

Commodore's Log



Mike Tryon

A Boy's Boat on the St. Joseph River in Michigan, 1960's

"Michigan, the Winter Water Wonderland." That was home when I was growing up. We always lived near a lake or river. Rule was, one couldn't draw a five mile circle anywhere in Michigan without lapping at a body of water.

For the longest time, our home was near the Saint Joseph River. She wasn't a large river, nor could she boast of anything spectacular like many rivers in America. Her only accolade was an abrupt turn from a southern course in Indiana to north into Michigan, giving Bend, Indiana, its name.

During one cold winter when I was eleven, my friend and neighbor Kit, who was nine, decided to build a boat from a drawing of one that looked like Davy Crocket's. We spent every weekend looking for wood and hardware and good nails. Many nails were bent and had to be straightened. We used old barn siding for most of the hull and cut the timbers by hand. It was cold work, but we talked about using poles to push our boat up river. That was our dream.

Our boat was less than eight feet long, but it had a dog house and room enough on each side to walk from bow to stern. As you might guess, we changed the design some because of a shortage of materials (and expertise).

We calked the joints with cold tar and painted her John Deer green (found in an abandoned barn). The project was started just after Christmas, and

We pushed her into the Saint Joseph River over the Memorial Day weekend. We didn't install a rudder because we didn't think we needed one. But then we understood our mistake the hard way while doing a lot of hard pushing.

We used the boat over the summer and, except for areas limited by the log jams, we traveled to places we had never been before. We also spent a lot of time bailing water.



Actual photo of Mike and Kit on the St. JosephNot!

Then on a hot day in August, we were drinking lemonade and floating down river towards home when suddenly we were in the water. We didn't see it coming. No warning. It was just gone, our boat sunk and we were swimming.

We spent the next two weeks looking for our boat but never found a trace. I thought about it for years, ...how did that happen? When I saw Kit twenty years later, we talked about our boat, but neither of us had figured it out. Bermuda Triangle training site? Maybe. The following summer I spent most of my time in the onion fields, alongside the migrant workers. Dry ground, but not nearly as much fun.

Michael Tryon, Commodore MBYC
"My heart is in the wind"



Commodore
Mike Tryon
(510) 227-5782
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Vice Commodore
Barry Eldridge
(916) 487-5351
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Rear Commodore
Anny Caya
(209) 564-8338



Secretary
Judy Murray
(916) 487-5351
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Treasurer
Tom Wolinski
(510) 581-4543
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Fleet Captain
Glen Bigelow
(916) 424-1907
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Safety Officer
(Vacant)
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Past Commodore
Barry Eldridge
(916) 487-5351
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Webmaster
Ed Johnson
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



Signal Editor
(Vacant)
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page



PICYA Representatives
Barry Eldridge Paul Lagier
(916) 487-5351 (209) 599-6635
For email info, see the Club Hotlines Page

New Membership Applications

No new applications at this time



New Members

No new members at this time



When cruising in other countries, one must work hard to adjust to the different cultures...

Club Officer Positions

Note: The Signal has been published on a monthly basis for many years, or since our club was founded in the mid 1980's. However, changing times and conditions have taken their toll: A few years back, we had to let our clubhouse go, and we became a paper club. We've reduced our 'Cruise Outs' to four a year, and the Signal will now be published four times year.

The Signal's Editor isn't mentioned in the club's Bylaws, but perhaps position should be. The following outline attempts to describe what the Signal Editor does. Please look this over and let your Board Members know your thoughts.

SIGNAL EDITOR: The Editor gathers information of interest to the club members, then edits and composes this data into a layout and submits this to the Webmaster for publication onto the club's website, what we call The Signal.

1. Reporter and Photographer: The Editor will make every effort to attend meeting of MBYC Board of Director's meetings and club outings throughout the greater Bay Area to take photos, report on the activities, and note those members attending.
2. Editor of the Signal: The Editor is responsible for content to assure that published issues contain information that is accurate, appropriate, well



composed, of general interest to boat people, and from time to time, displays some humor.

3. Content: The Signal will include: The Commodore's Letter, Flag Officers of the club, notification of New Applications and New Members, a brief of the Secretary's minutes of Board Meetings, articles from members and of general interest with related photos, the Fleet Captain's Report and the Cruise Out Schedule.

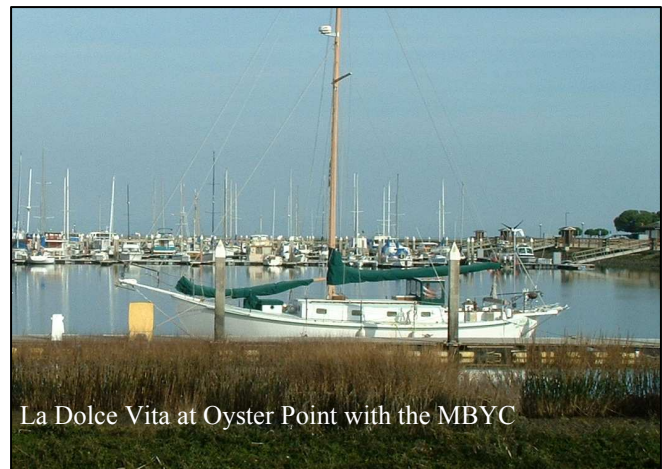
4. Appointment: The Signal Editor is nominated by the MBYC Board of Directors and approved by the General Membership. The Signal Editor is not a voting member of the Board of Directors.

This Could have Happened To Any One of Us

An Experience We Can Do Without: Paul Lagier and his 8 year old grandson Caleb, were returning from San Francisco on LA DOLCE VITA to their slip at the Point San Pablo Y.C.

When in the Santa Fe Channel, Paul led the forward mooring line back amidship, while instructing Caleb about when to step off the boat to secure this line to the forward cleat. When they came along side, Paul, ever mindful of Caleb's safety, was concentrating on position, for he didn't want any space between the boat and the dock, where Caleb could fall

After Paul stopped the boat, then saw that he was still 2 feet away at the stern. So then, without another thought, he jumped across with the stern



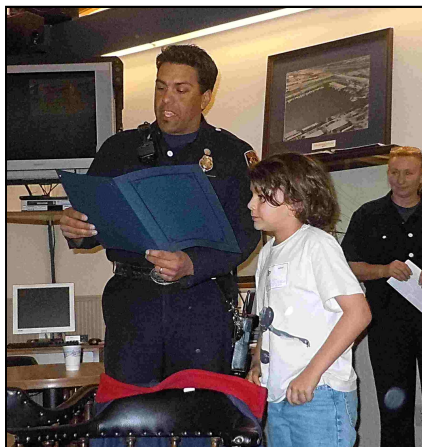
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line in hand onto a wobbly dock, only to lose his balance and fall into the cold "drink."

Paul, now up to his ears in the water and still holding the stern line, saw that his boat and his grandson were now some 8 feet away. Paul, a 'can do' guy, quickly took a turn around a dock cleat with the stern line and pulled the boat back. Caleb was then able to get off and quickly run to get some help.

Alone now, cold and tired, Paul straddled the mooring line, trying to put his knee into a bite so he could heave himself out. Meanwhile, help was running down the dock. Mike Stevens, Chuck Lind and Ingrid Hogan all worked together to pull Paul out of the water and onto the dock..

Later, while reflecting on his experience, Paul said he didn't know if the bite in the mooring line was going to work, but it was all he could think of. Most important, he thought the whole experience could



Caleb was recognized recently for his actions by the Richmond Fire Dept.

have been avoided, if he had just gone forward to where Caleb was waiting, where the boat was close to that wobbly dock.

Paul survived this cold and scary experience because his grandson didn't panic. Caleb knew what to do and ran quickly for help. The Lagier family is very proud of Caleb because his response to an emergency situation was very mature for this 8 year old young man.

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Many Thanks Paul Lagier his family for sharing this experience, ...this should be a heads up for us all.

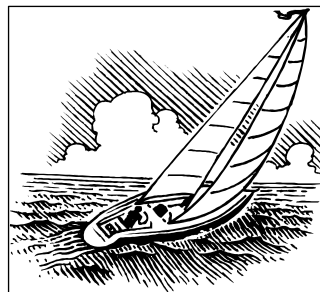
Fleet Captain's Report

Please check out the cruising schedule on Page 6. Our first cruise-out for 2011 is on April 16, to the Alameda Yacht Club. Let's try and have a good turnout...

*Glen Bigelow
Fleet Captain, MBYC*

Remedies for Home and Sea

1. IF YOU CAN'T FIX IT WITH A HAMMER, YOU'VE GOT AN ELECTRICAL PROBLEM.
2. YOU ONLY NEED TWO TOOLS IN LIFE - WD-40 AND DUCT TAPE.
IF IT DOESN'T MOVE AND SHOULD, USE THE WD-40.
IF IT SHOULDN'T MOVE AND DOES, USE THE DUCT TAPE.
3. WHILE AT SEA, AVOID CUTTING YOURSELF WHEN SLICING VEGETABLES BY GETTING SOMEONE ELSE TO HOLD THEM WHILE YOU CHOP.
4. ABOUT LEAVING THE TOILET SEAT UP. ONE CAN AVOID ARGUEMENTS WITH THE FE MALES ON YOUR CREW, BY USING THE SINK. 



Odyssey of Gratitude continuing...

Glen Bigelow and fellow sailor Ron Bryan's experiences bringing Glen's newly acquired sailboat up the coast from San Diego.

Day 20, Thursday, May 18th: Okay...we didn't make it today! We left the Pillar Point Marina, Half Moon Bay, around 8:00am and by 8:40, when we were about a mile off the reef surrounding the Point, the engine started overheating, intermittently.

The only thing we could think that could cause this was a faulty water pump impeller. We had a couple of spares, but by the time we changed it out, it was approaching 10:00am. If we continued, we might hit Golden Gate about the time the wind came up, so we decided not to go that far. ***Continued on Page 5***

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We also wanted to make sure the impeller was the problem and that the engine was in fact working well.

So, we'll return to Pillar Point and tomorrow morning, do it all over again. Things should go smooth then, for we had a trial run this morning. Somebody remind me again, ...why did I buy this boat!!!

Oh by the way...Bryan told me if I buy any more boats in San Diego...I'll need to come up with a new best friend...because he resigns.

Day 21, Friday, May 19th: Bryan and I left Pillar Point Harbor at 8:10am. Then after 5 hours of very light wind and seas, the sailing vessel Gratitude turned into the tidal currents of the Golden Gate channel, reducing speed to about 3.5 knots and, rather unceremoniously, we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge at 1:15pm.

There were no fireboats with spray nozzles blasting a welcome or naval vessels with all hands on deck. We were met by a Blue & Gold tour boat and the California Hornblower, another tour boat. There was one lady up on the observation deck taking our picture, so at least she alone understood the significance of that moment. I waved wildly to celebrate the occasion!

When we were a half mile past the gate, the currents changed and we literally flew through raccoon strait and across to the Point Richmond channel. We entered the marina at 2:20pm...an impressive 9.2 nautical miles by anyone's reckoning.

After dropping the main sail while coming across Marina Bay, we pulled into the slip at 2:27pm, Gratitude's new home. So, 48 days ago, Bryan and I left Sacramento and drove to San Diego. Then we worked a week on the boat before officially departing on April 10th. Our journey now came to a close.

There were memorable events, unforgettable moments, disappointing situations and trying times. We experienced an occasional moment of panic...like when the motor hesitated or died all together...but, all in all, Gratitude met all the challenges and came through

safe and sound, ...and after all, this was my first experience with Gratitude. It takes time to learn about a boat's secrets and idiosyncrasies.

Bryan's help during this voyage should be duly noted. His participation was a significant key for a successful trip and much appreciated. As he had more cruising experience, he was able to anticipate many of the situations we encountered.



I know Bryan feels nothing but relief that our trip was finally

Glen and Bryan passing udder

over, but I have mixed emotions. There were times when I felt the trip would never end. But today, after Bryan left to check on his boat, I felt a nagging let-down that this adventure was over. But, I'm weary and looking forward to a few weeks of rest and renewal. I know Pam has patiently held her 'honey-do' list in check until my return, and so have my clients.

After a few weeks, I'll get back to Gratitude a few days at a time, tweaking the systems until she is just the way I want her...a process that, as any boat owner will tell you, will take the rest of my life.

I'm done for now with our little adventure, or the "infamous ordeal," as Bryan calls it. I've enjoyed sharing this experience, and I'm sure I'll refer to this log from time to time to refresh my memory about an extraordinary time.

But for now...let the new adventures begin...

Glen





Marina Bay Yacht Club

April

16-17 Alameda Y. C.
Board Meeting & Dinner
For the Spring Fling Party

July

30-31 Ballena Bay Y. C.
Board Meeting & Dinner
Island Party

October

8-9 Sausalito
Schoonmaker Marina
Board Meeting & Dinner
at Saylor's Restaurant

December

10-11 San Francisco
South Beach Marina
Board Meeting & Cocktails
Christmas Party at Gordon
Biersch

Make reservations for each Cruise Dinner you would like to attend by contacting the Fleet Captain - (916) 424-1907 - for email info, see the Club Hotlines page.

Tis the Season...

Flynn staggered home very late after another evening with his drinking buddy, Paddy.

He took off his shoes to avoid waking Mary, his wife, then tiptoed as quietly as he could to the stairs to the upper bedroom. But misjudging the bottom step, he stumbled, caught himself by the banister then swung around and landed on his rump. Whiskey bottles, one in each of his back pockets broke, making the landing especially painful.

Trying not to yell, Flynn sprung up, pulled down his pants, and looked in the hall mirror to see that his butt cheeks were cut and bleeding.

He managed quietly to find a full box of Band-Aids, and he put them on the best he could, one on each place he saw blood.

Then he hid the now almost-empty Band-Aid box and shuffled and stumbled his way to bed.

In the morning, Flynn woke up with searing pain in both his head and butt. Mary was staring at him from across the room. She said, "You were drunk again last night, weren't you?"

Flynn said, "Why do you say such a mean thing?"

"Well," Mary said, "it could be the open front door, it could be the broken glass at the bottom of the stairs, it could be the drops of blood trailing through the house. It could also be your bloodshot eyes, but mostly.....it's all those Band-Aids stuck on the hall mirror .



...one of many reasons many like boating