



The Builder

October 2, '51

Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg, California
Mr. Kenneth Smith, of the Pacific Lumber Company, San Francisco, will speak to us, presumably on his particular industry, possibly on something else. Bill Ault, Chairman.

Walker Tilley's Miniature Treins subject - so different from the ordinary - as to command close attention. Just his hobby.

To Geogr Imrie: You, once of the Healdsburg club, its inspiration in fact, President and Lieutenant Governor, 'twas good to see your smiling self again. Through you Healdsburg got its start.

This Tuesday night directors meet with Bill Reynolds. Ideal time for a "house warming" in that brand new home, or nearly so. And this should go for Roy Doolan & wife also - new home soon open.

Do we realize we constitute a veritable tribunal, and likened to ours at Washington D C ? But unlike the Democrats, we give someone else a chance, by choosing officers for one year only.

Note our official set-up for year 1952: We have -

A President, Thomas Iudcke;

A Vice President, Fred Martin;

A Secretary of the Treasury, Harry Truman Latimer;

A Sergeant At Arms, Jerry Lane;

A Secretary plenipotentiary and confidential advisor, Roy Doolan;

A Congress made up of Louis Galcazzi, Gordon Jones, Clint Robinson;

Lee Sayre, Ernest Biasotti, Roy Haley, Lyle Ingels, Waldo Iversen.

We mention NOT that "Secretary Emeritus" of Al Huddart's coining-modesty forbids.

January, '52, our inauguration ceremonies.

All, or nearly all, new officers seem to be Republicans, and all of our Democrats voted for them!!! Paradoxical as it may seem. What a democratic organization is ours !!!



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OCTOBER 9, '51

Chairman Ern. Frandsen has signed up Mr. Andy Johansen, Sonoma County Deputy Sheriff, to address us on a subject little known to the editor and best known to himself. To hear and see Andy is to like him.

Mr. Kenneth Smith, as a platform speaker, is a heavyweight. His "Planning to Stay Free" was translated into a story involving deep study on where and how we are in America political economywise.

THAT WE MAY KNOW : Nonparel Al Barbieri, former dynamic Kiwanian, and late of San Francisco, says he's tickled pink to be back with us, and back to lead and inspire the Boys Club he surely loves. A happy thought to contemplate. Welcome thrice times, Big Boy.

THAT WE MAY PROCLAIM : Our directors have contributed the sum of \$250.00 towards expenses of three local youths - poultry judging team - who are to participate in the National FFA contest convening in St. Louis, November next. These are the self-same boys who walked away with the California State Championship at Sacramento.

AND THE BOARD AGAIN : Set aside the sum of \$25.00 for the needs of our Campfire Girls. Thanks to the White Elephant.

Would you enjoy a nice trip to the mountains ? Then go to Hoberg's (if this is not too late) and attend the Redwood Empire Association conclave.

Healdsburg Kiwanis regrets the recent passing of a former and distinguished member -

REV. CHARLES W. NULL



The Builder

This sixteenth day Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg, California of October, '51



THREE MEN ON A HORSE (We mean in a jeep) "Yep, we're on our way" "San Diego, or Bust" Maybe it's a bust-no trump.

These are Healdsburg's dignified (at home) delegates, but loose on the public highways, and in reckless abandon. Look at 'em here !!

A President-elect; a Lieutenant Governor; and, GREAT SCOTT ! a Past Governor of California-Nevada District!!! WOW !

Well, you never can tell. When let loose - gentlemen metamorphosised into Wild Men of Borneo ; Lambs in wolves' clothing.

"O the times; O the customs; What is civilization coming to ; In whom can we trust (God excepted)?" Apologies to Cicero.

BUT, Maybe they'll show up better to day. Possibly they'll be able to give us a smattering on Who and How and What at the Big Convention. Perhaps they can prove that they got there.

Let's look 'em over for visable marks and scars. Let's give 'em the floor. Let's see what we shall hear.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE (We mean in a jeep) "Yep, we're on our way"



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October 23, '51.

Guess some of us get twisted on last week's program. However, Convention reports are due this time - from Tom and Walt, Walt being out of town.

What a fine turnout of those Key Clubbers - 35 or thereabouts. And they were well taken into camp by Russ in a fitting address. Then, too, the Key boys' president, Leo Anderson, duly put the finishing touch on his "freshmen" - installing, initiating, or what have you.

That these youngsters emulate the antics of our Kiwanis grown-ups is not altogether necessary to the success of their organization. They may not feel it a part of their ritual to steal a gong and gavel (Petty Larceny); nor need they conduct that non-glorified paper-wad propelling jamboree. But fads fugit and fade away - in time.

Operation Christmas. That was a nice gesture when nearly as many dollars as we have members were collected - that the boys in Korea, with the high calories intake, may build up that brawn sufficient to crucify those Communistic China Chinks.

THE BUILDER now has seen 20 years' of service. In the early days simply post cards were sent to the members - at times. Year 1931, under present management, the weekly medium of correspondence took on the present form. Omitting some personal references, ~~ka~~ rather complimentary in kind, and with proper modesty, we are tempted to ~~xxx~~ quote from an "ancient" contributor a few excerpts: "Next to attendance is the pleasure of reading the weekly bulletin, interesting with its humorous and serious thoughts - a Kiwanis combination. It is terse and snappy - a blueprint of a building with plenty of sunshine and fresh air which Kiwanis needs. SAIL ON, SAIL ON." The offering of Julius Myron Alexander.

But those were days of great enthusiasm, characteristic of a club just fledging its wings. Have we changed since then? Have the ravages of TIME dulled our once ardent zeal? We hope not.



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October 30, '51

Chairman, Ray Wainscott. Speaker, Mr. Walker Tilley of Masonite Co., Ukiah. Subject, Forest Industries of India.

Delegates Tom and Walt fairly took all of us to the San Diego Convention, in word pictures of the serious and social sides of the big show. Among the best Convention reports ever.

Let's call him Jack Morpheus. Jack, proverbial gastronomic gormandizer that he is, devoured a Healdsburg Kiwanis luncheon (?) consisting of a sumptuous meat loaf, vegetables a-plenty, pumpkin pie of generous dimensions and two glasses of milk. Result: Soon blood began to migrate from brain to stomach - always a boon to digestion and reposing slumber.

Eyes now began to blink, and O, for a cot to assume the horizontal. Next best accommodation was his chair.

At this critical juncture the Kiwanis program was getting under way. Indistinctly he heard the guest speaker mention TRAVELOGUE as his subject. Also, thought he heard that one should travel to get a liberal education.

It was now a case of LOST and FOUND. He had lost his connection with the outside world and found a landing in the profoundest depth of DREAMLAND.

"Travel", he muttered. "You bet I will." Then and there Jack set out. He was on his way. And what a glorious trip! And how thrilling! "All out for Chiquita" - the brakeman shouted. It proved to be the terminus of the tourist. Of all places, Chiquita!!! But this near houseless hamlet was now a city of no inconsiderable dimensions!

Jack was amazed; astounded; thunderstruck. Was it the war which caused Chiquita to take its place on the map? To have so grown by leaps and bounds? Its very latitude and longitude must have been changed.

Here he found beautiful parks, swimming pools, subways, towering structures, night clubs; and too, the usual adjunct - red light district of modern cities. "A WONDERLAND is this. Why don't more people travel?" Our tourist was all out for learning; and for pleasure, too. Before he fell for allurements of a gay and glamorous city Jack Morpheus was disturbed by great cheering and clapping. With slowly opening eyes he was back in the Club again. The speaker had made a great hit in his "Travelogue." "Best speech of the season" - Jack Morpheus reported to his family folks.