



VOLUME 54

AUGUST 2026

NO. 8

Native Sons Admission Day Picnic Mid-Summer Dinner is August 18

Brother Russ Knudsen is proposing an Admission Day picking for Native Sons, families and friends of Fairfax Parlor #307 to be held at the historic Marin Town and Country Club for a gathering to benefit the NSGW Historical Preservation Foundation.

Brother Russ said "The spirit of General Winn(founder of the Native Sons) and the spirit of Charles Snowden Fairfax (founder and namesake of the town of Fairfax)...those two will both be in attendance.

"People, Parades and Picnics, the Heritage of the Native Sons of the Golden West will be celebrated. We may not have a parade... but we will have a picnic."

All Native Sons and prospective members are invited to our mid-summer dinner at our clubhouse on Wednesday, August 19. Featured will be our traditional August appetizers; dinner will have salad, barbecued tri tip and risotto.

As usual, social hour will begin at 6 p.m., with dinner at 7:30. Reservations are required from Kevin Courtz, (415) 717-4018 / kcbcourt@aol.com. See the flyer on page 7.

SNAKE ALERT! Several rattlesnakes have been seen in the Canon Village and Fairfax Parlor areas.

Watch where you step!



Several Fairfax Parlor members and guests participated in Fourth of July parades, including this one in Penngrove.

Business Meeting August 5

All Native Sons are invited to attend our August 5 business meeting, where we will discuss several issues important to our parlor. They include:

- Our current dues billing system, which has had several problems, including producing a list of members who have been billed incorrectly, some after having paid dues.
- Details on our August 19 Mid-Summer Dinner and September 12 picnic.
- Report on progress of replacing the electric control equipment.
- Cañon Club report.

Prior to the meeting we will be interviewing and/or voting on **Patrick Santoro**, sponsored by Michael Crane; **Nicholas Tedeschi** (Pat Martinez); and **Michael Frideger** (Internet).

Attention, Chili Lovers!

Santa Rosa Parlor #28 will host parlors from District #14, Sonoma and Marin Counties, on a Chili Cook-Off Contest Tuesday October 13 at Santa Rosa's Hall, 3318 Stony Point Road, Santa Rosa.

This competition is open to brothers from local parlors and might also include a few ringers... uh, special guests.

All brothers are Invited to bring family and friends to judge the Chili. This is open to all!

After tasting and voting we will serve hamburgers, hot dogs with typical sides to go with the chili provided by our competitors.

The \$20 fee for non-competitors includes everything and as always, dinners at Santa Rosa Parlor include beer, wine, soda and water for a small donation.

Competitors contact SDDGP Mitch Laing at nsgw28mitch@gmail.com for full info and to register your entry. Please contact via email or call (707) 975-1541 by October 1st.

Call or TXT Parlor Rep Deb Eynon at (707) 291-3646 by Friday, October 9, to reserve your seats. Remember to bring other brothers, friends and family as the more judges we have the better the outcome!

See the flyer on page 4.

Vet's Home Barbecue Returns!

One of the finest events sponsored by the Native Sons and Daughters was the Annual Vistation to the Yountville Veterans Home. Discontinued several years ago, it will now return on Saturday, August 22, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. The event will be held at the picnic area, 260 California Drive in Yountville.

Barbecue will feature New York Strip Steak (\$25) and a two-hot dog meal (\$15). A donation of \$20 is requested to provide free meals to our deserving veterans.

Make checks payable to "Napa Parlor #62 NSGW" and send to Doug Love, 390 Silverado Trail, Napa 94559. For questions and reservations, contact Doug at dlovensgw@gmail.com, (707) 328-6177. Reservation deadline is August 14.

John Sargeant - 1940-2026

Brother John Sargeant has died. He was born in San Francisco on March 9, 1940 and joined Fairfax Parlor on July 2, 2008. Our condolences to his wife Cindy.

May he rest in peace in the Grand Parlor on High.

Applicant Has Long History

Mr. James Kleiser, who has applied for membership in Fairfax Parlor, traces his legacy in California back to Gold Rush days. He wrote "My great-grandfather, James Abram Kleiser, came west with William Winter in 1849 and worked in the fields. He wrote a journal about it. I thought it might be fun to check you guys out. Probably should have done it 40 years ago."

Great Day in Sonoma for the 4th

By LOU LANGLAMET

Fairfax Parlor was represented in Sonoma's 4th of July Parade by Matt Marcucci, Lou and Irene Langlamet and Renee Del Santo.

The weather was pleasant and the crowd excited, chanting "USA USA USA" as we passed by them. Much of Sonoma Parlor #111 brothers were working traffic control, so we really played a big part in carrying the flag. We were at the beginning of the parade so we finished early and went to the park for refreshments, supplied by Sonoma Parlor, great Hot Dogs, potato salad, cookies, chips.

Brother Jacobs Writes

Brother Tom Jacobs joined Mt. Tam Parlor in 1980 and is now a member of Fairfax Parlor. He sent the following to Brother Bill Madsen and we're pleased to print it here. We'd like to print your story too—just send it to nsgwfpc@comcast.net.

"I am a former Mt. Tamalpais member. I have never been able to attend any meetings though my NSGW membership has been over 40 years. I am big into history and spend a lot of time at flea markets. Got these ribbons recently. The one on the right is a "basket case" and falling apart. It appears Fairfax had Native Daughters at one time. I am not a Native Sons collector, though there is a vast amount of that material."



Native Daughters had a parlor in Fairfax long before the Native Sons instituted Fairfax NSGW Parlor.

A Walk With My Dog **By CHRIS WAND**

On an unusually warm still smoggy winter morning in 1971, I set out to take my dog for a walk to the Mission to find a girl from Galileo High. It was going to be hot, a welcome rarity, one of those mornings when you awake with an overwhelming sense of teenage optimism, seeing something beautiful in the beginning of the day, where everything looks as though a new artist had colored it, and one forms lasting impressions of things you never noticed before in the city. The air bristled with energy and expectation.

Donney and I wandered toward the saddle of Pacific between Russian and Nob Hills. For the first time ever, I entered the New Russian Hill Grocery. Inside, an overwhelming odor of soy sauce. Holes in the wood floor were patched with nailed-down tin can-tops. Chinese opera played on a radio. Using food stamps, I bought a Bireleys, Twinkies and a pack of beef jerky for my dog.

Ahren's Bakery

At Jackson and Van Ness, Ahren's Bakery perfumed the intersection with warm sugar and grease. It was a human time capsule where old wrinkled ladies lingered over a cup of coffee and one donut for hours probably acting the same way they did with their friends when they were in their 20s during The War. They probably knew all the words to Mairzy Doats, everything was known, familiar and safe in their hangout.

We passed car showrooms and the Scottish Temple, then turned right on the shady side of Market by the Carousel Ballroom. Hot Tuna and The Allman Brothers were featured on the marquee. I planned to go there, but with so many new bands playing in The City, I could never afford them.

Jumping at McCrosky Mattress Factory

At the McCrosky Mattress factory, I finally got to accept the invitation on the sign visible from the streetcar going to the Zoo: *"It's so well made--you can jump on it."* I jumped up and down on the mattress in front of their door and Donney barked at me. I wondered if anyone slept on it at night. The double-decker Central Freeway over Market Street created a dividing line I had never crossed on foot.

How wonderful to walk into unfamiliar territory and see architectural details of buildings with a varnish of age and an accumulation of past lives about them from before 1906, each one a potential set of

friends living in them that I might know all my life, if I could just meet them. We turned left at Noe and up to Liberty Heights.

Barely visible beneath a line of beige smog across the oily bay water, steam rose from a factory in some distant place like Hayward to which industry had mostly fled, a place unreachable by bus. As the tide turned, ships swung around on their anchor chains. I dreamed of shipping out, of seeing the world and wondered about my dog and how I could possibly take him? Could he sleep under my bunk? Didn't ships have mascots?

The Value Groceteria

At the counter of the Value Groceteria I asked the name of the flaky home made thing under a plastic dome. The grocer answered with a word I knew I'd forget immediately, another foreign food word for greasy crumbly things that didn't come in packages like Hostess berry or apple pies, such as "cannoli," "Piroshki," or "Mu-shu."

The stiff silver handle with green oxidation on it snapped open a roller latch on the white wooden refrigerator. I grabbed a miniature twelve-ounce swirled glass bottle of Pepsi. It was replaced by another bottle that rolled sideways down the brilliantly simple design of the sloped rack to the stop.

I worried about Donney and asked the grocer for water. He pulled a half-gallon Foremost milk carton out of the garbage, cut open the side then filled it. Donney lapped at the water stained white with spoiled milk. The grocer knelt down and petted his black fur, hot in the sun. Donney licked his face.

Into the Mission

We continued downhill towards the Mission. The girl with the funny Greek name lived somewhere around here. I accidentally found the Bob Ostrow meat factory. The little man, who kind of looked like a seal waving a knife in the air, was on the label of packaged meat sold everywhere. At Valencia, I could smell the sweat on the collar of my Levi's Jacket so I tied it around my waist and rolled up the sleeves of my red hooded sweatshirt.

I came to the house of Teresa, a different girl than who I was looking for. She had playfully traced the shape of her dad's car key into my notebook in English class and written her address. I thought that an invitation. I rang her bell. She answered:

"What are you doing here? You're going to get jumped."

"I just came by to see you, to check out the neighborhood"

"We're watching T.V., I gotta go." She shut the door in my face.

Two guys standing in front of a small Kool billboard glowered at us. Whenever entering a situation like that, I untied and carefully retied my shoes, in case I had to run. BART construction had ripped up Mission Street. Its surface was now huge thick wood timbers strong enough to support busses and trucks.

We continued down Mission passing the Grand Theater, where three long years earlier I'd watched a strange bingo game between four movies for a dollar, eaten bad burned pizza, and sat among children smoking in the theater. We turned east along 24th, a confusion of small businesses with produce displayed in front, Spanish signs, and dusty sidewalks. Everything I saw was new. Wonderful smells of spices and sugary food came out of the shops. Spanish overheard. I recognized a few words and even useful phrases like "Que Pasa?" which meant "Like what's happening?" I most definitely planned to learn Spanish. Every block I walked seemed like I had traveled another five hundred miles south.

Donney to the Rescue

Donney was vigilant, sniffing at people and watching them. In an old-fashioned candy store and soda fountain frosty milkshakes were served in big tall glasses at a counter. Not wanting to leave him tied up I skipped it. Down a side street, some clever guys were doing a valve job on a car at the curb. At York Street, there was a Mexican movie theater, never listed in the Chronicle movie pages.

Finally we arrived at Potrero, a crowded bus transfer point. I couldn't believe it, the 47 Van Ness came all the way down here from the rotten fish smells and green surging waters of the MUNI Pier? I wondered if I could live here; become one of the people who were staring at Donny and me, strangers in their world. I imagined my future here. In a simple apartment, funded by working class industrial job, a honey golden, black haired girl would welcome me as I came up the stairs...

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!"

Three guys came toward us, mad. They always come in threes. One was so fat that his neck rolled over the collar of his white T-shirt. Another one was dried-out looking, burned, scarred: Did he have a vitamin deficiency? I didn't notice much about the third guy, except that he was there and was with them. Words clogged in my throat.

Wand continued on page 4

Wand continued from page 3

Donney talked for me. He barked and lunged at them snarling, his gums showing continuously. They stopped short, motioning with their hands: Was it a signal to someone or some kind of Kung-Fu move? He lunged again, barking insanely.

I made a big show of holding him back magnanimously, like I was the world's fairest concerned guy for them. They circled round us at a distance and threatened. I walked silently, pulling my dog forward. He actually did want to harm them. Sweat poured down my back.

Now it was more of an escape than a walk north up Potrero. They followed, then lost interest at 20th. We continued all the long way back to 3rd, Kearny, the cooler air of North Beach and the familiar safe threats.

Sign Up a New Member Today!

The strength of Fairfax Parlor is in its members. We rely on them for being parlor officers, cooking, helping with projects. We need to replace those who, unfortunately, have died or moved away.

If you sign up two or more new (or reinstated) members, Grand President Kris Nelson will reward you with a handsome belt buckle. See page 8.

NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

MARIN & SONOMA PARLORS CHILI COMPETITION

**GOOD FOOD
GREAT PEOPLE
BOLD FLAVOR
LASTING MEMORIES!**

CALLING ALL CHILI CHAMPIONS FROM DISTRICT #14!

Whether your chili is **SMOKIN' HOT** or **MILD & WILD**, we want **YOU** in the pot!
Bring your best recipe, your competitive spirit, and let's find out who's got the **BEST CHILI** in District #14!

**TUESDAY
OCTOBER 13TH
2026**

BRAGGING RIGHTS, AWESOME PRIZES & ETERNAL GLORY AWAIT!

THINK YOUR CHILI IS CHAMPION MATERIAL? Prove it!

IF YOU BRING THE HEAT, YOU COULD TAKE THE TITLE!

ONE DISTRICT. ONE COMMUNITY. ENDLESS FLAVOR.

Spice Up the Competition!

Ready to enter? We'd love to have you!

CONTACT MITCH LAING TO SIGN UP OR GET MORE DETAILS:
★ ✉ nsgw28mitch@gmail.com ★

COME HUNGRY. LEAVE HAPPY. SUPPORT LOCAL!

★ SANTA ROSA PARLOR #28 INVITES YOU TO DISTRICT #14 CHILI COOKOFF! ★

FAIRFAX PARLOR CALENDAR FOR 2026

(All events are at Fairfax Parlor's Hall, 135 Mitchell Drive, Fairfax, unless otherwise indicated.)

Wednesday, August 5 – Business meeting, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday, August 11 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, August 19 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday August 25 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, September 2 – Business meeting, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday, September 8 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Saturday, September 12 - Parlor Picnic, Marin Town & Country Club
 Wednesday, September 16 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday, September 22 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, October 7 – Business meeting, nominations for parlor officers for 2027, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday, October 13 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, October 21 – Dinner at the Parlor, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6. Old Timers' Night.
 Tuesday, October 27 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, November 4 – Business meeting, election of officers for 2027. 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Tuesday, November 10 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, December 2 – Business meeting, installation of officers for 2027, 7 p.m. Bar opens at 6.
 Saturday, December 5 – Parlor Christmas Party, St. Rita Hall.
 Tuesday, December 8 - Lunch at the Parlor. Bar opens at 11:30 a.m., lunch at 12:30.
 Wednesday, December 16 - Christmas Potluck, 6 p.m.

BIRTHDAYS

Happy Birthday to our brothers
 born in August

(Second number is years in Order)

Michael Dibby - 1st (24)
Dan Murphy - 2nd (27)
Tom Kyne - 2nd (26)
Rick Saber - 2nd (25)
 Dan Freeman - 3rd (10)
Ray Potter - 3rd (32)
 David Zischke - 4th (3)
Scott Rohrs - 4th (29)
Michael Kluse - 5th (26)
 Korri Grigsby - 5th (3)
Bill Rogers - 6th (30)
 Henry Chou - 7th (1)
Ralph Ardito - 9th (39)
Glen Kabanuck - 11th (28)
Tom Knapp - 11th (39)
 Jeff Garon - 12th (3)
 William Glueck - 13th (20)
 Vince Patterson - 13th (13)
 Jay Brown - 13th (5)
 Craig Zellers - 14th (21)
 Brian Franzioia - 15th (10)
John Mohr - 15th (26)
Ron Hinck - 16th (30)
Pat Tarantino 18th (25)
Courtney Balzan - 19th (39)
 Peter Barto - 19th (16)
 John Coffey - 20th (4 months)
William Denson - 21st (55)
George Thornton - 22nd (44)
Richard Bonfiglio - 25th (41)
David Scafani - 27th (32)
 Jack Pizza - 27th (24)
Booby Phelps - 28th (50)
 Joseph Morrison, Jr. - 29th (11)
 Chris Wand - 30th (3)
 Diego Garcia - 30th (2)



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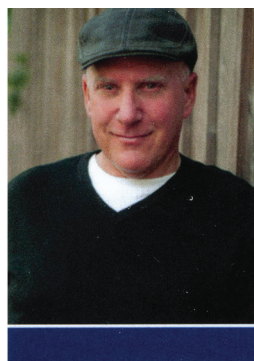


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***NATIVE SONS OF THE
GOLDEN WEST
Fairfax Parlor #307***

PARLOR's AUGUST DINNER

Wednesday, August 19, 2026

CANON SWIM & TENNIS CLUB - FAIRFAX

6:00-7:30PM – Hors'deuvres & No-Host Cocktails

**7:30PM- Dinner: Salad, French Bread, Tri-Tip, Risotto, Vegetable
and Dessert!**

COST: \$25/person

Reservation Deadline: August 17th, 2026

Contact: Kevin Courtz at 415-717-4018

and/or send payment to:

Kevin Courtz, 168 La Perdiz Court, San Rafael, CA 94903

kcbscourt@aol.com

(checks payable to: Native Sons Fairfax Parlor 307

Maximum Reservation- 70 people



Grand President Kris Nelson's belt buckle symbolizes California with its grizzly bear, sunrise and quail. "FLC" = Nelson's and the Native Son's long-time motto of "Friendship, Loyalty and Charity."

Fairfax Parlor's Newsletter is published every month since 1972. Direct editorial and advertising to Fred Codoni, 162 Porteous Avenue, Fairfax 94930, (415) 459-7082, nsgwfpc@comcast.net.

Date: Saturday August 15, 2026

BBQ

**NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST
REDWOOD PARLOR #66**

MENU:

**JAMBALAYA,
CAESAR SALAD
GARLIC BREAD
HOT LINKS
DESSERT**

**GUEST COOK:
BRICE WALKER**

OBSERVATORY PARLOR #177

**LOCATION: BEAR LODGE GROVE, WOODSIDE, CALIFORNIA
COST: \$30.00 PER PERSON**

RSVP & INFO: MARCIA SKELTON, (650) 787-8779, Email: Redwood66ms@yahoo.com