

# HATTERAS CLASSIC CLUB

Spring 2015  
Edition

## From the President's Helm

The 2015 summer boating season is fast approaching. For most of the membership it can't come soon enough. Unless you were fortunate to reside in one of the most southern states, this winter was one of the coldest in recent memory.

As we turn our attention to getting out on the water with our Hatterases, I want to remind everyone to take a few minutes to share your cruising plans and experiences with your fellow members. This can be done by posting them on the club's Facebook page, Hatteras Classic Club. It is a great way to have your own mini rendezvous by inviting fellow members to experience a favorite cruising destination with you.

Hopefully by now you have had the opportunity to check out the club's new website. The look and feel is very similar to the previous site. The difference, however, is that we can now update and add content on our own in a very short amount of time. This will keep the site up to date and fresh.

I want to remind everyone to create a new user name and password for the new website, if you haven't already done so. This will enable you to access the information in the "Members Only" section. Your username and password from the old site will no longer work.

Plans for the 2015 National Rendezvous are well underway by this year's fleet captain, Bob Brandon. Annapolis is the destination. Our club has never held a rendezvous there and I am personally looking forward to a new destination. Annapolis is an easy cruise for a lot of members. I encourage you to mark your calendars early and plan to attend.

In closing, Tina and I want to thank you in advance for supporting this club, any way you can. We still need to grow, however. Promoting the Hatteras Classic Club and encouraging folks to join will help guarantee that, for years, we will all enjoy the benefits that this great group of people has to offer.

Ben Fishel, President



*Tina and Ben Fishel*

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## Another Fun Florida Rendezvous



The Hatteras Classic Club had a wonderful long weekend in Fort Lauderdale, February 26-March 1. When putting this together, I expected about 16 people, but there was a great turnout of 26, a fine show of camaraderie!

For those who chose to arrive Thursday, which was almost everyone, we met at the Bahia Mar Hotel and had a short walk to Coconut's Restaurant for dinner. The food was good but the restaurant was a bit loud and we weren't able to talk back and forth much. Everyone, though, had a good time seeing old and new boating friends.

On Friday, there was a lot of relaxing, shopping and visiting, and some took the water taxi up and down the Intracoastal, getting a running narrative from the boat driver along the way. For the afternoon, John Northrup had arranged a visit to the Resolve Salvage Company.

This company trains bridge crews to operate large ships, including cruise ships. In fact, Resolve Salvage has a five-year contract with Royal

Caribbean and trains all their bridge crews. The centerpiece of this training is a state-of-the-art ship simulator that is able to re-create thousands of varying combinations of weather, speed, current, traffic and emergency situations. It was fascinating and those who went absolutely loved it!

Friday evening began at our home with cocktails on the patio followed by a cruise on the Intracoastal aboard "Fun @ Sea.Calm." We returned to the dock and had a delicious barbecue dinner with plenty to



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eat and even more desserts. After dinner, a speaker from the US Power Squadron talked about spouses' responsibilities if something should happen to the captain. Probably all members could use a bit of training about this.

Saturday, the men were met at the hotel for a visit to all the favorite local yachting stores: Sailorman, with all its used boat parts, and West Marine's flagship store. This was followed by lunch at an outdoor restaurant.

The ladies were picked up to visit the Fairchild Botanical Gardens in Miami. It was a pretty bad start when, a few minutes out, we hit a horrible rainstorm. It doesn't usually rain that hard for that long in the winter in Fort Lauderdale. After much debate about continuing, we checked iPhones and iPads and found it wasn't raining in Miami, so on we went. At the botanical garden, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the striking outdoor Dale Chihuly glass displays, the exotic butterfly garden and all the varied tropical foliage. We were about to have lunch at the garden's café, when it looked like rain again, so we got back in the car just in time and left.



If we thought the rain going to Miami was bad, it was twice as bad going back to Fort Lauderdale. Many of the roads were flooded and a trip that should have taken 40 minutes took over 2 hours. Being the driver, I must admit I was a bit stressed! Everyone was helpfully providing alternate routes from the GPS on their iPhones and luckily, we got back just in time to change and get to the Mai Kai Polynesian Restaurant for dinner and a lively show.

Sunday topped off the weekend. Most gathered for a short ride to Lips Restaurant for a drag gospel brunch. It was a really great time; we enjoyed the food, the show and the "waitresses!"

All in all, everyone who attended the weekend had a wonderful time and Andy and I hope to see each of you at the September HCC National Rendezvous in Port Annapolis.

Jeanne Dixon  
"Fun @ Sea. Calm"



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## Powder Coating Aluminum

When "Miles Away" was painted several years ago, I wanted to remove the aluminum strip along the edge of the bridge. Neither Betty nor I liked the way it looked and it accumulated dirt behind it which streaked the boat every time it rained. We had seen a 53' yacht fish "Frandy" that had this strip removed and replaced with gel coat and it looked great. When the boat was at Composite Yacht being painted I asked Lewis Hardy to look into doing this and give me a price on removing this strip and gel coating the area. On one of our visits, we noticed that they had taken off one section of stripping (12') and Lewis said they were studying it. On a later visit, we noticed that the strips were still there and had been painted white with the rest of the boat. When I asked, Lewis said the cost would have been extremely high as the area was so rough and would require a lot of filling and sanding. Had I known, I probably would have told him to leave the strip bare since it is very hard to keep paint on aluminum. But it looked really good painted and the deed was done, so we took our boat home.

As I suspected, the paint started to bubble off after a year or so and after 3 years it looked terrible. What I wanted to do was to replace the aluminum strips with plastic, but I couldn't find the right size in white. I then decided to have the strips sand blasted and powder coated as this electro process seems to

stay on aluminum. Ten years ago, I had removed the 2 transom windows and had them sand blasted and powder coated and they still look great.

In January, 2015 I started removing the strips. There were six 12' long pieces and one 3' piece, and about 175 screws, which turned out to be different sizes, different lengths and different head configurations! I noticed that the distance between screw holes varied, so each strip had to be put back in exactly the same place. I made a drawing of where each one went and scratched numbers on the back to keep them straight. The strips came off easily, with the only real chore being scraping lots of caulk off the boat and backs of the strips.

When I went to the powder coating shop, the owner showed me a chart of different finishes and colors. I chose shiny white to match the new boat color. He had the job finished in less than 2 weeks and the cost was low, under \$200. The strips were now smooth and shiny and the color matched perfectly. The only problem was that the identifying numbers I had so carefully scratched on the back of the strips had been covered with powder coating and I had to figure out where each one went. I managed by measuring the distance between the first 3 or 4 holes and matching them to the holes in the boat.





I bought all new screws (all the same size) to reinstall the strips. Most held fine but some holes had to be drilled deeper and some were too loose and had to be filled before the screws would take up. Sometime this spring, I will have to paint the screw heads white, all 175 of them! The last thing I wanted to do was caulk the top of the strips to prevent water and dirt from getting behind them. I arranged to have a professional caulker do the job since my caulking skills are not so good, but he never showed up so I did it myself, much to Betty's concern. It looks pretty good, but the pro could have done it quicker and neater with less cursing.

I was so pleased with the powder coating job that I took the pedestals and foot rests for the bridge seats and had them coated white. They too came back looking great. I highly recommend the process - very nice results for very little expense.

Ed Miles  
"Miles Away"



## Bimini... or Not

It may not be looking good for a trip HCC had hoped to have to Bimini in winter of 2016. The entire ferry system, which provided daily service to and from the island, has changed dramatically to a 2 and 3 day cruise with accommodations aboard. The ship is fairly old, with few of the nice amenities that all would expect. The price is much higher than a comparable all-inclusive cruise on a beautiful new ship.

Jeanne Dixon will continue to check that a return to the former schedule might be reinstated, one in which the ferry would provide transportation to and from the island with a 2-3 night stay in a very nice condo.

Please pass along to Jeanne any ideas for an alternate winter rendezvous site or activity at [jeannecyberini@gmail.com](mailto:jeannecyberini@gmail.com)

## Bringing Ariel Home

It was a warm summer sunrise as we were leaving the docks in St. Augustine, Florida on our second day's journey headed for Charleston, SC. It was a day when we would be nearly 50 miles off shore at times so the Captain had topped our fuel off and did a double safety check and inspection of the boat the evening before.

Helene and I bought our second, and current boat in Fort Lauderdale in April of 1995. We had been transferred back to Illinois from Connecticut and had sold our Carver on Long Island Sound as a part of the transfer. Our dream since seeing a 53 foot Hatteras named "Jean Marie" in our Illinois Marina in 1990 had been to someday own one. Helene's father had taken ill in Stuart, FL and while caring for him, she relaxed by looking for our next boat. Exactly how that happened is another story all its own.

After buying the "High Seas," we moved it to Allied Marine in Stuart to have a few items corrected from the survey along with some redecorating and a name change to "Ariel". Since we were not familiar

with the water route to Illinois from Florida we spent many an hour pouring over charts and decided that with the much larger boat, and our lack of familiarity with the routes, we should hire a captain to assist us. At this point, we had decided to cross over to the Gulf head to Lake Michigan via the Mississippi River.

As luck would have it, the Midwest suffered torrential rain falls, the Mississippi River flooded, and the Captain we chose was marooned in all of this. It is at this point that "Captain Bob" came into the picture. Captain Bob had delivered many boats up and down the East Coast and had been highly recommended. We were on a corporate vacation timetable and could not wait for the flood waters to clear, so our new route would take us up to NY and through the canals to the Great Lakes. Captain Bob's east coast experience was a perfect fit for our new plan.

Close friends of ours, who were avid sailors, volunteered to join us for the first half of the voyage to Albany, NY. Larry and Vicki met us in Stuart



and helped us make the final preparations for the estimated 2 week adventure to our old marina on Lake Michigan. It was comforting to have a couple of very experienced boaters on board with us. They are the ones primarily responsible for our being on the Chesapeake today, as much of their sailing experience happened while Larry was employed at the Dover, Delaware General Foods Plant.

The morning we departed Stuart, Captain Bob in his hurry to catch the bridge opening on the St. Lucie River in downtown Stuart, left poor Larry on the dock after he had cast the last line free. Now it was a return to the dock to pick up Larry, creating an extra rush to make the bridge opening.

The first day took us up the Indian River, into the St. Lucie River and up to Port St. Lucie where we headed out into the Atlantic on our way to St. Augustine. The Stuart Inlet, which we would normally have taken, was shallow and full of tricky sand bars due to a hurricane the year before. The weather was absolutely perfect, the seas were unusually calm, and we spent a delightful day learning the boat, soaking up the sun, and watching the dolphins dive in and out of the frothy wake. We arrived at Captain Bob's pre-selected marina around 4pm and headed immediately for the fuel docks to fill up for the next day's long run to Charleston, SC. Larry volunteered to man the fuel hoses so Captain Bob instructed Larry to fill each tank until fuel started coming out of the over flows. Yes, today we cannot get away with that, but that is the way it was back then. The boat did not take on as much fuel as the computerized fuel management system said it should, but the Captain said that as long as fuel came out of the overflows we were full, since he had never seen a truly reliable fuel management system on any of the boats he had delivered. The boat also had tank tenders, but the captain did not believe in them either. The best proof was to fill the tanks until fuel came out of the overflow vents.

The marina agreed to leave us at the fuel dock for the night since they were getting ready to close for the evening and we were leaving at dawn the next morning. After washing the salt off of the boat and freshening up, we all headed to the marina restaurant for a delightful dinner and a recounting of the wonderful day we had spent on the water. The only flaw was that Captain Bob's "Rob Roy" was

made incorrectly and had to be sent back to the bar for a re-do. After dinner we returned to the boat and did a safety check especially including oil and antifreeze levels in the engines and the generator. Everything was in tip top shape.

We were up before sunrise on our second day out and were just leaving the dock as the sun started peeking over the horizon. It was another beautifully warm, clear, and calm morning. The forecast for the day was for warm clear weather and calm seas. The Captain remembered Larry this time. It was another day of sunshine and dolphins coupled with great Jimmy Buffet tunes belting from the fly bridge. Around 3pm, as we were entering the Charleston Harbor inlet, Captain Bob asked me if I would like to take over the helm for the first time. I stepped up to the wheel just as the generator conked out and a higher than normal wave slapped the side of the boat as we were turning to port side into the harbor area. I dropped the boat off plane while the captain went below to restart the generator. It would start and die, but would not run. About this time, the starboard engine died and would not re-start either. I put the port engine in neutral as we pondered the situation. Captain Bob's immediate conclusion was dirty fuel; thus clogged filters. After a quick check, he concluded it was something more than a fuel filter. Now was his opportunity to teach me how to maneuver an ailing vessel into port on one engine. Shortly after we had entered the Harbor with our marina destination in sight, the Port engine died and just like the other engine and would not re-start so we dropped anchor right there in the harbor until we could figure things out.

According to the fuel management system, we should have over 50 gallons left in each of the tanks. According to the tank tenders however; we were empty and empty we were. Captain Bob in his rich Boston accent called the marina for help but discovered the marina had closed at 5pm, so he put out a general call for help. All was quiet. There were boats going in and out of the harbor area, but none of them responded to our cry for help. During all of this, a large, handsome sailing vessel had slowly powered by us and then turned across our bow and headed into a Yacht Club on our port side. A few seconds later in wonderful southern drawl, the captain of the sail boat come on the radio and

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asked "Motor yacht anchored by bell buoy BP 3, are you OK or do you all need help"? We explained our situation, including the calls for help with no response to which he responded "I am embarrassed as a Southern Gentleman. I belong to this yacht club just in front of me. Just as soon as I dock, I will make sure someone gets fuel out to you". We thanked him profusely. About 45 minutes later we could see a small flat bottomed boat with two young men aboard heading toward us. Was this our promised help? As they got closer, we could see a couple of fuel tanks in the boat with them. We directed them to the port side of the boat where the fuel fills were, dropped fenders, and tied them up alongside. There was just one BIG problem. The fuel inlets on the Ariel were even with the tops of their heads. Fortunately they were strapping college students and together they were able to lift the 10 gallon fuel cans over their heads as we put 10 gallons in each tank. This could never have happened in anything other than calm seas. We tried to pay for the fuel, but they told us it had already been paid for. After considerable coaxing we finally got them to take a decent tip.

Captain Bob now started explaining to me the long, tedious, complicated process of draining air out of the lines and priming the engines so we could fire them up and make way to the marina for the night. By this time it was close to 7pm and would be getting dark before long. I then reminded the captain the engines were equipped with fuel priming pumps. A couple flicks of the switch and we were under way.

With the marina closed we tied up at the gas dock, did a quick wash down, and headed off to dinner to discuss the day's adventure. Once again the "Rob Roy" had to be returned and re-done.

It was clear we had run out of fuel, but why? There were no signs of fuel leakage anywhere; could the engines have burned that much extra fuel? Now we were re-thinking some of our planned longer runs on the trip. And why were our calls for help largely ignored? After the necessary safety checks and adding some oil to both engines, it was off to bed and up early the next morning. Well not too early, since the fuel dock did not open until 8am. Day three was clearly going to be a late start.

While I was troubled by the fuel problem, Helene was troubled that no one would respond to our calls for help. As the four of us were browsing through the marina store that morning while the captain was fueling the boat she spied a confederate flag and it struck her. We were in the deep south with Yankee voices. She had me purchase the flag and before leaving the dock, we flew the Confederate Flag on our flybridge flagstaff and enjoyed a new kind of respect for the rest of our trip through the south.

Oh, and the fuel problem? The tanks were not full. With a commercial high flow rate fuel pump, the overflows burp out fuel about 50 gallons short of full. Both the fuel management computer and the tank tender systems were correct. It was the fail safe "overflow" approach that failed. From then on we did not leave the fuel dock until we had reconciled all three. We also never ran out of fuel again.

Our experience at BP 3 was an important lesson in more ways than one. We were just lucky to have made it inside the harbor before running out of fuel. Remember, earlier in the day, we were more than 50 miles off shore.

Don Butte  
"Ariel"



## 2015 National Rendezvous in Port Annapolis

Plans for the 2015 National Rendezvous are starting to firm up. Dock space at Port Annapolis Marina has been reserved at a cost of \$2.75 per foot per night beginning Thursday, September 10, the usual weekend after Labor Day. General Manager, Scott Tinkler, is trying to dock all the boats on the same pier. HCC will have use of the marina pool, boaters' lounge and outdoor pavilion for no extra charge. The marina offers a free shuttle van every 2 hours to downtown Annapolis; it runs until 5 PM. Water taxi service is available from Port Annapolis Marina to the Annapolis town dock every hour until mid-night.

Scott is offering a special incentive to encourage early slip reservations. By reserving your slip before the end of June, you will be entered in a raffle with the winner receiving free dockage for the entire rendezvous.

Reservations can be made by calling Blake, the dock master, at Port Annapolis Marina at 410-269-1990. Be sure to tell him you are a member of the Hatteras Classic Club. Your reservation will be held by credit card with free cancellation with 48-hours notice. Boats cancelling after the 48 hour cancellation period will be charged 1 day's dockage which the marina will waive for mechanical problems.

For those flying or driving there are lots of places to stay. The nicest and most convenient, the Marriott Waterfront, is also the most expensive. Fortunately, there are many reasonably-priced motels just west of town off Route 50.

Speakers are still being arranged. Bob is considering a Watermark Dinner cruise for Saturday night and a crab feast for another night.

## The Troublesome Bow Pulpit

It has always taken a lot of time and effort to keep the bow pulpit looking good. The pulpit has two 1" deep channels on either side of the anchor which is covered by 2 lengths of mahogany planks on each side of the anchor slot. These boards are separated from each other and the fiberglass by thin rubber strips. Over the years, I have had to replace all the rubber with different widths of square stock and even caulk in places where the rubber strips wouldn't stay in place. This had been a continuing problem. Another headache was keeping varnish on the wood. Even though the pulpit is normally covered, I have never been able to get a season out of the varnish without completely stripping and refinishing. I used to do this in the spring but it never lasted all summer, so I started doing it in July. I tried lots of different varnishes, but water always seemed to get underneath the varnish.

At the 2014 HCC rendezvous in St. Michaels, I noticed the bow pulpit on "Hatt-A-Tude," where the wood had been removed and the channels painted with non-skid. I also noticed that even though "Hatt-A-Tude" is 67' and "Miles Away" is 53', and much older, we have very similar pulpits and I finally was able to see what was under those boards - gelcoat. I asked Tom Madonna about it and he told me that "Hat-A Tude's" pulpit was that way when he bought the boat; the previous owner must have done it. I thought it looked fine and decided to do the same thing on "Miles Away".

The first thing I discovered was how the boards were attached. I had guessed they were glued on since I didn't see any screws, but when I started prying with a crow bar, I found that they were screwed on, but up from the bottom. Since there was no way to get to the screw heads, I kept prying and forced the threaded part of the screws out of the wood. It was easy; all the wood was off in 15 minutes. What was left was about 25 screws sticking up through the fiberglass. I drove them down into the hollow pulpit with a hammer and punch. Unfortunately, there is no way to get into the hollow bow pulpit without cutting a big hole somewhere. So now there are 25 screws rolling around inside. I don't think it will hurt anything.

I now needed advice on how to fill all those screw holes and how to paint the 2 channels with

non-skid. In December, on the way home to Virginia Beach from visiting our son in Fairfax, Betty and I took the long route down the Eastern Shore so we could visit Composite Yacht in Cambridge. I not only needed advice on how to do the job, I needed to know if I could do it or had to get them to do the painting. Lewis Hardy told me what to do, and also gave me all the paint, primer and grit I would need, which wasn't much since the area was small. That saved me from buying 10 times the amount I would need at West Marine prices. Lewis also told me how to fill the screw holes and what product to use (West System G Flex filler #655). He told me to drill each hole out with a counter sink to 3/8" diameter.



I filled the holes and scraped them smooth, but since the holes were bottomless, the filler sank a bit and I had to fill them a second time to get a smooth, level surface. After that, it was sand and hand. I used 100 grit, some by hand and some with an electric sander. Lewis told me to take it to 180 grit, which seemed very fine for non-skid paint, but I did it just in case. Most of this was done in January and February when, as everyone on the east coast knows, the weather was terrible. I needed about 60° to paint and there wasn't much of that. Finally in March, we got a few warm days, so I went to work. I kept the paint Lewis had given me in a closet at home since it had to stay warm and at a reasonably constant temperature. The

paint had been stored for several months before I tried to use it and by then the primer had gotten thick and the Awlgrip converter had gotten hard. I replaced the converter, but not knowing the primer wasn't supposed to be that thick, I put it on without thinning; it did not settle at all, leaving very thick brush strokes. Fortunately, the next day I was able to sand it smooth, but it took a couple of hours of hard hand sanding. Finally, I brushed on the first coat of Awlgrip mixed with the non-skid grit. On the advice of Martin Hardy, I put the second coat on without grit which made a better finish.

I touched up the paint on the edge of the non-skid a few days later and the job looks great, maybe not quite as good as varnished wood, but hopefully a whole lot less trouble.

Ed Miles  
"Miles Away"

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