

the arrival of Treasurer Keith Coulombe I finished the Visit and soon enjoyed the meeting and dinner with the Ferndale #93 Brothers.

After dinner, the table talk turned to Bigfoot. I mentioned we stopped in Willow Creek at the Bigfoot Museum on the way into town. I asked if anyone has seen Bigfoot. Apparently not, though one Brother said he went into the Trinity wilderness near Bluff

Creek on a Bigfoot search using aerial drones and sensors, but still didn't find it.

Returning to Northern California, I had another enjoyable journey visiting the North Coast for my Official Visits and learning some of the legends and history that make California what it is today.

## Tales of a Wandering Marshal

*By Lou Langlamet*

I gathered up the posse, my wife Irene for her ice-breaking skills and Fred Schwab for his skills at breaking everything else, and headed up to Napa Parlor for the first annual Lotts Lake Fund Raising Dinner. Dan Foppe from Petaluma-Nicasio Parlor has been working hard organizing work parties to maintain and upgrade the facilities up at Lotts Lake and he's been asking other parlors to find ways to pitch-in by raising money for the required materials.



This dinner was Napa Parlor's way of helping out. And what a great dinner it was! Hors d'oeuvres, roasted tri-tip and chicken, twice-baked potatoes, homemade cornbread, accompanied with salad and carrots, followed by ice cream. You certainly got your money's worth.

The turnout was a little disappointing, but there were half a dozen parlors there, which was good to see, and many Past and Present Grand Officers.

Kevin and Carol Courtz sat with us which brought us good luck, they won 2 raffle prizes and so did we. Just the kind of guy you need as a Financial Secretary for your Parlor.

After dinner Past Grand President George Adams graciously offered to give us a tour of their meeting hall, answering all of our questions and explaining different features of the room. He went on to show us some of their historical pictures, and a framed set of pictures of the Native Sons who bought the Sutter's Fort Property and then refurbished it before donating it to the state. Those are the kinds of things that make me proud to be a Native Son.

We're a lucky bunch – to be able to visit other parlors and their functions and enjoy the food, camaraderie and history. See you out there.

## Cont'd: The Fish That Needed To Get Away:

### A NATIVE SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST STORY

*By Russ Knudson*

#### Chapter 5: Aces

Chester Courtz knew his poker hand was hopeless, a sure fired loser of a hand. Virgil and Zachary both had superior winning poker hands, maneuvered by slight of hand that went undetected. Virgil and Zachary had smirks on their faces, one of them was gonna win a bounty of a poker pot... so they thought.

Several startled seagulls from the train whistle blast were encircling their card game, relieving themselves all over the cards.... now the cards were really marked... from seagull droppings!

Chester Courtz called them on their last raise and put in his final gold coin. Virgil and Zachary were laughing. Virgil turned over his hand... three aces and two kings. Zachary turned over his hand... 4 Aces!

Zachary laughed and was about to grab his winnings. "Hold on there Zach!" Said Chester Courtz in a voice that was part pompous and part anger.

Chester turned over his cards... 5 Aces!

Zachary and Virgil were angry as all get go. Chester was laughin' up a storm as he picked up his winnings.

"We was watchin' you like a hawk!" Yelled Virgil.