

After-Action Report: First SF Bay Area Messabout Familiar Faces in New Places: BAM-1!

by Phil Marcelis



Photo: Rob Sampson

Friday's Sunset view from Coyote Point YC on the first night

In September, an intrepid group of sailors – if you’ve been paying attention or reading past issues of the newsletter, you know that the esteemed [CoE Don Person](#) [has been insisting](#) we use the word “intrepid” as often as possible... at any rate, an intrepid group of sailors converged upon [Coyote Point Yacht Club](#) on Friday, Sept. 14th to start a 10-day sailing extravaganza in the San Francisco Bay Area. As stated in the *Travel & Sail Plan* (a 20-page guide, replete with photos, charts, and GPS coordinates) the mission for this, er, mission was “to trailer our intrepid vessels to a launching spot of our choosing, demonstrate that Potter Yachters actually go out and sail our boats, and advance the cause of Potterdom.”

The one certainty, in a somewhat fluid plan, was arriving at the [Coyote Point Rec Area](#) to partake of the club’s incredible hospitality which Mark Malcolm and Jack Verducci (outgoing and incoming port captains) had arranged: trailer parking, dockage, and drinks & dinner upstairs in the clubhouse.

Mark & Cynthia, Rob, and I launched Friday morning. Dave and Francesca Kautz sailed their Capri 26 (the BIG boat) from Redwood City. We leisurely sat upstairs in the bar sipping a beverage while keeping an eye in the direction of the San Mateo Bridge and listening for them on the VHF. When they arrived, they used a waterproof camera and Rob’s GoPro selfie-stick to diagnose prop shaft knock, to no avail.

Bay Area Messabout - September 2018

Attendees:

- Jon Barber – *Ol’ 44*, M-17
- Judy Blumhorst, Anton Berteaux – *Funtastic*, F24
- John Chille – *At Last*, M-15
- Goose Gossman – *ReGale*, Mod-HMS18
- Dave & Francesca Kautz – *Zoe*, Capri 26
- Tom Luque, Jim Ferguson – *Mastgates*, WWP-19
- Phil Marcelis – *Family Time*, WWP-19
- Mark Sabin, Cynthia Shallit – *Half Fool*, ComPac 17
- Rob Sampson – *Mud Hen*, Ranger 21
- Eric Zilbert – *Riptide*, WWP-19



Yes, this P-19 in dry-storage sports wheel steering!



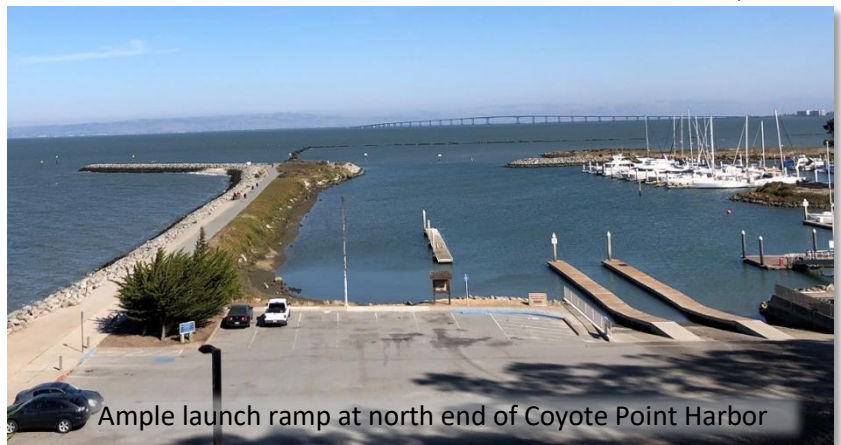
Coyote Point YC with breathtaking views upstairs

John Chille had a long, arduous drive through commute traffic from Alameda, where he keeps another boat, after driving up through more horrendous traffic from SoCal.

Sometime after 4 PM, Tom Luque of *Mastgates.com* pulled in from WA. Jim Ferguson, who drove down without a boat from WA by way of AZ, happily surprised us with a visit and stayed to crew with Tom. And Dave Bacon stopped by for a visit!

The stragglers for Friday night were the crew of *Funtastic*, (Joe, Judy, and Dave Blumhorst) who were blown in by strong winds just after it got too dark to see what the heck they were going to run into, making it hard to douse the sails and dock. They plopped themselves down in an exhausted mess for a well-earned dinner and libations, while Joe energetically searched for an outlet to recharge his electronics, like any good teenager would.

Jon and *Ol' 44* joined us as we were leaving Coyote Point on Saturday morning en-route to [Ballena Bay Yacht Club](#) in Alameda's Ballena Isle Marina. The wind was already blowing 15 knots by 9am, so *At Last* got loaded back on her trailer to avoid what was surely going to be sporting conditions.



Ample launch ramp at north end of Coyote Point Harbor



Photo: Rob Sampson

(from left) Dave K, Dave Bacon and Mark Malcolm



Half Fool plows through the windy chop

(Unfortunately, it meant ANOTHER drive in Bay Area traffic for John, just to end up right back where he started.) That turned out to be a good decision, as the rest of us got bashed by wind and chop. Rob really got bounced around without a sail to stabilize *Mud Hen*.

The 10 nm trip was a bit sporting and took just about two hours to make. We got to the marina in time for the BBQ ending [Coastal Cleanup Day](#). (I did my part by rescuing trash on the way over, and scoring a wayward fender later in the trip.)



Mud Hen's flag hints at wind speed

Photo: Rob Sampson



Dave inspects *Zoe's* prop shaft

Loose zincs!



Francesca Kautz

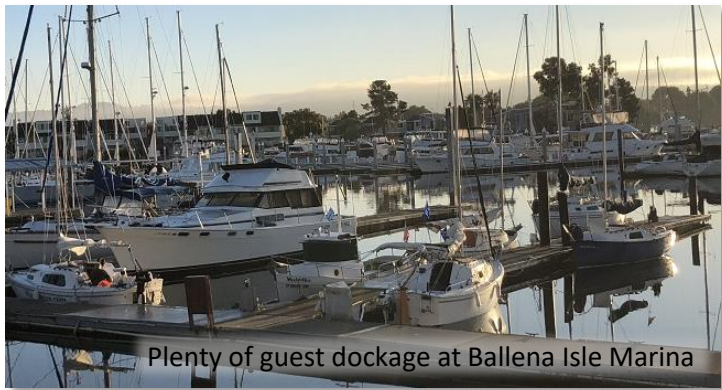
Still not happy with the prop noise, Dave dove down upon docking to find the source.



Francesca Kautz

Don Person, Judy Blumhorst, Jim Ferguson (admiring the zinc removed from Zoe), Rob Sampson, and Jon Barber

Don Person and Pat Brennan joined us for dinner at Ballena Bay YC. After all that excitement, it was great to relax at BBYC with their friendly members. They even gave a toast for us at dinner... then asked if one of us would say a few words about our club, at which point everyone looked expectantly in my direction. With a few drinks in me, I did my best and was astonished by applause and an invitation to return soon!



Plenty of guest dockage at Ballena Isle Marina



Cocktails before dinner at BBYC

John Chille rejoined the group, having launched at the Grand St. Ramp and sailed an easier route up the estuary where he made contact with the crew of *Upbeat* out on the Clipper Cove Sail (see [Oct PYN](#), page 10).

Sunday morning, we were all recovered from the previous day's blusteriness and were rewarded with clear skies and moderate winds. All of us except *Funtastic* (which had to layover in Alameda for repairs) drifted along towards our next



Someone caught on their halyard, or just a well-timed photo?

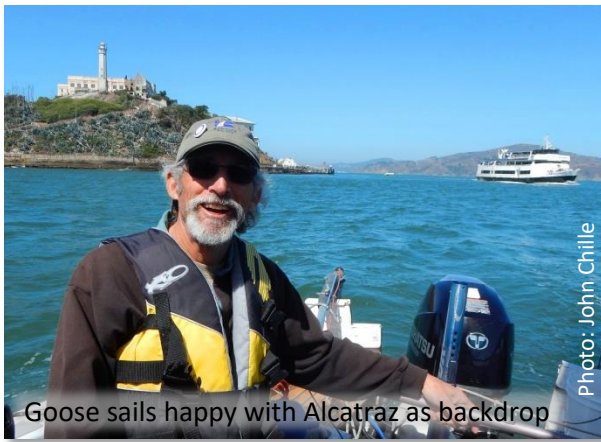


Smooth sailing to Emeryville Marina

stop, [Emeryville Marina](#), easily covering the 9 nm in just under 3 hours. We got there by 1pm, before the winds really started to build. A dock party slowly assembled and we leisurely snacked while awaiting the arrival of Goose, who was sailing over from Benicia. After a misstep which added 20+ minutes of beating around the Berkeley Pier, he finally arrived pummeled but happy to have joined the rest of us. And hungry! We all headed out to [Trader Vic's Restaurant](#), famed "Home of the Original Mai-Tai®", in anticipation of great food and drinks. Drinks they did just fine, but suffice it to say that some were very unhappy with waiting an hour to get food, however delicious. But it was forgotten the next morning as the prospect of more great sailing loomed ahead.



Goose arrives after a 25 nm run from Benicia



Goose sails happy with Alcatraz as backdrop

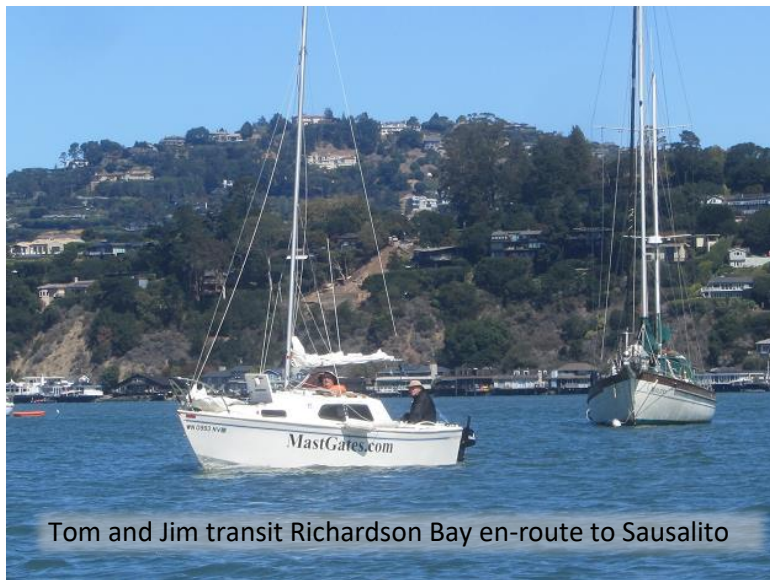
Photo: John Chille



The group gathered at Trader Vic's

Photo: Rob Sampson

Monday morning is where the fluidity entered the plan. I had been trying to make group reservations in Sausalito for almost 12 months, and finally got an agreement just a few days before we launched, so we weren't sure if we'd moor at Angel Island, anchor in Richardson Bay, or run over to Pier 39. I'm glad we got in, because Sausalito is such a neat place and [Clipper Yacht Harbor](#) is well situated.



Tom and Jim transit Richardson Bay en-route to Sausalito



Eric gets lunch after a foray out the Gate

Photo: Goose Gossman

Eric joined us Monday afternoon in Sausalito after having launched his P-19 in Richmond in the morning.

Upon our arrival, we found the [Sausalito Seahorse](#) for lunch and later had a great dinner at [FISH](#). If you didn't know better, you'd think we just sailed our way from one restaurant/bar to another. You'd be wrong, of course... the restaurant is optional. (I'm still not sure if we're a drinking club with a sailing problem, or a sailing

The Potter Yachter

club with a drinking problem. I'm going to consult Dick Herman to ensure we're being maligned properly.)

At any rate, we enjoyed our time in Sausalito and before we knew it, everyone was shoving off to head over to San Francisco. As it happened, the reservations I had secured several months prior with Pier 39 were suddenly cancelled two weeks before our trip because they finally got their dredging permit. I thought that reservation was a sure thing, so I was using it as a backup in case Sausalito fell through. The excursion for an overnight at [Presidio Yacht Club](#) on Thursday was also not looking likely. Thank goodness [SF Marina](#), within sight of the Golden Gate, was able to squeeze us in at the last minute for 3 days of being a tourist and day-sailing out of San Francisco.



Photo: John Chille

#32 at FISH. Rob says, "Don't give Phil any more to drink."



John, Francesca, Dave, Eric, Jon

Photo: Rob Sampson

Rob

We sailed over to SF Marina on Tuesday in some light fog and decent wind. But this is where it got really fun for most of us who seldom go out past the Golden Gate. Conditions improved as the day wore on, and Wednesday treated us to clear blue skies, mild seas, and reasonable wind. Some of us played tourist (visiting the Maritime Museum, for instance) while others sailed out The Gate.

For those of us who sailed Thursday, conditions were even better and we sailed right out past the Point Bonita Lighthouse up to the buoy marking the Potato Patch.



SF Maritime NHP

It's a fine sailing tradition



Phil



At Last

Photo: Goose Gossman



Dave

Photo: Francesca Kautz

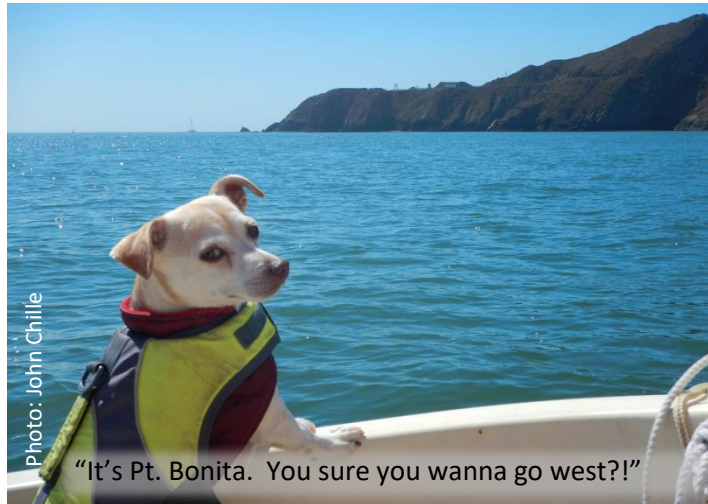


Photo: John Chille

"It's Pt. Bonita. You sure you wanna go west?!"



Photo: John Chille

John and Buddy enjoying breakfast in SF Marina

Judy got us into Golden Gate Yacht Club for dinner on Thursday and we used the opportunity to humiliate, er... induct some new **NOG** members who had never been on a Messabout before, and therefore were easily tricked into participating. It's all good fun, I assure you.

Our luck changed slightly on Friday. We headed over to **Treasure Island** in very strong winds. I mean, I lifted my motor up and was making two knots through the water on just bare poles! Unfurling the jib got me to almost 5 knots, and the current gave me 7 knots speed-over-ground on the GPS. The wind whipped through the marina so we appreciated gathering in *Zoe's* spacious cabin that night.



Dinner at Golden Gate Yacht Club

Photo: Rob Sampson



Photo: Francesca Kautz



Photo: Francesca Kautz

Duly deputized by the EGGNOG, Phil leads the inebriated trainees in their pledge.

Goose headed off to Benicia, Eric went back to Richmond, Tom and Jim headed out early Saturday morning to get back to Washington, and just a couple of us were left Saturday night as we had a drink back at Coyote Point YC. We raised our glasses and toasted the traditional, "Cheated death again".

I think everyone had a really enjoyable time and I can see a glimpse of another BAM in the not too distant future. — 🚩



Photo: Rob Sampson



Dave Kautz

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