



Club Meeting

Mandarin  
Meets at Ramada Inn  
Conf. Center Mandarin.  
I-295 @ SR 13  
3130 Hartley Rd  
Jacksonville, FL 32257  
Time: Tuesday at 07:30  
AM

In This Issue

[Bruce Horovitz -  
Speaker - June 18th  
2024](#)  
Published on  
06/16/2024

[Last Week at Rotary...](#)

[End of Year Meeting  
2024](#)

[Rotarian of the Year](#)

[Community Happenings](#)

[June - July Speaker  
Schedule](#)

[On Deck-Meeting  
Assignments June 2024](#)

[Max's Corner June 18th](#)

[Thought of the Week](#)

Events

June 18th  
[Mandarin Weekly  
Club Meeting](#)  
June 25th  
[Mandarin - No  
Tuesday Morning  
Meeting -  
Installation Dinner  
TBD](#)

June 27th  
[Mandarin Rotary  
End of the Year  
Meeting](#)

Club Leaders



[Wesley R.  
Caldwell](#)  
President



[James K.  
Johns](#)  
President-  
Elect  
Fundraiser  
Chair



[Dorrie R.  
Felder](#)  
Secretary  
Executive  
Director



[Brian Allen  
Hall](#)  
Treasurer



[Donald R.  
Trombly](#)

Bruce Horovitz - Speaker - June 18th 2024

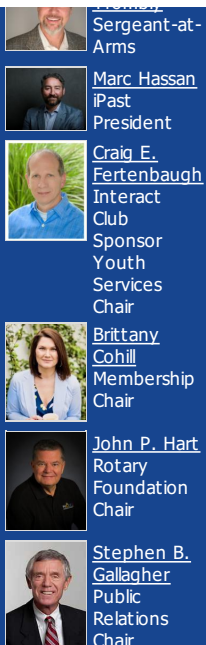
Sunday, June 16, 2024



Jacksonville native Bruce Horovitz is an award- winning author, journalist and entrepreneur with extensive experience in the non-profit and business community. His first book “Gamble Rogers: A Troubadour’s Life” (University Press of Florida, 2018) was the recipient of the Charlton Tebeau Award from the Florida Historical Society and was awarded the 2018 Bronze Medal for nonfiction by the Florida Book Awards.

His second book, "Justice Pursued; The Exoneration of Nathan Myers and Clifford Williams" was released by University Press of Florida in December 2023 and has already received national reviews.

A graduate of Boston University’s School of Public Communication, Horovitz lives with his family in Jacksonville, where he serves on several non-profit boards while pursuing his musical interests by playing in two bands.



Mandarin Rotary was truly blessed to hear from Mr. Michael Bricker from the Jacksonville Animal Care and Protective Services division. Michael has a real passion for all animals, particularly those in need of assistance, and his zeal comes through in his presentation. We are fortunate as citizens of Jacksonville to have such selfless public servants. Michael and his team here in town are making caring for animals cool.[Click Here to Join the Kitten Army and More!](#)



Please join Mandarin Rotary in thanking and recognizing Kevin Carlton as the recipient of, yet another, Paul Harris fellowship.

Join us and a guest for cocktails and dinner on Thursday, June 27 at 6pm. This will be an evening of celebration for Wes Caldwell and his leadership team. Then let's welcome on board President-elect Jimmy Johns as our new President along with his new board.

[Register Now](#) for **Mandarin Rotary End of the Year Meeting**



# SAN JOSE COUNTRY CLUB



*Location: **San Jose Country Club**  
7529 San Jose Blvd  
Jacksonville, FL 32217*

## **Rotarian of the Year**

Mandarin Rotarian of the Year nominations are currently being accepted.





Please submit your nominations at the next meeting.

The ROY will be announced at the year-end meeting at San Jose Country Club on Thursday 27 June.

---

### Community Happenings



[Mandarin Museum honors local residents with Miss Aggie Award](#)



Click below to view the June 2024 Mandarin Museum and Historical Society Newsletter

[Read More](#)

---

### June - July Speaker Schedule





One of Mandarin Rotary's strongest features - SPEAKERS

List of Speakers, Newsletters, Calendars, Events, and Meeting information is always updated at [MandarinRotary.org](http://MandarinRotary.org)

Date:	Speaker	Title	Subject
18Jun	Bruce Horovitz	Author of Justice Pursued	
27Jun	Year End Social		San Jose Country Club
2Jul	No Meeting	Happy Independence Day!	
9Jul	Jim Johns	Incoming Club President	President's Meeting
16Jul	Sara Bravo	Mandarin High School Principal	
23Jul	Zeke Paxton		Thru-hiking the Appalachian Trail

## On Deck-Meeting Assignments June 2024

By Donald R. Trombly

Date	Greeters	Greeters	Invocation	Intro Guests & Visitors	Raffle
6/18/2024	Lisa Alford	Mack Farnham	Kevin Carlton	Leo Gurman	John Nugent
6/25/2024			***No Meeting***		

If you are assigned to serve and cannot fulfill your obligation, it is YOUR responsibility to find a replacement!

## Max's Corner June 18th

By Maxwell C. Zahn



## Sailing back in time on a historic schooner





Susan Nerberg takes a trip back in time on a historic schooner departing from Camden, Maine, destination unknown

Standing beside the tall ship's mainmast, my shipmate and I reach as high as we can. With a nod, we grab the halyard—the rope used to raise the main sail—and pull hard, throwing our weight to the wind. “Heave!”

Just as our knees are about to hit the deck, two of my fellow sailors—we are 20 passengers in all on this three-day [cruise](#)—spring into action, grabbing the rope and taking their turn pulling it down. “Ho!”

And so we go, back and forth: “Heave!” “Ho!” “Heave!” “Ho!” Slowly, the main-sail rises up the mast until it’s flapping in the breeze, waving goodbye to the port of Camden in the eastern [US](#) state of Maine.

Captain Garth Wells gives us a thumbs up. But when we start looking for a [comfy spot in the sun to relax](#), Brent, the first mate, shakes his head. “Fore-sail!” he yells. We haven’t finished our work just yet; time to hoist up sail number two, on the mast in front of the main-sail. Luckily, it’s a bit smaller.



First Mate Brett and passengers raise the sails

As the *Lewis R French*, our 30-metre, two-masted schooner, sails out onto the glittering Penobscot Bay, [cellphone reception cuts out](#). “There goes connectivity,” says one of my fellow passengers, a man in his 50s from Arkansas, as he stows his phone with a sigh. It’s hard to tell if he’s miffed or relieved about losing access to social media. The only wavelengths at our disposal now are the ones beneath our feet.

As Camden’s white clapboard houses and tidy gardens, with hydrangeas the size of apple trees, blur into the background, we leave behind other modern conveniences. Built in 1871, the *Lewis R French* was designated a historic landmark by the US [National Park Service](#) in 1991. As America’s oldest schooner, the ship operates much as it did in the 19th century. It has no electric motors, not even a winch for hoisting its 280 square metres of sails and weighing the 77-kilogram anchor. There’s no fridge—our food and [beer](#) are kept cold in iceboxes on deck.

“Camden’s white clapboard houses and tidy gardens, with hydrangeas the size of apple trees, blur into the background”

The *Lewis R French* is a time machine that connects me and the other passengers with the rhythms of centuries gone by. It syncs us with the ebb and flow of daylight, with cool sea sprays, creaking masts and twinkling [stars](#).

The tempo is laid back enough to help overcome my feelings of reluctance—not quite fear—about the sea. A landlubber born and bred in [Sweden](#)’s boreal forest, I’ve always preferred to sniff the salt-sprinkled air from *terra firma* rather than spending time in, on, or, the waves.

When Captain Wells explains that this boat was made for cruising the relatively calm waters closer to the shore, carrying cargo from port to port rather than plying the open ocean, I feel relieved. “We think of her as an 18-wheeler carrying everything from lumber to [fish](#) and Christmas trees,” he says. Cruising on a windjammer, as these traditional sailing ships are known, along Maine’s coast is like seafaring with training wheels.

## Going with the flow

The late-summer breeze propels us forward, and soon the swell lulls us passengers into a state of relaxation. The four-person crew, however, doesn’t rest. First Mate Brent and the deckhand, Oona, are coiling ropes neatly so no one stumbles over them—this, I learn, is called “faking the lines.” (I’m adding a lot of sailing lingo to my vocabulary on this trip.) In the galley below, Derek, the ship’s cook, is



well on his way to becoming a hero in our eyes, baking bread and making [potato-leek](#) soup using a wood-burning stove.

Captain Wells, manning the wheel, scans the horizon. A nautical chart held down with a magnifying glass is played beside him. He grew up sailing, and after working as a mate on the *French* for five seasons, he bought her in 2004 with his wife, Jenny Tobin.



Captain Wells at the helm of the *Lewis R French*

I ask where weâ€™re going. â€œIn that direction,â€ he replies, pointing toward Vinalhaven, one of the biggest of the nearly 2,000 islands scattered across [Penobscot Bay](#).

Thatâ€™s about as specific as he gets. â€œI donâ€™t think Iâ€™ve ever ended up where I planned to go when first setting out in the morning,â€ he says. â€œYou never know where the wind will take you.â€

Itâ€™s part of what makes this trip so great. For many of us, [our day-to-day lives are hyper-planned](#), from meetings to workouts to dinners with friends; even a â€œspontaneousâ€ beer with a buddy might not happen unless itâ€™s in the calendar. Here on the water, we literally go with the flow.

"You never know where the wind will take you"

That doesnâ€™t mean [modern devices](#) have been completely banished onboard. Captain Wells keeps a GPS and a radar in case of an emergency, as well as a VHF radio for communicating with other boats.

And while passengers are asked not to make calls on their [cellphones](#) (some do get spotty service), using them for things like taking photos is permitted. Thereâ€™s even a [generator](#) to power lights in our sleeping quarters and the shipâ€™s two â€œheadsâ€â€”bathrooms in landlubber lingoâ€”one of which has a freshwater shower.

The *Lewis R French* also comes with a yawl boat, which hangs from the rear. Equipped with an engine, it can push the schooner in calm weather, sort of like a reverse tugboat. But we donâ€™t need any help todayâ€”thanks to the steady breeze, weâ€™re making good progress through the Fox Island Thoroughfare, which separates the islands of Vinalhaven and North Haven. The fishermen who live on Vinalhaven are descendants of the 19th-century crews that made Penobscot Bay one of the first commercial [lobster](#) grounds in Maine.



Lobster is served on Hells Half Acre

We drop anchor just off the tiny [island](#) of Hells Half Acre, close to two larger islands called Devil Island and The Shivers. I prefer not to imagine how they might have gotten their names, focusing instead on the promise of the all-you-can-eat lobster bake that awaits us on shore.

Hells Half Acre, I discover once we are shuttled ashore in one of the rowboats from the *Lewis R French*, has a misleading name; itâ€™s more like heaven. The [beach](#) we land on is draped with rock-weed, a type of seaweed found along the northern Atlantic coast. Higher up, we step on a slab of granite thatâ€™s been shaped by the tide into a smooth, terraced ledgeâ€”perfect for hanging out and playing Frisbee.

Derek barbecues hot dogs, hamburgers and [veggie skewers](#) over a [portable grill](#) and hands out cans of Moxie, the stateâ€™s official soft drink. It tastes like root beer mixed with a splash of wintergreen, bubble gum and bittersâ€”I take a sip and conclude that you probably have to be a local to enjoy it. Captain Wells and Oona plop lobsters and corn on the cob into a cauldron filled with boiling seawater. Once the shellfish have turned as red as the setting sun, theyâ€™re poured out on a bed of rockweed. We gather around, sit on the beach and dig in.

## Finding your sea legs

If anyone thinks they ate too much on Hells Half Acre, where we anchored for the night, the following morning presents an opportunity to burn the extra calories. It turns out that getting ready to sail again takes considerable muscle powerâ€”in the absence of a winch, the anchor has to be lifted manually. When the call goes out for volunteers, I raise my hand, along with three others; after gorging the previous day on not only lobster but also Derekâ€™s sourdough bread slathered with butter, I feel [I need a workout](#).

I take my place at the cranking lever, which moves like a seesaw. With two of us standing at either end, we start pushing in turn, up and down, up and down. Itâ€™s heavy going; First Mate Brent explains that the anchor is lodged in mud, which offers the best holding power.

â€œIf it rests on rock, which is marked on the nautical chart, the anchor might drag across the seafloor, causing the boat to drift,â€”he says. Sand is not as firm as mud, and the anchor can slip if there are [waves](#), another cause of drifting.

As the anchor slowly rises, we quickly discover that mud makes for [triceps-busting work](#). Our arms are burning when a fellow cranker breaks into song to help us keep a steady rhythm. Before long, we have [composed lyrics](#) specifically for the task at hand.

â€œCranky, cranky, who is cranky?â€”I sing out with Jessica, a local gal working my side of the lever. The two guys on the other side reply: â€œCranky, cranky, Iâ€™m not cranky!â€”

The anchor up, weâ€™re soon cruising along at eight knots (15 kilometres per hour), crossing paths with the eight other ships in the [Maine Windjammer Association](#).



One of the other ships in the Maine Windjammer Association fleet

From my perch at the front of the boat, where the bowsprit extends horizontally from the hull, I can see vestiges of a granite [quarry](#) that at one time was a major economic driver for the Penobscot Bay area. Blocks of cut granite still rest on rocky shores.

Because it was located close to the water, making it easy to ship, the granite hewn from Maineâ€™s headlands and islands was used to build famed US [landmarks](#), including the Washington Monument, the Carnegie Library and the New York Stock Exchange.

"The cool wind picks up in force, so I head below deck to warm up"

The cool wind picks up in force, so I head below deck to warm up. In the galley, Derek is [cooking](#)â€”or trying to, standing with his feet wide apart to maintain balance in the rolling swell while prepping our dinner of steel-head trout with pan-seared fennel and smoked basmati rice.

When I tell Derek about seeing the granite blocks, he nods. â€œThe schooner carried up to 30 tonnes of cargo, including granite,â€”he says. Opening a hatch in the floor, Derek points at dozens of half-metre-long bars, lined up in rows. â€œBut these are made of lead,â€”he says. â€œTheyâ€™re ballast. Without them, weâ€™d flip over.â€”





The town of Camden, Maine

It feels good to know that we won't capsize. So good, in fact, that I finally [muster the courage](#) to ask Captain Wells if I can steer the boat. Knowing I will not cause any major harm if I screw up—the captain is right beside me—I grab the helm, a polished bronze wheel about a metre across, by two of its hand grips.

Still, I feel nervous. Sensing my hesitation, Wells tells me the ship won't turn at the slightest motion of the wheel; there is no power steering. “You need big movements, a quarter-turn, to move the rudder and the boat,” he explains. He shows me where we're heading, tracing a line on the nautical chart to Gilkey Harbor, about 12 kilometres northeast of Camden. Then he points at a gap between two landmasses in the distance.

I set as my landmark the tallest hill I can see, on the mainland far in the distance. The *Lewis R French* travels along at the speed of the wind; all I do is nudge it in the right direction. I'm navigating the old-fashioned way, and that's when I feel it: My landlubber reluctance to go to sea finally ebbs away, like the wake that disappears behind us. I'm a sailor now—and my [ship](#) has come in.

BY [SUSAN NERBERG](#)

[Read More](#)

### Thought of the Week

“

Learn to be  
indifferent to what  
makes no difference.

MARCUS AURELIUS

”

“

The quality of  
your mind is the

quality of your life.

NAVAL RAVIKANT

”

“

Intelligence without  
ambition is a bird  
without wings.

SALVADOR DALI

”

“

He who is everywhere is nowhere.

SENECA

”

### Birthdays



[Stephen B. Gallagher](#)  
June 21st



[Jim J Mathews](#)  
July 7th

### Years of Service



[Lowry A. Daniels, Jr.](#)  
42 Years



[William G. Gowen](#)  
39 Years



[Major B. Harding Jr.](#)  
30 Years



[Paul R. Hardaker](#)  
29 Years



[Fred Schramm](#)  
19 Years



[Brian J. Register](#)  
12 Years



[E. Robert Meek](#)  
2 Years



[Jim J Mathews](#)  
1 Year



[Delonyx Cortez](#)  
0 Years