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# WATERLOG



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Official Newsletter of the  
Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron  
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## **SAFE! SMART! FUN!**



May all of your days in 2021 begin as lovely as this. May they all end just as beautifully. And may each hour in between bring you a joyous, rewarding, and safe new year. You have earned it.

Photograph by Brent Williams

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**Commander's Corner**

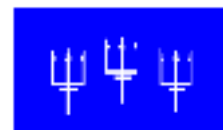
Everyone who has served as Commander says it, but you really cannot appreciate the warp speed at which a year goes by while serving as Commander until it is your turn to take the helm. It seems like just last month, we met at the Dunwoody Country Club with the 2020 Bridge being sworn in, but it really was 11 months ago. This has been a most unusual year that unfortunately was absent much of our previously planned activities. Conditions caused our club to pivot and adapt in ways none of us planned. Holding meetings by Zoom, while never as good as face to face meetings, at least allowed us to communicate. On the water activities were impacted and while we were able to pull off one cruise and a handful of raft ups, participation in face to face opportunities were limited. We were able to recognize and honor our Merit Mark recipients, Instructors, and Vessel Examiners in an outdoor venue with social distancing in place. We had a great slate of speakers and presentations at our General Member Virtual Meetings with a wide variety of topics. While acknowledging that activities were limited this year, the ones we accomplished were memorable and very special because we had face to face opportunities. I believe all of us crave that person to person contact that had been missing from our lives for far too many months. We are social creatures by nature and taking that away during the pandemic went against the grain of our DNA. I understand all of us are tired of Zoom meetings and wearing masks when close to others, but we are nearing the end of this change to our lives. We just need to hang on a bit longer and all of this will eventually be a distant memory to tell the grandkids and great grandkids.



CDR Dave Fuller

Your leadership team has worked tirelessly for you in 2020 to bring you what was possible to accomplish given the situation. It was not all done by the leadership team as significant contributions from Pam Keene gave us a marketing plan that helped move us in a new direction to attract more new members and to assess our current membership for what they want from the club going forward. Sadly, we were not able to engage most of the marketing plan in 2020 due to the face to face restrictions, but we are well positioned to engage in 2021 once we can return to face to face meeting opportunities. Others contributed in significant ways to moving the club forward in a difficult year.

We know with some certainty that the pandemic will be behind us later this year so start thinking now about how you will engage during 2021. You can make a difference in how fast and how far the club rebounds in 2021 by becoming involved. Volunteer to do something – serve on a committee – help on a project – participate in events – become an instructor and teach a class – become a vessel examiner and make people smarter on safety equipment needed – call other ABCA members and encourage them to engage – and when the call goes out for volunteers – RAISE YOUR HAND!



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*Waterlog*

*Waterlog* is published at least four times each year. It is published for the Squadron members by the staff of the Squadron Secretary and is provided to all members and advertisers, and is available to the public. All members in good standing and approved non-members may submit articles and items for publication. They receive no gratuity. The editor reserves the right to revise, change, or reject any materials submitted to the *Waterlog*, consistent with standards of accuracy, fairness, good taste, and available space, subject to the approval of the Squadron Commander.

*Pictured right: Calendar and Proofreading Editor Margaret Sherrod, Editor-in-Chief Tim Tyson, and Co-Editor Barbara Tyson.*



**On the Cover**

Brent Williams of the Tebarco Mechanical Group was at the Gatewood Road Ronald McDonald House winterizing some backflow pumps. As we spoke he pulled out this photo taken one day before our visit from Hurricane Zeta. Taken at the Richard B. Russell State Park, this photo captures the positive outlook that I know describes our looking out to 2021.

*Happy New Year!!!*



# Carl's Corner



## Heaven Sent From My Dear Friend Carl

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead.

He remembered dying, and that the dog walking beside him had been dead for years. He wondered where the road was leading them.

After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, it was broken by a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight.

When he was standing before it he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother-of-pearl, and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side.

When he was close enough, he called out, "Excuse me, where are we?"

"This is Heaven, sir," the man answered.

"Wow! Would you happen to have some water?" the man asked.

"Of course, sir. Come right in, and I'll have some ice water brought right up."

The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

"Can my friend," gesturing toward his dog, "come in, too?" the traveler asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept pets."

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going with his dog.

After another long walk, and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road leading through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence.

As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book.

"Excuse me!" he called to the man. "Do you have any water?"

"Yeah, sure, there's a pump over there, come on in."

"How about my friend here?" the traveler gestured to the dog.

"There should be a bowl by the pump."

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it.

The traveler filled the water bowl and took a long drink himself, then he gave some to the dog.

When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree.

"What do you call this place?" the traveler asked.

"This is Heaven," he answered.

"Well, that's confusing," the traveler said. "The man down the road said that was Heaven, too."

"Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's hell."

"Doesn't it make you mad for them to use your name like that?"

"No, we're just happy that they screen out the folks who would leave their best friends behind."

Soooo...

Sometimes, we wonder why friends keep forwarding jokes to us without writing a word. Maybe this will explain.

When you are very busy or when you have nothing to say, but still want to keep in touch, guess what you do? You forward jokes.

To let you know that you are still remembered, you are still important, you are still loved, you are still cared for, guess what you get?

A forwarded joke.

So, next time if you get a joke, don't think that you've been sent just another forwarded joke, but that you've been thought of today and your friend on the other end of your computer wanted to send you a smile.

You are all welcome at my water bowl anytime. Have a fabulous New Year, and don't hesitate to smile!



# Squadron News



## The Summer We Looked For a Place to Hide

By Haim Zukerman

So. Summer, 2020. The summer of Coronavirus. The summer we looked for a place to hide.

A green State? A green Country? Research.

We found it.

September, October, and for half of November Greece was declared *GREEN* and the EU countries did not require a fourteen day quarantine.

So we flew to Athens and started cruising the Saronic Gulf, a relatively quiet gulf with NW winds at times. However, you are never farther than fifteen miles or so from shore or another Isla

### Aegina:

We started by going to Aegina, a bustling harbor and island that was the capital of Greece in 1889.



In ancient times, Aegina was a maritime power fighting Athens, which you can see in a distance from the Temple of Aphaia. (Editor's note: If you research the temple, you will find that it dates back to 500BCE, the end of the Archaic period. It was built of limestone after the original temple, made of wood and constructed circa 570 BCE was destroyed by fire. BCE, which stands for "Before the Common Era" is essentially the same as BC, but avoids reference to Christianity.) "Zorba the Greek" was written here on

this island. Also, the best pistachio nuts on earth are here.

### Poros:

Ten miles south of Aegina is the colorful island of Poros.

Poros used to be two islands but is now connected by a short bridge. The island is only 400 yards or so from the mainland on the peninsula of the Peloponnese.

This is a small settlement on a volcanic island full of shops and restaurants with white houses and terra cotta tiled roofs.

### Hydra:

This is a class act of an island. No cars are allowed, so if you come by ferry and have a room in a hotel, a donkey will take you around. Talk about different!

The harbor is superb and the boats are on top of one another. Every so often a ferry will crawl in and create a bit of a swell.

A busy night life, restaurants and bars help guests to remember that they are "away from civilization." Leonard Cohen and Marianne Ihlen met here and lived on Hydra for ten years. (Note from "*The Guardian*": All of this the documentary maker Nick Broomfield explores in his tender, funny and hauntingly moving new film *Marianne and Leonard*:

**Words of Love.** Broomfield is not a disinterested observer. He knew Ihlen well. They too were lovers for a while during one of the long breaks in Ihlen's relationship with Cohen. And her effect on the film-maker was almost as influential as her part in the Canadian poet-musician's career.)

To get a feel for all of this I recommend watching the movie "Boy on a Dolphin" with Alan Ladd and Sophia Loren.



Marianne Ihlen and Leonard Cohen on donkeys in Hydra. Photograph by James Burke/ The LIFE Pictures Collection/Getty Images.

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# Squadron News

### Spetses:

The rich and famous in Athens come to Hydra and Spetses, a pine covered island. With its old Venetian buildings, Spetses hails the Greek hero and Lady (Laskarina) Bouboulina. (Editor's note: This is a subject well worth Googling. It is fascinating.) Docking here is hell, as the aft lines must be 300 feet long.

About the end of October rumors had it Greece is going red (Covid-19) so we returned to ZEA marina in Pireus, the port of Athens.



From the Zukerman scrapbook.

Now hoping for a good vaccine so we can get back to normal.

### Batia and Haim Zukerman

*Editor's Note: Haim and Batia have returned to the United States and were staying at the residence of a friend who was quarantined in Europe. They had planned to go to Maui to wait out the virus ("It's the only green state," he told me) when their doctor called and told them to stay put, they were on his list to get the Covid vaccine. As of now (January 24th) they are waiting to get the second shot next week and then it's back to Atlanta!*



*Big time thanks to Haim for sharing his escape plans with us. Talking with Haim about the places he and Batia travel to makes one feel as though they are there themselves.*



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# Squadron News

## Another Night to Remember

*Meanwhile, down at the Hontoon Resort, active minds churned the waters of the Sea of Ideas*

As the group was socializing down at the Hontoon Landing, someone brought up how, well, crummy (we'll clean it up) this year has been. "We're not even going to have a Seafarer's Ball," grumbled someone else (it might have been John Holland. Or me.). But, unbeknownst to the assembled multitude, Judy Marcopulos and Pam Keene were huddling. Out of that meeting came the idea of holding an Ugly Sweater Gathering in December. Not a huge gala, like the Seafarer's Ball. Just a pre-Christmas gathering of those who wanted to come and see some of those who we have missed so much this year. Pam and Rick have a large yard (if you can call thirteen acres a "yard") and a spacious house built for, you guessed it, entertaining.

And so it was to be. The group was small, 16 or 17 people, but the fun was large. One fifth the number of people, but five times the laughter.

Or something like that.

Anyway, as for the Ugly Sweater Contest. It was once said of your editor that if he (i.e. me) had a contest with a brick to see who was dumbest, there might not be a winner. The same went for the Ugly Sweaters (although our Commander definitely went for the gold!). They were all beautiful, in their own special way.

*(Continued on the following page)*







# Squadron News



*(A Night to Remember, continued)*

The weather was mild enough for an electrifying corn hole competition, and the food...well after all, it WAS our club, this collection of gourmands that we are. **And** we had a silent auction to benefit the Atlanta Ronald McDonald House Charities. **And** we had a wine toss to benefit the Calvary Kids Christmas. **And** our Commander presented three members with the ABCA Coin of Excellence.

The pictures will tell the story, and you can read more about our charity donations on the Outreach page.

But above all, a hearty shout out and virtual hugs and kisses to Pam Keene and Rick Fulgham for offering up their house, and to Judy Markopolous and Cary Holland for pitching in and helping to end our year on such a high note.



He said, "Timster."

I said, "Yessir."

He said "Look at these friends.

A finer group we'll never see."

From that old nautical ballad "The Tennessee Locks"



# Outreach News



## It's O.K. to Strut Your Stuff.... You've Earned It!!!

*By Tim Tyson*

You may have noticed that this issue of the *Waterlog* has something of a theme. Optimism. Positivity. Inspiration. Well, if you want a little more of this trifecta, read on.

As in past years, our club has "adopted" two charities, the Calvary Children's Home, and the Atlanta Ronald McDonald House Charities. And again, as in past years, at the year's end we have had a drive to collect donations for these two absolutely wonderful places.

But this year, unlike past years, we have had to contend with a sinister virus which has curtailed some of the events which highlight our charities. We did not have a Calvary Kids Day-on-the-Lake. There was no Seafarer's Ball. But did that stop us? **H.E. Double Hockey Sticks NO!!!!** In fact, unless I'm losing my mind (and don't ever rule that out), we may have broken previous records.

The three donation boxes we put out at our annual Seafarer's Balls were again put out at the Ugly Sweater Party, and we'll get to that in a moment. Before that, however, mail began coming in from people who wouldn't be able to make it to the party but who wanted to donate. Word came to me that several had made direct donations. Ladies and Gentlemen, we collected \$2000 for Calvary and \$1500 for the Ronald McDonald House before we even asked for donations. That's like a baseball score of 12-0 in the middle of the first inning!

As for the Ugly Sweater Soiree...Cary Holland provided a couple of cases of wine and sold tickets for a "Wine Toss," very much like one of the games we spent our parents money on at carnivals when we were kids. Buy a ticket, get four rings, toss them at the bottles of wine and, should you "lasso" one, you can take it home. Easy, you say? Whoah. Not so fast, Pilgrim. Those bad boys were rodeo quality, in terms of getting them around a bottle. But it was great fun, and we netted several hundred dollars that went toward buying Christmas gift cards for the Calvary Kids.

As has become our custom, three donation boxes were set out: the Calvary Children's Home, Calvary Kids Christmas presents, and the Atlanta Ronald McDonald House Charities. Since the Calvary boxes generate the lion's share of collected money, we held a small silent auction for ARMHC.

Well, it really wasn't that small. In fact it was a bit larger than in the past several years. This year we had everything from a hand made Amish quilt to a blender for a boat to a Donald Trump Chia Pet. Everything at the silent auction sold and we netted almost \$400.00. Now remember, there were only 16 or 17 people there!

As this column is being written we have collected (drum roll, please) \$3,900.00 for the Calvary Children's Home and just over \$3,000.00 for the Atlanta Ronald McDonald House Charities. In addition to that, we purchased \$20 Target gift cards for each child at Calvary, and \$50 Target cards for the four who go to either college or vocational school and who live at Calvary. (Remember, Calvary is their home. When they live there they don't have the expense of apartment rent, plus...they can help the staff when need be. A win-win situation).

***Note to any non-member who may read this: if you join this club, these are the kind of people you will proudly call your friends.***

\*\*\*\*\*

**This Article Is Very Important!**

**That's Why the Headline Is In Boldface Red**

**Adopt-Kid's-Birthday Time is Here!**

**Each time a child at Calvary celebrates his or her birthday, a hand-made-by Genie Troncalli Birthday Card is delivered to them. Inside each card is a \$20 bill. This may well be their birthday present (singular).**

**To participate in this program, please send a check (it needs to be made out to Tim Tyson) or cash to Tim. He collects the money, places it in the cards (which Genie sends to him) and delivers them to Calvary.**



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# Squadron News



## Manatee Maniacs in the Land of the Mayaca

By Barbara Tyson

**They said it couldn't be done. They said it would never happen.** But on November 6, 2020 twenty of America's Boating Club Atlanta's members made landfall at Hontoon Landing Resort & Marina on the St John's River. Blown out by Hurricane Irma in September 2017 and stopped by COVID 19 in February 2020, ABCA made a third try for a trip in early November 2020 and was successful, putting truth to the old adage "The Third Time's the Charm."

### First - A History Lesson:



Hontoon Landing Resort & Marina is located on the St John's River just across the River from Hontoon Landing State Park. The State Park is actually an island in the River. It is 7.2 miles west and south from the city of DeLand, Florida, home of Stetson University, and the alma mater of members Nan Ellen Fuller and Pam Keene. Established by the Florida Park Service in the 1970s, the island got its name from William

Hunton, a former soldier and the original owner of the land in the 1860s. Over time the island's name was changed to Hontoon.

Evidence shows that Native American inhabitants had been living along the St. Johns River for over 12,000 years before Spanish explorers encountered them in the late 16th century. The Mayaca Indians were the first known inhabitants of the island. Very little is known about the Mayaca except for Spanish records and actual archaeological digs that were done at Hontoon Island. A tribe of hunter-fisher-gatherers, situating themselves along the river allowed them to have plentiful access to fish, freshwater snails that were a staple, and other marine creatures as a source of food.

In the 1500s, Spanish Conquistadors founded the city of St. Augustine, and they built a series of missions throughout North Florida. One of those missions is said to have existed here on the island. After the Second Seminole War (1835-1842) settlers formed homesteads along the St. Johns River. Their survival depended on fishing and hunting wild game, along with raising cattle and growing crops like citrus, sugar cane, corn, cotton and sweet potatoes.

In 1955, a 10-foot owl totem pole was found in the river, making it one of the most significant discoveries of the area. Research has found that this was indeed a product of the Mayaca. Most likely they used tools such as stones and sharks' teeth to carve the details into the wood.

No one is sure about the purpose of the totem. Some researchers believe that it was a religious item, serving as a means of protection, while others think the totem was a territorial marker indicating the area belonging to the Mayaca. A replica now stands near the area where the pole was discovered as a means to remember the Mayaca. The original is housed in a museum in Gainesville.



### Other Well Known Residents of the St John's River in the Hontoon Area:

**Manatees** - The waters of the St. Johns River and nearby springs are a popular spot for manatees in Florida. As the air temperature begins to dip, manatees stay close to the springs seeking warmer water. The month of November is designated as Manatee Awareness Month in hopes of better protecting these gentle giants. ABCA was thrilled to learn that we were visiting the manatees during their special month!

As a distant relative of elephants, manatees are often referred to as gentle giants because of their bulk and slow moving, non-aggressive nature. They are considered endangered and are protected by law. Manatees can swim up to about 5 miles per hour and travel a distance of 15 miles in short bursts. They use their powerful tail to propel them through the water while using their front flippers to steer. Manatees can go between freshwater and saltwater and can be found along the eastern



U.S. from Florida and south to Brazil, along the Amazon River, and also on the west coast of Africa. The manatees found in Florida are known as the West Indian Manatee.

Manatees are vegetarians - They eat grass and other plants found along the shoreline and in the water. If they

(Continued on the following page)



# Squadron News



*(Hontoon Landing, continued)*

are not sleeping or swimming, manatees are eating (kind of like members of ABCA)! Manatees are big...usually weighing an average of 1,500 to 1,800 pounds as an adult. Thankfully most of us don't weigh *quite* that much!

Members of ABCA have a lot in common with manatees. When we are not working or sleeping you will usually find us having fun on/in the water - and eating. We did both for 4-5 days depending on our schedules.

## The Fun Stuff

Friday and Saturday were spent getting to Hontoon Landing Resort & Marina. It's about a 7 hour drive from Atlanta if you eat in the car and make your pee stops your gas stops as well. 7 hours if you're not trailing a boat, that is. Cdr Dave and Nan Ellen Fuller trailered the Lee's XL-sized pontoon boat (plus their own XL dinghy) from Lake Lanier, and Deny and Nancy Warren trailered their Cutwater to a point up north on the River and cruised south to Hontoon Landing.



The weather was beautiful on Saturday, and we mostly spent the day enjoying the sunshine and the River. The Fullers took a ride in their dinghy. P/C Douglas Townes (still a member of ABCA although he lives in St. Petersburg) brought his jet ski and took other brave members for rides on the River.

On Sunday our first trip was to Blue Springs State Park, down river a few miles. The weather was still warm but cloudy - Hurricane ETA was moving in from the Gulf.

Blue Springs is known as the home of the manatees, and since we had come to see manatees - We went there. Blue Spring State Park is unique because visitors can view manatees in the crystal-clear spring water from the boardwalk, which stretches 1/3 of a mile from the St. Johns River to the headspring. The boardwalk provides a wonderful opportunity for safely observing these gentle giants.



We saw exactly one (1) manatee - Two if you count the statue. But it was worth the trip to see the beautiful state park, and we did see one heck of an alligator! One piece of advice - If you go there by boat be prepared with a small

craft you can take ashore. Motorboats must stay away from shore. Thanks goodness we had the Fullers dinghy and a rowboat TJ Convery obtained from - somewhere. Those who wanted to go ashore were safely able to do so.



*From that old spiritual hymn,  
"Shall We Gather in the Bathtub."*

Our second excursion of the day was arranged by our "Tour Director", Pam Keene. Being familiar with the area, she knew Doug Little, who owns St. Johns River Eco-Tours. He wowed our group with an amazing boating excursion to find wildlife in some hidden places along the river. Doug is

also a naturalist and accompanied us on the cruise. The River was two feet higher than normal so most of the wildlife had moved inland. The birds, however, were in profusion. We saw some amazing bird life and vegetation. Some of both are only found in this part of the country.

Monday was a washout. Hurricane ETA was moving closer and bringing lots of rain with her. Some headed to an oyster joint in Orlando, some went to Kermit's Key West Key Lime Shoppe to buy pies to take home, and some went to Barberville's Yard Art Emporium with more than two acres of brightly painted yard art, statuary and furniture. At the end of the day it's a wonder we were not all seeing pink elephants!

## The Eating

Those who were there on Friday night enjoyed dining at The Stockyard, a local restaurant specializing in beef. Those who were there on Saturday morning were treated to a 4-star breakfast created by (Chef) Rick Fulgham and his wife, Pam Keene.

Saturday dinner was held at the Resort in a great two-bedroom suite (#16) with a screened-in porch and a family room. Dinner was Honey Baked Ham and Denny Warren's famous beef tenderloin. Other members brought appetizers, sides and desserts. All had a great time, and we used the get-together to plan the rest of the stay.



(Continued on the following page)





# Squadron News



(Hontoon Landing, conclusion)

Later, we enjoyed some cool jazz by guitarists (and members) John Holland and TJ Convery. Who knew they were stars?!

We enjoyed Sunday dinner at Astor's Blackwater Inn in Deland. They specialize in fresh seafood, and we took every advantage of that! Notice we are wearing our neon yellow St Johns River Trip shirts. We could have directed traffic! Things got a little bit out of hand Sunday night after dinner. We all went back to #16's Family Room for more music and fun. Some of us decided to see how many members we could squeeze into the suite's indoor hot tub. As you can see the hot tub holds 11 members - and one guitar!

Monday evening - the last night at Hontoon for many of us - was dinner at Pitmaster's Barbecue, that offers some amazing comfort foods like fried green tomatoes and traditional barbecue. Pitmaster's big sign was not lit, but we found the place by spotting Cdr Dave's yellow HumVee (It's close to the color of our shirts!).

Tuesday was goodbye for most of us. Hurricane Eta was blowing across Florida, and we were concerned about the weather driving home.

We had so many wonderful experiences on this trip, but there is one that stands out more than the rest - Most of us had not seen each other in person in about 8-10 months. It was so good to see our friends for the first time in so long! We couldn't get enough of each other!



*(Commander's Corner, concluded)*

I promise you will feel better and will walk away from the activity with a warm feeling in your heart because you made a difference. Volunteer a little or a lot - we all have time constraints - but VOLUNTEER and get involved.

Having been involved in leadership positions in other volunteer organizations, I know that success of the organization is always defined by the members who said yes when the call came asking for their help. The future of this and any volunteer organization is driven by the members who say yes. Won't you become one of them? Your club's future depends on it.

Keep it positive,  
Dave



## Friends of the *Waterlog*



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P/D/C Bob, Nancy, and Robert  
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Elwood "Woody" and Jade Williams  
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Tom and Diane Sholes  
Marty and Beth Slone





# Squadron News



## A Boating Story? Well, You Decide

Back in the 1950's George Stephen, Sr. was working as a sales rep for a metal works factory run by his father. The company manufactured an assortment of products from hinges to wagons, and metal buoys for both the Coast Guard and the Chicago Yacht Club. (Note: this makes it a boating story...sort of).

Stephen had a large family - eventually there were a dozen children - and an inventive mind. Mike Kempster, the current chief marketing officer for the company, described him as, "always tinkering with metal and springs and gadgets." He was often found "fabricating and selling innovative products, including mailboxes and fireplace equipment. But nothing really stuck, says Kempster.

Stephen often gathered his large family together to eat meals he had cooked outside on his backyard barbecue. "My father knew that one of the best ways to bring families together was through a shared meal enjoyed in the great outdoors," his son Jim Stephen, now chairman of the company, once said.

"At the time, the popular design was an open charcoal brazier. The appliance was composed of a metal box or tray to hold the coals with a grid iron resting above. But the open-top design of these devices left the meat vulnerable to weather. Big winds could kick up ash or set the precious meat ablaze, and rain would fill the grills with water. Even worse, backyard chefs had to breathe in the excessive smoke from the grill top and the meat rarely had an even cook", according to an article in Smithsonian magazine.

With his creative juices flowing, Stephen took home a couple of the buoys from an order the company was filling. He took two of the "half spheres" from the buoys and created a grill.

Or at least he tried to create a grill.

"As the story goes," Kempster says, "he took it home, he fired it up with charcoal, and it didn't work. The fire went out." One of his neighbors was watching the spectacle and chimed in saying, "George, you gotta let some air in that thing," according to Kempster. So the pair grabbed a

pick from his tools and punched some holes in the lid. It worked.

"That was research and development in 1952," Kempster laughs.

And with that, George Stephen, Sr. of the Weber Brothers Metal Works invented the Weber Kettle.

He began marketing his grill as "George's Barbecue Kettle", selling it for \$29.95 (\$270 in today's money). A few years later, when his father gave him the choice of working for Weber Brothers or marketing his grill, he set out on his own.

"After several successful years, Stephen returned to the company in 1958. "He scraped up enough money to buy out [his father's] partner," says Kempster and changed the company name to Weber-Stephen—keeping the "Weber" name in case the barbecue venture went up in flames. This safeguard gave him the option of returning to metalworking. But it wasn't necessary; business was smoking."



*The original grill was marketed as "George's Barbecue Kettle." After creating the initial version, Stephen made many changes, including the addition of wheels and a taller lid as well as coating the body with a porcelain enamel to keep it from rusting. ( Weber-Stephen Products LLC)*

*Editor's Note: The idea for this story came from "Family Handyman" magazine, but the bulk of the information contained here - including liberal quotes- came from that awesome publication "Smithsonian Magazine", September, 2016*



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# Profiles in Courage

## Sometimes the Gold Is Inside of You and Not in a Trophy Case

*"I could have won gold, but in the same circumstances, I would do what I did again."*

- Lawrence Lemieux

I think we can all agree that 2020 wasn't the best of years. We've experienced frustrations, setbacks...some have experienced heartbreaks and worse. So let us look toward 2021 with optimism, our faith in humankind renewed. Let's get inspired!

Many of you have heard me say that I sometimes deplore the use of the word "hero". A hero is not a well paid athlete who wins the big game. That person is, well, that person is just that: a well paid athlete who wins the big game.

No, a hero is, in my humble opinion, one who places great sacrifice in front of personal gain. Someone who may risk their own safety to help someone in need of a safety net. The absence of selfishness in matters that count.

I don't know how I came upon the name of Lawrence Lemieux. Perhaps it was trolling for the inspirational story I send out each Monday at work. But if the sports world needs a hero, they need look no further than Lawrence Lemieux.

Raised by Lake Wabamun (sometimes spelled Wabumun), a heavily used lake some 40 miles west of Edmonton, Alberta, Lawrence Lemieux grew up with a passion for sailing, a passion that led to dreams of Olympic competition. In 1978 he was ranked 5th in the world in the Finn class competition and made the Canadian national team. By 1980 he had moved up to 3rd but, along with other nations, Canada boycotted the Olympics due to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Working at three jobs and living out of his van, Lemieux saved his money, hoping that his Olympic dreams might come true. He competed in the 1984 Games but failed to win Finn class qualifications after he fell behind a fellow Canadian, Terry Neilson.

But in the 1988 Olympics, 32 year old Lawrence Lemieux "was finally representing Canada in South Korea in his preferred Finn class, and doing well."

Now for the good part.

According to media company OZY, "On the morning of September 24, multiple races were sailing, including the Olympic Finn class competition, with participants spread out over a 2-mile circle. Having done well in the first four races, Lemieux was in contention to medal and spent the early stages of the fifth race in first place. (Note: off the

coast of Pusan, South Korea that day, the seas were extremely rough and wind gusts of 35 knots were recorded).

"The crest of each wave hid the nearly 8-foot-tall markers, and Lemieux lost sight of one, enabling a competitor to get inside and take the lead. But at the halfway point, Lemieux was on pace to finish second, which would still have put him in medal position."

Off in the distance and about halfway through the race, Lemieux spotted a capsized boat and what appeared to be "several heads bobbing above the crashing waves. The Singaporean team, in a larger boat class, had lost control of their vessel. Lemieux took action, forgetting his own race, and sailed toward the endangered sailors."

As he got closer Lemieux saw a man, "I would later learn to be the skipper (Singaporean Shaw Her Siew) was ... holding on to the centerboard."

Little did he know that the rudder had been detached from the boat, making it impossible to right. He did see that one crew member was missing.

Weather conditions and distance made yelling useless. Then Lemieux spotted the missing sailor, Joseph Chan, weighed down by his waterlogged gear, desperately trying to reach his capsized boat, which was drifting faster than he could swim.

Fearing that Chan would drown Lemieux dropped out of the race and sped toward him. He reached Chan, who had sustained a back injury, and dragged him into the single-person craft. This carried another risk: "Once I got him into the boat, I was concerned that we were going to capsize ourselves," Lemieux said.

Returning to the capsized craft, Lemieux learned not only that the rudder had detached, but that Siew had sliced open his hand. They looked for - and found - the rudder, but by that time the others in the Finn class had passed by.

Lemieux's coach, looking for him and fearing the worst, went out in a rescue boat, found them, and took over.

But by that time the two-plus hour race was practically over. Lemieux finished the race in 22nd place (out of a field of 35).

Though he failed to medal in 1988, the Edmonton native won himself perhaps an even more prestigious award: the International Olympic Committee's Pierre de Coubertin Medal for true sportsmanship — an honor that's been bestowed upon fewer than 20 competitors. "By your sportsmanship, self-sacrifice and courage, you embody all that is right with the Olympic ideal," IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch told Lemieux when presenting him with the award.

And that's called heroism.





# Bulletin Board



## The World is Mine

By Joy Lovelet Crawford

Today, upon a bus, I saw a girl with golden hair.  
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and wished I was as fair.  
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle.  
She had one leg and wore a crutch.  
And as she passed...a smile.

Oh God, forgive me when I whine  
I have two legs, the world is mine.

And then I stopped to buy some sweets.  
The lad who sold it had such charm.  
I talked with him, he seemed so calm, and if I were late, it would do no harm.  
And as I left, he said to me, "I thank you, you have been so kind.  
It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh God forgive me when I whine.  
I have two eyes, the world is mine.

Later walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.  
He stood and watched the others play. It seemed he knew not what to do.  
I stopped a moment and then I said,  
"Why don't you join the others, dear?"  
He looked ahead without a word. And then I knew...he could not hear.

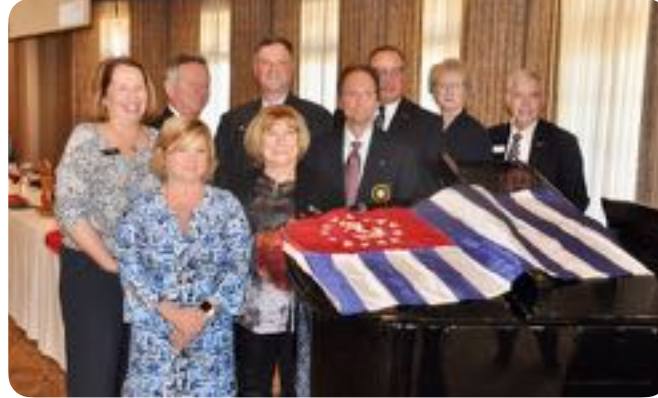
Oh God, forgive me when I whine,  
I have two ears, the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'll go.  
With eyes to see the sunset's glow.  
With ears to hear what I would know.  
Oh God, forgive me when I whine.  
I'm blessed indeed, the world is mine.





# From the Bridge



## 2020 Bridge

Front: Donna Odum, Secretary; Judy Marcopulos, Administrative Officer (AO); Rhodes Lee, Executive Officer (XO). Back: Alease Perry, Asst. Secretary; John Holland, Asst. AO; Ken Odum, Education Officer (SEO); John Reichmann, Treasurer; Margaret Sherrod, Asst. SEO; Dave Fuller, Commander.

## Calendar

- February 4th - Executive Committee Joint Meeting. On line at 7:00 (see the DR for the link to the meeting).
- February 7th - Change of Watch. Online at 1:00 (again, consult the DR).
- February 14th - Listen up, men. Valentine's Day.
- February 15th-26th - Annual National Meeting (again, consult the DR for the link. The meeting will be virtual.)
- March 3rd, 10th, and 13th - America's Safe Boating Course by ABCA (virtual).
- March 11th - Executive Committee Meeting. Online at 7:00 (see the DR for the link).
- March 18th - General Membership Meeting. Details TBD.



# AFTerthoughts



The Sunday before Thanksgiving, I went to do some early Christmas shopping. I went to the ATM to get \$150. Just as I parked the car at the Wells Fargo at Clairmont and Briarcliff, my buddy Bill Smith called. He's the one I've told a lot of you about, the childhood friend with whom I share so many funny memories. I did the ATM thing and drove home down Briarcliff, taking the slower route because Bill and I were laughing about some story. We both talk and laugh a lot.

The car behind me was following what I thought was a little too closely. We passed a couple of attractive ladies walking and he (the guy behind me) blew his horn and waved to them. Again, a couple of miles later, again two attractive ladies walking and, again, he honked and waved. I thought he was being a little obnoxious, to tell you the truth. Kind of a jerk.

I thought he was trying to cut me off at the intersection of Shallowford and Briarcliff, so I said to myself, "Well, if he's going to mug me, he'll have to do it in front of a whole lot of traffic, and I pulled into the church that Shallowford dead ends into. I got out of my truck and he got out of his car, waving something at me.

It was my \$150. I was so distracted talking with my friend Bill that I neglected to take my money out of the ATM.

This guy followed me for about three miles, honking and waving my cash, trying to get me to pull over so he could give it to me.

Today, more than ever, I am thankful for the goodness that I firmly believe exists in so many. Goodness that is sometimes hidden from us by the news. I am also thankful for the honesty this man showed. It will always serve to remind me not to prejudge anyone. At first, I thought he was being another crude male waving to women he never met. Then I thought he might be a potential mugger. Instead, he was a Good Samaritan.

I do wish I had invited him over for Thanksgiving dinner. You can never have too many friends like that.

---

Tim Tyson  
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