

June 1980

Note: This month's newsletter is in 2 parts, mailed separately. I wanted to "empty my files" before the new officers take over their duties! Caml  
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New officers! Here's the scoop:

- Commodore: Stan Butler
- Sec/Treas: Jerry Barrilleaux
- Historian: Don Bergst

Congratulations to one and all... excellent choices! 14 ballots were returned, and the voting was close for all offices.

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Results of survey mailed in April/May: (17 returned)

Suggestions for future sails: "Camanche, Woodward, Clear Lake". "Fresh water lakes and Delta. Weekend trips." "Brown's Marine, Folsom Lake." "When tides are right: launch at Ft. Baker under Golden Gate - sail to 1 Mile Rock and return." "Lake Don Pedro." "Benicia, Oakland Estuary - a race from Estuary Park around Treasure Is. and back." "Frank's Tract from Bethel Is., China Basin (Chicken Bay w/o long Estuary trip)." "Lake Don Pedro."

Suggestions for ways to improve club: "Periodic meetings w/ guest speakers combined with social activities." "Schedule events on holiday weekends." "Raise dues to \$10 - encourages only active membership and gives more revenue."

Reasons for not attending sails: Lack of time, inconvenient times, wife reluctant to come along, conflicting events, ... "I don't have a boat!"

Should Potter Yachters have officers? Yes = 12 No = 1 (unmarked: 4)

Alternative to having officers? "Elect an editor only." "Rotate the writing - typing - mailing of the newsletter among all the ACTIVE members; contract out typing/xeroxing." "Steering committee of 4 or more to hold monthly business meetings to decide on events, etc. All members welcome at meetings, and have equal voting rights

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Next Sail: Saturday/Sunday July 12-13 Woodward Reservoir  
(see next page)

NEXT SAIL: WOODWARD SAT/SUN JULY 12-13

REPEAT OF A GREAT WEEKEND (WE WENT THERE LAST JUNE, REMEMBER?)!

map is attached. From Bay Area: Take 580 (EAST), continue east on 205 toward Stockton, then turn off on 120. Continue east thru Manteca and Escalon toward Oakdale, then cross R.R. tracks and head north to lake. Launch 10A. or whenever. Look for sign saying where rest of the group is camped (or leave a sign yourself!). Prepare for midnight sailing — remember the lovely evening winds?!

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New Roster! Attached is the latest Potter Yachtens club roster!

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Boats for Sale: The lucky Mobergs are retiring to Denmark — so Erik is definitely going to sell his Potter # 783. (phone: 408-734-4310).

Hugh Benton is selling his # 519 (see description attached to this newsletter) phone 408-241-3570.

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Thanks, Herb! Herb Orford donated to the club the action shots (slides and prints) he took of our capsizing drill on Lake Elizabeth. The photos/slides are great! Thanks!

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Bill Wright's excellent report on the May Bel Marin Keys Race is attached... Congratulations to all the winners and "trophy-holders"! And we all thank you, Bill and Joyce, for a lovely sail and enjoyable race. Bel Marin hospitality is the best!

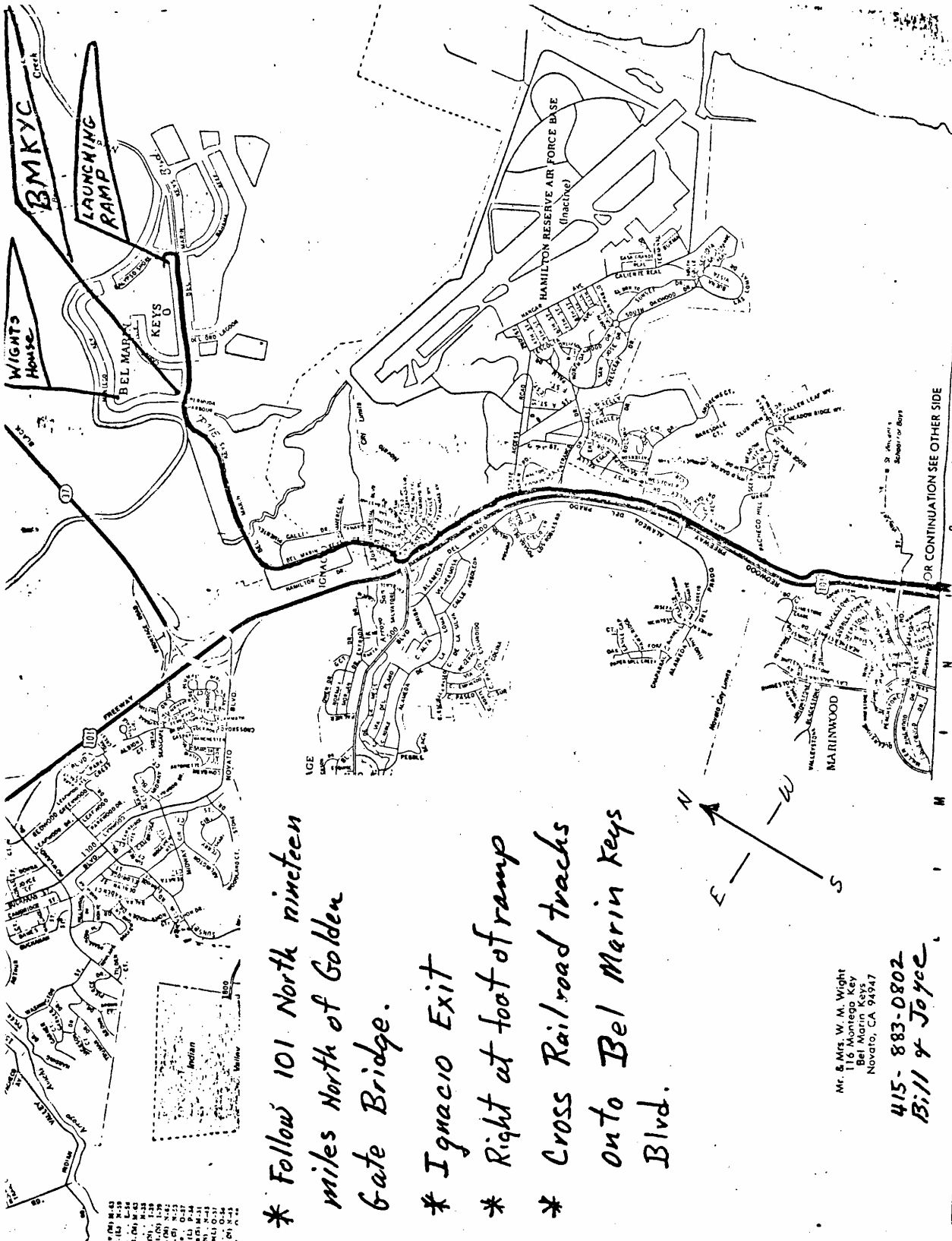
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Mailed under separate cover: An article by De Marsh about the Channel Is. trip he took with Stan Butler — great reading! And a letter from Les Clute that's been hibernating in my files!

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Congratulations again to the new officers — a great group!

Plan on the Woodward Sail — it's just 2 weeks away!!



\* Follow 101 North nineteen miles North of Golden Gate Bridge.

\* Ignacio Exit

\* Right at foot of ramp

\* Cross Railroad tracks onto Bel Marin Keys Blvd.

Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Wight  
 116 Montego Key  
 Bel Marin Keys  
 Novato, CA 94947

415-883-0802  
 Bill & Joyce

OR CONTINUATION SEE OTHER SIDE

THE SECOND ANNUAL POTTER YACHTERS

REGATTA

AT BEL MARIN KEYS, NOVATO, CA.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1980

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- 1000 - 1030 - - - - LAUNCH - B.M.K. RAMP - No Charge
- 1030 - 1200 - - - - *Sail around the lagoon or meet at the Potter Port.  
There will be extra dock space at the two docks to the  
East and the dock West of the Potter Port.*
- 1200 - - - - - SKIPPERS MEETING - BMKYC - *You can tie up  
at the yacht club dock or go down by car or  
Clarence Dorset's stink-pot from the Potter Port.*
- 1300 (Aprox.) - - - - FIRST RACE
- 1400 " - - - - SECOND RACE
- 1600 " - - - - PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES - *On the deck  
of BMKYC.*

## Letter from Bill & Joyce Wright about the June 1st Bel Marin Keys Sail:

The Second Annual Nor Cal Potter Yacht Club Bel Marin Keys Regatta is upon us or almost so thought it time to firm up plans. Attached is a suggested schedule, map from Golden Gate Bridge and chart of Sausalito Lagoon in Bel Marin Keys all of which are intended to be of help to get folks there, etc.

The other part of my story has to do with the turnout - it would sure be nice to see all forty Wikip's sailing the Lagoon come June 1. Last year we had 11 boats turn out and everyone said that they had a real good time so were counting on those eleven to show up again. Then new members Bergot and Boncutler said they would be there and Henry Gordon who couldn't make it last year said he would make it this year. That's 14 boats - how do we get the other 26 boats to show up? Or, at least get their owner members to join us for the day?

First of all we should probably make it clear to them that they don't have to race unless they want it. There is plenty of room for races plus just plain sailing in beautiful Sausalito Lagoon. Or, if some of the members don't have wharfs for their boats, they should just plain come on out without their boat as there will be opportunities to crew or they can enjoy watching the races from either the yacht club dock or our patio.

The Bel Marin Keys Yacht Club facilities are at our disposal and include Werner's famous Weiners covered with all kinds of good things for 85¢ a throw, the bar will be open with well drinks and beer at 50¢ and other drinks at 75¢ (pretty sure of these prices but this was talk at the last meeting of an increase due to inflation), and a good view of the starting finish line.

The Potter Port will be open at our house (116 Rivington Key) and all members and their families are welcome - by land or by sea. There is a good view of the lagoon and the race course from the patio, there will be cold beer and soft drinks for the thirsty, ice for mixed drinks BYOL style, or barbecue with charcoal for those who feel like cooking, swimming and fishing off our dock, two bathtubs for cloth changing in the house, maybe a couple of excursions around the lagoon on our new boat "Forever" if time permits after the races - all this plus a lot of nice Potter Yachts to meet and chat with.

What else can we say land? Except, please all Potter Yachts, please come to Bel Marin Keys on June 1<sup>st</sup>.

Sincerely,

Joyce & Bill Wright  
WWF II 818  
Isle Of Wight

P.S. You and Jim did one heck of a nice job on the May sail in the Estuary. We had a ball and have even gotten over being sorry that we beat you in the couples race. See you June 1<sup>st</sup>.

Bill

\*\*\*\*\* NEW MEMBERS \*\*\*\*\*

Joe and Gail Frailey  
2168 Mill St.  
Anderson, Ca. 96007  
Phone: 916-365-6605  
Potter # 615; Friendly Persuasion

The Frailey's favorite sailing ground is Whiskeytown Lake, and I can understand why. It is one of the most beautiful lakes to be found anywhere. Every Memorial Day they hold the Whiskeytown regatta, an all small class boats race. We (the Barrilleauxs') took our Potter up there about three years ago, on the regatta weekend, and there was only one other Potter.

The lake is very large, with great sailing winds, and there are lots of coves and islands for gunkholing or swimming. The rangers won't let you sleep in the boat, but there are quite a few, very nice, campsites right on the water and they are free.

Anyone heading north, give the Frailey's a call, you'll be in for a real sailing treat.

\*\*\*\*\* POTTER FEVER \*\*\*\*\*

I recently talked to Joe Edwards, on the phone, and he is really taking an active part in Potter organization's. According to Joe, H.M.S. Marine is now building Potter #1100 and they have been selling like hotcakes! People all over the country are catching Potter fever! They have been selling a great deal of Potters in Chicago and on the east coast. The Chicago area is about to start up a Potter club of it's own.

With gasoline reaching \$1.50 per gallon and a big swing to small cars, the Potterconcept has finally come of age. Maybe, someday, there will be a chicken in every pot and a Potter in every garage!

\*\*\*\*\* HOW TO MAKE YOUR POTTER GO FAST \*\*\*\*\*

After the last race, several people wanted to know the secrets for making the Potter really perform, so, for what it's worth, I have compiled the following list:

1. Drink Coors beer. I have tried all others, but Coors works best.
2. Discard all excess weight. This means leave the piano at home.
3. Don't drag any lines in the water, especially anchor lines.
4. Potters go fast when oakie music is played on the radio. The more red neck, the faster she'll go.
5. Talk nice to your boat. Make her think she's an expensive racing yacht.

Written by: Jerry Barrilleaux  
Typed???, in the midst of insanity and baby feedings  
by: Sharon (OOPS!) Barrilleaux

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Hi-

Sorry to be delinquent in paying my dues. Thought you all might be interested in this flyer, which Liz and I collected during our belated honeymoon in England last October. We had a great time - rented a car, toured through Oxford, Coventry, Sheffield, Salisbury, Winchester, and other points in the central part of England, as well as a little of North Wales, visiting friends of Liz and her family. Got a personally conducted tour of his estate by the Earl of Bradford (a former swain of Liz's mother), and wound up with four glorious days in London, where some old friends of Liz gave us the use of their flat - located in Belgravia, about 6 blocks from Buckingham Palace, where all the foreign embassies are. All in all, a super trip.

Naturally, I was not about to get that close without visiting the ultimate shrine of Potterdom. We made our pilgrimage the day before arriving in London - took our car over on the ferry from Southampton and spent the day on the Isle of Wight. Found Yarmouth, as advertised, on the west end of the island - a sleepy little town, with a harbor about the size of Coyote Point, shared by fishing boats and pleasure craft. The fabled ebb tide, celebrated in song, story, and Potter promotional literature, was not in evidence - the water was flat as a millpond. A couple of sailboats were out, barely moving, and a harbor tug was chugging along, creating the only ripples to be seen. We began to wonder if we were in the right place - especially after the first couple of people we asked professed never to have heard of West Wight Potters or Stanley Smith. I was beginning to feel more like Don Quixote than Sir Galahad, when Liz spotted a Potter on its trailer, on the other side of the road that ran by the docks. We ran over and inspected it - it was fiberglass, all white, with a hull that looked just like ours, but with a cabin that looked a little shorter and more rounded.

With flagging zeal renewed, we pressed on with further inquiries, which eventually led us about a mile and a half down the coast to a couple of dilapidated buildings parked right on the beach. Good grief! Could this really be the sacred spawning ground of Potters? Having just visited the cathedrals at Salisbury and Winchester, I guess I was expecting Gothic arches and a gold-encrusted effigy of ole Stanley himself. There was no sign of life, but the door to one building - more like an enclosed shed - was ajar, so quickly checking my shield, buckler, and camera lens opening, I ventured in. I was confronted by a quizzical look from the lone inhabitant. He was a jolly looking sort - given a white beard, a dead ringer for Santa Claus - busily laying up what looked like a power boat hull. While he wiped the epoxy off his hands, I told him of our quest. He allowed as how he remembered West Wight Potters - used to build 'em himself, actually - hadn't built one for nigh onto six or seven years, it was. He then took us over to the other building, and introduced us to another charming gentleman, who used to do the rigging and fitting out of Potters. (Unfortunately, I failed to record either of these gentlemen's names.) The ex-rigger dug out the flyer you now have before you, showed us the two molds - one for the hull and one for the cabin and deck - from which Potters formerly emerged (they were lying outside, on the beach, half covered with sand), and related how things Potterwise had come to their present low estate.

Seems as how when Our Stanley made his legendary voyage to Sweden in a Potter, his arrival wasn't quite as triumphant as we may have been led to believe. As a matter of fact, he didn't make it to Sweden - got caught in a storm and washed up on the beach in Denmark, where Stanley suffered a broken leg when they fetched up against some rocks. While recuperating in a Danish hospital, he became enamored of his nurse. He popped the question, she accepted, he sold the Potter business in absentia and settled down with his bride to a life of Scandinavian bliss which, so far as my informants knew, he still enjoys to this day. Gone to Valhalla, as it were. His Potter apparently survived the shipwreck more or less intact and was delivered to Sweden by person(s) and means unknown.



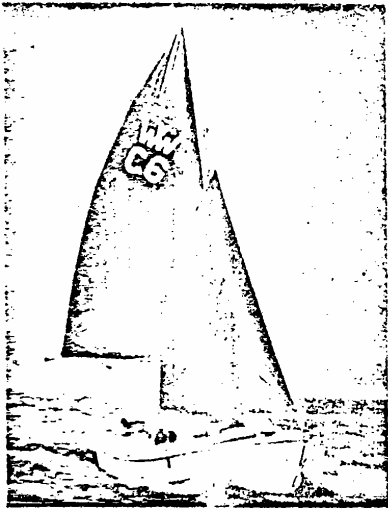
Under new ownership, and with the company name being changed from West Wight Plycraft to Marine Laminates, the factory continued production of Potters, gradually switching over from plywood to fiberglass construction. The business went rather well for a few years - the C-type re-design coming in 1971 - but without the guiding hand of the Master, things just sort of gradually petered out. One of the last Potters to be built was sold to the Dutchman mentioned in the flyer - but his voyage back home ended in about the same way Stanley's did. He washed up on the beach in Belgium, somewhat deshabile, but at least he didn't break his leg.

So ends our tale. We came away feeling rather as though the Holy Grail for which we had quested had turned out to be more of a rusty tin cup - but we were also charmed by the delightful gnetlemen we found who told us the sad news. Anyway, it looks like the Potter torch must now be borne by HMS Marine alone.

Please give our regards to all the Potter Yachters. My fervent hope is that this year I'll be able to get my boat back in commission and do some sailing.

Our best to you both,

*Sig & Les Clute*



## The 'C Type' West Wight Potter

*Produced by*

**MARINE LAMINATES**

**Fort Victoria, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight**

**Telephone 760662**

The "C TYPE" West Wight Potter is a well tried 14ft. sailing cruiser in the dinghy class. It is G R P, strongly built of first class materials and construction.

Stanley Smith, the designer, sailed a wooden version across the North Sea and delivered it to Sweden, also a Dutch customer sailed a glass version to Holland. Both men of experience in sailing and only journeys of this nature would be attempted by such men.

The "C TYPE" Potter, as now produced, is 14' 3" long, 5' 4" Beam, sitting headroom in cabin on 7' 3" bunks.

Fore end of cabin contains a buoyancy tank, foam buoyancy contained in compartment 14" wide and full width of boat aft end of bunks and foam buoyancy in combings.

There is an aft locker for outboard motor stowage, a Seagull Century Standard shaft for instance.

Rigging of stainless steel, Mast, Gaff & Boom of Douglas Fir, Sails of Terylene. 108 sq. ft. of sail with roller reefing on foresail controlled from the cockpit.

Centre plate 65 lbs galvanised mild steel controlled by 3 in 1 purchase.

All woodwork in mahogany and marine grade ply, finished with three coats of varnish.

Normal colours, white hull, grey top. Other colours by request. Fittings and fastenings of stainless steel and brass.

*Extras:* Fisherman anchor with 6ft chain; anchor rope as required; wooden slipway runners; tent cover; weather cover; outboard bracket; bunk cushions.

Price of boat ready to sail away £898 including V.A.T.

*Price and specification may be altered without notice.*

## SAILS UP AND RAILS DOWN FOR THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

By De MARSH

I lie in my bunk listening to the mournful wail of the rigging. The stars skid past the hatch opening as the anchor lights of two large boats alternate with silhouettes of the rocks on the point. "IPO" and "OOH NO!", two 14 foot potters, dance like marionettes at the ends of their anchor lines. With a 50 knot wind gusting out of the arroyos of the Santa Cruz Island anchorage, I anxiously wonder if we will still be here in the morning. This was our introduction to cruising the channel islands.

Our trip from the Bay Area started the day before. The plan had been to leave home on Thursday, spend the night at the Channel Island Harbor, sail to Santa Cruz Island, spend two days exploring and skin diving to finally return home again on Monday. We arrive at the Channel Island Harbor late Thursday afternoon. To say that the Channel Island Harbor launch facility is the best in the West would not be too great an exaggeration. Several acres of parking, four concrete ramps with comparable docking and a picturesque "Fishermans Village". Our arrival was marred by a sign stating cars would be towed away if left after hours. What to do? A panicked trip to the Harbor Masters Office relieved our fears with his assurance that we could park as long as we wished (well, at least through Sunday).

A clear evening sky, a placid sea and a prediction of fair weather on the morrow raises our expectations for a favorable channel passage the next day. Local channel experts caution that an early crossing is advisable to avoid the strong afternoon Westerlies. We heed their advice next morning with an early breakfast and launch by 7:15 a.m. A snappy tug on the pull rope and the seagull comes to life. We slowly motor along the channel toward the breakwater, passing great forests of masts waving gently to and fro, their stillness disturbed by our passing wakes. The approach to the outer harbor finds two surfers gingerly picking their way among the rocks in anticipation of surfing the outer breakwater. Our final exit from the harbor is greeted by a gently swell and no wind, the great adventure begins.

Arch Rock, the Eastern most point of Anacapa Island, is eleven miles from the harbor entrance. Today the island holds her head high for all to admire her majestic profile, providing us visual security for our first crossing. We plan to sail to Anacapa, explore her hidden recesses, then negotiate the windy passage separating Anacapa and Santa Cruz. Our destination for the first anchorage is near Smugglers Cove. Within six miles of Anacapa we enter the "slot", an area that funnels the Westerlies between the mainland and the islands. The 15 knot breeze provides a welcome relief from the noisy outboards as we both douse the gas paddles and hoist sails. Ah! the serenity of sail, but not for long as the pleasant 15 knot breeze becomes a blustery 25 knots with the start of a good chop.

Time to reef the main. I was most anxious for this opportunity, as I had recently put reefing points in my mainsail using Stan Bulter's Jiffy Reefing for a pattern. In less than a minute, it was "Hove To" and reef down. To my surprise and consternation "IPO" took on a severe lee helm. Careful sail adjustment eased the helm if the working jib was allowed to partially luff, however, the result was an inability to point effectively to windward. By contrast, "OOH NO" under reef, with both sails driving the boat and minimum heel, was pointing 10 - 12° higher. Why? A later in-depth analysis revealed that duplicating Mark II sail reef points on a Mark I sail configuration reduces the sail area to 31 square feet in contrast to 40 square feet on the Mark II. This drastic reduction moves the center of effort to far forward resulting in a lee helm. A relocation of reef points will be required. As we made Anacapa, the reduced pointing capability, under reefing, left "IPO" a mile to leeward of "OOH NO". Stan motors back to find out what the trouble is, as I shake out the reefing and start the seagull. A 30 knot wind is now channeling out of the West right into our teeth, resulting in a decision to motor-sail the length of Anacapa.

Anacapa is a National Monument under management by the Park Service. The island was named by Vancouver after an Indian word "Anyapah" meaning mirage. In reality, Anacapa is a 4.5 mile chain of three islands separated by two rock strewn passes. The Western and most prominate island is a brown pelican sanctuary, off-limits

to visitors. Frenchy's Cove, on the middle island, is the most frequented by visitors as it contains the only beach landing. All other areas consist of steep cliffs terminating directly into the sea. Many years earlier, Stan and I had camped several times at Frenchy's Cove. On these occasions a group of us would charter a boat and be delivered to Frenchy's Cove. After several days of diving, the charter boat would then return to retrieve us. Kelp beds, clear water and abundant sea life provides superb diving conditions making this a popular area. The Eastern most island boasts an automated light controlled from Port Hueneme. On a clear night, this valuable navigation aid can be seen for a distance of 23 miles. The light was originally established following the sinking of the "Winfield Scott" a sidewheeler that struck the rocks below in 1853. A year after the sinking, a survey party investigated the area for a lighthouse. However, it was not until 1912, 58 years later that the light was actually erected. Anacapa is a very inhospitable shore affording little anchorage protection from any but the most moderate sea.

As we continue our traverse of Anacapa, the seas become steeper, frequently engulfing the cockpit with spray. Aside from wearing life-lines and life jackets, we are now fully clothed in foul weather gear. Near the Western end of Anacapa the seagull runs dry. Instead of gassing up, I decide to sail under full canvas. Stan, intelligently motors past the rocks and "Hoves To" eating lunch while I stubbornly

spend the next 45 minutes tacking past the same point. When will I learn that stubbornness is not a virtue?

All the passages between the islands generate greater winds and higher seas. Anacapa passage is no exception. The seas steepen and the wind raises another octave, exceeding 35 knots at times. With full sails "IPO" demands maximum attention, mainsheet in hand dinghy fashion ready to be tripped at any moment. The main is set to force a partial luff, striking a delicate balance between heeling to much and maintaining sufficient headway. The increased seas makes spray in the cockpit a constant companion with an exhausting five miles still to go. Another return to reefed main is unsatisfactory. Under reefing, "IPO", several times, comes dangerously close to broaching. Without the jib the boat is too slow in these seas, forcing a reluctant return to full sail. The anchorage in the distance beckons like the fabled siren Lorelei, prompting visions of serenity and safety. After a seemingly interminable time "IPO" enters an area of calm cast by the islands windshadow, forcing motoring the final distance. At last, the exhausting 10 hour ordeal is over. Stan is already at anchor preparing hot chocolate as I set my Danforth with 150 foot of line and begin preparing "IPO" for the night.

Storm warnings with increased winds and seas is the bleak message from Stan's weather radio for tomorrow. Good sense dictates a return to the mainland at the earliest opportunity. We agree to start back at first light next day, hopefully during the morning

calm before the cold front moves through. Should the storm arrive while we are still at anchor, the resulting wind shift will have us anchored off a lee shore, a very dangerous condition. Stan is anchored too close to shore which prompts him to relocate further out. While doing so his anchor line becomes fouled around the centerboard. Anxious proding with the whisker pole finally frees the line. As we begin to relax, the first whisper of wind starts to trickle out of the island canyons. An annoyance that quickly turns to concern as the swirling gusts increase in force. Everything seems to be making noise. Jib clews beat a tattoo on the deck, halyards slapping the mast, shrouds screaming with the centerboard pounding. The net effect is a sound collage of ear shattering intensity. The wind force continues to mount, gusting from every quarter of the compass, playing crack the whip with the potters. A thin edge of fear creeps along the spine. What if the anchor drags? What if the wind shifts to the South? What if the anchor line chafes through? We prepare for every contingency our fears can project. Stow the main below but leave the jib hanked on for a quick exit. Place the spare anchor in the cockpit ready to be put over in an emergency. Chaffing material is wrapped about the anchor line where it enters the chock. The motor is gassed and at the ready. Wrap the jib clew with cloth to dampen the noise. Reposition the halyards to eliminate the slap and raise the centerboard to stop the pounding. Now it is wait and see, everything



that can be done has been done. Food and rest are what are needed to prepare for what lies ahead. I retreat to the cabin and sup on cold Spam, french bread and dried fruit. Bites of food are gulped between nervous glances out the hatch for reassurance that we are still where we are supposed to be. After a time it is apparent that all is holding despite the increasing winds. With this assurance I retire to my sleeping bag and an Oxnard FM station playing soft music to help off-set the wind noises. I fitfully sleep in two hour segments. The first awakening is greet with a brilliant three quarter moon. Lights from the mainland reflecting on the sky, outline Anacapa, while far beyond oil platforms twinkle like star clusters. The winds continue into the night, at times reaching frightening proportions. Stan's anemometer is pegged off the scale most of the night, exceeding 50. He is less fortunate than I for he does not get any sleep at all. The thin light of dawn brings forth the realization that all is well and the winds are dying. By full light it is dead calm.

Except for needing the compass to make the harbor, the four hour motor trip back to the mainland proves uneventful. The storm does not strike until we are well on our way home above Santa Barbara.

Having sailed San Francisco Bay for a number of years, we are accustomed to heavy going. We have frequently encountered livelier sailing conditions in the Bay than those during the passage. However, the high freaky winds of the anchorage is an experience we

would not wish to repeat. Some day we should like to return during the summer, when our objective to poke and prod among the nooks and crannies of the Santa Cruz North Shore can be fulfilled.

Perhaps we shall.