

THE BUILDER

Published Weekly by the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg

First Day of July, '41

Imperish-able redwood tree! My friend, fear not trespass on me. Two thousand years I've braved the storm; yet, see me still in perfect form. Print o'er my limbs and branches green. Beneath the lines I may be seen Unscathed by hurricane or fire, I stand erect; I never tire. Your BUILDER, as each week rolls round, I'm glad to serve as^a background.

Now, that we have carte blanche, a few extra square inches of printing area is provided.

But, to come down to earth, and the story for to day:

According to "No Tengo Rancho" Byron Gibbs, one Mr. O'Brien (Frenchman) will be on hand, and between the two we are to have word and picture story of matters pertaining to Red Cross life saving service. No ban on bathing suits this time.

Stock broking has sometimes led to stone breaking (at the Pen). But last week's discussion on the stock market by Mr. Jack Botts was on the square, and enlightening.

As we write we can almost hear the rumpus of Russ' new car breaking the speed laws from Detroit to Healdsburg. For he and Fred and wives are on their way from the Convention.

Well, well, President Paul has taken the liberty to pick up and leave for Vallejo; and without consulting his Elders! So sudden! And yet, Paul, we wish you Godspeed, sorry to lose you from High School, community and club; but happy for your material advancement in things scholastic. And all will miss winsome Marie and the beautiful children. Adios.

This being Fourth of July week, The Builder shudders to think of how some of our roughnecks (we mean patriots) are to disport themselves at this meeting. Better save the explosives, boys, to fight the enemy.

There the Russian River and Redwood Highway meet.

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July 8, 1941

To day: Mr. Wilt Gunzendorfer in "K S R O" - Harry Latimer, Chairman.

By virtue of a declaration of independence, patriotically-like, a bunch of the regular rounders celebrated alright (or all wrong) last week with combustibles sharp and sonorous to the senses. They showed plenty of independence, but poor marksmanship for Fourth of July militia men.

But this was different: Instead of pretending to effect some firecracker killings, one "Obie" O'Brien demonstrated how to save lives in the waters of our Russian River. No place for would-be suicides there when Obie's sticking around. Expert that he is, they just couldn't cross him up.

Whether he is or not, Russ should be on hand to day. Can't stand for the absence of some guys very long at all.

The Twenty-Thirtians say that Geno is a working fool. We just know he won't fool us in that respect, now that he's a Kiwanian. Welcome, Geno.

That picture at the head table Tuesday last might be entitled, figuratively and literally, Paul's Last Stand. While on his feet the retiring president took a hard beating of penetrating eulogies, almost of vanquishing sort, quite touching, but well merited. Fact is our once Paul Crabb, with handsome bill folder and Past President's Button, has gone for his larger field in Vallejo. Sorry, yet glad, are we, Paul.

And who is our new President? Genial Charlie Comstock - a natural - a man who's bound to "cut the mustard." Yes, "C.W." we're all behind you.

And now, as the editor departs for his sphere of influence in the snow-banks of the Sierras, the brand new proxy and "Rev" Morehouse take over the bulletin for a fortnight or so. We commend the pair to you.

WHERE THE RUSSIAN RIVER AND REDWOOD HIGHWAY MEET

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Tuesday, July 15, 1941.

Chairman of the day: Larry Killingsworth.

Speaker of the day: Russ Stevens, our own Lt. Governor. In accepting the invitation to report his trip East, he said, "I will be happy to knock the boys into the aisles next Tuesday. My subject will be: Mordern Atlanta as viewed by a modern (?) (vintage of 1912) Rhett Butler, or the spiritual Interpolation of the Twenty-fifth annual convention of Kiwanis International."

His card was signed, "SPIRITUAL STEVE."

The "Rev." is endeavoring to get out of his baby clothes by putting out this sheet in the absence of our able secretary who has gone to try to catch fish. We are told that that is the only time that he can get a hold of a line when the other end is not busy.

The "Rev." would like to ask Russ Steven, who his spiritual adviser was at the Convention. He himself has endeavored to serve in that capacity and at times has found it a little difficult to keep some of the delegates from getting too spiritual.

Substitute appointments have been made on a few committees and President Charlie urges these Kiwanians to get into the collar and help pull the load.

LAST WEEK: Wilt Gunzendorfer, KSRO executive, told of the workings of a Broadcasting Station. What do you know about it, even he has troubles too.

A good way not to enjoy yourself in your club is: Think about yourself, what you like, what you want, what respect and consideration others should give you and what people think of you.

"Everyone takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But there comes a time when he takes care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well and he has changed his market cart to a chariot of the sun."

Emerson.

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Tuesday, July 22, 1941.

Chairman of the day: Louie Schwab

Speaker of the day: George A. Atwood, Traffic representative of the Port of Oakland.

Did you read on page three in your Calivada, written by Russ? We hope that he found the Club Car.

We enjoyed the report given by Russ Stevens last week, concerning his trip and of the Convention. Such reports are interesting because they appeal to a common interest. That reminds us of the story of a returned explorer, who during a report of his travels said, "We were surrounded by natives, they uttered savage cries, they danced madly about and beat the earth with their clubs..." "Sounds like golf." exclaimed a listener.

One of the things we remember out of Commander Parker's talk last week, when he spoke to us, representing the Committee for Aid to Britain, was, "You can't step on the gas and the brake at the same time and expect to get anywhere." That is not only true of National Defense. It is true of any program. And there is nothing so wearing on both the car and the driver. But before we take our foot off the brake we would like to ask, "Where are we going and how do we get there?" American goals, and the American way of arriving to them, have proved fairly good in our 165 years of history and have obtained for our citizens a degree of freedom and standards of living not enjoyed by any other people in the world. Hitler says, "Two worlds are in conflict, two philosophies of life. One of them must break asunder." We agree but we do not agree as to which one. Holding fast to American objectives of freedom and justice for all, and keeping to the American way of true democracy, we can with confidence take our foot off the brake and step on the gas. And a Kiwanis club is a good place to do it.

Some of the boys are asking, "Why don't we sing, "God Bless America." Let's sing it. It is a great song. We need to sing it. But there is one thing more needful, and that is to Give God a chance. He will bless America all right if Americans will give Him a chance.

Please excuse the sermons. But if you do not give him news, what do you expect a preacher to do with this sheet?

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7/29/41

To day Earle Adams will illustrate his recent journey over the country by magnificent colored pictures. Amongst these will be portrayed the Petrified Forest of Arizona - this alone well worth the "price of admission."

And O H-how Slim Price, chairman by choice, will get a concrete type of reception as he attempts to pipe up, introductory-like!

The editor hereby expresses gratitude to "Rev" Morehouse for a nice job in turning out the bulletin for the past two weeks. And Pres. Charlie superintended the delivery act in tharogoin style. In the lingo of Charlie Chan, "Thank you so much."

The Port of Oakland looked bigger to us when Mr.A.C.Meadows took us through last week. There'll be plenty "deep water" on California's coast if and when the Japs attempt a belligerent port call.

Sad news for the club. "Stew" Kelso leaves soon for Camp San Louis Obispo, presumably until peace time comes. He's the first to "man" the Salvation Army Hut in California. Understand that Stew takes the lead in this meritorious U S O service.

Then, too, we're losing Don Harper, at least temporarily. Not sure if his transfer is forever. Certainly hope not.

Which reminds us: we must fill up the ranks with men as good and true.

Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies is now a reality in Healdsburg. Inspirational meeting Wednesday Eve at 7-30, Tribune auditorium - July 30. An outstanding speaker from San Francisco will be there. You'd better be too.

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