



# CATSCAN

## Newsletter of the Clinton River Catalina Association

Founded 1988

May, 2006

### Calendar

#### Social Schedule

Spring Invitational and Picnic ..... May 27  
 Fun Race and Picnic - Markely Marina.....Jun 03  
 International Regatta and BBQ .....Sep 09

#### Cruising Schedule (tentative schedule)

Windsor, Lakeview Marina ..... Jun 10  
 Metro Beach .....Jun 17  
 Thames River - Radlin's Marina .....Jul 1-2  
 Belle River .....Jul 15  
 Thames River - Cove Marina ..... Aug 12  
 Raft-Off and Dinghy Cruise..... Aug 26  
 Windsor, Lakeview Marina .....Sep2-3  
 Metro Beach, Pumpkin Cruise..... Sep 30

#### Race Schedule

Tune Up Race ..... 6:55 May 11  
 Spring Invitational ..... 10:55 May 27  
 Spring Series ..... May 18, 25, Jun 1, 8, 15, 22, 29\*  
 Fall Series ..... Aug 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, Sep 7, 14\*  
 International Regatta ..... Sep 09

\* Make up race, see sailing instructions for details.

All Series races, warning signal at 6:55.

#### 2006 CRCA Officers

Deanna Lundy .....Commodore .....586 228-5864  
 Pat Morell ..... Vice Commodore .....586 786-1673  
 Jean Post .....Secretary .....586 412-7864  
 Sandy Bousum .....Treasurer .....586 954-2727  
 Ken Bousum .....Member-at-Large  
 and Club Resource Coordinator .....586 954-2727

#### 2006 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  
 Barb Kurkowski and.....586 675-8211  
 Rose Lauricella.....Social .....586 948-3631  
 Gae Wing .....Photographer .....248 373-5463  
 Erv Zimmerman.....Web Master.....586 949-3527

### Commodore's Corner

#### Dee Lundy - Commodore

The marina has been busy with everyone getting their boats ready for summer. Several boats are in, with other members hurrying to catch up.

The Social, Cruising, and Racing Chair people are working so we can have a fun summer. Our first event is the Fun race & picnic at Markley Marina (Saturday June 3). Doug promises it will, indeed, be a "fun" race this year. Also, there will be a general membership meeting following the picnic, so plan to be there.

'Deanna J.'s' new rudder arrived. Bill installed it last week, just in time for launch.

Hope to see all you new and old members at our get togethers this summer.

Commodore Dee Lundy "*Deanna J*"

### Race Report

#### Doug Post - Race Chairman

Events this season include the "Fun Race" on June 3rd & the CRCA International Regatta September 9th.

The Spring and Fall race series schedule is shown in the Club event calendar to the left.

The Fun Race will, hopefully, be more fun than race. The plan is to meet at 1CR @ 11:00 am. There will be no start line, at the horn just sail in the direction given by the committee boat. Sail with one sail only-main sail or jib. Points will awarded for "fun stuff". Finishing counts, but is not all that important - it's more important to participate & have fun. Leave your dodger up & your grill on - points added for both. There will be a picnic & general membership meeting at Markley after the "race".

Doug Post "*Wipin' Post*"

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

## **The Winter Of Fifty Five**

By Lorenzo Caricchio

In the winter of my fifty-fifth year I truly understand what Melville describes as "a damp, drizzly November in one's soul". My visage in the mirror is definitely growing grimmer about the mouth. And, while not actually pausing before coffin warehouses or following funerals, I do have a deep desire to step into the street and methodically knock people's hats off – or the modern counterpart – flip the bird to each and every motorist on the freeway during my daily commute. Have the years done to me what the Whale did to Ahab? Has Savage Age bitten off a piece of me leaving only the dry bone of reminiscence to stump along the decks of my future? Am I still me? Was I ever who I thought I was? If not, then who was I, and what have I become? I decide it's time to take a tip from Ishmael and get to sea as soon as I can, and before it's too late.

Over the past few years I had dabbled with sailing; taking the sea in small sips, not gulping it merely to quench my thirst, but savoring it like a vintage wine swirled about the pallet. This connoisseurs approach to things nautical had led me to the belief that, if absorbed in sufficient quantity, the sea would set me free. It would wash away the sins of neglect and abuse that I had heaped upon my body. The holy water would restore the spirit to a soul depleted by duplicity and compromise. In short, the sea would make me whole again. I would be reborn by bathing in this fountain of youth. But being hesitant to dive into things like this, I had been avoiding the total immersion form of baptism, and like a Weekend Christian, I dipped my toe into the water and claimed an epiphany. All I had to do to now, I reasoned, to receive the water's full restorative power, was wade in a little bit further. So, in late August, I signed on for a three-week stint as a volunteer deckhand on a Square Rigged Barque called the Picton Castle. A true Tall Ship, a working boat, in the fashion of the old Trade Winds merchant ships of the late nineteenth century.

Her immense white hull lay quietly against the pier, gracefully encompassing the complexity of her structure, as waves of tourists wash over her deck. They come to admire her, trying to understand the mysteries of her construction and operation. In most she evokes merely curiosity; others are inspired to fantasies of ownership or travel. A few, very few I imagine, stand in awe, clutched by a force that attracts and repels at the same time; like the perverse urge to leap into the abyss when standing at the edge of a precipice. They sense the intimate nature of that force, luring one to the brink of

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

Paul Kurkowski

Ahoy mates. Ah, once again the smells of victory. Victory over Winter. Bottom paints, cleaners and waxes, they just sort of get the heart pumping just a little bit faster.

It won't be long 'til we'll all be floating again. You could probably trace it back to being in the womb. Well, whatever it is, it's a real comforting sensation.

Speaking of water, it's low. The lake level that is, it needs rain. Not that I'm a fan of rain when I want to set sail. I just hope that the Michigan May rains don't miss our mitten state this year. We need it.

More water related stuff:

For those who do and those that you know do, there has been a Muskie die off in Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River. The DNR is investigating and believes it has to do with a combination of (this years) rapidly rising water temperature causing a higher incident for bacterial disease (such as Muskie Pox) and spawning stress. Yeh, stress will do it, we all know that, don't we?

Don't be standing reading this next paragraph.

Also from the DNR: on April 19th the wonderful Clinton River, home base for so many of us, received to it's (choke) waters 25,265 one year old (fingerling) Steelhead Trout. The fish were introduced to the Clinton River in Shelby Township. You can fish them out of the water (when it's legal) but, who's gonna eat them after their survival through long run off of the CR?? Yep, fish everywhere and not a one to eat.

Speaking of the Clinton: the CR boating access site (at the Sheriff's Post) will be closed for an estimated two weeks due to a dredging project. The DNR has announced that lack of rain and unusual currents from the lack of rain have deposited three to four feet of muck extending 40 feet off shore. The date has not been announced for the start of the dredging.

That's all the good news I have for you. Casting off all lines. Color me gone.

Paul Kurkowski *"Space Hunter"*

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desire only to be repelled by fear and revulsion to a safe distance, from which one is lured again and again.

Shivering slightly in the cool morning air, the strap of my oversized, overstuffed sea bag cutting into my left shoulder, I stand amidships waiting for someone to show me where to stow my gear. Finally one of the crew breaks loose from his duties long enough to escort me to my berth; a curtain covered, human sized shelf,

*Continued on Page 5*

## **Cruising Column**

### **Gayle & Eric Locke - Cruise Committee**

Hi Everyone!

The boats are slowly entering the water and in another month the Clinton River will be congested with little ships. Ah, summer at last! We're all set to begin another summer of cruising and I would like to take this opportunity to give a special thanks to all who have volunteered to be Cruise Leaders. You're the ones that make it happen! Happy Sailing,

Gayle Locke - Knight'n Gayle

(586) 431-7017

P.S. Unfortunately, Eric fell and shattered his wrist while polishing our beautiful hull. After 3 hours of surgery and enough plates and screws to set off any metal detector, they have put him back together again and say he'll be good as new (in about 3 months!). Alas, our boat launch may be delayed but I'm sure we'll find a way to be out there shortly!!

## **2006 Cruise and Social Schedule**

### **FUN RACE AND PICNIC - MARKELY MARINA**

#### **SATURDAY, JUNE 3**

Social Committee -.....Barb Kurkowski - 586 675-8211

Rose Lauricella - 586 948-3631

Race Chairman - .....Doug Post - 586 412-7864

### **WINDSOR - LAKEVIEW MARINA**

#### **(SATURDAY, JUNE 10)**

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

As usual for Windsor we will be coming from a different location so coordinate between yourselves for a leaving time on Saturday (suggested time 9:00 am at CR1). We will do the usual heavy appetizers for lunch after everyone arrives. (This will be approximately 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.) I'm sure there will be some sort of event, It seems I've been busy with other boating activities and haven't had time to coordinate this with Pat, but rest assured it will be FUN and you will have a GOOD TIME. We will do dinner at Lilly's for anyone interested at 7:30 p.m. I will send a separate e-mail to everyone signed up for this cruise since dinner reservations must be made weeks in advance.

Please get your reservation to Gayle as soon as possible and be included in the festivities. Hope to see you at this kick-off cruise.

### **METRO BEACH**

#### **(SATURDAY, JUNE 17)**

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

### **THE DREAM CRUISE - CRUISE**

Deck out your classic boat just like the classic car you had (or wanted to have) when you were a kid. Display your Tail fins, Chrome headers, Hub caps and Hood ornaments or maybe just hang a few old photos of you and your hot rod on the bow to show the rest of us how cool you were when you hair was thick and your waist was thin. Show off that automotive memorabilia that you've been saving, the hood ornament off a '57 Chevy, the ashtray from your old Mustang or the front fender off a Roadrunner. Anything you want to do to celebrate the golden age of Detroit Iron before it all rusts away.

Dock at Metro by 10:00 am (we can't promise to hold your well).

The traditional Miniature Golf Tournament at 1:00 PM.

Tailgate Happy Hour on shore at 4:30 pm. Bring your favorite 50's, 60's and 70's style hors d'oeuvres to share.

Dinner on your own.

7:00 PM Twilight Walking Cruise along the "Woodward Ave." dock to admire all The shiny sheet metal while listening to vintage rock-n-roll coming from the Car radios and maybe even some impromptu Do-Wop harmonizing on Wide Track Drive near the end of the dock.

Remember this is at Metro Beach so if you can't sail over you can DRIVE IN (pun intended) and participate in the festivities.

### **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

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

Cocktail hour: 3:00 - Near the pool. BYOB and a treat to share.

Saturday dinner - Remember Radlins has grills available. Bring a salad or side dish to share.

Sunday, Breakfast - The 5th annual Pancake Breakfast. We will again serve pancakes, coffee and fruit. Breakfast will be served from 9:00 to 10:30. That's AM for you sleepy heads. If you will be dozing later than that let us know and we'll deliver a pancake to your boat.

If you are staying Sunday night, dinner will be on your own.

Departure Monday on your own schedule.

\*As always, we may have a special activity, watch your E-Mail for further information.

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

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

Depart CR1 about 9:00am.

The usual cocktail Hour BYOB and hors d'oeuvres to pass.

Games after. Dinner on your own.

### **THAMES RIVER - COVE MARINA**

#### **(SATURDAY, AUGUST 12)**

Cruise Leaders - Roy and Judi Schoenherr (586) 421-0317

### **RAFT OFF/DINGHY CRUISE**

#### **(SATURDAY, AUGUST 26)**

Cruise Leader - Eric and Gayle Locke (586) 431-7017

### **WINDSOR - LAKEVIEW MARINA**

#### **(SATURDAY, SEPT 2 & SUNDAY, SEPT 3)**

Cruise Leader - Don Tishler (248) 477-8711

The highlight of Tishler's outing will be the yooper's contest with prizes for the tackiest outfit, strangest hat, most authentic yooper, wrong party, craziest group, etc. more later!!!

### **PUMPKIN CRUISE - METRO**

#### **(SATURDAY, September 30)**

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

### **INTERNATIONAL REGATTA - CATERED DINNER**

#### **(September ? Date TBD)**

Social Committee -.....Barb Kurkowski - 586 675-8211

Rose Lauricella - 586 948-3631

Race Chairman - .....Doug Post - 586 412-7864

Gayle Locke - "Knight'n Gayle"

## **Social Register**

### **Barb Kurkowski and Rose Lauricella Social Committee**

Hey everybody, it's time to get social again. Our Annual Picnic/Fun Race/Meeting will be taking place on Saturday, June 3, 2006. Hopefully, by pushing the date back a bit we will have better weather. See the Race Report to find out about the new fun race and starting time. This race will truly be a fun race for all --- cruisers and racers. The Picnic and Meeting will follow --- 3:00 pm at the Gazebo at Markley. The club will have a BBQ Buffet for \$ 5.00 per person. Bring your own drinks. See you all there.

Barb Kurkowski - "*Space Hunter*"

Rose Lauricella - "*Sundown*"

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## **Thanks to Phil Morell for this tip:**

Here's a site that might be helpful to CRCA membs. It's a Canadian weather bouy located approximately in the middle of Lake St. Clair. It not only gives wind information, but also wave heights.

[http://www.ndbc.noaa.gov/station\\_page.php?station=45147](http://www.ndbc.noaa.gov/station_page.php?station=45147)

## **Membership Report**

### **Bill Lundy - Membership Committee**

It is past time to send in your 2006 dues. After all the year is over 1/3 gone and the sailing season has already started. The list below shows, first, those who have paid for '06 and, second, '05 members from whom we have yet to hear. Send in your dues and join in the summer fun.

Bill Lundy - "*Deanna J*"

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below another bunk in the middle of eleven others along the Starboard side of the Main Salon. Twenty-two (of the current thirty-four) co-ed crew eat, sleep and seek shelter in this room, in 'round the clock watches.

I was raised as an only child.

Stowing my gear in the bunk, I visit the Head to familiarize myself with the operation of its' plumbing then go back on deck and stand around looking for something to do that will differentiate me from the tourists.

The ships' one hundred and eighty-foot length is webbed with ropes of every size and type, Standing Rigging (to hold the three masts in place), Running Rigging (to control the eighteen sails), Ratlines (for climbing), and Hawsers to moor to the dock, Lashings, Vangs, Tackles, and Lanyards; there's even a skein of Marline (a heavy waxed thread for sewing sails and binding the ends of lines) lying on the hatch cover in preparation for repairs. Soon I'm assigned the not very nautical task of standing by the boarding Gangplank to help infirm adults and small children negotiate the big step down to the deck and to continually remind the more able bodied visitors to: "Watch your step and move to the left please". It wasn't much of a job but by the end of the day I began to feel like part of the crew.

After a night of acquainting my body with the limits of my bunk I emerged from the belly of the ship in response to the call of, "All hands - make ready for departure". While gulping a quick breakfast of coffee and fresh baked muffins we were divided into "watches"(work shifts) and assigned various tasks, stowing gear, swabbing decks, inspecting rigging and generally making ready to get under way; then, just before lunch, my watch was ordered aloft to set sail.

Following our Watch Leader to the windward side of the ship we began our ascent up the Main Mast "Ratlines" that rose at an angle from the rail to the mast. I was instructed, by the more experienced crew to always hold onto the vertical ropes, not the horizontal rungs and to climb slowly, careful to maintain a "three-point- contact" (one hand and two feet, or two hands and one foot) at all times. I started climbing with confidence. There weren't many trees where I grew up in New York City; but as a kid I used to climb fire escapes and scale high fences for fun, (and sometimes to get away from whatever or whoever was chasing me) so I felt equal to the challenge of climbing in the rigging.

My comfort with my abilities quickly eroded as I approached the first platform. The Lower Ratlines that I had been climbing ended at the mast under a pair of short

horizontal beams called crosstrees, which support the platform and provide the anchor point for the base of the Upper Ratlines. Here the climber is obliged to lean out backwards, away from the mast, grasp the bottom of the Upper Ratlines above the platform at an awkward angle, and haul himself up onto the platform.

After a few moments of doubt and a couple of false starts and much advice and encouragement by my crew-mates, I successfully negotiate the "Futtocks", as this area is called, and stand breathless and tingling on the platform fifty feet above the deck. Then it's on to the Upper Ratlines for another twenty feet until we are level with the Lower Topsail Yard. Here we leave the ratlines to step across and shuffle out along the foot-rope that drapes below the yard until we are standing evenly spaced, in midair, as the remaining crew climbs higher yet, to the sails above us. My fingers tightly grasp a thin steel rod, chest high in front of me that is set lengthwise into the massive timber of the yard. The footrope wiggles and jumps against my feet in response to the movements of the five other crewmembers standing on it. I try very hard not to look down or to think of the deck some seventy feet below me. Concentrating on the task of using only one hand to untie the gasket lines that will unfurl the sail, I manage to (barely) keep my fear of falling in check, and the job is quickly done. Then we all retreat back down the ratlines to the deck and haul on the lines to brace the yards and trim the sails before the cook sounds the bell for lunch.

The remainder of my watch is spent scrubbing decks and learning how to coil, secure and hang lines on a belaying pin, and then another, longer, more harrowing trip aloft to shorten sail before dark. When we finally sit down to dinner I'm still shaking, but I don't know if it is from fear, fatigue, excitement or hunger. What I do know, at the end of my first full day at sea, is that I am tired, physically and mentally, and I crave privacy, perhaps, more than sleep. The meager bunk that seemed cramped earlier, now strikes me as a palatial fortress of solitude as I roll in and draw the curtain tightly against the bulkhead. Wriggling out of my clothes I arrange them so that I can find them quickly in the dark. I also dig my foul weather gear from the bottom of my sea bag and place it within easy reach. Then after scrawling a few notes in my journal I turn off the light and fall asleep nursing my fear of falling off the Yard.

Working in round the clock watches at sea, you are either working, preparing to work, eating or sleeping. Life and time are not gauged by abstract numerals on a clock or even the passage of the sun. Events are measured by the degree of discomfort or elation that they

*Continued on next page*

cause. Weather conditions, odd occurrences, and landmarks all become points of reference on this time line and their relative positions are more a matter of their significance to the ship or their personal impact than on the exact number of hours or days since they occurred. After awhile even my age begins to slip away into the ships' wake. Time becomes now. The past is a physical or emotional scar or an amusing story, and if I am concerned about the future all I have to do is stand on the Fore Deck and look out past the Bowsprit.

The things that matter more than time or age aboard ship are the weather, food and work. Clothing is the only response available to the weather. Food is provided when the cook rings the bell, and if you are on time you get enough to eat, if not, you can always raid the pantry for a PB&J sandwich. Work is the variable by which you begin to measure yourself and others. Diligence, knowledge, dexterity and physical strength in the performance of your assigned tasks are the benchmarks of acceptance and self-confidence. I had hoped that going to sea would make me young again and it seems to be working, I feel just like I did as a high school freshman - inept, awkward, and outclassed. But with effort and repetition muscles respond and abilities grow to the point where physical exertion is tolerable and, in some instances, actually pleasant. Eventually it becomes necessary to my general feeling of well being, and I begin to feel exceptionally well. Even when working with a gang at the laborious task of raising the anchor, five people on either side of the old manual Windlass. Pumping up and down, straining to haul up the anchor chain, link by link, first thing in the morning, before breakfast (or even a cup of coffee), I feel stronger than I have in years.

Two young Dutch sailors among the five men at the windlass bar across from me work like a pair of tireless Clydesdales, their unkempt, long blond hair whipping back and forth as they effortlessly pump their side of the windlass. And when they strike up a sea chantey to accompany the click, click of the pawls against the Windlass gears and the rattle of the chain rising through the hawsehole, I am amazed to find that I have enough breath left over from my own exertions to join in the chorus.

So here I am after a few weeks at sea, oxygenated, exercised and challenged, sleeping only five or six hours a day (sometimes in two-hour snatches); but am I sailing toward my future, away from my past, or worse, just circling around to kill time. You tend to

think about stuff like that when you're on Bow-watch. It's quiet and you're alone at the prow of the ship, you are standing at the forefront of your world. Your legs apart for balance against the sea's movements, the ship, crew and Captain at your back, only the Bowsprit thrusting out before you, your senses are on alert but your mind is unencumbered. Standing watch, now, on the last leg of this voyage and scanning the dark sea ahead, my mind tacks back and forth over the course of my life and I wonder if sailing in circles is all I've ever done. But at this moment, at four in the morning, stars surrounding me and the sensation of free-fall when the ship bows deeply into a wave, I feel as though I'm floating in space, like the image of the fetus at the end of Stanley Kubrick's movie "2001", a bubble of identity, alone and awestruck at the edge of the universe. I'm as alive as I've ever been, as alive as I am ever going to be and life is good. When my watch is over, I roll into my bunk and sleep well, in spite of the noisy gurgle of water rushing past the hull.

My three-week odyssey had lasted a lifetime and was over much too soon. I never conquered my fear of falling off the yard, no matter how many times I tried, but I know that I'll be back, either on this ship or another. I still hadn't plunged into the sea over my head; I had only waded in chest high; but it was deep enough to learn that I am what I am - less than I wish but a little more than I imagined. Still on the journey and compelled, regardless of age, (or maybe because of it), to pursue and be pursued by destiny's white whale.

Lorenzo Caricchio, "*Zingara*"

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### **News Flash ---**

The famous Traveling Prawn has reappeared. This time, firmly affixed to the bowsprit of "*Deanna J*". The boats namesake, our own Commodore Deanna Lundy, says she is delighted to have the crenellated crustacean back. She further thanked whoever returned the decadent decapod and promised that the good turn would not go unpunished unrewarded. Considering the power vested in our Commodore, this is not a threat promise to be taken lightly. One could even find a building in one's way.



## 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](http://www.catalinayachts.com), click the "Associations and Links" button to find the association web site for owners of your Catalina model.)*