

It was 1919

The world was suffering through Purple Death as the Spanish flu was called. Similarly, we are currently suffering through the Orange Menace as our freaky friend down south is called.

World War 1 had just come to an end.

People were healing.

On March 8, 1919 specifically

A bunch of well meaning, if slightly naïve gentlemen met for the first time. They were

Bob Johnson  
Bob Lefebvre  
Bob McIntosh  
Bob Ritchie  
Bob McLean  
Bob Wade  
Doug Delaronde

The history books reveal that Doug was invited along as the group understood that Doug's middle name was really Robert.

Anyway, it was a Friday with weather much like it is today. They met at the local Tim Hortons for a coffee and a Timbit. They discussed world events, politics, business and their families and how they would like to make life just a little bit better for kids in the community.

The Brotherhood of Bobs really enjoyed their chin wag, came up with some great ideas and decided they should do this more often. Unfortunately, the Brotherhood of Bob's were very excited and somewhat boisterous. As such they were asked to leave Mr. Horton's new coffer shop and not return.

A man by the name of Kirby Brown owed a local inn and drinking establishment volunteered to let this newly formed Brotherhood meet at his Inn if they let him join. They could not meet in the evenings as the Inn was very busy with much more "profitable" clientele so they decided on Thursdays at noon.

These Thursday chin wags continued over the weeks, months, years and decades. More Bobs were allowed to join over the years. A camp in Port Dover was opened and later moved to Apps Mill. Thousands of young boys and girls were helped over these years.

The Bobs even started allowing Lens and Leos and Jims and Kens and Alexs to join them for lunch.

One day, no one knows exactly when, the number on non-Bobs was almost equal to the number of Bobs. A big bru ha ha ensued and the non-Bobs were victorious. To the victor go the spoils, so the non-Bobs eliminated the name Brotherhood of Bobs and renamed the merry group Kiwanis Club of Brantford.

This opened the floodgates to every Tom, Dick and Harry.

Jims, where allowed to join. Alfs were allow to join. Nelsons and Arnolds and Daves and Stuarts too.

More good work ensued.

Several years later, Audrey Wells Delaney and Joanne Murray were walking by that closed door and read the sign on the outside. Kiwanis Club of Brantford – No chicks allowed. Joanne said screw this, and they walked in anyway.

The next week, Audrey and Joanne showed up again. But this time they brought friends. There were Crystals, Fayes, Maureens, Sandras, Nancys and Pallos.

The club was in open revolt. Sure, there were more members and they were raising more money and helping more kids. Their Thursday meetings were even more fun.

A woman even tried to take of the presidency. Everyone knows women are way to emotional to be president. It turns out they aren't and the president who said that was just a crybaby. A women became president. And then another and another.

Then a bunch of other stuff happened.

The Kiwanis Club started a Music festival which continued for many years. Opened a safety village, created a great multi use athletic field.

They went to smoke filled bingo halls every Saturday. They sold tickets for raffles for cars and Harleys. They even sold tickets for dinners really far away. They hosted gala dinners. They even hosted dinners that were a mystery to all.

Which brings us to March 2025. 46 men, women and some Bobs still meet every Thursday, at the very same Inn that started it all. And we help make a difference in the lives of hundreds of kids every single year.