grandpa was a proponent of taking her out for a hamburger, treating his friends and co-workers to a meal and ignoring his diabetes meter in favor of a birthday celebration with a friend.

Every day in a hundred ways I see the evidence of my grandparent's values. Many of those are values that I want to espouse in my own life. None of this came to me in a grand "let me tell you about life lessons, girlie" speech. It came as I helped Grandma prepare a homemade meal, as I drove Grandpa to his support meetings and Grandma to church. The lessons flooded in with cards from family, photo albums on the shelf and watching them live simple, beautiful lives.

I don't know you all personally but I do know some of your children, your grandchildren, maybe even your great-grandchildren. In many ways we're lost in the noise of advertising and programming and the busyness of life. Please, for me, for my peers and friends, make some iced tea, sit on the porch swing and share your wisdom.

This travelogue was written by Brian King, son of Doug and Mary Lou. In the late 1990's Brian and his wife Camille lived in Guatemala and taught at the English school there for 2 years. When their tenure was completed Brian and his good friend Luke Taylor (Doug had sponsored the airfare for Luke, a Pleasanton resident, to travel to Guatemala and accompany Brian on the long drive home) drove back to the US in Brian's trusty 1970's 6 cylinder Ford Bronco that he had purchased from a Guatemalan native.

Brian did a "brush-and-broom" restoration on the very tired Bronco, piled Luke and some of the personal belongings into the vehicle that they would be taking to the US, and hit the road.

Alma was the Guatemalan full-time housekeeper/cook who had been with them during their stay there.

Currently Brian is doing a partial re-restoration of the 1914 T Roadster that his parents took on their honeymoon, the 1965 HCCA National Tour in Eureka, Ca. Hopefully, although he lives in Napa, he will soon be a BAHCC member.

#### **GUATEMALA TO CASTRO VALLEY IN A BRONCO**

OK so I am not washing dishes to pay for the gas to get through Mexico, but I have arrived (two weeks ago) and am flourishing in the land of Costco and Casper's Hot Dogs (Can anybody say they have ever had a dog better than Casper's??). I have been a little slow getting this final edition of the Gringo Times to press, and in the last week I have had several folks write and ask what the deal was. So in an effort to unmask the secrecy and tell all, here goes.

Our last week in Guatemala was both an exciting and a melancholy time. We wrapped school up on a positive note, saying good-bye to the friendships we had made and depended on over the last two years. The most difficult of them all was of course saying good bye to Alma and her family. In what was one of the most touching occasions of our two year's worth of experiences, our last night in Guatemala we were invited to her house for dinner. After unloading three Bronco fulls worth of leftover household goods on her muddy entrance to her house, we sat down to the "last supper" of chicken and rice. We had to plead with her to even get her to sit down and eat with us instead of tending to our every perceived need. The table only had room for three, so we ate with her husband Epimenio while Alma sat on one of the three beds in the dining room/kitchen. It was neat to see her house again and all of our so called leftovers that had been donated to her throughout the years. There are 9 living in the house at the present, and I would say that 7 of them were wearing some article of clothing that we had donated in recent times. Her 8 month pregnant sister had somehow squeezed Cami's skirt over her expanding waist, and Epimenio was already wearing my former polo's from Mervyn's that were only donated the night before. After a great dinner and promising that we would write and send pictures (including of Othella, who by the way took her separation from Alma in her normal unappreciative style), it came time for the good-byes. For a typically proud and reserved woman, I was surprised to see Alma's eyes swell with tears as Cami gave her a hug. Epimenio gave me a firm handshake and looked me in the eye with a look that summed up how we all felt about each other. It was a sentimental and sad moment, but Cami and I feel good about her future as we lined her up with another teaching couple from Colegio Maya. They are "lifers" in the fact that she is Guatemalan and he has lived there for 23 years now, so she should be well taken care of.

Luke arrived the next day, June 2nd at 12 p.m., and after a photo-op and two banana milk shakes we were off. Cam and I said our good-byes a little earlier as she was on her way to her last manicure and pedicure. Some things we just cannot continue back in California!! So at long last the school year had ended, the final paychecks were picked up, and the Bronco was on the road. That first night we got as far as Rio Dulce, about 5 hrs. away. The next day's goal was Belize City, and then from there Mexico. The border with Belize brought one memorable moment in particular. It appears that Belize is making a passive effort to prevent med-flies in their marshy country.

After traveling on dirt roads for more than a few miles and arriving at the border, we were told that I had to pay \$3 to get my vehicle sprayed to avoid carrying contamination into Belize. The Bronco was already carrying a good load of mud in the fender wells, so my first thought was that they were going to power wash it. Instead a guy in a yellow slicker pops out of his shack, primes the pump outside of it, and hooks up a hose to a former weed sprayer like my Mom carries around the yard full of

Round-Up. This \$3 spraying consisted of a pump that couldn't hold a prime and a trickle coming out of the hose and onto my tires. Surely any med-fly that had avoided sudden death on my windshield and was trying to get a free ride into Belize was laughing his head off at the attempt to exterminate him.

Leaving Guatemala left me with a strange feeling - after calling this country home for two years, I knew that it would be quite a while until I returned there. Luke snapped a picture of me in front of the "Welcome to Belize" sign, and before you knew it we were back in a country that spoke English as its national language. The paperwork for the Bronco was no big deal in Belize. We spent night number 2 in Belize City, tossed a few Belizean dollars in the slots there, and the next morning we were at the border with Mexico at Chetumal.

After living in Latin America for two years, I have learned never to ask questions when things are going your way. Thus when the Bronco was waved right through the border after EVERYONE had warned me of all the paperwork required to enter a vehicle, I considered myself lucky and proceeded north to Cancun. For the next three days we saw some of the most amazing sights of the trip. We stayed in Playa del Carmen and caught the ferry to Cozumel, hiked the ruins at Tulum where they stand only a few yards from the most crystal blue ocean you will ever see, and experienced what happens when you mix Las Vegas with the beach (Cancun). Finally we were ready to turn our sights west and circumnavigate the Yucatan peninsula, so we drove 90 kms. towards Merida where we encountered the neighbor state and of course a vehicle inspection. This is where the fun started. The guy working the border between the states of Quintana Roo and Yucatan walks up to my truck with a somewhat irritated look on his face and asks me for my vehicle paperwork. I innocently replied, "What paperwork?" He answered with the absolute worst line he could have said to me. "No paperwork? You have to go back to your port of entry and get the proper documentation in order for your car to pass to the next state." After quickly interpreting for Luke what was transpiring, we both agreed that this man was asking the impossible of us. Chetumal, our port of entry, was 500+ miles back the way we had come from. We were on a strict schedule for the trip in order to get back to California; me to see Camille who was leaving the day after I PLANNED to get back for her 4 weeks in Switzerland, and Luke who also had a lonesome wife and a job that needed attending to. We tried everything with that guy - insinuating that we would pay him off, probing for other options, even a free Snapple! Whichever the case, there was NO WAY we could go all the way back to Chetumal.

We were going back to Chetumal. First we drove the 90 kms. back to Cancun in an effort to consult with the American consul. Of course their business hours were from 9 to 1 and we got there at 1:25. What a job! A quick trip to a local Mexican immigration office got us nowhere. I explained to the lady the situation, even found a form on her desk that was like the one we needed, and the blank look on her face seemed to closely resemble the dull stare of the dairy cows that I encountered every day when I commuted from Turlock to Patterson. We were absolutely sick about the whole thing. Funny enough, Luke was more upset than I was. He says to me, "If this had happened to you two years ago you would have blown a gasket!" I guess living in Latin America teaches you to relax a little and take things as they come.

On the drive back to Chetumal we did have one noteworthy experience. While cruising down the highway through a whole lot of nothing except for rain forest, I jammed on the brakes and asked Luke if he had seen what appeared to be a Boa Constrictor in the middle of the road as well. He hadn't, so I stuck it in reverse and drove back only to indeed find a nice size Boa, laying in the middle of the road, with a string tied around its throat on one end and a stick on the other. We hopped out to take a look (it isn't everyday that you see a Boa with a string stuck around its neck you know), found it still alive, when a couple of bare foot kids scampered out to the road from their straw hut several yards down the road. I asked them, "Is this yours?" They both nodded yes. "Do you want it?" I asked, thinking that I could convince Luke to set it free if I bought dinner that night. They both shook their heads no. "Can we set it free?" They both shook their heads no again. We were a little confused at this point when their parents appeared and gave us the scoop. The kids had caught it near the house and thought it would make a nice meal for the chickens that night. In order to kill it (so that it didn't eat the chickens) they had tied it to the stick and thrown it out in the middle of the road so that it couldn't escape. The plan was for it to lay there in the path of the next vehicle who would do the deed. I didn't have the heart to do it myself, so Luke and I drug it off the road and drove off. While driving away I glanced in my rear view mirror and watched the little boy throw it back out on the highway just as a bus passed. The chickens sure ate good that night!

Our return to the border was rather uneventful. We had to go to four different buildings before anyone could figure out what we needed. We got the paperwork we needed and once again were off. Because we couldn't go back up and around the Yucatan and still make it California on schedule, we cut across the bottom of the peninsula to make up time and get on with our stalled trip. That afternoon we pulled into the town of Palenque in the heart of the state of Chiapas. By far this is my favorite region in all of Mexico. Beautiful rain forests, an indigenous population that isolates itself in the thick jungles that are only accessible by river boat, and Mayan ruins that rival and in a way exceed those of Tikal. By the time we pulled into Palenque we were in the middle of the hardest rain storm I had ever seen. It was so bad in fact that we basically had to stop driving. We crawled into town and found a cheap hotel that was being tended to by a 12 and a 9 year old kid. No other guests, no adults, just these two kids who thought it was the coolest thing in the world to rent a room out to a couple of gringos. The Bronco was in need of a little TLC at that point, so I asked them if there was any covered parking where we could get out of the rain and work on it. "No problem," they responded. "Just pull it in the lobby." Now how's that for service! Luke and I did a mini tune-up on the rig in the hotel lobby while these two kids crawled all over the Bronco in amazement at what they were seeing.

By their reactions you would think that it was the first time they had ever seen a car in the first place! When we pulled out the next morning at 7am they were both still there, alone, and still just as excited. I left them a little gear oil on the lobby floor as a reminder of our repairs but they didn't seem to mind - a small price to pay for them to watch us fix the thing up.

There were many memorable moments in Chiapas, several of which were the ruins at Palenque (incredible architecture buried deep in the humid forest), the many waterfalls and series of raging rivers, and of course the speed bumps. During the first week of the trip we had had several encounters with unmarked, unpainted speed bumps. We would be driving along at 60mph and whammo, a speed bump. Twice we had hit one hard enough to jar our teeth loose and cause the fan to kiss the radiator. A few quarts of Stopleak and some creative metal work on the radiator by Luke and we were able to keep going. But in Chiapas they seemed to be even more poorly marked than before. On one occasion we were cruising along on a windy mountain road when both of us saw the bump at the same time. I locked it into a 4 wheel slide but it was not enough. We hit so hard you would have thought that the axle was laying behind the truck by the time we finally stopped. Not sure how to respond to the pending damage we would find beneath the hood, we both sat there in silence for a split second before bursting into laughter at our luck. We had become so gun shy to speed bumps that this was the only way to have a good release and keep our sanity.

It was also in Chiapas that we had our only instance of having to pay someone off. During the entire trip we must have gone through 30 military checkpoints, but near Palenque one tried his best to get a \$20 bill out of me. After the inspection was over and I was back in the driver's seat, the young soldier said to me, "You know, I didn't have a chance to eat breakfast this morning." Feeling a little worn out and sarcastic from the events at the border the day before, I replied, "Well I did, and it cost me 18 Pesos (\$1.80). Here's 20 Pesos - order yourself an extra piece of toast." With that I drove off and didn't bother looking behind to see what his reaction was.

Another 800 to 1,000 miles later we arrived at our next point of interest, Oaxaca. I won't go into as much detail as I already wrote about this place before (Cami and I traveled here for spring break '99), but Oaxaca is one of my two favorite cities in Mexico. Here we loaded up on wool blankets and rugs, black pottery, and silver jewelry for the ladies. Oaxaca is just a neat town that has tons of artisan goods. I highly recommend it!

From Oaxaca it was on to Puebla (where the last old-style VW Bug plant still turns them out daily) and then the part we dreaded the most - passing through Mexico City. The biggest city in the world has to be seen to be believed, and we saw as little of it as we could. Still, it took us some 6 hours just to get through it and on to the other side. There is some great history there, but for two guys passing through it was out of the question. It was a challenge just to go non-stop through the city limits, especially when the freeway unexpectedly closed and we had to use side streets, but a stop at McDonalds and a nice Mexican gentleman who gave us good directions (one of only two like that we encountered the entire trip) and we escaped out the north side of the smog-infested city. Heading out the pass on the city limits we crossed 9,000 ft.!

That night we slept in what is now the other city I like best, Patzcuaro. They are famous for their copper, wool, and wood goods, and we did not disappoint the vendors. Some 300 years ago a friar had taught the locals to specialize in various artisan crafts. One town on the lake used one material to build, the next town another, and so on. We shopped in the afternoon, found a gourmet coffee shop for Luke, a hotel room for \$7, and a parking garage for \$1.50. After the old lady who owned the parking lot blessed us in the morning after paying her, we were off.

A look at the map at this point told us we had a long, long way to go before hitting U.S. soil and only 4 days to do it. That day we put in what was one of the longest days of driving thus far and pushed on to Mazatlan. Along the way we passed through another notable, Guadalajara, and unfortunately we had to sacrifice a planned night in Puerto Vallarta. We started noticing along the way that Mexico took on a different feel the farther north you went. Whereas the south was lush and green and the people more indigenous and lived simpler lives, the north was dry, desolate, and the cities decayed and aging. Guadalajara and Mazatlan certainly didn't impress us. I know of several people who have traveled to Mazatlan for a vacation, but the side of the city we saw left little to be desired. We spent only a half day there before we loaded the Bronco on the ferry and headed for La Paz on the Baja Peninsula.

I wasn't expecting the 17 hr. ferry ride to be anything like the Love Boat with Captain Stubing greeting us at the ramp and Isaac handing us a Pina Colada and a lai, but nothing could have prepared us for what ended up being the low point of the trip by far (worse than Chetumal). The ferry was a cross between a floating sewer and a refugee camp in northern Iraq. Luke hit the nail on the head when he said shortly after we embarked, "1 down, 16 more hrs. to go."

Every drunk Mexican trucker was on that boat, ferrying their cargo over to the peninsula. The 2nd class seating area resembled something out of Saving Private Ryan and the scene at Normandy. Babies crying and a general stench that was close to what my feet smell like after a day of sweating in my Teva sandals. Wow. All of that only prepared us for what we were to encounter in the bathrooms, and let me tell you I thought I had seen some bad bathrooms during my two years in Guatemala. So as we laid our bed rolls out on the concrete, feeling sick from the diesel fumes, my final recollection as I faded to black was Luke saying, "7 down, 10 more to go."

We arrived at La Paz at 6 the next morning tired from a lack of sleep, thrilled to be on land again, and slightly constipated. We first found a tire shop that had a car hoist so that we could tighten a hub that was giving us problems. For all the preparations I did before leaving Guatemala, we had surprisingly few breakdowns along the way. There was the radiator and the speed bumps, a bad headlight switch that we bypassed with a toggle, a rear end that needed filling every 500 miles, a hood that kept popping open and was tied down with a bungee, and a semi-stripped front hub. We fixed that for the final time and were on the road to Tijuana by 11 am.

Baja is a whole lot of nothing. Beautiful desert landscapes, but a 1,000 miles of it is a lot to take in one sitting. Being only a couple of days from home we were upbeat and enjoying our cruise north while singing along with Jerry Garcia and "Truckin'". Whatever in the heck did happen to Sweet Jane? A couple of hours out of La Paz we were surprised to suddenly find that our asphalt had turned into washboard dirt. We had thought that we were on a major highway but obviously we were mistaken.

After a few kilometers we flagged down an old rancher in his truck and he told us that Rosarito (and pavement) was only an hour or so away and that we would find the road there to continue north. Realizing that time and distance have completely different concepts in Latin America, we continued onward in hopes of being able to drive faster than 5 mph soon.

Two hours later, out of drinking water in the 100+ degree heat in a Bronco that felt like it was coming unglued with each ripple in the road, we finally came to the main highway. That night, at 3 am, we pulled into the Bay of Los Angeles and threw our bags on the beach and fell asleep.

We were awakened at 7 am by the mariachis playing next door and the sweltering heat already. A quick dip in the Sea of Cortez and we were on our way. The closer we got to Tijuana the more I worried about being hit with Customs duties or an importation tax as I tried to bring a foreign vehicle into the United States. If you've ever passed through Tijuana to San Diego by car, you know that there are about 20 lanes for cars to drive through as Immigration officials wave past the ones that don't look too suspicious. Of course I was waved over to an impound area due to my Guatemalan plates, but after a quick inspection we were allowed to pass through and be on our way. The guy told me

that it was a rarity for someone to bring a car from out of the country into the US. Most used cars flow the other way. In what was probably the most excited I had been all trip, Luke snapped a picture of me on the US side of the border, pumping my fist in the air.

Getting that far, I knew that I had arrived and I would be home in time to see Cami the next day before she flew out. If nothing else I could have left the Bronco at our friend's place in San Diego in the event of a breakdown and fly home the next morning. Lucky for us that wasn't the case and the next day we put in our last 9 hrs. of driving to the Bay Area.

So that is it. No more 20k letters from this gringo. I am welcoming an easier life these days and the chance to return to some of the hobbies that have been put on the shelf the last couple of years. Dad and I were at the Dry Lakes in So. California last weekend and set two records in our land speed car. He set the fuel (48% nitro/52% alky) record at 192 mph. That afternoon we changed a few things and went after the gas record, which I set at 172 mph. Not bad for a 50 yr. old engine! I am also hoping to do as much 4 wheeling as possible, sandwiching that in between slave driver Luke who is keeping me busy with paint work.

Cami is doing GREAT in Switzerland as well. I often wonder if she is really studying or just playing. She already has done some hiking near the Matterhorn and some canoeing outside of Bern, the capital. She has one more summer next year and she will be all done with her Masters.

Oh, and one more thing. Earlier this week we landed jobs in the Napa Valley Unified School District. I will be teaching Social Studies at the high school and Cami will be taking a big jump to 7th grade English at the middle school. She was offered that position largely on the strength of her technology background, so she is excited to come back and begin her new challenge. Napa was not our number one area to live, but it is nice up there and we got very few bites up the mountain. This way we are only 45 minutes. from my grandparents and a little over an hour from the folks. We will be moving sometime around the first of August, but there is still much to do before then, namely finding a house! Expensive!!!!!!!

Drop a line when you can and we will be in touch with everybody when we get settled.

God Bless,Brian

P.S. Anyone interested in buying a Bronco with a lot of culture???

## **BAHCC General Meeting Minutes of Wednesday, November 5, 2009**

The pages of the calendar seemed to have melted away this year and once again we had arrived at the cool evening season and the day for our Club's traditional Fall Pot Luck Dinner. In anticipation of a wonderful warm collective meal it was fun to have a social time to chat and visit with those many members, family and friends who attended. Our regular room at the Piedmont Community Center was still abuzz with the children's afternoon magic show activities, and as they ended, we watched as the last bright spotlights were dismantled. However, the sparkle of the magician was still apparent and we found brightly colored feathers dusted here and there among the tables and chairs, lending a festive atmosphere to the room, as we set our dinner tables with colors, candles, tasty snacks and sparkling beverages. President Don announced that all was ready and one by one everyone filled their plates with the generous homemade offerings. Our "special" Chef's delivered sweet slices of ham which was complimented by the various salads, side dishes, bread and grandly topped off with delectable desserts to fill everyone's desire — making it hard to stay alert for the short business agenda that followed.

President Don Johnson officially gavelled the meeting to order and welcomed "long time no see" members Bob and Louise Rosen. Birthday greetings were extended to Pam Johnson and Nancy Byl, along with anniversary congrats to John and Carolee Morrison and Johnny and Christine Crowell.

Fred Byl made a motion that the BAHCC October 2009 General Meeting Minutes be accepted as printed in the Gazette which was seconded by Erika Kopman. All voted yes.

Treasurer Dave Pava stated that the Club remains in a solvent position and presented a copy of his monthly financial report for the member's review. Susan Durein related the Sunshine Report. Dick Silvera of Nevada is now feeling better after his recent heart attack. Joe Chmielewski hopes to get back to attending meetings following his past surgery and recovery. Layden Butler, Senior, and past member Maggie Wiedemeyer have both passed away. Bruce Rimmer of southern California is in poor health. Jan Neal is currently receiving weekly treatments and is in good spirits. And Esther Sernach says she loves her surgeon, Fred Byl, for

his skilled work and for having improved her hearing - which is getting better each day.

Tony Wolleson announced next year's Spring Tour - May 26 - 29, 2010, in the Soledad area which will include lots of driving in the Carmel and San Juan Bautista areas.

This will be a multi-club venture — so mark your calendars and watch for the details as they are set.

Doug Durein reprinted a flyer from Hershey - re: the purchase of new tire irons. He also gave membership chair, Bill Brommer a copy of a Hemmings publication "all about how to get started in the old car hobby", asking that we get some booklet copies to give new members.

Doug King reminded everyone that the Saturday Nuts & Bolts event would be at his home on Nov. 7 from 9 to noon — coffee and doughnuts as always. Ask Doug for map directions.

Don Johnson informed all members that the scheduled Field Meet has been CANCELLED and will be rescheduled for next Spring which will give us the opportunity to invite other Clubs to join in.

Whitney Haist invited Club member's, like those that attended the Niles Canyon Railway "President Taft" event, to join with him for the Wednesday, November 25, 4:30 to 6:30 pm, "Train of Lights" run. See Whitney for his signup list and details.

Eric Lundquist told us about his plans to attend the exciting Baha 1000 Race.

Carolee Morrison asked that anyone planning to attend the December 12 Holiday Party add their names to the signup sheet and pay the \$25 per person amount. She would also like the assistance of ladies and/or gents in the decorating of the festive dinner tables.

Chairman Dave Pava offered the Club's and his thanks for an outstanding job well done to our two outgoing Board members - Don Azevedo and John Morrison.

They always give so much more than is required and it is very much appreciated ! Then regarding the election process and the nominating committee's candidates - Dave made a motion that the membership accept the following volunteers: Ed Archer and Whitney Haist as new Board members, seconded by Charles Ebers. The members all voted yes, there were no nay votes.

President Don Johnson closed the meeting at 8:42 PM - again thanking everyone for the delicious potluck dinner offerings and wishing everyone a Happy Thanksgiving holiday.

Meeting minutes by Kaaren Brommer  
Secretary 11/21/09

## **BAHCC Board Meeting Minutes of November 18, 2009 at Casa Orozco in Dublin, CA.**

Board members, both outgoing and incoming, met jointly to end the year's business and recognize the Club's many dedicated volunteers. President Don Johnson complimented the timely actions and forward thinking plans of each of the Committee Chairs in the following areas: Chairperson (Dave Pava), Vice President (Johnny Crowell), Treasurer (Dave Pava), Secretary (Kaaren Brommer), Tours (John Morrison), Membership (Bill Brommer), Swap Meet (Don Azevedo) and Swap Meet Registrar (Norm Schwartz), Web Mistress (Erika Kopman), Gazette Editor (Muriel Lundquist), Hospitality (Joe & Esther Sernach), Sunshine (Doug & Susan Durein), Nuts & Bolts (Bill Brommer) and Authenticity (Don Azevedo). This also included all of the other members who so smoothly facilitate our touring and event schedules, like John and Carolee Morrison with the July 4 Parade and the Holiday Party and Esther Sernach with her "Snoopy" social notes, and the folks that write articles and send pictures for the Gazette and to those members who have offered their shops to participate in the Saturday Nuts & Bolts. These gifts of time and personal effort are what make a better Club. Thanks to one and all !

The agenda touched briefly on the upcoming Train of Lights event, the Holiday Party and set the date of January 13, 2010, for the next Board meeting at the Crowell's home. Don welcomed our newest volunteers and announced the New Board: Chairman, Don Johnson; President, Kaaren Brommer; Vice President, Johnny Crowell; Treasurer, Dave Pava; Secretary, Whitney Haist; Tours, Ed Archer (with assistance from Dave Pava & Johnny Crowell); Membership, Bill Brommer; Authenticity, Ed Archer.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:00 PM.

Minutes by Kaaren Brommer,  
Secretary 11/22/09

BAY AREA  
HORSELESS CARRIAGE CLUB  
C/O 1384 Rollins Road  
Burlingame, CA 94010

*MERRY CHRISTMAS*

*AND*

*HAPPY NEW YEAR*



CALIFORNIA  
BAY AREA

