The Potter Yachter

Newsletter of the Potter Yachters July 2011

Eagle Lake

June 25th & 26th, 2011

Photo by Neil Dorf

Don Person:

Driving to Eagle Lake is a real trip from the San Francisco Bay area. 300 miles and seven plus hours. Of the three routes, I-5 to Red Bluff then Hwy. 36 to the lake turn off, or through Sacramento to Chico and up Hwy 32, or I-80 to Reno and Hwy 395 to Susanville our favorite is the I-5, Hwy 36 trip. We try to get through the Sacramento valley and up into the hills before it gets too hot. This time it was only around 90 in Red Bluff going and coming which was pleasant. We planned to stop, stretch our legs and top off the gas at Dunnigan and Red Bluff and to have a late lunch at the Copper Kettle in Chester. The turn off to Eagle Lake from Hwy 36 is 35 miles east of Chester. This puts you on a good 13 mile two lane asphalt road which twists and turns from 5000 ft. over a 6000' pass and back down to the lake at 5000'. The scenery and views are wonderful.

Our caravan included a loaded minivan with my wife Judy and grandson Duncan, my daughter and son-in-law, Marthe and John Dalton, in their SUV with a kayak on top, Paul Gregory with Peanut, his P15, in tow and me pulling Sarah Anne, my P15, with our canoe and Duncan's bicycle in her cockpit. We turned into the Eagle Lake campgrounds road about four PM. It was warm with a slight breeze and the kind of clean air not available in the low country. There are several camp areas but we were headed for Aspen Grove. Aspen is for tent campers only. There are convenient tables, fire

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The Commodore's Log

I can smell the salt water in Monterey, we are getting that close to Cruiser Challenge XII. Have you seen the list of sponsors Gretchen has? Man, she is something else. Our Commodore in charge of Vice, or is that Vice Commodore, Rich McDevitt selected some great looking trophies. I can't wait to see them in person.

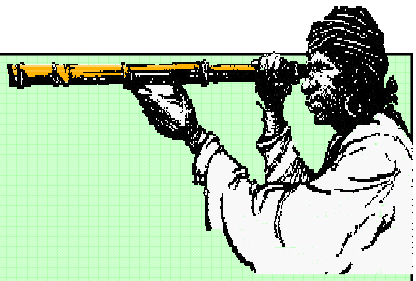
We are sorry we had to move the date for Woodward, I know some folks could not make the new date, but I am sure glad we didn't have to camp in the rain and cold. The following weekend was perfect, good weather, wind, and fantastic food.

Our sail out of Richmond on August 6th hosted by Rich McDevitt will be the replacement for the "Salt & Pepper" sail that was originally scheduled for the week after the Strictly Sail show. Soon I will be contacting the folks who signed up for a test sail. I will be looking for volunteers when I know how many and what boat they are interested in. Most of the folks who signed up at the show wanted to try a P19. Our Secretary Pat Brennan will send an email to all members as soon as I know how many guests are coming.

Speaking of members lets welcome two new members, John Cawley and David Soule.

See you on the water,

Bud



EVENTS ON THE HORIZON:

7/23,24	Cruiser Challenge XII	Gretchen Ricker/ Race Committee
8/27, 28	Benicia Two-Day Sail	Jim Gossman
8/6	Richmond Day Sail	Rich McDevitt
8/20, 21	Huntington Lake camp out with SoCal Potters	Wes Harrison & Bard Johnson
9/10	S.F. Day Sail, Clipper Cove Picnic	Pat Brennan

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

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Cruiser Challenge XII

It's just around the corner!

Hello everyone,

Cruiser Challenge is building steam. This year's event will take place on July 23rd and 24th. The sponsors are lining up and things are coming together. I just opened up a Facebook and Twitter site for the event in case you want to stay up to date on happenings.

See ya there!

Register Here!

Follow us on:

Gretchen Ricker

Organizer

Cruiser Challenge XII

805 674-1278

(Eagle Lake: continued from page 1)

Morning coffee. Don Hunter, Dan Phy, Judy Person, John Dalton, Paul Gregory, Duncan Lees Photo by Don

pits, toilet facilities and potable water at the campground. Karen, who has been the perfect camp hostess ever since we started going there years ago, greeted us warmly. She is a grand mix of house mother and top sergeant. By arriving the week before July 4th we hope to avoid crowds and have so far always been able to get our favorite campsite. It has a wonderful lake view but the trees are filling in so we have to look between them now. Dave and Cheryl White and family had already set up their camp next to our site. They have a large family including 28 great grandchildren. About half of the great grandchildren were there and they were a treat. I am very biased about kids; good kids having a good time are a real pleasure to me. Of course this takes good parenting, grandparenting and great grandparenting. Hats off to all the Whites. Dave brought his P19 Wee boat which he rigged and slipped without a problem.

Unloading the cars and setting up camp was quick and easy with so many people. We have two large plastic boxes. One with the cooking and eating utensils and stoves and the other with camp gear like lanterns, oilcloth table cloths, and dish washing items: paper towels, garbage bags, etc, etc, etc. One of our two ice chests was for fruit and vegetables and the other for meats and eggs and cold drinks. There were other boxes of food stuffs and of course the Two Buck Chuck. The tents went up with the expert advice and assistance of Chuck Lee of Fresno. Chuck had been to a motorcycle rally in eastern Oregon and was working his way home. He didn't have his P14 along but hopes to bring it next year. Once the camp was established those with boats rigged, launched and slipped them. Again Chuck was a real help. The parking area, ramp, store, shower and laundromat are all first rate. Water level has been a concern. There was 2' at the bottom of the ramp which raised to 18" 30 feet out then dropped to three feet and more in the channel to the lake. The channel at the ramp was only 10 feet wide for 50' and several fishing boats went into the mud.

Don Hunter, Dick Herman, the Newhalls Photo by Dan Phy

Dan Phy in SCAMP B. Frank Photo by Don Person

Back at the camp we gathered around a blazing wood fire for a light supper. Bundles of seasoned pine are available at the hostess's tent. It makes a great fire and hardly smokes. Duncan turned into a fine wood splitter. We were soon heading for our tents and sleeping bags. Judy and I use cots

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Morning after the pot luck. Dan, Sharon Soule, Marthe Dalton, Dick Herman, Duncan Lees. Photo by Don Person

which are a real improvement over floor mattresses when you get old enough to appreciate not needing to get up from the ground. The night was cool and still. At that altitude with no city lights the stars are awesomely brilliant.

Chuck and Paul were already up when I got out of the tent about 6:30 Wednesday morning. It wasn't long before the little butane stove had water hot for coffee and the fire was warming us up. One by one the rest of our group rolled out and after trips to the wash house gathered round the fire for hot liquids and breakfast. Dave White had planted the Potter Yachter flag on a tall pole in front of our camp area and we used it to gauge the wind. It began to twitch a little around eleven so we headed for the marina and our slipped boats. Paul, Dave White and I, with Chuck for crew, had fun sailing in an easy breeze the next several hours. Back at camp after supper and talking around the campfire, we retreated to our tents. Wednesday night was much colder than Tuesday and we all added extra blankets over our sleeping bags.

Don Hunter and Don and Marthe Person Photo by Dan Phy

Getting up and out was a lot nippier Thursday morning. Chuck had left really early to head homeward. The cold didn't seem to bother two Stellar Jays who practically moved in with us. Paul had brought some unshelled peanuts and the Jays thought they were for them. We had the fire and hot coffee going in a hurry. This morning the flag was moving early so we were out sailing by ten. It wasn't long before we were reefed and had some fairly sporting sailing for the next three hours. John had gone paddling in his kayak and returned about six pm having covered a lot of adventurous miles . During the day Don Hunter and his P19 NVUS arrived. Neil and Becky Dorf, their son Alan, his friend Tyler, their rat terrier Oreo and Monty 15 Two Can also came aboard. They soon had their tents and camps set up and their boats in slips. This evening our small group drove into Susanville to pick up some butane canisters and see a movie. 'Super 8' was exciting, and it was fun to drive into town.

Stellar Jay with attitude, the camp boss.
Photo by Don Person

Friday morning was definitely warmer but the fire and coffee just as welcome. The wind was flat so we worked around the campsite. Soft wind came up around twelve so back to the boats we went. Post Captain Dan Phy with his homebuilt SCAMP, B.Frank, and Admiral

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Herman with his SunCat had arrived and joined us. Don Hunter has had some health problems so welcomes assistance in rigging and sailing and he got plenty. Dan particularly paid attention. He crewed for Don Friday. This was the day for our potluck and since Don makes delicious Cowboy beans and peach cobbler maybe Dan had an ulterior motive. By now we had our full contingent of nine boats. The arrival of Ron and Mona Reno with Bluebelle, their P19, Bud and Linda Newhall in their P15 Model Maiden, a boat Bruce Hood recently sold them, and David and Sharon Soule with their new- to -them Balboa 21 which has a pop-top cabin and a swing keel, completed the set.. The Soules launched and slipped their boat without getting stuck but I'll bet it was close. The sailing was easy. A good day for the new boat owners to check out their craft. Dave White spent time giving rides to his children's children's children. Alan and Tyler sailed with Neil. Marthe crewed for me Wednesday through Saturday.

Don Hunter and Dan Phy Photo by Don Person

Part of the fleet Photo By Dan Phy

We began gathering at the always gracious White's camp around six. As usual at a potluck there was plenty of food. Although with all the Whites great-grandchildren there wasn't as much left over as usual. Too many tasty dishes to recount but must mention the kebabs. Each year Dave's son Theron makes shrimp and pork kebabs that are mouth-watering good. And lots of them. Great treats to get us started. It all was fine dining ending with Don Hunter's peach cobbler. The evening was not too cold and quite comfortable with a blazing fire, so warm and content from the food we socialized for an hour or two. This gave us a chance to get to know the Newhalls and Soules better and catch up with old buddies like the Renos. Around ten we began drifting back to our tents.

Saturday we were well into a morning routine. Paul, Dan, Don, Dick and our clan had a big breakfast and were eager to get on the water. Paul felt he needed to leave so packed, hooked up Peanut and headed home. There wasn't much wind but we were determined. John Dalton crewed for Don Hunter so Dan was sailing his SCAMP. Dan was getting B. Frank to move when the rest of us were sitting still and led the pack a most of the day. A fine little craft. It was a pretty sight to have the fleet all out with sails up. As usual we were mostly going in different directions but the area we sailed in isn't

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Dave White in Wee Boat Photo by Don Person

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Don and Marthe kicking back. Photo by Neil Dorf

so large we couldn't see our fleet's sails. Duncan came paddling up in the canoe going a lot faster than we were. About one we had some wind with an occasional gust that got us going pretty well. There were lots of rather potent looking cumulus clouds but they didn't bring much wind. After an hour or so the wind fell off so most of us returned to the marina. Our part of the group was leaving the next day so I pulled Sarah Anne, de-rigged and parked her near the camp ready for loading in the morning. We were packed and on the road by eleven am Sunday. Most of the others were leaving Monday. John and Marthe planned to stay behind for another few days An easy downhill but long trip home It was hard to leave but we had plenty of very special memories. Hope you're all there next year.

~Don Person, P15 Fleet Captain

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Neil Dorf:

Becky and I arrived Wednesday with our M15 Two-Can (and 2 teenage boys) and stayed through Saturday. Because of our shorter stay, I can only share at least some of the goings-on while we were there. My apologies if I left anyone out of my account of the trip.

Don and Judy Person and extended family (with P15 Sarah Anne), and Dave and Cheryl White and extended family (P19 Wee Boat), arrived one day earlier on Tuesday and to the best of my knowledge were going to depart Monday. Paul Gregory (P15 Peanut) was also there when I arrived and also left Saturday. Dick Hermam (Suncat Muddy Duck), Don Hunter (P19, Minden NV) and Dan Phy (with his Scamp) showed up on Thursday.

Dick Herman, Don and Marthe, and a shy boat hiding behind Sarah Anne. Photo by Neil Dorf

Ahh, here she is! That's Don Hunter and his P19 NVUS Photo by Neil Dorf

The launch ramp had minimal water depth, but enough for everyone to launch. The water was actually deeper right at the ramp's edge than it was 20 feet further out, where was a sand bar. The trick was to stay close to the courtesy dock and walk the boat all the way out to the end of the dock--then stay close (but not too close) to the jetty to avoid the sandbars to starboard and the submerged jetty rocks to port. Thankfully no mishaps that I was aware of.

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I'm not a good judge of windspeed and didn't have any measurement equipment, but I can subjectively say that the weather was absolutely gorgeous the whole time. The sailing was "spirited" on Wednesday; I believe all of us had put in a reef before leaving the docks. I had heard that Tuesday was also breezy. On Thursday the winds were calmer, but still good sailing with some gusts here and there. Generally, the mornings were calm and breezes started to pick up around 11:30am each day.

Don was kind enough to move the group Pot Luck, traditionally done on Saturday, to Friday so that my family and also Paul would also be able to participate. Judy's "Cowboy Chili" was a huge hit, as was the Peach Cobbler. Someone made an oriental chicken salad to die for. I was grilling burgers and dogs which appealed to the kids, as well as re-supplied the smores for around the campfire. Dave and Cheryl made delicious skewered shrimp-kabobs on the grill, so there was great variety. Oh yes, and of course for the adults, Dave's usual fully-stocked mobile bar.

My son Alan and his friend Tyler found a foot-long garter snake along the waters edge and brought it up to the group, which was met with a great deal of interest--although I admit I was nervous as to whether or not it was truly a non-poisonous snake. There was a photo-op and no incidents...sigh of relief.

A great time was had by all. -Neil

Sunrise view from the campsite Photo by don Person

A Tale of Mis-Adventure

Ron Reno

Despite challenging low water at the ramp and marina there was a good turnout for the Eagle Lake Sail. As usual, great company, good sailing winds most afternoons, and a terrific potluck.
For us, the biggest adventure was on the ramp when we tried to pull the boat out. SCREECH! Mona frantically waved me to a stop. The leaf spring on the trailer had snapped off, jamming the tire solidly into the fender. Fortunately we were close enough to the water to screech the thing back down the ramp to get the boat off. The wonderful folks at the marina let us tie up to a buoy, where we left the boat for a week as we had the trailer repaired back in Carson City.

The attached photo shows how we got the trailer back home to get it fixed. We used the time-honored method (used by my parents in their youth) of hammering a wood spacer between the frame and axle, then chaining the whole thing together. In this case, held in place by bungee cords and a roll of duct tape. Nothing moved during the trip. Maybe we should have just left it in place and saved the money spent on new springs.

Ron & Mona Reno
HMS 18 #42 Bluebelle

Woodward Campout

June ~~4 & 5~~ Oops! 11 & 12 2011

By Dory and Katie Taylor

Thanks to all who came. We (speaking for Katie and I) had a wonderful time. I hope that the other participants did also. Special thanks to Don Bergst for scrounging up some paper and getting the names. We forgot to bring notepaper.

Dave White's Wee Boat, up close. Very close. Photo: Don P.

Woodward 2011 Participants: (If your name isn't on this list, blame Don.)

Dory & Katie Taylor (We HAD to be there. We were the hosts.)
Gwen & Mahendra Singh (Too long between sightings!)
Don Person (Always good to have around. A great story teller.)
Harry Gordon (My old friend. What else can I say?)
Rob Sampson/ Minkun Chan (Supplied entertainment with the erection of the mansion.)
Jerry Kergan (A mind of information. All good!)
Dan, Gretchen and Fred Ricker (Focal point for the Saturday evening pot-luck.)
Kevin Crowder and Brandy
Dave Kerner
David White (Wee Boat P-19)
Bud & Bobbi Kerner (Cats Meow)
Sues (Mathilda P-14) (Katie's swimming buddy. They swore the water was warm.)
Don Bergst (Recollections. An oral club history.)

I know there were more people there, but I can't remember names any more (still recovering from my concussion.).

Jerry Kergan in Lazy Ka Photo: Katie T.

This was our weeks vacation. Arrived Thursday and set up camp. Actually, Katie set up camp and told me what to do. We had purchased a new Coleman tent that we could stand up in. Much easier on my back. This was the first real outing for our Chihuahua mix puppy, Paloma. She loved the tent also.

The weather this year was mild, sort of. Winds more gentle than last year, and it didn't rain on us. It was a little warmer every day up to the day we left (Tuesday) when it approached 100 degrees.

Friday things got rolling, and more people showed up. Katie was bringing the boat around with Paloma, and apparently Paloma didn't like it. As soon as Katie's attention slipped, Paloma slipped her leash, bailed overboard, and swam to shore. Thanks goodness for doggie PFD's!

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Probably a stray from a nearby air show. Photo: Katie T.

Saturday morning, everyone that was going to be there was, and the campsite was buzzing with rigging boats, popping tents, and cooling brews. There was supposed to be a simple race that day, but there was no interest, and everyone sailed wherever they wanted. After 10, things got much quieter, as everyone was out sailing! Not to be left behind, Katie and I went out as a motorboat, chasing all the rest of the Potters, taking what must have been a thousand pictures of each boat, from all angles. Our trusty Honda emptied it's tank just outside the cove, and we opted to raise the sails, rather than attempt a messy re-fueling on the water. Danged CARB gas cans! Early that morning, after breakfast and before we were fully awake, a speck appeared on the horizon to the north. It quickly grew to become a small warbird, flying low and fast, straight at us. It turned and buzzed the boats, twice, going so low, and so close we all could hear our topping lifts humming.

No one had their cameras out. He came back that afternoon for one more pass, and this time Katie was ready. He didn't get as close, though it was close enough for later identification as a Grumman Tiger on, of all places, a carnivorous plant forum.

Saturday night was a party not to be missed. All the food! Gretchen's beans were excellent! There was so much food everyone went to bed that night full and happy. Jerry's pasta was good, once he overcame a catastrophic stove failure.

Sunday morning folks set sail again, most disappearing all day. Then one by one, they packed up and left for home. A few stayed until Monday, but Wednesday left us alone with the birds, bugs, snakes and sails.

There were no accidents, this year, no rescues to be made. Actually quite peaceful except for the obnoxious jet skis. It made me feel good to watch the Sheriff nail them!

Go get 'em, sheriff!

Dave White and Ed Dove trading tacks
Photo: Don P.

Man the cannons! Rob S. and crew blast Follow Me. Photo by Katie T.

Richmond Day Sail

August 6, 2011

We'll be launching from the Richmond Marina, be launched and ready to cast off lines at 10:00. As far as I know you'll need to feed the gate robot $10.00. It can be ornery about giving change so a couple 5's or a 10 dollar bill is a good thing to have along. This is officially a day sail, but some folks often spend the night, if you need a slip or directions you can contact the Marina Bay staff at http://www.marinabayyachtharbor.com/ . If the internet is telling the truth and if we get moving at 10:00 we may be able to sail over to Angel Island. That's my destination anyway wind and weather permitting. If you plan to dock at Angel bring some money for that also. Some may circumnavigate Angel Island, or just sail around. If it's too rough to sail to Angel, there is plenty of good sailing in semi protected areas within the harbor and channel.

Rich McDevitt

Tides for Richmond Inner Harbor starting with August 6, 2011.

Day		High /Low	Tide Time	Height Feet	Sunrise Sunset	Moon	Time	% Moon Visible
Sa	6	Low	12:04 AM	0.6	6:17 AM	Rise	2:23 PM	43
	6	High	6:27 AM	4.3	8:13 PM			
	6	Low	11:30 AM	2.2				
	6	High	6:04 PM	6.7				

Rich Mc Devitt and Ed dove ghosting along on Tomales Bay. That's not where the fun will be on August 6th. Instead, try Richmond.

Patrick Brennan
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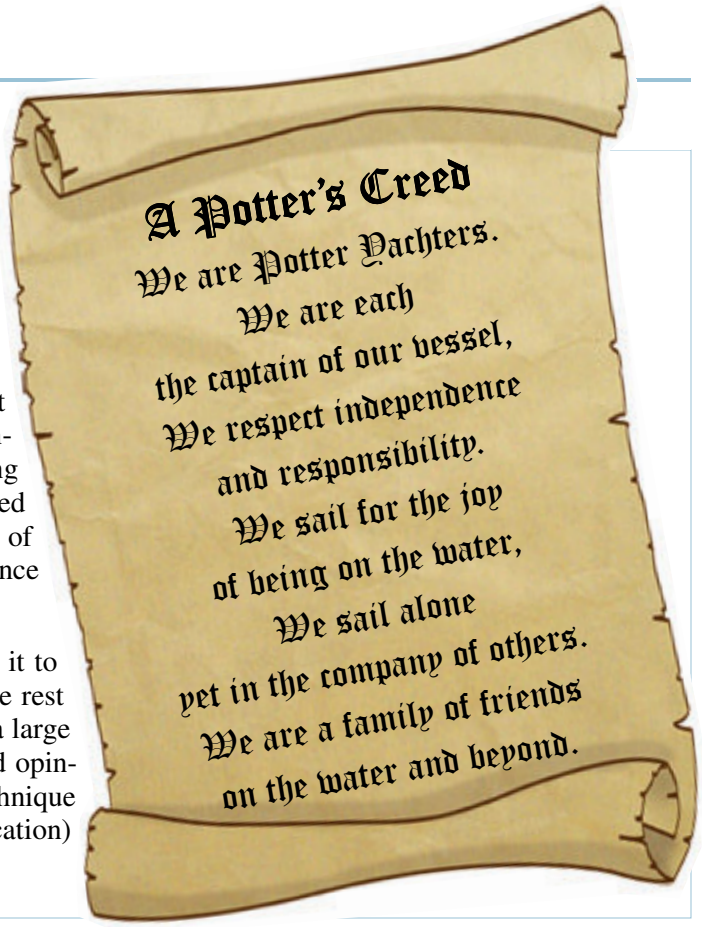
With a Grain of Salt

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*