

## Commodore's Log



Mike Tryon

### Our San Francisco Bay:

The first recorded discovery of San Francisco Bay was on November 4, 1769 when Spanish explorer Gaspar de Portolà. Unable to find the bay of Monterey, he continued north close to what is

called Pacifica. From there, he climbed to the summit of the 1,200-foot high Sweeney Ridge, where he first sighted San Francisco Bay.

Portolà's party didn't realize what they found, thinking they had arrived at a large arm of Bahía de San Francisco, what is now called Drakes Bay. Eventually, the larger, more important bay appropriated the name San Francisco Bay.

In 1775 José de Cañizares, the cartographer for the Spanish explorer Juan de Ayala, produced the first map of the San Francisco Bay area. Many names survive (anglicized) from that first map, including Point Reyes, Angel Island (More on page 4), the Farallons and Alcatraz Islands.

The bay became the center of American settlement and commerce in the Far West through most of the remainder of the 19th century.

During the California Gold Rush (1848-1855), San Francisco Bay suddenly became one of the world's great seaports, dominating shipping in the American West until the last years of the 19th century. The bay's regional importance increased further when the First Transcontinental Railroad was connected to its western terminus at Alameda in September of 1869.

The bay was navigable as far south as San Jose until the 1850s, when hydraulic mining released massive amounts of sediment from the rivers that settled in those parts of the bay that had little or no current. Later, many wetlands and inlets were deliberately filled in, reducing the Bay's size by as much as one third.



From the mid-19th century through the late 20th century, more than a third of the original bay was filled and often built on.

Recently, large areas of wetlands have been restored, further confusing the issue of the Bay's size.

### San Francisco Bay, 1775

Despite its value as a waterway and harbor many thousands of acres of marshy wetlands at the edges of the bay were, considered wasted space for many years

*'Sailing all the way, I'm sailing to San Jose'*  
One can only imagine what sailing in San Francisco Bay was like, before placer mining and land fill took place. Land that now supports Foster City, Redwood Shores, San Francisco's downtown, the Marina, Sausalito, parts of Alameda, the Oakland and San Francisco Airports, and the salt ponds.

Michael Tryon, Commodore, MBYC



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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](http://www.marinabayvc.com)



**Commodore**  
Mike Tryon  
(510) 227-5782



**Vice Commodore**  
Barry Eldridge  
(916) 487-5351



**Rear Commodore**  
Art Caya  
(209) 564-8338



**Secretary**  
Judy Murray  
(916) 487-5351



**Treasurer**  
Tom Wolinski  
(510) 581-4543



**Fleet Captain**  
Glen Bigelow  
(916) 424-1907



**Past Commodore**  
Lou Berg  
(510) 231-0424



**Webmaster**  
Ed Johnson



**Signal Editor**  
Barry Eldridge



**PICYA Representatives**  
Barry Eldridge Tom Wolinski  
(916) 487-5351 (510) 581-4543

## New Members

Bob McGowan and his wife, Sarah Likly, hail from Walnut Creek. Sarah and Bob are both experienced circumnavigator's and past members of the Hawaii Yacht Club. They are between boats at this time.

Amanda Keegan Dwyer and her husband Keegan are from Napa and are on their way to points unknown on Malabar, their Islander 36. Their Blog will is: [www.followingmalabar.blogspot.com](http://www.followingmalabar.blogspot.com) ...for those who would like to keep track.

A hardy welcome to the Marina Bay Yacht Club



*Punta Mita, the Mexican Malibu*

## Open House In Marina Bay

Guests attending the recent open house and where they're from, include:

Joe Hunter	Richmond
Joan Lunderville	Richmond
John Mullany	Pt Richmond
Duane Brumm	Marina Bay
Glen Green	Clarksburg
Patti Sparling	Richmond
Wayne VanWarrebe	Santa Rosa
Dean Davis	Forestville
Dale E Sierra	Richmond

Please feel free to contact any of our club officers, should you have further questions about our club.

## New Adventure, New Friends

In 2013, The Tradewinds Sailing Club and the Marina Bay Yacht Club talked informally about the possibility of forming an association between our respective clubs, one that compliments us both towards a new and exciting course.

Matt and Brandi Kepner, from the Tradewinds Sailing Club, invited Art and Anny Caya to their potluck dinner on December 24th. At that time, Art and Anny presented information about our club, while fielding questions from the membership, foraging a relationship between The Tradewinds Sailing Club and the Marina Bay Yacht Club.

To honor of this event, the Marina Bay Yacht Club offered interested Tradewinds members a one time opportunity to join our club at a reduced cost. The application fee would be cut in half.

It was a good turnout and Art and Anny met several members who were interested in joining our club. At the end of the day, all parties were optimistic about the future of this relationship.



## Club Officer Positions

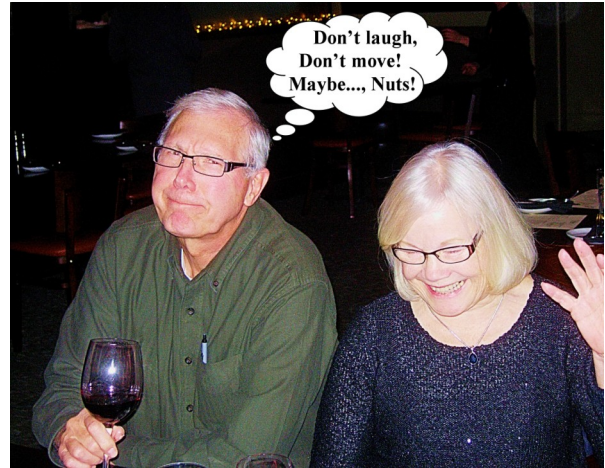
*To encourage MBYC Members to serve as a club officer, we will provide information on one of the Officer positions that govern your club.*

### VICE COMMODORE

Vice Commodore: The Vice Commodore, in the absence or disability of the Commodore, shall perform the duties and exercise the powers of the Commodore, and shall perform such other duties as the Board of Directors shall prescribe. The Vice Commodore is a voting member of the Board of Directors.

## Cruise-Out To South Beach

On Saturday, December 7th, the club met on the Lagier's boat at Southbeach, for cocktails. Then it was dinner at Mo Mo's and our end of the year gathering and a good time was had by all...



*Tom and Kathleen Wolinski. Must Be Bad Wine...*



*Glen Bigelow Finishing Up*



*LeeRoy Brock and Tom Cathing Up*

## Something to Ponder

**Angel Island:** The earliest known settlers were the Coast Miwok Indians. Artifacts suggest they were on the island more than 1,000 years ago.

The first known European to visit the island was Gaspar de Portola, who traveled overland to California 1769. As for ships, it's believed the Spanish packet San Carlos, under the command of Captain Juan Manuel de Ayala was number one and he stayed in the cove for over a month.



*Ayala Cove As Seen From The Ridge*

The next ship of note that spent time in Ayala Cove was the H.M.S. Racoon, a 108-foot British sloop of war. The Racoon arrived in San Francisco Bay in 1814 after a long and frustrating tour of duty. She was leaking badly and carried seven feet of water in the hold. After trying and failing to beach the ship at the Presidio, they finally beached her in Ayala Cove. Of course, that's why they named straits between Angel Island and the Tiburon peninsula, 'Racoon.'

The first "owner" of Angel Island was Don Antonio Maria Osio, a government official originally from San Jose del Cabo, at the tip of the Baja peninsula. The Mexican government granted him Angel Island in 1839, on the condition that it be allowed to build a fort there if needed.

Osio raised cattle on the island, and by 1846, his herd grew to more than 500 head. His cattle were transported to San Francisco in boats owned

most of the Marin peninsula. Richardson lived in Sausalito.

When the Bear Flag Revolt broke out in 1846, followed by the Mexican War, Osio fled to Hawaii. Three years later, California became part of the United States, and the U.S. Navy took possession of the island. Osio returned to California and spent a decade fighting for title to the Island, winning at first but ultimately losing to a government that simply wanted the island for itself.

Angel Island's major points (Blunt, Stuart, Campbell, and Knox) were named for Navy officers on a ship that explored the Bay and charted the island in 1849.

In 1863, Camp Reynolds was built on the west side of Angel Island to strengthen the bay's defenses against the feared Confederate raiders. These early military buildings on the island still stand today and can be seen from the water or visited by land.

San Francisco had a steady stream of immigrants from Asia, and the city needed a quarantine station to keep sick immigrants from carrying infectious diseases into the city. In 1891, the quarantine station on Angel Island opened. Among the 257 people on the first ship to arrive at the station,



*Quarantine Station On The East Side*

The station was expanded over time to a capacity of more than 1,100 people by the early 1900s and became steadily busier as ship traffic increased. It ceased operation in 1935 and was formally abandoned in 1946.



## It's Fun To Be On The Water

by Scott from s/v Rubicon

The Florida Marine Patrol bagged me the other night. It was like a simple traffic stop, only on the water.

About 9:30 p.m. I was making my nightly six-minute dinghy trek across the harbor back to my boat. I had dutifully stuck my little red/green split flashlight up on the front of my rubber inflatable. However, to the Marine Patrol approaching from the rear it appeared I was running without any lights at all. Technically, in addition to the red/green light shining forward, I should have had a white light visible from the rear; either that or a single 360° light on the boat's highest point. I knew of this regulation, but didn't believe anyone would be that nit-picky.



Acknowledging that my forward lights showed at least an attempt to comply, they sent me on my way with a warning.

The following night I repeated my daily trek armed with a bright white suction mount 360° flashlight. This new light is so bright it ruins my night vision. Holding it high above my head I ventured legally across the harbor. After only two minutes my arm was getting a bit tired and I figured there's got to be a better way, for I'm not about ready to do this every night. I tried sticking it to the dinghy, but being lower than the motor and my torso, the required 360° coverage was blocked from several angles. It was then a brilliant idea - an idea 100 times more brilliant than my new light - struck.

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There is, I said to myself, an advantage to being bald. It was dark enough, and I'm far enough from land that no one could see how stupid I looked as I wet the inside of the light's suction cup and squished it down upon my skinhead. It was perfect. I now had both hands free, the light was well above everything on the boat, and my night vision was unaffected, as I couldn't even tell the light was on.

Recalling the nightly parade of tired arms holding lights aloft as dinghies dash across the harbor, I wondered why no one else had thought of this grand idea. Granted, it probably



does look rather stupid, and other boaters might tend to steer away, but it worked exceptionally well. That is until I spied a much faster boat departing the dock behind me.

I tried speeding up, but quickly realized this boat was easily going to overtake mine. Reaching to my head, I grabbed a hold of the flashlight in hopes of removing it until the other boat passed. I tugged, but the light didn't budge. I tried prying it off at an angle; it didn't budge. I tried raising one edge of the rubber lip; it didn't budge.

I tried sliding the entire suction cup across my scalp and down over the edge of my head; it didn't budge. With the other boat quickly approaching my embarrassment zone, I altered course.

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As the faster boat zipped by in the distance, I steered back toward my floating home. Nearing the stern of my boat the whole back end suddenly illuminated. I spun around expecting to see the bright lights of a Marine Patrol boat with three officers grabbing the rails in desperation of falling overboard from uncontrollable fits of laughter. Yet when I looked back no one was there. Spinning back around, the stern of my boat was still lit up brighter than I'd ever seen it at night. Again I looked behind me; again no one there. I suddenly realized I not only looked stupid but acted the part as well, for the bright light was coming from atop my head where absent any nearby objects I couldn't even tell it was on.

Still I couldn't break the light's suction firmly grasping my scalp. Fishing a dime from my pocket - a brief period of intellect suggesting the pocket knife my fingers first found would be a

The top of my head felt like a can of ravioli, for the suction cup had drawn up my scalp in circular ridges that held their shape. Undaunted and in the certain knowledge that these skin ripples would dissipate within an hour or so, I headed to the shower. The raised circles atop my head



*Like A Can Of Ravioli...*

were already beginning to soften when I bent over to soap up my legs. On the way down I caught a glimpse of something strange in the mirror. Directly in the middle of my head was the world's largest, world's most perfect, most crimson hickey.



It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffee maker .



## A Bit Of Delta History

Steamboat service between Sacramento, Stockton and San Francisco was convenient and comfortable in that time in history. At one time or another, over 300 paddlewheeler steamboats sloshed their way through Delta waters. During the wet season, it was possible to steam up the San Joaquin River to as far as the outskirts of Fresno, and up the Sacramento River to above Red Bluff. Paddlewheeler pilots would take shortcuts across flooded islands, in what they referred to as "wheatfield navigation".



There were many unique riverboats plying the Delta Area, but one of the most interesting was the "New World". Completed in 1850 on the Eastern coast. With red-plush upholstery, marble-topped tables and glittering chandeliers, she had the latest and best obtainable.

Just as the vessel was to embark, the owner's creditors attached the ship. However the owner, outwitting the creditors, retrieved his ship, and three months later landed in San Francisco.

For years the "New World" was a favorite on the Delta, making her way to Sacramento in record time five hours, 35 minutes.



# Marina Bay Yacht Club

## CRUISE-OUT SCHEDULE for: 2013



### April

20-21 Alameda Y.C. - for Dinner...  
Board Meeting @ 4:00

### August

17-18 Loch Lomond Y. C.  
*Cancelled for remodeling*

### May

18-19 Marina Bay  
Dinner at Salute's

### August

30-2 Half Moon Bay Y.C. Bar-B-Q  
*Cancelled due to conflicts*

### June

15-16 Oyster Point Y.C.  
It's a Western Night Dinner...

### October

12 Annual Membership Meeting  
Marina Bay Yacht Harbor Mtng. Room  
5pm-7pm

### July

13-14 Open House at Marina Bay  
Marina Bay Meeting Room @  
4:00 with Pizza @ 6:00

### December

7-8 South Beach Marina, in South S.F.  
Holiday Gathering at BoBo's

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.

### Who Said Getting Old Isn't Fun

I took my dad to the mall the other day to buy some new shoes (he is 92). We decided to grab a bite at the food court. I noticed he was watching a teenager sitting next to him. The teenager had spiked hair in all different colors: green, red, orange, and blue.

My dad kept staring at him. The teenager would look and find him staring every time.

When the teenager had had enough, he sarcastically asked, 'What's the matter old man, never done anything wild in your life?'

Knowing my Dad, I quickly swallowed my food so that I would not choke on his response, knowing he would have a good one, and in classic style he did not bat an eye in his response.

'Got drunk once, and had sex with a peacock. I was just wondering if you were my son.



*Where In The World...?*