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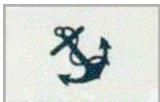
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## New Membership Applications

No new applicants as of this printing



## New Members

(No new applications processed)

Scott & Shelly Morris, with their crew, Julia and Joseph came for dinner and finally got their Burgee...



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reflective mood... It was like I wasn't 1,500 miles from home, but in a giant diorama, observing the sets and scenes as I walked through them... I wasn't part of the environment around me.

Looking around, it seemed to me that if people appeared happy it was because they were experiencing the sum total of all they ever knew... if they only knew. What I saw in Mexico; the disparity between the rich and the poor seemed twice as bad in Panama. The desperation of the lower class simply reinforced the confidence of the wealthy... confident, because once someone attained wealth, it was relatively easy to keep it. As for the middle class, the shop keepers, their workers and those just getting by, there was nothing to catch them if for some reason their source of income dried up... except for a Guardia National chap eager to lock you up for vagrancy. Then, on the bright side I observed folks going to extremes to have fun... a fight in the dusty street was a cause for laughter.

I was learning what it's like to be a non-person. That's when everyone around, appear to see right through you, like your not really there. I had the same feeling years later in Singapore, in a McDonalds of all places... I was the only 'haole' in the shop, packed with Indonesian Chinese. I felt very alone as eyes passed over me without a pause; there was no eye contact, body language or any form of acknowledgement that I was even in the same room. I wondered if this feeling was common stuff with minorities at home. Another lesson there I thought.

The market places were interesting. The streets were black from rotting rinds, cooking fat, juice and God knows what else. The merchants, if they weren't selling, they were buying. Although most sellers were old, stooped and short of conversation, the younger buyers were aggressive and coarse, demanding personal service from everyone and on their terms.

The sun was merciless. Shade was provided by sheet metal, cloth and lumber placed "highly pigly," selfishly shading the seller and their goods beneath. There were cries of quality, whistles and hissing, combined with the bellow from horns from the caged motorists trapped in the steaming heat. Bright colored dresses hung for view which clashed beautifully with piles of

sandals, walls covered with hats, leather belts and nick-knacks beside chunks of raw meat, rough cut, clinging from pegs and black with flies.

The eating stalls were side by side, each with jukeboxes, blaring different, Porte Rican tunes. The locals sat on makeshift benches and tables eating stews and meats with their chins close to their bowls. In one corner a young mother nursed her child while sorting peas, mumbling to no one about their freshness. It was uncomfortable observing this futility, the grunge, the never ending work... I sensed that "retirement" wasn't in their vocabulary.

I ran into some of the Green Beret chaps from the Canal Zone and I was easily diverted to an early dinner, for I enjoyed their stories, so different from my top secret grunge in Texas.

They were participating in an exercise in the uncharted lower half of the country, making roads and doing what the evil Sergeants asked them to do. Apparently, one of the guys was driving a jeep down this rough path, when a large Python dropped off a branch and onto the hood of his jeep. Looking for dinner they all thought. So this fellow quickly scrambles out the back, only to watch as his jeep and big guy rumble into the brush and out of sight. When he returned to camp, his Sergeant really cut him a new one over abandoning the jeep and, especially for being such a wimp. So then he collars the driver and a couple of others to go back and recover the jeep. "HooRah," they found the vehicle stalled at the bottom of the ravine, and this is the interesting part... the Sergeant jumps into the jeep, looks down and jumps back out. Apparently, the snake had possession and we all know the legalese regarding possession.

The front half of this fellow was curled up on the floor on the passenger side and the rest was under the seat and into the back... the guys could see the twitching tail. The Sergeant and his men came back up the hill, where the Sergeant with some embarrassment, told them they would pick the jeep up later. Later, they asked about the jeep and they never got a straight answer... and as far as they know, its still there, with its proud new owner.

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I planned to meet the Ausi's at the yacht club in Balboa the next day. Getting down through the lower half of Panama was near impossible... given the jungle and uncharted terrain, not to mention the bad guys. We were looking into hiring a banana boat to take us down the east coast of Panama, after which we would hire Indians to take us across the river into Columbia. The plan was to whack our way with machetes into the nearest town and catch a bus heading south.

Anticipating this option, I found a source for jungle gear at a Green Beret camp: boots, machete, light pack, thermal blanket, hammock, canteen, mess-kit, light weight clothes, knife and hat, for \$12 (I'll tell you about this some time). Then, I stowed my sea bag with a friend who worked and lived in the Zone... Bad News: when they checked on this rout with the locals, they found out it was too dangerous. Apparently, there are a lot of bad guys in that part of the country, and not being armed and looking for trouble, we decided to review other options.

Decisions were made finally: I decided to head for Columbia, and from there I was going to try and find a sailboat heading west. The Ausi's found a fishing boat heading down the west coast and they cut a deal to have the owner drop them off in Columbia. We set a date to meet in Bogota to share stories, etc. but events happened and I never saw them again. (I didn't get their addresses in Australia, how dumb was that?)

Now, if I'm going into South America, I needed a visa. In those days, as now, getting stopped in Columbia without a visa wouldn't be smart... (I'm learning, slow but sure!) I tracked down the crumbling old house that served as the Columbian Conciliate... scary, in that the stooped lady with one eye shut, stopped me at the door. She insisted that they had to keep my passport overnight as a condition to granting me the visa. I didn't like that of course, but I didn't have a choice... I sensed they wanted to check their sources to see if I was competition in the drug trade.

I spent my last night in Panama in a crummy room without my passport... they wouldn't let me stay at the Y any longer... that was a long night.

I got my visa back the first thing the next day and my plane ticket within an hour. My trip had been stalling for a week or so and my positive attitude was taking a beating. I perked up once I got in the air, for once in Columbia maybe, if I work at it and if I'm lucky, I'll find a sailboat that needs some crew, a boat heading west to Panama, then into the Pacific. I had 2 months or so to find one, for that's when the trade winds start.

To be continued:

### Judy: Playing with her food again !!



## Fleet Captain's Report

Our April cruise-out to Sierra Pt. YC was the 29-30th with a great turnout. Those who attended and braved the cold weather Saturday morning were: Paul and Earlene Lagier and daughter Shari on LA DOLCE VITA, Dave and Sue Jacoby on ECHANTE, Barry E. and Judy Murray on PIXY TRAILS, Chris Tallerico on LADY K with Aaron and Sam who jumped ship and sailed over on ECHANTE, Lou Berg and son-in-law Roy Edwards on WILDCAT. We arrived early afternoon and tied on their guest dock.

The sail Sat. to SPYC was fun and the wind increased as the time went by. Arriving at the entrance of the channel into SPYC Marina the wind was about 25 knots. Paul had fun downing our Yankee Jib as I allowed the boat to jibe as he was bringing the jibe down and he was nearly lifted off the deck. HA HA TEE HEE. The wind at the yacht club guest dock was strong onto the dock making it easy to moor.

Everyone enjoyed pupu's and drinks on LA DOLCE VITA. The dinner at the club was superb and no one went away hungry. All 15 of us enjoyed the evening.

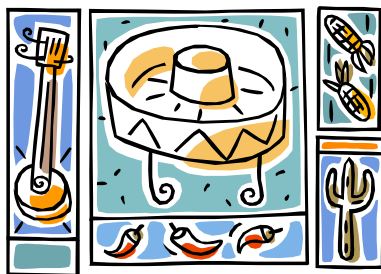
LA DOLCE VITA left on Sunday at 5:30 AM as it was a minus low tide and had another function that afternoon. The rest of the group stayed for the SPYC breakfast and were treated to pancakes, waffles, eggs, potatoes etc. Everyone had an enjoyable weekend and the weather on Sunday was beautiful.

This kind of turnout was very satisfying for me and this kind of cruise-out is what I hope to have for the remainder of the year. If you have not joined us before PLEASE consider doing so. We do have FUN!!

The May CO to Ballena Bay was cancelled due to their participation with the KFOG KABOOM night. We will be going there later in the summer. I'm working on something for this month, but any suggestions would be accepted and appreciated. It could even be a drive CO.

Happy Boating,  
Earlene Lagier  
Fleet Captain, MBYC

## Board Meeting and Dinner Potluck Saturday, May 20, 2006



Traditionally we have done Mexican food in May to celebrate Cinco de Mayo, after the fact. Following that tradition, we will do so again. This year it will be a Potluck.

The club will provide Carne Asada, and grilled chicken., grated cheese, tortillas, and sour cream.

Members will bring the following: (Sign up for something when you RSVP): Refried Beans, Chips & Salsa, Spanish rice, and any other "South of the Border" dish that strikes your fancy.

Dinner cost: \$8.00 for those bringing a dish. \$15.00 for those who are not able to bring something.

We will also have plenty of beer and be whipping up some fine Margaritas in the bar.

# *MBYC 2006 Calendar of Events*

<p><b>January</b></p> <p>7-8 Cruise-Out to Point San Pablo</p> <p>21 Board Meeting &amp; Installation dinner</p>	<p><b>July</b></p> <p>1-5 Delta Hilton Fireworks</p> <p>8 - 9 Cruise Out - San Leandro YC</p> <p>15 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Red White &amp; Blue</b></p>
<p><b>February</b></p> <p>11 Board Meeting &amp; <b>Cioppino</b> Dinner Berkeley YC Cruise-In</p> <p><b>Program this month</b> is on boat maintenance: Getting Conditions in the Engine Compartment ready for the winter months.</p> <p>Date for Cruise-Out: TBD</p>	<p><b>August</b></p> <p>12 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner</p> <p>19 -20 Cruise out to Loch Lomond YC "Jamaica Me Crazy Night "</p>
<p><b>March</b></p> <p>11-12 Cruise Out: Ayala Cove (Angel Island). Pot Luck on "La Dolce Vita"</p> <p>18 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Traditional St. Patricks Feast:</b> Hosts: Judy Murray and Barry Eldridge . Menu- Corn Beef finished off with apricots, Cabbage, Boiled Potatoes, Salad and Soda Bread.</p> <p>18-19 Oyster Point YC Cruise- In</p> <p>25-26 San Rafael YC Cruise-In</p>	<p><b>September</b></p> <p>2-4 Cruise Out to China Camp</p> <p>16 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner</p>
<p><b>April</b>     <b>NOTE CHANGE OF DATES</b></p> <p><b>8</b> Board Meeting &amp; Dinner EASTER Theme: <b>POT LUCK</b> Club provides meat - members bring dish</p> <p>29-30 Cruise Out to Sierra Point YC</p>	<p><b>October</b></p> <p>7-8 Cruise Out: Alameda YC "Pirates Party"</p> <p>21-22: Cruise Out: Coyote Point YC</p> <p>28 Board &amp; General Membership Meeting Dinner &amp; Election of Officers</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Octoberfest</b></p>
<p><b>May</b></p> <p>13-14 <b>Cruise Out cancelled</b></p> <p>20 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner <b>Mexican Theme</b></p>	<p><b>November</b></p> <p>18-19 Cruise Out: Sausalito YC Lobster Feed</p> <p>TBD Board Meeting &amp; Dinner</p>
<p><b>June</b></p> <p>17 Board Meeting &amp; Dinner <b>Western BBQ Theme</b></p> <p>24-25 Cruise Out to San Rafael</p>	<p><b>December</b></p> <p>No cruise out in December</p> <p>2 Board Meeting &amp; <b>Holiday</b> Dinner</p>

**NOTE: Please make reservations for each Yacht Club dinner you would like to attend.  
E-mail: [ardellec1@yahoo.com](mailto:ardellec1@yahoo.com) or call Ardelle Cirino at (510) 816-3059**