

Native Sons News

Fairfax Parlor #307

November 2024



Still Searching for a 3rd Vice President

Do you love verbal abuse? Working long hours with no recognition or thanks? Perhaps you enjoy pounding your head against the wall? Well then, we have the job for you!

We're accepting applications for Fairfax Parlor 3rd VP. No pay, little thanks, lots of headaches – apply today! Call Bill Madsen: (415) 259-8340

FAIRFAX PARLOR CALENDAR 2024

Wed., Nov 6 – Business Meeting – Election of Parlor Officers 7pm Mon. Nov 11th – **Veterans Day**. Give thanks to those who've served Tue., Nov 12 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar: 11:30.

Tue., Nov 26 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.

Wed., Dec 4 –Business Meeting, 7pm Bar opens at 6.

Sat. Dec 7 – Xmas Party St. Rita's Hall **RSVP** kcbscourt@aol.com

Tue., Dec 10 – Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Bar opens at 11:30.

Wed., Dec 18 - Christmas Potluck 6pm

Other Parlors Events

Wed., Nov 13 - **Petaluma-Nicasio #183** Social/Turkey Feed/Meeting, 6/7/8pm **RSVP** 707-763-1736, Hermann Sons Hall, Petaluma Sat., Nov 16 - **Santa Rosa #28** Thanksgiving Dinner, 6pm

RSVP 707-350-1116, by Nov. 12th, NSGW Hall, Santa Rosa Mon., Nov 18 – **Napa #62** Social/Dinner, 6/7pm Chicken Casserole, **RSVP**, 707-224-3213, NS Hall, Napa

a the

October 8th Luncheon

Vegans are never pleased when Joe Artigiani enters a kitchen. But everyone else is. When people say, 'He killed it!' They mean exactly that.

Along with his stalwarts Stan Rowan and Matt Da Cuhna, Joe served up a hearty, succulent, fat-dripping, finger-licking helluva meal. Thanks guys!



Heat, Smoke and Fire or A Bad Day for Chickens

L-R: Stan 'The Man' Rowan, Smokin' Joe Artigiani Matt 'The Meat' Da Cuhna, and a mountain of chicken

Oct 2nd Business Meeting

We were pleased to obligate two new members, Kevin Davis and Will Hutchinson.



L-R: Kevin Davis, Pres. Matt Marcucci and Will Hutchinson And we were proud to honor 52-year member, Parlor Past President, Grand Parlor Past-President, 50-year editor of our newsletter, 20-year Canon Club Manager, constant cook, event organizer and coordinator, and:

Long-time Leader and Pillar of our Parlor Fred 'Living Legend' Codoni

With a life-time achievement award (which doesn't even begin to address all the time and heart he's put into our Parlor and the Order. **Thank you, Fred!!**



L-R: Past Pres. Burt Winn and Parlor powerhouse Fred Codoni

FAIRFAX PARLOR OFFICERS, 2024

President – Matt Marcucci 1st VP – Bill Madsen 2nd VP – Eric Bowen 3rd VP – Chris Wand Sr.

Jr. Past President - Burton Winn

Treasurer – Stan Rowan Recording Sec – Kevin Courtz

Newsletter Editor – Bill Madsen <u>uubmadsen@sbcglobal.net</u>

Website Manager – Mark Fogg FairfaxNativeSons@gmail.com

Old-Timers' Night

Thank you all for attending our Old Timers Night on Oct. 16th. Grand President Steve McLean and Tommy Baggett our Grand Marshall joined us after their Official visit.

Thanks to Don Cronk and Matt Marcucci for a great rib meal with the help of Lou Langlamet who prepared the salad.



L-R: Pres. Marcucci, Don Cronk, Connor Trimble and Chris Jackson Thanks to Joel Bantly, Tom Teixeira and Stan Rowan for all their help with setup, clean up, bartending and everything else. A big thank you to our two servers (Conner Trimble and Chris Jackson) for all their help cleaning and serving.



Lou Langlamet hunting down a salad

The visit by our Grand Marshall went well – he approved our Parlor's Books and Finances and gave us his compliments. The final calculations on the dinner after expenses was negative \$200. All 25-year members and older, Past Presidents and visiting Grand Officers were free.



Don and Matt, again thank you for a great evening!!

Interested in Bocce Courts?

Follow this link:

Bocce Courts & Bocce Bar (fairfaxnativesons.com)

Dear Friend and Brother: Joe Allen

On October 2nd we lost our good friend and long-time brother Joe Allen. A member of our Parlor since 1983 and our President in 1989, Joe could always be spotted volunteering around the Club, helping out whereever help was needed.



A gentle soul, Joe was always friendly and happy to see you, and always remembered your name. His passing is a great loss to our Parlor.

Services were held at St. Rita's Church on Sept. 26th, with a reception after, where brothers Joel Bantly and Bob Rogers shared stories and memories of Joe.



We pray that Joe is among his friends and family and enjoying the buffet at the Grand Parlor on high.

God speed Joe, we miss you.

November Birthdays

Nov. 2nd: Mark Escabar (26)

Nov 5th: Michael Allen (20), Kevin Geraghty (41!!) Nov 8th: Chuck Cate (20), Matt Da Cuhna (1.5) Nov 9th: Carl Augusto Jr (44!!), Anthony George (2) Nov 10th: Wayne Stranton (8), Wiiliam Wilhelm (49!!)

Nov 11th: Michael Mackintosh (11)

Nov 20th: Mike Courtz (46!!) Nov 21st: Jim Arrigoni (17) Nov 22nd: John Payne (50!!!!) Nov 23rd: Jeff Birkenseer (6) Nov 24th: Peter Berkhout (1)

Nov 25th: Philip Anderson II (17), Michael Pon (25)

Nov 27th: Lou Langlamet (11) Nov 28th: Don Legnitto (33!) Nov 29th: Ron Potter (27)

Kevin Courtz - Fisherman

While our Financial Secretary, Kevin Courtz, has served the Club selflessly and tirelessly for the past 40+ years in many different capacities, he sometimes finds time to get away and relax for a few moments.



Kevin presents himself with a trophy: a 3-foot, 17-pound trout

Tuesday Night Lights

On Oct. 29th 2nd VP Eric Bowen organized and hosted the inaugural "Tuesday Night Lights" pickleball event.



The bump and split round-robin format was great fun with eighty exciting action-packed games. And just so you know that the fix wasn't in, Eric Bowen didn't win the tournament – that honor went to Andrew Moss and Shane Franco. However, Eric and fellow Native Son Jeff Garon represented the Parlor well by coming in second. Great night for all – thank you Eric Bowen!

For Future Discussion

While discussing the Canon Club discount for Native Sons (on the agenda for our Nov. 6th meeting), Ethan Geary raised the question: Given that the NSGW now allows non-natives into the order, will this change what we stand for in the future?

When you consider this and look at how many new members are joining because of their interest in the Canon Club, it makes you wonder; will the priorities of our Parlor membership shift over to the care-taking of the Club at the expense of the care-taking of the Parlor?

It could be both a positive and a negative and deserves further and deeper scrutiny. If you have an opinion about it you'd like to share please email: uubmadsen@sbcglobal.net

Oct 22nd Luncheon

The menu read like something you'd find in a leatherbound tome at some classy restaurant in the city.

There were Charcutier bites & Sausage Cheese Balls with a Fall Pomegranate Spinach Salad followed by BBQ Steak Squires, Spanish Rice, Roasted Broccoli and Carrots. Come on, Dan, you're spoiling us. Pretty soon we'll all be showing up in jackets and ties...



L-R: Dan 'The Epicurean' Freeman, Kevin 'Uptown' Davis, and 'Bon Vivant' Bob Burrows

Thank You, Dennis Thompson

Dennis Thompson, a Canon Club member and owner of the J D Ranch & Vineyard and sponsor of our newsletter



has contributed a case of wine to be used for our Xmas party raffle with half the proceeds to go to the NSGW and the other half to go to Halleck Creek Ranch; a local non-profit serving children and adults with disabilities.



Click this link to learn more...

Cont'd: The Fish That Needed To Get Away: A NATIVE SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST STORY

By Russ Knudson

Chapter 8: 'Deal the Cards'

"Good riddance to Chester Courtz." Said Zachary, "He's an ornery, bad at cheatin' and gambling, tobacco chewin'.....good for nothing piece a trash! I hope the bottom feedin' mudsuckers in that pond swallow em' up! We don't want no more like him! He better not have no kids! God help us if he do!"

"Just deal the cards Zach." Said a laughing Virgil. "He's good as dead. I know I busted up his ribs good...probli' punctured a lung... and that last upper cut you gave em... I seen him swallow his own teeth! He got what he deserved and I'm glad we was the ones to give it to em'. Forget about Chester... I want yall's' money... now deal the cards!"

Chapter 9: Leeches

Chester lay motionless for about an hour on the shore of a small pond that was dammed by the berm and created during "the gathering of the rain water."

Chester was dizzy, delirious and in a world of pain.

Chester managed to crawl on all fours out of the water. Chester stood up on shaky legs, but then he stumbled and fell into the mud and the reeds at the edge of the pond, he passed out and slept for two days!

Chester lay almost face down in slimy fly infested mud. Whatever skin was exposed was sun burnt to a crisp. Mosquito bites, ticks and yellow jacket stingers were all over Chester. Leeches invited themselves to the Chester body parts that were submerged in the pond.

The leeches were having an all you can drink party. Chester did not have a good train ride.

Chapter 10: A Little Comfort

Chester was in a dream state for two days! He dreamt about the Confederate loss. The Confederate loss hurt his pride, but he knew the Confederates.....had to lose! Because he knew some damn good black folk! Them black folk didn't deserve their situation.... he was sure of that now.

He dreamt about the physical pain he was in from that train rooftop beaten'. He knew he deserved it.

Chester wasn't a good man.

This was the lowest point in his life. Somehow, in this dream he felt wrapped in comfort, and everyone needs a little comfort. The sound of wild turkeys in the distance made its way to Chester's ears... Was he still dreamin'?.No... The sound was real.

A lotta wild turkeys lived in the area. They were 'turkey squabblin' over Wild Black Berry Rights.

Chester's eyes slowly let in the Blinding Sammy Sunlight. Sammy Sun won today's battle against The Ferguson Fog. It took Chester several minutes for his eyes to adjust to Sammy. Chester noticed right away he was not in the same place he had landed in when he was punched off of the train.

Chester had been pulled up onto a small bank of the pond and placed under an isolated majestic oak tree. Shade and Sun had been working in unison on Chester... this was comfort....and everyone needs a little comfort.

Chester's clothes were off. They were hanging on some oak branches. He noticed they were clean. He had been wearin' the same clothes for three months! He had stunk like a mule... but that was an insult to mule stink... he stunk a lot worse... he actually smelled good at this moment. Chester was wrapped loosely in the fresh leaves and thin branches of Eucalyptus, Bay, Rosemary and Sage.

The physical and mental pain of his lowly state of mind from his dream memory... was gone! A small campfire was smoldering a few feet away. A tri-pod of green pine branches was hovering over the campfire. A big salmon was suspended from the tri-pod of pine. It musta' weighed ten pounds. Rosemary sticks were inside the salmon's belly and puffs of smoke were transforming the fish from raw sushi into smoked salmon.

It smelled good... it was part of the comfort... and everyone needs a little comfort.

Chapter 11: The Mystery Man

Chester slowly pulled himself up. His herbal leaf medicinal wrap of the local vegetation fell from his skin. The naked Chester walked towards the oak branch that held his washed, warm and dry clothes.

Chester forgot how quite nice looking his clothes were when he first purchased them. The clothes were smooth to his skin and a natural clothing fragrance enhanced this special occasion of...' Getting Dressed.'

New clothes made Chester feel like a new man... and Chester felt that it was time for him to transform himself into something better... he wanted to be the best version of himself. The person that was knocked off that train by a vicious uppercut was the Chester Of The Worst Version.

Chester was fully clothed and he walked towards the tripod of smoked salmon.

From the corner of his peripheral eyesight, Chester noticed a human figure across the pond... the figure was standing still. The figure put his hands together in a prayer pose. The figure methodically bowed forward... acknowledging Chester... he turned... he walked away... vanishing through the brush and into the trees. The mystery figure had a long black ponytail, he was wearing a hat that appeared to be cone-like with a sharp point on the top.

Chester had seen people like that before in San Francisco... he knew the figure was Asian. The mystery figure was indeed of Asian descent, a Chinese Laborer who helped put down the railroad tracks for the North Pacific Coast Railroad.

The work was back-breaking. The work was dangerous. This particular Chinese Laborer was born in Chinese Country... he was a Chinese Country Boy... and he fell in love in these lands known at the time as The Lands of Fairfax.

The mystery figure decided on his own to live in seclusion in this area... he knew how to live off the land... he respected

the land... and the land respected him... the land allowed him to take and use whatever he needed to survive... and he would only use what he needed.

He was a people of the land this Mystery Man.

To be continued...

This is the third installment in a series Russ is writing for our Parlor and the Canon Club community.

