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Catalina 34 Fleet #12 Chesapeake Bay
THE DOCKLINE

October, 1993, VOLUME 3, NO. 4



FLEET CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL

It's Tuesday, Oct. 5 in Deltaville Va. Each night lately there has been six to eight boats laying on the hook in Jackson Creek. Many are Canadian. This is the annual migration from Canada, New England and points north. Generally its been all sailboats so far, as the power boats move thru a little later and, of course, a little faster.

Fleet 12 has had its share of cruises and raft-ups this season. I think the Northern crowd has been more active as a group however there has been some individual standouts down here and in the Middle Bay also. It seems *CAROLINA BREEZE* is away from her slip every week for a few days at a time. *APACHE* came thru Deltaville three times this summer. The most recent visit was Sept. 28 when they rested after going down the ICW to

Coinjack and back up thru Elizabeth City and the Dismal Swamp.

We've heard *WINTER MOON* on the VHF every time we're on the Rappahannock. They are usually cruising with six or more boats out of Regent Point. *APACHE*, *C'MON WIND*, and *BRI-GADOON* rafted this weekend somewhere East of Gibraltar.

We've had a great response to our announcement of the Annual Meeting on Nov. 15 in Urbanna. Currently eleven couples have pre-registered for a room at the Inn.

See overall details about the Annual Meeting in this issue of **THE DOCKLINE**.

Jim Heffernan
Fleet Captain
First Point of Aries #389

Status of Fleet Summer 1993

There are 31 paid-up members of Fleet 12. There are several new names to add to the summer roster. They are Woody and Kathy Weaver on *Rough Draft* (kep on Upper Machodoc Creek at Dahlgren Va.); Hank & Susan Recla on *Bay Tripper* (at Herrington Harbor(?) to be verified); and Bernie Mueller & Eileen Wetmiller on *Carista* (on Lake Ontario but moving to the Bay in Spring 1994). I hope all of you will be on the lookout for each of our new (and prospective) members.

The treasury remains in good shape with just over \$700 and a few bills yet to paid this year. I also have

Catalina 34 Fleet 12 burgees (at \$15 which is cost) should any one need a new or replacement one.

The recruiting letter to send to new Catalina 34 owners which I had intended to send this summer was delayed by some health problems. So if you have any names and addresses I should include, please send same or give me (or my answering machine) a call with the data.

See you all in Urbanna next month.

Bob Bierly
C'Mon Wind
Secretary/Treasurer

Now
pay 94 dues

Motorola
Parallel Receiver

(Stay away from multiple receivers)

\$ 495.00 Boat
Spow

ANNUAL MEETING

Catalina 34 Fleet 12

Saturday Nov. 13, 1993

1400-2000

THE INN AT URBANNA

Urbanna, Va.

Joint Luff
Cruiser
Leader

- 1400 REGISTRATION & SOCIAL -- No Fee!
- 1500 PROGRAM—"Marine Electronics For 1994"
Discussion led by Kevin Fay
MARINE ELECTRONICS - Hartfield Va.
- 1600 BUSINESS MEETING —
 - 3.4: Identify Cruise Leaders for 1994
 - 2.2: A Volunteer to host Spring Meeting
 - 6.3: Nominating Committee-Charlie Copeland
 - 7.4: Elections for 1994
 - 4. 5: Catalina 34 Modifications - Ron Hill
 - 2.6: New Business
 - 1.7: Farewell To The Troops - Outgoing Fleet Captain
 - 8. Pass The Baton - New Fleet Captain
- 1800 DINNER AT THE INN — Dutch Treat!
- 2000 HARBOR WALK & NIGHTCAP IN LOUNGE

Spring Mtg
Solomon
Jan & Wed
Mar 5

Cruiser Fleet
July

VHF - 20.00 to check VHF
Tut our radio

Fleet Captain: David Lewis
 Sec/Treas: Bob Bierly
 Dockline: Elaine Mober

THE CONDITIONS AREN'T RIGHT

Lin and I, on *Windy Lin D.*, left Lake Ogleton, outside of Annapolis, at 0800 on Monday, August 9. We wanted to get an early start to Oxford on the Tred Avon.

The morning was like many Summer mornings on the Bay—bary and still with little promise of wind.

So there we were. Passing Thomas Point Light heading for R84 off Coaches Island, and then onto Knapps Narrows. There were some low, dark clouds to the East that looked a little squally, but not enough to be a bother.

We were about one mile from R84. It was 0915, Lin was on the helm, and I was below firing up our Loran: she's finicky around Annapolis (the Loran, not Lin).

When I came on deck, I did a quick 360 sweep as is my custom. As I started to pan Coaches and Poplar Islands to the East, I noticed something. I'd never actually seen this particular something before; at least not for real.

I pointed to what I was looking at and said to Lin, "That's a water spout." Lin had also observed it before I came on deck but she thought it was smoke.

This had the potential of being more exciting than being struck by lightning. I immediately went below and returned with the camera. I estimated the water spout to be about 3 miles distant in the strait between the Eastern Shore and Coaches Island. It went from the base of the low black cloud to the water in an unnatural serpentine column. At its base, the water was frenzied. My next thought was to notify the Coast Guard. Before I went below I told Lin to go to a course of 200 which appeared to take us toward the South side of the black cloud.

On Channel 22, I gave my relative position and position of the water spout to the Coast Guard. While I was describing the funnel cloud another participant joined us on 22.

It was a NOAA meteorologist who had heard my description of the event. He said, "the conditions

aren't right for water spouts, but then this is NATURE".

By the time I had returned to deck, the water spout had disconnected from the water's surface and was retreating to its attachment at the cloud's base.

We listened to Channel 22 in the cockpit. While the funnel cloud was retreating, another report came into the Coast Guard. It was from a boat off Bloody Point (about 4 miles Northeast of *Windy Lin D.*). This report gave a relative bearing and distance of the water spout from Bloody Point.

I checked our compass, looked at Bloody Point and mentally calculated the possible location. I shivered. The location was 2 miles to our West. I got the binoculars. Sure enough, there it was. A large, well-defined cylinder coming out of the base of the black cloud. This one disintegrated quickly, never getting close to the water's surface.

At that point, I did a 360 sweep of the clouds. There was a third spout to the East again. It, too, dispersed near its attachment at the cloud base.

Now it was time to get serious. If we saw three water spouts to the East and West of us, others could emerge nearby at any time. I wondered what a funnel cloud would look like directly overhead. It was then that I dashed below and returned with our PFDs and a knife to cut the inflatable loose.

When I returned to deck, Lin had seen another water spout NW of us (toward Thomas Point). Just then we broke out from under the black cloud and into the sun. The side of the cloud was a sheer vertical wall climbing 1000s of feet.

We resumed our course to Knapps Narrows and watched the black cloud recede. We saw one other waterspout in the distance. Later that morning we heard that more funnels had been sighted near the Western end of the Bay Bridge.

I have pictures!

Corky & Lin Dalton
WINDY LIN D.

When Is Preventive Maintenance Not Preventive Maintenance?

Did you ever turn off the Battery Selector Switch from OFF to BOTH and have the starter motor engage? I did.

Fortunately, I had enough sense to turn the Switch off before the engine engaged.

My first thought was a bad electrical harness from engine to instrument panel. A continuity check from the instrument power (red) to the solenoid (red/yellow) showed the key and push button to be ok.

The reason I had turned the Battery Selector Switch off in the first place was to clean, lubricate, and tighten all electrical connections to the engine.

Could there be a connection? No pun intended. Possibly, but I wasn't willing to trouble shoot this while on the hook in Town Creek (Oxford) with a shut down refer. I dinghied to Crockett's where they offered to send their mechanic out to the boat (at \$45/hour) when he returned from a job.

Thirty minutes later, he was aboard *Windy Lin D*. At \$45, I had the engine instrument panel, the battery compartment, and Catalina Manual open. I had wrenches, a flashlight, and voltmeter within reach.

Within 10 minutes he diagnosed and fixed the problem. When I had tightened the wires on the large terminal on

the solenoid, I had shifted the ring terminal of the red wire which supplies power to the instrument panel 45 degrees down to the terminal which connects the uninsulated strap (power supply) to the starter motor.

Of course, when the Battery Switch was turned on, the power supply to the instrument panel was energized and so was the starter motor. He suggested that I place shrink wrap close to the ring terminal so that if the terminal did shift in the future, it would be insulated from the starter motor terminal.

You probably won't have this problem, but the next time you perform some type of preventive maintenance and you find that you have a problem immediately after, there is a good chance that there is a connection.

Also, you'll be happy to learn, as I was, that Crockett Brothers did not, I repeat, ~~and~~ not charge me for the service call. So I'd like to publicly thank Crockett Brothers and Jerry Lewis, their friendly and very professional mechanic. Yes that's right—Jerry Lewis.

Corky Dalton
WINDY LIN D.

Solomons Cruise July 3-5

Friday night in searing heat and elevated humidity *BRIGADOON* slips her lines and heads for Mill Cove only a mile down Cuckold Creek to anchor for the night and await Saturday's early arrivals for the July 4 celebration.

Our 12 year old passengers, Adrienne Broady and Elizabeth Creveling, can actually swim due to the lack of those largest of plankton, the sea nettles. A short reprieve, though, for the girls soon don long underwear protecting themselves from the occasional tentacles gracefully floating behind the undulating bell of a few sea nettles. We find that squirting dish detergent from the height of the deck sends those transparent, sightless creatures to the bottom—fast.

Along about 1:30 p.m. *C'MON WIND* (Bob and Jane Bierly) motor into the cove. In the intense sun on a windless day sporting high humidity, we are glad to be together, to share experiences, and relax while the girls swim and play in the inflated dinghy. All we have to do is endure the waves created by the power boaters, jet skiers, water skiers, and "go-fast-nowhere" boys. Always worse on holidays in the lower Patuxent River, a strange mix of waves dumps the wind out of our sails and challenges our patience.

Bob and Jane motor a welcome ice run in their biminied dinghy. Our raft is soon joined by *ARCHANGEL*, newlyweds, Tony & Andrea Csicseri. Coincidentally, Walt

and I have known Andrea since 1971, and Bob and Jane have known Tony as long or longer.

Sunday, after munchies and plenty of liquid refreshments aboard *C'MON WIND*, our by now pruney 12 year olds shed their sea nettle protectors; i.e., long underwear, and prepare for the Sunday, July 4, fireworks.

BRIGADOON makes the rounds to pick up Captains and First Mates for our annual anchoring routine in the Patuxent River to watch the Solomons fireworks.

In 1992 we experienced a spectacular hour of fireworks; this year the dazzle lasted only 18 minutes! We waited for more, but it was all over til '94.

Monday an EARLY departure for *C'MOND WIND*, like about 5:30 a.m., I wave goodbye to them. Who can sleep in that heat! *C'MON WIND* motors into the thick haze. I watch as their hull disappears behind the trees and shrubs and only the tip of their mast rattles on their whereabouts. It is a good weekend; albeit, hot, humid, and windless; but nothing surpasses the anticipation of meeting friends, sharing rendezvous munchies, and creating history in our Fleet.

Walt & Jan Rupp,
Cruise leaders
BRIGADOON

CRAB FEAST—SOLOMONS, MARYLAND July 31, 1993

When Ron Hill suggested Walt and I host a Crab Feast in Solomons, a mid-Bay, mid-summer get-together seemed a fine thing to do. Walt and I went into high gear planning the feast and when the big day arrived several of our Fleet were at Hospitality Harbor slipped at "D" Dock before we were, and we had the shortest distance to go.

With lots of help securing lines, and a firemen's drill handing coolers (2), munchies, dips, veggies, assorted fruits and beverages to the dock, there mysteriously and amazingly appeared a charming little table to place the food upon thanks to *PROSIT* (Bill and Dot Beck). Eventually we had 7 Catalina 34's representing 19 people aboard the yachts. Several arriving by car joined the dock party. A good time was had by all.

The allure of entering each other's yachts to ooh and aah over changes and creations, nautical crafts and bench work accomplishments pushed the afternoon camaraderie into the 5:30 hour. Time to stow the rendezvous goodies and walk to Solomons Crab House for the crab feast.

When I made reservations at the crab house, I didn't know whether or not we would have more than 15 or 20 people. I was told that if we arrived more than 20 minutes late, the tables would be offered to the public. Twenty-three of us walked from the dock to the crab house and when we got inside, there were 10 more of us sitting at the long, long table. Waiters had to bring two more tables and many more chairs to accommodate us. We became a Catalina family of 33 friends.

Sometimes when a crowd like ours enters a restaurant, the waitresses want to put everyone's order on one bill, as was the case this time. After discussing the difficulty of separating our expenses into reasonable portions, the owner/manager agreed to let the waitresses split us into groups of 5 or 6 people. Such a win-win situation allowed us to manage our expenses, allowed the waitresses to take group orders and bring the food accordingly. A thought to keep in mind when we again order from a restaurant enmass.

After dining, viting, drinking, laughing, and whatever else we indulged in, some of us departed for places distant and nearby. A group of us went to High's Dairy for ice cream cones, only we never got there. Somebody walked into the China Harbor Carry-Out having seen their extensive ice cream counter through the window. The odor of cooked Chinese food and the thought of ice cream is a bit disconcerting; however, after observing how HUMON-

GOUS scoops of ice cream dwarfed the cones, we soon forgot about the food odors and concentrated on being kids again with ice cream cones almost too big to handle and at a reasonable price, too, surprisingly.

Returning to "D" dock, we visited on *PROSIT* (Bill and Dot Beck), while Bill made us decaf coffee at the same time challenging us to try his Mocha Raspberry (high test) coffee. Bill didn't have any takers. Reveals our age, doesn't it.

The early hours of the evening have a way of sliding into the midnight hour. Early rises for the Sunday sail home needed their sleep, so like Cinderella at midnight, Prince Charming in the lead, we departed our comfortable visit to get some shut-eye before the sun arose bringing a new day.

Our Solomons Middle-Bay Crab Feast was so satisfying, I would like to make it a tradition that we repeat the gathering next year. We scooted in between the Screwpile Lighthouse Race of July 24/25 and Governor's Cup the weekend of August 7/8. Good planning. Let's do it again next year and Walt and I will again plan the gathering.

Those arriving by yacht:

BRIGADOON (Jan & Walt Rupp)
C'MON WIND (Jane & Bob Bierly)
MARY CATHERINE II (Mary & Mike Harbin & Guest Paul Higgins)
PROSIT (Dot and Bill Beck)
SANDPIPER (Ann & Art Massey)
SHENANDOAH (Alberta & Harry Dobbs) with Guest from:
FREEBIRD (Elaine & Fred De Foor)
SUMMERFIRE (Susan & Bruce McKimens & Guests Pam Davidson & son, Taylor)

Those arriving by auto or RV:

APACHE (Phyllis & Ron Hill)
CHERETTE (De Winchel & daughter, Jennifer, & Dave Fwing)
FIRST POINT OF ARIES (Bette & Jim Heffernan)
IT'S ABOUT TIME (Mary Ann & Jim Lamb with Daughter Elaine, son James & Guest Andy Ludwig)
ROUGH DRAFT (Kathy & Woody Weaver)

Walt and Jan Rupp,
Solomons Crab Feast
BRIGADOON

Engine Overheating

We have owned our boat for 3 years and have always experienced some overheating problems. But since we would rather sail than motor we didn't do anything about it, we just kept our engine speed below 2000 rpm's. But maybe 200° isn't so good for an engine! I talked to lots of people finally finding a factory man in Virginia. He gave me a whole checklist of things to do.

1. Check the actual temperature of the water to be sure the temp. gage is working. (A candy thermometer worked for us)
2. Check the impeller and change the impeller even if it looks OK as tired impellers don't work well.
3. Make sure there are no air bubbles in the system and burp the hot water heater. (how to burp the water heater I'm not sure)
4. Make sure the water intake hole is clear and the strainer basket is clean.
5. Replace radiator cap, change antifreeze, install coolant overflow recovery bottle.
6. Check if thermostat is opening and closing. (Take it out and boil in a pan of water)
7. As my engine is a 1987 model, the only changes made on the new models are the water pump and the heat exchanger. He recommended first changing the Oberdorfer water pump for the higher output three screw Sherwood because it was cheaper than a bigger heat exchanger.
8. Then Janet Rupp told us they lowered their temperature somewhat by taking their heat exchanger out and boiling it clean.

I checked out just about all the above options, except the last one, and everything checked out. I called the Annapolis engine man and he strongly recommended that the heat exchanger should be the first to be changed. He seemed to be saying that if the water flow out the back looked OK changing the pump probably wouldn't do any good. I finally ordered a new bigger diameter heat exchanger. After going to the wrong Bert Jablins boat yard to pick it up, I finally received my prize, a \$400 plain metal cylinder!

Even without instructions the installation went very well. I remembered to put some rubber under the two hose clamps to avoid problems under vibration.

Finally, all was ready after what seemed like hours of air bleeding. Later we found out that when you are bleeding the air and the temperature goes sky high, instead of turning the engine off and waiting for it to cool, you should gun the engine and it will drive bubbles out.

We drove our boat at full throttle up and down our creek. The temperature gauge just would not go over 165°. We were amazed! Now the boat can go almost 2 knots faster. Never again do we worry trying to beat the draw bridge! So if anyone has this overheating problem the solution is easy, just \$400!

Dave Ewing, *Cherrett*

MacGyvers Corner -

Do you take great pride in the way your Catalina looks? Teak, clean decks and hull? Well I do and I just hate to arrive at my slip and see those awful dark stains running down the side of the hull from the scuppers (those little holes in the rails to let rain and sea water drain overboard). Well, I have a solution. I call it my "Giggle Gutters". Giggle, because that's what people do when I explain what they are, when asked.

Go to the hardware store and buy 3 feet of clear plastic tubing. (The thickness will depend on the opening size of your drain hole). They should be snug but not too tight. Cut the tube into four 8 inch pieces and wrap one end of each piece with electricians tape. (just enough to make the tubing fit the drain hole).

Put the "Giggle Gutters" into the drain holes before leaving your boat. You will not have those ugly dark stains the next time you go sailing.

P.S. Don't sail with them in, people will laugh at you.

MacGyver

From our friends in Fleet 12

Bodkin Creek Raft Up

We tacked quietly down the Patapsco river enjoying the magical moment after the motor is shut off. Fortunately I was too lazy to clean the knot meter impeller, so we were unaware of how slow we were sailing, otherwise we might have been tempted to turn on the iron jenny again!

De and I finally arrived at the mouth of Bodkin Creek and very carefully avoided red 10 where we had run aground earlier this year. Although the depth finder registered bottom brushing depths a couple of times all went well. As we came into Jubb Cove who did we spy already anchored but *Windy Lin D.* No sooner did we anchor next to them than *Whiskers* arrived at our side. Lin and Corky dingy'd over to join Claire and Duane, and De and I. Soon the distinctive shape of another C-34 appeared at the bend in the creek and we all tried to guess who it was before it turned broadside. Claire was the first to correctly identify *Presit* with Bill and Dot Beck. The four coup'ms all jumped in the water, and I took my scraper and mask and cleaned the barnacles off everyone's prop and shaft. There's a good crop this year!

Another C-34 came, this time *Cats Paw* was bearing Phil and Joan Davies. As we started to bring out food, still another boat arrived! Jim and Mary Ann Lamb and their kids on *It's About Time* pulled alongside. Claire was all excited! She said six boats was the biggest C-34 raft-up every, north, south, or middle Bay! (however we held the record for only one week as there were seven boats at the Solomons Crab feast)

As more and more food was deposited in *Cherett's* cockpit another first happened; the most food ever! Dot Beck found an extra table in the bottom of her lazarette and placed it under our table. Both tables were overflow-

ing! I wanted to tabulate all the dishes but it was just too overwhelming a task. All 12 people fit in our cockpit and the new lowered waterline made it easy for Lin to get in her dingy to bring more food and drink.

Of course when sailors get together they compare boats. Duane had his wiring diagrams pulled out and they inspired us so much we took Bill Beck's instrument panel apart to make comparisons! We looked at Jim Lamb's electrical additions. We discussed charging systems. De took ruler in hand and measured the Davie's wood table and the Maher's new one. We moved back and forth among the boats, finally settling on the bows of *Cherette* and *Whiskers* which was out of the sun and made a perfect conversational seating arrangement with the best breeze. The Becks were just starting out on a weeks cruise and we all gave them suggestions where to go! When we saw them the next week at the Solomons Crab feast they went just about everywhere we suggested. It was also good to see the Lambs at the feast. So six of us got together two weekends in a row!

(Claire and Lin gave us their proxies to take to the Solomons feast to vote for the December meeting, but I'm sorry to say we lost!) It again amazed me that this diverse group of people, from four states (Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania) enjoyed each other so, had such easy conversation, and had so much fun.

As the darkness enveloped us, and the moon hung directly over *Windy Lin D's* mast, Lin and Corky dingied home, next Phil and Joan turned in, and slowly we all retired to a night of sweet dreams.

David Ewing



"Look! We're not far from civilization!"

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