



CATSCAN

Newsletter of the Clinton River Catalina Association

Founded 1988

December, 2008

Calendar

Social Schedule

2009 Commodore's Ball, Gino's Surf Lounge Mar 28

Cruising Schedule

To be published in the March issue.

Race Schedule

To be published in the March issue.

2009 CRCA Officers

Doug Post	Commodore	586 412-7864
John Pecha	Vice Commodore	586 469-1634
Dave Otey	Secretary	248 370-0998
Julie Otey	Treasurer	248 370-0998
Joe Dell	Member-at-Large	586 477-9602

2009 Committee Chairs

Paul Kurkowski	Constitution	586 675-8211
Judi Schoenherr and	810 794-3007
Becky Smith	Cruising	248 553-3162
Steve Maynard	Racing	586 773-2435
Larry Caricchio	Membership	248 852-3078
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

Commodore's Corner

Steve Smith

Well another year has drawn to the end. When I was putting the boat away this year, I was kind of glad the season was over. But, like probably most of you. I would love to go sailing again. NOW!

I am truly looking forward to going sailing next year.

Hope you all have a great Holiday and New Year. See you at the Commodore's Ball.

Steve Smith *"Twice Blessed"*

Membership Report

Larry Caricchio - Membership Chairman

Give yourself a Christmas present!

For just 40 bucks you can give yourself and your family the Christmas gift that keeps on giving all year long - A membership in the CRCA. It's better and less expensive than a big screen TV and more fun than an X-Box. TVs only let you see what others are doing, like a voyeur living vicariously, afraid or too lazy to participate. Video games, no matter how "virtual" are fun but they are not as real as a freshening breeze or beating another boat to the windward mark. Joining or renewing a membership in the CRCA lets you in on the real fun and camaraderie of cruising, racing and partying with the friendliest, most helpful group of sailors on Lake St. Clair.

Dues are \$40 and are due by December 31st. Fill out the application on the last page of this newsletter. Make checks payable to the C.R.C.A.. Mail to Larry Caricchio 1162 Peveril Rd. Bloomfield Hills MI 48304.

Larry Caricchio *"Zingara"*
Navigo Ergo Sum



Hippies at the Pumpkin Graze

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

Social Scene

Becky & Glen Ellison, 2009 Social Committee

Commodore Ball 2009

We the CRCA are deemed to be socially acceptable I am told. Some people I believe have the ability to hose us, but not for long. This hosing was considered socially acceptable to all those that attended the November meeting, thanks to Dave & Julie Otey. It was enjoyable to see everyone.

The 2009 Commodore Ball will be held at Gino's Surf Lounge on Jefferson in Harrison Township. The time for the Ball is Saturday, March 28, 2009 starting from 6:30 to 11:30 pm. Your invitations this year will be distributed via electronic Ahoy There mail. There will be no invitations via the USPS. It was announced that the fee to attend would be held to \$60 per person. There will be the usual premium mixed drink bar with great food and sheet cake for desert. Our DJ of many years will be with us to help along the party. That doesn't take much for CRCA group though. Your payment will be required by February 15, 2009 for the ball. Please make checks payable to CRCA and mail to the address on the invitation. Any questions please feel free to give a call. Hope everyone can plan on attending, as this is our biggest event of every year. Formal dress attire makes us all interesting and different. Yes, we the CRCA, do clean up quite well.

Becky & Glen Ellison *"Adventure"*

Cruising Column

Becky Smith and Judi Schoenherr
2009 Cruise Committee

Hello CRCA Cruisers:

Happy New Year to All of You!

Thank You for a tremendous 2008 Cruising Sailing Season, and Thank You Again for those of you who responded to our cruising poll.

It was a great year; however, it is time to look forward to the 2009 season.

The March Catscan will contain the 2009 Cruise Schedule and Reservation Form.

Cruise leaders are needed.

See you at the Commodore's Ball,

Becky Smith *"Twice Blessed"*
Judi Schoenherr *"Morning Star II"*

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!

From the Poop Deck Seaworthy Ideas and Stuff

Paul Kurkowski

Ahoy mates and Happy Holidays! Now that our boats are all tucked away with care, I am sure we are hoping that the 2009 will be fair. [I know, it's a bit lame bit, what the heck.]

Hey, in case you did not know the Clean Water Act of 2008 was signed into Law on July 29. Recreational boats are permanently exempt from it's requirements. It was signed, somewhere over our nation aboard Air Force One. I don't know, I am glad it was signed, and signing it in the White House pool would be asking a bit much but jeez, in the air and on the Presidential jet? Talk about lacking ceremony.

If you haven't acquired a DSC marine radio for your boat you should consider it. It is the wave (get it? wave?) of the future, just like digital TV. Once you have it, you apply for a Maritime Mobil Service Identity (MMSI) number. Then you and your boat are both permanently registered with our U S Coast Guard. Hailing another boat with DSC and a MMSI is a wonderful feature. It's kinda like, hey your radio is ringing, answer it! There is also a "one button distress signal". If your DSC is connected to a GPS it'll broadcast your position. Imagine that, all you do is push one button. There obviously is more to it then what I have written. Just remember, the future is here and it is starting right now.

This is my last writing for the year of 2008. In closing, I would like to say that it has been fun and adventurous. I look forward to seeing all of you again in 2009. Participating in the CRCA cruising and racing has always been a very large part of my sailing season. I hope it remains part of yours. I know too as with most undertakings, the more the merrier. I can't think of another bunch of people that are more merrier. What a year it was!

That's it for now.

Casting off all lines. Color me gone.

Paul Kurkowski *"Space Hunter"*

"Boats are wonderful creatures, but they hold a certain perversity in their souls. They are forever curious about what's at the bottom of the water -- and are always attempting to find a way to get there. It's the job of those of us who love them to prevent them from reaching that goal. That's the simple part.

The complicated part is staying ahead of them to stymy whatever crafty trick they'll try next to see what's down there."

Anonymous

Racing 2009

Steve Maynard, 2009 Race Chair

With the 2008 racing season over, I want to thank Paul Krutty for his great work the last two years. As I just took over as Race Chair, the plans are still sketchy for the 2009 year (for me anyway). The 2009 schedule will be available in the March Catscan.

I have talked to Jim Rogers about meeting with us to cover the Race Committee duties. If you're interested, I'm sure we can also have him discuss the changes to the Racing Rules for 2009. They involve mark roundings and obstructions. Drop me an email if you would like me to schedule this.

If you have any suggestions for this year's program let me know.

Steve Maynard **"Trillium"**

Racing 2008

Paul Krutty, 2008 Race Chair

The racing was fun, the camaraderie was good and the weather cooperated.

The only thing keeping this racing program from being great is lack of participation.

If you know anyone who is on the fence about racing, please give them a shove in our direction. If you join the racing program, you know you will be able to enjoy your boat on Anchor Bay at least 12 times and if you race the invitational races that number can easily double.

It has been a pleasure being Race Chairman for the past two years and I thank the members for that opportunity.

The Race Chairmanship is being taken over by Steve Maynard who I am sure will just improve the program if we all give him a hand.

Thanks again and have a wonderful Holiday Season.

Paul Krutty **"Sea Quell"**

A note from our club Secretary and Treasurer

Greetings fellow CRCA members. Julie and I want to thank you for the opportunity to serve our association. We'll do our best to live up to your expectations. We look forward to seeing you at the Commodore's Ball. We want to wish all of you and your loved ones a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Healthy New Year.

Dave and Julie Otey

"Compass Rose"

CLEAR SAILING

By Lorenzo Caricchio

Wrapped like a mummy in damp swaddling, clammy windings restricting me to hesitant, fumbling movements, the murky shroud limiting my vision to the very large and the very near, this fog was squeezing the life out of me.

For days, the islands that define the Maine coastline had appeared from, and then vanished into the gray sameness, like passing thoughts or lost opportunities. When the misty vagueness first appeared it was pleasant, numbing, like a familiar routine; protective like a steady job, it dulled the sharp edges of the world and muffled the noises of the surrounding wildlife. But now the gray fog, like the grayness of time that had crept through my hair and beard, threatened to confine me to an ever-shrinking world that would eventually, I feared, have no room in it for me.

I had hoped that this vacation would be more than just scenery, landmarks and too many bourbons after dinner. I wanted it to be different. I didn't know how exactly, just a yearning for things to be realer, for life to have that new car smell again. Maybe that was why I chose to sail the coast of Maine in late September aboard the J&E Riggin. The Riggin is an old ninety foot Oysterman Schooner built in the 1800's that had been converted to a passenger vessel. Her skipper, a man of my age, height and build who's career fit him like a piece of well worn clothing, had rescued her bones from a shoal where she had been run aground and abandoned, half in and half out of the water, to be torn apart by competing forces of nature. Were there lessons to be learned from her resurrection? Perhaps the lives and dreams of men who worked her decks and slept in her bunks were absorbed into the aged keel. Perhaps, under full sail, the creaking of her old wooden ribs against the newer planking of her hull would whisper the secrets of life. Perhaps I would never get to know these things because of this damn mind numbing, joint aching, and wind stealing fog!

On the third morning at sea, anchored next to an unseen island, I stood on deck in the dank, motionless air that chilled my lungs and thickened my blood. My hands wrapped, for warmth, around a steaming cup of coffee, as I watched the moist, gauze wind itself tighter around the top of the schooner's masts and the tip of her bowsprit. My desire to raise sail and run free smoldered under the wet blanket of fog. Mentally I cursed as I paced the misty deck – "I want to sail damn it! I'm tired of waiting" The heat of my rising anger dispersed some of the chill in the morning air. Then a deep-throated rumble of thunder, like the voice of God, tore through the soggy curtain and interrupted my internal ranting. The weather was about to change.

Continued on page 4

I set my half empty mug of coffee on the cabin top and rushed below, fumbled into foul weather gear and was back on deck in time to be drafted, along with other passengers, to help raise the sails. The wind was rising quickly behind the thunder and the fog began to congeal in to a cold, hard rain that slapped our faces and clawed at our eyes, when we glanced aloft as we hauled on the halyards. When the mainsail was raised and reefed and the jib and staysail were hoisted and set, the Riggin slowly swung her bow to face into the gale. It was time to weigh anchor and I was again pressed into service with four other passengers. Taking turns, pumping up and down on the iron bars that operated the Windlass, the anchor chain was slowly lifted, one link at a time, until all one hundred and fifty feet of chain lay on deck and the anchor was catted along the gunwale.

Winded from the last round of pumping, I remained panting over the windlass as most of the other "draftees" scuttled below to the warmth and dryness of the main salon. The retreating fog revealed that we were among a number of small islands. The crew said that it would take several short tacks before we could reach open water and settle down to a steady course. The sudden and prolonged physical activity had transformed me. My muscles felt tight from the exertion of raising the anchor and sails. My heart was jumping in my chest. My anger and frustration, the feeling of helplessness, the accumulation of my years, were all blowing away with each gust of the fast approaching squall. I felt ageless on that timeless sea of excitement. So I readily agreed when I was asked, along with another passenger who had remained in the bow, if we would like to help tack the boat toward open water.

The crew barely had time to instruct us in our duties before we heard the Skippers' command to tack shouted against the gusting wind. My job was to release the windward jib sheet when the boat headed into the wind. Mike, the older and taller of the two deckhands, would then haul in the leeward sheet as the boat turned through the eye of the wind. Tyson, the other crewmember, along with the other passenger were stationed behind us and would perform the same procedure with the staysail sheets. It seemed simple enough, too simple, I was hoping for more of a challenge. While the Skipper slowly turned the boat I loosened the line and kept a half turn around the belaying pin as instructed. When the sail began to flutter, I undid the half turn but continued to, loosely, hold the line. The jib began to flap wildly and with such force that it tore the line from my hand. The flailing, inch and a half diameter, rope caught me across the bridge of the nose and sent me sprawling on the rain soaked deck. Mike had the Jib sheeted in on the new course before I was able to scramble to my feet.

This process was repeated, with minor variations but similar results, two more times before I learned how and

when to release the line. Mike offered very little advice, knowing that the uncontrolled rope would prove to be the best teacher. One more tack, this time properly executed, and the islands were behind us. The squall was full upon us now. The boat healed hard over and plunged through the waves, occasionally taking water over the bow. The four of us braced ourselves in the bow, ducking the spray and enjoying the ride. Peering forward through the rain we could see the bright morning sunlight streaming down behind the edge of the dark storm clouds and sparkling off the surface of the sea ahead. Tyson, the dark-haired, extroverted deckhand with an impish air about him, began tease me about my misadventures with the jib sheet. Mike joined in the laughter when I responded that considering their names (Mike & Tyson) I should have expected to get a little beat up and that I was grateful that I still had both of my ears.

For the next four days we had perfect sailing weather, breezy, sunny days and calm, starry nights. In an attempt to recapture some of the time I had lost in the fog I took every opportunity that presented itself to work alongside the crew. Eventually I developed the knack of anticipating when something needed doing and I was at the right place at the right time. After a while, I think the crew even began to expect me to perform certain duties without having to be asked. Toward the end of the trip, my body, unaccustomed to the repeated physical exertion, began to protest, and when I would try to hide from a particularly unpleasant or strenuous job Mike would find me, and in his quiet way, he would counter my excuses until I had no choice but to rise to the task or assert my rights as a passenger. Of course, claiming passenger status at this point in the voyage would cost me the hard earned respect of these boys who had treated me like a man and, it would have turned the adventure into just another sightseeing tour.

So I would drag my tired old butt over to the bow or stern or amidships and force my untrained, aching muscles to heave on this line or haul on that halyard, or, in the worst case, pump the windlass. But when the job was done and the trip was over, the old boat and the young crew had given me more than they took. I felt reborn, vigorous, and more alive than ever. I know that those feelings can be attributed to the fresh salt air and exercise. I know that feelings of excitement and euphoria can be purchased for the price of a ticket on a roller coaster, but those are momentary thrills. This heightened sensuality was brought on by a change in sensibility, a mind-altering, glimpse of things around me and in me that were hidden. When your view is no longer obstructed by the fog of mere existence, the course ahead is clear sailing.

☆☆☆☆☆

A message from our Commodore,

A sincere welcome to new members and ahoy 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.

Doug Post,
Commodore, Clinton River Catalina Association

CLINTON RIVER CATALINA ASSOCIATION

2009 SEASON - MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(APPLICATION TO BE FILLED OUT ANNUALLY, Membership fee due January 1)

Boat Owner _____

Spouse/Friend/Partner _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zip** _____

Telephone #, Home _____ **Work** _____

Cell Phone, (Optional: For contact when you are on your boat.) _____

E-Mail Address: _____

Boat Name _____ **Length** _____

Boat Moored (Location) _____

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

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

SIGNATURE _____

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

Larry Caricchio, Membership Chairman
1162 Peveril
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304
(248) 852-3078 renzo52@hotmail.com

CRCA Dues (DUE Dec 31): \$40.00 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.)