



October

Catalina 22 Fleet 4 **4UM**



2021



Ship passing Rich & Carolyn Mason on *Lina*

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UPCOMING EVENTS

✿ October 2021 ✿

10/30, Saturday, 10:00am
Cruise: Halloween, TBD

✿ November 2021 ✿

Annual Banquet moved to 1/22/2022

✿ December 2021 ✿

Enjoy the Holiday Season

✿ January 2022 ✿

1/22/2022, Saturday - Save the Date
Annual Banquet: TBD

The Fleet 4um is published bi-monthly in even-numbered months. The deadline for submission is the 25th of the odd-numbered month prior to publication for the next month's edition.

Please send your submissions for the December edition by November 25th to:

Gary Preston, Fleet 4um Editor

Gary_Karen_Preston@compuserve.com

➤ CAPTAIN'S CORNER <

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Greetings everyone!

I hope this addition of Fleet 4um finds all of you well. It's been a long, hot summer and I didn't get out on the water nearly as much as I hoped, and not even close to prior years. This year I have had other priorities that needed my attention which were more important than getting out on the water. I know, it's hard to believe! The beginning of the year I was in a battle against cancer. Then soon after, came our house remodel. If you have been without a kitchen for 6 weeks or more, you know the joy that brings. Ha! The remodel is almost complete, and it looks great! The next major life event is Joanne's and my upcoming wedding. We tie the knot on October 9, so close! We are really looking forward to getting married after being together for close to nine years. Where does the time go?

Once I get through October, I'll be getting back to boating chores and hopefully out on the water. I really need to replace the standing rigging on *Miss Irene*. I can't get the rigging tight anymore and I don't want to take any chances. I have a pretty good track record of mishaps and failures, unfortunately, that I don't intend to repeat. My guess is that the current rigging might even be original. That is a scary thought since *Miss Irene* was born in 1970. Yikes!

Let me know what work you plan to do on your boat. If there is any interest, maybe we can enlist a few folks to help each other out. I think this will be a good opportunity to learn and share skills, while having some fun, or at a minimum, commiserate with others instead of alone once the mysteries (or miseries) of your boat start revealing themselves!



Captain Kev

➤ CRUSING CHATTER <

Susan Patchett, Cruising Chair
Librium, Catalina 22
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916-996-5697

The Cruise at Lake Camanche was canceled [in September]. The next cruise is the Halloween Cruise on October 30th. It was scheduled for Folsom Lake, but sadly the water level is at 24%. If you're interested in the Halloween Cruise, we may be able to change the location. Contact me about it.

Cruise Points

Total points so far this year:

Mason - 46
Patchett- 44
Clancy - 36
Moore - 34
Bernard - 30
Preston - 19

➤ SECRETARY'S REPORT <

Roy Moore, Secretary
Wave Dancer, Catalina 25
roymoore925@gmail.com

Fleet rosters are here! Paper copies were passed out at the ice cream social to those who were there. An email with the rosters as an attachment will go out October 6. The bylaws provide for a paper copy to every fleet member, so those will be going out by mail to those who have not received them yet, unless you contact me to opt out. If you opt out, that will save the fleet some money.

By the way, a tip. After a recent experience, I've made it a point to always put my outboard motor in neutral right after I shut it off. Just in case I need to get the motor started quickly, getting it in neutral will not be part of it. This becomes important sometimes in the Delta.

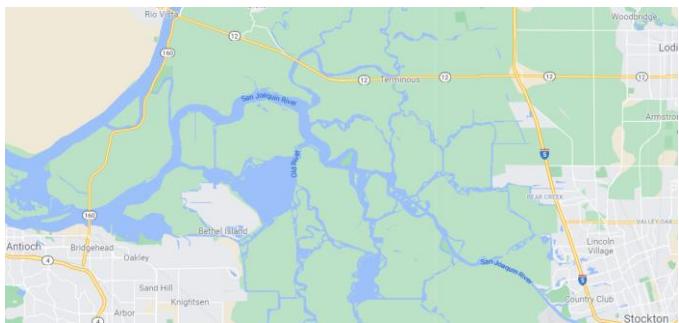
► **MEMBERSHIP MATTERS** ◄

Bill Martin, Membership Chair
Catalina 22
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We have our first member to pay 2022 dues! The membership form is at the end of this newsletter.

► **DOING the DELTA** ◄

The following are a couple of stories about sailing in the California Delta, where the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers converge. Hopefully, these stories inspire as well as provide lessons learned.



Delta area from Rio Vista to Antioch to Stockton.

I've Joined the Disaster Club

Matt Hall
Allegro, Catalina 22
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It's always a drag when you spend the morning setting up the boat, getting everything just right, and you finally get out on the water only to see your tell-tales droop (you might even fiddle with the ones you can reach, pretending that they might just be caught on the stay). You hold out hope for a little while that the wind is going to change, that you're still going to have a great day, but, eventually, you call it quits. In March, I had had a string of such days, and so I was excited to see a weekend forecast for lots of wind.

The forecast predicted that the wind would steadily rise throughout the day, starting around 10mph in the early morning, and ramping up to 30mph by about 2pm. My boat is down in the Delta, a C22, so I got up with the sun, reasoning that if I sailed only in the morning, got the boat back to its slip by noon, that I would have plenty of wind and yet stay within my comfort zone. This assumption was the first of

a series of mistakes that would later cause me to abandon ship as my little *Allegro* was swept onto the boulders of the levee.

I usually sail with my daughter, Audrey, who is a great first mate and a skilled beginning sailor, but I was single-handing it that day. As such, I took extra precautions, like getting the anchor out on the deck in case of emergency. That the rope attached to it was a tangled mess, well, I'd have plenty of time to deal with that once I got out on the water and had my sails set. I turned on my motor, a used Mercury 4-stroke which sputtered and snorted, and generally had trouble at idle, which meant quick changes between forward and reverse usually caused it to stall-out. I'd been dealing with the problem since making the ill-advised purchase months earlier, and being both cheap and handy, had tried to fix it myself by taking apart, cleaning, and putting back together the carburetor (felt pretty proud about that). The motor did function better, but my little clean-out job was not a 100% fix.

Because of the stall-out issue, backing out of my slip was usually somewhat of a challenge, since the weeds are only two or three boat lengths away. On that day, however, the steady blow from the north tried its darndest to keep me in my slip (a not subtle hint I ignored). Once I did get out of the slip, I tried to switch from reverse to forward, which, of course, caused the engine to die. It took several pulls to get her purring again, and so I ended up bouncing off the dock bumpers several times and narrowly missing the stern of a neighbor's boat as I leaned on the tiller and careened toward the San Joaquin River.

Out the mouth of Seven Mile Slough and into the San Joaquin, I was excited. Everything was going right, the wind was tossing my hair, it was going to be a great day -- if only the lazy jacks didn't foul things up again! See, the lazy jacks kept getting caught in the battens, and so I had completely redone the lines (and yes, I am a bit overly proud about those eye splices on the quick release hardware) and was eager to see if my fix bore out. I was also anxious to try out some advice I had read on the Catalina 22 forum online about a way to let the wind help you keep the lazy jacks free of the battens. The idea was to first raise the jib sail and point to a close reach. With a little forward motion, the poster explained, the wind would luff everything

just a little, allowing the main to be raised smoothly. I had even added the quick release clips to the aft ends of the lazy jacks, just in case. Essentially, I was golden. I cut the engine and pointed while I pulled on the jib sheet.

Immediately, the wind snatched the sail and unfurled it to its full extent (little did I know that the wind forecast had changed substantially from when I had checked upon arriving at the marina an hour before). An item of maintenance I had knowingly neglected for several outings had to do with the roller furler line and the jam cleat that was supposed to keep it from unfurling all the way. I was about to pay for my procrastination.

At first, I tried to use the jib to point into irons, but I could not overcome the lee helm and was dragged all the way across the river toward the levee rocks. Next, I ran forward to wrestle the wind for the jib sail since my efforts to furl it the normal way were unsuccessful, but I was no match for it. Between the wind and the waves, I was in danger in no time at all, and so I gave up on the sail and cut the motor back on. Luckily, she came to life, and I motored back across the San Joaquin. I repeated this procedure about four times, with several stall-outs, and even though I was thoroughly entertained the whole time, I don't recommend anyone try this. Finally, exerting an effort which I was sure would put my neck and back out of commission for weeks, I was able to subdue the miscreant sail ensnaring it in its own jib sheets. Poetic justice, I muttered.

By this time, I had realized that I was in over my head. I fired up the Merc' and pointed toward home. The waves and wind had gotten much worse, even though I had been out there for only 20 minutes (a very long twenty minutes, I'll admit) so that even sticks-to-the-wind as I was, I could not quite keep to my bearing. It felt as if all the wind of the storm was coming right out of the mouth of Seven Mile Slough. It took quite a while to get back across to the slough, though I had been able to keep its well-known crane in sight this whole time. At about 100 feet from the mouth, my used and lovingly DIY rehabbed Mercury 4-stroke died, died for good. No amount of begging and cursing, let alone yanking and tinkering, would rouse her, and so *Allegro* and I were swept back across the river.

I struggled with the engine, water whipped and squinting with one eye on the rocks, planning to toss out an anchor as soon as I got too close. The moment came, and I leapt forward and seized the anchor. Which was still a tangled mess. Which was completely useless. After only a heartbeat of squirreling with the knots, I tossed the anchor down and jumped into the doghouse. I always keep extra rope, in the car, in my backpack, everywhere. I grabbed two and sprung back topsides. If not for the imminent collision with sharp boulders, it would have been fun. I knew the ropes were not long enough, but I was confident that if I tied the first rope to the anchor and tossed it in, I would be able to bend the two lines and lash it to the bow pulpit before it bit. I tied a quick anchor bend and tossed the anchor overboard. As the rope rapidly uncoiled, I brought the two working ends together. Reef bend or Zeppelin bend?

The Reef bend is easy to tie, but it is not a knot for critical loads. The Zeppelin bend, in its loop form, is the only other knot allowed for securing to a climber's belt, aside from a figure of eight loop. I'm quick with the Zeppelin bend, because it is my favorite one, and so I tied a loose overhand on the left working end and began to thread the right working end through it. There are a couple of ways I know how to tie a Zeppelin, and this was the quicker, simpler way. Just as I was making the critical tuck, the tail of the anchor line zipped right out of my hand. Losing no time, I raced below to grab my spare anchor when I felt the impact of the boat against the levee. Grimacing at the sound of my keel grinding against the rocks, I began to crank it up. I was worried that, if it broke off, *Allegro* would rapidly take on water. After a few cranks, however, I noticed that the boat was becoming more unstable, so I cranked it back a bit and changed focus.

I tried calling for help on my radio, but it wasn't working properly, as if the crash had knocked something loose. On my cell phone I dialed for the Coast Guard for a rescue, all the while being bashed by a cavalcade of short but unstoppable waves. After being transferred a couple of times (first to LA, then back to San Francisco), I was told that I would get a call back from the local captain. After what seemed like an incredible wait, I got a call. The captain I spoke to told me that they "don't really go out in weather like this." He suggested

that I call my tow insurance and to abandon ship if it was safe to do so. I asked him, “isn’t rescuing people in situations like this kind of like, what you do?” He replied that he would see what he could do and get back to me. We ended the call, and I called my tow insurance.

The representative was much more helpful than the Coast Guard. While I was on the line, she secured the assistance of a towboat captain. It would only take an hour or so for him to reach me. “I’ll sink by then.” It was the best she could do.

I’m a pretty agile little guy, so I decided, with a little luck I could get the timing right and jump off the boat unscathed. I grabbed what seemed to be the most important items on board: a laptop, a first aid kit, a propane stove, and coffee fixings. If my boat was a goner, I at least wanted a cup of joe to hold while I watched it sink. I tested the stiffness of the wind by leaning my body into it. It held me up. I climbed down the embankment where the wind was less fierce and set up my stove. Coffee in hand, I returned to the scene and watched as whitecaps pummeled *Allegro*. An hour or so passed and I got a call from the towboat captain. He was getting close and wanted to know what he was getting himself into. I explained the situation, climbing back onto the boat to confirm for him that the boat hadn’t taken on any water. It hadn’t, and so the plan was to try and tow it back to the marina, with emphasis on try.

When he got there, giant twin engines a-grumbling, his first mate tossed me a heavy line which I put through a rail and tossed back to him. They heaved a radio across the gap and told me to let them know if I started to take on water. The trip back across was actually fun. I was being rescued, and the foam and spray kicked up by the storm was exhilarating, now that disaster had been averted. It was a bit like being pulled in an inner tube behind a jet boat. The captain periodically asked how I was doing and whether I had taken on water, to which I replied “fine” and “nope,” and we decided it would be safer to take a side slough instead of going straight into Seven Mile.

Once we entered the side slough, the current dropped substantially. About 200 feet in, however, my boat was suddenly jerked along in a wide S pattern. *Allegro* kept swooping back and forth

across the slough like I really was being pulled by a jet boat, only the towboat was going steadily dead ahead. Everyone was confused. We stopped for a moment to figure out what had been the cause, and I noticed that one of the jib sheets had fallen off the side of the boat and was dragging along the bottom. I had to cut it to free it, and the captain decided it would be a good time to put me in a side tie position for the docking procedure. We motored down the rest of the slough toward my slip, chatting about the storm and the houseboat they had pulled off of a bridge piling somewhere downriver. “Happens every storm, idiots go out not realizing what’ll happen,” he said to the wind. He shot me a guilty glance, “eh, but, you know, it’s hard to know, you know, it can happen to anybody.” I allowed myself to be reassured that I was not a complete and hopeless numbskull and tried to enjoy the ride. Getting *Allegro* back in her slip was a chaotic ballet in which the sense of timing and experience of the captain was principle. It was like watching an Olympic gymnast stick the landing, and with verve. My only contribution at this point was to choke under pressure while trying to tie a bowline. I felt so stupid, being a self-proclaimed knot enthusiast and all, and was grateful for the gentle lie that, “[he] sometimes struggles with that one, too.”

I waved a hearty good bye to the sailors who had saved me, promising to myself that I would remember their names. I’ll skip the part where I managed to get my jib sheet completely unfurled again (thankfully while securely tied off to the dock), because that’s just too embarrassing. As I left the marina, the wind set to a gale. Over the next week, sore of back, sore of pride, I recounted my mistakes. In the end, the experience was a much-needed licking, one which I hope I have learned the lessons of, and, perhaps most importantly, one that makes for a good story.

Charmed Life on the Delta

Gary and Karen Preston
Charmed Life, Hunter 270
Gary_Karen_Preston@compuserve.com
(modified from what is in October Latitude 38)

We spent a week aboard *Charmed Life* in August. The Folsom Lake marina isn’t floating because of the drought this year, so we sought an alternative for our sailing. We selected Delta Bay Marina, conveniently located on the San Joaquin River, with

easy access to a wide part of the river for sailing, and close to 3 restaurants on the Delta Loop. Plus, as part of Park Delta Bay RV campground, we had use of their pool for those hot days when not out sailing.

Our plan was to sail as much as we could, so we stuck to the main San Joaquin River, first heading downriver to Antioch, then working our way back upriver as far as Stockton. Mostly, we planned destinations where there were restaurants for dinners, but we also picked a couple of anchorages along the way. It was a good plan, but as with many sailing trips, we ended up with Plan B and Plan C before we were done.

Our adventure began on Sunday August 8th, sailing about 15nm and arriving in Antioch in about 4 hours. The closer we got, the stronger the winds. By the half-way point, we had reefed the main and jib in winds steady 20+kn, and gusts over 30kn. Antioch is a lovely marina with nice amenities, and it has the advantage of a restaurant adjacent. Smith's Landing Seafood Grill has delicious food in a rather upscale atmosphere (think white table cloths), but was very welcoming to windblown guests wearing jeans.



Charmed Life in Antioch Marina.

Heading back upriver on Monday, we planned to anchor near Mandeville Tip, off the San Joaquin. Using the automatic routing feature of Navionics app, our intended route was through False River and the northern edge of Franks Tract. But we found False River blocked by a new levee built to reduce salt water encroachment, so we stuck to the main San Joaquin River channel. We turned into Potato Slough for the night, after about 17nm and sailing mostly downwind for 5 hours in 10-15kn of wind.

While wind seems very reliable in the Delta, it is also a liability when lighting the cockpit BBQ. The propane was blown out several times before we gave up and cooked dinner in the galley below.



Approaching the Antioch bridge.

Our plan for Tuesday was to head to Stockton, but our outboard motor had different plans. The motor started fine, but there was no cooling water outflow, and no obvious blockage of the intake, so we quickly shut it down. Playing it safe, we raised our sails and sailed dozens of short tacks upwind from Potato Slough back to Delta Bay Marina. We knew it would be a challenge to sail into our slip in the Delta breeze, so we sailed upwind past the marina, then approached downwind between the tule islets and shore under jib alone to control our speed. That strategy worked well, with a near perfect landing; an example of living a charmed life. Since our car was there, we celebrated and drove into Rio Vista for dinner at The Point Restaurant, another nice but jean-friendly restaurant adjacent to the Delta Marina Yacht Harbor (noting a future trip by boat to a marina with a restaurant).

On Wednesday, all seemed well with the motor, so we headed out, raised sails in a light 5-10kn breeze, and were on our way up the San Joaquin River to Stockton again. Fleet 4 members Rich and Carolyn Mason aboard *Lina*, their Catalina 25, left from Stockton Sailing Club and headed downriver to rendezvous with us. We met somewhat east of Mandeville Tip, and had a fun and easy “match race” downwind to SSC, only interrupted by the passing of an outbound freighter in a very narrow part of the Deepwater Channel in the San Joaquin River. After 15nm and nearly 5 hours, we were greeted by very friendly folks at SSC, and were assigned a slip across from Rich and Carolyn. After a tour of the wonderful facility, since the Masons

had their car, we all went to dinner at a nearby restaurant.



Following Rich & Carolyn Mason on *Lina*.



Ship approaching in the San Joaquin River.



Stockton Sailing Club.

Thursday began with an easy motor trip to nearby Windmill Cove Bar and Grill to check them out. We side-tied along their guest dock in the entry channel, but wouldn't recommend going into the

shallow cove with a keel. After a couple of Mai Tai's, we left Windmill Cove and reefed immediately with 15-20kn winds and gusts over 25kn. For the trip downriver and upwind, we decided to motor-sail so we could point a little higher and extend our tacks a little longer, minimizing the number of tacks. Even so, we counted 58 tacks to the anchorage at Mandeville Tip. We first ducked into Three River Reach, a mile southeast of Mandeville Tip, where Navionics indicated an anchorage, but we found it too weedy, so we continued on to the Mandeville anchorage. We were worn out after beating upwind in heavy air for 13nm and 4 hours, so that napping and cooling our feet in the water felt refreshing. Again, winds were an issue when lighting the BBQ, so the beef kabobs became beef stew on the galley stove. We were the only boat anchored at Mandeville Tip that night, at the peak of the annual Perseid Meteor Shower. We were able to see 2 meteors through hazy skies, living the charmed life.

We sailed back to Delta Bay Marina on Friday with winds that were still strong from the prior day. The 6nm trip took 90 minutes under reefed sails, with strong gusts causing us to sail less-than-efficiently. We were glad to have a short day as we were ready for the comforts of the marina, like ice cream from the marina store and showers. Rich and Carolyn Mason, with Roy and Noreen Moore as crew, sailed from Stockton Sailing Club to Delta Bay upwind in winds strong enough to make them motor-sail most of the way, and grateful to step back onto solid ground. Pat and Carol McIntosh, former Fleet 4 members, arrived by motorhome and joined us for dinner at nearby Lighthouse Bar and Grill.



Dinner at Lighthouse Bar & Grill - Rich & Carolyn Mason, Pat & Carol McIntosh, Karen Preston.

We participated in the Delta Doo Dah Party at Delta Bay Marina on Saturday August 14th. The marina's solar electric boats were fun to drive in the channel

protected by the tule islets. Tasty burgers were served, and the Delta Chamber of Commerce gave an interesting talk and slide show of the Delta's nautical history. The photography of a bridgetender was absolutely beautiful, so we just had to buy one. The afternoon was topped off with lounging poolside and a refreshing swim in the Delta Bay pool, followed by the view of a gorgeous sunset from the cockpit of *Charmed Life*.



Karen Preston & Carolyn Mason on Delta Bay electric boat.



Sunset at Delta Bay Marina with moon and Venus.

There are a lot of destinations to explore in the Delta, and we only saw a few in our one-week adventure. A word of advice, though: Pay close attention to charts, tides and water depths, as it is very easy to touch bottom. A depth sounder and a GPS with nautical charts, like Navionics, were essential for us. Also, watch for weedy areas which can wrap around keels, rudders and props, an issue when looking for an anchorage. With a little care and planning, you too can experience a charmed life on the Delta.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

2 Separate Companionway Tops Free to Good Home(s)

Jay Bernard
thehenrycat@comcast.net
916-806-8125

One Catalina 22 pop-top complete with sliding cover, and one sliding companionway cover. Just a little dirty.



Looking for Used Hank-On Jib

Matt Hall
matthall.dds@gmail.com
804-912-4034

Hi folks, beginner sailor here looking for a nice used hank-on jib sail, for a '78 Catalina 22.

Looking for Anchor Hanger for Bow Pulpit

Matt Hall
matthall.dds@gmail.com
804-912-4034

Also looking for an anchor hanger for the bow pulpit, for a '78 Catalina 22.

If any Fleet 4 member has an item or service you would like to offer to other members, please write an ad, and submit it to:

Gary Preston, Fleet 4UM Editor
Gary_Karen_Preston@compuserve.com

The ad is free for Fleet 4 members.



Fleet 4 Membership & Renewal Form for Year 20__

Renewing Members: fill in your Name and only the information that has changed since last year, and sign.

Name (1st member) _____ Registration # (CF) _____

Name (2nd member) _____ Boat Name _____

Children (under 16 who sail with you)
_____ Boat Type (make & model) _____

Address _____ Sail Number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Berth _____

Home Phone (____) ____ - _____

C22 National member? Yes No (circle)

Work Phone (1st member) (____) ____ - _____

Boat Equipped with: (for cruising safety)

VHF Radio Yes No (circle)

GPS Yes No (circle)

Radar Yes No (circle)

Cell Phone (1st member) (____) ____ - _____

The Fleet 4um newsletter is distributed bi-monthly by email to all members and posted on the Fleet 4 website. Would you also like a mailed copy?

[] YES, I prefer a mailed copy.

[] NO, email and online posting is fine.

Cell Phone (2nd member) (____) ____ - _____

Email (1st member) _____

Email (2nd member) _____

I hereby release all Fleet 4 members, cruise leaders, and board members from any liability for injury, death, or damage to property arising from participation in any Fleet activities and/or cruises. I also acknowledge that the decision to participate, race, continue to race, or cruise in the events is the sole responsibility of the individual skipper and his or her crew.

Signed _____ Date _____

Fleet 4 dues: \$36

Due January 1st of each year

(New members prorate less than 1 year at \$3.00 per month.)

Make checks payable to: **Catalina 22 Fleet 4**
Then mail with Membership Form to:

Fleet 4 Treasurer
c/o Gary Preston
4113 Big Live Oak Lane
Sacramento, CA 95821

For membership questions, contact Bill Martin:
(916) 804-5240 or email: bimartin@hotmail.com

For official use only:

[] Roster needs updating

[] New member packet sent

[] Needs membership badge

Paid: Date ____/____/____

Bank/Check # _____ / _____