



BILGE WATER

After the last Country-Western party, which was a good time by the way, several people were overheard asking this question: “Why is it that we never have county music at the Country-Western party?” So this author got to thinking...I know what it’s dangerous...but just hear me out. What if we had a bit of square dancing (just enough to be fun, but not enough to get boring)? If we had a good caller, it could work. Then we could have some rock and roll and get down the regular AYC way.

Did you ever hear a ringing sound in your ears and think, “Well maybe I’m receiving some radio signals in my fillings?” Well one Friday evening, not too very long ago, that happened to one of our members. Now see you or I may have just chalked it up to tinnitus, but this is a very special person. She was under the impression that Radio Tokyo was somehow skipping over the ionosphere and landing right smack in the middle of her brain. Now hers is a very special kind of brain and realizing that, she naturally assumed what us regular people wouldn’t. Now comes the interesting part. Apparently, the signals were actually coming through, but were sort of garbled...like if the squelch wasn’t set right, or if the tuner was off by just a couple of MHz. So being the friendly sort, she naturally asked some friends to help her tune in the station...not that she can speak Japanese, mind you, but anyone can tell if the danged station is coming in clear. Anyway, with a little tune-up by a couple friends, she finally received that station loud and clear. Dōmoarigatō, mōshiwakearimasen!

What happens on a cruise out (no it ain't like Las Vegas) becomes the fodder for conversation for weeks, all good natured of course. The Cruise to the Point San Pablo YC, up at the very end of the Richmond Channel was no exception. Greybeard, the Plunderer was seen to appear repeatedly- someone said he kept turning up like a bad penny- but he kept showing up. He and his crew must have captured a load of rum because they were polluted beyond recognition (PBR). Rumor has it that not one but, count'em, two meals were consumed in the orgy that the party eventually became. Greybeard has a wife ya'know; a sultry wench with fire in her eyes, who was overheard to lament on several occasions that she kept loosing Greybeard and she was spending all of her time trying to look after him. Bystanders wondered why she had slipped into mothering mode at a Pirates Party of all places. Part of the entertainment for the evening was a "prestidigitizer" by the name of Jack Sparerib. A fast talking professional, Jack was fun to watch. However, he made the extreme fox pause and included the phrase "the Seven Seas" in a description of his travels...but his travails had just begun when Mrs. Cuttime began to heckle him about "did he actually know" where the Seven Seas were? Their vessel had apparently captured a load of rum as well. The Princess left her purse aboard ship, so she stuck all her money down her ample cleavage. Some of the women saw her putting change "back into the till" and assumed she was getting tips. However, next morning it was "revealed" that one of the AYC ladies lamented "I don't have a tattoo and I didn't get any tips!" Ricky said, "Lucy, you've got some 'splaining to do!" After a night of dinner and debauchery (what else does one do at a Pirates Party) and dancing until the wee hours, we were all rudely awakened to the rousing Jimmy Buffet tune "Five o'clock somewhere"; I think about 6:30 am...OMG! So...Greybeard woke up and thought, "dang, I paid for dinner and didn't get any! And what happened to the Pirate Ship Cannonade that everyone was talking about?"... People started crawling out of hatches like lizards to warm themselves in the morning sun...and then the party started anew. Greybeard was offered some hot coffee and was "set straight" about the nights adventures, as happened to everybody else. What happens on a Cruise-out stays on a Cruise-out... a least until it hits Bilge Water.