

Commodore's Log



Mike Tryon

Trapped in the Dark:

In the late 1960's, off the Northeast corner of Coronado Island's Naval Amphibious Base, an old floating cement pier, about two hundred feet long, vintage WWII, sank during a storm.

It wasn't an immediate problem, as it was a well marked hazard. However, when a Boatswains Mate ran into it with the Admirals barge, it was suddenly a big deal!

The pier was now a threat to navigation and was too large and unstable to move. Depending on the tide, the pier was under two to seven feet of water. Many attempts were made to dismantle the pier but, alas, nothing worked.

The Seabee Diving Locker dove and surveyed the pier many times and this is about one of our mistakes. Myself and a former Navy Seal, donned double ninety aluminum tanks and scuba gear and used a homemade falcon high pressure nozzle with sixty degree openings.

While underwater, this setup blows back toward the handler, reducing the back pressure caused by the forward, one half nozzle. It's hard enough to hold a high pressure nozzle on dry land. Underwater there's a lot less control.

We started on the South side, a ways down the pier, blowing away the sediment beneath, for a tunnel wide enough for the two of us. The nozzle worked great moving the sediment away from us but underneath, visibility around us was black.

Our underwater lights didn't help, but we had a garbled yet understandable communication to those above us.

The pier was about thirty five feet wide and our objective was to tunnel under and over to the opposite side.

We made it about halfway across, when the hose hung up in the sediment behind us. We were gathered in our space, like the inside of a ball and we didn't realize then, that the tunnel had closed down behind us. We communicated this problem topside, but no one thought we were in danger. Although we pulled on the hose with all our might, it held firm and wouldn't move.



Navy Diver Ready To Go...

Outside, a team of our divers worked frantically, trying to reopen the tunnel, but we had the only falcon nozzle. They tried using a different kind, but they couldn't hold it in place.

Inside, we tried turning off the water and pointing the nozzle back to where we came in, but as soon as the water pored out, the hose straightened and we couldn't hold it.

Continued On Page 3

Club Officers for 2011

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



Commodore
Mike Tryon
(510) 227-5782



Vice Commodore
Barry Eldridge
(916) 487-5351



Rear Commodore
Presently Vacant
(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

Robin and Susanne Berrin, from Carmichael.
Keegan Dwyer and Amanda Hardesty-Dwyer, from Napa. Their boat *Malabar*, is an Islander 36.
Rod Hill and Tenley Martinez, from Rescue.
Gary Owens and Sydney Joan Russell, from Martinez. Their boat *Whale of a Tale*, is a Boston Whaler 15.
Kathy (Kip) Pearson, from San Anselmo.
Ed Jaramillo, From San Leandro.
Bill Gardner, from Santa Rosa. Their boat *Daisy*, is a Nonsuch 30.
Matt and Brandy Kepner, from Richmond.
Ev Pelton, from San Ramon.

A harty welcome to the Marina Bay Yacht Club



A Day At Sea, Just You And Me...

Club Officer Positions

To encourage MBYC Members to serve as a club officer, we provide information on an Officer's position in each issue of the Signal.

REAR COMMODORE: The Rear Commodore is responsible for the development and management of Club Membership. The Rear Commodore is a voting member of the Board of Directors.

1. New Members: Presents new membership applications to the Board of Directors, for review and approval, in compliance with Article III, Section 3 of the Bylaws.
2. Membership Roster: Maintains the membership records for the Club.

Commodor's Log: Continuing From Page 1

We didn't panic, kept our wits and two hours passed quickly. At our depth of about sixteen feet, the tanks would last a long time, but we didn't know just how long and that was a mounting concern. Eight divers using buckets from each side of the pier were digging towards us, but it was tortuous work and more divers from other teams joined them in the effort.

We continued using a circular motion trying to open the wall of mud ahead. Meanwhile a warping tug set up a twenty-five ton crane over the middle of the pier and began dropping a three ton wrecking ball.

The old pier was constructed of concrete boxes and each was lined with rebar. It was hoped they could make an opening. It took ten minutes or so, to break through the surface, which they estimated to be directly above us. After ten drops, operations halted and a diver dropped down to survey their progress and he hooked a shackle onto a piece of rebar. This was very slow. The warping tug then used its capstan to pull the bars apart.

Naturally we very concerned with having concrete debris falling into our little space, not to mention a three ton wrecking ball.

The bottom of the box wasn't as heavy as the top but the wrecking ball had to fall through eight more feet of water before it hit the bottom. And many drops hit the side of the box, which defeated the attempt.

The ball dropped again and again. And the noise above us was deafening. We huddled at the side of our cave, while hoping for the best. When the concrete above us shattered and fell, the pieces were heavy, maybe six inches thick but none bigger than a trash can lid, but we moved free quickly and checked each other for injury.

On seeing a dull light above us, I reached through the bars and could tell we were still in a trap.

Suddenly a hand grabbed my forearm, then moved down to my hand, shaking it firmly. That diver didn't have communications but we cheerfully shared the experience with those who were topside. The crane and warping tug then started ripping the rebar away. In twenty minutes we wiggled through the bars and surfaced. Needless to say, we never tried that again!

This near tragedy was kept quiet and very few people really knew this happened, except for the Seabee's involved. the Navy Diver's from our diving locker and the UDT, Seal Team.

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



MBYC Board Meeting

MBYC Board Meeting, March 8, 2014
Papapavlo's Bistro
Stockton, Ca.

Officers Present: Commodore Mike Tryon, Fleet Captain Glen Bigelow, Vice Commodore Barry Eldridge, Rear Commodore Art Caya, Treasurer Tom Wolinski and Secretary Judy Murray. The members present include: Anny Caya, Janice Tryon, Pam Bigelow, Kathleen Wolinski.

Meeting called to order at 4:15 p.m. by Commodore Mike Tryon.

The Board discussed ways to engage new members to join us for cruise-outs, involve them in club activities and officer positions. Glen and Art will visit the Tradewinds Sailing Club, regarding ideas they might have for cruise-outs and events. It was suggested that we divide the new members' names among the board members to call, to welcome them to our club and answer

Continued on Page 4

Continued from Page 3

any questions they may have about Cruise Outs.

Glen gave the Fleet Captain's report. Dates and destinations are confirmed for April, June, Labor Day weekend, October, and November. Some clubs have not completed their schedules, so we don't yet have firm dates for May at Loch Lomand YC, July at Alameda YC, or August at the Sierra Point YC.



Anny & Art Caya, Glen & Pam Bigelow, and Judy Murray

Glen will email a cruise-out schedule to all members and submit this to be published in the Tradewinds newsletter. Tom gave the treasurer's report. He will check with Bank of America's records on file to update signature names on file.

Art will send Tom the names of those members who want PICYA yearbooks. He also showed the



Art Caya & Glen Bigelow Trading Stories

Board a membership badge design for discussion.

The MBYC Bi-Laws were discussed and changes considered, relative to updating membership categories and club procedures. After the board member received a printed copy from Barry, they



Janice & Commodore Mike Tryon and Treasurer Tom Wolinski, Finishing Up Financial Matters

only had time discussed the first half. of the by-laws and will make his/her own notes regarded the second half. We'll reconvene with this task at the April board meeting during the Ballena Bay YC cruise-out.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:45 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Judy Murray, Secretary MBYC

Cruise-Out to Ballena Bay

The first cruise-out of 2014 was to the Ballena Bay Yacht Club on Alameda. All attendees arrived by Land Yacht, but the enthusiasm was evident never the same. Ballena Bay YC members were gracious hosts, as always, serving a delicious pork tenderloin with an amazing salad and tasty popovers.

After dinner, there was an excellent presentation by Olaf Engvig, regarding his new book, Legends in Sail. From ancient Viking craft to the tall ships still sailing today, Legends in Sail brings

Continued on Page 5

Continued from Page 4

fascinating yet little-known history of Norwegian ships. Splendidly researched and beauty-



LeeRoy Brock, Commodore Mike and Janice Tryon, Fleet Captain Glen and Pam Bigelow, Treasurer Tom and Kathleen Wolinski and LeeRoy's son, Gary Brock

fully illustrated, the book is a must-read for sailors, historians anyone who loves an adventure at sea!

Marina Bay participants included, Mike & Janice Tryon, Tom & Kathleen Wolinski, Glen & Pam Bigelow, LeeRoy Brock & his son, Gary and Ed Jaramilla & his guest Jackie Mucha.



A Meeting At Pillar Point

A discussion among community leaders, regarding security for the region around Half Moon Bay. Spring, 1895

In tiny Princeton by the Sea, folks were meeting at Henry's Bar, the oldest building in town. Henry's offered sufficient room and nourishment, while discussing world affairs and disputes that often arise. It was a difficult time, for reports abound of a world in violent conflict: the

looming Spanish American war, the German and British Colonial wars and more recently in the Far East, with the Russian-Japanese war.

Pillar Point casts its dramatic shadow over the northern part of the crescent shaped Monterey Bay. The Point is a very old cliff, a familiar landmark standing guard, towering some 180 feet above the Pacific Ocean. During the summer months, coastal steamers anchored there, for that was the safest time of year.

Its culturally diverse region, include residents from China, England, Germany, Canada, Ireland, Mexico, Scotland, Portugal, Italy, and the Pacific Islands.



There is no beach on the coast better for invasion purposes

An up-slope rancher, who could see for miles down the coast, observed that Pillar Point was where an enemy fleet might anchor and come ashore. "An army could march to San Francisco, capturing the city with little or no resistance." His comments fueled a heated discussion.

To allay that notion a railroad man stood to remind those present of the survey supporting a railway line, between San Mateo and the shores of Half Moon Bay. Then closing with, "this surely should lessen the danger."

Continued On Page 6

Continued from Page 5

There was a murmur and serious contemplation, when a retired military officer talked on an old idea: "Proper fortifications should be established atop Pillar Point. Only then can we prevent such a catastrophe."

"Ah!" said the Constable, who lived by the point, who raised his hand and said, "those of us who live in Half Moon Bay, had heard of this venture before." Yet, on looking around, it seemed this argument for building a fort was gaining some fresh support

The Rancher continued, "There is no beach on the coast better for invasion purposes than that of Half Moon Bay." Then he firmed his point by describing Pillar Point as San Francisco's back door, "it's the point that invited attack."

The discussion gained further momentum, when Magill Montez, the school teacher, observed that San Francisco is almost as near to Pillar Point as London is to Halifax. Within 20 days from the declaration of war an army of British troops could be off the Golden Gate and how would they get in? Well, 30,000 armed men would simply slip in this back door. They would land below Pillar Point, cross the divide, strike the railroad at San Mateo, have a few skirmishes on their way up the bay. A few hours later, the invader would dictate terms from the Mayor's office in the City Hall."

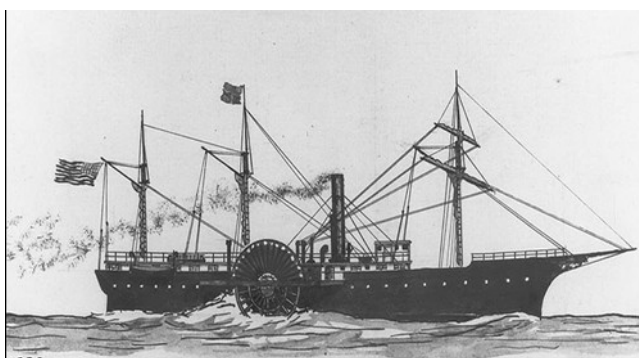
A maritime man, with the scars of battle, stood to evoke concern, "By using steam launches and electric lights, a landing could be accomplished at night. With gangways going on each side of the boat, a 1000 men could be discharged in an hour from one vessel alone."

Another who served in Mounted Calvary, stood for he had to agree. "Three hours would be needed to disembark a regiment of men on horses, as the horses would have to be hoisted over the side."

Those in the group listened with interest, as he

paused then continued with more. "Field artillery is stowed in sections and could be handled more rapidly as ordinary freight. Weapons could be assembled on the beach and once on shore, the rest would be easy. At this time, any efforts to protect San Francisco from an invasion by a foreign enemy, would be useless. Unless, some fortifications were installed at Pillar Point." There were nods of agreement across the room.

Expanding this notion and in support, a coastal farmer reminded those present, of the federal governments report: a partial survey of the coastline between Point Lobos and Half Moon Bay. However the findings there are conflicting, as he went on to say, "According to this weighty document, there are a number of navigation hazards, black rocks, sited within several hundred yards of Pillar Point. The most identifiable being Sail Rock. Although these may hinder an invading force, there is also a reef that stretches to the southwest, which is perhaps a mile in length. This "Inner Reef," it breaks the swell and would make it safe for an invading force to anchor.



Steam Launch: A Regiment of a 1,000 Men & their Horses ??

He reminded those present of his ancestors, who founded the Portuguese whaling station of old. The conversation then turned to favorite places to fish.

Henry, who was following the discussion with mounting concern, 'clicked' on his glass for time. After stepping out from behind his bar, he told about the remnants of a decaying wharf of old. "It's still visible," he said. "Except for this very tavern, it's all that remains of the northern



Marina Bay Yacht Club

CRUISE-OUT SCHEDULE for: 2014

April

12-13 Ballena Bay Y.C. - for Dinner...
...And Their Blond Party

May

Alameda Y.C. - for Dinner...
17-18 A Western Evening
Board Meeting At 4 p.m.

June

14-15 Oyster Point Y.C.
...It's Their Country Fair Party

July

Sierra Point Y. C.
19-20 Dinner and Music



August-September

29-1 Half Moon Bay Y.C. Bar-B-Q

October

18 General Membership Meeting
Marina Bay Yacht Harbor Mtng. Room
Pizza and Salad 5-7pm

November

15-16 Schoonmaker Point Marina,
Sausalito. Dinner to be selected

December

6-7 South Beach Marina, 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.

headquarters of the Portuguese whalers, which he proudly claimed as his ancestor's.

His story about the workers, who had to wade into the bay, while delivering goods and getting supplies from steamers, was hilarious, drawing chuckles and lively response.

With the chime of the clock they all agreed it was time for their meeting to adjourn. On leaving Henry's, everyone agreed this gathering was one of their best.

*Editor's Note: A talk-about gathering such as this:
The Apple does not fall too far from a political tree*

A Boat Story

There once was a man who had built a boat,
to keep himself and his wife afloat.
He took his sons and their wives as well,
and there they lived for quite a spell.
Birds and animals, fishes and fleas,
followed the man who looked to please.
Into the ark they went together,
to get in out of the rainy weather.
The big giraffe and crocodile,
followed along in splendid style.
The walrus walked up with the seal,
No one remembers who carried the eel.