



The Builder

Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg, California

THIRD DAY OF SEPTEMBER

Day after the big noise - that Harvest Festival in Healdsburg, than which, in point of artistry, colorfulness and class - well, where is that town that can beat it ?

In the wake of all the attendant mental and physical impairments little should be expected of a weekly bulletin at this time, particularly from its scribe who's still somewhat stupified.

Hence, this emasculated issue of what is dubbed by some of our hibinding knockers as the "scandal sheet".

However, it is just possible for us to announce:

That Harry Latimer is to day's chairman;

That Joe Thompson will wing his way hither in a return engagement;

That this air-minded man will discuss some phase of aviation;

That his discourse will materially differ from his previous speech - which was a honey.

In closing, let us pound the gavel on Frank Sillano's back for that unique Festival Show he put on last week. Some queener is presently bowhiskered Frank.

This is absolutely all - except to say directors meet this Thursday Eve. at SEVEN for refreshments and business at Earl's.



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"Sully" - the one and only Sully, so far as this club recognizes. Erstwhile Healdsburg Kiwanian, presently with the Countyseaters, self-same Sully will play the lead in to day's entertainment. And entertaining he's bound to be; just why? Well, Sully's talkie-movies on the natives of New Guinea in their customs and dress (?) eloquently should tell the story. Moffat is the chairman.

That "return engagement" by Joe Thompson at last meeting went over BIG, as did his previous talk. Joe knows his aviation.

Given a bountiful venison feed, who is the director who would not take due advantage? Just one reason why the monthly meet at the home of Vice-President Earl was a real business and social affair. And how come - Joe Miller spending most of the evening with the other "Jo" (Earl's spouse) doing all those dishes! Earl, you'd better be watching out. And who said Ed B. couldn't kill a buck.?

Nice little rivalry these days over our next Lieutenant Governor. Just a couple of ambitious Kiwanians, each out for some honors, experience and service gratis. A campaign pregnant with interest, earnestness and, of course, goodfellowship. (Hope Walt Wright may not criticise use of underscored word). A rivaling contest, let's say, "for the good of the order". A non-profit post is that of a Lt. Governor. By no means is it to be likened to a real political battle where, we'll say, one Kiwanian coveting the job of his fellow member and for the pelf that's in it. Happily, this does not occur often in Kiwanis. No, there's nothing unethical or ill-advised in seeking a Lt. Governorship. No financial hardship suffered by the losing candidate. Next time he may come under the wire.

Election of Officers next week. Nominating committee now at work. District Convention next month, in Oakland. All invited to attend.



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9/17/46

Get the expression: Bart Rush phones he has been "sucked" into the chairmanship for this meeting. Can't believe Bart ever would be a sucker. Leave that for the amateur fisherman. Just wonder in what manner Bob Meir feels he has been drawn into the speakership for to day. Anyhow, State Chamber of Commerce Bob is to enlighten us on what's going on in this town, and contingent territory.

Those pictures by Harold "Sully" Sullivan took us way over to New Guinea. The Ol' Boy knows his natives like The Squire knows his dice.

Sharpen your pencils for election of officers to day. Names of a nice lineup of candidates will stare you in the face on the ballots.

Much ado about somethings in the near future. Sept. 24th, at Mark West Springs, inter-club meet with Santa Rosa. True, a function like this costs another four bits these times, but let not that deter us socialites and otherwise money spenders from purchasing the tickets now, driving over to this popular resort and mix with the boys from our neighboring city.

Then, October 1st, at Sonoma, a caucus for the nomination of next Lieutenant Governor. Past President Byron Gibbs, a man of parts is our candidate. Let's get behind the "Professor".

October 10, 11, 12, District Convention in Oakland. A good place to be to suck in that keen Kiwanis spirit. Also, first class pretext to get out of town for a change.

Our regret to hear of the passing of a once esteemed member, the Rev. Tom Maslin. Our expression of condolence to the beloved wife forwarded this day.



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9/24/46

Chairman, Tom Ludcke. Speaker, Mr. Ken VanGundy, Public Relations Bureau, PGE. Mr. VanGundy will speak on the Central Valley Project.

Bob Moir was in his usual good form in his discourse on civic affairs.

This (Tuesday) night, Inter-Club meet with Santa Rosa, at Mark West Springs. Our new members, plus some clästers, should get on the band wagon.

For next Division Governor - a lively scrap. Good naturedly of course, may the campaign fairly froth, till the lucky man wins.

Sept. 17, a full dozen journeyed to Sonoma town in a Kiwanis meet. And of all the expeditions that ever descended into the Valley of the Moon - well this was probably the most spectacular.

As for discipline -

For interference with a song Walt agreed to WRIGHT all wrong. Just as a piece was to be sung, up jumped Huddart, glib of tongue, and speeled right loud and to the tune of the Association Franc. True to form, Walt did win; he told tall boy where to head in. The first of four to toe the scratch was Old Dick Dead Eye, Jess the Ratch-. Louie took the melody; when mellowed up some warbler he. Ever hear the Governor sing? At Cocktail Club his voice does BING. High tenor, Russ, as we believe, was North of Ireland, Orange Steve. At second bass (not base) who took a whirl but Nobleman, Healdsburg's EARL? Some quartette, we'd have you know, Walt yelled loud, "On with the show". The key was sounded by Bill Rich. The singers struck an off-side pitch. Of all discords since ancient time were butchered in "Sweet Adeline". All were dry; all throats were sore. Doc Deason ^{moved} they sing no more. Motion carried in uproar. "Professor, alias "His Nibs", came to the rescue, yes, By Gibbs! Produced a flask of Seven Up(?) The bunch now needed popping up. Right here, refreshed and full of - fire, bowed in the bulky actor "Squire". He and Undertaker Ern undertook to take their turn - a Venus and Addonis skit - (in a mixed group it wouldn't fit). Last, it would be a side-show sin if we didn't picture "Fin". For years a neck and silent mouse: "Too d- -n tame is the Stone House; let's go to Triseo, 50 mile, and end this party in true style". The cars returned on their own power; arrived home at an "early" hour. When another party be may your scribe be there to see.