

Message from the Isle

Midwestern Latitudes ~ Caribbean Attitudes
www.isleofiowa.com



September 2010

Vol. 13 Issue 9

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Quarterly Charity

June, July & August

Johnson County Crisis Center

**For more information on the
club go to:**

www.isleofiowa.com

Deanna's Window on the World

Deanna "Diego" Steggall - President

Change is sometimes good. The Board is feverishly working on new ideas to "add value" to your membership and with this added value there may be some changes in the works as well. For example we have decided to change the way the club looks at the listserv and instead of having 2 we are changing to a one listserv format.

Soon the weather will be changing and the leaves will be turning colors. Not necessarily a bad thing it is just that time for a change in the seasons. With this change comes something many of us enjoy so much FOOTBALL!

Another change that is beyond our control but that should not impact us too much is our Monthly Meeting place has changed their name. We will no longer be meeting at DC River Walk as they are now called Downtown Filedhouse. It will be the same great place with a different name and a little bit different décor. The biggest thing I am noticing though is the change in attitude. It has taken some time but I am slowly noticing the power of positive attitude and how if you have a good attitude towards change people around you begin to adapt that attitude too.

As Jimmy Buffett says

*"It's those changes in latitudes,
changes in attitudes nothing remains quite the same.
With all of our running and all of our cunning,
If we couldn't laugh, we would all go insane."*

Thanks for being willing to make some changes for our wonderful club. Let's keep the momentum going and keep this club the great thing it has been for the past thirteen years!

As always remember to *SMILE*,
It's contagious and makes the world
a brighter place!



Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club
PO Box 11172 ~ Cedar Rapids, Iowa ~ 52410-1172

From the Editor

Newsletter Committee:

Editor:

Deanna Steggall

Assistant Editor:

Sandy Young

Photographer:

Dave Metz

Contribute to the Message from the Isle

Any appropriate articles such as letters, reviews, recipes, Parrot Head related stories, and/or personal experiences, are welcomed and should be e-mailed to Sandy Young, Assistant Editor, at sandy@classicphotocr.com. Parrot Head related pictures are welcomed as well, and should be e-mailed to the Editor, Deanna Steggall, at deannajs@q.com.

Deadline for articles in the monthly newsletter will be the 15th of each month. Any articles received after this date will be used in the following month's newsletter.

Message From the Isle is the official publication of the Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club. Message From the Isle is published monthly for all members of the club and sent to many other chapters and contacts nationwide. The views expressed in the Message From the Isle are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club, its members, or Board.

Waypoint is in NEED of the following items

Food items:

Mac 'n Cheese Soup Tea/Cocoa Canned vegetables Stews Crackers Bakery items such as cake mixes/frostings/muffin mixes Fruit Juice Cereal Canned Fruit

Household Items:

Dish soap Laundry soap Baggies.....sandwich size/gallon size Toilet paper

Children and Baby Items:

Baby Shampoo Baby Wash Size 5 & 6 diapers Formula

Toiletries:

Hand Soap Adult & kids toothpastes and toothbrushes Cotton balls Shampoo/conditioner
Mouthwash Sanitary pads African American hair products Hair sprays/mousse/gels
Makeup – liquid/mascara/eye shadows, etc

For more information on our international organization of Parrot Head Clubs, please go to the Parrot Heads in Paradise, Inc. (PHIP) web site at www.phip.com. You can read their quarterly newsletter, TradeWind Times, and be kept up-to-date on Parrot Head Clubs across the country and internationally.

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Monthly Meetings

The Best for Last!

Sandy Young

Fast Facts:

What: One Particular Harbor (OPH)

Where: Don and Deanna Steggall's, 415 Brougham Rd., Robins, IA

When: September 1, 2010

Time: 5:30 p.m. – 10 p.m.

Don and Deanna have been gracious enough to have the last outdoor OPH picnic on September 1 at their home, on their fantabulous Tiki Bar Deck!

This will be a family event where you can bring your Parakeets; but, because it's a private home, they request that you not bring your pets.

This picnic will be a potluck and the meat will **not** be provided, so bring what you'd like to grill for yourself and a side dish to share with others.

In case of inclement weather, we will meet at City Beat, 304 3rd Ave. SW, CR. Watch the Listserv for updates that day.

Next month on October 6 we will be meeting indoors for our OPH at Gus' Food and Spirits, 2421 Coral Court, in Coralville. Mark your calendars!



Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club

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Monthly Meetings

Changes in Attitudes

Sandy Young

Fast Facts:

What: Monthly Meeting

Where: **Downtown Fieldhouse**, 411 First St. S.E., CR

When: September 16, 2010

Time: 5:30 p.m. – 10 p.m.

D.C.'s Riverwalk has changed their attitude and decided to call themselves Downtown Fieldhouse. Our meeting will be there this month, and it will be an important one.

Why is it important? **The Board will be asking you to fill out new applications for membership as they will be preparing an updated Membership List. This will also be a good time to pay your yearly dues that are due every year in October.** For those of you going to Meeting of the Minds the first weekend in November, it will be especially important as PHiP will be asking our club if those registered are paid up members in good standing.

The charity for our quarterly raffle of September/October/November is HACAP.

We will continue to take donations for Waypoint Services. The need for plastic shopping bags is always paramount. Please start stockpiling these bags and bring them to the meeting. We know it's hard to do when most everyone has those "green" shopping bags, but save what you can. Waypoint will be most grateful!

They also need small food containers, so save your empty cottage cheese, oleo, etc., containers for them. They also need non-perishable canned and boxed food. Please go to their website at www.waypointservices.org for an updated list of their needs, or see the list in this monthly newsletter.

And, as always, we will be collecting the pop tabs for the Ronald McDonald House Charities.

Information on the Phlock

Membership List Update and Dues

Deanna Jackman-Steggall

In an effort to update and organize our membership a little better, the Isle of Iowa Board is asking that when everyone renews their dues this year that a new application be filled out. Some of our records are very outdated, so your help with this will be greatly appreciated. Applications will be available at our September meeting.

The Board is also trying to add value to your membership with possible discounts at different restaurants and bars in Cedar Rapids. We will have more information at the September meeting.

Anyone who has their dues paid and a new application filled out by Oct 1st will be put into a drawing, that will be announced at the October Meeting. You can fill out an application and give it to a Board member or mail it to the Post office box. Please make sure you have it postmarked by October 1st to be eligible for the drawing.

For those attending MOTM please note that your dues need to be paid by October to be eligible to attend any of registered events. Dues are \$35 for a family and \$25 for a single membership. Thanks in advance! If you have any questions about membership please feel free to contact our Membership Director, Bart Mason, at 319-930-2833, or via email at: membershipdirector@isleofiowa.com.

Thought for the Day

William Faulkner

Don't try to be better than others. Try to be better than yourself.

19th Annual Meeting of the Minds 2010, "*Gypsies in the Palace*" November 4 - November 7, 2010 (Key West, Florida)

To experience a little more Parrot Head mayhem and phun, I would highly recommend attending Meeting of the Minds (MOTM) in Key West. It is a wonderful opportunity to meet other Parrot Heads from all over the United States, Canada and other countries.

To be able to attend all the functions the event has to offer you need to register at www.phip.com. Registration is open to all Parrot Head Club members in good standing. Online registration closes on September 30th or when 3500 members have registered, whichever comes first. Do not miss out on a great time and register today. Our club has quite a few members going this year and should prove to be a great time! A bonus this year is that our very own Cedar Island Band will be playing at the Street Party on Friday!!

Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club
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Photos of the Phlock



August Monthly Meeting



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Photos of the Phlock



Uptown Friday Nights with the Cedar Island Band



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Parrot Head Happenings

Bob Randklev

Bob won 3rd Place, Sports Division, in the Iowa State Fair photography contest this year. Congratulations, Bob! This is the winning photo!



Condolences

Our condolences go out to Deb Ptacek and her family in the loss of her cousin. Our thoughts and prayers are with Deb, Gerald and their family.

Our condolences go out to the family of Rich Bonar in the loss of his mother, Arline Bonar, on August 30, 2010. Please keep Rich, Charlotte and their family in your thoughts and prayers.

Our condolences also go out to Gary Olson and his family. Gary's father, Clifford Olson, recently passed away. Our thoughts and prayers are with Gary, Doris and their family as well.

History of our Club

10 Years Ago

Susan Fruendt - Founder

September 2000

A fundraiser for Alzheimer's was held at Third Street Live! with Bill Wharton, "The Sauce Boss", performing.

St. Somewhere entertained at Third Street Live! for the third Island Fever Phlocking.

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Regional Events

4th Annual

Parrot Heads From Somewhere Other Than Here

Boats, Beaches and Bars Tour



Presented by the Omaha Nebraska Parrot Head Club

February 6-13, 2011

Cruising the Mexican Riviera on the Carnival Splendor



Activities

Silent Auction
Scavenger Hunt
Theme Days
Poker Run/Pub Crawl
Pool Parties
Pre - Cruise Party
Party in every Port
Capt. Josh performances
Prizes and more!



Balcony Cabins 795.00
Ocean View Cabins 695.00
Inside Cabins 595.00

Itinerary:

2/5/10 Pre-Cruise Party
2/6/11 Long Beach, CA
2/7/11 At Sea
2/8/11 At Sea
2/9/11 Puerto Vallarta
2/10/11 Mazatlan
2/11/11 Cabo San Lucas
2/12/11 At Sea
2/13/11 Long Beach, CA

Featuring the music of Capt. Josh

www.capt-josh.com

100.00 per cabin

on board credit!

Prices are per person, based on double occupancy and include **all taxes and fees.**

Price also includes a 50.00 per person donation to the Spirit of Courage.

www.SpiritOfCourage.org

For those who would like to fly into Los Angeles/Long Beach a day early we will have hotel rooms available as well as our annual pre-cruise party on 2/5/11

For information or to book a cabin contact

Terry Oldenburg at Beacon Vacations

Toll Free 1-877-298-9948 Local 712-256-4781

Email terry@beaconvacations.com

Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club
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Club Calendar

Event	Date	Time	Place
OPH Family Picnic	9/1	5:30 p.m. – 10 p.m.	Don & Deanna's Tiki Bar, 415 Brougham Rd., Robins
Labor Day	9/6		
Board Meeting	9/14	6 p.m. Snacks 6:30 p.m. Meeting	Gordy & Sandie Smith's 225 Rockvalley Lane NW, CR
Newsletter articles' deadline	9/15		
Monthly Meeting	9/16	6 p.m.	Downtown Fieldhouse, 411 1 st St. SE, CR
Alzheimer's Memory Walk	9/18	9 a.m.	Harding Middle School, 4801 Golf St. NE, CR (Noelridge Park)
Autumn Begins!	9/22		
OPH (indoors)	10/6	5:30 p.m.	Gus' Food & Spirits 2421 Coral Court Coralville

Dis & Dat

The Crossing

A seafaring tale as told to Dave Metz

We had been underway for nearly two hours when the waves really started getting choppy. The spray reached over the wheelhouse and maintained strength all the way astern as the bow rose and crashed into the next whitecap, the pulpit appearing for just a fleeting second.

I had sailed in much worse aboard larger vessels. The waters off the New England coast in late fall could turn green during a nor'easter. Any salt can tell he's in for a hell of a run when green water breaks over the gunwales.

I grasped the wheel harder with each new pounding the hull took as the single prop engine strained to gain another foot or two. My mate, Sammy, stood next to me, constantly shifting his weight from one leg to the other as my 38 foot wooden cruiser rolled from the brunt of each swell. He nervously looked at the laid lines fore and aft as I tried to focus through the split glass windshield.

I desperately attempted to judge how the next wave would crest as if a change in steering could really make any difference and keep us intact.

The rope lines held our precious cargo, our dream for a big payout. At least, enough to keep us afloat another couple of months. Wood crates filled the open stern. The swivel mounted fishing chair had been left behind at our home port in the upper keys to allow more room. Canvas tarps held in place by the ropes covered the crates.

I glanced back at the aft load and shook my head. Damn! We were top heavy.

A few more crates were secured under a tarp forward over the cabin. The small cabin itself was barely negotiable with additional boxes and gunnysacks wedged between each other from floor to ceiling.

The crossing over to Cuba had been routine. There had been storm warnings out of Havana while we were loading. I hoped we could outrun any bad weather. I never placed much credence in forecasts anyway. This was one time maybe I should have, but a schedule had been agreed upon. My business associates would not be understanding to variations in plan.

A ten foot swell headed right toward us. I yelled a warning to Sammy and braced myself. I had been unable to take it at any kind of angle. We slammed into it. I could feel the engine below deck shudder as the force of the water pushed us backward.

We veered port as the wave carried us. The wind was as unforgiving as the water.

The crates on the foredeck slid as the boat listed. They were stopped at an angle forward of the wheelhouse by the bracing spar.

Behind us, a rope loosened and a corner of the tarp it held broke free. The load shifted to port. Our center of gravity was thrown dangerously off balance as we breached to.

Sammy clawed his way to the nearest crates and tried shoving them back starboard.

Seconds later, I risked abandoning the wheel and tied it in place. I staggered back to the crates on my side of the transom. The salty spray stung my face. I could hardly keep my eyes open, my vision blurred by swipes of blowing seawater. I grabbed onto a rope more by feel than eyesight, braced my feet and pulled with every ounce of remaining strength.

Two crates just beyond Sammy's grasp broke free and went over the side. He threw his entire body into pushing the remaining crates toward me.

I continued to pull and tighten my line knowing I could not be of help to him much longer. I had gambled leaving the wheel unattended for a few moments and knew I had to get back to it and the throttle. Another wave like the last and we would capsize.

Dis & Dat

Some progress was made moving the stack of crates toward me. I quickly wrapped the slack in the line around a cleat.

I managed to make it back to the helm, attempted to regain control and trim course until the next wave struck.

Strange, the fleeting thoughts that can pop into one's mind while fighting the sea for survival. The girl I met on the beach. She was barefoot, wearing white shorts, a red and white striped top and a Panama hat with a long white ribbon tied around the brim that trailed behind her neck.

Her hair was brunette, cut so it barely touched her shoulders. Her build slender but not too thin. Well toned.

Her legs appeared long, but she stood a half foot shorter than me forcing her to look up slightly whenever she wanted to speak directly into my face.

Her complexion was clear, beginning to tan. I doubt she wore much if any makeup except a hint of red lipstick.

Her teeth could be described as a radiant white, with a slight gap between her front teeth. Her smile seemed to come freely.

It was her eyes, however, that drew me most to her. They were so clear, a soft verdant shade.

When she looked into my own eyes, it felt as if she was reaching into my very soul, searching for unknown truths held, reaping from me a relaxed candidness I never dreamed possible.

Months earlier I had committed myself to what seemed like a mountain of debt, taking possession of a five year old 38 foot cruiser I intended to use for chartered sport fishing. I invited her aboard several times. We fished, had picnics, tried snorkeling, combed beaches and just bummed around enjoying each other's company. It was she who came up with the name she said best suited the skipper's dream craft. My boat was rechristened the *Reef Raider*.

We made the most of our weeks together experiencing a mutual attraction, intimacy and respect I had never known.

Her visit to the keys was to be a healing process from the breakup of a relationship that had lasted nearly three years. Her stay was all too brief.

The day soon arrived to start her journey back home to the upper Midwest. We cast off for Key Largo in the early morning and had both breakfast and lunch aboard. We tied up at the dock and finished off a bottle of homemade red wine for our final drink together.

We slowly made our way arm in arm to the train station.

I saw her off with a last lingering kiss and embrace.

We had shared a promise to write. I always found it difficult to clearly express my thoughts and feelings through the written word. Despite our best intentions, neither of us was good at corresponding. Our quantity of two-cent postal stamp investments dropped to nil after a few weeks.

Perhaps it had been just a fling, nothing more than a short romance between lost souls. During those pensive moments brought on by loneliness, I couldn't help but wonder if I had let pass my life's only opportunity to forever grasp onto a kindred spirit.

The bow broke through another large whitecap. The deck shook violently as the hull again crashed down upon the fluid surface. I felt the mixed vibrations of straining teak and mahogany combined with the whine of a struggling engine. How much more could she take?

Sammy busied himself attempting to secure the remaining cargo as it strained against its bonds with the rolling wave action. He staggered to and fro like a drunk unable to maintain balance.

I considered for a moment jettisoning our load, then decided we had nothing to gain. The additional weight probably made no difference in our efforts to achieve some resemblance of an even keel. We really couldn't afford the monetary loss if by some miracle, some merciful intervention of God or Nep-

Dis & Dat

tune, we were to survive this squall.

The gale force winds and high seas would benefit us as we neared our destination. Those responsible for enforcing Andrew J. Volstead's folly would think no one foolhardy enough to try smuggling contraband into the country in this weather.

Our progress was excruciatingly slow. Every foot closer to the keys was hard fought. Fuel consumption was a concern as was overheating the engine. I periodically glanced at the gauges calculating the odds.

Charter fishing had dried up since the big October crash. Our commercial fishing efforts hardly covered expenses. But the thirst of our fellow countrymen had not subsided. It had come to this. I make this run or lose the boat.

It was impossible to get an accurate compass reading. I figured we had to be beyond the halfway point across the Florida Straits. I had no way of knowing for sure.

Sammy finally was able to make his way back to my side. The open rear and limited roof cover of the wheelhouse offered little reprieve from the elements.

Our previous crossings gave opportunity to enjoy fine Cuban cigars, some beer or stronger drink, a sandwich or two or even maybe a hot fish meal cooked in the galley. We would take turns at the wheel. The horizon was scanned for anything that might prove to be a threat. When not manning the helm, you could relax, leisurely take in the stars in the Caribbean sky or catch a few winks below deck on the cabin bunk.

Our total concentration tonight was on staying aboard, to keep moving, to stay afloat and to read the next wave.

As we were thrown about, I hoped the straw and wood shavings that separated the bottles in the crates would minimize breakage.

I didn't know if the storm we were in the middle of had been designated a hurricane and given an official name. Semantics really doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference when you can't be sure of the horizon in any direction.

I was drawing upon sheer willpower to keep underway. I remembered the determined stubbornness so often displayed by my father while getting us back to port in one piece when the Gulf turned foul.

He had been skipper of a shrimper operating out of Plaquemines Parish. From the time I could walk, I never missed a chance to join him as he set sail to cast his nets off the Louisiana coast.

I lost my mother to consumption when I was a toddler. Auntie Alafair looked after me when my father couldn't. She was given the impossible task of seeing that I attended school regularly. I never took to any formal education. I spent more and more time as I grew older with my father aboard the shrimper.

It was expected that I perform any chore that needed to be done. This could range from swabbing the deck, scraping away rust and rubbing naval jelly over the residue, working a paint brush, adding a quart of oil to the engine or mending nets. Nothing was considered to be too menial to be learned hands-on by the skipper's son.

Every maritime skill I eventually came to possess I learned from my father. The honest skills anyway.

Another thirty minutes passed absorbing bone-jarring abuse from relentless waves and at least two near capsizing rolls. Sammy relieved me from the wheel. I again checked ropes and tarps. I brushed the spray from my face and looked up. I couldn't believe my eyes. I finally could see a break in the sky. Were we through the worst of it? Was it possible we were going to make it?

Dis & Dat

I was thinking positive for the first time since the sea had churned up. As I took my next breath, I found myself hurled against the starboard siding. I fought the weight of the shifting load as my legs were pinned.

I turned, yelling at Sammy and saw him whipping the wheel right. Beyond the wheelhouse, to port, I was stunned to see the reason for his drastic action.

I could make out the looming sides of the freighter as she cut across our bow not more than thirty yards dead ahead. I could feel the strain of the prop, the shudder of the rudder and the groan of every bolt and plank under me as the *Reef Raider* struggled to make the turn.

A line gave way. I couldn't reach the crate. It flew over the starboard side which was now inches above the water's surface.

I managed to free myself and pulled forward with my arms, my fingers grasping the side. I could feel the passing water rush below my fingertips. The seawater was only an inch or two from flowing into the transom.

Sammy continued the fight to even our keel, cutting through the combined liquid turmoil created by the storm and the ship's wake. It had been a near miss.

I crawled back under the wheelhouse canopy next to Sammy.

"You okay?"

I nodded "Yes."

"Damn! I didn't see the running lights on that son of a bitch 'til she was on top of us!"

I took over the helm. Numbness took over where pain had been in my body. I glanced over at Sammy. He looked exhausted. I feared we both had reached that emotional and physical point beyond any further human endurance.

Time no longer was measured by the hands on my watch but by the number of waves we broke through.

The waves finally began to lessen in intensity and height. I positioned myself against the fold-out captain's seat attached to the side of the wheelhouse. I dozed off for what I thought to be only a moment. It had been an indeterminable amount of time in reality.

Sammy was hunched down asleep against the wall of the opposite side, his arms folded around him, his head lowered. I rubbed my eyes and looked upward through the starboard window. I could see the first rays of the early Caribbean sunrise. I could feel their warmth.

I wasn't sure how far off course we had been blown. I checked the compass. I looked at the horizon then at the position of the sun. I adjusted the wheel and cranked up the throttle. I glanced at the fuel gauge only to see we were running on fumes. I stretched my neck to look behind me to see if the spare gas cans were still attached port side near the stern.

I woke up Sammy and asked him to refill the tank. Then I began to make some nervous mental calculations as to where we might be and if we had enough gas to get us home.

Sammy finished emptying the cans. We were picking up steam for the first time in hours, making some progress in what I hoped to be the right direction.

I had Sammy take the wheel again and surveyed what was left of our haul. I estimated our losses from breakage and the amount that went overboard.

I went below to look at the engine. It had been running hot for hours but faired the squall better than I had expected. I could only guess at the overall condition of the rudder and the rest of the boat. I wouldn't be able to get an accurate picture until we were dockside. We'd be taking turns manning the bilge pump for hours. I added a couple of cans of oil to the engine and came topside.

I made a rough tally in my mind. After Sammy's cut, the expenses of repairing and replacing to get seaworthy again and lost freight, I concluded that this definitely was not going to be our most profitable

Dis & Dat

run. Probably would be damn lucky to break even.

I looked behind us over our wake at the menacing skies. They were just beginning to break up. It could have been a hell of a lot worse outcome.

The keys eventually appeared on the horizon. Fitzgerald and his two goons were by his truck waiting for us as we limped into port. We hurriedly tied off the fore and aft lines.

I didn't like transferring our cargo from the boat to the truck in daylight but there was no other option.

The switch was made as quickly as possible with one of Fitz's men lending a hand. Fitz stood near the end of the dock keeping track of the count with pencil and a small notebook. He checked each crate, box and burlap sack before we carried them to the rear of the truck.

Fitz made a smartass comment about running late, then another about the load being short. Even though I was desperate for the payoff money, it was only because of exhaustion that I didn't deck him. That and Fitz's other goon who eyeballed both us and the surrounding area while holding a .45 caliber Tommy.

Sammy placed the last container into the truck. He had taken off his denim shirt because of the heat, exposing a tattered old t-shirt. His denim shirt was wrapped around his waist by the sleeves. He loosened the knot holding the sleeves together and used it to wipe the sweat from his brow. He lingered a second at the rear of the truck and then walked past us with his shirt crumpled up at his side to return to the boat. The man who helped us load headed to the rear of the truck to latch the gate and pull down the canvas covering and secure it. The man with the machine gun busied himself checking out one last time the road they would use to leave.

Fitz had taken me aside by the cab as the loading was finished. He pulled an envelope from his pocket and counted out the cash due me. Minus losses, of course. Our business was completed.

Fitz seated himself in the center of the cab, the second man got behind the steering wheel and the third man with the automatic weapon not surprisingly rode shotgun.

The semitropical Florida sun was getting hotter with each passing minute, the humidity much more intense as the truck pulled out and headed down the crushed shell road.

Sammy was waiting for me as I stepped back aboard.

"Let me count out your share so you can head on home. I don't know about you, but I'm figuring on getting something to eat, then maybe sleep a week."

"Think I'll join you for breakfast 'fore cuttin' out," Sammy replied. "But how 'bout we have a drink first to celebrate gettin' back in one piece?"

He reached into the cabin and pulled out his denim shirt. With a sly smirk he unraveled it revealing an unopened bottle of rum.

Dis & Dat

Contact the Club Board Contacts

President – Deanna Steggall 319-651-9494, president@isleofiowa.com
Vice President – Gerald Ptacek, 319-551-9006, vicepresident@isleofiowa.com
Secretary – Deb Rassler, 319-213-1048, secretary@isleofiowa.com
Treasurer – Steve Robe 319-351-3474, treasurer@isleofiowa.com
Social Director – Randy Havlik 319-396-5217, socialdirector@isleofiowa.com
Membership Director – Bart Mason 319-930-2833, membershipdirector@isleofiowa.com
Member at Large – Cindy Ek, memberatlarge1@isleofiowa.com
Member at Large – Gordy Smith, memberatlarge2@isleofiowa.com
Member at Large – Doris Olson, memberatlarge3@isleofiowa.com

Monthly Board Meeting

The monthly Board meetings are scheduled for the **Tuesday before** the monthly membership meeting, and will start at 6:00 p.m. unless otherwise noted.

These Board meetings are open to all members, not just Board members. Come and join us as we discuss the business of our club and plan upcoming events, etc. It's a great chance to help the club and to become more involved.

For the location of this month's Board meeting, please see the Phlock calendar. You can also visit us online at: www.isleofiowa.com.

Join the Listserv

To join the Listserv, visit our Web site at www.isleofiowa.com and enter your E-mail address on the Listserv box found on the Homepage. The Listserv is the fastest way of getting the latest information about the club, and to keep track of events' dates or changes. Since we are a social group, it is okay to post social events on the one Listserv that you would like to invite members of the club to. With that being said, we would like to remind everyone of a few maintenance issues.

Appropriate Posts for the Listserv are:

1. Club information
2. Club events
3. Personal parties
4. Jimmy Buffett news
5. Recipes

Okay, I think you get the idea.

Things not allowed on the Listserv:

1. Profanity
2. Anything offensive
3. Anything pornographic

If you have ideas, questions, concerns or suggestions for the Isle of Iowa, you can e-mail any member of the Board individually; or – something new – collectively at board@isleofiowa.com.

September Birthdays

Tom Whiting -- 2
Sandy Young - 3
Randy Havlik -- 6
Ed Neilson -- 15
Steve Petersen -- 15
Lisha Coffey - 18
Sandra Kramer - 19
Jim Doyle - 20
Linda Barger - 25
Matt Arenholz - 28
Steve Douglas - 28
David Becker - 30

October Birthdays

Linda Davenport -- 2
Mary Murray - 4
Kate Sanders - 10
Cindy Ek - 11
Daniela Gover - 13
Denis Graller - 17
Cindy Ballew - 18
Gerald Ptacek -- 18
Mary Moore -- 27
Eric Gardner - 29

Be sure and attend the monthly meeting in the month of your birthday to get your free Birthday drink!

New Members

Denis & Suzy Graller
Mitch & Susan
Clements

Isle of Iowa Parrot Head Club
PO Box 11172 ~ Cedar Rapids, Iowa ~52410-1172