



# Native Sons News

Fairfax Parlor #307

January 2025



## Dec 7<sup>th</sup> Xmas Party

The picture below tells the whole story – look at Lou Langlamet laughing with Tom Teixeira – and they were having less fun than everybody else. It would have been the best Christmas party ever except for the absence of Joel Bantly, Ray Potter, and Joe Allen (RIP).



It couldn't have happened without the help of Kevin Courtz, Don Cronk and Lou Langlamet hauling supplies over from and back to our clubhouse, and the set-up crew of Matt Marcucci, Stan Rowan, Burt & Lynn Winn, Kevin and Carol Courtz, Tom Teixeira and Lou Langlamet. Thank you!



*Mixing and mingling before dinner*

There was the great music from the Donna Spitzer Duo. And the excellent food from Debbie Ghiringhelli Catering.

The Parlor would like to thank all of our 90 guests for participating and filling St Rita's Hall with their Christmas spirit and their spirited Christmas cheer. Thank you!



*Great people having a great time*



## Message from The President

Brother's,

I'd like to take a moment in my first month as President of Fairfax Parlor to acknowledge our Native Son of the Year – Lou Langlamet.

If you read the newsletter, you'll find Lou's picture in it almost every month and see his name mentioned multiple times. There's a reason for that – he's always volunteering somewhere in some way for our Parlor.

He's our Marshal, and he writes articles for the newsletter about his visits to other parlors and historic sites around the state. He's one of our cooks, a member of the Club Management Committee, he's our procurement specialist, and no matter what he does, he does it with a great attitude, friendly and affable, and he's always the first guy to offer to help out for anything that needs doing.

What really singles him out, though, is that he always arrives early, stays late, and does all the thankless tasks nobody else wants to do. (Along with Kevin Courtz and Joel Bantly (and until recently, Fred Codoni and Ray Potter.))

A parlor's life blood consists of guys like Lou who help organize, set-up, clean-up, pick-up, with a cheerful attitude and a jaunty *joi de vivre*.

The next time you see him at a function (and you'll see him at *every* function) pat him on the back and buy him a drink – he deserves it.

### Notable Mentions:

Eric Bowen for his extensive work with the Club financials and behind-the-scenes work that aren't always noticed, but are immeasurably valuable to both Club and Parlor.

Mark (*Phileas*) Fogg for his continuing development of our website, making communication so much easier for our members.

Stan Rowan, Bill Addy, Joel Bantly, Kevin Courtz, and Julian Chavez for all their 'above and beyond' work.

Finally, I don't know that Pat Martinez ever got the appreciation he deserved for all the work he did while he was a member of the Management Committee. Thousands of volunteer hours. Incredible.

Sometimes, sadly, the guys who do the most work get the least recognition. Thank you, Pat!

## FAIRFAX PARLOR CALENDAR 2025

Wed., Jan 8 – Business Meeting 7pm  
 Tue., Jan 14 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.  
 Wed., Jan 15 – Diner Meeting 7pm (Need cook)  
 Tue., Jan 28 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.  
 Wed., Feb 5 – Business Meeting 7pm  
 Sat., Feb 8 – **Crab Feed** – St. Rita's Hall 7pm **RSVP**  
 Tue., Feb 11 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.  
 Wed., Feb 19 – Dinner meeting 7:30 p.m. Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., Feb 25 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Mar 5 – **Formal Initiation** + Business, 7 pm  
 Tue., Mar 11 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Mar 19 – **St. Patrick's Day Dinner**, St. Rita's Hall 7:30pm  
 Tue., Mar 25 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Apr 2 – Business Meeting, 7pm (Election of GP Delegates)  
 Tue., Apr 8 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Apr 16 – **Lamb Feed** – 7 pm **RSVP**  
 Tue., Apr 22 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., May 7 – Visiting Brothers Night, 7:30pm Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., May 13 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 May 19 – 22 – **Grand Parlor**: (Stockton)  
 Tue., May 27 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., June 4 – Business Meeting, 7pm Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., June 10 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Sat. June 14 – **Fairfax Festival Parade**  
 Wed., June 18 – **President's Dinner**, 7:30 p.m. Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., June 24 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., July 2 – Business Meeting 7pm Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., July 8 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.  
 Wed., July 16 – Dinner Meeting, 7:30 p.m. Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., July 22 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Aug 6 – Business Meeting, 7pm Bar opens at 6.  
 Tue., Aug 12 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Aug 20 – **Scholarship Fundraiser** Bar 6pm Dinner 7:30  
 Tue., Aug 26 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Sep 3 – Business Meeting, 7pm (Discuss future 3<sup>rd</sup> VP)  
 Tue., Sep 9 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Sat., Sep 20 – **Family Appreciation Day BBQ**, 3 - 7pm  
 Tue., Sep 23 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Oct 1 – Business Meeting, 7pm. Nomination of Officers  
 Tue., Oct 14 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Oct 15 – **Old-Timer's Night**, 7:30 p.m.  
 Tue., Oct 21 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Oct 29 – Manor Dad's Halloween Party/Kid's Movie Night  
 Wed., Nov 5 – Business Meeting – Election of Parlor Officers  
 Tue., Nov 11 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.  
 Wed., Nov 12 – Petaluma-Nicasio Turkey Feed, 6pm.  
 Wed., Nov 19 – Dinner (need cook)  
 Wed., Dec 3 – Business Meeting, 7pm (Swearing in of Officers)  
 Sat. Dec 6 – **Parlor Xmas Party** – St. Rita's Hall **RSVP**  
 Tue., Dec 9 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.  
 Wed., Dec 17 – **Christmas Potluck** 6pm

**Napa Parlor #62 presents: Discovery of Gold Weekend**

Jan. 24th – 26th, 2025 (Friday – Sunday.)

Contact George Adams: (707) 481-4295 with any questions.

## December 10<sup>th</sup> Luncheon

### Fred Schwab's Clam Chowder

Every year, Fred makes his famous and our favorite clam chowder. Absolutely delicious! Served with a side of Caesar salad and a mountain of oyster crackers – a wonderful way to begin the Xmas season.



### Our Heroes

*L-R: Fred 'Iron Chef' Schwab, Gretchen 'Meal-Saver' Castets, and Dan 'Mr. Everything' Freeman*

By the way, a huge thank you to our Club Manager Gretchen Castets for finding more clams at the last minute!

## January Birthdays

Jan 1<sup>st</sup>: Joe Artigiani (38)!  
 Jan 2<sup>nd</sup>: James Wheeler (17)  
 Jan 5<sup>th</sup>: Elmer Carr (18), Anthony Marelich (7), Sean Murphy (12)  
 Jan 6<sup>th</sup>: Tim Tregner (15)  
 Jan 7<sup>th</sup>: Russ Knudson (21)  
 Jan 11<sup>th</sup>: Tristan Bodle (3), Fred Schwab (51)!!!  
 Jan 12<sup>th</sup>: Michael Groza (26)  
 Jan 13<sup>th</sup>: Charles Codoni (29)  
 Jan 14<sup>th</sup>: Jesse Olivotti (9)  
 Jan 15<sup>th</sup>: Giuliano Lavezzo (12), Dave Simonini (36)!!  
 Jan 16<sup>th</sup>: Gregory McGrath (26)  
 Jan 18<sup>th</sup>: Bob Herman (35)!!  
 Jan 19<sup>th</sup>: Mark Anderson (26), Angelo Cosentino (19), Jack Hayes (46)!!  
 Jan 20<sup>th</sup>: Larry Nilsen (24), Robert Rosa (16)  
 Jan 21<sup>st</sup>: Trevor Prater (3)  
 Jan 22<sup>nd</sup>: Donald Soldavini (24), Mark English (1), Mike Sousa (28)  
 Jan 23<sup>rd</sup>: Frank Migliore (24)  
 Jan 24<sup>th</sup>: John Imbimbo (22)  
 Jan 26<sup>th</sup>: Edward Wise (43)!!  
 Jan 27<sup>th</sup>: Jorge Almaguer (8), Herb Mooney (7), Bob Rogers (48)!!  
 Jan 28<sup>th</sup>: Don Corwell (16)  
 Jan 29<sup>th</sup>: Tom Teixeira (54)!!! William Thiercof (51)!!!  
 Jan 31<sup>st</sup>: Ricky Nichelini (22), Bradley Schauer (29)

## FAIRFAX PARLOR OFFICERS, 2024

<b>President</b> – Bill Madsen	<b>1<sup>st</sup> VP</b> – Eric Bowen
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> VP</b> – Chris Wand Sr.	<b>3<sup>rd</sup> VP</b> – Diego Garcia
<b>Treasurer</b> – Stan Rowan	<b>Financial Secretary</b> – Rick Holland
<b>Recording Secretary</b> – Kevin Courtz	
<b>Newsletter Editor</b> – Bill Madsen <a href="mailto:ubmadsen@sbcglobal.net">ubmadsen@sbcglobal.net</a>	
<b>Website Manager</b> – Mark Fogg <a href="mailto:FairfaxNativeSons@gmail.com">FairfaxNativeSons@gmail.com</a>	



## Xmas Potluck

On Wed., Dec 18<sup>th</sup>, we held our annual Xmas Potluck, a gathering of over 50 members who spent two and a half hours socializing, grazing, imbibing and embellishing. The kegerator was flowing, wine corks were popping, and Tom Teixeira had his hands full mixing martinis and concocting cocktails. A splendid evening by any measure.



Thanks to everyone who brought food – a lovely repaste – and to Irene and Lou Langlamet, Burt and Lynn Winn, Kevin Courtz, Matt Marcucci, Tom Teixeira, Bill Madsen and Chris Reilly for their help with setting and cleaning up.

Bustling and boisterous – a perfect example of our Parlor doing what it does best – eating and drinking and having a good time.

## Picture of the Month

*From Traveling Trustee Burt Winn*



***They're at it again...***

*Denyce and Fred Codoni putting the merry into Merry Christmas at our Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> Xmas Party*

## Progress on Canon Club Discount for Parlor Members

On Dec. 13<sup>th</sup>, a sub-committee of the Club Management Committee had a special meeting to discuss the proposal (drafted by the Parlor Discount sub-committee) regarding changes to the Club discount in 2025.

The principles used in guiding their recommendations were:

1. The Canon Club discount should be used to increase Parlor member participation.
2. The potentially negative financial impact of our current discount if allowed to continue without change.

The Management Committee felt that the wide array of discounts proposed (i.e., 10%, 15%, 20%, 30%, 50% and 75%) were too complicated and needed to be simplified. They therefore proposed the following:

A 30% Club discount for participation in 4 meetings/events per year. (Minimum 2 business meetings.) This would be a yearly requirement. (This confirmed the Parlor's proposed discount rate and participation requirement.)

*Discount taken as a percentage off member's choice of membership type. (e.g., Swim, Court, Summer etc.)*

The MC recommends a 60% Discount (an increase from the 50% proposed) for more active forms of participation, including:

- Volunteering for a Chair/Officer position
- Cooking: Lead cook for 2 lunches or 1 dinner.
- Assistant cook for 4 lunches or 2 dinners
- Organize and manage a work party
- Organize a fund-raiser or community event
- Take charge of the kegerator
- Chair a committee
- Edit the newsletter
- Manage the website

Further discussion/exploration of these requirements will be discussed by Parlor members at a Jan. special meeting. Questions and concerns about the Management Committee's recommendations will also be addressed.

### **Keeping track of event attendance:**

Members are responsible for signing in at meetings and documenting their participation at events.

When the annual requirements have been met, the discount will be applied to the next year's Club membership dues.

If you'd like to participate in the special meeting in January please email Bill Madsen at [ubmadsen@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ubmadsen@sbcglobal.net) to be added to the email list.

# The Corner Grocery

## *A Retrospective on Growing Up in San Francisco*

By Chris Wand

Every few blocks in San Francisco there was a grocery store that I could go into for candy when I wandered around the City in the 1960s. The stores all looked the same. Our favorite and the closest, was Hi-Ho Market at Union and Mason which had expensive fruit displayed in boxes on the sidewalk. Kitty-corner from it was the Lucky Star Market that specialized in imported Italian canned goods like raviolis and Star Olive Oil.



We often shopped at the more expensive Italian Village Market at Green and Columbus because it had a bigger variety. It always enraged me that the clerk at Italian Village dumped the change in the bag with the food as though I wasn't trustworthy enough to carry it when I was sent to shop for our groceries.

These stores, like the buildings that housed them, were all built immediately after the 1906 earthquake and fire. They were made of the same materials and had similar designs. I figured out that the ones that had "New" in their name had been rebuilt on the site of stores destroyed in the disaster. They had many features in common. The floors were wood, worn and shiny where people walked, caked with half a century of dirty black wax in the corners. Shelves had a concave strip of aluminum along their front edge where white squares of plastic with black numbers could be popped in to show prices. Cans had prices written on top with grease pencil. Later they used a self-inking rubber stamp with adjustable numbers on a roll to mark prices.

The produce was usually displayed in front of a mirror to make it look like there was twice as much. In the back of the store, white wood coolers held drinks. They had a greasy dusty black motor under them. When a can or bottle of soda was lifted off the front of a cleverly canted rack inside, another one rolled down to the stop by gravity.

After Mama broke our hour-glass shaped Chemex coffee pot that used special paper filters, or folded paper towels when we couldn't afford those, my usual trip up the block to Hi-Ho was

to buy a small jar of Yuban instant coffee, a pack of cigarettes (with a note from Mama), and sometimes a Mars bar we'd share.

Even though extra-rich milk for coffee or cereal was labeled Homo, or homogenized, she would always shake the carton to mix the cream like she did when she was a little girl. After they got rid of the little paper tabs that covered up a round pouring hole in the top corner of the waxed carton, they replaced them with a kind of folded tent top that was folded back and then forward to make a spout. She would inevitably ignore the "open here" instructions and partially open the top at the wrong side, which made me furious. Then, she'd open the correct side, only making it worse.

Grocers wore what looked like short peach-colored bathrobes over their clothes.

Sometimes you could tell they had a gun underneath them. When I saw a grocer cheating, cutting all the food coupons out of a magazine to turn them in for cash, I realized what had happened to the interesting magazines I wanted to finish reading at the Copper Quarter Laundromat where I hung out on Union Street.

I could always afford a one-cent piece of Bazooka bubble gum. You could split it in half down the line in the middle and blow bubbles with it, until they would pop and cover your face with sticky pink goop. It was sold up on the counter next to a big round jar of Dad's Oatmeal Cookies, which I never tasted even once because they were too expensive, 75 whole cents, which would have required 25 small soda bottle three-cent deposit refunds, to pay for, requiring hours of searching garbage cans around North Beach Playground or Washington Square. Candy bars cost a nickel except for the really exotic ones like Chunky bars, which were fifteen cents.



Drinks cost fifteen cents for a small soda plus a three-cent refundable deposit or twenty-five cents for a quart bottle with a nickel deposit. My ability to earn money scrounging soda bottles would end within a couple of years with a plague of no-deposit no-return screw top bottles or cans that got thrown in the garbage.

We switched stores a lot because Mama didn't like the men that ran them anymore after they refused to take our checks. Some of our previous checks would be taped to the back of the cash register showing customers on the checkout side Mama's name, our address, and an "Insufficient funds" stamp. She would switch our allegiance for "economic reasons", or because she was "trying to help out the little guy." There was one store, Savelli's, which I thought meant "savings" or something. It was a tiny store up the hill across from Swensen's Ice Cream. It had a few rows of canned goods, a few apples for sale, and hardly any other produce. Mama said that Mr. Savelli needed our support because he had to compete against Searchlight Market nearby that "had the highest prices west of the Mississippi." When I was four, I had pushed a shopping cart into some jugs of Gallo red wine on the bottom shelf of Searchlight, knocking them off and covering the black and white tile floor with green glass and red wine. The owner, Mr. Rosenthal, made Mama pay for them. She never liked him after that, although we still shopped there because of their variety of imported food from Europe.



Mr. Savelli had a telephone on the counter of his store. I felt sad when I read the sign next to it "Telephone calls – ten cents." He must have been struggling. There was never anyone in his store. We went out of our way to patronize his store. Years later I saw him working at Italian Village, a big market that had been originally named The Buon Gusto, on Green at Columbus. He was laughing with some fellow workmen, all having a good time while they trimmed and set out vegetables.

For about a year Mama switched allegiances to Rossi's Market on Vallejo and Columbus because the men who worked there had some interesting qualities and shopping there had some kind of magic about it.

Most of these corner stores had liquor bottles lined up in the street window to tempt people. Typical brands were Old Grand Dad, Black and White with the two dogs on the label, Old Crow, Gilbey's Gin and Thunderbird wine with screw tops that winos bought. Old men bought fifths of liquor in little bottles with a curved profile that fit their suit-coat pockets. They would sip them on the benches in Washington Square. I never did learn what a "fifth" was.

Usually we went back to Hi-Ho because it was close. There was a walk-in meat locker with a window through which you could see sides of beef and lamb hanging on hooks. A door with a refrigerator latch led into it from the store. When someone wanted a lamb chop, the grocer's old father would go into the locker and bring out part of a lamb carcass and cut it off the chop on a butcher table with a cleaver. The old man and I never once had a conversation beyond grunts and yes and no and pointing at things. Nevertheless, I liked him. He drove a big blue and white Chrysler Crusader that had big fins by the trunk and a knight emblem with a lance pointing toward the front of the car on both sides.

The owner of Hi-Ho was like a cop on the beat. He'd look out through the liquor bottles at what was going on in the intersection. Once, after finding a razor-sharp miniature samurai sword letter opener, I was hiding across the street from Hi Ho at the corner as I waited for a kid named Marco to walk up Mason so I could jump out and scare him with the letter opener. Before Marco arrived at the corner, I looked up and saw the owner of Hi Ho walking across the street toward me, carrying a piece of a crate like a paddle he was going to spank me with, and Iran. I knew that guys like him made the neighborhood and The City a better place.

The only store that sold dinosaur cards, as well as Horror Terror Cards, was The Apex Market at Filbert and Taylor. Mars Attacks cards were only sold at the New Radio Market on Greenwich and Jones. The Chuck Grocery, at Columbus and Scotland, owned by the father of third grade class-mate, was the only place that sold the southern drink, Dr. Pepper. Years later The Chuck would become a comic book store.

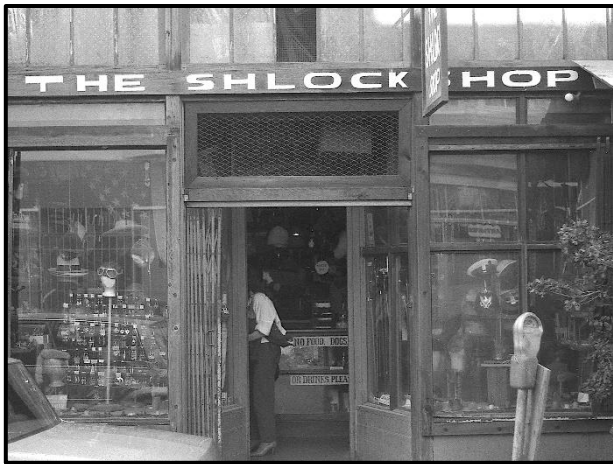
For years Sun bleached items with Italian or Chinese signs often sat inside storefront windows gathering dust. In the window of Cafferata Ravioli Restaurant at Filbert and Columbus little dolls wearing Italian-Swiss outfits sat around a miniature dining table and they slowly faded to grey through the 1960s.

Abandoned storefronts sometimes had butcher paper tacked up or a coat of paint was applied directly to the big plate glass windows on the sidewalk. The three dimensional tea brand letters, MJB, remained atop several ancient store windows for over half a century. A storefront on Leavenworth near Pacific had a cat that would peek out of a hole it had clawed in the



paper. Usually these stores had a solid granite step up from the sidewalk above which was the street address or ancient business name written in front of the door in purple pieces of terrazzo tile on a grey background. This material could last for thousands of years just like in the ruins of Pompeii that I loved to study in one of our art books. You only wonder about these people that ran these businesses after they close.

I heard stories of families living in these storefronts around Russian and Nob Hill. People definitely lived behind the Beatnik and later Hippie stores on Grant Avenue like The Paint Pot, Chesire Cat, Tassano's or The Shlock Shop. A sink and a toilet were sometimes visible past the curtain in the back of the business. Lights could be seen all night at the back of the stores. Occasionally people would sleep on the platform above the front door to the sidewalk. It must have been really noisy at night when the bars let out.



Where doors in the sidewalk opened up to reveal a stairway and a slide to deliver items to basements there was definitely a space to live. At night light spilled up out of ventilation

grillwork where the walls met the sidewalk. Vincent Giusti, a friend of mine lived in a basement on Powell Street they accessed by the back stairs. He slept next to a bunch of big wine barrels that smelled like stale red wine. So did he.



Another friend, Poverello, lived with his mom in one room at Columbus and Glover. A heater stovepipe poked through a porthole made in their only window, partially blocking their view of cars parked outside at Bob's Flying A gas station. His mother spent her day sitting across the street in Dunkit Donuts drinking coffee, chain-smoking and filling electric-yellow stamped-aluminum ashtrays with cigarette butts.

In the late 1960s, many of the empty storefronts along upper Grant Avenue were turned into sewing shops. Drifts of lint piled up behind dirty closed venetian blinds. Sometimes a door would be left open on a rare hot afternoon and as we kids walked away the hours we could see Chinese women sitting under fluorescent lights and hear the whirr of the machines like the sound of quiet waves on a beach.

## **The Fish That Needed To Get Away: A NATIVE SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST STORY**

*By Russ Knudson*

*Will be back next month...*

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