

A Lesson Learned.

With a big bag of supplies from West Marine, I began early on a Saturday morning, preparing to spend the day in my bilge performing overdue "routine" maintenance

My list included

- Replacing spark plugs, cap and rotor,
- Oil change with filter
- Fuel filter
- Drain and refill gear lube in the drive
- Replace a faulty on board battery charger
- Top off batteries with distilled water

Now the location of our slip dictates that 2 out of 3 residents of the marina must pass by me on the way to their boat. I had many people offer to lend a hand but this was a physical impossibility as my 6' 3" body and Mercruiser 454 pretty much filled the engine compartment. Moral support was welcomed, especially after I dropped spark plug #7 in the dirty bilge water for the second time. A recurring question that afternoon was "are ya gonna change the impeller while you're down there?" Well, with the sun going down and a cold beverage calling my name, I opted to hold off on the impeller swap-out until next time I feel the urge to play Mister Goodwrench.

Can anybody guess the sort of mechanical failure I had the very next weekend? Not only was I unable to host an HCYC raft up that day, but I got to spend another entire Saturday in my bilge changing the impeller. The part that stung the most is that I could have prevented being towed in (thanks **Craig LeBlanc**) by just doing something that should have been routine.

The punch line? (you knew I had one) The very next weekend a fellow yacht club member made me feel better. I promised I wouldn't mention any names but take *MY ADVICE*; check the lanyard on your kill switch if you're out on the lake and your boat won't start.

The lake's the place to be

Wayne Anderson