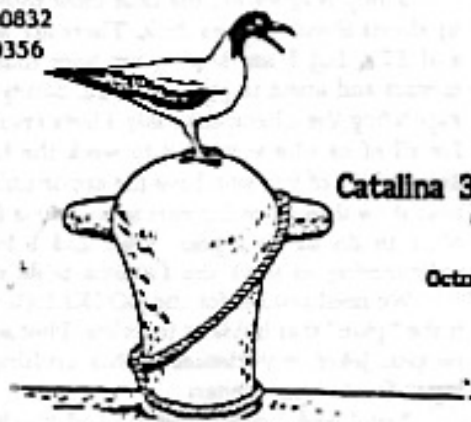
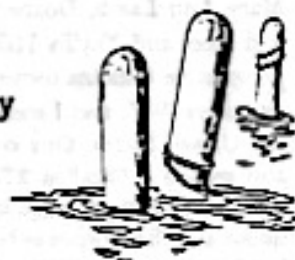


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Catalina 34 Fleet #12 Chesapeake Bay THE DOCKLINE

October 1992, VOLUME 2, NO. 4



FLEET CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL

"TOWER POWER, transmitting from the TALL tower atop THUNDER Hill." You are anchored in a quiet creek, middle bay, enjoying a soft breeze, listening to 92.7 FM (WMJS) and at 4 bells you hear the deep resonant voice of the announcer "TOWER POWER. . . ." Where, you ask, is THUNDER Hill? In Prince Frederick on MD Rt. 4/Rt. 251. Quite impressive, quite memorable, and a favorite rendezvous subject. Come cruise the middle bay and listen to TOWER POWER.

Speaking of rendezvous and cruising the middle bay, our October 3 and 4 cruise to the Yeocomico River included APACE (Ron and Phyllis Hill), SHENANDOAH (Alberta and Harry Dobbs), C'MON WIND (Jane and Bob Bierly) and BRIGADOON (Walt and Jan Rupp). Since BRIGADOON arrived from the Patuxent River, Walt and I had a beautiful sail down the bay to Pt. No Pt. when the wind lightened and we had to turn on the Iron Jenny. But we sailed up the Potomac River passing the ALEXANDRIA as she approached the mouth of the river to sail up the bay. We met up with her again at the Boat Show in Annapolis.

In the Yeocomico River we rafted in the South Branch almost up to Daymarker #2. We shared rendezvous munchies, a pot luck dinner for eight, and chatted until long after dark. As we departed the next morning, breaking off to go nearly 4 points on the compass (SHENANDOAH lives just around the point from where we were anchored), the sea was calm, the sky overcast and rain was forecasted for later in the day. Walt and I motored the entire distance with light winds on our nose. Rain fell as we went under the Thomas Johnson Bridge and we entered our slip in pouring rain. We don't get much use out of our foul weather gear, so we promptly donned those weatherproof garments and practiced staying dry. October, in spite of the rain, is a beautiful month to be on the bay. Ron and Phyllis took the opportunity to spend an enviable month cruising the bay,

and Jane and Bob rafted with us after their week of cruising the bay.

Since November begins our Fall Season with a business meeting/dinner party, the election of new officers and one of the few occasions we are together in our entirety to swap news, tell lies, and talk to some of us who don't see others of us throughout the summer, I want to take this opportunity to thank you for inviting me (by silent vote—remember?) to be your Fleet 12 Captain(ess). The experience has been rewarding in that I learned many things about being a Fleet Captain(ess), one of which is that is really isn't that much work. At the business meeting I will be asking for someone to volunteer (since I forgot to assemble a Nominating Committee—another thing I learned not forget the next time around to be Fleet Captain. I will not be Fleet Captain for the coming year and by the time you get your MAINSHEET you will understand why. At this writing I might be passing under my bridges before I come to them, so I'll just remain silent until I, too, read the next MAINSHEET. So give consideration to offer to be Captain/Captainess of Fleet 12. Claire has volunteered to be the DOCKLINE editor for another year. Bless you, Claire. You have done a great job of it this year. A round of applause to you. And Bob, I haven't heard from you at this writing as to whether or not you want to be Treasurer again, but a round of applause goes to you, too, for your hours of volunteer work to help this Fleet 12 of ours function cohesively. Many thanks to our cruise leaders and to our hosts/bosstesses for the fun cruises and parties.

Congratulations to Jim and Betty Heffernan on their decision to join us middle bay sailors. Word is about that you are moving from North Carolina to Virginia and we can hardly wait to raft with you on future cruises.

Look for Dave and De's article in this issue of the newsletter. We need to know where, when and what time our meeting starts, as well as what time the dinner bell

rings. Walt and I look forward to seeing all of you at the meeting.

The Annapolis Boat Show is history. Thanks Jim and Mary Ann Lamb, Duane Maher, Lin and Corky Dalton, and Ron and Phyllis Hill for volunteering to visit with prospective Catalina owners and, of course, present Catalina sailors. Walt and I met interesting people from all over the United States. One couple was from Ft. Worth, TX, and owned a Catalina 27. Another couple had spent 11 months cruising the bay, briefly going home to secure the house and their finances before they locked their door and headed down the ICW in their Catalina 34. Nice to be able to cruise for a few weeks and then decide to continue cruising and come home after 11 months. Nice? Just pure down right enviable. The excitement of swapping upgrades and cruising experiences with this couple was the focal point of my day. If you hear SEGOVIA, Jack and Sybil Wiehl (from Princeton, NJ) on VHF, give them a hail and invite them to your raft. They will be in the northern bay.

Sandy Wagner left the boat show with a stack of sign-up sheets about 2 inches thick. There are lots of 22's, 25's, and 27's, but I am hoping we have many new 34's to contact and invite to join Fleet 12. Sandy's effort toward expanding the Chesapeake Bay Fleets results in a fun day for all of us who volunteer to work the Catalina table. I hope others of you who have the opportunity to attend the boat show through volunteering your time for one day, will offer to do so next year. Walt and I look forward to volunteering to work the Catalina table next year.

We need articles for the DOCKLINE. Our newsletter is the "glue" that holds us together. Photos, articles, ideas, recipes, jokes, experiences of bay cruising, Claire needs input for our newsletter.

Basta! And I didn't think I had much to say when I began to write this article. See you in November at the business/dinner meeting. Come one, come all.

Janet Rupp
Captain(ess)
Fleet 12

Fells Point Festival October 3-4

Duane & I headed up the bay to the Patuxent River for a long weekend at Anchorage Marina for the Fells Point Fun Festival. Len & Helga Brown had arranged a get-together for later that Saturday afternoon. The marina is in the Canton section of the Baltimore Harbor which is a short 10 minute walk to Fells Point. One of the best things about the marina is the long floating finger piers on both sides of each slip. If you need to do any hull washing or waxing, it is ideal. We liked the marina so much, we already made our 4th of July reservations there.

Pulling in at 2:30 p.m. we saw *It's About Time* (Jim & MaryAnn Lamb) and *No Problem II* (Len and Helga Brown) already there but they were in town at the Festival. Being hungry, Duane & I walked over for some sidewalk eating. We proceeded to eat our way through gyros, sausage subs, Lo Mein, and Fried Dough. A ton of vendors were selling various items but we just looked.

Back at the Marina, we saw Phil & Joan Davis aboard *Cat's Paw* had arrived. A dockside party was in full swing with several motor boat friends of Len and Helga's joining in. Dave Ewing and Dee Winchell (*Cherette*) stopped by the party after visiting the Festival.

Sunday was a little overcast. The marina let us stay free that second night. The first night was cheap as they only charge \$.80/foot. Later that afternoon we saw Pat & Howard Butz (*Ar Didean*) who keep their boat at that marina. They had been out for an afternoon sail.

Monday was breezy, sunny & cold. We had come prepared though. Leaving the marina at 9:30, we rolled out the jib and sailed hull speed under jib alone down the Patuxent. Once out in the bay, we encountered 3-5 foot waves, sailing on a broad reach. It was a great sail home.

Claire Maher, *Whiskers*

Status of the Fleet Fall 1992

The fleet remains in fair shape membership wise (25) and in good shape treasury wise (\$591). Ending last year with 34 Catalina 34 owners as members, we now have a (hard core?) group of 25; we have not recruited any new members in 1992. Further several members have sold their boats or are thinking about it. If you do sell please recommend the Fleet to your buyer. The results of members' appearances at the Fall Annapolis Boat Show are not in at this writing. All members should be alert for Catalina owners and buyers who may not have heard of Fleet 12 or MAINSHEET and could benefit from both as you do. I keep a supply of our newsletters on hand to mail to prospective new members along with a "formal invitation" to join us. Give me the name, address or phone number, and I'll make the move although I believe a personal recruitment is more likely to have a positive reception and overcome the initial reluctance that is often there.

Bob Bierly
Secretary Treasurer
C'Mon Wind #915

Adventures of Novice Boat Buying

(Even though this story is about our Catalina 27 and not our 34, it's still one of those boater's tales that's fun to tell.)

As we gingerly backed our newly purchased, used Catalina 27 into its new slip in Nabbs Creek off the Patapsco River, we were greeted by a chorus of welcome from our new neighboring slip mates. "Another sailboat in the marina, Oh no! This place is going downhill fast. We just lost one powerboat yesterday to sail, and now another today!" But they did help us with our lines and with good advice about how to plan for the tides.

Then they asked if we lived near the marina. When we said Pittsburgh they were incredulous. "Pittsburgh! Why would you come to the Bay? Don't you have some water there? Isn't there some river, what's its name, the Monongahela?"

"Yes," De said "we have a river, in fact, we have three rivers; the Monongahela and the Allegheny join at downtown Pittsburgh to form the Ohio. And there is lots of boating on those rivers, but it's all powerboats. The rivers are too narrow, and the wind is too blanketed by the hills to be able to sail. There is a little lake an hour north of Pittsburgh where we do sail with a Catalina 22, but we got tired of going three miles down to the bridge and back, and two miles down to the other bridge and back."

Even though they were powerboaters they seemed to understand our wanting to sail on the Bay, but they couldn't understand our four and a half hour drive every weekend to get there.

So it was that we started our *real* adventures on the Chesapeake Bay. For several years prior to this we had trailered our Catalina 22 to Sandy Point State Park beside the Bay Bridge and launched on their ramps. But only one week a summer made us hungry for more. When our friends Ray and Shari bought a Catalina 30 late one summer, we decided we would buy a boat on the Bay too and we started looking.

Finally, on Labor Day weekend we sailed across the Bay with Ray and Shari on their boat in a rain-storm, gusting winds and little visi-

bility, to look at a Catalina 27 that had been advertised in a Baltimore paper for a ridiculously low price! The seller was another Pennsylvanian from Allentown who needed money to start a business.

Maybe we should have been wary, but the boat seemed to be in very good condition (at least superficially), the interior was clean and odor-free (a big issue for De) and the price was too good to pass up. We were so excited to find such a clean boat we didn't notice that the seller didn't want to run the motor for more than a minute, he didn't know what all the strange lines coming down the mast were for, he "forgot" to turn on the instruments, and we believed him when he assured us we didn't need a marine surveyor. He also said the weather was too bad to bother taking her for a test sail. So we just looked. Finally, after a brief dock-side discussion, we gave him a big deposit check and agreed to close the deal via the mail. He did, however, give us permission to sleep on the boat that night, as long as we didn't take her out of the slip, because of insurance and all that.

We were as excited as a couple of kids with a new toy as Ray and Shari sailed us back to their marina to get our car. While we were raving about what a great buy we'd found, Ray kept mumbling something about not trusting the guy.

The next morning as we were exploring the bottom of every locker on our wonderful new boat, we looked up and Ray was standing on the dock. "Somethin's fishy," he snorted. "Why didn't he let the engine run? I'll bet there's something wrong with it that he's not telling. Start her up. We've got to check it out."

The seller had "accidentally" taken the key but Ray quickly jump-started the engine and De looked over the stern. "There's no water coming out," she moaned as we quickly turned the motor off.

Ray immediately suspected the seawater pump, and upon opening the cover plate, found the impeller completely chewed up. We cleaned it

out, put the cover plate back on, and proceed to discover a few other items of concern: There was no sea water strainer, the depth finder was giving screwy readings, the temperature gauge never moved, the fuel gauge stayed below empty, the stove didn't work, a sail batten was missing and the pocket was ripped, and the color on one area of the hull seemed lighter than the rest, the non-skid on the hatch cover spray shield was grey while elsewhere it was tan, and the dodger was missing (we received the pieces of it later).

The drive home to Pittsburgh that night involved four and a half hours of the most intense discussion that De and I have ever had. We decided that we probably still wanted the boat IF an engine survey and a boat survey didn't result in any horror stories.

Upon arrival at home we called the "gentleman" in Allentown and told him we were still interested in the boat, but we were stopping payment on the deposit check until we had the boat and engine surveyed. He reluctantly agreed, claiming no knowledge of most of the problems we had found.

De spend most of the week finding surveyors, coordinating and scheduling everything for Friday. On Thursday, we got a call from the diesel mechanic/surveyor. "I just got a call and I'm being inducted into the Army tomorrow at noon," he said, "so the only time I can look at your boat is tomorrow morning at 7 a.m." To be perfectly honest, we had already fallen in love with that boat, so at 2:30 a.m. we crawled out of bed in Pittsburgh and drove 4 1/2 hours to the Bay!

The surveyor put in a new impeller, did a compression check, fiddled and checked and pronounced the engine in fine shape. "Ya just can't seem ta do much damage to these diesels. Without a doubt, she probably just shut 'rself down when she got hot and scared the fella into thinkin' the engine was bad." We breathed a sigh of relief.

Later that day we motored to a marina to have the boat hauled for the next test—The Surveyor. He found no structural problems associated with the color differences, but he did find lots of little things wrong,

BY DAVID EWING

So, with a little last minute bargaining we found ourselves the owners of a Catalina 27, only 6 years old and at a price at least \$5000 under the market value.

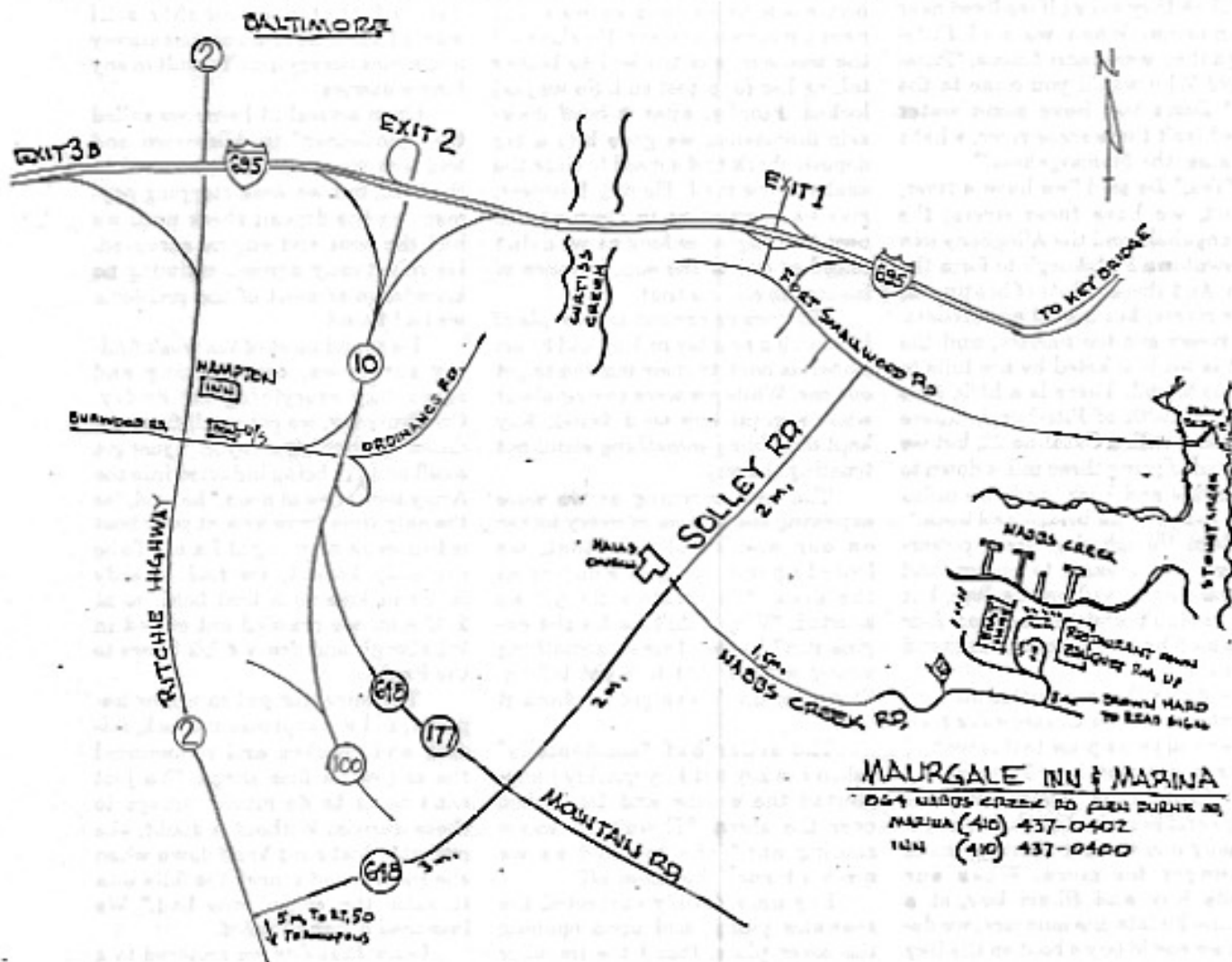
Little did we know that all those little things noted in the surveyor's report would take so much time to fix. Other than the boat show weekend, when we shopped to our hearts' content, every weekend that fall and the next spring was dedicated to fixing! It was shocking to discover the demands of "big boating"—diesel engine maintenance, alcohol stoves, all that teak inside and out, bottom painting and scraping, instruments and wiring, batteries, volts, amperage and chargers, plumbing and water tanks, haul-outs and winterizing—WOW, the 22 was never like this!

Our first memorable experience was changing the oil—we pumped and pumped, and pumped some more—but how do you refill it when the filler cap is under the cockpit floor? Through the dipstick hole?? After asking Ray if he had a little tiny funnel, he chuckled and showed us the special, decidedly larger, hole to use.

We learned lots of other new things that fall and spring—how to put a new through-hull in for the new depth finder that still didn't work right, that riggers will only share the secrets of roller furling if you call them on the ship-to-shore phone when yours is stuck in the out position and the masthead parts are falling on your head, who has the best prices on new dodgers that don't fit (Pittsburgh), the right lamp

oil to use so that everything inside the boat doesn't get covered with black soot, how to fix blisters right (luckily we only had a few and we're good at fixing them), plus, of course, how even the tiniest bag of hardware and goodies at the boat store always costs at least \$100.

Ah, the joys of owning a boat. We loved it so much we sold the 27 two years after we bought her when we found another great (but wiser) deal on our 34. And now as we're pursuing our 5 year plan to fix, equip and recommission her for living aboard and extended cruising down the Intercoastal Waterway and through the islands, we say to ourselves: Wow, the 27 was never like this!



AUGUST CRAB FEAST

We had a not-so-beautiful day for the crab feast—windy, drizzle, and cool temperatures—so we all arrived by car at Piney Narrows Marina. Jim and MaryAnn Lamb were terrific hosts. The facilities were ideal: the Club House provided a warm place for the get-together. It even had a fireplace (we didn't use it). Right outside the club house was the patio with picnic tables for the three bushels of crabs that were consumed. Special thanks go to Brian Kline and Joe Pomerantz of Piney Narrows Marina for rigging up the canvas wind breaker which did help keep the wind off us. It was greatly appreciated.

There was a good turn-out: Corky and Lin Dalton, with guests, Jim and MaryAnn Lamb and family, Claire and Duane Maher, Walt and Jan Rupp, Len and Helga Brown, Bill and Dot Beck, Phil and Joan Davis, Pat and Howard Butz, Gil and Michele McClurg and son.

Our thanks to Jim and MaryAnn for all the work and preparation! Good news—They decided not to sell their Catalina and are remaining in the club!

Editor



A Funny(?) Thing Happened On the Way to the Piankiatank

Fall gave Jane, C'Mon Wind and I the opportunity to take a week's trip from home base on St. Mary's River to Norfolk and back. On the trip back, I learned some things the Fleet may find informative. The week found us, unfortunately, more frequently motoring than sailing. Lesson one: it is a long way to Norfolk motoring in a 5-6 knot sailboat in one week.

I won't bore you here with the details, but Norfolk is an interesting place to visit. Anyway enroute home our engine quit off the mouth of the Rappahannock. First reaction

Fortunately, we were able to convince a passing sailboat to tow us into Jackson Creek in hopes of obtaining a mechanic or a new fuel pump. Lesson three: a 27 foot sailboat will tow a 34 foot sailboat albeit rather slowly. After a somewhat busy night with Fleet members members Jim and Betty Hefferman (the newest Fleet members IN VIRGINIA), the mechanic and I found the positive lead to the fuel pump disconnected at the cockpit engine panel. Lesson Four: the universal engine we all own, not only has an on-the-engine mechanical fuel pump, but the engine will run

Fleet 12 Fall Meeting, Banquet & Party

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 21, 1992

1:00p.m. to 5:00p.m., and on, and on, and on....

I GOT IT TOGETHER!

YES, WE HAVE A PLACE: The Maurgale Inn and Marina featuring the Blue Chalet Banquet Hall with balcony overlooking Nabbs Creek and my boat!

YES, WE HAVE FOOD AND DRINK: All the beer, wine, and soda, plus a buffet dinner consisting of roast beef with gravy, chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans, salad, rolls, coffee, hot and cold tea, and even dessert!

YES, WE HAVE A SPEAKER: Dave Flynn of Doyle-Allen Sailmakers will speak about what's new with sails! He has taught seminars for 10 years and has worked with Cruising World magazine. He also enjoys talking to groups like ours.

YES, THERE WILL BE A BUSINESS MEETING: We will leave all those details to Madam Captain Janet Rupp.

YES, THERE WILL BE AN AFTER MEETING PARTY: Just downstairs from the banquet room is a restaurant and the Maurgaritaville Lounge that will definitely have a live band that evening.

YES, THERE IS A MOTEL NEARBY: For those of you who wish, the Hampton Inn at Governor Plaza in Glen Burnie is nearly new, pretty close, and although there is no water view, it does overlook the Glen Burnie Boat US store in the same plaza. There are special weekend rates starting at \$49 if you call the hotel direct and not the national number. The number to call is (410) 761-7666.

YES, THERE WAS A WONDERFUL RESPONSE to the notice of meeting in the last newsletter, but there are still some members who have not responded.

So...there is another return form somewhere in this very newsletter. You don't have to respond again if you did so before, although if you really want to I would be happy to hear from you again! Also the restaurant banquet caterer lady, Lyn Godlewski, really really would like the **FINAL COUNT BY NOV. 14**. Although if you find you have an unexpected guest show up at your door at the last minute, if you would call me we would try to fit them in.

If you should want to bring your boat, bring it, as you don't have to pay for dockage at our marina at this time of year.

Don't forget to either send money to me in advance or bring money with you when you come. The cost is \$20 per person (and I will have a list of those who already made deposits or paid in full).

CALL OR WRITE ME BY NOV. 14th TO CONFIRM ATTENDANCE:

Dave Ewing (412) 257-2787
337 Old Gilkeson Rd.
Pittsburgh PA 15228

Call Hampton Inn to confirm room (410) 761-7666
ask for \$49 special

If you want to leave the numbers of the meeting with your baby sitter, they are:

Maurgale Marina (410) 437-0402,
Maurgale Restaurant (410) 437-0400

See map on back page.

**And YES, we're going to have a great time,
so say "YES", you'll be there!**