



JULY 2026



Parade and Beer Booth Great

Native Sons and a few helpers carried Old Glory and the Bear Flag in the June 13 Fairfax Festival Parade. Led by Brother Marty Marcucci in his 1922 Model T taxi (which didn't overheat like it did last year), the parlor and the Cub Scout pack Fairfax Parlor sponsors marched proudly down Broadway and Bolinas Avenue to cheers from an enthusiastic crowd.

Preliminary results indicate our beer booth in the town park raised more funds for our charities than last year, even after deducting several charges for license, Health Department certificate, sales tax and town's 40% of the gross.

New for 2026 were reusable beer cups emblazoned with the Fairfax Parlor emblem.

Our thanks to Frank Maresca, Joel Bantley and all the others who made the success possible.

MEETING DATE CHANGED!

Because Fairfax Parlor's regular business meeting falls on July 1, close to the 4th of July weekend, President Bowen has changed that meeting to the second Wednesday of the month. It will be on July 8.

Our New Look!
Thanks to Grand President Kris Nelson who created our new masthead with help from A-I!

Matt Declares Trustee Candidacy

Brother Matt Marcucci has declared his candidacy for the office of Grand Trustee. Matt is a 23-year member of Fairfax Parlor and has served as parlor president as well as continuing to help in all facets of our parlor. Elections for that and other offices will be held at the 150th Grand Parlor in Petaluma in May, 2027.

LARRY DICKINSON

Brother Larry Dickinson died June 22 after a long illness. Larry was born in San Francisco on May 17, 1946 and has lived in Fairfax for many years. He joined Fairfax Parlor on June 3, 1992 and served as parlor president in 1995. At press time there was no information about possible services.

May he rest in peace in the Grand Parlor on High.



FESTIVAL PHOTOS

After several years of town-mandated beer cups that proved less than successful, this year's cups were a hit. They were made of aluminum and had the Fairfax Parlor emblem. Each beer and cup cost Festival goers \$15, with re-fills for \$10.

AT LEFT FROM TOP

Native Sons and friends gather at Good Earth parking lot to prepare for the parade.



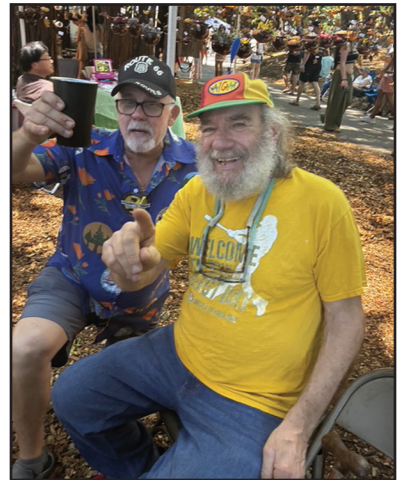
Carrying the Bear Flag.

View from inside Brother Marty Marcucci's 1922 Model T "taxi cab."



AT RIGHT

Brother Joe Tassone toasts a happy friend.



Our thanks to Grand President Kris Nelson and the members of Petaluma-Nicasio #183 for providing the large flags for our use in the Fairfax Festival Parade each year.

Nelson and Fairfax Parlor Grand Trustee did not attend the Festival since they were involved with the Annual Flag Day Celebration in Sonoma.

Photos in these pages are from Chris Hartwell Wand, Joe Tassone and Fred Codoni.

Longest History in California?

Brother Bob Ross was born in San Francisco but has lived in Marin since 1950. He joined Fairfax Parlor in 1995. Recently he sent the parlor this short letter:

“Although I am not an active member of the Native Sons, I am a very proud member as my original great-great-great-grandmother landed in Yerba Buena in 1802. I believe that town’s name was changed to San Francisco in 1846, two years before California became a state. I was just a 3-year-old boy when we moved to Woodacre and I have lived my entire life here in Marvelous Marin County and I am a very proud Native Son.”

Is there any member in our parlor or in the Native Sons of the Golden West who can trace his history any further back than Brother Bob?

San Rafael History Talk is July 13

Brother Fred Codoni will give a Powerpoint presentation on the history of the Petaluma & Santa Rosa Railroad at the San Rafael Community Center on B Street on Monday, July 13. Doors open at 6:30, with program at 7. Light refreshments are served. There is no charge, but donations are accepted to help offset the cost of renting the hall.

Parlor Picnic Update

Brother Russ Knudsen, chair of our picnic committee, has recently had a knee replacement and has temporarily stepped aside from his project of having a picnic at the former Marin Town & Country Club site now owned by Brother Michael Mackintosh.

Russ said “The Marin Town & Country Club is so important in California history as Lord Fairfax and General Winn were well acquainted through their political activity in Sacramento.”



Dehlia Lasnier of Wade Thomas School displays plaque and check she won as top finisher in Fairfax Parlor’s Fourth Grade Essay Contest. Her essay was printed in the June parlor newsletter.



Scholarship Winner Graduates

Araya Jean Hopp, granddaughter of Fairfax Brother Jim Von Bima, won a Fairfax Parlor scholarship in 2020-21 but had to defer her education because the COVID pandemic made it impossible to do her lab work requirement. Finally able to resume her studies, she graduated in June from UC Davis with a BS/BA in Marine Biology.

Our congratulations!



Bring in two new or reinstated members? Serve your Order in some significant manner? That’s what it takes to win this beautiful belt buckle from Grand President Kris Nelson.

The buckle features Nelson’s motto, “FLC, Bro”—Friendship, Loyalty, Charity, Brother!

Help keep Fairfax Parlor strong by signing up a new member today. Many people don’t even know we still exist but are impressed when they know of the work we are doing and the benefits of belonging. Membership applications are available in the parlor office.

Growing Up in The City

By CHRIS WAND

Slotcar Summer

In the mid-1960s an escape from my grammar school tedium was building Revell model cars or planes made by Monogram or Hawk. The magazines I read at Reina's drugstore offered different ways of life to a kid to sample and dabble in, and maybe dedicate part or all of your life to pursuing. You could be nourished by and swallowed up in these different pastimes as you made your way into American adulthood, which required you to perfect some kind of hobby or dedicated distraction within the promised overall ease of life to come.

In the summer of 1966, slot cars took hold of our imagination very quickly. We rode the cable car and 38 Geary all the way across town to the new model cars raceway at Playland. We got off the bus in cold wind and fog, then walked along the last sidewalk on the edge of North America. Stands sold messy Pronto Pup hot dogs and Bullpup enchiladas. Dessert was a creamy Frosty pumped out of a machine with swirls of chocolate and vanilla, or a hard brick of pink popcorn. The smell of driftwood fires and seaweed blew across the Great Highway mixing in our clothes.

The Racetrack Building

We reached the mustard-yellow slot car racetrack building with its colorful medieval banners snapping in the wind. My beatnik artist-interior decorator mother had chosen the colors for the building and designed their logo and flags. They hired her after she had done the colors for a house in Belvedere owned by George Whitney, the owner of Playland. I thought they should let me race my car for free because of that, but I never had the nerve to ask.

In the slot car building the smell of warming plastic, electricity, and soldering irons mixed with a constant background whine of electric motors accelerating. Loudspeakers played KFRC along with ads for Gensler Lee diamond engagement rings or clothing from Macy's between the three-minute songs, which always had a beginning, middle, and end. Donovan's Mellow Yellow was popular that month. Some little kid walked around repeating the lyrics and was laughed at by an older guy. Because we were still boys, we thought it was important to call each other "Man." You paid escalating amounts for time on the smallest black track, or more for the larger red, orange, or yellow track or the most expensive blue track, where the pros raced.

If you didn't get there early, you were left with only the yellow or orange track with their lower banks and smaller size. Slot car

electric motors were powered by pickup brushes on either side of a swiveling plastic wedge under the car that followed a slot running down the middle of your lane. By squeezing the trigger on a filthy rented blue pistol-grip controller, you applied more power to the copper strips on your lane and the faster your car traveled.

Bought or Custom Made

The cars were either store-bought, like ours, or were exotic things custom-made by clever older fellows with great skills and money. These were the kind of guys who always seemed to excel at doing things better, going one step beyond, Yankee tinkers who knew electronics and wore hats with magnifying glasses hanging from the bill while they worked on their cars. They either had the long hair of proto-Hippies, or were the opposite, exceedingly neat and organized, the kind of guy who wore aftershave and striped button-down businessman shirts. The draft and Vietnam worried all of them.

Pros soldered their slot car frames together from fine brass rods. It took great skill to apply the racing stripe or number decals backwards on the inside of the vacuum-formed clear plastic car bodies, then to spray the color behind that. They had their own expensive sea green or red plastic Cox custom-controllers that fit in your hand like a pair of brass knuckles with a thumb plunger for more control. Their cars went really fast, were low-slung, and had special traction goop applied to the tires, which was against the rules.

The drag strip track against the back wall was their domain.

The pros carried their cars, tools and spare parts in elegant hand-made wooden toolboxes. These were covered with car accessory decals like the Moon Racing Equipment eyeballs, Headman Headers logo, or the various car racing parts companies that were located around Southern California, having sprung up from the excess of wartime aerospace industry suppliers, something that I learned about from

reading Hot Rod magazine.

My Slot Car

My slot car was a 1/24 scale Cox Chaparral bought at the Emporium on Market Street for \$12. I painted the driver as realistically as I could. One friend had a Ford GT, another a Cox La Cucaracha.

Ma bought me a small wooden box with an internal shelf. She did a great job varnishing it with her artistic talent. I put a free STP decal on it, ordered with a coupon from a *Car and Driver* magazine. Our clunky cars often slid off the banked blue track for lack of speed. Older guys who knew how to do everything better sneered at us.

One especially foggy day, mud formed



Slot car tracks inside Ocean Beach Pavilion Building, February 1966. Durden Slide Collection at the San Francisco History Center of the San Francisco Public Library.

on the insulators of the power poles outside shorting them out. We were outraged that the mechanical clock timers of the slot tracks wound down, eating up our time and our money. We could not race without power, yet there were no refunds.

After a year or so I lost interest in slot cars. The next new thing around the city were ten-speed bicycles imported from Italy, England, and France. They bristled with energy and quality. The ram's horn handlebars were expertly wrapped in brightly colored tape. They smelled of natural rubber tires and lubricant. When I rode mine all the way across the city I saw that the slot car raceway had become the Family Dog, a venue for free-form music that went on and on, in long sets, along with psychedelic dancing. It was the beginning of The Scene that was to seize the city for the worse and change everything.

From a massive unpublished history.

FAIRFAX PARLOR CALENDAR FOR 2026

(All events are at Fairfax Parlor's Hall, 135 Mitchell Drive, Fairfax, unless otherwise indicated.)

- Wednesday, July 8 – Business meeting, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6. NOTE CHANGE.**
- Tuesday, July 14 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, July 15 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, July 28 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, August 5 – Business meeting, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, August 11 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, August 19 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday August 25 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, September 2 – Business meeting, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, September 8 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Saturday, September 5 - Parlor Picnic, Marin Town & Country Club
- Wednesday, September 16 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, September 22 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, October 7 – Business meeting, nominations for parlor officers for 2027, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, October 13 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, October 21 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6. Old Timers' Night.
- Tuesday, October 27 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, November 4 – Business meeting, election of officers for 2027. 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Tuesday, November 10 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, December 2 – Business meeting, installation of officers for 2027, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
- Saturday, December 5 – Parlor Christmas Party, St. Rita Hall.
- Tuesday, December 8 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
- Wednesday, December 16 - Christmas Potluck, 6 p.m.

BIRTHDAYS

Happy Birthday to our brothers
born in July

(Second number is years in Order)

- Dave Garbarino - 1st (56)**
- Rich Funamura - 3rd (49)**
- Mike Ardito - 3rd (34)**
- Marty Petrini -3rd (29)**
- Tom Fong - 5th (58)**
- Dirk Foell - 5th (23)
- Chris Schmidt -5th (17)
- Doug Bourne - 6th (35)**
- Mike Daly - 6th (23)
- John Fradelilzio - 8th (46)**
- Matt Brown - 10th (20)
- Jeff Conway - 10th (10)
- Doug Monti - 13th (12)
- Bob Ross - 19th (31)**
- Jim Molinari - 20th (54)**
- John Ahern - 20th (35)**
- Gary Burns - 22nd (35)**
- Christian Legnitto - 22nd (16)
- Mike Knittel - 26th (40)**
- Bob Arrigoni - 26th (31)**
- James Dineen - 26th (20)
- Gino Potter - 29th (16)
- Gene Ng - 30th (28)**



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