



The Builder

Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg, California

JULY 3, '51

KIWANIS JOURNALISM REVOLUTIONIZED !!! "Dear Mamma Mia" gets the weekly news and club members get a copy!!!

Behold: Luigi Giovanni Battista Galeazzi, correspondent de luxe ! He should furnish a key for translation, however.

If Martin Luther was a reformer, then Luigi is a performer, as an editor dialectwise. His style is altogether upsetting. His language is of the Giovanni Battista school of thought. His phraseology beats that of Herb Caen. As writer he's the cats' whiskers.

Since its inception no such literature has so astounded this organization of ours. It fairly takes us off our feet. Its radical departure from the past efforts smacks of the bewildering. It is a far cry from the customary stuff. We're puzzled to know how and what to do, bulletinwise, henceforth.

Many thanks, Sig. Luigi; thanks, too, to Past Proxy Al for all the pinch-hitting. We'd better be off agin, gone agin - sometime.

When did a club speaker receive a greater ovation than was accorded Owen Sweeten last week? Never. By his own confession, to him, Alcoholics Anonymous signifies much. Now a bigger and better Owen than ever. His song leading reminded us of old times in the club.

Chairman to day, Sid Grove. Speaker, Mr. Bill Pasco. Pictures of the Redwood Empire; also, talk on State Riding and Hiking Travel.

And Fourth of July will not go by the board. We have observed, we shall ever observe, this day of great significance to our country. Ever watchful Tom Ludcke will attend to this.



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On this 10th day of July, 1951, I, Bill Sanderson, come forth and declare: I am the Chairman of the Day. I expect - demand - proper decorum thruout this meeting. I have no use for the propelling of missles, much less any bombardment of firecrackers. These confounded nuisances give me the jitters and disturb my equilibrium.

Furthermore, my speaker, Lt.Col.Wm.C.Petersen, is not accustomed to see and hear what I have had to endure round about my end of the table. More than once I have threatened to change my longitude and longitude in the dining hall.

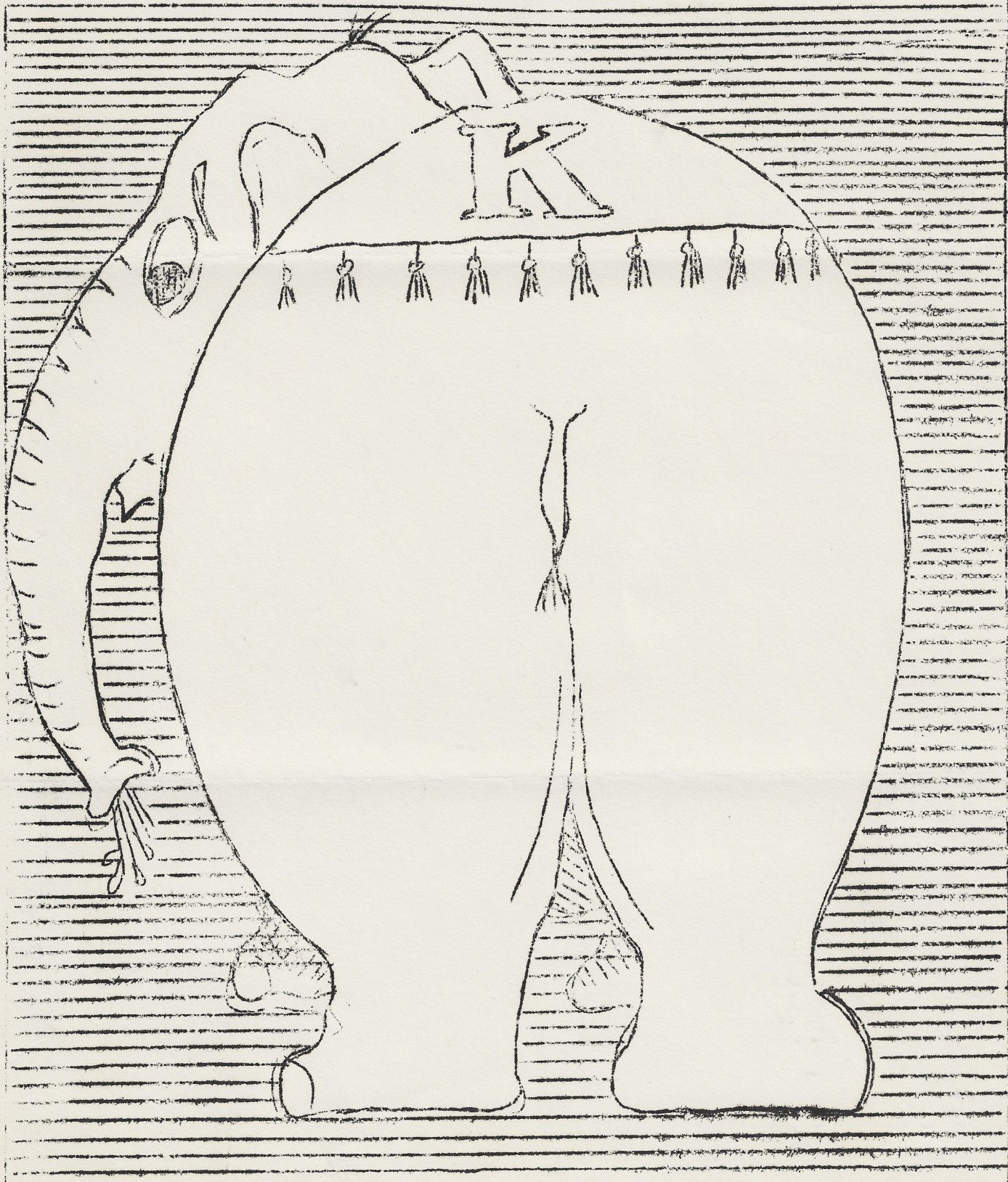
While that speech by Bill Pasco last week was a humdinger - Walter Winchell like - my man's got 'em all skinned. He's a National Guard orator of the first bracket. My Lieutenant Colonel is much like myself - lots of common sense, deliberate, sensible, serious, sound. Let's hear a pin drop to day.

Understand our ancient editor has run out of dope, so I'll take full charge of publishing this bulletin myself. Bear with me.

The directors met the other night and went through their stuff in their customary drab and perfunctory style. It's a sad situation. But there'll be a new Board in January.

But, giving the devils their due, guess it's their unexpected inspiration that's causing already the black trunk of the "white elephant" to be swinging right and left on their skulls to pound some germs of action therein, and to the end that there'll be a community cleanup of goods, garments and gadgets for the auctioneer. Takes cash to neutralize the overhead and insure the wherewith for the UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILD.

Appreciating the great honor confered on me (by myself) to compose, proof-read and type this bulletin, I remain, Truly Yours,
Henry Ford Dealer.





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7/24/51

Harry Punster Latimer, Chairman. And he doesn't know the name of his own speaker !!! What shall be done in a case like this ? Soak him, would you say ? However, the lady is reputed to be an extensive traveler. So - we're to hear the story of her journeyings, hither and yon. What a ladies man is New York Life !

How can a "white elephant" show fail to click when it starts off with such a BANG ? Tom Ludeke, you're a "wiz" in the realm of promoting. "Jumbo" sure was in his snow-white pachydermatic light last meeting. Let's give him peanuts; let's give him circus performers a quaff of that papatable potent "punch" necessary to full speed ahead, and we'll loop the loop over the top for a financial killing. Remember - Sept. 20 - 21 - 22.

We may be touching on the impossible. But "the sound of revelry" while the gong fairly begs for silence spells nothing short of consternation for M C and those of the well-behaved. How about giving the "management" a chance ?

For a time our banquet hall turned into a barber shop - Rolzy B., the tonsorial artist and President Jim the winner of a free shave. When that barber chair is auctioned pff at the sale why not a photograph at the time with Jim's face lathered in white ?

It must have been a frame-up . The Democratic editor receiving a GOP white elephant prize at Republican hands ! An attempt to convert him away from the jackass gang - but impossible.



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7/31/51 - Chairman, Garry Rosenberg. Speaker, Louie Luciani.
Subject: Our Chamber of Commerce.

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Always interesting is the recital of a trip around the world, even partly around. That story of Mrs. Margar Loring on her travels abroad in some measure saved us the expense of extensive journeyings, thereby enabling our Kiwanis sports to play the Santa Rosa ponies a bit. Thanks to Harry Latimer for such a fine program.

In deference to, and in cooperation with, the Big White Elephant all captains of the industry seem to be performing religiously, each officer doing credit to his particular rank, i.e. on the job.

Who're going to the Ukiah function at Duncan Springs, the 28th? Second thought: Now we discover it will occur before this bulletin.

During these dull days when news is scarce let's deviate a bit and listen to the tribulations of a draftee, to wit:

I fought against going, but they took me anyway. I was put in "A" Class. Next time I want to be in "B" Class; B here when they go & B here when they come back.

What is your name? Ans. August Childs. I told his nibs I'd be 23 first day of September. Warning: The first day of September you'll be in Australia, and over there that will be the last of August.

The doctor said I was the most perfect physical wreck. "Look what the wind's blown in" one guy shouted. Wind, nothing, the draft did it.

Three days later I sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had more bad luck. Our sergeant stuttered so badly it took him so long to say "halt", that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and the captain said "fall in" - I've just been in, I said.

Approaching Australia I was cold. I told the captain I wanted to go where it was warm, so he told me where to go. More hell there.