



Sunset from Dakota©
Marina Bay Yacht Harbor

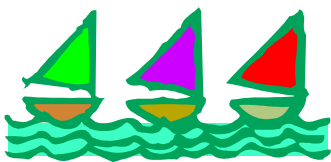
Marina Bay Yacht Club

The Marina Bay Yacht Club Signal is an official publication of the Marina Bay Yacht Club, located at the Marina Bay Yacht Harbor in Richmond, California.

A signed article in the Signal contains the thoughts and opinions of the writer only, and are not a statement of MBYC policy or procedure and publication does not constitute an endorsement by the Yacht Club membership or by the MBYC Board of Directors.. Articles and letters to editor can be submitted to:

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Take a Minute to look inside, and find out what is going on. And if you want to put your two-cents worth in, email the editor with comments.



Barry Eldridge

Commodore's Log

Hi Sailors...

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Fading But Not Out: We had a successful venture downsizing in

December and made some spending money in the process. It's amazing how much STUFF we had in that building. Members turning out to lend the hand included: Lew Berg, Rear Commodore and consummate bonvivant (sp); Roy Edwards, Safety Officer and high ladder specialist; Dave and Susan Jacoby the international racing team and closet gypsy's; Paul and Earlene Lagier, former and present Fleet Captains, and Central Valley Shakers; Ed and Dorothy Johnson, our Webmaster and his First Mate; Tom Wolinski, the new guy we all know and want to know better, Barry Eldridge and Judy Murray, your current/soon past Commodore and Treasurer/fill-in Secretary and Barry's First Mate.

Sold: We managed to sell the padded chairs and the nautical stuff that was hanging around. The kitchen stuff went except for the dishes and eating utensils. Bar glasses...? Gone! Does anyone have any idea how many glasses we had? Suffice to say, LOTS! We sold the small bar and soda cooler. We asked those members helping out to take the open bottles for their home bar. Lew Berg poured the leftovers down the sink.

As for items no one seemed to want, we hope to donate these to "Maskers," the theater group in Pt. Richmond, for their street fair sale (if they ever return our phone calls). There were lots of decorations, or the stuff we used for our various functions... most of this we sold to folks from the marina. We gave away, or threw away what was left.

PSPYC: On a Friday pre-sale, the Point San Pablo YC came by and spent about \$775, buying the small bar, the bar stools, the portable gas hot plat and a lot of kitchen stuff. They said they would take the unopened booze, but after a change in management, they changed their mind. We'll store what we have along with the club's records... this can be our stash for special occasions, unless someone has a better idea.

Summing Things Up: Yesterday, 12-20, we went down to do a relative cleanup and to take stuff to the new storage unit. Phil Coker and Charley Williams both showed up with pickups and pitched in. Charley Williams made sure all the leaves are now on the other side of the fence, and we took enough trips to the dumpster to equal government work (I don't know what that means either).

I cut the bar in half (thanks for the idea Paul) and loaded this and all the boxes, booze and soft drinks into Charley's truck. This stuff is now in storage to serve future yacht clubbers.

Previously, Roy Edwards took the Burgees down and Lew Berg cleaned out the cooler and performed many other chores. Thanks for all your time and consideration Guys.

As for the dumpy furniture, small oak tables, and dishes, maybe we can get the "Maskers" interested enough to pick this stuff up. Except for our new sign on the upstairs railing and the one out on the corner... we are out of the building.

Marina: I met with Jim Walter for a walk through last Friday and he didn't have any comments. I suggested that the marina should change the locks and they agreed. I will ask Jim Walter if we can enter the building after January 1 to show stuff to the Masques people.

Cruise Out in January: Earlene Lagier has arranged a Cruise-out to **South Beach on January 13th**. Please contact Earlene to get your berth. Apparently, the dock fees are \$1 a foot. Our tentative plan is to walk to a nice places to eat... and wherever we go, we will be celebrating our liberating, cruising status.

An executive decision has been made: For this our inaugural cruise, **The MBYC will be your host for dinner and drinks that evening.**

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New Membership Applications

No new membership applications at this time.



New Members

No new members at this time.

We won't sink b'cause we're
sitting on mud



....Continued from page 1

There is an old time (Italian name, one word) restaurant on lower California and I can't remember its name... great San Francisco food. Does anyone know what I'm talking about? OK it's been 20 years since I've been there, so?

Continuing On...

We left our anchorage early as usual and just before noon we passed a wide valley (wide valley, small river), however we didn't see any signs of civilization and the shoreline was rocky without a place to land. As we continued the cliffs began their ascent to about 1,000 feet, as we slipped between the cliff walls and a small island, into a bay.



Across the bay, about a half mile away, the breaking water on a low lying peninsula told us that we were looking at the West side of Kalaupapa, a finger of low lying land surrounded by angry seas on three sides, and isolated from the rest of Molokai by cliffs some 1600 feet high.

Many of you may know of Kalaupapa's reputation as a leprosy colony, a dark chapter in Hawaiian history. Leprosy, or Hansen's disease surfaced in Honolulu in the mid 1800's, spread rapidly and understandably scared the hell out of everyone. It's very contagious and, of course, there was no cure then which precipitated the need to isolate those affected by placing them on this peninsula. Boats couldn't land because of the rough shoreline, so the victims were taken by boat just off-shore and told to jump and if they refused, they were literally thrown overboard to swim to this stark, barren peninsula. Their belongings were tossed into the water after them.

In those days there weren't any amenities, shelters or

anything that resembled civilization. These diseased people lived in caves and shacks of sticks and leaves... left alone to fend for themselves for seven years before Father Damien arrived and helped them build the little village of Kalawao.

History: From all the rock walls they found, historians believe this peninsula was inhabited from about 650 AD, when early settlers farmed sweet potatoes, onions and taro from the harsh volcanic soil, and raised pigs. Attesting to it's harsh conditions, there are several Heiau's, or shrines that early Hawaiians used to make offerings for safety while fishing in the rough waters that surrounded this unusual point of land.

Today, the valley can be reached by sea when its calm, or by a mule trail that descends 1,600 feet along a course of many switchbacks that corkscrew in and out of canyons and ravines.

Once a year, when the seas are calm, a barge from Honolulu delivers thousands of pounds of rice, drums of fuel and stock for the few remaining inhabitants, the grocery store and hospital. There is also a small airstrip on the point.

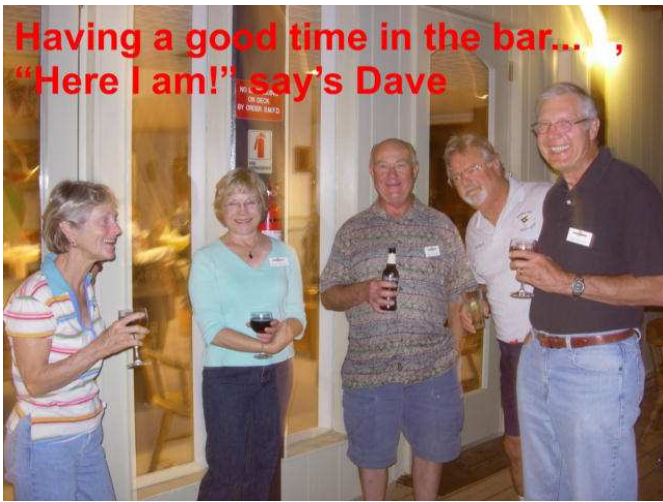
From where we were anchored, we could see Father Damien's St. Philomena Church. Right out of New England... sited where the peninsula joins the towering cliffs. The stark white church and steeple stand out from the tropical foliage and the dark volcanic cliffs. We wanted to go ashore and visit Kalawao, however the heavy wave action discouraged this thought.

Up to our left we could see a cottage peeking out of a grove of banana. The little house was constructed on a bench 200 feet or so up the cliff, with a commanding view of Kalaupapa and the churning sea. A curious attraction, because all we've seen of Molokai were the extremes of wildness and the sea. About 100 feet below the cottage there was huge boulder, behind which someone constructed a small landing, now sheltered from the prevailing currents and storm tossed waves.

Intrigued by the river valley we passed earlier, we decided to kayak to the landing the next morning, then hike over the ridge and see what we could find in the valley.

We had a mild evening in our sheltered bay and the next morning most of us got up early and headed ashore. There was a trail; well sort of... it was almost vertical but well worn with lots of handholds. It didn't take us long to reach the cottage level and the setting was beautiful. There was no road in, just the vertical trail we just

climbed and another that continued with more “up.” The cottage was shaded with bananas and coconuts, with windows looking out to Kalaupapa and the sea beyond... what a lovely spot of paradise. No one stuck their head out and I didn’t feel comfortable knocking on



their door.

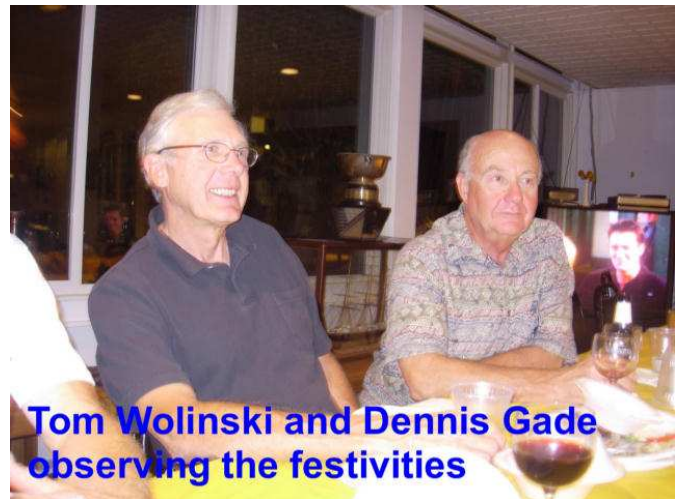
How they got everything up to this level was soon explained when we saw a sturdy 20 foot boat hanging from a pulley system. Studying this further, we saw that they could lower and raise the boat, presumably loaded down with supplies they brought from wherever they got supplies. We were at least 200 feet up in the air... it was quite a system. The winch was located in a small shed so we didn’t get to look at it.



We had several hundred more “up” ahead of us, so we didn’t waste any time. When we reached the crest, we could look into the valley below, our boat way down in the bay and the soaring cliffs above... we were standing on a spine of land that continued up and disappeared into the clouds, confirming that there was no other way to this place in paradise.

Heading down again, the path was rough, but anticipation of what we may find made up for this. When we arrived at the valley floor, or sea level, there was no surprise about the beach. The entire length of the water line was filled with boulders and driftwood, supporting the fact that this valley has experiences flash floods from time to time.

The plant material was underwhelming in scale and overwhelming in thorns and ticks... walking through brush was impossible, so we started in the stream. After 100 yards of slipping and sliding, with thoughts of twisted ankles or worse, we came to the realization that (1) the only part of the valley we would see is this stream. (2) This slogging would have to continue the entire day, before we found the head of the valley and then we may see nothing of interest (3) We couldn’t see 5 feet beyond the edge of the stream... Bummer! This



situation forced the decision to turn back. Although we were tempted to consider this day a waist of time, we satisfied our curiosity and had a good hike, so all in all, we decided the a day well spent.

Back to Honolulu.

MBYC 2007 Calendar of Events

January

13-14 Cruise-Out to South Beach
20 Board Meeting & Installation dinner

February

17 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

March

17 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

April

21 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

May

19 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

June

16 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

July

21 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

August

18 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

September

15 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

October

20 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

November

17 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

December

15 Board Meeting & Dinner
Date for Cruise-Out: TBD

**NOTE: Please make reservations for each Yacht Club dinner you would like to attend.
E-mail: ViceCommodore@MarinaBayYC.com**