



Message from our President:

Greetings;

Membership...At times it appears that we are slowly replacing the members that we lost. This is fine, but let us not slip back into complacency. If we stand still and sit on our laurels, we die.

We have to continue to build our membership. John Rutter has some good ideas, along with several other members, on how to increase membership. Let's all get behind them and help the best way we can.

When I took office I was hoping for one new member per month. Wouldn't it have been nice? Look where we would be now. Let us not come to a standstill....

President Ben Snowden

TASTE of EDMONDS:

The sun was shining, the bands were playing, the people were flocking and we had "helping hands" from our club to help manage the Taste of Edmonds vendor gate. Thanks to Shirley for coordinating. She also worked multiple shifts as did Dexter, Sue, Elwin, Buck, Dottie, Mary Lou. Others who pitched in to help were Frank, Matty, Homer, Jim, and Paul. We were assisted by Wendy Priest, Ralph Widmeyer, and Duane Penning of the SNO-King Club.

THANKS for all your help. This effort raises funds for our projects to help the kids of our community.

Membership Drive:

Our first annual competitive membership drive starts the first of September and will run 3 months. The overall drive will be headed up by Past President John Rutter.

The "competition" will be between 2 teams, The "Alpha Team" will be prodded by Paul and Frank, and the "Kiwanis Crusaders" will be jostled and jollied by Mary Lou and Harold.

AlphaTeam

John Beall
James Buchanan
Dorothea Forrest
Elaine Hinze
Clayne Leitner
Richard Lunstrum
Michael Medalia
Billy Jo Roberts
Alvin Rutledge
Elwin Wright
Eleanor Taylor

KiwanisKrusaders

George Bardsley
Homer Cardle
Shirley Elliot
George Frankovich
Dorothy Lund
Matty Martin
Dexter Miller
Ray Roe
Ben Snowden
Buck Weaver
Sue Tomlinson

The goal is 5 new members by December 1. There will be monthly assessments of progress and the "appropriate recognition" for those doing well and not so well. The team that wins with three new members will be rewarded beyond their wildest imaginations.

HELP NEEDED:

Elwin has volunteered to take on the job of Interclub Coordinator. This helps relieve some of the load carried by Shirley. A big THANK YOU to Elwin.

Weekly Kiwanis Meeting:

South County Senior Center
220 Railroad Ave. Edmonds
Tuesday at 10 a.m.

Programs:

Contact: Dexter Miller(425-744-2346)

Sept 4: Cordell Hauglie
Topic: "Kenya Mission Trip"

Sept 11: David Freed
Topic: "Bright Water" Project

Sept 18: Dorothea Forrest
Topic: "Alaska Trip"

Sept 25: Dr. Nick Brossoit, Supt.
Topic: "School Issues"

Inter-Clubs:

Contact: Elwin Wright (425-7762892)

Sept. 4: OPEN
Sept. 12: Monroe - Valley Gen. Hospital
Noon (lunch)
Sept. 20: Lynnwood - Fire Station
7 a.m. (goodies)
Sept. 27: Kingston - Amer. Marine Bank
at 7 a.m.

Other Meetings:

Board Meeting: Sept. 18th, 9 a.m. SCSC Library.

Snohomish County Kiwanis Events!!!

<http://www.snohomishkiwanis.org/>

Greeters:

4th: Marylou Kantor
11th: Paul Jacobson
18th: Dick Kosola
25th: Clayne Leitner

October Programs:

Captain: Harold Huston (425-744-2346)

Don Williams
George Frankovich
George Bardsley
Sue Tomlinson

Birthdays /Anniversaries:

2nd: Dexter and Ruth Miller
3rd: Dexter Miller
6th: Jim Buchanan
23rd: Buck and Bettina Weaver
26th: Joyce Martin
26th: Yuko Buchanan
30th: Paul and Carole Jacobson



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Store #1476

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NEW HOME NEEDED!!!

The El Capitan Condo Association is looking for a new home for its 8 foot pool table, equipment, and light which hangs above the table. We were wondering if any Kiwanians know of a youth group who has the space and would like it. If you know of a group, Contact Dottie Lund.

Youth Services Projects

Key Club, Meadowdale High School

Children's Hospital

Elementary School Mentoring

Clothes for Kids

Bicycle Safety Helmets

Student Dictionary Project

Community Service Projects

Edmonds Food Bank

South County Senior Center

Got a Project? Come join us.

New Members and New Ideas

welcomed!!!



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KIWANIS is a global organization of volunteers dedicated to changing the world one child and one community at a time.

To learn more:

<http://www.kiwanis.org/kfl/>

Young Children: "Priority One" Projects

Little Red School House

Activity Supplies, Meadowdale Pre-School

Healthy Mothers, Healthy Babies

Community Services Projects

Edmonds Seniors Officers:

President: Ben Snowdon (206-546-9208)

Pres. Elect: Harold Huston (425-771-8201)

V.Pres.: Paul Jacobson (425-771-8949)

Secretary: Shirley Elliot (425-778-0756)

Treasurer: Billy Joe Roberts (425-778-1843)

Past Pres.: John Rutter (425-778-6502)

Edmonds Seniors Board:

Elwin Wright (425-776-2892)

John Nutting (425-771-4774)

George Bardsley (206-546-4005)

Dorothy Lund (425-673-1144)

Dexter Miller (425-744-2346)

Mike Medalia (425-774-5467)

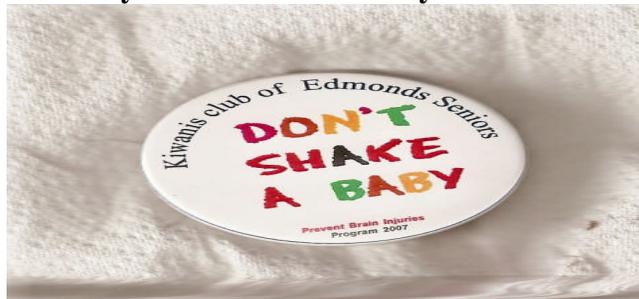
Mary Lou Kantor (425-712-8085)



“Don’t Shake a Baby”



**President Ben and program speaker
Wally Walsh with his lovely wife Donna**



At our August 14th meeting, Wally Walsh introduced our club to the “Don’t Shake a Baby” Project. It was an interesting but sobering presentation on the dangers, short and long term, of shaking an infant...for whatever reason.

Wally handed out and reviewed a paper from the Kiwanis Service Programs Department entitled, “A Service Project for Young Children: Priority One....Shaken Baby Syndrome” This document summarizes the project, covering the problem, the solution, what each club can do, and the available resources on this important issue. We were also given brochures that our club can distribute to hospitals, doctors, day care centers and other entities that can educate staff, parents and caretakers.

This is a project that all of us can get into and make a impact in our community. It doesn’t cost us anything but our time to get the word out to those that need it.



Memories of G. Bardsley



**On the Road of Life with
“George the Curious One”
(Coming soon to a theatre near you)
(Part 1)**

The purpose of this personal essay is to introduce the writer to his fellow members of the Kiwanis, Edmonds Senior Center Group. No rights have been reserved and anyone wishing to repeat any data herein should feel free to utilize it in any way. However, there is one exception to the total disregard of the application of the data contained herein – it is not permitted to be installed in the bottom of bird cages. The same might be said of small furry animals, such as but not limited to: rabbits, squirrels, ground hogs, badgers, beavers frogs. George Walter Bardsley invested his early years in the City of Cranston, Providence Plantation, Rhode Island, USA. Note: the technical term for counties in Massachusetts and Rhode Island and I believe in other Commonwealth States reflects their original founding authority as granted by the Crown. I digress but it is interesting to the writer that our nation was approximately the same age when it revolted from British Rule as it is today. 1620 Mass., 1636 RI – 1776 = 150 yrs. Prox 1776 – 1976 = 200yrs.

Meanwhile, Mr. G. Bardsley, the youngest of four children, all boys, was presented to the world on or about February 4th, 1922 in the town of Pawtuxet, Warwick, Rhode Island. I digress but Rhode Island is not an island. Block Island, Jamestown, Newport, etc. are islands but not Rhode Island.

After a lack luster career in the public school system he was released to consider his fate. However, depression or no depression, he had been earning a portion of his keep since he was fourteen with yard work in the neighborhood and a paper route at sixteen. Independent carrier, (Evening Bulletin) plus part time errands and shelf stocking at our local Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company (A&P. This all helped to earn me a position as an after school and Saturday clerk on a Fruit and Vegetable sales counter.

I digress: but in late years the opportunity to learn how to conduct oneself while attempting to sell less than prime bananas or melons by the pound and or a fraction thereof to depression conscious housewives has prevented me from wanting to punch anyone in the face thereafter. A valuable lesson in recognizing that a portion of the public is unbalanced some of the time and a few all the time. You also have to insist that your customers are right as you watch them continue to devour a half a



pound of grapes or plums as samples. All ,by the way, before “bar codes”.

So – what about Mr .G. Bardsley? In the cold reality of working for a living he decided he could do better by starting to consider additional formal education. Hence he was admitted to study for a Mechanical Design Degree at the R I School of Design in Providence. He did well enough to be able to transfer the then R I. State College, Kingston, R.I. Mechanical Engineering Department. Exact dates are difficult but he is well aware of the date of December 7th, 1941. (Perl Harbor Day). Loafing around in the Phi Sigma Fraternity house on a Sunday when the news of the enemy attack was broadcast everyone present declared that they would put their education on hold for the duration and sign- up.

I digress: the next day (Monday) I hitchhiked up to Pawtuxet, the nearest Navy recruiting station only to have a poor besieged Chief Petty Officer tell me that he had so many applications I should go back to school and stay there until they called me. Kind of a – do not call us, we will call you.

My application to the US Maritime Commission was in the mail and I was accepted pending a physical examination. Within a month or six weeks I was getting on a bus in New York City heading out to the academy at Great Neck, Long Island. Following the six months of preliminary and life boat training as a Cadet Midshipman a buddy of mine and I were standing on the deck of a Liberty ship in the Bethlehem Fairfield Shipyard in Baltimore, Md. It took another couple of weeks at the outfitting pier before we put to sea. I will never forget the feeling and satisfaction of being aboard after all the red tape and being jerked around.

His first trip was in convoy routed over the North Atlantic in reasonable weather to the Port of Belfast, Northern Ireland. Even then, however, I was advised not to walk around the city after dark with the Free State Irish Patriots in the area. They were reported as doing harm to anyone who was assisting the English. There were even rumors that the German U boats were refueling off the west coast of Ireland. Naturally, as a Cadet- Midshipman we got all the dirty jobs in the engine room. The old crew members liked to remind any new crew members that the hull was only 3/8 of steel and the U boat skipper always aimed at a ships engine room where a hit would stop the ship and possibly break the ships back (keel.) It would go down like a rock then.

My second voyage was on the Seatrain Texas. The Pennsylvania Railroad owned three such ships until the Maritime Commission took them over. The New Jersey, Havana, and the Texas had the capacity to carry 100 plus fully loaded freight cars and ran regularly between those three ports. They were ideal for transporting army tanks and we took a full load from the army base at 59th Brooklyn to the Victoria and Albert Docks at the east end of London, England.

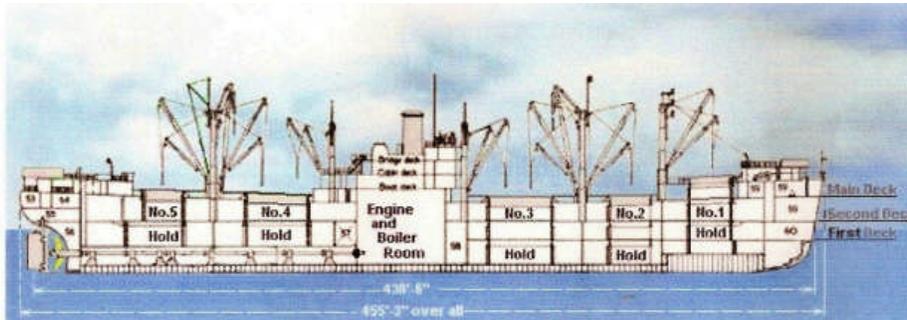
The six months of sea duty was completed with a period of waiting for space and construction at the academy by holding aboard an old square rigged training ship, TV Emery Rice tied up at the west side of Staten Island. Oh boy, February in the lower New York harbor. The bright side was the weekend liberty in New York where if you could get a hotel room one could take a hot bath for an hour or two.

Back at the academy for nine months with all the tests and chicken s--- military regulations followed by all the tests and examinations until the cadet-midshipman emerged as a full licensed 3rd asst. engineer and an ensign in the US Naval Reserve

The next voyage was a “ man maker”. Sent to Baltimore and shipped empty to New Orleans, the ammunition facility to load nothing but twenty pound aerial antipersonnel bombs with the fuses stored separate. The standard joke was – we do not have to worry about going down – up maybe but not down. All joking aside – we had one wiper who would take his bedding and sleep on the fantail of the ship. He was having head problems and the army took him off to a hospital in Antwerp. That was when I learned from the Port Engineer that a friend from the Academy was killed in Oran. It was the result of a heavy storm while his ship was at anchor and it dragged its anchor and went aground breaking the vessel at the no. 3 hold. He was



killed the next day trying to recover a sextant for one of the mates. Jumped but did not make it. Shame – the only child and a widowed mother. Bobby Driscoll – I think of you and I pray for you. Only the good go early.



The section drawing above displays Victory Cargo ships 455'-3" length, with a beam of 62 feet. It has a 6000 horse power steam turbine engine and capable of speeds from 15 to 17 knots.

Again I digress: failed to previously mention that while a Junior at RI State I observed a freshman female student whom I had to find a way to meet and which I did. Marguerite Helen Holl from Holyoke, Mass. Allowed me to do her chemistry homework for her and her friends and waited four years prior to our receiving her parents approval to marry me. I did not blame them, much! Their family had a bad experience as a result of the first world war and they did not wish to possibly experience their daughter being a widow prematurely. At long last, we stood before the pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner, upper east side of New York City and were declared "Man and Wife". The most wonderful day of my life. It was forty nine years later and two sons when I lost her to the Lord. It has been twelve years now and I am still trying to find things. I miss you, my beloved, and I will never be the same without you.

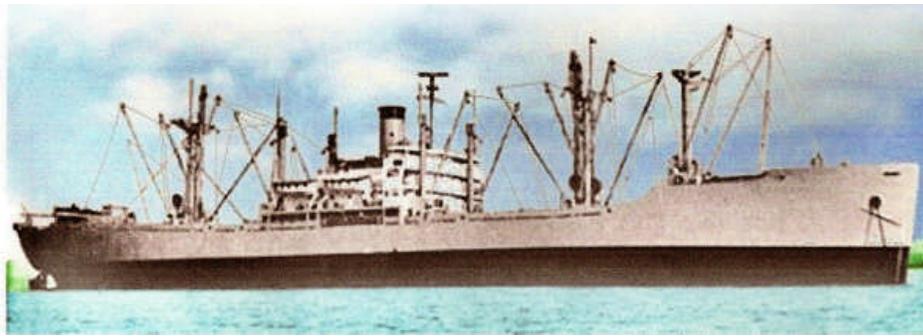
It seems like there is more "I digressing" than actual history. Sorry about that but I will not delete one word. Paul Jacobson can reduce the content as much as he may wish but I keep the original and I will not apologize.

So, after receiving my new license from a grumpy old Coast Guard Examiner I shipped out with a trip up to Holyoke and/or Kingston between each voyage. I still have my seaman's passport which is endorsed prior to permitting the seaman back ashore in this country. Depending on the foreign country we had visited we would anchor in the restricted section of the harbor until we were checked for any known or unknown disease or illegal contraband. Life afloat however was reasonably comfortable. Some strange shipmates now and then but good living conditions. No long marches with a fifty pound loaded backpack and a rifle. No "sixty day" wonders trying to order everyone around. Even the Navy Officers responsible for the gun crews were usually good Joes. Unfortunately the gun crews could not hit their bottoms with a stick but the thought that if they threw enough twenty mm shells up from the six gun tubs it should discourage enemy aircraft. Our nickname for the Navy lads was the "Seagulls". They eat, poop and squawk. The merchant crews time at sea is separated into "watches", 12 to 4, 4 to 8 and 8 to 12, seven days a week. First mate or first assistant engineer takes the first watch, 4 to 8 with the second and third officers following in that order. The third mate or engineer relieve the first for one half hour, for evening mess. The Captain (Skipper) and the Chief Engineer do not stand watches. Neither do the ordinary deck seamen or the engine room "wipers". They are involved with cleaning, painting and general house cleaning. The tricky thing is adjusting the crew time to suit the clock time as the ship passes from one time zone to another. Going east an additional hour is added to first watch and going west the first watch is reduced to three hours. It does not matter where you are and in a convoy it is important that all ships do the same thing in the same way.

That mention of the Chief Engineer not having a watch reminds me of one such



gentleman who was prone to sneak around in his slippers and try to catch one of my firemen or oilers goofing off. He was from the old days with Standard Oil tankers out of Galveston, Texas whereas my crew was mostly made up of first time farm boys from the heart of the country. They had been trained in one of the many such maritime schools for their specialty and they were good workers. I gave them every break I could. No drunks, bad language or shirkers and/or full of excuses. Always left their station shipshape for the next watch, etc. The Chief came down into my engine room a little drunk and started to fool around with the throttle while we were pushing our way upstream in the Mississippi to New Orleans. At first I tried to be polite and that was a mistake. I was missing bells from the pilot on the bridge. It was not until I threatened to punch him out that he found something more interesting to bitch about. I was young and he was not. No matter, I learned a good lesson. How did Reagan put it “trust everyone but verify” Good advice. That was the trip when we loaded out a full boatload of bombs for our people to drop over the enemy. We also were led to believe that the US Army Air Force was given three boat loads when they wished to be sure of receiving two. Wonderful ! That was also the trip with the second mate who would end up at sunrise in the next convoy column and/or a couple of ships ahead or behind our station. The possibility of a collision was something that none of us enjoyed.



The worst trip was on a victory ship, Pomona Victory, seventeen knots empty, turbine reduction gear drive, but badly treated by previous crews. She had come out of a shipyard with a new set of boiler tubes in the port boiler as the result of inability to keep the boiler water from picking up salt from a leaking condenser tube-sheet. The soot-blowers did not work and had been forgotten or ignored in the shipyard. We got lucky, My junior engineer fooled around with them and by adding small needle valves in the pneumatic actuating air they worked. We would have had to put back to port if they had not. That would not have been so bad but we had a boatload of soldiers and nurses headed home from the UK. However, we still did have to go back to Plymouth and get that blessed condenser tube sheet worked over for a couple of days. Boy, was there ever a lot of moaning and b-----g from the poor soldiers and several did manage to slip over the side and swim ashore to rejoin their sweethearts, I guess. That was also the trip when the skipper was Wainwright. The son of General Wainwright best known as the commanding general who was forced to surrender allied forces to the Japanese in the Philippine Islands and was held as a prisoner of war for four years. Who, by the way, was present on the Missouri as Mac Arthur’s guest during the surrender of the Japanese forces. Was his son, the captain, ever a ladies man. He always had two or three nurses following him around.

I digress again: Our captain held one of the highest medals that the Maritime Commission could award for his saving his ship and cargo during a bombing by the enemy in Naples, Italy. With bombs falling and ships on fire he pulled his ship away from the dock and saved it along with the necessary cargo. He could do no wrong – but he did. Nothing major but once back a sea and alone we took a rather comfortable route to quieter and warmer water on the way home.

(To be Continued)



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