

CATSCAN

Newsletter of the Clinton River Catalina Association

Founded 1988

Final Issue, 2007

Calendar

Social Schedule

Twentieth Annual Commodore's BallApr 12
Sterling Inn, Van Dyke and 15 mile

Cruising Schedule (tentative schedule)

2008 schedule is in development

Race Schedule

Full schedule in March 2008 Issue

2008 CRCA Officers

Steve Smith	Commodore	248 553-3162
Doug Post	Vice Commodore	586 412-7864
Roy Schoenherr	Secretary	810 794-3007
Linda Reed	Treasurer	248 652-3325
Larry Caricchio	Member-at-Large	248 852-3078

2008 Committee Chairs

Paul Kurkowski	Constitution	586 675-8211
Judi Schoenherr and	810 794-3007
Becky Smith	Cruising	248 553-3162
Paul Krutty	Racing	248 649-0597
John Pecha	Membership	586 469-1634
Ted Wing	Newsletter	248 373-5463
Becky and Glen Ellison	Social.....	586 463-7876
Gae Wing	Photographer	248 373-5463
Erv Zimmerman.....	Web Master.....	586 949-3527

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Commodores Corner

Steve Smith

WOW! 20 years of CRCA! What a great time it's been. I can't believe how fast it has gone. I have learned so much about sailing from the experiences and the camaraderie of the club. There is no such thing as a dumb question, and there is always more than one answer, (unless the answer is Sikkens/Cetol)

The cruising makes you take that extra dish to pass, start the engine when you reach bug speed, hoist your asymmetrical because everyone else has, and we have learned how to drink Tequila.

The racing is getting to the line on time, discovering why port or starboard tack are important, and spending that extra time cleaning the bottom at Strawberry Island. Why can't we race with the cockpit cushions?

I can presume that the rest of the members have gained the same and more knowledge of this wonderful hobby. (And I grew up a power boater.) I trust that the next 20 years will be just as rewarding and fun.

Steve Smith "*Twice Blessed*"

Social Scene

Barb Kurkowski - Social Chair

The plans for the Commodore's Ball are in progress. The date has been set for Saturday, April 12, 2008. It will be at the Best Western Sterling Inn (Van Dyke & 15 Mile). More details will be forthcoming.

It will be the club's 20th Anniversary!!! Besides all members and their guests, I would like to invite past members to come and renew acquaintances. If anyone is still in contact with past members and could forward me their addresses (mail or e-mail), I will be sure to send them the info when it is time to send it out.

Barb Kurkowski "*Space Hunter*"

The truth is that to sail, to even contemplate sailing, calls for a fundamental faith in one's self.
Richard Bode

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

An Invitation from Tish

Who.....All fun loving CRCA members
What.....Full moon & frozen lake party.
Where..Tishler's Apt. and/or Shore Club House.
WhenJanuary 26, 6 P.M. Till then.
Why.....Our boats are in their cradles.

BringYour drinks & a dish to pass.

Dress ...Optional

Games .By Mike Barber (words or consequences)

RSVP.....SOON Cause if the response is great, we will rent the club house.

CallDon's cell phone313-520-3444

Don's Home phone586-777-7273

Mike's cell phine313-980-3791

P.S. Don's apartment is in the Nine mile tower so with clear skies, we will see the silvery moon and waters!

Race Report

Paul Krutty, Race Chair

I am writing this from sunny Florida with the weather in the 80's There are some nice things about being retired and I haven't found any negatives yet.

Since we did not have any level racing classes this year, I am planning to store the half hull trophies where they currently reside until we get enough boats to do level racing again. Put together 5 boats in a class and we will give that class a start. Until then, we will continue with PHRF and JAM Classes.

There will be very nice PHRF and JAM overall awards, for First Place in each division, awarded at the Commodores Ball.

I look forward to seeing everyone at the Ball, Have a safe and happy Holiday Season.

Paul Krutty "*Sea Quell*"

Cruising Column

Gayle & Eric Locke - 2007 Cruise Committee

Our boats are snug on their cradles and wrapped up tight. We have many warm memories of our cruising season to keep us through the cold winter. Congrats to Glen & Becky for making the Pumpkin Cruise the one you didn't want to miss! From all accounts it was a rockin' good time!!

I would like to extend a special thanks to all the club officers and cruise leaders for helping to make our cruises such a success over the past 5 years. The new cruise committee, Judi Schoenherr and Becky Smith, are busy making plans. I'm looking forward to their fun filled agenda for 2008!

Gayle Locke "*Knight'n Gayle*"

From the Poop Deck Seaworthy Ideas and Stuff

Paul Kurkowski

Ahoy mates! By the time you read this, the Holiday season will be in full swing. Thanksgiving will be under our belts (For a few of us behind our belts.) and Christmas will be on the fast approach. I was and am thankful for a delightful sailing season. For most of the time, the winds were in our favor. I do believe that this year I used the least amount of diesel fuel ever. It was a bit worrisome there towards the end, with the rapid drop of the water level. We've all experienced bottom thumping in Anchor Bay, but it was quite an awakening to have it happen in the Clinton River and within the entrance (in the cut) of Markley Marine. It was even a bit dicey at Spacehunter's well.

My Christmas wish, even though it goes against my grain, is for a long, cold, snowy winter. I can only hope the sailing gods will find favor with my wish. I do not want the Clinton River fuel and pump out docks to be out of our depth range next season. Every day that goes by in the winter with the Great Lakes not frozen over allows the lakes to evaporate. That is the primary factor of lake effect snow.

Spacehunter also wishes, all of you, a safe, happy and very Merry Christmas and a wonder filled, prosperous New Year.

Barb and I are leaving for vacation in like twelve hours from now, so.....

That's it for now.

Casting off all lines. Color me gone.

Paul Kurkowski "*Space Hunter*"



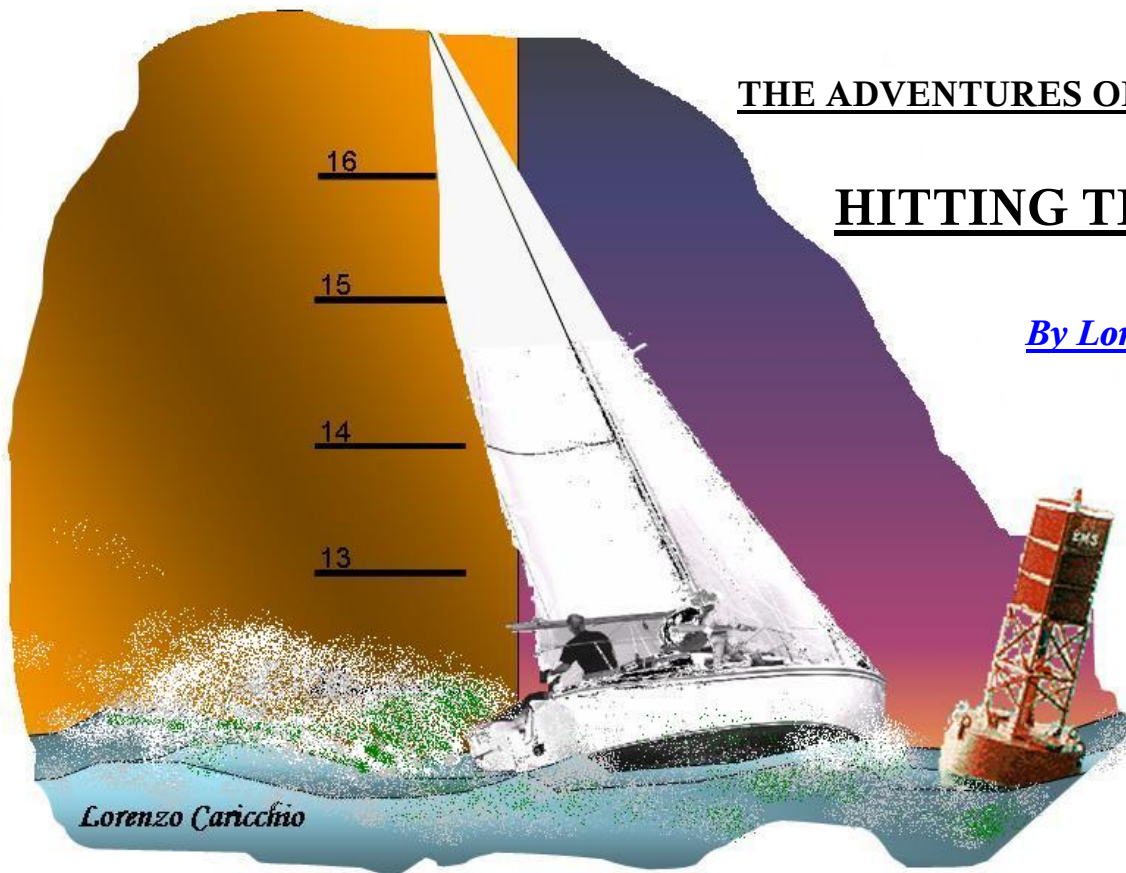
CRCA Web Site, www.crcasail.org

Remember, you can check our web site for cruise schedules and race results. 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!

THE ADVENTURES OF CAP'M. JIM

HITTING THE WALL

By Lorenzo Caricchio



“Holy Shit - Take a look under the sail!” Cap’m Jim exclaimed as he slid to the low side of the steeply heeled, twenty-two foot, sailboat to adjust the trim of the jib.

While maintaining my death grip on the tiller with one hand and holding my martini level with the other, I leaned forward, folding myself almost double, and peeked, briefly, under the Mainsail. What I glimpsed confused me.

“When did they build an orange wall in the middle of the lake?”

“They didn’t. Take another look.” Jim replied as he reached to take the tiller from me.

Relinquishing the helm, I moved to leeward and looked again. Then I looked up, and up, and up a little higher... But I’m getting ahead of myself.

We had set out for a sail, after work, late on an October afternoon. The wind was honking out of the southeast and the rolling waves were running between two and three feet high. Heading out across Lake St. Clair on a close reach we seemed to be the only boat on the water. So once the sails were trimmed to Cap’m Jim’s satisfaction, and the Martinis were mixed to perfection, we both hunkered down on the high side of the cockpit trying to ignore the chill in the air and enjoy the ride.

It had been a particularly rotten day at work for both of us and rather than bitch about the job, or the people,

or politics that make work the nasty four letter word that it has become, our conversation gravitated to the state of the world in general. I began to expound on geopolitical affairs and the ineptitude of our leaders to deal with the challenges of a changing world.

“Modern technology has shrunk the world beyond the abilities of governments to enforce imaginary lines on a map.” I pontificated “Cultures are constantly and instantly colliding in this age of nanosecond communication. Our economy is so tangled up that a broken string in a Taiwan guitar factory causes sympathetic monetary vibrations around the world in a matter of minutes. But our political systems continue to lumber along, with antiquated protocols, taking years to decide on things that will cease to be relevant in a matter of months.”

Cap’m. Jim sensed that I was revving up to “ranting speed”, so he just pulled his cap (The one with the button on it that read “Damn the Torpedoes”) down tighter on his head and braced himself for the gathering storm of opinion and theory that I was about to unleash.

“Look at how we keep getting embroiled in the conflicts between third world countries ... Hell! Forget about countries, the whole world has been sucked in to tribal disputes, on more than one occasion. Some day, in the far, far future, political scientists will probably trace

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the beginnings of the Ultimate World War back to a debate, by two natives in loincloths, over the proper way to serve the square eggs of the mythical Ohoo-Ahaaa bird so as not to offend the volcano gods.”

I paused to take a sip of my martini and Jim interjected that guys in loincloths would be more likely to be having an argument over who had the larger Tiki. But I wasn't about to let a lame joke deter me from delving into the depths of global folly. I took another gulp from the plastic cup and continued my diatribe. I decried the ever expanding, excessive, emphasis placed on material wealth by the American public and I described, in painstaking detail, how this would lead to the downfall of society. I laid out an even gloomier scenario in which religious zealots gain control and stifle all creative thought. Jim asked if I really believed that all of this could happen. “Sure” I said “But what's even more likely is that the world will slip into anarchy and then it will be an ‘every-man-for-himself’ situation.”

“Well” said Jim. “At least that'll offset the threat of overpopulation without creating additional religious strife.”

“Hey you can joke all you want” I countered. “But the way things are going we're headed for some kind of disaster, and soon! Why just the other day I was reading this article on...” It was at this point in my discourse that I was interrupted by Jim's aforementioned exclamation as he was adjusting the jib.

So, now I looked up, and up higher to the top of what I had first perceived to be an orange wall, and then up again, past the massive anchor to the words “Frederic Bolin, Detroit Michigan”. The freighter was almost upon us and we were headed directly across her bow. Evidently I was so involved in solving the world's problems and Jim was so distracted by my theories, that we hadn't realized that we had entered the shipping channel. Who would have thought that a freighter, (a thousand foot lake freighter at that!) could, because of our inattention, and angle of perspective, sneak up on us and hide behind our sails until it was almost on top of us?

“Holy shit” I echoed Jim's sentiment, “What should we do Jim?”

It was too late to turn the boat around because we were already past the point of no return, and besides that, if we bungled the tack and stalled the boat we would be goners for sure. The stiff breeze was already driving us at hull speed, the fastest we could go, so starting the engine wouldn't make any difference, and jumping overboard is hardly ever a good option, especially in October.

I was at a loss for a course of action. I looked at Cap'm Jim and asked again, this time in a smaller voice.

“What should we do?”

Jim had also been running through all the alternatives in his head, and now he looked me straight in the eye without a trace of humor, pity or fear, not even a hint of faith that pure dumb luck would see us through; yet there was no note of hopelessness in his voice when he rendered his considered course of action, and said.

“I think we should finish our drinks.”

I looked at him in disbelief and he elaborated.

“I think, no matter what's going to happen, we should finish our drinks first.”

My eyes turned again to the freighter and at our progress under its looming bow, we might just make it, or we might not. It was going to be close, very close. I took a determined swig of the best martini I had ever tasted and settled back onto the windward settee.

For the next few minutes, Cap'm Jim and I sat sipping our drinks and watching events unfold. It was unreal, like watching a movie. The boat, with Jim's firm hand on helm, continued to sail quickly and pleasantly over the waves. The freighter plowed its inevitable furrow in our direction and the level of Gin in our glasses fell lower and lower.

Then at some incalculable point in the water, we knew, just knew, that we would not collide, not sink, and not die. At that point, without speaking, yet simultaneously, we both drained the last drops of Gin from our glasses. A moment later the boat was tossed and twisted and shaken as the bow wave of the freighter pushed us, like the insignificant bit of flotsam that we were, out its way.

When we were sailing on an even keel again Jim silently, indicated for me to take the helm and he went below to get us a couple of more drinks. Then we tacked the boat around and headed for home. I don't remember what we talked about on the way back, I know it might seem strange, but we didn't talk, at all, about the incident with the freighter. We did keep a close watch under the sail, though, and it seemed that we were more in tune with what was happening around us from moment to moment, and that made the ride back very pleasant.

As I said, we didn't talk about the incident with the freighter during the ride back, but once we were back at dock Jim asked me an odd question. “When you first looked under the sail and said -‘when did they build an orange wall in the middle of the lake?’ - Just who did you mean by ‘they’ and why did you think ‘they’ would build it?”

I didn't have an answer for him then, and I still don't.

Membership Report

John Pecha- Membership Chairman

Am·bas·sa·dor

Pronunciation:\am-ˈba-sə-dər

Function: noun

1: an official envoy

2 a: an authorized representative or messenger

As I stand in front of WINDependence looking at her sitting forlornly in her cradle as the first flakes of snow fall around us, I can't help thinking how much fun we had over this past season. It was a season of firsts for us. First cruises, first races as captain, first time sailing the new asymmetric etc., plus numerous sunset sails. But none of this would have been possible without the help of our fellow CRCA members. The encouragement and hospitality offered to Laura and me was what made our first full sailing season on WINDependence so enjoyable.

The definition of CRCA is far more than its acronym. CRCA is friendship and family. It is an encouraging word or help when needed. It's a special tool acquired by one but available to all or advice on a repair project from someone

with firsthand experience. This spirit of CRCA is what makes the CRCA the success it is.

We recognize the need for each of us to be an **am-bas-sa-dor**. Each of us is a representative of the CRCA. In order to grow our membership we need to continue to extend this spirit to Catalina owners outside our organization, to show them all the advantages of being a member of this "family". And if you are aware of any potential members, in addition to your ambassadorship, please feel free to forward their name and contact information and I will happy to get in touch with them.

A 21 gun salute to Phil Morell, outgoing Membership Chairman. His deck shoes will be hard to fill.

Being the new membership chairman, I am also compelled to perform the annual request for membership dues. 2008 dues are payable by December 31st.

NOTE: The new address to send your completed form and dues to this year. Also, please forward any changes or incorrect data in your contact information to stclairsailor@wideopenwest.com.

John Pecha "*WINDependence*"



**Catalina Fleet 21 - Chicago Region invites you to attend the
2008 Chicago Strictly Sail Show at
Navy Pier - January 31-February 3
and a Special Fleet 21/LMCA Gathering
at the Hampton Inn (February 2)**

Strictly Sail: It's that time of year again to start making plans to come on out to Navy Pier for the 2008 Strictly Sail Show. As always, we've got beautiful rooms reserved at the Hampton Inn & Suites, 33 W. Illinois, for both Friday and Saturday night (Feb 1-2) at great rates! Over 100 Catalina Fleet 21 and LMCA members and their guests stayed downtown Friday and/or Saturday night last year and made a whole weekend of it. Why don't you plan to do the same!

Fleet 21 Winter Rendezvous: We'll definitely head back to the Hampton Inn right after the show closes on Saturday so that we don't miss out on all that Fleet 21/LMCA camaraderie. Festivities begin at 8:00 p.m. in the large Hospitality Suite on the second floor. We will have an open bar from 8:30 - 10:30 p.m. Please bring a snack to share (unopened and store bought as the hotel staff will serve the food and beverages again this year). Then we'll enjoy pizza and salad for dinner. The cost is \$10.00 per person and will be collected at the door.

Rates: Regular Room @ \$105.00 (King or Two Double Beds)
King Suite @ \$139.00 (King bed w/bath plus mini refrigerator & microwave)
2-Room Suite @\$139.00 (King bedroom w/bath plus attached kitchenette and living room w/sofa sleeper)

Breakfast: Included in the rates above is a lavish continental breakfast consisting of pastries, muffins, bagels, toasts, cereals and hot entrees, juices and fresh fruit available from 6-10:00 a.m. each morning in the hotel's Hospitality Suite.

Shuttle: The Navy Pier Shuttle stops at the corner of the Hampton Inn (State & Illinois) and runs every 30 minutes from 9:00 a.m. - midnight. You can also catch a cab right outside the hotel for a nominal fee. Or take the pleasant 20-minute walk weather permitting.

Parking: There are several self-park lots/garages in the vicinity of the Hampton. The hotel offers valet parking for \$38.00 a day (24 hours, including in and out privileges).

Reservations: Please DO NOT call the hotel directly. Contact **Madalyn Duerr** via e-mail -- mduerr@jenner.com, or call 312/923-8378 (feel free to leave a detailed message on secure voice mail), or fax your information to her at 312/661-1419. Please provide all of the following details:

1. Your name, complete address and phone number.
2. The nights for which you need reservations, number of people in room (additional room nights can generally be accommodated . . . just include in your request).
3. Type of room (Regular - king or double, King Suite, 2-room Suite), smoking or non-smoking.
4. Credit card information to guarantee your room (include type of card, name of person as printed on the card, credit card number, expiration date).

IMPORTANT: Deadline for making hotel reservations is January 4, 2008. But don't wait until the deadline. As always, space is limited so please contact Madalyn EARLY for your reservations and join in the fun!