



LODI ROTARY

STRIPPINGS

JUNE 30, 2005



THE KICK-OUT

**ROTARY YEAR
2004-2005**

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GLENN ESTESS**

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DISTRICT GOVERNOR
DAVE GALLAGER**

**PRESIDENT
JOE COTTA**

**PRESIDENT ELECT
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**FOUNDATION CHAIR
JERRY FRY**

**STRIPPINGS EDITOR
BOB BADER**

Being president of a Rotary Club such as our Lodi Rotary is analogous to boat ownership. The two happiest days of the life of a Rotary Club President is the day he takes on the leadership of the club and the other is the day he is kicked out...what's in between can be the shortest, busiest 365 days of his life.

Joe Cotta, an absolute prince the day he took office, will be happier on Friday than he is today. Apprehension can make any day an unfulfilled horror. Joe went from a Saint to an ogre who was willing to even sacrifice his own President Elect to the fuming gods and laughed as he did it. So you can be sure there will be very few tears shed in that quarter, in fact I have heard words like "dictator" and "sadist."

Actually, we have had a few people who were sorry when their year ended; Virgil Suess comes to mind. When Virgil took over the chair, he didn't even want to touch a microphone, when the year was over, we had to wrest it out of his clenched fist.

Except for the fiscal cruelty, Joe Cotta is not a changed man. He was quiet, gentle and thoughtful before he was railroaded into office and he remains so today. But that little seed of evil still remains and it must be exorcised.

No one on the Kick-Out Committee has called to tell me what is in store for Joe, but it could be awful, some people like to pick on nice guys.

There were several people who made my kick-out very special. Biff and Roger Baffoni, who weren't in the club at that point, rented me white tie and tails, complete with a top hat. I brought my little horse-trainer, Laurie along as a visual treat for you bums...she was in a form-fitting gown. The kick-out involved a supposed narrative of my life as I sat in a boat on the stage beside a certain Mrs. Snyder, who was supposed to be my "fishing buddy". Well, the river was angry that day, my friends, and the waves soon came crashing over the gunwales and when I looked back to see what made the tide rise so dramatically, the water, in the form of five-gallon bucketfuls at a time, was thrown on me by Doug Holck, who is almost famous for dousing people at kick-outs. Joe can thank his lucky stars there is no pool close by today. When I took the suit back to the Baffoni Boys, ready to pay for the damages, they assured me people brought back their rented clothes in a lot worse condition than mere water could cause, and since some of you are reading this while you are eating, we will spare you the gruesome details.

GOLF

Last week: Ron Beckman is one lucky fellow. His older son is the town mayor. His younger son will provide for his old age. If that boy doesn't make it into the millionaire upper echelon of golf history, I'll miss my guess.

Adam is not only a really gifted golfer, he is the epitome of the kind of gentleman anyone would dearly love to have for a son. He is friendly, courteous, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, and can hit the snot out of golf ball.

I ain't saying Ron didn't have to carry Adam most of the way at the tournament last week, he did. Without Ron's putting, our whole foursome would have been in trouble. On hole number 2, Ron one-putted a 73 foot putt and there was no turning back. Every putt he faced was a gimme whether it was five inches or forty feet.

Adam, on the other hand, all but drove the 5 par number 18. We only had 88 yards to go and cinched a birdie (when an eagle would have been more fun.)

Adam was featured with all the other athletes who are the number one star in their respective sports in the Stockton paper last week. The comments made by his coach would lead you to believe Ron has a true star on his hands. It was a privilege to meet such a modest, outrageously talented young gentleman.

I did my bit at the tournament by showing him, his dad, and Dale Edwards exactly what not to do in golf. See...everyone is good for something, even if it's to serve as a perfect bad example.

I didn't mean to leave out Dale Edwards and his contribution that day...for one thing; he let me have a swig of his Gatorade.

Jes' kiddin', Dale is a wonderful golfing partner. He plays well for a guy who can't cuss, and he is a sympathetic ear for a guy who plays poorly and can't cuss either.

Cussing is not an indication of anything noteworthy. Each of us learned every bad word there is by the time we were sixth graders so our vocabularies were not enhanced in that area, not even when Dale shanked a @#\$% nine iron.

And so, as Joe Cotta sinks slowly in the west, we bid a fond farewell to a year of verbal, financial and viticultural abuse. We wish him well, and if he survives the day, wish him a hail fellow well met and turn the page on Markie Chandler, the kindest, sweetest Lodi Rotary President we have never had.

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