



CATSCAN

Newsletter of the Clinton River Catalina Association

Founded 1988

December, 2005

Calendar

Social Schedule

Commodore's Ball - Zucacaro's.....Mar 25

Cruising Schedule (tentative schedule)

Windsor, Lakeview Marina Jun 03

Metro BeachJun 17

Thames River - Radlin's MarinaJul 1-2

Belle RiverJul 15

Thames River - Cove Marina (date TBD) . Aug

Additional Cruise - (location & date TBD). Aug

Windsor, Lakeview MarinaSep2-3

Metro Beach, Pumpkin Cruise..... Sep 30

Race Schedule

The race schedule is being developed and will be published in the March Catscan.

2006 CRCA Officers

Deanna LundyCommodore586 228-5864

Pat Morell Vice Commodore .586 786-1673

Jean PostSecretary586 412-7864

Sandy BousumTreasurer586 954-2727

Ken BousumMember-at-Large
and Club Resource Coordinator586 954-2727

2006 Committee Chairs

Paul KurkowskiConstitution586 675-8211

Gayle & Eric Locke...Cruising248 526-9686

Doug PostRacing586 412-7864

Bill LundyMembership586 228-5864

Ted WingNewsletter248 373-5463

Barb Kurkowski and.....586 675-8211

Rose Lauricella.....Social586 948-3631

Gae WingPhotographer ...248 373-5463

Erv Zimmerman..... Web Master.....586 949-3527

Catscan is published 5 times yearly in March, May, July, September and December.

Commodore's Corner

Jack Creed - Commodore

I would like to start my article with thanking the hard working members that manage the functions, spending the most time doing that which makes our club fun to be a part of. In no particular order Ted Wing, Erv Zimmerman, Doug Post, Dee Lundy, Gail Locke and Gae Wing. I would also like to thank the board officers and chairpersons that made my job enjoyable.

Honorable mention goes to Don Tishler for his effort to come and join us on a Sunday afternoon for the membership meeting. He drove all the way from Indiana leaving at 6am thru snow squalls, cars spinning out of control, just to be with his fellow club members.

Welcome new board officers Dee, Sandy, Pat, Ken and Jean for the 2006 year.

While looking at the snow I received a notice to race for the 30 nationals in Galveston TX. This made me long for the lesser latitudes and the winter warm breezes, but I will have to be happy for our 6 month season for now.

Winter boat projects are next on the agenda for me, working on the engine.

I received a call last month from a high school friend about a class mate who had drown. He was on a maiden sail with a crew on a boat he had built in his yard. This man was not a novice seaman, he had a captain's license and was the master of a dinner cruise boat in Wisconsin. Think safety when going forward, when the wind is up or the water is cold, because he didn't, having no harness or life jacket on and fell off the boat. Always safety first.

See you at the Commodore's Ball

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

The thing I realized this last few days is that the earth is a big place

Paul Cayard

**TRADITIONAL
POINT OF VIEW**

By Lorenzo Caricchio

We didn't know where we were going, how long it would take or what we would do when we got there. But Cap'm Jim was confident that if we held our course our destination would eventually make itself known. So I figured that as long as the scenery was pleasant and the sailing was easy I would just sit back and enjoy the ride. Doing anything else would only rock the boat and risk spilling my beer. A few hours earlier we had embarked on what Jim called an "Anywhere the wind blows" journey of discovery; and the shifting autumn winds had rapidly blown us to the northeastern end of Lake St Clair and were now apparently going to abandon us deep in Bassett Bay.

It was unseasonably warm for mid-October. Jim took off his jacket and went below to stow it leaving me to pilot the old battle scarred twenty-two foot boat in the faltering breeze. "Hey Jim" I yelled into the cabin as I saw weeds beginning to appear just below the surface of the water. "Either we turn around and head back out to open water or you should crank-up the keel a bit while you're down below."

We were approaching the southern shore of Canada's Walpole Island, inhabited predominantly by several Indian tribes. I had never sailed here before but I knew, from the charts, that it got very shallow, very fast.

"Hold your course" was Jim's answer, followed by the ratcheting sound of the windless as Jim cranked up the swing-keel. After fifty or so revolutions of the handle he came back on deck and added. "Let's try to ride-out the last breath of this wind and see where it leaves us. Then we can drop the hook, make a sandwich and have a couple of martinis while we wait to see if sunset brings us a breeze to sail home on."

The wind left us in the shallows, close by the island, just west of where Chenel Ecarte' dumps into the bay. It was a picturesque spot near a patch of tall reeds where a family of ducks were grazing on algae. The rays of the low sun flashed briefly on the wings of a heron as it took flight from its hiding place, and the contrapuntal songs of thousands of tree frogs and crickets drifted out to us from the near-by shore.

Continued on page 3

**From the Poop Deck
Seaworthy Ideas and Stuff**

Paul Kurkowski

Ahoy mates! A Happy Winter to you all, well almost. The winter solstice is nearly upon us. That's good news. After the day of the shortest time of daylight, it is only like 130 days 'til float the hull day. See, that is good news. Oh, in case you are wondering, winter officially starts this year on 12/21 at 1:35PM Detroit time. The sun at its highest point that day will only rise slightly less than 24 degrees above the due south horizon.

As sailors do, even in winter, we think, talk and sometime dream of sailing. There are even a few of us (lucky *sons of sailors*) that get to sail while on a winter vacation, in the warm tropics. That's nice, been there and done it. Ah, ya gotta love that salty spray. I'm hoping to get the ol' Ice Boat out. I sure hope we don't get a lot of snow. Good grief, did I just write that? Let me re-read that..."sure hope we don't get..."

Wow, I did!

I re-phrase, let us hope for lots-o-snow. Our keels need breathing room. Whew, I nearly put the whammy on us.

In the news: I am sure all of us have heard of the red tides. Have you heard of the green tide? In case you have not, just to let you know, it's only localized to Lake St. Clair, the Detroit River and the west end of Lake Erie. Are you getting the drift? Yep? Good. I won't have to explain it. The Green Tide is a yearly algae bloom that occurs in the warm water of Lake St. Clair around the end of June. You may have noticed the water taking on a greenish hue. It eventually dies down as the water drops in temperature. Excessive algae death in late summer turns the water to that brownish hue, not to be confused with the brown of the Clinton. That is sooty run off from its banks.

LORAN is NOT dead! With the fear of terrorist signal blocking/jamming of the GPS System, the U S Government has given all 18 U S LORAN transmitters a solid-state upgrade. Yep, \$22.5 million of or tax dollars at work, with up to \$25 million more on the way. The government has found out that LORAN is virtually un-blockable. Better yet, integrated electronics will allow for a LORAN-GPS marriage giving accuracies of within eight meters. Look for the new receivers at a marine store soon near you. Ha, I recon the phasing out of LORAN by 2008 is gonna be on hold for quite a while.

Casting off all lines. Color me gone.

Paul Kurkowski ***"Space Hunter"***

Cruising Column

Gayle & Eric Locke - Cruise Committee

Hi Everyone!

It's a bit chilly outside to be thinking of cruising but next years schedule is almost complete.

Thanks to all the cruise leaders that so readily signed up at the December meeting! We are trying to set up a cruise to the North Channel Yacht Club in August. It would be great to have a new destination to go to! We'll keep you posted as plans develop.

In the meantime, have a wonderful and safe Holiday Season and we will look forward to seeing everyone at the Commodore's Ball.

Gayle Locke - "***Knight'n Gayle***"
(586) 431-7017 - gayle@lockesite.us

2006 Cruise Schedule

WINDSOR – LAKEVIEW MARINA **(SATURDAY, JUNE 3 (tentative))**

Cruise Leaders – Ken & Sandy Bousum
(586) 954-2727

METRO BEACH **(SATURDAY, JUNE 17)**

Cruise Leaders – Larry & Kathy Caricchio
(248) 852-3078

THAMES RIVER – RADLIN'S MARINA **(SATURDAY, JULY 1 and SUNDAY, JULY 2)**

Cruise Leaders – Creed's (248) 623-0628
Lundy's (586) 228-5864
Wing's (248) 373-5463

BELLE RIVER – BELLE RIVER MARINA **(SATURDAY, JULY 15 – Sunsplash Weekend)**

Cruise Leaders – Jack & Nancy Gray
(248) 656-0947

AUGUST CRUISES are tentative at this point but will consist of a cruises to Cove Marina on the Thames River and possibly a cruise to a new location (see note above). Look for more info in the next Catscan.

WINDSOR – LAKEVIEW MARINA **(SATURDAY, SEPT 2 & SUNDAY, SEPT 3 tentative)**

Cruise Leader – Don Tishler
(248) 477-8711

PUMPKIN CRUISE – METRO **(SATURDAY, September 30 tentative)**

Cruise Leaders – Glen & Becky Ellison
(586) 463-7876

Gayle Locke - "***Knight'n Gayle***"

Continued from page 2

It was a tranquil, eternal scene inspiring the imagination to dream what it must have been like for an ancient mariner, with sea weary eyes, to behold a pristine land for the very first time; a palette of new sights, sounds, smells, new sensations of exploration to paint upon the canvas of the future; landfall - the climax of a cruise, discovery - the purpose of the voyage.

My reverie was broken by a loud splash. A large fish, perhaps a Muskie, had jumped in quest of food and shattered the mirror like water.

"This sure is a pretty spot." I said to no one in particular.

"I told you that the wind would take us some place nice didn't I" Jim responded. Again reaffirming his belief in the almighty power of dumb luck to guide and protect him.

"That's what I like about sailing late in the season" He added "The lake seems much bigger with fewer boats on it, it's almost like you're an explorer in the old days and can claim whole areas just for yourself."

"I hate to burst your bubble, 'O Master of the Lake', but are you sure that it's OK for us to anchor here?" I said pointing to a number of near-by poles sticking out of the water with signs on them.

Jim grabbed the binoculars from the cabin and trained them on one of the signs then said. "Yeah, it's ok, 'O Slave to the Mundane', those are just 'No Fishin' signs. Here see for yourself."

I took the glasses and read the nearest sign:

WARNING **INDIAN FISHING GROUNDS** **VIOLATORS WILL BE** **PROCECUTED**

Jim added. "I'm not planning on fishing. Are you? Come on let's make a couple of martinis and some sandwiches."

In the cramped cabin I made sandwiches while Jim dug the martini fixings out of the cooler. Then just at the most critical point in the martini process (dropping the olives in and whispering "Vermouth" over the glasses), engines roared, the boat rocked and shouting erupted followed by erratic thumping on the hull. Shocked and confused by the ruckus, we both jumped toward the hatch and got wedged for a moment in the companionway as we both tried to get up on deck at the same time. Jim squeezed out into the cockpit first, yelling, "Hey what the hell's going on!" Stumbling after him I saw four beat-up aluminum rowboats with oversized outboard engines closely circling our boat at high speed. The plaid shirted occupants were shaking their fists and yelling at us, and occasionally one of them would veer in close enough to pound his fist on the hull.

Climbing on the cabin top Cap'm Jim, grabbed the boat hook and brandished it at the raiders, "Get the hell out of here" he shouted. "I grabbed a winch handle and moved aft with the vague intent of defending our outboard-motor from theft, or perhaps repelling borders.

Continued on page 5

Social Register

Deanna Lundy - Social Committee

We had a successful social season. It started with the fun race in May. We had a picnic bar-b-q after at Markley's gazebo. Hot dogs, hamburgers, potato salad and cole slaw were served.

In September we had the International race and lunch after the race catered by Chef Raymond. It was held at Markley's gazebo.

Our next big event will be March 25, 2006. It's our annual Commodore's Ball. It will be held at Zuccaro's again. We will have a different DJ this year (Elvis has left the house). Hope to see everyone in March.

Deanna Lundy - ***"Deanna J"***

"What I know about cruising has been learned almost exclusively from two sources; good books, and a tremendous number of mistakes. Of these two possibilities, I can heartily recommend learning from books, especially if it means avoiding some of the mistakes."

Loren R. Borland

Membership Report

Bill Lundy - Membership Committee

As of mid-December we had 39 member boats and one couple between boats for a total membership of 40. As a reminder 2006 dues are, you guessed it, due. Please fill out the form and send it to me with your payment.

Your friendly Membership Chairman

Bill Lundy - ***"Deanna J"***

"What's the big Idea?" I shouted to the driver of the nearest boat, "What do you guys want?"

"You're fishing in our waters" the answer was shouted.

Jim heard the reply and yelled back indignantly "We're NOT fishing!"

"Yeah, we don't have any lines in the water and there's not even any fishing gear on deck" I chimed in.

Jim's voice rose a few decibels as he added, "Hell, there's not even a fish hook on the whole damn boat you idiots!"

The raiding party had slowly stopped circling us during the exchange and now floated in a group off our starboard side, just out of swinging range of Cap'm Jim's boat hook.

"Are you guys sure you weren't planning on fishing?" A barrel-chested occupant in one of the boats asked skeptically.

"We already told you that we don't have any gear onboard. And even if we did it doesn't give you the right to roust us and scare the hell out of us" Jim responded.

"You're the one with no rights around here buddy! You're on Indian land!" shouted a skinny guy in a camouflage vest with a Remington Rifle patch sewn over the breast pocket.

"We're not on anybody's land- we're on the water!" Jim shot back tightening his grip on the boat hook.

"Hey look, we just stopped here because the wind died." I explained, "We were just going to have a sandwich and a couple a drinks and wait for the wind to come back before heading home. What's the big freakin' deal anyway? Since when do you guys have jurisdiction over the lake? I don't see any Canadian Coast Guard or Game Warden insignia on any of you."

"Since forever, that's since when!" The skinny guy piped up again; "Our people have lived on this island and fished these waters before anyone else, and we..."

"The Council of Three Tribes has jurisdiction on the island and the surrounding waters" The resonant voice of his barrel-chested companion cut him off. He then proceeded to calmly explain that although it is part of Canada, Walpole Island, (Originally called Warpole Island because of the feathered war-poles the early tribal settlers would stick into the land and surrounding water to warn off interlopers) has been governed solely by the 'Council of Three Tribes' since the early eighteen hundreds, and has never really had any formal treaty with the U.S or Canada. "So we can, pretty much, do whatever we want to in and around the island." He summed up his rather lengthy answer to what I thought was my rhetorical question.

We were silent for a moment after the history lesson then Jim said, "Look guys we didn't come here to cause trouble, we just want to enjoy the peace and quiet until the wind comes up and then we'll go back where we came from." We just wanted to see what it was like up in this corner of the lake; we're Day-Sailors not Conquistadors."

"Well I guess we were a little hard on you but a lot of guys come here who don't respect our fishing rights and many of our people depend on fishing to supplement their income and to stretch their food budget.

If we don't vigorously protect our traditional rights we know that we'll lose them. So, as long as you aren't anchoring for the night and you're not fishing we'll leave you alone - for now."

"Yeah, well thanks, but if you guys treat everyone who wanders in here like this you're going to kill a lot of tourism, which I assume is also a big factor in the island's economy." Jim said, still a little pissed-off about being roused. "You might try a less traditional, less aggressive method of maintaining your coastal sovereignty than attacking innocent visitors."

"In our experience most visitors haven't been so innocent" Came the calm response, "But like I said we'll leave you alone for now but we'll be checking back to make sure you stay innocent." With that said, he spurred his engine into action, wheeled his boat around on its' transom and sped toward shore. The rest of his band emulated his actions and quickly disappeared up Chenel Ecarte into the interior of the island.

With the boat still rocking from the wake caused by their departure, Jim and I finished making our sandwiches and drinks. We ate with a minimum of conversation and as soon as we sensed the slightest breeze we set sail for home. It took an hour of sailing before we felt comfortable that we weren't being watched.

"Damn! I feel like Custer after the Little Big Horn." I said, as we rounded Seaway Island setting a course for home. I think it'll be a long time before we go back there."

"Oh I don't know" Jim countered, "That was a real nice anchorage. I give those guys a lot of credit for maintaining their independence and traditions for so long, but let's face it this isn't the Wild West. They use pickup trucks and powerboats not horses and canoes, their kids watch TV and listen to Rock music and hang out at the local pizza joint. They go to the hospital when they're sick and the movies when their bored. They're as much a part of today's world as we are."

"Yeah, I guess it is hard to keep traditions alive these days." I agreed.

"Yeah, but some sailing traditions just die hard, Cap'm Jim said, so why don't I dig out some wine from my private stash we'll propose a toast."

"You mean Uncle Tino's Dago Red? Well... OK, but what are we toasting?" I asked.

"We're toasting a fellow sailor." He said, "Did you forget that today is Columbus Day."

Epilog:

In 1999 the Council of Three Tribes initiated the sale of seasonal fishing and anchoring permits for the waters of Walpole Island.

More information about Walpole Island history and current events can be found at:

<http://www-personal.umich.edu/~ksands/Warpole.html>

A message from our Commodore.

A sincere welcome to new members and ahooy and welcome back to returning members.

The Clinton river Catalina Association is dedicated to the following principles:

- To be inviting to new members by providing a variety of sailing activities and the support resources of the club's combined several hundred years sailing and Catalina experience.
- To retain current members by providing challenging racing events and enjoyable social activities.
- To have fun and to enjoy and appreciate these wonderful boats of ours.

Our resource man, Ken Bousum, is ready to find a club member with a boat like yours who can help with rigging, sailing, mechanical or other questions. Our Race chairman, Doug Post, has answers to CRCA racing questions and our cruise managers, Gayle and Eric Locke, have several adventures planned for this summer. These club members are all shown on the membership list included in this newsletter.

Deanna Lundy,
Commodore, Clinton River Catalina Association

CLINTON RIVER CATALINA ASSOCIATION

2006 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(APPLICATION TO BE FILLED OUT ANNUALLY)

Boat Owner _____

Spouse/Friend/Partner _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zip** _____

Telephone #, Home _____ **Work** _____

E-Mail Address: _____

Children: Name (s) & Age (s) _____

Boat Name _____ **Length** _____

Boat Moored At _____

MC # _____ **Sail #** _____ **Hull #** _____

Inboard / Outboard **Standard Rig / Tall** **Racing / Cruising**
(circle one) (circle one) (circle one or both)

SIGNATURE _____

Enclose check payable to CRCA with this application and mail to:

Bill Lundy, Membership Chairman
47665 Nola
Macomb, MI 48044
(586) 228-5864 **bflundy36@sbcgobal.net**

CRCA Dues (DUE Dec 31): \$25.00 **CRCA Club Burgee: \$32.00**

(Please note: National dues are to be paid by individuals to their National Organization Fleet. We encourage you to join the national organization. You can view the Catalina web site at www.catalinayachts.com, click the "Associations and Links" button to find the association web site for owners of your Catalina model.)