



# THE BUILDER

Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg

On the  
**R**ussian River  
Redwood Highway

TUESDAY

July 7, 1936

Take down your hair boys for your scribe pro tem has some sad news to impart. Our beloved, respected, and able song leader (against occasional terrific odds from the right wing) will early next week, take his good family and leave our charmed circle. To say that we will greatly miss his cheerful presence at our meetings in the future is to state an obvious fact. Ray will preach his last sermon here on Sunday evening, July 12th, at 8:00 P.M. This service is to take the form of a reception. Every Kiwanian is invited to attend, and should be present on this important occasion to wish Ray good luck and happiness in the new field for which he is leaving.

What do you think of the Single Tax now? If you haven't already done so, it will be worth your while to read some of the literature which Assemblyman Scudder left with us. Astound your friends with your authoritative knowledge of one of the most menacing measures which will confront the taxpayers at the next election. If they don't know anything about it, you ought to be able to tell them.

Here are two good reasons for a 100% attendance at the meeting today--the Chairman, JOE COX--his speaker, Senator HERBERT SLATER. The subject of Kiwanian Slater's talk has not been announced, but you may be sure that it will be entertaining, patriotic, and inspirational. Fireworks absolutely prohibited from this meeting--perhaps.



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TUESDAY

JULY 14, 1936

Back from the snow drift and ice covered lake where there's no sweltering sun your carcass to bake; No place in creation, no home on the range, like the shack on the trout stream - no I wouldn't exchange.

Back to dull duty, to brass tacks once more; It's tough when you think of the fortnight before; of the babbling creek waters and breeze in the pines; and no weekly letters, no Kiwanis fines.

But here is a thought, redeeming in kind, - the program committee has struck a real find. He's high grade, he's classy, - yea, he's nothing BUT - this artist, inventor of old Boob McNutt.

Rube Goldberg, 'tis he, of national fame; yes, great his achievements and widespread his name. All he need do is give you one look - and lo, and behold ! Your picture is took.

Of all the real talent who travels our way 'tis the man who's going to charm us to day. Now, if this broadcast your presence may draw, 'twill please Pres. Harold - the brother-in-law - to hear and to greet this wonderful gent, right to the tune of ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

And now as we end this classic harangue, we say that John Condit performed with a bang. John, your bulletins smacked of real art. Accept many thanks on the editor's part.



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TUESDAY

JULY 21, 1936

On the

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THANKS, we say to Rube Goldberg for driving across the continent that our club might see and hear his celebrated self. Of course the discoverer of Boob McNutt had a few other errands to perform on the Pacific coast, in such minor towns as San Francisco, Los Angeles, et cetera. But so far as Healdsburg Kiwanians were concerned the famous cartoonist and writer made his real hit right here in Healdsburg, where Russian River and Redwood Highway meet.

And what did he do? Well, Rube in his ~~inimitable~~<sup>inimitable</sup> fashion brought us face to face with such celebrities as Major Bowes, O.O. McIntyre, Fannie Brice, Walter Wenchell, and the like. Moreover, he fairly brought back from heaven the late and immortal Will Rogers - a veritable reincarnation, in deep feeling fashion. Blest be the memory of the only Will Rogers.

What a blessing, too, that our club can contact bright and shining lights. Such, indeed, is Rube Goldberg, born and bred in San Francisco, only to take New York by storm.

Ray Krug is gone. Sure, we'll miss him. Who will lead the singing now? And who will, take his place as committee man and director? Best wishes for Ray in his new home and pastorate.

As these lines are being stenciled off, this tropical Saturday afternoon, our thoughts drift forward to this Tuesday luncheon, of cold and delectable dishes, served by the Legion ladies. Nothing like cooling refreshments for high temperatures. Yes, ladies, we do enjoy tour service.

Hot, or not, Chairman Ben Madison will be on deck with his speaker, Mr. W. F. Breton, representing the firm of Libby and McNeil. "Purty" time for drying fruit - these days of 100 degrees.



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TUESDAY

JULY 28, 1936

Judge Hilliard Comstock to day. Jim Coffman, chairman, has prevailed upon "Hizzoner" to come and speak to us on the State Constitution.

These are days of "unconstitutional" things - federal laws, for instance, as per the supreme court. What about our California Magna Carta? Is it sound, or shallow? Is it capable of interpretation to apply to modern conditions; or is it a rigid concern? Shall we have a brand new one some of these days; or shall it stay put, even unto eternity? Perhaps the Judge may answer some of these queries to day. Come and see and hear this distinguished gentleman.

Next week we hope to have Lt. Governor Ray Grinstead to give his report on the International convention. Here's hoping Ray may be on hand. Next bulletin will probably confirm Ray's coming.

Floyd and Finny off for the Yosemite. Fortunately their wives have gons along, and the kiddies too. Under the circumstances the boys will be good. What power womankind do possess!

On his trip to Lake Louise Walt Seawell reported as follows: He didn't hook a blank blank fish; but he got hooked instead - for several spondulacs. Walt has a faculty of making up - in the high mountains, where there's no Kiwanis club.

Given two particular conditions: First, Bob Bruce; Second, his motor boat. And striped bass are assured. Charlie Wig fed the fishes; and the editor had to catch one before Bob would treat!