

Commodore's Log



Mike Tryon

Thunder Jumpers: Beginning my love of the water

When I was about fourteen, my friends and I knew how to have a good time.

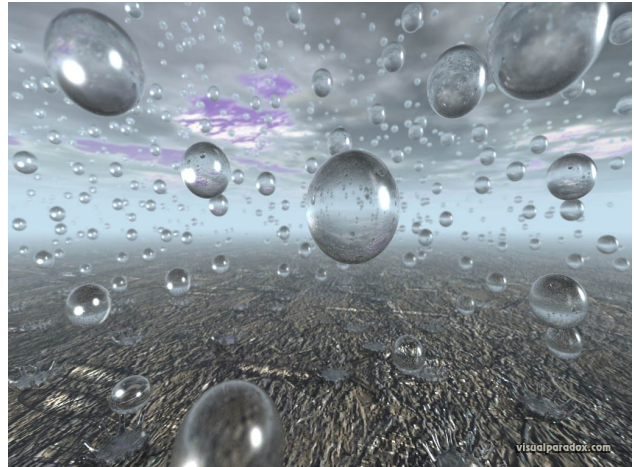
The Kalamazoo River ran East of the town of Homer,

Michigan and early settlers built a dam there to form the Homer Mill Pond. The dam's spillway was undersized for this watershed and when it rained hard, excess storm water dropped into a large fifteen foot inlet, a dark vertical tube that dropped some forty feet, before turning at 90 degrees under the dam and continuing on for another twenty feet. This was four stories of twisting bubbles.



Overflow Inlet on a pond...

We thought Larry, my brother's best friend was the first thunder jumper. We put him in an old pickle barrel the first time and the smell was so Bad he only did that once.



Four Stories of Twisting Bubbles

I learned later that Larry wasn't the first. My Uncle told me that he and his friends also jumped when they were kids, but I was the first without a life preserver.

I remember standing on the catwalk while trying to get up the nerve. My bossy older brother was there with Larry, yelling for me to jump. And my friend George was yelling for me not to jump. I looked at them, flipped them the bird and jumped in feet first.

What I remember more than anything was the pressure. If you had a slight cold or even a plugged up nose, you didn't want to make that jump. The water is violent; when it turns, you turn, when it twists you twist and then it rolls you cartwheel with it until you realize you finally are free. Then you open your eyes and let out some bubbles. Your orientation is all messed up, so you follow the bubbles until your sense of direction is restored.

Thunder Jumping was a big deal for several

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Club Officers for 2011

To Email a Club Officer, see Club Hotlines on the club's Web Site: www.marinabayvc.com



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Vice Commodore
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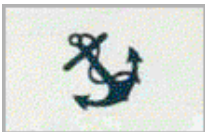
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New Members

There were no new applications during this period.

Marin County's China Camp



Chinese fishermen began fishing for shrimp in California probably around the mid-1860s. As the enterprise grew in the 1870s and 1880s, numerous villages or "shrimp camps" were established on the shores of both San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

China Camp was one of the largest and longest-lived of these camps. The 1870 Census Records list 77 male Chinese shrimp fishermen living there in 15 dwelling units. The population grew considerably; the 1880 to 469. Records indicate that the village had three general stores, a marine supply and a barber shop.

Chinese fishermen used traditional boats, such as sampans and junks. The remains of three redwood sampans were found sunk in the mud in the adjoining cove .

The nets were fastened to poles stuck in the ground beneath the water along the shore. After the fishermen emptied the nets and brought the shrimp in, the shrimp were cooked and spread out in the sun to dry. When dried, their shells were cracked by a fisherman who tread on piles of them with special wooden clogs. Then the cracked shrimp were tossed in a shrimp-winning machine, invented in China before the birth of Christ. This machine separated the shrimp by size, and also separated them from their shells, which were

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years until some drunk jumped in and drowned. Fearing a lawsuit the County had the dam and overflow destroyed, thereby draining the pond.

I still recall the empty feeling I had on a hot July day in 1968. It was during a summer thunderstorm, when I rushed over to the Homer Mill Pond only to find that everything was gone!

On Google Earth, one can still see portions of the old tube and infrastructure but there isn't much there anymore.

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



OK, which way are they going? Where's my horn, flare gun...? Quick! Start The Engine!

Club Officer Positions

To encourage MBYC Members to serve as a club officer. we will provide information on one of the Officer positions that govern your club.

SECRETARY: The Secretary maintains the club records. The Secretary is a voting member of the Board of Directors.

1. **Meetings:** Shall give or cause to be given notice of all meetings of the Membership and of the Board of Directors.
2. **Minutes:** The Secretary shall keep minutes of the aforesaid meetings and shall cause to be published in the official publication, a sum-

mary of the Board of Directors' meetings.

2. **Elections:** The Secretary shall act as the official clerk for all elections.
4. **Extended Duties and Powers:** Should both the Commodore and Vice Commodore be absent, the Secretary shall act and perform the duties of Commodore.



Remember the Radio Direction Finder?

True Story...

One of our members sailed his boat up to a restaurant dock to eat lunch. The dock hand approached and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't let you dine here today. This establishment has a neck tie policy, and you are not wearing one.

He replied, "Of course I don't have a tie on, I'm on a boat!"

"Well, go down below and put one on"

"I don't HAVE one!"

Apparently the dock hand, not wanting to turn away a customer, then said, "Well, why don't you just find something that approximates a tie. That should be O.K."

After some time, the boater comes out with a pair of jumper cables. "This is all I could find"

Sighing, the deck hand then said, "OK, I'll let you in with those, but just don't start anything"



December in South Beach



Good Restaurant, Good Food and a Great Crowd

The November cruise-out to Schoonmaker Point Marina, had to be cancelled due to lack of available members. It seemed everyone had a conflict that particular weekend, however this December cruise-out to South Beach was a winner.



Our dinner at MoMo's had 16 in attendance and this was a rousing good time. We had a private area, which made it very nice to mingle and visit, both before and during dinner. Everyone could order off of the menu, and all seemed to be very pleased with their choice of selections and the end product.

In attendance were Paul & Earlene Lagier, Barry Eldridge & Judy Murray, Tom & Kathleen Wolinski, Art & Anny Caya, LeeRoy & Carly Brock, Glen & Pam Bigelow and their guests:

Marina Bay Yacht Club



Bob Rectenwald & Sarah Molina and Ron Bryan & Cheryl Powell.

Glen Bigelow, Fleet Captain



Whatever It Takes



...Learning How To Sail

Nov. Dec., 2012

China Camp: Continued From Page 2

shipped back to China for fertilizer.

In the early days, there was little demand for fresh shrimp in the United States, since it was not part of the average diet. So most of the shrimp harvest was dried and sent back to China.

Later, in the 1880s and 1890s, the demand for fresh shrimp grew in California and the shrimp industry reached its zenith in production and manpower. It was then that Chinese American shrimp fishermen came under increasing pressure from other fishing groups. Blatant, discriminatory legislation was enacted that forbade traditional Chinese fishing techniques, limited the fishing season, prohibited the export of dried shrimp, and restricted the size of the catch.

As the population of China Camp dwindled, only the Quan family persisted and adapted to new regulations and changing technology. Today, Frank Quan, the descendant of an early Chinese American shrimp fisherman, continues to operate from the last pier and buildings standing at China Camp, the last operating shrimp camp in the state.

Irish Luck

The man was a poor Scottish farmer named Fleming. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" asked the nobleman.

"Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of." And that he did.

Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia.

What saved his life this time was Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.



Enjoying A Day On The Bay...



Russian tall ship Pallada sails past San Francisco's financial district

A Visiting Bit Of History

Excerpts of this sailing adventure was barrowed from the August 1997 Signal

Cruising With the Orcas: This is about a week long cruise in the San Juan Islands, attended by long time members Ward and Elaine Anderson, crewing on an Catalina 42 named *Freedom Affair*, captained by past commodore Al Burdi and his mate Lynne Newbauer, Erwin and Joan Gove joined this adventure on a chartered Ericson 34 named *Chandelle*.

Our first port of call was just 8 nautical miles away, a sand bar named Spencer's Spit, on Lopez Island. As we approached, it was clear that all mooring buoys were taken and so, we rafted together at anchor on the south side of the spit.

After throwing our crab nets in we dinked ashore to explore new territory. Some walked the beach while collecting drift wood while the rest of us went inland on well-marked trails.

The state park portion of the island was studded with shaded meadows where a multitude of large, cotton-tailed rabbits fed on the grasses.



When we returned to our raft-up to found that cocktails being served on all boats.

Ward and I proceeded to fabricate a burgy hal-yard since our boat lacked one. I made a monkey's fist out of one end of the line and tried num-

erous times to throw over the starboard spreader. Persistence paid off and we proudly raised our colors

At 2120 hours, we enjoyed a meal aboard with a lovely sunset and beautiful view of Mt. Baker on the mainland. In the summer at this latitude, we had plenty of daylight to work with .

We caught only one keeper crab that day and he was a mighty morsel. If only a small one for each of us.



After weighing anchor, we made our way north along the west side of Blakely Island and through Obstruction Pass, around Orcas Island to a small, irregularly formed island in the northern most region of the San Juan's called Sucia. Along the way we saw a significant number of seals, sea lions and bottle-nosed dolphin. Sucia is formed of deep-crevasse finger islands made of limestone. These create deep channels in which to navigate. It seemed strange to be but 20 to 25 feet from shore in 130 feet of water.

We found a lovely anchorage in a shady area and again, rafted up while on the hook. All dinghy's went ashore and as we set foot on land, we agreed

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to all meet back at the prescribed time.

We had two-plus hours to explore, so we hiked to a sheltered, well-used beach on the opposite side of the island. From there we took a narrow trail around the periphery and through part of its interior.

We found wonderful vistas of the island chain, some from 200 foot ledges which dropped directly down to the sea, then ventured through an enchanted rain forest. There were wild orchids, different species of ferns and the most astounding fungi assortment we've ever seen. Some were a fragile, pure white that looked like Lilly of the Valley. It was obvious that significant rainfall occurs on this island.



Cocktails were at the usual hour that evening and the hors d'ourves were scrumptious. After a simple but well prepared shipboard meal, we sat around watching another wonderful sunset while telling our stories.

The next day was bright and sunny. After a leisurely breakfast of local berries and toast, we broke up the raft and moved on to our next destination.

Roche Harbor was on the west side of San Juan Island and the rout we selected took us along the west side of Orcas Island, where Orcas were spotted just days before. We all looked intently as we traversed this passage but none were seen on this day.

We motored into the harbor as a couple of sea-planes landed. With a lovely view of this charming port, we could see shops, restaurants, a hotel, church and condo development. On this stop we took a slip for a meal out and a hot shower.



The Orcas Island Marina...

We all went ashore to explore this interesting hamlet. There were several tourist-oriented businesses including a moped and bike rental stand. They even have a busy, single strip airport.

We dressed up for dinner that evening and had a wonderful fresh seafood meal at the Roche Harbor Inn, overlooking the marina. Some of us stopped in for an ice cream cone and proceeded to enjoy a stroll through the lovely floral gardens adjacent to the hotel. What a wonderful evening it turned out to be.



The next morning while walking along a countryside road, we came across several Alpaca ranches. These animals are very friendly and

have the cutest faces. Should anyone be interested, with only an \$18,000 investment, it's projected that this would triple in five years. Sounds too good to be true? (and it probably is)

The next port of call was Deer Harbor, also on Orcas Island. Once again we were disappointed as we didn't see any whales. On our approach to the designated anchoring area, our soundings were too high to anchor safely. All the mooring buoys were private, so once again we rented slips in the marina.

To be Continued...



Marina Bay Yacht Club

CRUISE-OUT SCHEDULE for: 2013



**The 2013 Cruise-out Schedule will
be posted to the MBYC website by
February 10, 2013.**

**It will also be included
in the next issue of the Signal.**

**Make reservations for each Cruise Dinner you would like to attend by contacting
the Fleet Captain - (916) 996-4241 - for email info, see the Club Hotlines page.**



Puns, Plums And Guns

The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table
was Sir Circumference. He acquired his size from
too much pi.

I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger.
Then it hit me.

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a
tie.

In a democracy it's your vote that counts. In feu-
dalism it's your count that votes.

She was only a whiskey maker, but he loved her
still