



The Potter Yachter

Newsletter of the Northern California West Wight Potter Club

Oct 2012-March 2013

We're Back!



Apologies are due . . .

It has been five months since Katie Taylor published our last Potter Yachter newsletter. Though both Katie and I had the best intentions of a smooth transition, it just didn't happen as we had wished.

With this issue I will begin to catch-up a backlog of submissions of events of the last quarter of 2012. My goal, with your continued support (i.e. Submitted articles and photos) is to produce monthly newsletter issues through November.

Submissions will continue to be accepted through the Hot-Mail account established by Katie Taylor.

pynewsletter@hotmail.com

—Ed

Right >>>
Dave White



Above includes Cheryl and Dave White, Eric Zilbert,, Ed Dove and Pat Bucannan

Also in this Issue:

Commander's Log	Page 2
2013 Annual Meeting ReCap (Jan 20)	Page 3
Event Schedule for 2013 season	Page 5
Clipper Cove Picnic Sail (Oct 10, 2012)	Page 6
A Tomales Bay Overnight to Remember	Page 7
Emergency at Tomales Bay	Page 13
Redwood City Sail	Page 15



Below: Pat Brannan, Eric Zilbert, Unknown, Ed Dove





The Commodore's Log

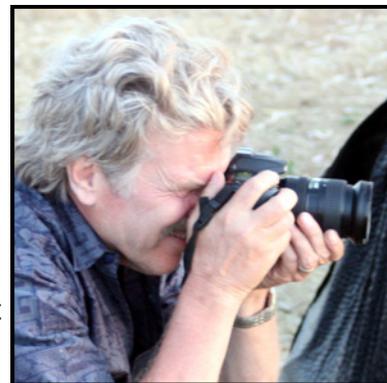
Wow, time flies when you're having fun. What a wonder-

ful 2012 sailing season for the Potter Yachters! It has been one of the best Potter Yachter sailing seasons that I can remember.

We had some fantastic sails this year, thanks to the energy, organization, and initiative of our fantastic sail hosts. Thank you Pat, Goose, Jerry B, Mike, Katie, Rich, Eric, Bud and everyone else who made this season happen.

After the usual stormy start with the opening of the 2012 season with our first Potter Yachter Saint Patrick's Day, where only the stalwart sailors dared to sail, the weather got better and so did the sailing. I really enjoyed Goose's grand sunny and windy Benecia sail. The great overnight Delta Sail that Jerry Barrilleaux hosted, the popsicles cooling the heat of the day, the great conversations by warmth of the campfire that night, and even though I discovered I lost my prop to great gobs of floating delta weed the next morning, I even enjoyed the delta sightseeing while being towed back, thanks to Chuck Lee and Jerry B. Woodward was another just spectacular overnight campout and provided some really fun sailing. The new Lake Hennessey Wine Country "Wake and Bake" sail provided just spectacular scenery and a special thanks to Don Person for the pleasure of sailing and lunching with you

Continued on Next page



EVENTS ON THE HORIZON:

March 2 (Sat)

11:00 AM—Dr. Judy offer's a talk on improving the West Wight Potter 19.
Oakland Yacht Club, Regatta Room,
1101 Pacific Marina, Alameda, CA 94501
(510) 522-6868

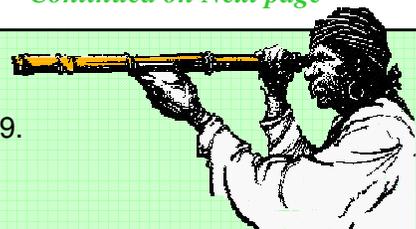
March 16 (Saturday)

Redwood City / St. Pat's Weekend / Opening Sail
Picnic Sail to USS Thompson (Dave Kautz/Carl Sundholm)

SoCal Potter Events

March 23 (Sat)

Alamitos Bay—Long Beach <http://howies.net/socalpotter/ramplosalamitos/>



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P-14 Targa: Gale

Commodore's Log Continued from page 2

out on the Lake. Cruiser Challenge XIII in Monterey has got to be one of the most memorable ever, with the gi-normous whales surfacing in the race course during the race, and whales also graced our Monterey/ Moss Landing sail. Clipper Cove sailing was spirited and I finally got to give back by offering a tow. And the Tomales Bay Overnight was incredibly enjoyable, especially with the campfire serenades of guitars and trumpet late into the night; and through our successful emergency action drill ("EAD") at 1:30 in the morning we learned that no matter how far away and isolated you think you are, our Coast Guard and First Responders are ready to help when the need arises. Finally, Commodore Emeritus Bud Kerner's new Six Bridges Delta Sail was the proverbial icing on the cake. Having had significant experience "herding cats," Bud got the troops together and put together an absolutely fantastic delta adventure, that demands an encore performance on next year's sailing calendar! Expanding our repertoire of new sailing adventures is the clearest sign of progress. Thanks to all for creating and sharing a wonderful year of sailing!



Annual Meeting Recap 2013:

Potter Yachters Out-of-State Members

- Maine
- New Jersey
- New York
- Nevada
- Oregon
- Virginia

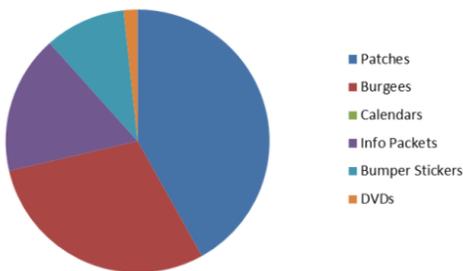
Here are a few of the graphics from Treasurer Pat Brennan's State of the Yachters Presentation.



Potter Yachters Membership

- Active members as of January 1, 2013
 - Regular members 76
 - Life members 3
 - Total 79
- Organizations
 - Monterey Peninsula YC
 - Oakland YC
 - Peninsula YC
 - Coyote Point YC
 - Elkhorn YC
 - Muncie Sailing Club
 - Total 6

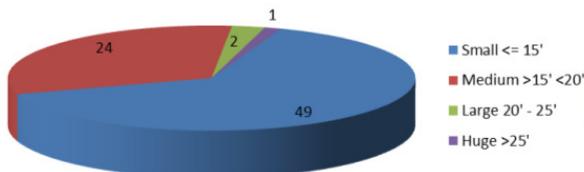
Current Merchandise Inventory



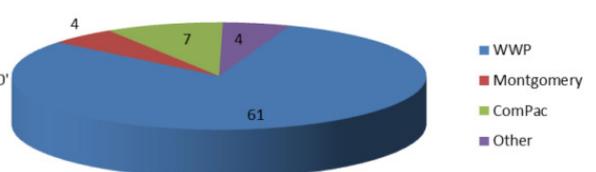
Potter Yachters Fleet

Total number of boats reported – 76

Boats by Size



Boats by Builder



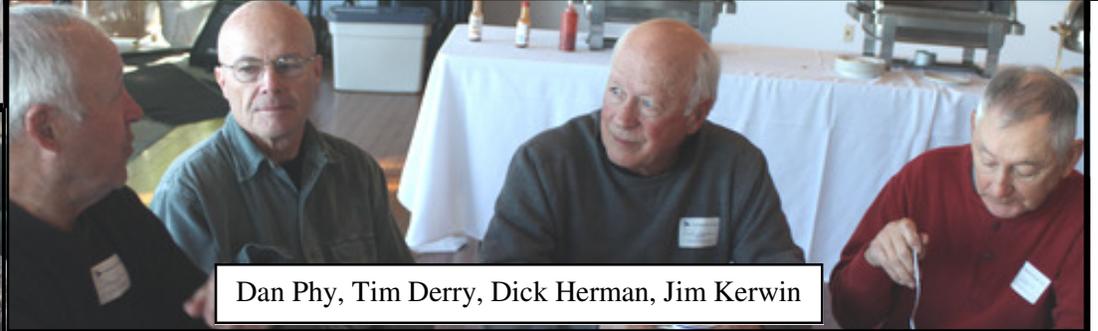
Breakfast & Social Time



Jim Smith, Kevin Crowder, Don Person

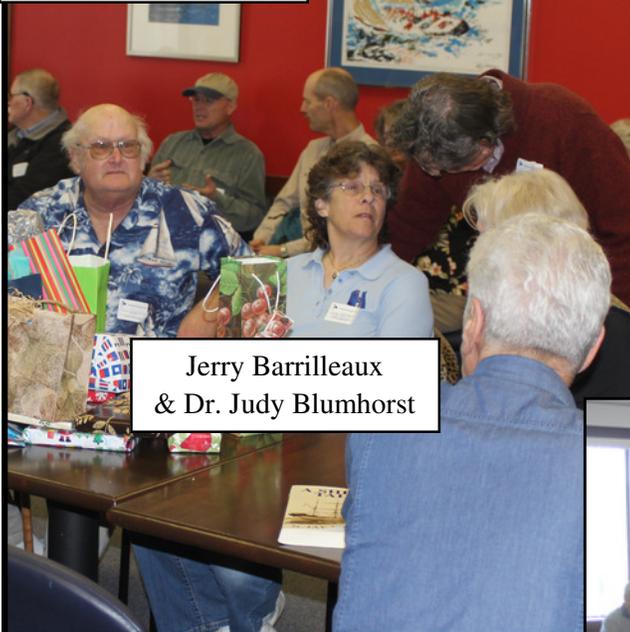


Mrs. & Mr, McDevitt



Dan Phy, Tim Derry, Dick Herman, Jim Kerwin

The Meeting & More Social Time



Jerry Barrilleaux
& Dr. Judy Blumhorst



2013 SAIL CALENDAR

03-02-13 (SAT) 11:00 am
LECTURE AT OAKLAND YACHT CLUB
Regatta Room – Dr. Judy Blumhorst on
Improving the West Wight Potter 19

03-16-13 (SAT)
REDWOOD CITY/ST. PAT'S WEEK-
END OPENING SAIL
Picnic Sail to USS Thompson (Dave
Kautz / Carl Sundholm)

04-13-13 (SAT)
OAKLAND ESTUARY SAIL –
STRICTLY SAIL SHOW (Pat Brennan)

04-20-13 (SAT)
BENICIA SAIL & OPTIONAL ANCHOR
OUT OVERNIGHT (Jim “Goose”
Gossman)

05-04-13 (SAT)
MONTEREY SAIL & OPTIONAL OVER-
NIGHT (Mike Swartz)

05-18-13 (SAT)
DELTA SAIL OVERNIGHT (Jerry Barril-
leaux)

06-01-13 (SAT)
WOODWARD OVERNIGHT (Katie Tay-
lor / Rich McDevitt)

06-15-14 (SAT)
LAKE HENNESSEY “WINE COUNTRY”
SAIL (Don Person)

06-29-13 (SAT)
NEW SPICER MEADOWS RESER-
VIOR OVERNIGHT (Kevin Crowder)

07-13-13 (SAT)
CRUISER CHALLENGE XIV & OVER-
NIGHT (Goose)

08-10-13 (SAT)
RICHMOND DAY SAIL (Neil Dorf)

08-17-13 (SAT)
DELTA – 6 BRIDGES OVERNIGHT
SAIL (Bud Kerner)

08-24-13 (SAT)
HUNTINGTON LAKE OVERNIGHT
(Bard Johnson, Wes Harrison)

08-31-13 (SAT)
DEL VALLE RESERVIOR DAY SAIL
(Rich McDevitt)

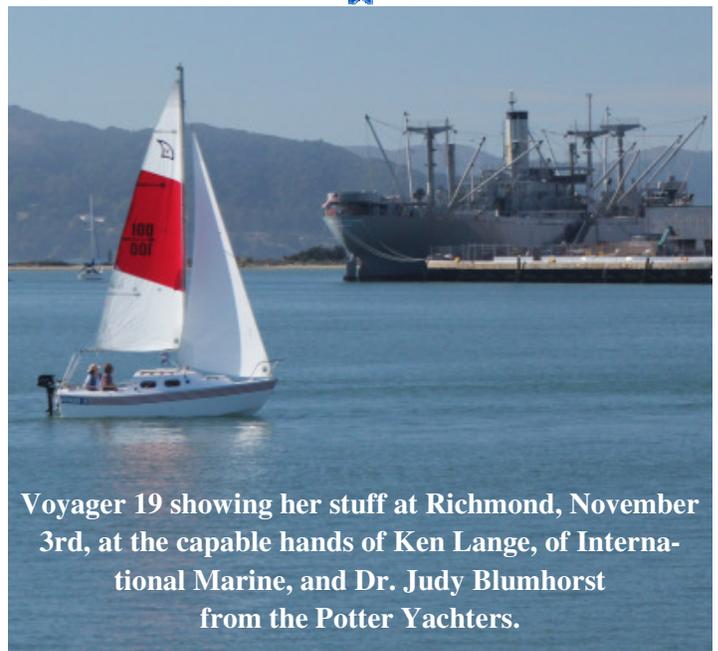
09-14-13 (SAT)
CLIPPER COVE PICNIC DAY SAIL (Neil
Dorf)

09-28-13 (SAT)
TOMALES BAY OVERNIGHT (Eric Zil-
bert)

10-12-13 (SAT)
MOSS LANDING SAIL – MOSS TO
MONTEREY (Mike Swartz)

NOTE:

- Sailing Events generally leave the ramp around 10:00 AM. More detailed event information will be published in the newsletter the month before a scheduled event.
- The calendar distributed by Pat



Voyager 19 showing her stuff at Richmond, November 3rd, at the capable hands of Ken Lange, of International Marine, and Dr. Judy Blumhorst from the Potter Yachters.



Picnic Sail to Clipper Cove (Saturday September 8, 2012)

By Neil Dorf

We could not have asked for better weather for this outing. As Potters began to arrive at the Grand Street ramp to begin rigging, we were treated to hot coffee and danish, blue skies with patchy white clouds, and temps in the low 60's. As the day progressed, the clouds dissipated and the weather became ever more pleasant.

With the wind pretty much headed straight out the channel, we decided to motor out to at least the cranes in order to allow sufficient time to get over to Clipper Cove, rather than tack our way out. Turns out, we all used out outboards even more than we anticipated. There was an exceptionally strong current as the bay was flooding, and none of us were making much headway under sails alone—until we got to Bay Bridge. From there, it was great sailing but by then we were less than a mile from our destination.

Carl, was leading the pack towards the cove, with Goose and others in the middle and myself near the rear, having first stubbornly resisted the notion of sailing with my motor running once exiting the estuary. Carl did not have his VHF radio, but I had with me a pair of “family radio” walkie-talkies, and I had provided him with one of them so that he could still keep radio communication with the rest of us while I relayed his communications over VHF. This turned out to be especially fortuitous, as he was concerned about Rick and Jerry and did not have a visual. (Family radios are so inexpensive, I want to suggest that we all grab a pair to keep on our boats for just this purpose, especially for those who don't yet own an marine VHF radio.) I was very close to them, and perceived that they did not show any indications of distress. I passed along the information Carl over the walkie and to Goose on VHF, who used those 15 horses to zip over and check on them up-close. It was simply a matter of “driver education” and in particular Jerry becoming familiarizing himself with the characteristics of sailing with a lateen rig. Rick and Jerry did eventually meet up with us at the Cove.

Also joining us at the Cove was Dave White in his red P19 “Wee Boat”. Dave had launched Friday in Richmond and sailed over from there in the morning. Good timing, as he arrived pretty much about the same time as we did, between 1230pm and 100pm. Dave Kautz sailed over from China Basin in his P15 “Tilly Lucy” to meet us on the beach, and Chuck Lee had also sailed in with his sit-on-top kayak in tow. He very graciously allowed me to take a paddle around the Cove, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Goose captured the moment while Gale and Wee Boat were rafted up together for lunch as I paddled by.

Beaching was relatively easy. Soft sand, no rock hazards that I could see, and no territorial sea lions to claim our boats or painters as has happened in years past. Patrick, Chuck, Harry, Cindy, Carl and myself settled in on the beach for a while to have lunch and take in the “rays”, until sometime around 230pm when one-by-one we began our departures. Goose and Dave White decided to stay overnight, and Jay Sparks joined them on Sunday. Goose went over to SF to look for the “big boats”, and caught some great pictures that are posted up on the forum.

The sailing back to Alameda, except for the first half mile from the mouth of the Cove to the other side of the Bay Bridge, was in a word, placid. I was at a reach or run the entire way back. Pat was sailing Latie just behind me for the entire way. Pat's Compac Legacy (16) “Latie” is one sleek boat and cut beautifully though waters of SF bay, in calm and chop.

Back at the dock at Grand Street, Carl, Jerry and Rick, and I recounted the day as we de-rigged boats and lamented the inefficiency of the Coast Guard's enforcement efforts with respect to the bridge. Rob Sampson also dropped by to greet us, which was a nice ending to a great day.



Our list of adventurers :

Commodore Carl Sundholm / P19 “Dagmar”
 A new Potter Yachter recruit, Phil, who dropped by to greet us but could not sail due to prior obligations
 Potter-of-the-Year Goose Gossman / motor-sailer P14 “Gale”
 Treasurer Pat Brennan / Compac Legacy (16) “Latie”
 Harry Gordon / lateen-rigged P14 “Manatee” & Cindi Baumgard
 Rick Keith / lateen-rigged P15, with Jerry Kergan as crew
 Rich McDevitt / P15 “Minnow”
 Bert Felton / Compac Suncat
 And myself in “TwoCan”, the lone Montgomery in the group

A Tomales Bay Overnight to Remember: From Bates Motel to Area 51

By Carl Sundholm

This year's Tomales Bay Overnight was set for September 23-24, 2012. In the days before, the Trailer Sailor Bulletin Board was rife with anticipation with visions of barbecued oysters dancing in our heads.

As they say, hope springs eternal. So on the road, I was hoping that this year would be different and there would be no major competing events that would take up the limited parking at the Miller County Park boat ramp lot. By 9:15am



when I pulled into the lot, it was clear

that most of the spaces were already taken, although some Potters who came very early got lucky. Rich McDevitt, Rick Keith, David White, and Rob Sampson were all parked along the red curb "No Parking" zone. Rich said the local sheriff got so excited saying that we couldn't park there, that he locked his keys in his patrol car. Not wanting to witness the sheriff's humiliation, it seemed to be a good idea to look for another place to park and launch.

So we five decided to head south the other side of Tomales Bay to see if there was any parking at what used to

be called "The Golden Hinde Inn." It was named after the ship of Francis Drake who supposedly landed nearby at Point Reyes in 1579, although in the 400+ years since then no solid evidence has ever been found to establish he landed there, but I digress. My last memory of launching at the Golden Hinde Inn was from 2007 when we had a very pleasant launch and sail (See "Sailing the San Andreas Fault," *The Potter Yachter*, October 2007:4-7). But as we discovered, as the saying goes: "That was then and this is now."

BATES MOTEL: Unfortunately, since 2007 things at Ye Old Golden Hinde, which had been re-named the "Tomales Bay Resort," had changed for the worse. It gave me something of a "Bates Motel" vibe. Compared to its former glory, the place appeared dilapidated and run down. The restaurant was now closed and had a "For Rent" sign in the window. The buildings appeared faded and in need of re-painting. When I went in to the office to pay the ramp and overnight fee, they seemed surprised and asked for \$30 (which about 3 times what it cost in 2007). The launch facilities had also deteriorated significantly. The boards on the dock had become hazardous, in ill repair and loosened to the point that they popped up and down as you walked on them, in "piano key" fashion. Worse yet, the most important part of the dock that was previously used for launching and returning from Tomales Bay is now obstructed with boats that either appear abandoned or have obviously been tied up there for a very long time. There was barely space enough for one boat to launch at the very end of the dock. We sized up the challenge of launching two Potter 19s and three Potter 15s in this obstacle course of decrepit vessels, and finally worked out a plan whereby David White (being the most competent and experienced in our group) bravely stood in the foot deep muddy water to get the

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Tomales Bay Continued from page 6

boats off the trailers, after which we would clamber “leap frog” style over and around the boats pulling the Potters with lines from dock to dock until we could temporarily shelter in an unused berth, and get the next boat in the water. This took quite a bit of skill, energy, and time, but we finally got all five boats out on the water and headed north, motor sailing against the prevailing wind to make up for lost time.

Not only is the sail to Tomales Beach from Ye Old Golden Hinde directly upwind, it is also 6.2 miles, which is over four times the 1.4 miles from Miller County Park. We motor sailed north, with Rich taking the lead while David White covered the rear of the pack. We passed various beaches on the west side: Chicken Ranch Beach (just north of the launch, with kayak rental and where the road goes inland from the coast), Teacher’s Beach, Shell Beach (private land and some lucky devil has a house there), Shallow Beach, and Pebble Beach.

By this point in time, Rick Keith was having motor problems, so David White, ever vigilant to help anyone in trouble, threw him a tow line and indicated that I should go ahead and let people know at the beach to make sure the sling-shot landing went ok. So I motored up past Heart’s Desire Beach, Indian Beach (there are two wooden tepees there), Sacramento Landing (marked by the Tomales Bay Marine and Coast Guard Station), and Laird’s Landing. At Marshall Beach I saw our sail host Eric Zilbert showing his skills by sailing Riptide right up along the beach in what must have been just a foot or two of water.



I also saw this beautiful orange and white Potter 15, and some interesting wooden boats as well.

Finally, Tomales Beach came into view unambiguously marked by the

familiar boats of Don Person, Jim Kirwan, and David Myers, as well as those of Rich and Rob. After I landed, it was good to see that a Potter Yachter beachhead had been established, and the picnic table had been secured. When David White came in for a landing, he expertly handled the sling-shot landing of Rick’s boat on the tow line. It was good to be back on Terra Firma.

Rick and I then took to setting up my humongous tent, affectionately

labeled the “Taj Mahal” (Photo by Rich McDevitt)

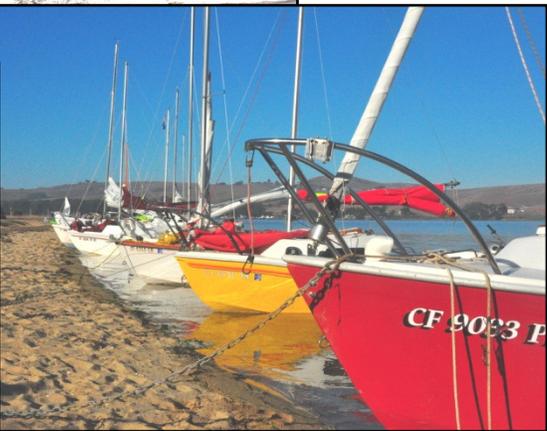


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Tomales Bay Continued from page 7 Rick and I then took to setting up my humongous tent, affectionately labeled the “Taj Mahal” (Photo by Rich McDevitt)



We took a look at Rick’s motor and, finding the prop rotated freely discovered that the problem was a broken shear pin. Luckily enough, the motor had several spares stored inside it, so it was easily fixed.



Jim Kirwan anchored out in his Montgomery, but was able to ferry to the beach in his inflatable dinghy

The day was beautifully sunny, and there was good wind for sailing.

Tomales Bay is unbelievably picturesque. The conversation and relaxation on the beach was sublime. Rich took a walk to the top of the hill and took this panoramic photo from above.

All in all, there were 13 boats (Carl Sundholm, Rich McDevitt, Rick Keith, Rob Sampson, David White with son Theron and grandson Anthony, David Myers, Jim Kerwan, Goose, Beth Campbell, Jim



Smith, Don Person, Eric Zilbert, and a couple of French guys named Jean Louie and Jean Pierre.

This year I was determined not to get irre-

Continued on Next page



Tomales Bay Continued from page 8 trievably grounded on Tomales Beach with the shifting tides, so I did my homework. The 5:30 pm high tide on Saturday would be a foot higher than the 8:00 am high tide on Sunday, so if we wanted to leave Sunday morning it was imperative that we do what Goose has dubbed the “Tomales Tango,” checking on the boats and not allowing them to get beached at any tide level higher than that on 3:00 pm Saturday. Our campaign to avoid grounding worked, and we are proud to say no one was beached and unable to leave on Sunday.

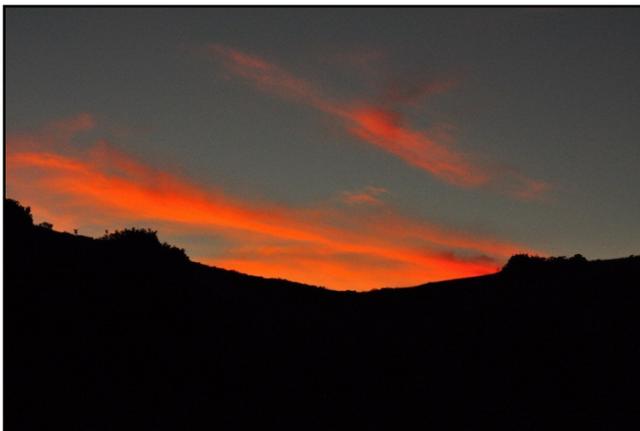


This year the raccoons were particularly aggressive, and during the daytime too. Two of them would just sit there looking as though waiting for the opportunity to be bandits and run off with someone’s picnic food, as shown by David Myers’ photo. It turned out that later that night, they made their move and ran off with several bags of food and someone’s pocket knife!

The conversation and festivities were wonderful, with David White providing his usual generous bar open to all, and then of course Rich provided the ultimate Tomales treat: barbequed oysters!



The sunset was absolutely on fire.



And then we settled into story telling and guitar music by the campfire, and Eric even

brought his trumpet and played some jazz.

The fun lasted late into the night until we just couldn’t stay awake any more. Then, one by one, we found our ways to our bed rolls for what we thought would be a long deep and comfortable sleep.



AREA 51: At about 1:30 am, my sound sleep was suddenly interrupted by what seemed like an intense Area 51 Flying Saucer dream. Although I knew I was on a beach far away from civilization, there were inexplicable blinding bright spotlights coming down from the sky and the sound of flying objects hovering overhead. It wasn’t a dream. The next thing I saw was Eric Zilbert at the door of my tent telling me that he called 911 because David White was in excruciating

Continued on Next page

Tomales Bay Continued from page 9

David. I was very concerned as I thought it might heart attack or stroke, and David White was too good a person for this to happen to him. I spoke with the ambulance driver and was somewhat reassured when he said it was probably not a



In the morning when I woke up, I was greeted by a beautiful sunrise.

The boats were all still there and all was calm in the morning fog.

I called Marin General Hospital and found that David was o.k. and ready to be picked up.



very strong and all heck broke loose. The wind blew Rick's lateen sail over the head of his mast so that he could not pull down the sail. I circled in Dagmar and advised him to turn the boat around to get the wind on the back side of the sail to blow it off the mast head, and thankfully, after a few tries . . . it worked! Rick pulled it down and we motored into the Marina.

Then it was full circle back to the Bates Motel vibe, we again had to struggle with only enough room for one boat to dock at a time, the docks piano key boards were popping up and down in the wind, and after all the leap frogging gymnastics to get the boats back on the trailers without collisions, the experience was culminated when I parked the trailer for downrigging, and some woman comes out shrieking at me to get out of the guest area because they may get a guest. Hope springs eternal.

pain having some sort of medical emergency and that the helicopters were the Coast Guard trying to locate us, and that an ambulance had come for David. I was very concerned as I thought it might heart attack or stroke, and David White was too good a person for this to happen to him. I spoke with the ambulance driver and was somewhat reassured when he said it was probably not a stroke or heart attack, because the pain was abdominal, but that they were taking him to the Marin General Hospital ER nonetheless. Then it occurred to me that this might have been what our esteemed Commodore Emeritus Dick Herman terms an emergency action drill ("EAD"), only we weren't so sure it was only a drill at the time. Eric Zilbert, Don Person, and others took responsibility and performed admirably.

After all that it was difficult to get back to sleep, but finally I snoozed off.

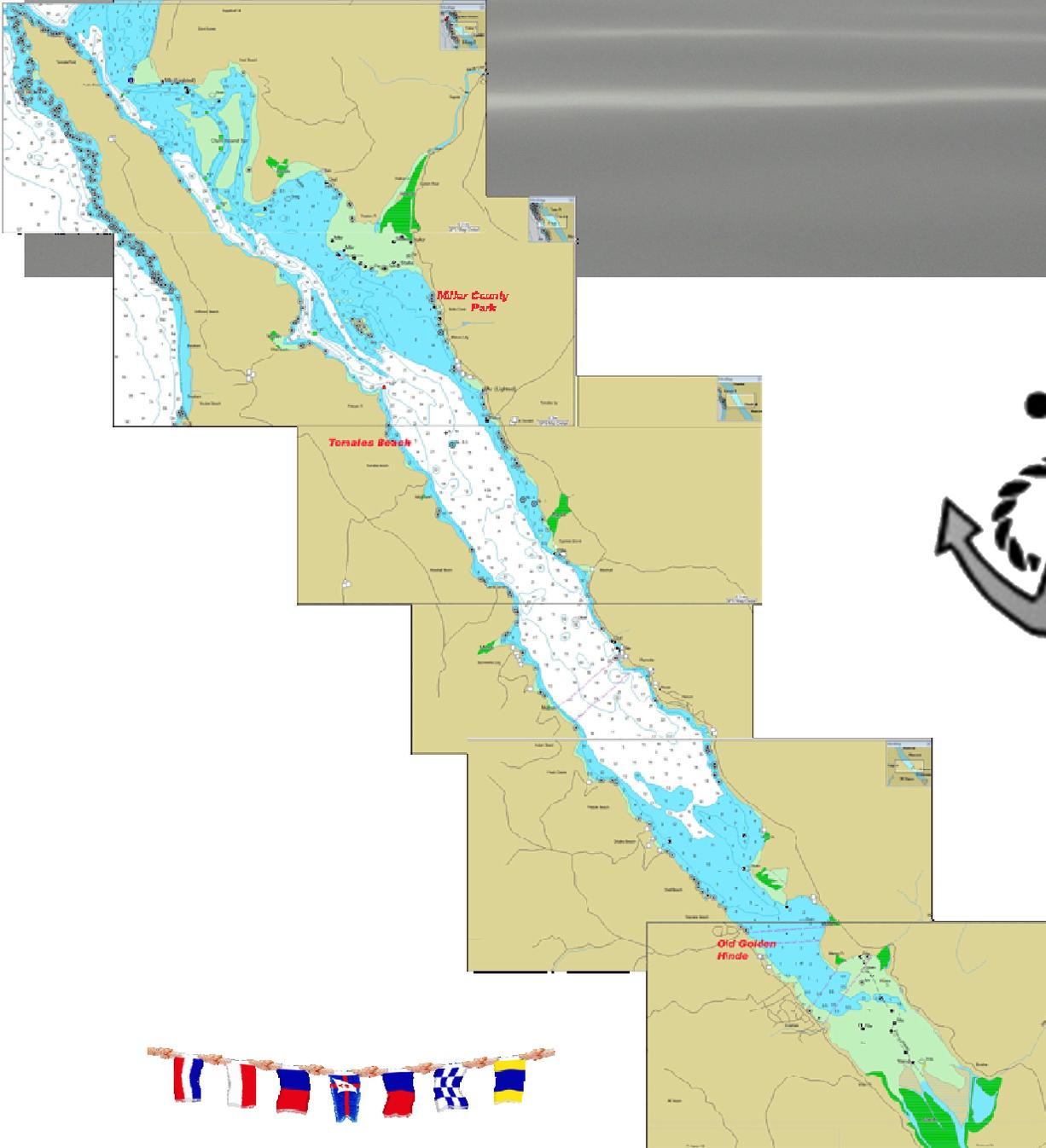
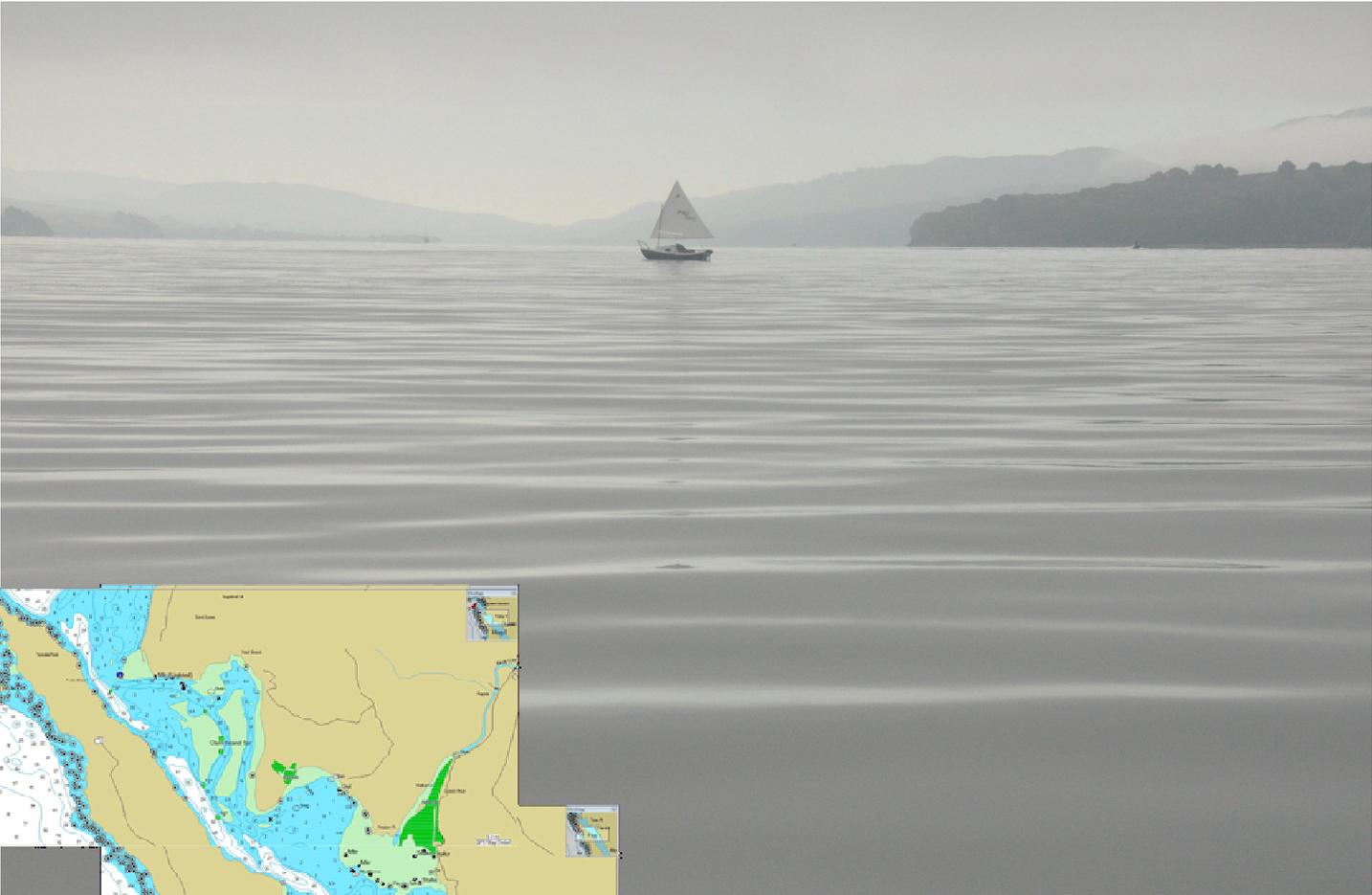


Knowing that, we had a leisurely breakfast and prepared to break camp, remembering all the good things and thinking this was a Tomales Bay Overnight that we will remember for quite some time.

When Rick, Rich, Rob and I began to head back to Ye Old Golden Hinde, there was no wind and the water was spectacularly glassy and all was silent and calm.

As we headed south, the wind picked up slowly so that we had a quiet run downwind for about four miles. Rich and Rob had already made it into the marina, but suddenly the wind became

Continued on Next page





A Medical Emergency at Tomales Bay

By Don Person

A tapping on Sarah Anne woke me from a sound sleep about midnight. A small voice, from Dave White's grandson Anthony as it turned out, asked me if I would come take a look at Dave . . . Dave was in "great pain".

Dave knew that I had been an Ophthalmologist, retired a very long time, but the closest thing to a doctor in the group. Putting on my glasses and jacket I groggily managed to crawl out into the cold, dark night. Fortunately the tide was out and other than the infamous Tomales Bay mud made it to Dave's P-19, Wee Boat, without trouble. Thereon, Dave's son, was waiting for us and helped me into the cockpit.

Aboard Wee Boat I found Dave sitting on the berth behind the center post, hunched over, moaning and slowly rocking back and forth. He looked up when I greeted him and his face was ashen and grimacing with the pain. He was breathing easily and indicated the pain was in his lower abdomen. Knowing he had a history of heart problems it was a relief to find he had no symptoms relating to his chest. Attention to his abdomen found it soft and non-tender.

With this much pain the first thing that comes to mind is a kidney stone. If that is the problem percussion over one or the other kidney should locate the site of the pain. That didn't help in this case so I was unsure. His situation didn't appear to be life threatening but he certainly needed medical help so I asked Antony and Theron to call 911.

If Dave hadn't been in so much trouble, the rest of this event would have been funny. But as it was, it became very frustrating. The 911 call went thru and I was connected to a very helpful and calm lady. After I gave her the information that I had, she said they would send a helicopter to locate us and get the Ranger, EMT's and ambulance on their way. In just minutes we could hear the helicopter. It flew overhead, quite high, and continued on.

Next I was asked to provide more directions by the 911 operator. A fellow sailor Beth, who magically appeared, seemingly from nowhere, handed me her copy of the official park map. She provided our GPS location as well. It then became more frustrating for us all. The map shows Tomales Beach, and a mile, or so south of that, Marshall Beach. We thought that we were at an unnamed beach between the two. As it turns out, the name Tomales Beach had been moved to the beach we were presently on when the new, very nice, toilets had been installed. However, new maps had not been printed to show the change. So when asked where we were, I looked at the map and said between Marshall and Tomales beaches, which confused those looking for us.

During this time we had been asked to send someone with a light to the top of the access road. Theron stepped up to this duty, and walked to the top of the hill to wait for the Ranger and EMTs.

For the next half hour the helicopter flew back and forth, sometimes seeming to be right above us. As far as we knew, they never found us.

Hoping to get help in pinpointing our location I asked Anthony to get Eric Zilbert to talk to our phone contact. Eric arrived and took over the phone. Finally, around one o'clock, lights appeared at the top of the hill and the Ranger and EMTs arrived. Dave was able to get out of his boat and was taken in hand.

I had become rather chilly, so I went back to my boat and crawled into the warmth of my sleeping bag.

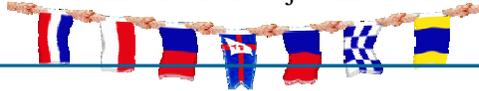
The rest, as the story, as related by Dave, is that the EMT's thought the probable cause was a kidney stone and gave him a shot of morphine. He had immediate relief which pretty much clinched the diagnosis. Cheryl, Dave's wife and her son met him at the hospital. Later that morning, Eric helped Theron and Anthony get Wee Boat out of the water, onto the trailer and safely on their way home.

Continued on Next page

"The Emergency at Tomales Bay" continued previous Page Dave sends his sincere thanks to all those who helped with his "rescue". All's well that ends well but I hope the next Emergency Action Drill is a little easier on the main character.

Editor's Note:

Several factors collided in this story to make for a happy ending. The help and cooperation of the folks involved, available access to communication, in this case a cell phone, and GPS coordinates at hand for location. Many of us do not sail with a GPS. For those who don't have, remember that smart phone apps are available that will give the user their GPS coordinates in an emergency. It might be wise to install one now just in case it should be needed an emergency —Ed



A successful newsletter needs your support.

With this issue, I am taking my second round as Newsletter editor. This newsletter has become an archive that tracks the history of the Potter Yachters

From my previous experience at this desk, I realized that sufficient content to produce a quality newsletter is the biggest obstacle to success. With the wealth of writing and photographic talent in our membership, finding content should not be a problem. But it always seemed to be a constant struggle to find sufficient content to support monthly issues.

It is understandable that we do not have the needed content during our short off-season of November and December. But by January we can begin ramping up with articles built around early season planning and our annual meeting. Once we hit the water, all that we need do is to each of us to make a little effort to plan a bit, and think to make an occasional contribution.

When you return from a sailing event, all stoked by the good time you had, and wanting to share the experience with others, why not take few minutes to jot your thoughts down, and share them with the readers of our newsletter. Doing so will lead to more issues made up of better content,

Some things to think about:

- When you sail, make a few mental notes . . . Then, in the comfort of home, write a few paragraphs. It doesn't have to be a long article. Input from three or four participants will make for a more interesting article in the long-run.
- Don't leave it for someone else . . . From time to time, it seems that everyone leaves it to others. This makes the Newsletter editor's job more difficult, and leads to a substandard issue or no issue at all.
- Articles to The Potter Yachter first . . . Some folks have chosen to submit their writings to other online archives to the detriment of The Potter Yachter. At this writing, The Potter Yachter, and the club's website, continue an established tradition by member volunteers to present the most consistent and durable archive on the internet. Other alternatives have clearly established that they do not offer the security that is offered by our organized club and its inherent chain of succession.
- Send in your photos . . . If you take pictures, think to pass them on to the Newsletter. Today's online published newsletter lends itself very well to photo illustration. We are an organization of people, and you photos will contribute to putting faces in the stories that appear in these pages. pynewsletter@hotmail.com

— Ed.



Redwood City DAY SAIL to USS Thompson

Host: Dave Kautz

When: Saturday, March 16th
10:00 AM estimated Launch Time

Where: Redwood City Marina.

Fees: \$5.00 Launch fee (bring exact change)

Meals: Picnic lunch aboard your boat.
Post sail social activity(s) TBD

Distance: Out Redwood City channel from the ramp to the Thompson is a bit under 6 miles.

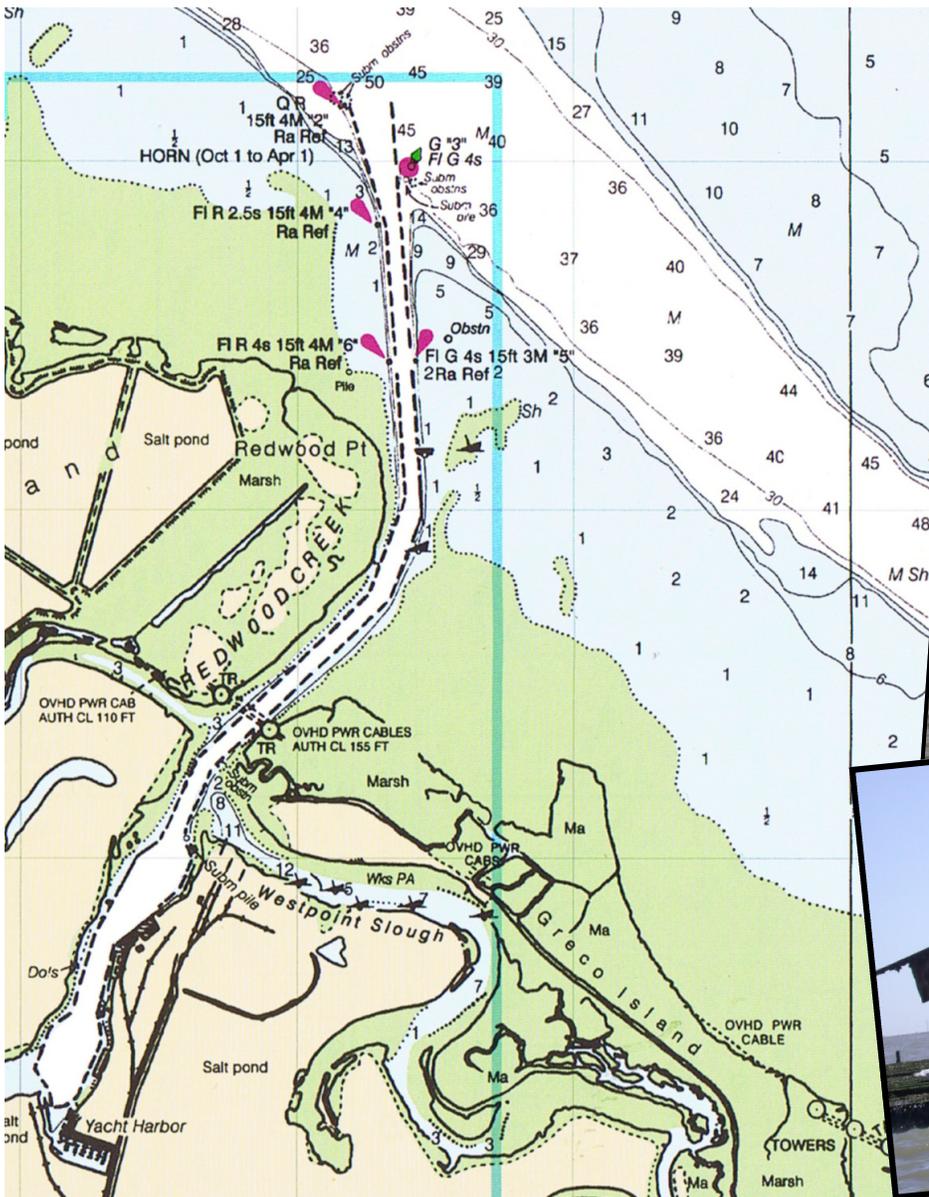
Phone #s: Host, Dave Kautz Cell: 650-575-7757

Tides for Redwood Creek entrance (inside) March 16 & 17, 2013.

Day	High /Low	Tide Height Time	Feet	Sunrise Sunset	Moon Time	% Moon Visible
Sa 16	High	3:58 AM	7.6	7:18 AM	Rise 9:57 AM	16
	Low	11:05 AM	0.7	7:17 PM		
	High	5:26 PM	6.3			
	Low	10:57 PM	2.5			
Su 17	High	4:38 AM	7.4	7:16 AM	Set 12:25 AM	24
	Low	11:58 AM	0.8	7:18 PM	Rise 10:40 AM	
	High	6:36 PM	6.0			
	Low	11:52 PM	2.8			

USS Thompson study LINKS:

- [Wikipedia](#)
- [Online Images](#)
- [Honda Point Disaster](#)
- [Honda Point Disaster Images](#)



1 Our Destination
2 USS Thompson
Sh DD-305





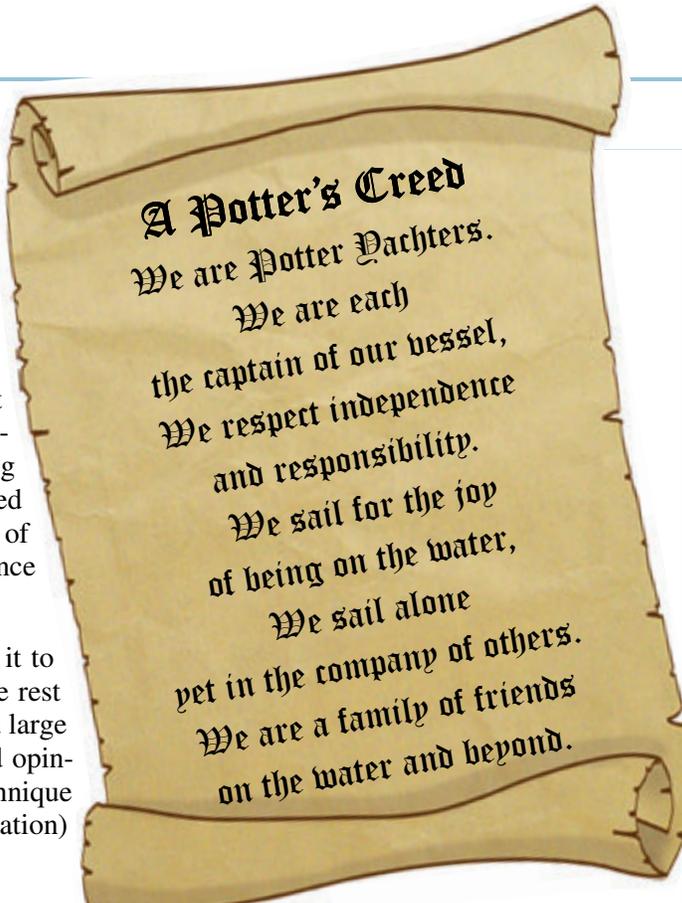
Patrick Brennan
1305 Webster St., C205
Alameda, CA 94501

With a Grain of Salt

The **Potter Yachter** is a forum for exchange of ideas and information among West Wight Potter (and other mini-yacht) sailors. But we Potter Yachters are mostly a bunch of amateurs finding our way by trial and error and luck.

You will probably find some very helpful tips or ideas in the Potter Yachter that will enhance your sailing experience, but you may also find some ill-advised suggestions or ideas that just don't work for your particular boat, your sailing environment, your level of sailing experience, or your boat-working skills. So please understand that any sailing tutorials, suggested boat modifications, recommended cruises, etc., are the opinion of the author, based presumably on his or her personal experience and judgment at the time the article or letter was written.

If a Potter Yachter believes s/he has a good idea and submits it to the newsletter for publication, we will usually pass it on to the rest of you in the newsletter, but take it "with a grain of salt" and a large portion of your own good judgment, and perhaps get a second opinion before undertaking a modification or cruise or sailing technique you read about in the **Potter Yachter** (or any other publication)
- *The Editor*



A Potter's Creed
We are Potter Yachters.
We are each
the captain of our vessel,
We respect independence
and responsibility.
We sail for the joy
of being on the water,
We sail alone
yet in the company of others.
We are a family of friends
on the water and beyond.