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CATALINA 350 INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION



C350 Association Technical Editor Bill Templeton

Before proceeding with new stuff please be warned about the manner by which I raised my dodger. I used standard wall (0.049") 7/8" stainless steel tubing to make internal sleeves for the extensions to the main bow of the dodger. On Memorial Day outside of Barnegat Inlet (my bad for trusting NOAA) we took an unusually large wave (rogue ?) that washed solid water over the deck and cabin into the cockpit. The force of the water broke 12 lift-a-dot studs, tore out seven lift-a-dot sockets, tore out the Sunbrella binding along the bottom and bent the bow at my junctions where I extended the dodger frame Poor Pat was completely "awash" and ended up on the opposite of the cockpit from where she was sitting. My warning here is if you sleeve the extensions like I did be sure to use thick-walled 7/8" tubing a minimum of 6" long.



This issue we have a submission from Bruce Whyte on multiple causes of engine "spluttering" and dying. With Bruce's write up take special note of the location of the engine block number (the pic is a Westerbeke but the block is the same as the Universal 35B). This is the number used by Bruce's mechanic to cross-reference and get a Kubota head gasket. I had contacted a local Kubota dealer for parts in the past and was told I had to have the cross-referenced part number....apparently parts can be gotten using the block number. I would like to hear of any and all experiences with obtaining Kubota parts for the Universal. Please shoot me an email of your successes...or failures in getting parts so I can share with our members.

–Bill Templeton, pbtemp6816@verizon.net

Spluttering May be Fuel for Thought



"Splutter . . splutter . . splutter". It lasted a brief few seconds on a quiet day moving the boat from its anchorage to a sail yard to repair the TV antenna on top of the mast, a trip of only one nautical mile. Nothing happened on the way back.

We left Oriental, NC the next day for Norfolk via Bellhaven and the Alligator River. One hour into the trip, "Splutter . . splutter . . splutter". Then the engine stopped. It restarted easily, if roughly, ran for a few minutes and then "Splutter . . splutter . . splutter" and died again. This was repeated twice more. At that point we decided to return to the Oriental anchorage that meant under sail and, of course, into the wind that only meant we were heading in the correct direction!

Since it was Easter Monday, we anchored and waited for Tuesday. The yard told us to get a with SeaTow. The diesel mechanic was waiting for us, jumped on as soon as we docked and started on the search. He thought initially, like us, that it was a fuel issue. But despite checking for almost 2 hours, could find nothing. Stuck his finger in the coolant under the radiator cap and pulled it out, black as spades. The only thing we all knew that could do that is a leaking head gasket. So off came the head, and everything else, and the gasket was found to have a perforation. Westerbecke was called and yes, they had one that they could get to us in about 6 weeks. Yeah, right! Another mechanic suggested we might actually have a Kubota engine. Kubota directed the mechanic to the area where the serial number could be found, which proved it was a Kubota. Their head gasket arrived the next day, the engine put together and run for about 4 hours at the dock and against the dock lines. No over heating, no spluttering, let alone death.

We left the next morning with another boat for company. We considered that as on-the-water insurance. Six hours after we left, in the middle of the channel east of Bellhaven, with a tug pushing a barge behind us, "Splutter . . splutter . . splutter". Twice! Died twice. Would not restart twice. We threw out the anchor and tried troubleshooting, quickly of course. Engine restarted and we were able to get out of the channel and into the anchorage we had selected for the night. And just to compound the issue, we had the most severe thunder storm we have ever weathered on the boat with torrential rain, high winds and decent seas in the "protected" anchorage. We had all our lights on as we could not even see our companions 100 yards away. Despite some wild swinging, we did not drag.

Over the next 4 days we ran smoothly, except for when we spluttered and died multiple times each day. At Coinjock we checked the fuel lift pump that did not seem to be working. Indeed it produced no output. A local lad gave me a ride to town and I picked up a 12V fuel lift pump. Installed it on the boat and once again ran it for several hours against its dock lines. So all fixed.

Whoa there, not so fast. Before we even left the dock, "Splutter . . splutter . . splutter". Engine died again. Since it restarted immediately we decided to continue north as our safety did not really seem at risk. We had multiple marinas and resources en-route and our companion stayed with us, probably for entertainment. Every day we had the same pattern as before. We made it to Deltaville, VA in another few days. Having called ahead, we had 5 mechanics to choose from, all with a variety of reviews. We selected Deltaville Yachting Center, a relatively small outfit that could get to us in less than 2 weeks, in fact the next day it turned out. Co-owner and mechanic Bo docked us at 12:00 noon, jumped on and started. After 2 hours another of their mechanics joined him. By 5:00 pm, they had nothing to show for their efforts. But, they were not leaving until they had it licked, this on a Friday afternoon!

They decided to check for blockages using a vacuum gauge and found immediately an almost complete blockage in the fuel line. By moving the gauge, they isolated it to the section between the external fuel filter and the supply line in the fuel tank. Once the supply line was pulled out, it became obvious. There was a "black plug" in the very top of the supply line where it does a right angle into the supply hose. After almost having to hammer it out, it turned out to be a piece of absorbent material that is used to collect any spill around the fuel nozzle at refueling. It was about 2 inches square and tight as a gnat's . . . The thought was that someone had stuffed the fuel nozzle through it and a piece had ripped off.

So at 5:30 pm we restarted the engine and wonder of wonders. Not only did it start straight away, but it also self bled the air in the system, apparently a normal with this M-35B Universal engine. Long and short, we had no problems with the engine from then on. We spent the next 2 weeks cruising some of the Chesapeake Bay with an engine that purred, ran at least 7 degrees cooler than before and never again "Spluttered . . spluttered . . spluttered".

But we still want to know, how in the heck did it ever get enough fuel to run at all, let alone for such relatively long periods? **–Bruce Whyte**, C350 #357 Aussie Mate

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