



CATSCAN

Newsletter of the Clinton River Catalina Association

Founded 1988

May, 2005

Calendar

Social Schedule

Fun Race and Picnic May 21

Cruising Schedule

Windsor, Lakeview Marina Jun 11
Metro Beach Jun 25
Radlins Marina (Thames River) Jul 2-3
Belle River Jul 16
Metro Raft Off Aug 6
Cove Marina (Thames River) Aug 20
Windsor, Lakeview Marina Sep 3-4
Metro Beach, Pumpkin Cruise..... Oct 8

Race Schedule

Tune up race May 12
Spring Series May 19, 26, June 2, 9, 16, 23
Spring make up race (if needed) June 30
Fun Race and Picnic May 21
Fall Series Aug 4, 11, 18, 25 Sep 1, 8
International Regatta Sep 10

2005 CRCA Officers

Jack Creed Commodore 248 623-0628
Mike Bracket Vice Commodore 586 263-1769
Janet Creed Secretary 248 623-0628
Sandy Bousum Treasurer 586 954-2727
Ken Bousum Member-at-Large
and Club Resource Coordinator 586 954-2727

2005 Committee Chairs

Paul Kurkowski Constitution 586 675-8211
Gayle & Eric Locke..... Cruising 248 526-9686
Doug Post Racing 586 412-7864
Bill Lundy Membership 586 228-5864
Ted Wing Newsletter 248 373-5463
Deanna Lundy..... Social 586 786-1673
Gae Wing Photographer 248 373-5463
Erv Zimmerman..... Web Master..... 586 949-3527

Commodore's Corner

Jack Creed - Commodore

The commodore's Ball was marvelous, good to see my fellow sailors enjoying themselves. Thanks are in order for a most excellent job by Pat and Sandy.

I would like to recognize the past race chair Jack Gray for the innovation he brought to our race program and Dee Lundy for her work that seemed to build the treasury.

Doug at the skippers meeting informed the skippers about changes and expenses at ABYRA. The ABYRA will offer a unique race series this year which will consist of 7 races (all invitational) by the member clubs, 4 races to qualify for the series and you must have at least 2 clubs events.

The launch of Flying Duchess was the 22nd of April, the date was chosen so I would not have to deal with snow. As soon as she was hoisted out of her cradle the weather gods went to work and the rain came and it only got worse the rest of the weekend. Well you may remember my telling about the port light, it got its first test and failed miserably, but the frame to hull joint held the rain at bay. Now on to plan number 2, whatever that is.

The Admiral was not happy about the first weekend, leaky port, rain then snow, so we stayed ashore. We were able to get a lot of loose ends cleared up with our kitchen remodel project that was started Easter Sunday, so that won't be pulling us away from the lake.

The sailing season ahead looks like fun in the sun.

See you on the water.

Commodore "Skipper" Jack, "*Flying Duchess*"

To me, nothing made by man is more beautiful than a sailboat under way in fine weather, and to be on that sailboat is to be as close to heaven as I expect to get. Is is unalloyed happiness.

- Robert Manry

Editor's note: The following story was supplied by our own Larry Caricchio. I'm sure you'll enjoy it. As always, we welcome member contributions.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAP'M. JIM MAROONED

By Lorenzo Caricchio



Cap'm Jim was a Lake St Clair sailor. You might say he was the epitome of a Lake St. Clair Sailor. You might say that, but I won't! Because I don't want to incur the wrath of other sailors, either past or present, who might take umbrage if they overheard me comparing this man, who occasionally used clothesline for halyards, to the vast major-

ity of prudent seamen sailing our Little Great Lake in pursuit of pleasure or profit. They are the kind of sailors who use all of their skill, courage and intelligence to navigate this challenging body of water and return to dock in much the same condition as they left. Cap'm Jim, on the other hand, was proud of the fact that he regularly "blundered-about" the face of Lake St. Clair, be it smiling or frowning, totally unprepared, trusting his fate (and that of his crew - usually me) to what he considered to be the most powerful force in the universe - P.D.L. - Pure Dumb Luck.

And if Dumb Luck, Kapok and Duct Tape kept Cap'm Jim's old, nondescript 22 foot sailboat afloat, then only shore lights and sharp eyes kept it on course, because it had none of the modern conveniences of navigation; No Loran, no GPS, no Radar not even a VHF radio. The only concessions to the need for plotting a course were a compass, who's motion damping fluid had evaporated back when yachtsmen wore brass buttoned blue blazers, and a twenty-year-old chart so creased and faded, so stained with coffee and beer and bourbon, that an untrained eye might, at first glance, mistake it for an early Jackson Pollack painting.

Yeah, Jim was a casual sailor all right. So why did all of his friends call him Captain Jim? Well, they didn't! Actually they called him "Cap'm" Jim, a kind of slurred, verbal shortcut for the appellation of captain, as if spoken while munching a mouthful of beer sodden potato chips. But why bestow any title at all upon this lackadaisical lake sailor? Was it because when he stepped aboard his faded, and tattered old boat, which fit him like a well-worn pea coat, he seemed to magically morph from Joe Cubicle into Barnacle Bill? Or was it because his smiling craggy face, under the gray stubble of beard, under the sweat stained

From the Poop Deck Seaworthy Ideas and Stuff Paul Kurkowski

Ahoy mates.

It is that time of year again. Everyone is happy and hopeful for a mild and warm springtime. The marinas are beehives of activity. The air is filled with the odors of cleaners, waxes, and bottom paint. I applaud those who made the time by way of their energetic enthusiasm, and got their boats launched within the first few weeks of warmer weather. (And, took me out sailing!)

For those not unlike me and still in dry dock, a few reminders: check your fluid levels. That includes batteries, engine oil, engine coolant, and transmission. If you overfill the transmission prior to storage, remember to siphon the over fill away. Reinstall that engine water impeller that you removed last fall. Tighten that alternator belt. Visually inspect your though hull fittings and valves. You are looking for possible freeze damage.

I just very recently read that that the training continues for the 2007 America Cup off the coast of Valencia, Spain. The crews of USA-71 and 76 are hard at work. Those are the yachts of Oracle-BMW. The entry deadline is (this) April 29th. I read that there are around one hundred rule changes. Two of the biggest changes are the yachts will be one ton lighter and that the sail sizes will be larger.

On local news, the Port Huron to Mackinac Race Boat Night is Friday July 22.

Selfridge A.N.G. Base is having Air Shows May 21 & 22 and again on July 23 & 24.

That's it for now.

Casting off all lines. Color me gone.

Paul Kurkowski *"Space Hunter"*

cap with the large red button on it that said, "DAMN THE TORPEDOES", had the cocksure, amused look of a Caribbean Buccaneer? A look that seemed to say, "Har, don't worry Matey 'tis only adventure and no harm can come of it!" Or perhaps they called him Cap'm Jim just because Jim sometimes introduced himself as Cap'm Jim, I don't know; I only know that crewing on Cap'm Jim's boat was always an adventure even when it shouldn't have been. For example, take the calm night when Jim decided to explore Buoy HP-1 off of Huron Point.

We were coaxing a quarter of a knot out of the old 22 because Jim would never start the outboard motor unless the wind died entirely for more than an hour or in the event of an emergency, like if we were in danger of running out of beer or gin. So, this evening we were sitting very still on the low side of the boat, moving only to raise a drink to our lips or to trim the ancient sails, worn spider web thin by years of

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Cruising Column

Gayle & Eric Locke - Cruise Committee

I think we can finally say goodbye to the snow and look forward to a great summer of sailing. The boats are finally getting back in their element and our cruise leaders have been hard at work making sure we'll have a blast!

June 11 - Windsor Lakeview Marina

Leaders: Gayle & Eric Locke

(586) 431-7017

Meet at CR1 @ 9:00

Our first cruise for 2005! Hopefully Aeolus (god of the 4 winds) will smile on us and we will enjoy a pleasant morning of sailing as we make our way across the lake

Be prepared for an afternoon of fun & games!

Happy Hour will follow so be sure to bring something yummy!

Dinner on your own.

June 25 - Metro Beach

Leaders: Larry & Kathy Caricchio, (248) 852-3078

Remember to be at Metro by 10:00 AM or they won't hold your well.

Cuando Caliente al Sol? Translation – How hot is the sun? You decide at the Cinco de Mayo (1 month and 20 days late) cruise. Bring your favorite spicy hot Mexican hors d'oeuvres (Wild or Mild you decide) to share with cocktails after the traditional miniature golf tournament. Considering that Metro requires us to be at the dock by 10AM we will also schedule a Siesta for those who need a nap after getting up early!

July 2 & 3 - Radlins Marina – Thames River

Leaders: Creeds, (248) 623-0628,

Lundys, (586)228-5864 &

Wings, (248) 373-5463

Saturday, Leave CR1 at 9:00 A.M.

Cocktail hour: 4:30 or so. BYOB and a treat to share

Dinner, on your own.

Sunday, Breakfast,

The 4th annual Pancake Breakfast featuring Bear Paws Pancakes, Flying Duchess Coffee and Deanna J Apples and Oranges. Breakfast will be served from 9:00 to 10:30. That's AM for you sleepy heads.

Sunday afternoon - Enjoy the Radlins pool.

Sunday dinner – around 6-ish.

Bring something to grill and a salad, side dish or desert to share.

Monday, depart on your own schedule.

Enjoy a pleasant Independence Day cruise home.

*We are planning a special activity, watch your E-Mail for further information.

July 16 - Belle River Marina

Leaders: Jack & Nancy Gray, (248) 656-0947

Details to follow in July newsletter.

August 6 - Metro Raft-off

Leaders: Roy & Judi Schoenherr, (586) 421-0317

Details to follow in July newsletter.

August 20 - Cove Marina – Thames River

Leaders: Joe Jenosky & Claudia, (248) 561-5512

Details to follow in July newsletter.

September 3 & 4 - Windsor Lakeview Marina

Leaders: Ken & Sandy Bousum, (586) 954-2727

Details to follow in July newsletter.

October 8 - Metro Pumpkin Cruise

Leaders: Glen & Becky Ellison' (586) 463-7876

Details to follow in July newsletter.

See you at the Fun Race/Picnic,

Gayle Locke *"Knight'n Gayle"*

Race Review

Doug Post - Race Committee Chairman

Hello Racers,

May 2, 2005

As I write this the CRCA race season is 10 days away & my stick is still not stepped. We have had both the CRCA & the ABYRA Skipper's meetings and there are 4 boats signed up. But I know more are going to race because I have more boats signed up for Race Committee duty.

The CRCA Thursday night race notice, the Sailing Instructions and the Notice for the CRCA Spring Invitational are all posted on the web at "crcasail.org"

The CRCA Spring Invitational, May 21st, will be an ABYRA event with 3 starts, ABYRA PHRF, ABYRA JAM and CRCA boats only. This race will be the first of 7 races, which will make up the ABYRA Summer Invitational Series. The CRCA is sponsoring 1 race, AYC 2 races and NSSC 5 races. If you race the other summer invitational races (St. Elmo's, Macomb Daily...) then you may wish to race the ABYRA starts so your scores count towards the series totals. You need 4 of 7 races to qualify.

If you have any questions please call me in the evenings @ 586-414-7864. It's your responsibility to sign up for committee boat duty – I will get that list posted to the web as well.

Doug Post *"Wippin' Post"*

Social Register

Deanna Lundy - Social Committee

Despite all efforts of last years social committee the weather for the Fun Race & Picnic was pretty chilly. The picnic, however was a great success and we plan to follow the pattern. The menu will include hamburgers with fixin's, potato salad, cole slaw, chips and cookies. Price will be \$2.00 per burger and includes side dishes. Bring your own favorite beverage. Crew, family and friends are all welcome. Picnic will start following the race. We're working on the weather.

Deanna Lundy - *"Deanna J"*

The klop, klop of water under the bows of a small boat will cure most troubles in this world, and if another small boat is klop, klopping along within talking distance, and first one and then the other seems to be getting the best of the wind, worries, however bad, simply disappear.

- *Arthur Ransome*

CRCA Web Site, www.crcasail.org

Remember, you can check our web site for cruise and race schedules The site also provides the opportunity to set up your own e-mail account or use ahoythere@crca.org to send a message to the whole club. Check it out!

Membership Report

Bill Lundy - Membership Committee

As of May 1, we have 32 member boats enrolled. This newsletter will be sent to all 2004 members. Please check the list below. If you are not listed and do plan to participate in club activities this year, please send in your membership form and dues. Racers especially need to have their dues paid prior to the first race to be scored. If you have questions call me.

Your friendly Membership Chairman
Bill Lundy - *"Deanna J"*

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wind-friction. The ride was becoming tedious. We had used up our supply of new jokes (even the clean ones) and neither of us was in the mood to argue politics or philosophy. So, I guess, it was inevitable that when Jim saw buoy HP-1 looming off the port bow it would attract him like a buxom babe in a bikini, he just had to get a closer look.

"Take the helm and steer as close to the buoy as you can," He ordered in his quiet affable voice

"Sure" I answered, "What are we going to do, play slap the buoy with the big buoys?"

I was referring to Jim's penchant for sailing directly at the small Cans and Nuns in the Clinton River channel. Then, at the last minute, he would round the boat up to windward while his hand, stretched far out over the leeward gunwale, would pat the buoy as our stern fishtailed to within inches of the floating device's metal surface.

"No" said Jim, "don't sail past it. Try to stall the boat into the wind right in front of it. I've always wanted to get a long, close look at one of these things."

"You sure about this Jim? I mean what if I screw up and hit it"

"Were not going fast enough to do any damage, and anyway, I'll be in the bow to fend off."

Jim was right; in the light air it was a breeze (pun, apologetically, intended) to put the small boat in irons with the bow-pulpit mere inches from the hulking green metal object.

"Wow! I never realized how big these things are." Jim yelled back from the bow.

"Yeah or how bright that flashing light is" I answered from my seat in the stern "It's really messing up my night vision. It almost looks like your floating between the boat and the"

"Yahoooo! Whoa! Holy Shit!" Jim was on the buoy!

He had climbed over the bow-pulpit and stepped onto the broad base of the buoy while holding on to its steel super-structure with one hand and the bow rail of the boat with the other. But his off-center weight had set the whole thing tilting and turning like an amusement park ride forcing him to let go of the boat. His movements had also shoved the bow of the boat off the wind and it began to sail slowly away from the buoy, Jim was marooned.

"Hang on I'll get back to you." I shouted.

It was a reflex, like yelling "I got it!" when chasing an infield pop-up or diving after a fumble on the twenty-yard line; but I wasn't really sure I could make the game winning snag in this case, and, to make matters worse, the wind was picking up. I sailed off to leeward then jibed the boat back around toward HP-1, slowly trimming in the sails until I was on a hard beat. When I was close by the mark I put the boat head-to-wind and released the sheets to slow the boat. Jim leaned way-out and tried to grab the bow rail, which set the buoy to pitching and yawing in violent arcs, his buttocks skimming just inches over the water and his head almost

cracking itself on the bow of the boat. It forced him to retract his arm and to concentrate his grip and his weight on the center of his steel island, once again, as I sailed off for another approach.

At this point, you are most likely saying to yourself, "What a couple of jerks why didn't Jim just swim to the boat or why not use the engine to maneuver instead of messing around with the sails" Well, you're probably a pretty smart sailor. You probably have a whole bunch of racing flags and you probably know on which side of the boat to properly fly the Canadian courtesy flag, and you can probably calculate a complementary course in your head while making small talk and mixing a perfect Martini for your guests. But I was new to sailing at the time, still learning the ropes, and, by the way, did I mention that this happened at ten PM in late October? That the air temperature was forty-eight degrees and Jim had on long underwear, two sweaters a down jacket and sea boots? And did I ever say Jim could swim? As for starting the antique outboard engine, which Jim had personally rebuilt several times, occasionally with parts that he himself had fabricated.... well let's just say that interfering in the relationship between that motor and Jim would have been tantamount to adultery.

So I began a new, slow, approach but this time I wasn't going to stop the boat. Jim had shouted instructions to me to pass close by to Leeward and he would make a leap for it. I didn't like the idea but it was his boat and his ass on the line so I went along with it. When the boat was two or three feet away Jim launched himself toward it with such force that I thought he would overshoot the deck but instead he hit the Bow Pulpit with his chest, his outstretched arms wrapping around the top rail. He hung there a moment, the breath knocked out of him, then unable hoist himself up and loosing his grip, he began to slide down the side of the boat. I abandoned the helm to the winds and clambered over the cabin top and onto the bow just in time to catch one of Jim's arms and a flailing leg and helped him to scramble under the lifelines and onto the deck.

When we were back in the cockpit and had the boat sailing on an even keel again, Jim said, "Well, that was more excitement than I'd bargained for. I always thought those things were more stable". I didn't say it at the time but I was beginning to question Jim's mental stability. He was soaking wet from toes to knees and I'm sure that his ribs hurt where they had crunched against the rail, but he was smiling. Dumb Luck had seen him through once more. Nothing was broken on the boat, nor on Jim, we didn't have to call a third party for rescue and the Cost Guard didn't catch him tampering with a navigational aid. Which I understand carries a hefty fine, I mention this in case any of you are foolhardy enough to consider duplicating this stunt.

The rest of the evening was thankfully uneventful. We had enough wind to sail back to dock before we ran out of beer and Cap'm Jim had kept my fledging interest in sailing alive for another week by turning an otherwise boring light air sail into an excellent adventure. Or as Cap'm Jim would say it was the kind of sailing that separated the men from the buoys.

Larry Caricchio "Zingara"