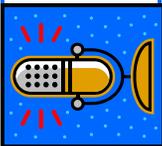


The SouthWind

Stf/C Donald Stark, JN, editor
65 Stark Spur
Eighty Four, PA 15330-2547



Congratulations to P/C Bob Timmins, AP for passing his Technician class Amateur Radio License. His new call sign is KB3MQC.

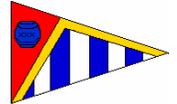
October 2005

Volume 3, Issue 8

The SouthWind

Publication of the South Hills Power Squadron
A Division of the United States Power Squadrons®

Coming Events



- SHPS Dinner Meeting 12 October 2005
- D/7 Fall Conference 28–30 October, Quality Inn, Richfield, Ohio
- Evening at Little Lake Theater 2 December Donaldson's Crossroads
- USPS Annual Meeting 4– 8 January 2006 The Rosen Centre, Orlando, Florida

South Hills Power Squadron

Dinner Meeting
The Roxy Cafe
South Hills Village
12 October 2005

1800 - Dinner 1930 - Meeting

Program: USCG Surf Boats
By Stf/C Don Stark



SHPS Bridge

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Squadron is
on the Web at
www.SH-PS.org



The SouthWind is your Squadron's publication. We welcome your articles and photographs.

Thanks for your support!

The deadline for the next SouthWind is 19 October.



Dan Marino and P/C Bill Macko prepare sausage for the June Picnic.



Sailboat for Sale

19 foot Flying Scot

With jib and main in great shape.
Includes trailer, 2.5 hp motor, anchor, anchor
line, cover, fenders, life jackets and much,
much more.

\$4000.00

Contact P/C Dick Toler, AP

A REPEAT PERFORMANCE by Lt/C Vi Doughton

Those who attended dinner at **Bella Piatto** and the play at **Little Lake Theatre** last year enjoyed the evening and have suggested we do it again this year.

The date will be **Friday, 2 December 2005**. The play is "A Christmas Story" which was a big hit in 2004 and is back for another season. Here is the description the play:

"The first time young Ralphie Parker laid eyes on the full-page ad, he knew he had to have it: AN OFFICIAL RED RYDER CARBINE ACTION TWO-HUNDRED SHOT RANGE MODEL AIR RIFLE! He would campaign for it! Even though the entire adult world was telling him, "You'll shoot your eye out, kid" – he'd get his Old Man to give it to him for Christmas. This classic story is a holiday gem – and one that guarantees howls of laughter from adults and kids alike."

This was a sell-out show last year, so we need to have an idea of how many will want to go to reserve space. I will be at the October meeting at The Roxy Cafe or you can call me at (724) 941-1173.

SUPPORTERS OF THE SOUTHWIND 2005

Warren and Liz Bell
Jackie and Selden Campen
Bob and Lu Colteryahn
Vira and Lew Doughton
Dan Marino
Hank and Mary Lou Marzina
Malcolm McDonald
Dorothy Meloy
Dory and Tom Merritt

Chris and Jack Orie
Blake and Linda Parker
Audrey Rice
Emily and Art Schock
Lester and Priscilla Shields
Don and Marjie Stark
Jim Stark
Dick and Nancy Toler

Please show your support by making a contribution in any amount.

Minutes of the South Hills Power Squadron Meeting/Picnic 14 September 2005

Twenty-one members attended the 14 September Meeting/Picnic at the Beach Club Marina in New Eagle.

Chef Tom Merritt grilled hot dogs, and Dan Marino brought his fresh catch of fish from Lake Erie. There were the usual chips, drinks, brownies, and Dorothy's delicious dessert.

Commander Selden Campen stated that we will share a Hospitality Room with Pittsburgh Power Squadron at the Fall Conference in Richfield, Ohio. Lew Doughton will organize Merit Mark recommendations. Please e-mail Selden or Lew to recommend those you feel should receive merit marks. There is a 15 November 2005 deadline.

There were less than 20 squadron surveys turned in, but the results were very helpful in planning for the Education Department. Safe Boating will probably be taught in January. Six have shown an interest in this. Weather and AP are under consideration for spring. The Piloting class will most likely be offered in the fall of 2006. Ten of our members had a great week-end visit to Chautauqua.

Dorothy Meloy reported that our squadron has completed 166 Safety Checks. Ken Campbell has done 130 himself!

Our website has been updated. We get about 1500 hits a week and about 6000 a month. Our website is being mentioned by National as an example of the best web site. Mike Hollis is the producer of this and is to be commended. He will explain our website at the November meeting.

Warren Bell proposed the ordering of black or white caps with the squadron insignia. It was voted to order two dozen. The current balance in our checking account is \$2,089.87. A dollar was collected from each person attending the picnic to help defray the cost of the food.

Respectfully submitted,

Lt/C Vi Doughton, Secretary



Irene Leslie has made the very generous offer to donate Lynn's uniform to any interested South Hills Power Squadron member. She has the dress uniform, hat, one short sleeve shirt, one long sleeve shirt, and white trousers. Lynn was about 5 foot 7 inches tall and weighed about 158 pounds.

If you are interested, please call Irene at (412) 276-5032.

A Race That Everyone Wins

By P/R/C Malcolm McDonald, JN

Last summer, the week of my Kansas City families' annual visit for sailing just happened to fall during the weekend of the Erie Yacht Club's 20th Annual MS Regatta, a successful and growing fundraiser. The day of the race was perfect. As we got underway not yet having decided on our destination, sails began blossoming around us in every direction. Someone said, "Let's follow them around and watch. We tried to keep clear. Our eyes, our cameras and our binoculars were zoomed in on them watching the feverish activity in their cockpits and on their foredecks.

We are all cruisers with total distances in our logbooks ranging from one hundred miles up to thousands. Even Pico has sailed to Toronto and back. But we don't know the fine points of yielding room when rounding a bouy.

Someone said, "When you find out the date of next year's race, we'll come a couple days early and practice." It turned out we were all on the same page, so that's exactly what we did.

Because this race is mostly for fun and for raising money, we figured there would be other racing novices entered and there would be more people and ice aboard than needed. This extra weight would slow them down. Besides, we had a large Genoa and a 22 ft whisker pole as secret weapons and would overtake all in our class on the down wind leg.

The crew did come in time this year, and we practiced. The fleet was a little more serious than we had figured, but we achieved our minimum goal. **We did not finish last!** The food and party afterward were great. \$53,529.95 was raised for MS with 118 boats participating – a new record -- so you better be ready in 2006.



The Racing Crew for *Esprit*: Bob, Matt, Michelle, Pico, Amy, Mac, Travis and Mike

Commander's Corner

by Cdr Selden Campen, JN



For those present, the September Picnic at New Eagle's Beach Club Marina was a blast. It was pleasant to meet where you could actually see water and boats. That made the event seem more like a boater's night out. At the meeting, it was announced that soon classes will begin in Weather and Piloting. Information forwarded from P/C Ken Campbell indicates we have about 160 VSCs. I believe we are third in D/7 in this activity - a great service to the boating community rendered by a few of our members.

As most of you know, Hank Marzina has not been well of late. Nevertheless his spirits are good and his drive remains high. Hank discussed with me his desire to get his shortwave antenna up and running again. Apparently a 100 ft. horizontal antenna is what he is attempting to have installed between trees near his home as high as possible. If any of you have access to someone with equipment to assist, it would make Hank's day. Hank also mentioned that there is power in positive thinking. P/C Hank Marzina has contributed much over the years and much recently to the squadron. Keep Hank in mind with regard to any SHPS activities in which he might participate and pray with me that Hank is able to keep his situation in remission.

A couple of other thoughts about members, family, and events: Don and Marjie Stark have acquired some property along the Intracoastal Waterway in Belhaven, North Carolina, about 40 miles inland and are expanding their facilities there. Ophelia was passing by on 11 September. My son, Andrew, lives in Houston while working for SYSCO. As I write this, he is moving the personal effects he can load into his Corolla and will attempt to out-run RITA. Thus hurricanes are having their effect on our members. I hope all involved are safe and property loss is minimized.

I've heard great ideas from P/C Thomas Merritt with regard to monthly meeting programs. I won't steal his thunder here, but look for his comments elsewhere in the SouthWind to learn more about our future speakers. You will not want to miss the October meeting at The Roxy Café in South Hills Village. In addition to the program, I expect we will get an informal report from our senior member Mac McDonald about his sailing voyage with a national flotilla around the San Juan Islands of the Washington State coast - how exciting.

Looking forward to seeing you all in class and/or at our next meeting. Cheers.

Selden Campen



The dumb move on my part was having the same mechanic aboard who suggested the fuel system change. As I was trying to start the starboard engine, with no success, the "mechanic" called up to me and told me to try starting the port engine. I cranked the engine over for a few seconds and as I stopped, I heard Mitchell yelling, "Fire! Fire!" and the sound of a fire extinguisher discharging. I immediately shut everything down, and went to the salon. By then the fire was out. This is what happened. The "mechanic" had located a can of starting fluid that was in a locker. The fluid had been used for starting a reluctant generator last spring. He had removed the flame arrestor and sprayed about a quarter can of fluid over the carburetor and the engine intake manifold. He had not replaced the flame arrestor. When I cranked the engine, the engine backfired and the fluid was ignited. Mitchell had the good sense to put out the flame quickly before any damage was done.



We called our "bestest buddy", Frank, at Boat/US Middle River Towing and invited him to cruise with us to our home port. About 2 hours later Frank arrived, towed us back home, and we settled in for the night.

The next morning I called one of my boating buddies to come over to help me locate the problem with the engines. After he and I cleaned the dry chemical from the engines, we went over the engines. Both engines had no fuel in the carburetors. With this development in mind, I went to the fuel tanks. We removed the fuel lines, the check valve and the elbows from the fuel pick-up system. Lo and behold, what did we find? Both engine pick-up tubes were loose in the fittings. The twenty-nine inch long tubes are screwed into fittings and they reach down to approximately two inches above the bottom of the tanks. Because the fittings were loose, the fuel pump could not draw fuel when the fuel tank was half full and the boat was in a certain attitude. Air would be easier for the pump to move than the heavy fuel. Therefore, the loose fittings permitted air to be drawn instead of fuel. We removed all of the fuel pick-up assemblies and found three of the four were loose. The fourth, a spare pick-up, was missing the tube entirely. We followed up by removing all of the hoses up to the fuel filters and found the inner casing of the fuel lines to be intact and not damaged in any manner. The following week, I ordered new 6061 aluminum aircraft tubing and made new pick up tubes, four for the tanks and a spare, just to be sure.

The moral of this story . . . if you have a "gut feeling" about something on your vessel, make sure the mechanic follows your ideas or at least listens to your evaluation. It may save you money, time and perhaps damage. Oh, by the way, the mechanic that I'm ready to hang from the radar arch is a school bus mechanic - a scary thought!

Delaware bay to the C&D Canal. The air was hot, but the breeze through the bridge enclosure was a welcome relief. We left the C&D canal at Chesapeake City, MD and headed south toward Baltimore. As we were passing Aberdeen Proving Grounds, the port engine shut down. It was the same scenario as in Ocean City. It would crank but wouldn't fire. Well I figured we'd run home on one engine. We called the administrator of our float plan and gave him our coordinates, an idea of our SOG, and a new ETA. We checked in with him every 30 minutes until we arrived in our marina. Running with the single engine was a bit of a challenge, but wasn't too bad.

The following day, a recommended "mechanic" was summoned. He came to the boat. As I was explaining the problems I was encountering, he immediately told me the electric fuel pump and carburetors needed to be replaced. . . that they were not the right ones for the motor. This was said to me before he even looked in the engine room. I asked him to quote me the parts, and told him I would call him later. I asked for another recommendation and came across another mechanic. He came out to the boat that week, called me, and told me he did not know what the problem was, but would return Saturday.

The following Saturday, both of the mechanics showed up. I asked each one if they had a repair manual for the engine model. The "change the carburetors man" had none - this guy I asked to leave. The other said his were for a newer model, but he would borrow one from someone and would return. I told him to stick around and he and I'd do some preliminary work. What we found was a dirty connection in the electrical connector on the fuel pump, a possible bad engine oil pressure switch (a safety in the fuel system). We ordered a new fuel pump and switch. The following week, the new parts were installed and the boat was run again. This time the boat ran fine, but somehow I still was concerned that we might not have solved the problem. It was just one of those "things".



Mitchell Parker lands a job as a dog walker

Sure enough the following weekend, we took a short cruise to the seawall at Inner Harbor. In the dark, we shoved off and got about ¼ mile when the engines quit - almost at the same time. We were blessed again by a favorable wind and we drifted to the Maryland Aquarium.

Membership Survey

Congratulations to **Dan Marino** on the excellent survey of the members of South Hills Power Squadron. The results are difficult to summarize in just a few words, but they display a high level of interest and participation of our members. Thanks to all who completed the survey. A complete copy of the survey results will be distributed at the October meeting.

Here are some highlights of the education portion of the survey.

Of those completing the survey: 28% want Piloting, 16% want AP, 28% are interested in Weather, 16% want Marine Electronics.

For Supplemental Programs: 20% GPS, 16% Knots, 16% Advanced Knots, 16% Bends & Hitches, 16% Radar.

Be sure to get your copy of the survey results at the October Meeting.

Scenes from the September Meeting



Photos from the Chautauqua Gathering in August



**It is always a party when SHPS members gather around boats and water!
Many thanks to Cdr Campen for hosting and organizing such a great event.**

Adventurers We've Become! - The Return Trip - Mechanics by P/C T Blake Parker, AP

The USPS Elective Courses should never be taken for granted. There are few places where an individual can receive as vast and comprehensive an education as what these courses provide. The costs associated with the courses are so minimal, we, the members of USPS, should be cited and arrested for theft. None of the courses alone will make any of us experts in any particular subject matter, but the courses do offer us substantial information in making rational and logical sense of the subjects. The courses along with practical experience will make each and every one of us a better, safer, informed skipper.

My life has been filled with troubleshooting and repairing sophisticated production equipment. I feel that I'm pretty well versed on this style of equipment. But I never feel comfortable with anything I'm not familiar with. Thus, I'll make sure I take the time to study the equipment by purchasing or borrowing manuals for the equipment. This leads up to my story. On our trip to Ocean City, NJ this past June, (see September 2005 SouthWind) we had a wonderful trip with no problems. The weather the entire week was in our favor for side trips and a few days of drift fishing off Little Egg Harbor Inlet. We cruised up to Atlantic City, docked at Farley State Marina in front of Trump Casino, spent a couple of hours in the casino and ate there. What a thrill to be "hanging out" in the marina with some of the finest yachts I've ever seen.



Attacked by a Giant Blue Crab

One day, I decided to take some of the guys drift fishing. Everything went well until we got about 20 yards from the dock. The port engine stalled, and would not restart. It was turning over but not firing. I tried to return to my slip, backing against a 10 - 12 knot "tail wind", and was having some success when the starboard engine decided to abandon my plans. It also turned over but would not fire. Now here we are, between piers containing 40 to 70 foot Ocean's, Vikings, Buddy Davis', Posts, Azimuth and a fleet of Hatteras yachts. The thought of the value of the "neighbors" makes one a little tense. Well, we were being looked upon, for the wind blowing between these boats pushed us ever so gently in between all of them and landed us at the seawall bulkhead.

We tied up and started checking the engines. The batteries were good. The engines were turning over just fine. I removed the flame arrestor from the port engine and looked into the throats of the carburetors, moved the linkage and watched for the tell-tale sign of accelerator pump injecting fuel into the bore of the primaries. There was none, which for me was a blessing, since I really didn't want to check for spark while I was in the bilge. Now I wondered if my fuel gauges were reading correctly. It's a 12 year old boat with original gauges in a marine environment. It could be that they were reading incorrectly. The gauges showed one-half full in each of the tanks. I had no way to check for fluid level in the tanks. I pulled the fuel filters and inspected them for dirt and water. To my surprise both engines' fuel filters were not filled with fuel. This now confirmed the problem with the fuel gauges, I thought.

My crew and I lugged fuel cans from the fuel pumps to the boat and put 25 gallons in each tank. But after priming the filters and trying the engines there was no fuel being injected into the carbs. Lucky for us the marina had a small jon boat. So, we gave up for the night and had the boat towed to our slip. The next morning I stopped at a marine repair yard and hired a mechanic. He went through the same procedures, but he was able to get the engines running. I asked him what his professional opinion was, and he suggested the tanks were dry. I didn't buy that, so I asked him if he thought I should check the lines from the tank to the fuel pump. I was thinking that perhaps a fuel line had collapsed or broken. He thought that was a good idea, but couldn't touch the boat until the following week. After he left, I took the boat to the fuel dock and topped the tanks off. To my surprise the tanks took 62 and 66 gallons, which proved the fuel tanks were reading correctly.

I had made friends with one of the captains of a Tow Boat/US vessel and he was going out to take fuel to a vessel in distress about 6 miles out of the inlet. I told him I'd follow him out. If I had a problem, he could tow me in. This was OK with him. We went out to the vessel in distress. I turned South and ran up and down the beach for about 30 minutes at cruising speed with no problems. The tow boat captain and I met up. I followed him to his next assignment, a grounding in the Intracoastal Waterway. The boat ran fine and I returned to the marina.

Still concerned about not having a reasonable explanation for the fuel problem, I watched the weather forecasts, listened to NOAA weather and even called the FAA flight service station in Altoona for updates. The prediction was for calm seas, light winds but very hot temperatures and high humidity. I reviewed my return trip plan and made sure I was comfortable with my planned fuel stops. I felt we would be OK in returning to Baltimore.

We left Ocean City, NJ at 0600 on Saturday 25 June to a flat ocean and an absolutely beautiful morning. We stopped for fuel at Cape May and ran the