



# The Potter Yachter

Newsletter of the Longest Lasting West Wight Potter Club in the World

Nov/Dec 2015

## Report: Tomales Bay Overnight Potter Yachters and Their Kids Enjoy the Magic of Tomales Bay

by Carl Sundholm



Sunset on Tomales Beach  
*Family Time* (left) and *Dagmar*

When you discover something really nice, you want to share it with your friends and families. And so it was with one of the best overnight sails on the Potter Yachter calendar: the Tomales Bay overnight.

For me and Phil Marcelis, at least, this was to be the “year of the kids” at Tomales Bay. Phil planned to bring his wife, Kim, and daughters, Emily and Julia, and I planned on bringing my son, Sam, and daughter, Anna.

However, two topics of concern clouded the horizon of anticipation prior to the Tomales Bay weekend. One was the prospective lack of parking due to a bicycle racing event taking over the upper parking lot at the Miller County Park Boat Ramp. The second was that the kayak outfitter groups had taken up all the beach camping permits for our usual site on Tomales Beach more than six months in advance, so there would be no

(Tomales continued on page 6)

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## The Commodore's Corner

By Rob Sampson

Well, the official Potter Yachter's sailing calendar is over for the year but we tend to have some impromptu events throughout the fall and winter too. With the super high king tides in the south


bay, Harry Gordon has organized some memorable slough exploration trips in the past. Keep checking the West Wight Potter Forum on TrailerSailor.com for Fall and Winter sailing opportunities.

I didn't make it to the Delta Bridges Sail this year (still in the process of moving) but by all accounts, it sounds like it was a great event, albeit with some "sporting" winds at the beginning. I did manage to get out onto the water once, on the World War II Liberty Ship SS Jeremiah O'Brien. It did a spin around the bay and out under the Golden Gate as part of San Francisco Fleet Week, and then stayed out in the bay for the airshow and Blue Angels. I even ran into another Potter Yachter, Dave Norris, while boarding the ship and we hung out together while enjoying the old ship and the views on the bay that day. It was good to get at least a short "water fix".

Remember to mark your calendars for the Potter Yachters Annual Meeting January 24th 2016 at the Oakland Yacht Club. Some of us get slips at the Yacht Club and make a weekend of it. There can be nice sailing on the Oakland Alameda Estuary and out on the Bay in January.

Moving is still plodding along. My Potter is trapped in the garage behind moving debris and boxes. I can tell it wants to be sailing.

See you on the water (sometime),

Rob — 



### Ship's Stores for sale. Send orders to [Pat Brennan](#):

Show your colors! Fly an official Club Burgee on your next sail!

Burgees	\$25.00
Bumper stickers	\$ 2.50 (just shows the burgee; no text)
Patches	\$ 2.50 (Both round and burgee shaped)
Info Packets	\$20.00 (Primarily P-15 information)

Or head over to our CafePress website and buy a Cap, Stein, or T-Shirt with the club logo on it.

Visit: <http://www.cafepress.com/potteryachters>

### Club Events on the Horizon

[Event Calendar](#)

#### 2016

Jan 24 (Sun) Annual Meeting in the Regatta Room at Oakland Yacht Club.  
*Sunday brunch (reasonably priced) typically starts at 9:00, and we haphazardly assemble at 10:00 "Potter-time"; generally an easy sail upstairs and down, perhaps intermediate depending on mimosa consumption; overnight option moored at dock with prior arrangement*  
 Send your ideas for next year's sailing venues to our [Commodore, Rob Sampson](#).




Upcoming: Sunday, January 24, 2016 - Breakfast and Meeting  
**Annual Club Meeting at Oakland Yacht Club**

The Potter Yachters' Annual Meeting is set for January 24<sup>th</sup> from around 10am until 1pm in the Regatta Room of the Oakland Yacht Club. As usual, the club offers a tasty breakfast starting at around 9am. (The breakfast menu can sometimes be found with [directions to the club](#) on their website: [www.oaklandyachtclub.net](http://www.oaklandyachtclub.net))

Any members who joined within the last year are specifically invited to attend this meeting. It's the perfect opportunity to introduce yourself, meet like-minded sailors, and let the rest of us enjoy your company. Regardless of when you joined, this is the one time we sit down to get a treasurer's report, nominate officers, and discuss future sails, so please make every effort to attend.

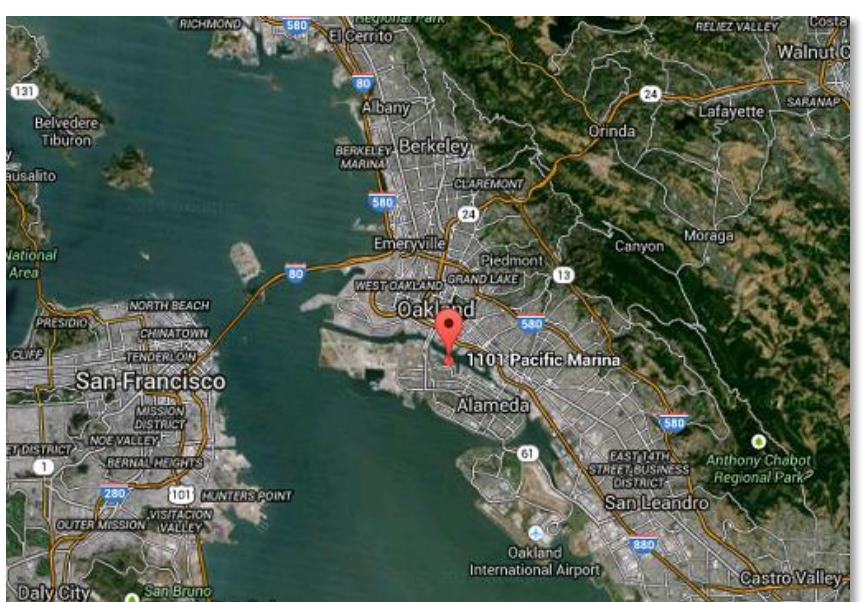
As mentioned elsewhere, the Official 2016 Potter Yachter Calendar will be available at the meeting, so bring your checkbook or cash. On the subject of payments, membership dues are based on the calendar year and we vote on the amount at the annual meeting. Details on how to pay via PayPal will be in the next newsletter.

As is our custom, there will be a voluntary exchange of nautical gifts after the meeting for those wishing to participate. See you there! — 

From the North (Berkeley, Bay Bridge)  
take 880 S and exit Jackson Street  
turn left off the ramp and go under the freeway  
turn left on 8<sup>th</sup> Street  
turn left on Webster Street  
follow directions from the Posey Tube (below)

From the South (San Jose, Castro Valley)  
take 880 N to Oakland and exit Broadway  
turn right onto Broadway  
turn right on 7<sup>th</sup> Street  
turn right on Webster Street  
take the tunnel into Alameda (aka Posey Tube)

From the Posey Tube  
keep left and go over the overpass  
turn left at Atlantic Ave.  
turn left at Triumph Street  
the club is located at the end of the street.  
parking is in front of the club house



**THANKS FROM THE EDITOR**

The end of the year snuck up quickly. You'll notice that I skipped the November newsletter and combined it into this two-month issue. Due to my personal schedule, the same thing will unfortunately happen for January/February.

Be that as it may, the newsletter continues to serve as a record of the club's activities. People often thank me for publishing it, but I don't do this alone so I'd like to publicly thank the many contributors who provide content for the Potter Yachter Newsletter.

I've gotten regular contributions from our sail hosts during the past year, and I'd like to thank everyone who sent in a photo or an article, including: Carl Sundholm, Ron Reno, Dana Suverkrop, Pat Brennan, Bud Kerner, Rob Sampson, Don Person, Jerry Barrilleaux, "Goose" Gossman, Harry Gordon, Neil Dorf, Kevin Crowder, Dave Candey, Jim Smith, Rich McDevitt, Sharon Soule, David Soule, Mike Higgins, Eric Zilbert, Judy Blumhorst, Dan Phy, Mark Conry, David White, and Mike Swartz.

That's quite a list of contributors! I'm lucky and grateful to have had even more folks than last year providing content for the newsletter. Keep your stories, comments, and news coming!

May you and your loved ones have a fine holiday season and a happy new year!

Thank you. — *Phil, The Editor*





## Report: Delta Bridges Sail & Overnight A Great Trip (aka Fun with Bridges)

by Phil Marcelis

We had a fairly large contingent of Potter Yachters gather on Saturday, October 17<sup>th</sup> for the *Bridges Sail and Overnight*. We had twenty boats at the start: Jerry B, David White, Gerry Nolan, Phil Marcelis, Don Person, Dave and Francesca Kautz, Jim Smith, Bruce McDevitt, Neil & Becky Dorf, "Goose", Harry Gordon, Ralph and Al from Auburn, Rich McDevitt, Bud & Bobbi Kerner, Danny Ward and his dad Herman, Dana Suverkrop, Dave & Sharon Soule, Dave Candey & Pam, and Bruce & Marilyn.

Some folks stayed at Delta Marina on Friday night and others launched at the Rio Vista city ramp, but we all joined up on the mighty Sacramento River just south of the Rio Vista Lift Bridge. And "mighty" it was, with serious chop and wind. It looked so unwelcoming that two P-15 skippers decided to go as crew on P-19s.

"I clocked it at 26 knots on my anemometer," commented Bud Kerner. "It was a steady 20. Two P-15s decided that was too much wind and left their boats at Delta Marina. They went as crew on two P-19s."

A couple of other small boats attempted it but found the bash against the wind and waves was just too uncomfortable and they turned back.

Once past the first bridge, it was calm and relaxing. We had just a touch of rain as we turned onto the San Joaquin River, but those who saw it coming had plenty of time to put on some rain gear for the few minutes that it lasted. After that, we had a nice breeze and easy sailing over to the obligatory stop at Moore's Riverboat Bar (and restaurant) just around the bend at the intersection of the San Joaquin and Mokelumne Rivers.

Our second bridge was the Mokelumne Swing Bridge, just before our port turn entering the mostly windless but beautiful Georgiana Slough heading toward Oxbow Marina, where we feasted on great food and the company of fellow Potter Yachters.



First of six bridges: The Three-Mile Slough Bridge



Harry Gordon slogs south on the Sacramento River in foulies



Goose powers *Gale* past the Mokelumne Swing Bridge



*Gale*, the fastest P-15, pulls in first at Oxbow Marina



The Yachters produced delicacies to accompany dinner provided by our sail hosts



## The Potter Yachter

“Bud and Bobbi set out a fantastic pulled-pork dinner with the best brownies I have ever tasted”, Jerry B excitedly posted on TSBB. “And David brought out his portable bar – THANK YOU! (Hope to see photos.)”

[Here you go, Jerry! –Ed.]

After a good night’s sleep, we enjoyed Oxbow’s hot breakfast and then had our skippers’ meeting on the dock, where we decided to forgo the famous Walnut Grove ice cream shop, since that would have added over an hour to our trip and the weather was predicted to worsen later that afternoon. So when we left Georgiana Slough at Walnut Grove, we turned away from that city’s green bridge, and a [Robert Frost thought](#) paraphrased itself in my head; “Well, there’s the bridge not taken.”



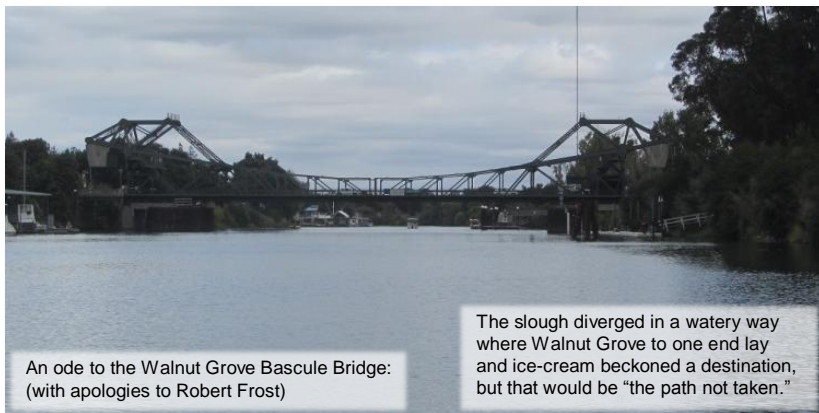
Bruce explains the finer points of sail trim to Gerry



Goose reads up on foiling monohulls in SAIL magazine



Georgiana Slough: Harbor seal catching fish for breakfast



An ode to the Walnut Grove Bascule Bridge:  
(with apologies to Robert Frost)

The slough diverged in a watery way  
where Walnut Grove to one end lay  
and ice-cream beckoned a destination,  
but that would be “the path not taken.”

All told, we went under 6 bridges:  
Three-Mile Slough Lift Bridge, Mokelumne  
River Swing Bridge, Tyler Island Swing  
Bridge, Georgiana Slough Swing Bridge,  
Isleton Bascule Bridge, and Rio Vista Lift  
Bridge.

It was a trip well worth making! — 🚣



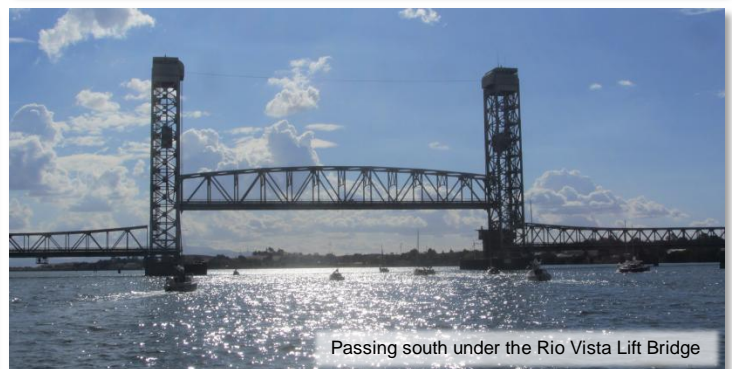
Heading toward Tyler Island Swing Bridge



Interesting mechanism of Isleton Bascule Bridge



Georgiana Slough Swing Bridge



Passing south under the Rio Vista Lift Bridge



(Tomales continued from page 1)

permits for tent camping on the beach and we'd be sleeping with the families on the boats.

Due to concerns about the prospective potential lack of parking at Tomales Bay's Miller County Park boat ramp, I made an extra effort to get everything ready the day before and picked up the boat and trailer from the boatyard early on Saturday morning, with my daughter Anna. My son Sam, now being old enough to drive and having a car of his own, was going to drive-up earlier that morning, with the hopes of reserving one of the few parking spots for the boat.

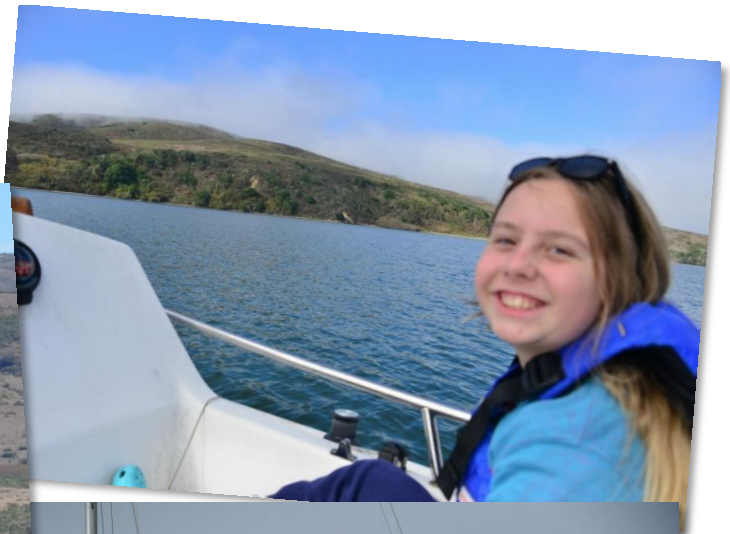
When we arrived at 8:30 a.m. on Saturday morning, it was a relief to see that there were three empty boat trailer parking spaces, so parking turned out not to be a problem. At the ramp we saw Rich and Mary McDevitt, Phil and Kim Marcelis with their two daughters Emily and Julia, and George and Rebecca Corrigan, with their Monty 15.

After rigging and launching, we enjoyed some motoring and sailing.



We saw Phil and family cruising nearby.

When we reached our traditional Potter Yachter haunts at "Tomales Beach", we began to set up camp in the midst of large groups of outfitter grouped kayakers. While the others were off sailing, Rich and I managed to obtain possession of one of the beach's two picnic tables.







Something great about having kids the same age around is that they entertain themselves. First, they dug enormous trenches near the waterline, and watched them fill up with water from the rising tide.

Then, Sam, Julia, Emily, and Anna wandered down to the swampy end of the beach and began collecting the small crabs there in a bucket, managing to collect about thirty or so. Too small to eat, they made a little corral for them in the sand and let them hide under rocks, only to be uncovered.



As the day heated up, this transitioned into a water fight.

While the kids played, some of us enjoyed relaxing on the beach and others enjoyed some sailing on the bay.







As the day progressed, thoughts turned to food.

We mustered up a fire and Oystermasters Rich McDevitt and Eric Zilbert worked their magic.



Then, as we savored the flavors of oysters, dinner, and conversation, we were treated to a beautiful twilight display of the sunset's colors reflected on the clouds.

Nighttime was made brighter by a nearly full moon.

By the campfire, Rich, and I on guitars, Phil on banjo, and Eric on cornet shamelessly filled the night air with music, and were pleasantly surprised with applause from the kayakers.

We sorely missed the presence of David White and his fine bartending skills, but managed to party on, until – one by one – people found their ways to their boats to turn in for the night.







The morning brought a layer of cool fog into camp.

Dagmar was landlocked, but we knew the tide tables and the tide later came in.



Courtesy of Kim Marcelis, we enjoyed a fantastic breakfast by the fire.



When the time came to leave, it was sad to pack up and have to go. You can always tell you've had a good time, when it's sad to go. The kids had a blast, and so did we. — 🚩

Do you have a favorite sailing destination? Maybe an overnight anchorage in a quiet corner of a slough, or a 'sporting' swath of a windy slot. Whatever the venue, write about it for a future issue of *The Potter Yachter*! Send your stories or comments to the editor: [sail@marcelis.com](mailto:sail@marcelis.com)



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**Report: MA-XIII****Another Successful Messabout***by Don Person*

Thirteen certainly wasn't an unlucky number for this year's Messabout, as it went off very well indeed. Our Messabout is an annual trek with sailing for ten days somewhere in the waters between Olympia in Washington, Sydney on the Canadian Island of Victoria, and north into the Desolation Sound area. Each year's tour covers more or less eighty miles in a circular route with stops at about eight ports.

This year's plan was to sail counter-clockwise around Orcas Island in Puget Sound, touching in at Blakely Harbor (Blakely Island), Deer Harbor (Orcas Island), Friday Harbor (San Juan Island), Roche Harbor (San Juan Island), Reid Harbor (Stuart Island), Sucia Bay (Sucia Island) and returning to our launch site of Squalicum Marina in Bellingham, Washington. Participants were a mixed bag of boats and old- and first-timers. Oldies were Dan Phy (Monty 15), Jim Kirwan (Monty 15), Don Person (P15), Pat Brennan (Compac 16), Jim Ferguson (P15) and his son, Rick – who has expertly renewed his P-19, Old # 2 – and John Chilles with Pam Cabot in their Monty 15. We were glad to see newbies Judy Blumhorst and her modified P-19, “Goose” Gossman with *Gale*, his highly modified P-15, Steve Haines (crew for Jim K.), Raphael Davidson, skippering his Suncat 17, Dick Galland with his beautiful Marshall Sanderling, *Catbird*, and Charlie Jeremias, expertly sailing his Farrier 27 trimaran, *Tri-Chi*. We were joined midway through by Bob Brown in another Monty 15.

I will mention weather now only to say we were most fortunate. We had one little nighttime sprinkle, two or three dewy mornings and decent breeze most of the time. The final lap from Sucia to Squalicum was blustery and choppy.

Departure from Squalicum went well. Everyone was launched and settled in the night before. Currents and tides are very important in these waters and thanks to Charlie who had a (sorry, but it has to be said this way) current current table, we realized we could leave all our ports, except the last, leisurely in mid-morning. It

*Blakely Harbor**Pre-departure at Squalicum Harbor*

is about 18 miles to Blakely Harbor, which meant six hours for the P-15s, and less for the longer waterline boats. Charlie in his trimaran was often sailing alone at well over ten knots.

Cozy and scenic describes Blakely Harbor. Approached from the east through tight Peavine Pass, current must be considered when in a small sailboat. It is a neat and clean, secluded, small, private marina and begs to be photographed.

Second stop was Deer Harbor on Orcas Island. It was an easy four or five hour sail. We found after the first few days that there would be fair wind early in the day

*From the Editor: This is the first of several perspectives on MA-XIII which folks sent me. Watch for them all in upcoming newsletters.*



which tapered off later. Many of our ports, like Deer Harbor, lie at the north end of an inlet. This is a pretty busy operation with a small general store and burger stand, offices for whale tours, sightseeing, kayak rentals and facilities for transient boaters. They were a little taken aback when told that thirteen small sailboats needed dock space, but rallied well and put us all together in our own area. Good show!

Next morning we pressed on to Friday Harbor; a nice three hour sail. It was very pleasing when I checked into the Friday Harbor Marina to hear, "Oh! Are you the Potters? Come on in. We will put you right up front." A good-sized port and ferry terminal for San Juan Island, Friday Harbor has a variety of stores from grocery to West Marine, plenty of shops and eateries for the many tourists, and its marina is large and busy. We laid over two days. Each day Charlie took a group out on his Farrier looking for Orcas. That was a very exciting ride for me, making 12 knots in a sailboat, although we didn't see any whales. The second day's group didn't have as good wind but claims they saw fins of some kind. Many in the group also took advantage of the three hour ferry trip around the islands – a good way to get a feel for the Puget Sound area.

Roche Harbor, also on San Juan Island, was our next stop; another five hour easy sail. Sited on a small bay whose entrance is protected by a ring of small islands, it looks rather elegant. It is an old resort area for wealthy boaters and retains a lot of that feel. There are still plenty of gold platers in the marina. It has a large, well-preserved older hotel with well-kept gardens whose restaurant serves delicious food. As with all our ports of call, the scenery is outstanding. The dock hands are college students, wear uniforms and throw loops while standing to tie us up when docking. Pretty cool I thought. It is also a passport check-in between Canada and the United States, but none of us crossed the line.

Reid Harbor on Stuart Island, a few miles north of Roche, is another inlet, almost a fjord. This one is narrow and there is only one dock. Two larger yachts took up half the dock so we rafted up, some three deep, and made do. No complaints, so everyone was comfortable, I guess. Even with the rafting, three or four of the larger boats anchored out. Deer Harbor has only an outhouse as a facility and it is up a very steep, 100 yard climb. A reward is a picturesque view of a small bay on the other side of the island. A Ranger did come by to look us over and collect the fees.



*Raphael Davidson, Dick Galland, Jim Ferguson, Rick Ferguson, Pat Brennan, Judy Blumhorst, Bob Brown, and Steve Haines*



*The Messabout fleet at Sucia Bay*



Sucia Island, our next stop, was six hours north-east. Again it was a comfortable sail and/or motor. This can be a difficult trip as parts of it are open to large areas of open water to the north but the weather gods smiled. Sucia Bay is my favorite for breathtaking scenery. It is a striking, small bay with gentle, tree-covered hills and is separated from a dramatic, smaller bay to the north by a sandy peninsula. It also begs to have its picture taken. Again there were larger yachts at the dock but they re-moored to give us as much room as possible, which was enough. Nice people.

This was our last night together before Squalicum, where we would pull out and disperse, so the dock party was more extensive than usual. We managed to consume most of the snacks

and drinks and spent time recalling the trip. All wore their Dan Phy caps. Dan has gifted the sailors on each Messabout with a labeled cap. This year's label was ATUS (all the usual suspects) over Messabout XIII. Dan and Steve Haines also helped out Jim Kirwan, who is going through a tough patch acclimating to meds which slow him down and interfere with his activity. The oldies also recalled the missing Admiral Dick Herman,

detained by family obligations. A charter member, he has provided, for every Messabout, a detailed syllabus of trip plans, navigation points and tips, and phone numbers for the skippers and families. He also took care of reservations at marinas and radio check-ins. When sailing he was always checking to make sure everyone was OK. He often used the phrase "herding cats" when talking about a fleet. And two oldies who were fondly remembered, having made it to many Messabouts, Dave Lawson and Don Hunter, have passed over the bar.

The last stage from Sucia to Squalicum was one to



*Charlie Jeremias sails Tri-Chi with Mt. Baker in the background*

remember. It was a long, eighteen miles; the wind was gusting over twenty in the morning dropping to five by the end. For several miles in the middle, we were in narrow Hale Passage with the current against the wind and erratic, choppy water. Crossing Bellingham Bay, often called the Bellingham bash, wasn't too bad as we quartered the wind and were going with the current. Most everyone was very glad to arrive at Squalicum to get their boats on their trailers and start home.

Over all, four-stars for companions, weather, boats and sailing fun. Do it again? You bet. — 



*Tom Luque bubbles a kaleidoscope of color into Reid Harbor*



*Sailing Stories and Passage Notes*

## **The Trip from Rio Vista to Monterey**

*by Bud Kerner*



This was my second sail to Monterey. My first sail ([PYN Aug-2003](#), page 5) started in the Richmond Inner Harbor and was a non-stop sail. It took just 24 hours to travel the 100 nautical miles. I had crew on that trip and we both got very wet and cold sailing through the Golden Gate. So cold, in fact, that we suffered from hypothermia for most of the trip.

### Day 1 – Sunday, July 19:

This year I sailed solo, like the other trips I have taken down the coast to San Diego. The difference was that I had company in the form of another boat. My friend and fellow Potter Yachter, David White, joined me in Rio Vista for the sail to Monterey in his red Potter 19, *Wee Boat*.

We left the public launch ramp in Rio Vista at approximately 10 am with very little wind, but a favorable tide. There were many birds enjoying the warm sun along the shore as we sailed to Benicia for our first overnight.



*Wildlife on the Sacramento River*

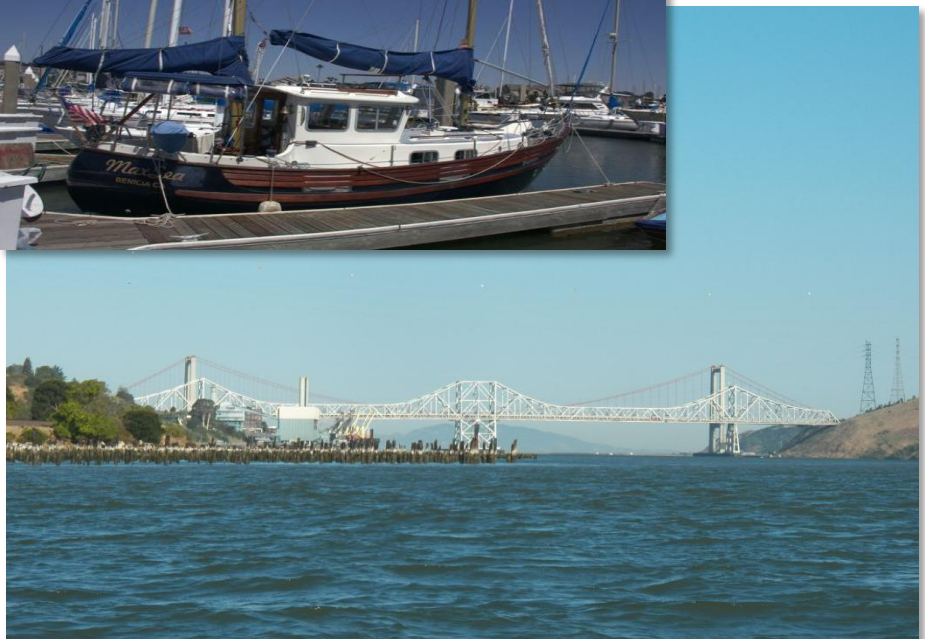
The distance from Rio Vista to Benicia is about 25 nm. Our sail was uneventful and we arrived at the Benicia Marina around 3:30 pm. This was my first sail with my repaired autopilot. It worked flawlessly... until I was ready to take my sails down; when it blew a fuse. Turns out, I found out later, I was using the wrong size fuse.

After securing our boats, I called Jim “Goose” Gossman, a fellow Potter Yachter who lives in Benicia and has *MaxSea*, a 30-foot Fisher Motorsailer, in the marina. Goose joined us and we enjoyed wine and cheese on the big yacht. We were bedded down at sunset. The next day’s sail was about 26 nm and would take us to Pier 39 for our second overnight.



### Day 2 – Monday, July 20:

Our second day we left the Benicia Marina at about 8 am. The picture to the right is our first view of the Carquinez Strait. Because it is narrow, we timed our passing so the tide would be with us.



*Carquinez Strait*



Here I am approaching the strait, and the other picture is David and an Amtrak train also approaching the strait.



*Cats Meow passing the sugar plant*



*Wee Boat approaching the Carquinez Strait*



*Through the Carquinez Strait – David on Wee Boat continues westward*



*East Brother Light Station B&B*

We sailed far out into [San Pablo Bay](#) before turning to port to head toward the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge. The wind, what there was of it, was coming from the west.

Once we made the turn we were on a broad reach that would actually hold for the rest of the day. At left is a picture of the [East Brother Light Station B&B](#). It looks like a great place to go to get away from everything.

There is something about the Richmond Bridge. I don't think I have ever sailed under it without some degree of difficulty. This time was no different. The wind completely died and the water was going every which way but up. We had to motorsail past Red Rock before we were able to sail again.



We sailed by San Quentin with little wind and fairly flat seas. Just past Red Rock the wind picked up again and we were once more sailing on a broad reach.

As we sailed past Raccoon Strait, I recalled my first sail to Monterey, where I tacked down this strait to approach the Gate.

This year we were going to sail the Slot. I told David, before we left Benicia, to make sure he reefed before he passed Angel Island. You can get lulled into complacency while on the relatively windless lee side of the island. However, he did not reef. Neither, for that matter, did I.

Once we got beyond the island, all hell broke loose. It was blowing at least 25 knots and we were under full sail. I saw David being blown towards Berkeley, while I struggled to shorten my sail. Some years ago I lost the sail stop on my mast. I replaced it with a bungee and over the years the bungee has worn out. When I was lowering my sail to reef, the bungee didn't hold the sail stops and the sail came off the mast. By the way, my autopilot blew another fuse. So here I was with a sail horizontal to the water and a current drifting me towards the south end of Angel Island. I finally gave up and brought the mainsail into the cockpit and motored towards Pier 39 some two miles away. On the way to the marina I saw David with his sails down also motoring towards Pier 39.

[Pier 39](#) was the most expensive marina I have stayed at on the West Coast. The overnight was \$45 and the guest slips are on the west side of the pier. Slips for permanent berthers are on the east side of the pier and are well protected by Pier 39's multi-story structures. The problem with the guest slips is that there is nothing to block the westerly wind. It is also home to the tour boats, not to mention the sea lions.

On the positive side, it is Pier 39 – with all its attractions and the best restroom arrangements of any marina I have ever stayed in. Each restroom was a self-contained room that had a table, chair, toilet, sink, and shower.

David and I had a fine dinner at the [Fog Harbor](#) restaurant, and then hit the sack early. We wanted to be rested for our sail through the Golden Gate.

### Day 3 – Tuesday, July 21:

We left the marina early Tuesday morning to take advantage of slack tide at the Gate. Here are pictures of us sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge. Note the lack of waves and wind.



*Raccoon Strait with Golden Gate in the distance*



*Wee Boat motorsailing under the Golden Gate*



*Cats Meow motorsailing under the Golden Gate*



At right is a picture of *Wee Boat* after it passed under the Golden Gate Bridge. You can see Alcatraz in the background.



*Seal Rock*



*Wee Boat west of the Gate with Alcatraz behind*

We sailed several miles straight out from the Gate, passing Seal Rock. When we got offshore a comfortable distance we turned to port to sail down the coast towards Half Moon Bay, which was our next overnight. The bay was about 30 nm away.

Half Moon Bay, or more accurately Pillar Point Harbor, is an interesting marina. We motored around looking for the harbor master's office, but there were no signs. We finally took a slip next to a house boat and got directions to the office.

The next day would be our longest sail of the trip, almost 50 nm, so we had an early dinner and went to bed at dark.

#### Day 4 – Wed., July 22:

We were underway at 7:00 am. The sea was quite calm and the wind was blowing about 10 knots. As we made our way down the coast, the wind continued to increase to 15 knots. With a relatively calm ocean and a nice breeze, this was the most pleasant part of the trip so far. We passed the Pigeon Point Lighthouse at the 20-mile mark; still 30 miles left to go.



*Pigeon Point Lighthouse*



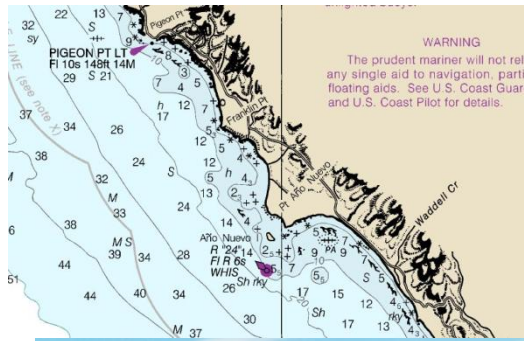
## *The Potter Yachter*

Just past the lighthouse we were able to see Point Año Nuevo.

On the chart there is almost a mile of open water between a small land mass and the mainland.

As we got closer, I noticed breaking waves between the two.

I decided to stay on the ocean side of the island. There was a buoy just off the small land mass. Upon closer inspection, we noticed buildings.



*Point Año Nuevo*



*Steele Brothers Dairy*

I later discovered that the buildings were part of the [Steele Brothers Dairy](#) that operated there for 80 years. The island, upon which the house and buildings are perched, was once connected to the mainland.

Forty miles into the trip we passed the cement plant in Davenport. We were getting closer to Santa Cruz; only ten more miles to go. The weather was still holding with calm seas and a 10 to 15 knot breeze.

Passing Pt. Santa Cruz we turned to port and headed for the Santa Cruz Yacht Harbor. When we passed the point there was a noticeable increase in the wind. It continued to build to 20 to 25 knots. It was a case of "Murphy's Law", since this was the time to take our sails down before entering the harbor. The entrance can be quite challenging; it is narrow and sometimes has breaking waves over the bar. Today it looked OK.



*Cement Plant Davenport*



When I started to take my mainsail down, the bungee didn't hold and my main came out of the mast track and was once again flying parallel to the water. The auto pilot blew another fuse, and after some struggling, everything was put away and we motored into the harbor.

The harbor master put us on an end tie. The end tie was fine. However, we shared it with an aerator that was noisy and ran all night. I guess that is better than having dead fish floating around the boat.

Once the boats were secure, we went up to the [Crow's Nest](#) for a cocktail. The Crow's Nest is still as popular as ever; seating was at a premium. That evening I had dinner on the boat, David went back to the Crow's Nest to eat.



*David stowing Wee Boat's sails*



*Wee Boat leaving Santa Cruz*

#### Day 5 – Thursday, July 23:

The most difficult part of the trip was behind us. All that was left was a short sail to Moss Landing followed by a short sail to Monterey.

After breakfast in Santa Cruz Harbor, we were underway by 10 am. Shortly after leaving Santa Cruz, the power plant stacks at Moss Landing came into view. Wind speed and direction were perfect for my new code zero sail. I was sailing with my main reefed and the code zero. In the 10 miles or so to Moss Landing I got over a mile ahead of *Wee Boat*.

The [Elkhorn Yacht Club](#) is not open on Thursdays, and the guest badge will not open the club door. It just happened that Linda Mae, the bartender at the club, was there cleaning. Not only did she let us in, she made us a couple of cocktails. Dinner that night was at the [Sea Harvest restaurant](#) in the launch ramp parking lot.



*PG&E Stacks at Moss Landing*



Day 6 – Friday, July 24:

We left the Elk Horn Yacht Club's guest dock at 10am for the relatively short sail to Monterey. I still had the reef in my main sail and was using the code zero. This day the light wind was keeping me from sailing directly to the Monterey Harbor. I eventually had to tack out and switch to my lapper.

Since we were arriving on the weekend of the Potter Yachters [Cruiser Challenge](#), we already had slip assignments. I radioed the harbormaster to find out where to park the boats.

Notice the white bag on the floor under my tiller. That bag holds the clothes I was wearing when we entered the “slot” – they were still wet.



*Cats Meow at rest with three other P19's*

It was a great week of sailing and the only way to go to the Cruiser Challenge. — 

## **Report: Moss Landing to Monterey Sail and Overnight Potter Yachters on the High Seas**

*by Phil Marcelis*

After sailing over 100 nautical miles to Monterey Bay, Bud and David may refer to the sail from Moss Landing to Monterey as short, but for the rest of us who are not (yet) on par with them, this was “long distance cruising.”

I pulled into the Moss Landing parking lot just a few minutes after Dan Phy at around 1 pm on October 2<sup>nd</sup> and Bud Kerner showed up shortly after that. We got rigged and ready to go fairly quickly, so we went out for a little whale watching trip.



Whales on Monterey Bay

Dan Phy sails *Six* in mild swells on Friday afternoon



White had pulled in and was thinking about rigging. He was launched by 6:30 and we all went over to avail ourselves of Elkhorn Yacht Club's hospitality.

Monterey Bay doesn't technically qualify as “High Seas”, but the offshore wind and swell does present a challenge. Friday was relatively benign in that regard, for which I was thankful. The clear, sunny skies and minimal swell made for some nice whale watching conditions.

By the time we returned to the harbor, David

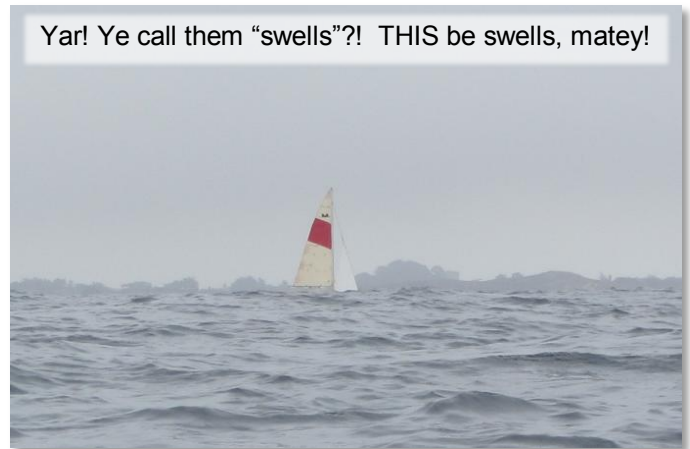




Saturday was a slightly different story. We awoke to overcast conditions and the weather report predicted rain by early afternoon. The harbor seals and otters didn't seem to care, but I wasn't looking forward to getting lost at sea in a raging storm while singlehanded.

Luckily, Mike Swartz, with his years of P-19 sailing experience in the Monterey Bay, offered to join me as crew, so there'd be no chance of that happening... because I wouldn't be singlehanded.

I don't have many pictures of that morning but what few photos I do have all paint the same image; dreary, cold, wet, windy. (Not necessarily in that order.)



In typical Potter fashion, we each went a different direction (keeping in contact via VHF) and eventually converged on Monterey while avoiding the brunt of the bad weather. We were delighted by the sight of *Good & Plenty*, a Compac 17 skippered by Dan and Gretchen Ricker and crewed by Jerry Kergan and Garnet.

Although the clouds threatened rain out on the water, we stayed dry in the harbor and enjoyed everyone's company on the dock.

The next morning, I rescued my dockline from a sea otter who wrapped it all around and seemed to want to call it home. Then Mike joined me again, and we headed back to Moss Landing with Bud and David.

The brisk wind got us there quickly but Dan Phy had outboard problems and had to sail through the treacherous Moss Landing entrance. The wind was still strong in the harbor and he missed his docking, so I caught up with him and gave a tow before he could damage too many multi-million dollar yachts. —



(from left) Phil, Bud, Dan Phy, Mike, Garnet, and Gretchen



Mike says, "Every good sailor has a Wind Wizard!"



(from left) Bud, Dan, and Mike finally back in Moss Landing





## 2016 Potter Yachter Calendar

Order yours today!

Don Person has put together another wonderful calendar for the Potter Yachters. Reserve before Jan. 6 to pick it up at the Annual Meeting for \$10. Or mail a \$15 check to Patrick Brennan (address below) to get it by mail. You can also email your postal address and pay \$15 via PayPal. A **limited amount will be printed** and requests will be filled in the order received, so send an email to [pat-brennan@sbcglobal.net](mailto:pat-brennan@sbcglobal.net) to reserve yours today!

## Potter Yachter Membership

Join the *Potter Yachters* – the club that has been around since 1978 and, with your participation, will continue to withstand the test of time. We’re really a bunch of nice folks who would just love to have other nice folks join us. Your dues help support club activities and publish the newsletter, so you’ll be sure to know when we’re out sailing, whether that’s in the San Juan Islands, Monterey, the SF Bay, or elsewhere. Annual dues are \$25. Make checks payable to “Patrick Brennan”.

Send your payment (with  
your name and address) to:

Pat Brennan  
1305 Webster Street #C205  
Alameda CA, 94501



Or see us online at:  
[www.potter-yachters.org](http://www.potter-yachters.org)

**Organized in Northern California in 1978, the *Potter Yachters* is the longest running West Wight Potter club. Membership is open to anyone interested in West Wight Potters and other trailerable microcruiser sailboats.**





Patrick Brennan  
1305 Webster St., C205  
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## 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

