



The Potter Yachter

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

October 2023

“Even as a kid I liked to travel distances”

In Conversation with Bud Kerner

By George Wehrfritz

At just 19 feet and displacing about a ton fully laden, *Cat's Meow* was a minnow in the Pacific Ocean. Yet in his mid-70s, Bud Kerner piloted his stock Potter 19 down almost 500 NM of California's rugged coastline, testing his and the sailboat's limits during serial adventures that have become yore in the trailer-sailing community. Bud, who turns “a young 87” this month, hosted the recent Moss Landing to Monterey sail and is preparing to lead the Delta Bridges sail one last time, with the same attention to detail that's made it a perennial favorite in our club.

Bud joined the Potter Yachters in 2000 and served as commodore from 2009-2011. Based now in Rio Vista, he's begun to refit his smaller boat – an early P14 – to tuck under Delta bridges and explore its quieter waterways. Over several in-depth conversations, Bud shared stories about long-distance cycling, solo sailing, the Internet, his fondness for the Delta and a trimaran wrecked by scoundrels.

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The Commodore's Corner



By Phil Marcelis

September was a bit of a blur. I led some sailors (who we can now refer to as ATUS) on an expedition to Desolation Sound for 16 days, including the drive up and back. Now, I say 'led' but that term is only loosely applied

here, as anyone who is acquainted with Potter Yachter events knows. Still, it was a surprisingly cohesive group who caravanned with FRS radios and used cell phones when the service was available. For me, personally, it was the best Messabout I've been on. It's the first one that Kim has joined, and it was a fantastic trip filled with great weather, some wind, not much precipitation, and the enthralling stories of previous exploits from All The Usual Suspects. Our daughter was home from college, so Kim missed the drive up. She flew out of SFO the same day our daughter flew back to college, meeting me in Campbell River on Friday. I was rather nervous because she hadn't even slept one night on the boat before this trip, let alone 9 nights in a row! (Oh, we had PLANNED for a test run, but it got pushed out and pushed out until it was too late.) I was greatly relieved to hear her say that she slept well on the boat and would be happy to go again! Even though she deftly avoided the drive up, the ride back home gave her the taste of what it's like crossing Juan de Fuca on the Blackball Ferry and towing a boat 900 miles. One day at home to do laundry and we were on a plane to the East Coast for family weekend at our other kid's college. Back for just a few days and we're taking the boat to Moss Landing. Yes, it's a blur... but we're loving it!

As club commodore, I should probably get on with some club business... We're going to have an annual meeting in January where we'll be voting for directors. As you recall, during the process of incorporating the club we created bylaws (view at [the Potter Yachter Website](#)) which says there needs to be a quorum of at least one-third of eligible voting members, represented in person or by proxy. For our purposes, "in person" includes teleconferencing, for example via Zoom ([Using this link](#)) or telephone. If you can't attend the meeting in person and would like to give one of the other attendees permission to vote in your place, please write a letter or send an email to the Secretary (Goose) before January 7th. You can use the website form for that: [using this link](#). In a twist of fate, I won't be able to get to OYC for the meeting and I'll be at the mercy of cell phone service to attend via Zoom. I would have said "unfortunately, I won't be at OYC" but the fact is that I plan to be on a catamaran sailing trip in the BVIs so there's really nothing unfortunate about that. With the time difference, I'm hoping to be hooked on a mooring ball before the meeting starts. And my cell phone service worked great in Canada and didn't fail me when I was in the BVIs several years ago, so I'm hopeful I can attend.

Regards,

Phil — 



Club Events on the Horizon

potter-yachters.org/calendar

October 28-29

Delta Bridges

Bud Kerner

Don't miss the last of the Delta Bridges sails. Conditions could be anywhere from no wind to very challenging. Bring gas and a motor capable of going 3 mph.

January 7, 2024

Annual Meeting

Jon Barber/Goose

*Upcoming: Launch in Rio Vista;
Oct 28/29, 2023*

Delta Bridges Sail and Overnight

Sailhost: Bud Kerner



Join the Potter Yachters on another Bridges Sail. This year we will attempt to pass under 6 bridges in the California Delta. The sail will start in Rio Vista on October 28. The boats will meet on the Sacramento River at 9 am to head upriver.

You can launch at the [public launch](#) or nearby [Delta Marina](#).

There is an additional challenge this year. The first and last bridges

we pass are being repaired. There is a requirement to give the bridge tender a three-hour notice. If you are not with the fleet when we get to these two bridges, you will have a three-hour wait. Likewise, if you get there early and they open the bridge for you the rest of us will have a three-hour wait.

We will have lunch at [Ko-Ket](#) a resort on the river. From there we will continue up the river to Georgiana Slough. The boats will then follow the slough to [Ox-Bow Marina](#) (overnight cost: \$1.50 per foot) where participants will be provided a pizza dinner courtesy of the Potter Yachters. If you do not want to participate your other option is to eat on your boat. There are no restaurants close by.

In addition, the Western Marina Yacht Club in Ox Bow Marina is having a costume dance Saturday night (costumes are optional). The fee is \$25 per person, including a spread of hors d'oeuvres, very inexpensive drinks, and a live band. For planning purposes please let me know if you are thinking of joining the yacht club and how many people.

Sunday morning the marina is providing us with a complimentary brunch. We will be leaving the marina at 9:30 and continuing on Georgiana Slough to the Mokelumne River, then to the mighty San Joaquin River. The fleet will head downriver to Three Mile Slough and our last bridge. The slough will let us out on the Sacramento River, and a short sail back to Rio Vista.



Directions to the public boat ramp in Rio Vista:

- From Antioch: Take Hwy 160 North to Hwy 12 West
- From Hwy 5, go towards Lodi, then take Hwy 12 west

**Once on Hwy 12 west, continue over Rio Vista Bridge, then follow signs to Downtown Rio Vista making a hairpin turn right onto Hwy 84, and immediate right at N Front St., continue until Montezuma Street and turn left toward the ramp.*

- From the West, take Hwy 680 or Hwy 80 toward Fairfield, then take Hwy 12 east.

**Once on Hwy 12 east, continue until N Front St (Just before the Rio Vista Bridge) and continue until Montezuma Street and turn left towards the ramp.*



(Conversation with Bud Kerner continued from page 1)

Is this your last year as sail host for the Bridges Sail?

Yes, but if somebody else wants to pick it up I'll give them a hand. This one's work when you get a lot of people. We had 15 boats last year.

You have a fondness for the Delta.

Well, I live in the Delta now. In fact, I'm looking at Don Person's tent from his P15 to see if I can rig it onto my P14. At Moss landing last year, I slept on it for the first time ever, but realized I couldn't sit up in the cabin and needed some means to stay dry while having coffee in the cockpit. I intend to rig the P14 to explore more of the Delta by crossing under bridges that don't open. With its Lateen rig I can drop the mast quickly.

Bridges is one of the club's more popular sails. Why, do you think?

I don't know. There's a lot of motoring. Even if there is wind, down low in the water the levees can block the flow. You look up and see the trees moving, but you have no wind. Some years its white-knuckle sailing. People like going under all the bridges.



Before sailing you were an avid long-distance bicycle rider, right?

Actually no. In my youth we spent summers at the largest spring-fed lake in Pennsylvania, where somebody gave me a 6-foot wooden dinghy. It had a hole in the seat where you could step a mast, so I made one, and got an old sheet for a sail. I forget what I did for a rudder. The prevailing wind went from the side of the lake we were on to the lee shore about a mile way. I'd make the crossing, but I couldn't tack back because the dinghy was flat-bottomed and the leeboard I made broke. There were two motorboats on that lake, one of them for the lifeguards who were—you know—college kids, and I was pre-teen at this

time. So, when I went out on the water, they'd come out too because it gave them a chance to use the motorboat to tow me home. That's how I started sailing.

My second boat was a trimaran. Very old, with heavy canvas sails, amas made of plywood and a metal hull with a fabric covering. Before I went out each time, I had to patch holes in the hull fabric or I'd sink.

Could you tack through the wind?

If you backfilled the jib, it would come around. I paid something like \$15 for it and used it for a couple years at the lake. There were these two guys ... I don't remember how this happened, but they wanted to race me. At the time, nothing on the lake but the two powerboats could beat me. So, we agreed to race for \$100, and on the morning of the race I went down on the dock to put the trimaran in the water, and it must have had a hundred holes in it. The guys had guaranteed I couldn't beat them, so the race never happened.

Now, when I was a young lad, I used to ride my bike a fair distance, too. It was a one-speed with balloon tires. I always came home at night, but for some reason instead of going around the block like most kids I liked to take long trips. As an adult, a year or two after I moved out to California in 1977, I thought 'gee, it would be nice to ride down the coast on a bicycle.'

I mentioned that to my neighbor and he was all for it. I rode a three-speed bike at the time and my sleeping bag was gigantic, but we actually went down the coast on Highway 1. Afterwards I said I'd never do it again because there was no room for bicycles on the coast highway. I was living in Morgan Hill at the time, so we'd tour from there to Los Angeles on Highway 101, ride to the airport, rent a car and drive home. I worked for IBM, so I got a pretty good deal on rental cars. I don't know how many times we did it. At least ten.

(Continued next page)

Wow!

My neighbor, he was a school teacher, and later with my son Rob we did the LA ride a lot. We went north a couple of times, up to Washington. Our biggest endeavor was to drive to Oregon and pick up the cross-country bike route heading for Pennsylvania, where my wife's mother lived on a farm. We'd ridden all the way to the Rockies, but in Idaho we got news that my mother-in-law had died. So we rented a car and came back.

I did a lot of bicycling, and I think that's why, when I got the sailboat, I wanted to go somewhere.

What did you do at IBM?

I started in 1962 and worked with American Airlines to develop the first commercial, real-time reservation system. I was with them until we got it online.

So we can blame you for all the flight delays in the 1970s?

That's right. And you can even blame us for the Internet because we were the first ones to do something like that commercially.

When did you first see a Potter?

I'm not 100% sure. Maybe in *Mechanix Illustrated* or *Popular Mechanics*. I bought the boat from the factory in December of 2000. Soon I'd read about the Potter Yachters. Judy was commodore at the time, and that January she organized a group visit to the Bay Area Tide Model in Sausalito, which Bobbi and I also attended. After that I joined the club.

What differentiates Delta and ocean sailing?

The California coast is not very forgiving. In the Delta, if you're out during the week you don't see a lot of boats, but you see people, cars driving on levee roads, you're not very far from shore. So if something really did happen you just point the boat into the shore, run aground and get out. On the Pacific, it's surprising how few people you see. Not that many people sail out off the coast. They sail around near a marina.

I enjoy being out there all by myself, knowing that if anything happens, I've got to fix it.

Describe your California Coast project.

I started with a crew, a friend who flew out from Connecticut for the Cruiser Challenge. We sailed into Monterey from Richmond. Now, even as a kid I always liked to travel distances. We did that on bicycles for years. And during that sail to Monterey, I thought: 'Gee, it'd be interesting to go down the coast.' So I did.

How many legs did you do? Over how many years?

Seven multiple-day cruises. It took five or six years.

Give us an overview.

For the second leg, [Ed: [Bud's original account here](#)] I left Monterey solo in the dark; my plan was to anchor off the coast for two nights enroute to Morro Bay. The cruising book I was using told me where to do that.

The first morning was quiet but the wind continued to build. By afternoon I had pretty good wind and was probably around Big Sur when I discovered that my autopilot only worked to a certain point, and when the wind went beyond that it couldn't really handle the boat. It was like a novice sailor that didn't react fast enough, and the boat began turning up and doing all sorts of funny things.

I decided then I'd better reef, so I get up on the cabin, sit with my legs in the cabin and begin to reef. The autopilot is steering, but just then the wind overpowers it, and it turns the boat sideways, and it heeled so far water was coming into the cockpit. I'm sitting up on top of this cabin and there is nothing anywhere. And I'm thinking 'God, this might be it.' (Continued next page)



The boat wants to come back up, but the autopilot is trying to keep it on course, so we go for some ways – not a long way – with the boat on its side and water coming into the cockpit until the boat finally rounded up and I got down and started steering. I was so shook-up I dropped my sails and started to motor.

Soon I get to the waypoint in the book, but I'd expected a road, maybe a little village, but I don't see anything. I continue on, determine that was the waypoint and go back. Looking at the shoreline, I see a stretch where there are no breaking waves on the shore, so I figure out that was where I was supposed to anchor. Which I did, then I made supper and began to re-rig the mainsail I'd stowed. My halyard is twisted around the mast, so I take it and throw it up to get it around the mast, but it doesn't go around the mast but up the mast. Instead of getting up and untangling it, I throw it two more times, until finally it is so high, I can't reach the end of it. Then I realize: because I couldn't raise my mainsail I couldn't go on, so I decided I'd better return to Monterey.

In the morning I motored back against the current. On the way I heard a whale blow, then heard it a second time and caught a grey whale as it was submerging. Every minute or so that whale came up and did a blow, and one of its eyes was looking at me. He or she was probably 50 feet from the boat, and stayed with me for ten minutes, maybe longer. I was going against the waves and the current, so it was a very rough ride back.

That was my first attempt to go south. The next year I started again from Monterey.



How'd that go?

Same ocean anchorage the first night. No issues. My next stop was San Simeon, and I had almost no wind all the way around Point Blanca, which is a great big rock full of guano that turned it white. From there I'd plotted the wrong waypoint in the GPS for San Simeon. The GPS says I'm there, but I don't see any harbor. Still, I go in. At this point I'm concerned about how much gas I have left. I keep going in until I realize I'm heading for a bunch of rocks, so I turn around and have to power out of a bunch of kelp before motoring on to San Simeon and anchoring.

At the time I was a AAA member, so I was considering calling them, inflating my raft and paddling ashore to refill the gas tank. But I figured I still had some gas and only 15 miles to get to Morro Bay.

After the harrowing day I'd had getting to San Simeon, I drank quite a lot of wine at dinner and went to sleep. Then my anchor alarm went off, so I had to get up after drinking all that wine and reset the anchor. I made a rule: if I'm at anchor, one glass of wine with dinner. The next day the wind came up some and I was able to sail to Morro Bay. On the way in, there's this large sailboat motoring in, and the guy said, "Where'd you come from?" I said Monterey, and he said, "You know, there's some guy on a small boat sailing down the coast." I said "Yeah, it's me." He was a yacht club member, and they let me stay at their dock that night.

You've written about rounding Point Conception during the 4th leg of this journey.

I set out well before dawn. Ideally, I'd have rounded Point Conception in the morning, but it was too far away. Also, I wanted to see a place call Destroyer Rock mentioned in my cruising book. It's near Vandenberg Air Force Base. In 1936, I think, six or eight destroyers were heading south down the coast, dead reckoning in fog. The lead destroyer's captain thought he was going around Point Conception and turned into this rock on shore. A number of destroyers followed him in. The book said that wreckage was still visible, so I went in pretty close to shore but didn't see it. From there it's a 10-12 mile run to Point Conception. I was probably a mile offshore. (Continued next page)

I didn't go out further, which was a big mistake. About 8 miles from the point a siren goes off in the boat. Until then I didn't realize I had a siren. I'm looking around, trying to figure out where the hell it's coming from, and I realize it's the radio. NOAA, with a Small Craft Warning: wind building to 35 knots and waves from 5-7 feet, every 4 seconds.

By this point I couldn't turn around. I put a reef in when I got the warning. I was thinking: four seconds isn't a lot of time to go from one wave to the next. The closer I got to the point the harder the wind blew and the bigger the waves got. I'm moving fast -- faster than the waves -- and I'm actually going off the front of them. So, to slow down I drop my jib with the downhaul, but it doesn't come down the whole way, and I'm not going forward in such big seas with my autopilot not working. But the reefed main and that little bit of jib was the right combination, and I slowed up enough that the waves were going by me.

Scary.

Yeah. I'd steer a wave and have 4 seconds to position for the next wave, and then a big one, maybe 10-14 feet, caught me and I broached. I wound up on top of this very large wave, my bow pointing toward shore, and I thought: *Shit, this is not good*. I fell off that wave, hit the valley between it and the oncoming wave and was able to get the boat around before the next wave passed. Otherwise, it probably would have rolled me.

And I kept thinking, once I round Point Conception everything's going to be okay. I also kept looking at the beach. By then I'd been sailing maybe 12 hours, and I was pretty tired. The shoreline looks like a regular beach, and I'm thinking: 'I could beach this boat and walk home.' I was really tired.

Eventually I anchored where my cruise book suggested. I went forward, dropped my anchor having forgotten to put on my gloves, and the boat takes off backwards, as the wind is still blowing 35 knots. The line is running out at a pretty good rate and I'm afraid to grab it. Then I wonder: had I tied off the bitter end? Fortunately, yes. Soon the whole 265 feet of line runs out, and I have just enough time to grab and cleat it. I had pretty good scope, but with such winds I set my second anchor off the stern to prevent swinging back and forth. Oh yeah, and there was an oil tanker off my stern.

That night I slept in my clothes, head to the bow of the V-berth, just in case I had to jump up if the anchor slipped. My head was right under the bow cleat where I'd tied off the anchor, and boy, did that cleat groan all night long. The wind never let up, and in fact when I left in the morning it was still blowing and did all the way down to Santa Barbara.

Did you ever think: "I might die here?"

When I broached on top of that wave, I really thought that was it. All the way down I kept looking at the shoreline to calculate whether I would turn in and beach the boat. I'd had all the fun I'd wanted to have.

In Santa Barbara the word went around that I'd rounded Point Conception. The harbor master wanted to talk about it. I walked over to West Marine to replace a padlock, the guy there was like "You're the guy who sailed around Point Conception!" The news

spread fast, and I thought they were going to ask for my autograph. There's a little museum nearby, and the guy let me in for free. (Continued next page)



What happened south of Santa Barbara?

From there I went to Marina Del Ray. Then, I joined the SoCal Potters sailing out of Long Beach to Catalina. Dave Kautz was going with them, so I sailed down to meet him, but it was foggy, and there are freighters everywhere, the next morning fog everywhere, I don't think you could see 50 feet. So, I go down and there's a P-15 with a father and his adult son, who was puking for most of the trip. They weren't that experienced, so I stayed with that boat until we came out of the fog, where I met Dave and we sailed together into Twin Harbors. The next morning, I sailed over to Dana Point, then to Oceanside. My last leg was to San Diego.

Solo circumnavigator Teddy Seymour, writing on the subject of risk on the high seas, once concluded: "If you want guarantees, buy a toaster."

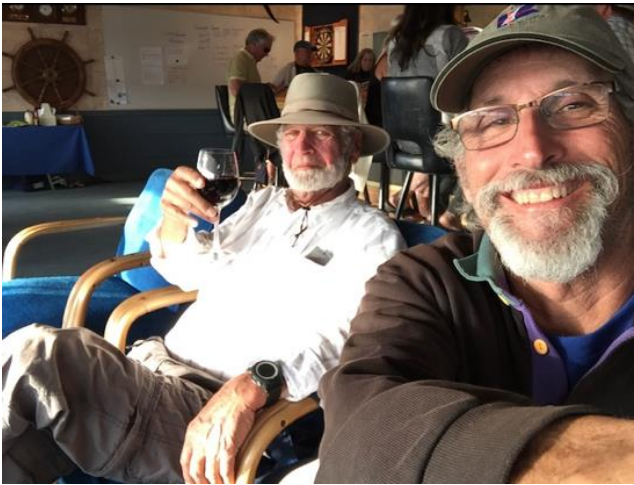
That's true. The ocean, you know, it sank the *Titanic*. What if a 100-foot wave comes along? There's a certain risk, and I can't explain why I find it appealing. After I broached, in those waves coming on every 4 seconds, I was thinking: 'if I don't make this, it was really silly. If being on the ocean were my business, and I died in that business, that's one thing. But if I die now, I'm leaving a wife behind just because of a hobby.' I always told Bobbi that the most dangerous part of any trip was towing the boat.

That depends on where you sail.

Right. On a lake, it's reasonably safe. If you're on the ocean in extreme conditions, even with a group, someone will know where you sank. If there had been another boat with me as I rounded Point Conception, let's say, and one of us got into serious trouble, the other boat couldn't help them except to say 'this is the last point where I saw them.'

Risks are involved.

The question is: why do you take them? One of the things that attracts me is being out there solo with nothing around, and only myself to handle whatever happens. That's appealing for some reason. I never used the radio to call for assistance while sailing down the coast. I mean, I listened to it. There was some very interesting stuff sometimes, but I did not use it to seek help.



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After Action Report: Loch Lomond

By Goose Gossman



Steve Hartman and Stefan Jaquet sail out the Point Potrero Reach on *Parson's Ghost*
Photo: Sharon Soule

This year's sojourn into the central Bay was its usual mellow early Fall cruise. Calm overcast mornings perfect for sipping coffee would gradually open up to sunny skies, mid-70 temps, and 8-10k breezes.



George W enjoying the conditions
Photo: Goose Gossman

On Friday George and Rebecca Corrigan trailered their P19 to Loch Lomond from Benicia. Charlie Jeremiah (Mac 26X) motor sailed from Napa and met me (on P18 *ReGale* from Benicia) near the Hwy 80 Bridge at the confluence of the Carquinez Strait/ Mare Island Strait/ San Pablo Bay. Always an interesting place to cross on the way to the Bay, Charlie and I enjoyed motor sailing together the whole way. With a 2k adverse flooding current, and 10-15 winds on the nose, we covered the 18 miles in about 3 hours. We both have 50hp, and usually average 8-10k, but not all that day. San Pablo Bay has lots of ship traffic, and can get crazy when a strong ebb runs against the wind. At least we didn't have to deal with that, but never got to just sail. Upon arrival we carefully watched the channel markers and found our pre-assigned slips. After naps we joined my old dock mate Barry aboard his Mac 26x for drinks and take-out dinners. We'd get all our meals at Andy's market at the marina, which has incredible food.

Saturday morning, we hit Andy's for coffee, fresh pastries and b-fast burritos. With sandwiches to-go we headed out to meet up with the Richmond fleet.

Kevin Crowder (ComPac 19), Steve Hartman (Marshal Sanderling 18 Catboat), Sharon and David Soule (Balboa 21), and George Wehrfritz (Sparrow 16) launched in Richmond and sailed to Loch Lomond Saturday.

Loch Lomond Participants:

- Goose Gossman – *ReGale*, WWP 18
- Charlie Jeremiah – *Red X*, Mac 26X
- George and Rebecca Corrigan – *Horizon Bound*, WWP 19
- Kevin Crowder and Rick Carter – *Aurora*, Compac 19
- George Wehrfritz – *Betty Sparrow*, Sparrow 16
- David and Sharon Soule – *Nighthawk*, Balboa 21
- Steven Hartman and Stefan Jaquet – *Parson's Ghost*, Marshall Sanderling 18

(Continued next page)



Aurora leading the way
Photo: Sharon Soule'

Conditions were very pleasant, as we headed towards the Richmond Bridge. I motor sailed over to meet and sail with them for a while before heading in. Most of the boats stayed out for another hour or so in the really pleasant conditions.

Once everyone was in, we boat hopped and socialized before another famous Potter-Yachter sponsored pizza party. Andy's also makes the best pizzas! My wife Gail showed up for the party, and no one was disappointed.

Sunday morning, the Richmond contingent caught the early out-going sleigh-ride back, while the rest of us drank coffee and relaxed, waiting for the tide to shift for

our free ride. We watched the birds and seals, and then drove over to West Marine. Turns out that that damn ethanol had eaten up the seals of my fuel line connectors and leaked. Seriously not good!! It seems that, in addition to the fuel hoses, fittings and external tanks should be replaced every few years. Ridiculous, but necessary.

After spending way too much money for parts (including a new handheld VHF spare), Charlie and I got provisions at Andy's before heading out. It was just past noon, the breeze was building, and the flood was on! We motored out of the channel, set the sails, and turned off the engines. With the tide running about 1.5 knots, and 5-8 knots of wind, we were instantly going 4 knots. When the wind hit 10-12 knots, we were going a solid 6 knots, straight for home. Charlie actually had to motor to catch up, and then we sailed alongside and chatted for another hour. The water was flat, and *ReGale* was scooting.



Boat hopping in Aurora
Photo: Goose Gossman



Charlie piloting Red X
Photo: Goose Gossman

Nearing the confluence, we split up, just as wind and the water's turbulence rose.

I could feel the energy as *ReGale* loaded up and charged towards the bridge. There was a freighter coming, and I didn't want to break something, so I eased off. We couldn't go any faster anyway, as *ReGale* won't plane under sail unless surfing a big wave—which doesn't happen with flood and wind going in the same direction. The GPS hit 9.75 mph a couple times, and we made it in just under 2.5 hours (which was fast enough!) The only problem I had was trying to get the mainsail down, as the wind decided to blow close to 30 just to keep me modest.

What a fantastic weekend! Goose — 

More scenes from
the Loch Lomond
sail.

Various photographers:
Goose Gossman, Sharon Soule,
Steve Hartman





'Goose' Gossman
865 West I Street
Benicia, CA 94510

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

