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Catalina 34 Fleet #12 Chesapeake Bay

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FLEET CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL

Captain Dave's Miscellaneous Ramblings

De and I spent the week of September 5 on the boat. That was the week of the USAir crash in Pittsburgh. When we got home we found the entire city in mourning. All the flags were at half mast. Memorial services were held in most churches and downtown. There was an entire family on that flight that were very active members of my church. Their memorial service the next Thursday after the crash was jammed. Pinkerton Guards were directing traffic outside the church. The service was televised to other rooms inside the church as over 1400 people attended. The entire choir sang and the tributes lasted an hour and a half with seven speakers.

Whenever a momentous event occurs it is natural for people to take comfort with one another. An event of this magnitude is too difficult to bear alone. But I also recall the church being jammed for good times, like the new pipe organ dedication. People also want to celebrate good times together. "No man is an island" is certainly true, not only for religious events, but for all life events.

Our sailing club certainly does not celebrate as important events as mentioned above, but it does function to bring people together to celebrate small triumphs and to share our love of the sea and wind with one another. It was wonderful to sail for a week by ourselves and then to meet with five other boats on September 10. A small raft-up lets us have more in-depth conversations and really find out about one another. I am always fascinated by people. We can have many similarities and yet be very different. We can be in different life phases yet share the same joys. We can be from different parts of the country yet come together in one beloved place, the Chesapeake Bay. We can even have different politics and respect each other for our love of nature and its affect on our boats and their operation in conformity with nature's laws and forces. Our boats bring us together and let us celebrate life's small triumphs one with another.

As the sailing season winds down we have one final event of the year yet to celebrate, our fall meeting November 5th will serve as our togetherness "fix" until the start of the next sailing

season is celebrated with our spring meeting! Necessarily, because of the size of the Chesapeake, we can't get together all the time during the summer. Here's our big opportunity! All you Southern and Middle Bay sailors better be sure to come north. And, all you northern sailors, be sure to welcome our Southern brethren. These get-togethers in the past have been wonderful celebrations, and Phil Davies preparations are going to make this one the best. (All the women of our organization should appreciate his speaker choice.) We have a lot of new members to liven things up so be sure to send your reservations in to Phil.

The fall meeting is our annual election meeting, so if anyone wants to serve, speak to me or any other officer privately before the meeting, unless of course you don't mind speaking out in public. At this meeting we also pick a location and host for our spring meeting, so again, think about this in advance.

De and I are looking forward to seeing everyone in Rock Hall and I have a feeling this will be the biggest meeting ever.

I'll be looking for you!

DALTON DOGER

Thanks De and Dave, Claire and Duane, Dot and Bill, and Joan and Phil. The Daltons' dodger is now installed and a welcome addition to *WINDY LIND*.

It doesn't look like much of a dodger. It's tan and what isn't tan is glass. If you looked at us from a few hundred yards you may not notice it. Also, 50% of it zips out and stows below.

And, we didn't compromise visibility.

In return we got warmth, dryness, some extra shade, improved air flow below, relief from our dodger-owner friends, and I got a very happy First Mate.

We did lose ease of flaking and reefing the main, safety in moving forward, and ingress and egress dock side.

Like I said, I got a very happy First Mate!

Corky Dalton
WINDY LIND.

SMOKED MIRRORS

I removed the black plexiglass sliding doors in the saloon and above the nav table and replaced them with smoked plexiglass mirrors. It turned out to be a subtle, but delightful change.

It opened up the saloon area and increased the available light (both day and night) in a soft, warm way.

I bought a 4' x 8' sheet and have enough for another set of sliding doors. You can re-use the hardware. Call me if you're interested.

Corky Dalton
WINDY LIND.

Status of the Fleet
Fall 1994

At the end of the sailing season for 1994, the Fleet remains in sound financial condition, and the membership is at a continuing healthy level. New members since the last newsletter include: Roy and Nancy Dunnington with *Evergreen*, #98, on Dividing Creek, Magothy River; Ralph Caruso and Lynn Merritt with *On Y Va*, #777, also on Magothy River at Fairwinds Marina.

This newsletter is directed to 35 active paid-up members. The turnover in the membership continues with the Fleet losing and replacing about 1/3 each year. So, if you run across (not over) new owners of Catalina 34's (new or old), please get me their names and addresses so I can contact them about membership.

Bob Bierly
Secretary/Treasurer
C'Mon Wind
#913

AUGUST CRUISE
NORTHERN BAYMAGOTHY RIVER
AUG 13/14

It was a dark and stormy night well, maybe not stormy, but windy enough even in our sheltered anchorage. But the Danforth Hi-Tensile held all four of us and we slept secure - well some of us. *Prosit* (Dot&Bill Beck); *Whiskers* (Claire& Duane Maher); *Enchantress* (Maude & Rich Williams) and *On Y Va* (Ralph Caruso/Lynn Merritt) all assembled in the horseshoe bay off the Magothy on a warm,

breezy Saturday afternoon.

The water was warm and nettle-free, just right for swimming. *Prosit* served 'Perfect' margaritas which were consumed in some quantity, resulting in a very relaxed and convivial group. We all enjoyed interesting fare - something different from each yacht. Those free range tomatoes are really something or was it the sun dried chicken? The great thing about these raft-ups is that you really never need dinner!

On Y Va's three Maine coon cats entertained us all with their curiosity (there's a trite phrase here somewhere) and their agility in and out of hatches and ports. Since *Enchantress* was a brand new Catalina 34 (#1284), the obligatory tour was provided. We were amazed at the amount of "upgrades" Rich has installed in just one season, particularly the hi-output alternator and associated equipment. Wiring diagrams are available for a nominal fee! Why doesn't Catalina offer an improved electrical package - hi-output alternator, etc? We all seem to get around to it eventually.

The next morning we broke quite early due to forecasted weather, all of us looking forward to the September cruise. The trip back for *Whiskers* and *Prosit* was a little rough due to the 20 knot winds out of the Southwest and 3 foot seas, but the Catalinas rode through it and made us glad we had both opted for the 30hp engine.

Dot and Bill Beck
Prosit

BALTIMORE INNER HARBOR CRUISE

An intriguing mix of Bay critters showed up for the Fleet 12 Inner Harbor cruise on October 1, 1994.

WINDY LIND arrived, to be greeted by the migratory Phyllis and Ron Hill aboard *APACHE*. They may have attended more northern Bay cruises this year than any member of the northern Bay contingent. Phyllis is certainly qualified to be northern Bay cruise captain and we had some great opportunities to see Ron's upgrades live!

As the afternoon progressed, we were joined by *WHISKERS*-Claire and Duane Maher, *FINESTERRE*-Pat and Ed Land, and *PLAISIR D'AMOUR*-Suzanne and Bill Brown.

Dot and Bill Beck showed up without *PROSIT* and received aft cabin accommodations aboard *WHISKERS*.

While we were waiting for cocktail hour, we noticed a hubbub across the harbor by the Aquarium. A crane was hoisting one of the Bay's most famous southern guests into the Aquarium's guest room for the night. Thank goodness we saw this 10', 1500 pound manatee before cocktail hour!

When the sun hit "yard arm level" the cockpit table overflowed with appetizers that turned into full-course meals for all by evening's end; that is, except for Dot, Claire, Lin and Duane!

Just as the party began, the blessing of the Work Boats began in Inner Harbor. Baltimore's fire boat *THE MAYOR THOMAS*

D'ALESSANDRO with its 10 water cannons spraying, led the procession of tugs, Coast Guard and Corp of Engineer vessels, and anyone else who needed their boat blessed.

At that hour of the evening, you would not exactly call *WINDY LIND* a work boat, although we did go about our play with a deep sense of purpose.

The rains came. The new dodger/ bimini combo which would have served us well at anchor was outflanked.

But the party continued below. After 2300, someone suggested that we go to the food pavilion for a midnight snack. The Becks, Mahers and Daltons ended up at Johnny Rockets for 50's burgers and fries. While Bill and Corky watched, the hamburger helpers rounded out their balanced diet for the day. The remainder of the contingent more wisely sought sleep.

The next morning was beautiful, but the 10 to 20 out of the north did not materialize. With the manatee enjoying Baltimore hospitality and the work boats blessed for another year, the Fleet 12 critters headed north and east and south.

Corky Dalton
WINDY LIND.

Ed. Note:

The following was sent to Jan and Walt Rupp and as it seems to be an open letter, I thought I would include it here:

Dear Janet & Walt & Cat 34 Friends:

Just a note to let you know what has happened to us - this has not been a good spring/summer. We sold *NO PROBLEM II* in April, our dog died in April. My father passed away in May, and I was involved in a head on collision in May. Made the trip to Shock Trauma (no belo--too foggy) and have been home recuperating since the 26th of May. Have a broken knee cap and two broken fingers on left hand. Am immobile, get around on crutches with some difficulty. Hope to be more mobile in 2-3 weeks. We also bought a Trawler - Newberryport 37. We have named her *Osgrey*. She is currently on Kent Island awaiting a mobile seaworthy captain. We plan to keep her at Anchorage Marina in Baltimore Inner Harbor.

Hope to see some of the CAT-34 folks on the bay Aug/Sept.

Warm regards,
Len & Helga Brown

INSTALLING A NEW ANCHOR ROLLER

My 1988 C-34 did not have an anchor roller. I noticed that 1989 and later C-34s were equipped with a CR-1 Windline anchor roller and a number of factory changes to the deck, cleats, and anchor well door to accommodate the roller. I wanted an anchor roller, but didn't want or couldn't do all of the factory modifications. I wanted to continue to use the single center cleat and really liked the convenience afforded by the split anchor well doors on *Apache*.

I used a high speed electric hand grinder to cut off the outside vertical lip of one of the existing roller fittings (the side opposite the roller furling). I removed the vertical Phillips head bolt from the existing fitting and aligned the aft inside hole of the CR-1 over the top of that hole. I enlarged

these holes and secured the CR-1 through the deck with a 3/8" hex head bolt (and backing plate). With the grinder I had previously contoured the aft inside vertical lip (ground it off) to match the three remaining aft lips of the existing head fitting. I then cut a shim to fit under the CR-1 aft of the existing head fitting and again used another 3/8" hex head bolt through the outboard aft hole securing the CR-1 and shim, through the deck. The CR-1 is secured horizontally to the head stay fitting by another 3/8" bolt through a hole I drilled in the inside vertical lip of the CR-1 to the existing hole left by the removal of the old roller. I used a stack of washers to act as a spacer. I could have placed another 3/8" fastener in the inside forward hole of the CR-1, but would have had to use a lag bolt (no space for a hand, nut, or wrench). I also decided that the three 3/8" bolts were sufficient

when you consider that two of them are firmly fastened to the head stay fitting which is then secured to the hull by another six bolts.

My Bruce 33lb anchor fits nicely on the CR-1 with about six inches between the shank and the anchor well doors. I put a divider in the anchor well to keep two rodes separated. The remaining small roller can now be used to deploy a second anchor.

If anyone has installed a windlass in a double door anchor well, I'd like some ideas before I tackle that project. My phone number is (703) 569-8678.

RON HILL
APACHE #788
C-34 Fleet 12

**We Must Sail sometimes with the
wind and sometimes against it - but we
must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.**

Oliver Wendell Holmes

To Connecticut on Cat's Paw

Starting Labor Day weekend, we successfully moved Cat's Paw (#866) to Stonington, Connecticut and are now on a mooring there.

Joan sent our daughter, Lynn, as a substitute crew person, and I recruited a friend of mine to help with the move. We left Haven Harbour in Rock Hall on Saturday, the 3rd, and anchored in the Bohemia River for the night. In some past life, we'd anchored in the small basin off the C&D canal on a weekend and found it intolerably noisy — music from the band on the deck of a nearby restaurant. Having to arise at 5:00AM (0500, if you prefer) to catch a favorable current, we decided to forego the music.

We got underway at about 5:00 Sunday morning with some grumbling from the crew. The grumbling grew worse when it was discovered that the captain forgot to add an hour to the time of the current change to correct for daylight savings time. The little yellow tide and current book only reports times in Eastern Standard Time regardless of the date or time of year. An hour has to be added by the careful navigator to account for daylight saving time. The captain was reminded of this every time the yellow book came out — at the Narrows, at the Battery, at Hell Gate and consistently in Long Island Sound.

In any case our transit of the C&D was uneventful especially as we were pretty much the only boat on it. Weather reports for the Delaware Bay called for 20 to 25 knots more or less because of an off-shore storm that was raising gale force winds off the coast of Delaware or thereabouts.

The trip down the Delaware Bay was choppy, but, under reefed main and headsail, manageable. We arrived in Cape May well before dinner time (or cocktail hour as the case may be).

The high winds, however, made the Cape May anchorage look questionable — a couple boats had been reported to have drug moorings, never mind anchors. And the forecast was for winds to remain at 40 knots. We took Cat's Paw into a slip at a local marina. This exercise was made exciting by a strong current sweeping the boat toward a fixed (vertical clearance 6 feet) bridge hard upon the last open slip in the marina. After much toing and froing, along with assorted bits of line handling and nautical terminology never described in Chapman's, Cat's Paw was secured for the night.

Monday's weather forecast was for continued high winds along the coast. We journeyed forth from the slip by land to investigate sea conditions first-hand. The walk around the historic part of Cape May is quite nice. My only previous acquaintance with Cape May comes from the eight weeks I spent at the Coast Guard station there in boot camp — where I mostly recall seeing the back of the neck of the fellow in front of me. I do not recall any tours of restored Victorian homes.

The sea and winds appeared calm relative to the forecast so we set off for Atlantic City. Winds never got much over 20 knots but the waves came along at eight feet every so often.

Monday night we put into the New Jersey state marina at Atlantic City which is run by the Trump organization which is also responsible for the casino on the property. I was there years ago and the marina was a dump — marginal at best. Apparently much money has been spent and it is now a first class operation — if you don't mind the adjacent casino. We lost our toll money for the trip home in less than ten minutes and called it a night.

Interestingly, the casino has several spot lights on the roof of the building which shine pretty much straight up. The lights, in turn, attract moths which, in turn, attract sea gulls that fly around in the lights. The birds seem to glow as they glide around in circles chasing the moths. The effect is a little like watching ashes from a campfire being carried aloft by the heat and flames, but on a much larger scale.

On the way into Atlantic City we noticed a number of sea gulls that seemed to be lying on the water too tired to move. We put this down to their flying into the wind all day. As it turns out, they probably fell there exhausted from eating moths all night long over the casino lights.

Tuesday night found us in Sandy Hook close to Atlantic Highlands. It was a longish trip from Atlantic City and we arrived after dark. There isn't much to recommend Sandy Hook by day and it is even less attractive at night. The waterway guide mentions fish stakes, poorly lit, guarding one approach to the anchorage we were heading for and a concrete bunker set well out from shore guarding another. Opting to risk the stakes rather than the concrete, we angled in toward shore. The guide book is correct. The fish traps are poorly lit, and we came within inches of one before we noticed it.

The next day we continued toward New York City and Hell Gate. We arrived with about three hours to kill before the current changed to a favorable direction for us, so we wandered around the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. I thought we might hang out around the South Street Seaport until the time came to go up the East River, but there was a power boat show being set up. About a dozen power boats were also milling around waiting for a turn to be taken out of the water and made ready for the show.

We decided to buck the current a bit and move up the East River. We anchored off to one side below Roosevelt Island and waited for the current change. (We actually went into the East River and anchored just so I had an excuse to put up our Anchor Ball which I have never used before and probably won't use again.) The passage around Roosevelt Island and through Hell Gate was fairly easy coming as it did with almost no current in either direction. The barge traffic is heavy and the barges are big and in-your-face. Listening to Channel 13 offers only modest comfort as half the transmissions depend on local knowledge to interpret or are conducted in an alien dialect that defies understanding.

Wednesday night we spent at City Island. Cat's Paw has CNG fuel for the stove and the guide book listed a marina at City Island that sold CNG

so we put in there. I called them on the radio and was answered by a voice with an accent that pretty much confessed to being the person in charge of the docks for the evening (it was about 6:00PM), recently arrived in this country, with only a little English and no clear idea of how the radio worked. I translated this to mean, "Take any open slip." We tied up and decided to tackle the CNG in the morning. It turns out that the "dock master" was left with a handheld and little instruction on how to use it, and he really didn't have much English. We also think he drove a cab most of the night as he was seen coming and going behind the wheel of one a couple of times before we turned the lights out.

In the morning we learned that no one on City Island sold CNG and that, while it was popular in California, it was not used much in these parts. The closest place for

CNG was up the coast an hour or so and we put in there to get a new tank.

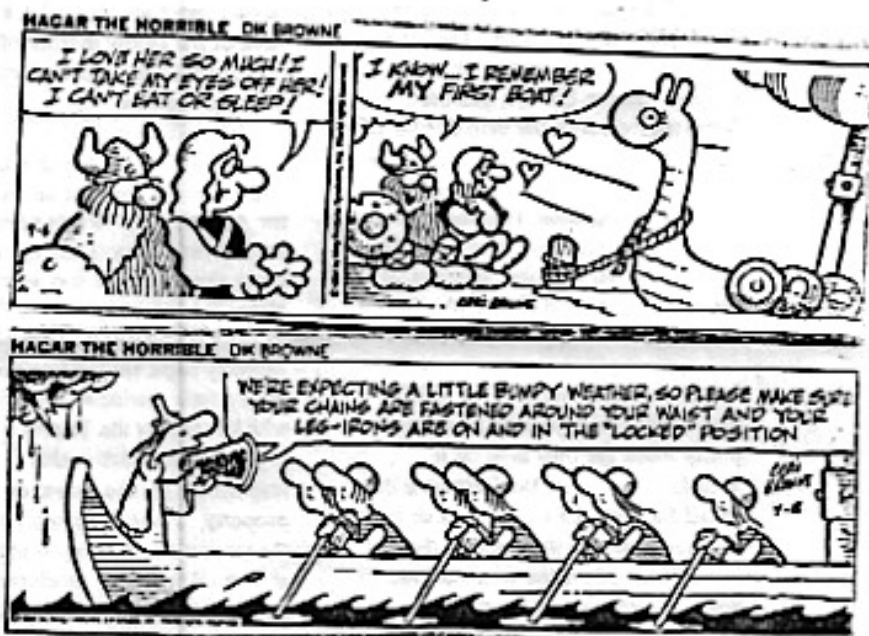
Thursday night we spent off Branford. Friday we decided to go to Block Island. Those of you who know the area will recognize that this is the long way to Stonington — in fact, it is out of the way. But my son and his wife were going to Block Island for the weekend and we decided to meet them. By this time my daughter was desperate to talk with anyone her own age, so it wasn't a hard decision for us. Apart from the high winds off the Jersey Coast, which we never really felt, Block Island produced the only rain on the trip and that was a thunder storm that came up after we arrived. The next day — Saturday, although by then no one could tell for sure — found us on the way to Stonington and a new home port for *Cat's Paw*.

Phil Davies
Cat's Paw #866



"Is this Indian Summer? He says we have Apache fog."

NOW WE KNOW
WHY HILL'S SAIL
THE MONTH OF
SEPTEMBER !!



THE BEST THING I DID RECENTLY—

The best improvement I've added recently and used extensively is a cockpit radio. I took a Standard Eclipse VHF radio and mounted it in the flat vertical surface below the instrument panel on the port side of the helmsman's seat. Using a 6 inch Beckson screw-in inspection port deck plate, I cut a circular hole below the engine instrument panel, and mounted a shelf behind the plate's permanent frame using 3 inch angles through bolted on the back side of the normal installation bolts. I mounted the engine blower, which originally was mounted in the space now occupied by the shelf, on the aft end of the shelf. (While this required removing the wooden block "glued" to the fiberglass below the instrument panel, the re-orientation of the blower had the fringe benefit of removing two 90 degree angle turns in the hoses.) I then mounted the radio on the shelf and the mike bracket on the wood trim below the tach.

Power for the radio is available within inches, at the ignition switch. I used the hot side since I use the radio at anchor and do not want the ignition on. For the antenna, I chose to run the coax through the cockpit locker, head shelves, to a two way switch at the nav station radio so that I can use either the cockpit or nav station radio with the masthead to an emergency low level antenna which prevents an accidental transmit with no antenna destroying either transmitter. Obviously, one could use either a stern rail or additional masthead antenna. The alternate radio is automatically switched to an emergency low level antenna which prevents an accidental transmit with no antenna destroying either transmitter. Obviously, one could use either a stern rail or additional masthead antenna. All the work except for running the antenna lead can be done through the opening available by removing the instrument panel.

The benefits are many. Helmsman and crew have instant access to communication without going below in a seaway to the "normal" nav station mounted radio. The range and dependability of a main battery fed and masthead antenna supported radio outstrip the handheld many use at the helm. (My own experience with a handheld failing at a very critical point in a towing situation led to this installation. The inspection plate provides a water proof cover (lockable with a hasp) when not in use. The Eclipse model gives microphone control of channels, but any number of radios can be used. The mike stores inside on top of the radio when the cover is screwed on. Try it! You'll love it!

Bob Bierly
COMMON WIND
 #913



INSTALLING WIND INDICATOR

People I talked to regarding installation of a wind indicator (including Catalina dealers) all stated that proper installation required removal of the mast. They said if the mast wasn't removed, the cable would not be inside the wire conduit allowing the cable to slap and thump about inside the mast. This would be especially annoying at anchor. After 5 years of thinking about how to do it on my 1988 C-34, I finally installed a Datamarine wind indicator without removing the mast and was able to run the cable inside the conduit!

The top of the mast is closed so you are unable to see the wire conduit. I

was able to determine that there was enough room in the conduit for the wind indicator cable plus the existing anchor light, radio antenna, and steaming/dock light wires. The wire conduit is held in place inside the mast by pop rivets. If you look at the forward port side of the mast, the pairs of pop rivets are visible going up the mast. I projected where the wire conduit would exit the top of the mast and drilled a hole (large enough for the cable and chafe guard) through the top plate. I cut a piece of 16 gauge solid steel wire (bailing wire) 55 feet long, straightened and marked it with masking tape every 10 feet. Taking this wire to the top of the mast, we threaded the blunted end through the hole and into the conduit.

Feeding the solid wire down through the conduit, we hit bottom at about 50 feet. We bent the wire on top and "cranked" it until I could see and capture it through the existing hole used by the other wires. I used a medical hemostat to capture and pull the wire out. We then secured this leader wire to the wind indicator cable at the top and pulled it down through the mast. The rest of the installation is straight forward.

It's great having wind velocity and direction data without bending your neck to look at the top of the mast all the time. Happy fishing (wire that is).

RON HILL
APACHE
 #788