

E Clampus Vitus
DOC MAYNARD
CHAPTER
#54-40

Fools Gold Volume 1 Issue 2

FOOLS GOLD

A PUBLICATION FOR FOOLS BY FOOLS

February 2009

Inside this issue:

[Clamper Web Sites](#)

[1937 Bugatti](#)

[People in need](#)

[2009 Officers](#)

[Drink Of the month](#)

[Docs Appointment Book](#)

[Advertisements](#)

Written and Edited
By:



Tony "Crash" Carlson
and

Dan "Chunky Tuna"
McCormick (Click a Pic to
e-mail us!)

Fools Gold Publications

6629 152nd ST E

Puyallup WA 98375

Send us a note to get
added to our mailing list

Mother Damnable's Day 2008

She cursed vividly in English, French, Spanish, Chinese, Portuguese and German. When her captain-husband dumped her in Port Townsend following a final rousing row aboard his ship, Mary Ann Conklin was unfazed. Soon after making her way to the ragtag settlement of Seattle, she was running its first hotel with cunning and an iron fist. No mints on pillows at Felker House on First Avenue. When a prissy prosecutor requested a receipt for a space rented for a trial she flung firewood at him instead. And when Chief Leschi's raiders attacked Seattle in 1856, she scattered the defending Marines for trampling her vegetable garden. Conklin often kept rocks in her apron in case she needed to bean someone for making her angry, which people often did. No wonder her gravestone and most historic chronicles of Conklin refer to her by the name that fits her far better than Mary Ann ever did: Mother Damnable. Today, polite Seattle is short on curmudgeons and characters. We have been since Ivar went to



grave of Mother Damnable

that big clam bed in the sky. So I was delighted to learn that, this Saturday, "MD's" grave will get a new, corrected headstone in honor of Mother's Day. Can't think of another mother I'd rather see feted for sheer saltiness and spine. The group that

will dance around, if not on, her grave is an aptly wacky bunch. They are members of Doc Maynard Chapter No. 54-40 of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, a fraternal order originally founded to aid the "widders" and orphans of miners during the gold rush. Although chapters of the pranksterish historians have peppered the Western states for decades, the Seattle chapter or outpost wasn't formed until 2000 and didn't get its official charter until last year. That's when the chapter claimed Doc Maynard as its "Clampatriarch," and invited Clamper member Clint Eastwood up for the ceremonies. And he would have made it, too, if he hadn't been shooting a movie. Don't believe me? Take a gander at the Clampers roster. Mark Twain was an early member. So was superstar photographer Ansel Adams. Until Jerry Brown broke the chain, every gover-

[Click Here To Finnish Story](#)

Docs New Coach



At the end of the year 2008 the grey beards decided to purchase a trailer to transport and store our doins stuff. After minutes of diffi-

cult searching, researching and **drinking** they found the perfect trailer for us. They got a great deal on a brand new trailer we paid around \$2400.00 for it, for those of you who do not

E C V

®

FOOLS GOLD

A PUBLICATION FOR FOOLS BY FOOLS

DRINK OF THE MONTH

CLAMPER CABLE CAR



The Cable Car is an excellent rum drink which was created by Tony Abou-Ganim, the "Modern Mixologist." It involves Captain Morgan spiced RUM and orange curacao, of which the original recipe calls for Marie Bizard. Also, in Abou-Ganim's recipe is a fresh lemon sour which is made by mixing 1 part simple syrup with 2 parts fresh lemon juice. A prepared sour mix will work, but his suggestion is strongly preferred. The name Cable Car was inspired by the tracks near the Starlight Room in San Francisco where he first created with cocktail.

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 oz Captain Morgan spice rum
- 3/4 oz orange curacao
- 1 1/2 oz sour mix
- orange peel spiral for garnish
- super-fine sugar for rimming

Preparation:

1. Rim a chilled cocktail glass with sugar.
2. Pure the ingredients into cocktail shaker filled with ice.
3. Shake well
4. Strain into the prepared glass.
5. Garnish with an orange peel Spiral.

Drink info borrowed from <http://cocktails.about.com>

know that is a screaming deal. Brother Gordo picked it up on December 12, 2008 just in time to unveil it at our monthly meeting. It is **Clamper Red** and has lights

inside. It survived 18 inches of snow with no leakage. It is currently working its way north to the Buzzards ranch to get



Doc New Coach CONT.

outfitted with the proper tie downs and storage. It is awesome; things are really looking up for us now we will have a way to get our

stuff up to Grand Council this year. By the way Easy is talking about re-viving the bus trip to GC if you are interested

please contact Him through the Doc Web sit there is a link on page 4.

Story written By Tony "Crash" Carlson

This Story was set to me by a reader and I felt compelled to share it

I went grocery shopping yesterday ~ while not being altogether sure that course of action was a wise one. You see, the previous evening I had prepared and consumed a massive quantity of my patented "You're definitely going to \$hit yourself" chili. Tasty stuff, albeit hot to the point of being painful, which comes with a written guarantee from me that if you eat the next day both of your butt cheeks WILL ignite.

Here's the thing. I had awakened that morning, and even after two cups of coffee (and you know what I mean) nothing happened. No "Watson's Movement". Despite habanera peppers swimming their way through my intestinal tract, I appeared to be unable to create the usual morning symphony referred to by my next door neighbor as rolling thunder.

Knowing that a time of reckoning had to come, yet not sure of just when, I bravely set off for the local Sprouts grocery store that I often haunt in search of tasty tidbits.

Upon entering the store at first all seemed normal. I selected a cart and began

about. I'm referring to that "Uh oh, gotta go" pain that always seems to hit us at the wrong time. The thing is, this pain was different. The habaneras in the chili from the night before were staging a revolt. In a mad rush for freedom they bullied their way through the small intestines, forcing their way into the large intestines, and before I could take one step in the direction of the restrooms which would bring sweet relief, it happened. The peppers fired a warning shot.

There I stood, alone in the spice and baking aisle, suddenly enveloped in a noxious cloud the likes of which has never before been recorded. I was afraid to move for fear that more of this vile odor might escape me. Slowly, oh so slowly, the pressure seemed to leave the lower part of my body and I began to move up the aisle and out of it, just as an elderly woman turned into it.

I don't know what made me do it, but I stopped to see what her reaction would be to the malodorous effluvium that refused to dissipate, as she walked into it unsuspecting. Have you ever been torn in two different directions emotionally? Here's what I mean, and I'm sure some of you at least will be able to relate.

I could've warned that poor woman but didn't. I simply watched as she walked into an invisible, and apparently indestructible, wall of odor so terrible that all she could do before gathering her senses and running, was to stand there blinking and waving her arms about her head as though trying to ward off angry bees. This, of course, made me feel terrible, but then made me laugh. Mistake!!

robbing the store and firing a shotgun.

Suddenly things were no longer funny. IT was coming, and I raced off through the store towards the restrooms, laying down a cloud the whole way, praying that I'd make it before the grand mal assplosion took place. Luck was on my side. Just in the nick of time I got to the john, began the inevitable "Oh my God", floating above the toilet seat because my ring is burning SO BAD ~ purging. One poor fellow walked in while I was in the middle of what is the true meaning of "Shock and Awe". He made a gagging sound, and disgustingly said, "Sonofa*****!", then quickly fled.

Once finished I left the restroom, reacquired my partially filled cart intending to carry on with my shopping when a store employee approached me and said, "Sir, you might want to step outside for a few minutes. It appears some prankster set off a stink bomb in the store. The manager is going to run the vent fans on high for a minute or two which ought to take care of the problem."

That of course set me off again, causing residual gases to escape me. The employee took one sniff, jumped back pulling his shirt up to cover his nose and, pointing at me in an accusing manner shouted, "IT'S YOU!", then ran off returning moments later with the manager. I was unceremoniously escorted from the premises and asked none too kindly not to return.

Home again without having shopped, I realized that there was nothing to eat but leftover chili, so I consumed two more bowls.

Today I went to shop at Albertsons grocery store. I can't say anymore about that because we are going to court over the whole matter. Bastards claim they have to repaint most of the store.

Apologize the original source of this story is unknown

SIX WEB SITES YOU MIGH FIND INTERESTING

[Librarians Internet Index](#)
[Washington History](#)

[Washington State History](#)
[Museum](#)

[San Juan Island Historical](#)
[Park \(Pig War\)](#)

[Meeker Mansion](#)

[Battle of Seattle Jan 1856](#)

[Galloping Gertie](#)

Mother Damnable's Day 2008 Cont.

nor of California was a Clamper, including Ronald Reagan. Once, so was every member of the Nevada state Senate. When the stiff, self-important Masons thumbed their noses at the rowdy gold miners itching to join their club, the Clampers were born under the motto "Credo Quia Absurdum," rough Latin for "Don't take anything seriously unless it's absurd." "We look for offbeat characters to honor," Clamper Alan Stein explained. So, although they're all men, it's goofily touching that these guys will gather at noon Saturday at Lake View Cemetery north of Capitol Hill's Volunteer Park to swap stories of "MD," bring her flowers, and replace her marker. The public is welcome to attend. The grave inscription that sits there now has the date of her death wrong. See for yourself by Googling HistoryLink's Mother Damnable essay and scrolling to the bottom where the stone reads Mother Damnable Conklin Died 1887. It actually was

1873 when she passed at age 52. Tales of Mother Damnable continued to be spun long after



she was laid to rest. For instance, Stein, who is also a HistoryLink historian, insists that his research proves she was a hard, hard woman in the most literal sense. Although some dispute it, Stein says that, when "MD" and other early notables were disinterred and moved from their original pioneer graveyard (now Denny

Park) in 1884, the diggers had to call for reinforcements. Somehow, he says, seepage

had calcified her body, preserving it in "stone" with features intact. And the rocks she allegedly hurled at the Marines? It's well supported in newspaper

and history book accounts. Apparently either the captain or chief officer of the warship Decatur gave a detailed description of the event after recognizing Mother D from her days in Baltimore. He described her as "That horrendous harridan! A damnable woman indeed!" Soon after, and forever more, Mother Damnable was her

name, although Seattle historian Bill Speidel of underground tour fame said she later added "Madame Damnable." The addition probably sprung from rumors of what it was that went on under the roof of the Felker House that made hotel management so profitable. It's uncertain how "MD" first hooked up with Capt. Leonard Felker of the brig Franklin Adams. Or how she came to run the hotel, which arrived, pre-fab, in the hold of his ship and became the first mill-finished construction project on Elliott Bay. We do know that she parlayed scowls, a flaming temper and a flair for profanity into such a success story that the hotel eventually became known as The Conklin House, aka, Mother Damnable's. So, to "MD," to all the women who've been indecorously dumped, and to all the mothers with fire in their eyes and rocks in their aprons, I say, Happy Mother's Day!

Barrowed from Susan Paynter's
seattlepi.com originally published May 11,
2007

PEOPLE IN NEED

News Flash!

1/24/2009 - Brother Terry Kennedy needs our help! He is scheduled to be deported back to Canada after 23 years living in America. He's been a well established Tax Paying business owner in Washington for 17 years. Like many Brothers he has generously donated to multiple community organizations through the years, and we proudly call him a brother.

Please assist in his fight to stay in America! Character Reference letters can be made out to "Whom it may concern".

Please send character reference letters to:

Terry Kennedy
42608 264th Ave. SE
Enumclaw, Wa 98022
or send by [E-mail](#)

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

I can honestly say, all the bad things that ever happened to me were directly attributed to drugs and alcohol. I mean, I would never urinate at the Alamo at nine o'clock in the morning dressed in a woman's evening dress sober.
Ozzy Osbourne

1937 Bugatti

It was the equivalent of finding an old Picasso or an unknown Beatles tape hidden away in your uncle's attic. Relatives of Dr. Harold Carr found an extremely rare 1937 Bugatti Type 57S Atalante — a Holy Grail for car collectors — as they were going through his belongings after his death. The dusty two-seater, unused since 1960, didn't look like much in the garage in Gosforth, near Newcastle in northern England. But only 17 were ever made, and when it's cleaned up and auctioned in Paris next month, experts believe it will fetch at least 3 million pounds (\$4.3 million) and possibly much more. Bugatti once represented the height of motoring achievement. The supercar was so ahead of its time it could go up to 130 mph when most other cars topped out about 50 mph. This



particular car is even more valuable because it was originally owned by Earl Howe, a prominent British racecar driver, and because its original equipment is intact, so it can be restored without relying on replacement parts. It has just 26,000 miles on the clock. **Owner described as eccentric hoarder** "It has all the finest attributes any connoisseur collector could ever seek, in one of the ultimate road-going sports cars from the golden era of the 1930s," said James Knight, head of the international motoring department at Bonhams, which will auction the car Feb. 7. Knight and a small number of Bugatti enthusiasts knew of Carr's

proudest possession, but not the eight relatives who inherited Carr's estate. The orthopedic surgeon, who died at age 89, was described by relatives as an eccentric hoarder who never threw anything out. He also left behind an Aston Martin, which was sold, and a Jaguar sports car that was scrapped because it was in such poor condition. The Bugatti marque is famed for its speed and handling and was a frequent race winner in the 1920s and 1930s. The 57S Atalante was one of its most successful models, each one made by hand with unique details. The company founded in 1909 by Ettore Bugatti collapsed in the 1940s after a long string of racing victories. The rights to the legendary Bugatti name were purchased in 1998 by Volkswagen, which has built the Bugatti Veyron, one of the world's fastest and most expensive cars.

WHO THINKS OF THIS CRAP CORNER



Only in America...do we use the word 'politics' to describe the process so well: 'Poli' in Latin meaning 'many' and 'tics' meaning 'bloodsucking creatures'!

JOKE OF THE MONTH

Corporate Lessons

A priest was driving along and saw a nun on the side of the road. He stopped and offered her a lift which she accepted. She got in and crossed her legs, forcing her gown to open and reveal a lovely leg. The priest had a look and nearly had an accident.

After controlling the car, he stealthfully slid his hand up her leg. The nun looked at him and immediately said, "Father, remember psalm 129?"

The priest was flustered and apologized profusely. He forced himself to remove his hand. However, he was unable to remove his eyes from her leg.

Further on while changing gear, he let his hand slide up her leg again. The nun once again said, "Father, remember psalm 129?" Once again the priest apologized. "Sorry sister, but the flesh is weak."

Arriving at the convent, the nun got out, gave him a meaningful glance, and went on her way.

On his arrival at the church, the priest rushed to retrieve a bible and looked up psalm 129. It said, "Go forth and seek, further up, you will find glory."

MORAL OF THE STORY: Always be well informed in your job, or you might miss a great opportunity!

2009 OFFICERS OF DOC MAYNARD 5440

CLICK ON THE PICTURES TO E-MAIL

(NOT AVAILABLE ON ALL)

Ranger and Jerry prefer to remain private so they are not taking e-mails at this time



Brad Clam Patriarch



Cap'n Al Humbug



Chewy Vice



Gordo Recorder



Crash Gold Dust

And Jerry Mathers As The Beaver



Useless Tidbits

Coca-Cola's was first marketed in 1885 as a remedy for hangovers and headaches.

Source: Uncle John's Bathroom Reader
EXTRAORDINARY BOOK OF FACTS
AND BIZARRE INFORMATION Page 257

USEFUL CLAMPER WEBSITES

<u>ECV #54-40 Home Page</u>	<u>IRJR</u>
<u>The Grand Council</u>	<div>Coming soon Hopefully</div> <div><u>Doc's Drug Store</u></div>
<u>ECV Gazette</u>	<u>CLAMPER NET</u>

There will be a lot more info in the future Publications we plan on putting this out once a month. Feel free to give us your input and suggestions. If you got a joke stories or something that has to do with the well being of Doc Maynard shoot us an email. Hope you all had a great holiday season. See you all Feb. 13, 2009 in Auburn **CRASH**

DOC'S APPOINTMENTS

FEBRUARY 2009

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13 Monthly General Meetin 7:54:40 Directions Below	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
					March Meetin Is on the 13th	

Auburn Eagles

Friday, 7:54:40 PM
Monthly General Meetin'
 Fraternal Order of Eagles, Aerie
 #2298

702 "M" Street

Auburn, WA 98002

Bar phone 253-833-2298

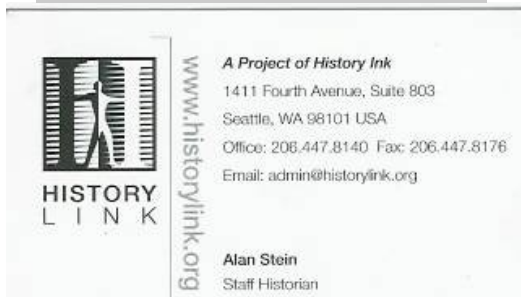
Take Auburn Ave (Hwy
 164) off of Hwy 18 in Au-
 burn,
 turn right at the end of the
 ramp & go back under the
 freeway to 4th Ave SE
 (Burger King on corner),
 turn right and go to "M"
 street (alphabetical...comes
 after "L" street),
 turn right again & Aerie is
 down about 2 blocks on the
 left.

OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST

HELP FILL THIS AREA PLEASE



Not Clamper Owned But Cap'n. Al is Humbug



Western Washington's #1 Comic Book Store is owned by a proud Clamper! To prove his allegiance, the store has been painted top to bottom in ECV red. They have comic books, games, and toys for kids of all ages! Show the sign of a well brother and receive a 10% discount!