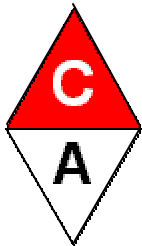


CAPS

The All Catalina Association of Puget Sound

IS THERE EVER A TIME IN THE PACIFIC NW WHEN WARM DRY BOAT IS NOT GOOD? NEXT!



- Get ready for anything at Port Townsend
- Roster will be in the mail in May
- Another letter from inveterate cruisers even wilder than the last

Back in February our speaker had a family emergency and couldn't make it to the meeting. Neither could a lot of our members. We're making up for that now with Roger McAfee coming down from Vancouver, BC, to talk about how to have a **Warm, Dry Boat** at our May meeting. Of course we will show up in droves to hear him! The weather is great, the days are longer, and we have also tested the food at the new Bluewater Bistro above the CYC Leschi facility and lived to tell the story.

The meeting starts at 7 PM (in the daylight, no less) with the social hour. A

banquet license will be posted so you can bring your favorite alcoholic beverage. We'll have lots to talk about because the cruises have been well-attended, and we have to get started on the **Northwest Catalina Regatta** which is coming up all too soon.

Gordon Ellis will conduct a short business meeting before the speaker is introduced (around 8 o'clock). Roger was a speaker at the Boat Show in January when we were all shivering, but working on boats is much more fun when you aren't cold! Hope to see all of you at the June meeting. Let's show our strength!

WINSLOW WHARF CRUISE BRINGS TOGETHER SUNSHINE AND FINE FELLOWSHIP ON DOCK

We learned from our very own Bainbridge resident, "saucy but not impertinent" Lynda McCann, that the town of Winslow is a location only — the whole island is really the town of Bainbridge Island, and thereby go all the ordinances! However, for our purposes the Winslow Wharf Marina is a great destination for our April cruise, and they always manage to find enough slips to accommodate those who dare to venture into Eagle Harbor. The weekend of April 23-25 was no exception.

Linda Loux and George Fogg were official hosts on **Branwen**, and arrived about the same time as Dave and Peggy Fend on **DeFENDER**, John and Sally Hamel (and Ruby Tuesday) on **Auntie Beryl** and John and Betty Segerstrom on **VoyageR**. Rod Sparks on **Windrunner** (welcome back to the world of boating!) tucked himself in shortly thereafter and Mike and Marilyn

Parker on **North Star** completed the Everett contingency. Roger and Barbara Jenkins on **Jolly Roger** rounded out those who arrived Friday night. Some ate at the Pleasant Beach Grille, some cooked on board, and after all boats were tied down for the night, the party commenced on **Auntie Beryl**.

Saturday saw the arrival of Gordon Ellis and Cynthia Jones on **Blythe Spirit**, Mark Pywell and Shari Smith on **Starbird** and Bob Armstrong (with Punkins, who wasn't getting along with Ruby that day) and granddaughter Victoria on **Good Tide'ngs**. There was time for shopping (especially at Lindsley's, the store where Lynda McCann works), the farmers' market, and just vegging. Then the dock party began: new members Don and

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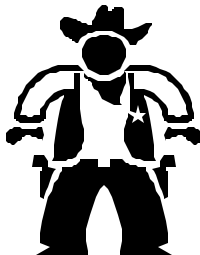
COMMODORE'S CORNER

By Gordon Ellis



The Imperial Army was at it again to make Blythe Spirit shipshape!

***A little
elbow grease
and a lot of paint
made the Brits
downright
proud
once they
were done with
their mighty vessel!***



Naah! We'd never have a shoot-out with CYC – they're too nice to make our enemies.

At last the warm weather has arrived with springtime, and **Blythe Spirit** and crew are now on the water again with a fully functioning sailboat. The trip to Eagle Harbor was the first shakedown cruise of the year and it was very pleasant to join cruise chairman Mike McCann at the Winslow Wharf Marina. We managed to have light sailing winds Saturday, but Sunday was but better winds such that a hull speed of 4 to 5 knots was attained on the trip home.

The previous weekend we had our annual haul out which took detailed planning as my two partners were traveling, one to Russia with Boeing, and the other to New Zealand and Australia. To coordinate the event at Seaview West, I planned a 9:00 AM haul out for Saturday and a reverse operation for Monday at 4:30 PM. For the first time, this year it worked out perfectly. The first item was the power washing and as we haul out every year, this was quickly done by the yard. Once blocked, the real work started and we immediately started on the scum line with Bon Ami, then proceeded to clean the hull and transom, removing tar and blotches.

Our zincs were completely gone (eaten by electrolysis) and some pitting had occurred on our new three-bladed prop. These were cleaned and polished with emery cloth to look like new again.

We had our usual crack between the hull and the keel; I don't know if all Catalinas have this problem, or it was due to the lengthening of the keel bolts when I hit a rock in Desolation Sound ten years ago.

Anyway, the marine putty worked fine and next day was hard as iron. The scraping of the bottom was difficult as we now have accumulated about twenty layers of paint over the years. We may need next year to have this ground down to the fiberglass and start again fresh. The bottom painting went well with no major spills of that liquid gold; we used expensive tape between the bottom and the hull gel coat sides that allowed no sticky residue when removed.

Next was the gel coat cleaning with heavy duty oxidation cleaner followed by a wax polish. This was hard manual labor, but is very rewarding when complete.

I got a call early Monday morning from the yard asking if they could put the boat in early as we were complete. Then all we needed was to pick it up from the dock and motor to the slip on I-Dock at Shilshole Bay Marina. A power wash, power vacuum inside, and installation of clean sails were all that remained to make the boat "ready" for the CAPS Eagle Harbor cruise.

As we had lost zincs completely, we rigged a new sacrificial zinc from the chainplate/shroud with a line tied to the safety lines. Measuring the engine block to the chain plate with an ohm meter, we found we had continuity. This, then, makes it easy to have a replaceable temporary zinc attached to the boat when at the dock.

We can now go out and enjoy **Blythe Spirit**, and look forward to the next CAPS cruise.

MEETINGS ONE WEEK EARLY DUE TO CYC

You've probably noticed that all of our meetings (including the one in June) are on the **first Friday** instead of the second. That's because CYC had scheduled our meeting room for something else on the

dates we wanted, and in order to keep the free rent, we had to accommodate them. They're still not out of the picture, so this may be a permanent change. We'll keep you posted.

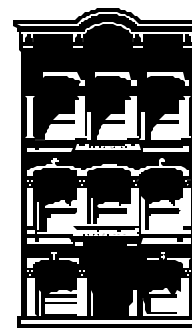
IT'S A LONG WAY BUT IT'S A LONG WEEKEND; PORT TOWNSEND CALLS CAPS NORTH AGAIN!

Call on your favorite weather witches for good stuff Memorial Day Weekend, May 28-31, because the cruise is to Port Townsend and we'd really like to *sail* part of the way at least. Last year we owed a major party in a Motel suite to Chewey's reluctance to go down on the docks at the city marina. Let's see what happens this year.

You know that you have to take whatever slip is assigned when you call in, but we learned that the early bird doesn't necessarily get the worm, because all the slips haven't been vacated for the weekend

yet. We may be scattered all over the marina, and even in the commercial section, but we'll still get together to compare notes for dinner Friday night and for hors d'oeuvres Saturday. Look for the big burgee or at least a friendly face and plan to bring your goodies to share. More will be decided at the meeting May 7.

They don't schedule Swiftsure that weekend because they can guarantee the weather. It's been everything from Driftsure to Panic City, so be ready for anything! **Hope to see you there anyway.**



Port Townsend is pretty Victorian in the downtown section, but it's getting quite sprawling because it's the hot place to be!

ROSTER WILL BE MAILED IN MAY; MEMBERSHIP DOWN A BIT, BUT CRUISE PARTICIPATION UP

Last count was 58, but membership is quite hard-core. We have a few new members: Gregg and Marsha Baklund on **Kairos**, a C22, Don and Marilyn Morrow on **Windswept**, a C36, Rob and Karen Trahan on **Escapade**, also a C36 and Gary and Sheri Wilson on **Alo**, a C400. A former member has re-upped – Jim Ventris on **Serenity**, a C36 MKII. Some faces we'd like to get to know are last year's new members Pavel Rozalski and Lana Makhanik on **Crusader**, a C380 and Bill and Barbara McKenzie on **Ruby's Gift**, a C22.

New memberships have been trickling into Carol McManus' mailbox. If you were a bit late, or for some reason do not get the next Mainsheet and you paid for it, remember that CAPS gets several extra copies. All you have to do is show up at a meeting to collect yours.

New rosters will be mailed in May. You can put your copy on your boat for use during the cruising season, and, again, the extras will be at the meetings so you can take an extra one home, too.

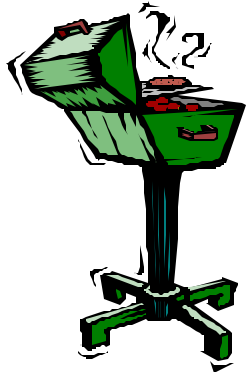
**You
Might
Want to
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Out
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Web Site
At**

www.capsfleet1.com

THE ALL CATALINA ASSOCIATION OF PUGET SOUND			
Commodore	Gordon Ellis	(425) 885-7462	gfedomino@msn.com
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Measurer	Ken McKenzie	(425) 823-2849	sodanscotts@aol.com
Cruise	Mike McCann	(206) 780-5345	jadedcrew@bainbridge.net
Newsletter	Sally Hamel	(206) 364-6606	sallyjohn@prodigy.net
Hospitality	Paul McManus	(206) 365-7079	pcmcmamus@comcast.net
Safety Focal	Jim Fielder	(425) 641-9097	jimfielder@comcast.net
Historian	Barb Jenkins	(253) 852-5467	No email



Hear ye, hear ye! We'll make it work somehow, and have fun doing it!



Get out the old barbie.... it's been pretty hot for spring already!

<h2 style="margin: 0;">EnCAPSulated Calendar</h2> <p style="margin: 10px 0 0 0;">subject to revision....</p>	<p>MAY</p> <p>May 1 Mid-Distance Race #3 May 7 <i>Monthly Meeting CYC</i> Leschi, 7:00 PM, BYOB, 7:30 Speaker Share Cruising Plans May 28-31 CAPS Memorial Day Cruise to Port Townsend</p>	<p>JUNE</p> <p>Jun. 4 <i>Monthly Meeting CYC*</i> Leschi, 7:00 PM , BYOB, 7:30 Speaker Share Cruising Plans Jun. 11-13 Manzanita Bay Anchor Out Cruise</p>	
	<p>JULY</p> <p>July 3 Northwest Catalina Regatta (formerly Catalina Days) CYC – Shilshole July 10 CYC Shilshole Jack & Jill Race NO MEETING GONE CRUISING</p>	<p>AUGUST</p> <p>Aug. 6-8 Langley Cruise (Dodge the Bayliners) Aug. 12 <i>Monthly Meeting Thursday evening</i> CAPS Birthday Meeting – Potluck/ Cake – Hamel’s</p>	<p>SEPTEMBER</p> <p>Sep. 3–6 CAPS & CATSS Poulsbo Cruise Sep. 10 <i>Monthly Meeting Leschi</i> 7 PM BYOB – Speaker Sep.11 Mid-Distance Race #4 Sep. 17-19 CAPS & CATTS Catalina Rendezvous at Port Orchard</p>
	<p>OCTOBER</p> <p>Oct. 1-3 Crab Cruise at Everett Guest Dock Oct. 8 <i>Monthly Meeting CYC</i> Leschi, Sat. 7:00 PM, BYOB, 7:30 Meeting Speaker</p>	<p>NOVEMBER</p> <p>Nov. 12 <i>Monthly Meeting CYC</i> Leschi, 7:00 PM, BYOB, 7:30 Speaker, Elections HAPPY THANKSGIVING</p>	<p>DECEMBER</p> <p>Dec. 11 Annual Christmas Party Potluck and Gift Exchange (Boat Gift and/or White Elephant) Dec. 31-Jan. 1 Elliott Bay New Year’s Cruise</p>

Changes for this calendar will show up on the Web At www.capsfleet1.com



Ruby could have been the official host for the amount her boat was used!

WINSLOW CRUISE Continued from Page 1

Marilyn Morrow joined us on the dock (their boat wasn't quite ready for the acid test of host boat) and then Bob Isbell, former member, and his girlfriend Phyllis Krueger came up from Grapeview (South Sound) where **Grey Goose** is now anchored in front of his house. Of course we welcomed them to our party! All the food on the dock was eaten, and when the crowd had diminished, the leftovers and people adjourned once more to **Auntie Beryl!** A lot of wine under the belt, and a lot of eclectic music down the pike, a lot of raucous laughter, and some very quotable lines (yes, it was Mike McCann who came up with the one about his

wife), and then that party, too, was ended. George Fogg will forever be reminded that he "salivated" at Sooksure and Linda Loux committed to carrying home from work at least one teak table every night for three nights .

Sunday dawned as sunny as the rest of the weekend. The wind was down in the morning, and most of the boats were gone by noon. John and Sally read a lot, ate greasy hamburgers up at the Harbor Inn Pub, and were the last to leave. It was a 15-20 knot sail back to Shilshole for the grand old aunt; we all slept well that night, too!

LETTER FROM DARIÉN

By Judy Mork*

The lure of visiting the most wild and untamed part of Central America was strong, so, throwing caution to the winds (pirates, thieves, drug smugglers, malaria, dengue fever, crocodiles, quick-mud, and wilting heat and humidity), we set out across the 40 miles that separate the benign cruising grounds of Las Perlas from the mainland coast, the Darién region – the sparsely populated southern end of the peninsula where it is thought that Balboa first spotted and named the Pacific Ocean.

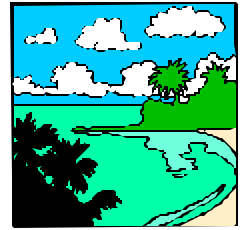
The gulf of San Miguel is a huge body where no less than five huge rivers drain, and thick brown water confirms their presence even before reaching the entrance. In the spirit of jungle exploration, we sailed up the Congo River (yes, sailed up the river, close-hauled, without tacking, on the in-flowing tidal current). It did seem like deepest Africa, rich with jungle sounds, no humans — in fact no solid land — only mangrove swamps inhabited by many exotic birds, and monkeys, heard but not seen, mud that swallowed you to the knees in a brief second. No hikes ashore here, but wondrous rivulet pathways through the forests to ply in the kayak. Stork-like white cranes come gliding down the myriad waterways at sunset from all directions, and roost noisily, by the hundreds, unfazed by our boat nearby.

Information is scarce about this area, but we'd heard there was an Indian village somewhere up the creeks. I was able to ask a lone Indian fisherman paddling his dugout; yes, he confirmed, waving an arm vaguely upstream (the innumerable uncharted streams and tributaries are a veritable maze). I tried two branches, without success in finding any inhabitants other than many kinds of wading birds and screeching parrots. On the next try we were more persistent, and encouraged by the appearance of a couple of families passing along the way in dugouts.

Selecting what seemed a likely direction, we motored upstream in the dinghy until eventually a few isolated patches of solid ground began appearing, with the occasional grass and straw hut on stilts. We stopped at a cluster of about half a dozen huts, watched and greeted by the entire population, and were told that the village was farther upstream — about a quarter of an hour (paddling? motoring? with our 2-HP motor?) and that there were shops where we could get flour and rice. We were too low on gasoline to go further, and starting to wonder about getting back out of the jungle, but, incredibly, they were able to sell us some, tipping it out of a big rusty drum. They use it for their outboard-powered canoes; transportation ashore (with no roads) was by horseback or foot. Sent off by a row of smiling, waving figures, we penetrated further upstream, pursuing the elusive Indian village, one more bend after another. After almost an hour, and growing misgivings, the landscape began to transform from mangrove swamp to lush diverse tropical vegetation, palms, and patches of bananas, surely a sign of people in the vicinity. The stream narrowed and we had to navigate around shoal areas (not always successfully). Eventually it became impassable — and we must have been near the headwaters — and, just there, were some huts and children on the banks. A path led uphill through a virtual banana forest, and, over the rise, there was the village!

It consisted of a couple of dozen houses, very primitive, scattered across the hillside, a restaurant (closed), a building for the evangelical congregation, a phone booth (amazingly, as there was no other sign of electricity of any sort), and a small “kiosk” aside the family house where we bought flour, tuna fish, and a cold drink. Another kiosk has almost nothing to buy — but it provided an occupation for the three old men tending it. People were very smiling

Letter from Darién continued on Page 6



Remote is an under-statement!

****Judy and Jorgen
have now gone
through the
Panama Canal.
Then they had
another adventure,
still on the wild side.
Maybe we'll hear
about more
familiar cruising
grounds
next.***



You want parrots? How about hundreds?

Letter from Darién continued from P. 5



These are islands that are quite isolated and very primitive.

***All of you
who carefully
follow the computer
maps on your GPS
should note that
J & J are using
a “sketch map”
for navigation!***



Just how cold is a cold beer, and what kind of container does it come in?

signs affixed, including one specifying there should be no animal sacrifices without a permit. Chickens pecked in the dirt. Horses rested, saddled and tethered in the shade. A quiet, bucolic place. With a certain satisfaction that we had found our goal, we hurried back downstream, fording the dinghy across some rocky shallows, before the tide began rushing back in.

Back at the boat at low tide we looked back and saw not 100 yards away — unmistakably — a rocky reef in the midst of the river where one would not imagine there to be anything solid, anything but mud, for miles. We somehow missed it or passed just over at a higher state of tide.

The next day we crossed the gulf to explore other rivers, stopping to anchor for the night at a lovely island with completely different vegetation from any we had seen so far — cactus climbing up 60-foot trees and dangling 60-feet from rocky cliffs, enormous philodendron vines, flowering trees — quite lush.

Satisfying though it had been to find the local village, we were, after all, in Indian country and I could only really count our explorations a success if I found an authentic remote Waunaan Indian village. There were a couple marked on the sketch map.

We set out. Everything was going smoothly as we sailed across the gulf at about 7 knots with the incoming current. Then, abruptly, we came to a complete crashing halt. The sound was awful, along with everything on the boat displacing itself including a door jumping off its hinges and lamp chimney lashed to the mast crashing to the sole in splinters. The sketch chart had 48 feet marked for depth here, but, of course, it was “not meant for navigation.” And it was our turn to learn that lesson; we’d maybe become a bit confident, already being here a week successfully

negotiating the hazards. We were clearly on a reef and stuck solidly, with both the wind and current making sure we stayed there.

The powerful current churns up clouds of dense mud and creates great brown rivers, which, as the guidebook said, could cause undue alarm (though not always undue, we found out). The current at that point was so swift that it was difficult to bring the dinghy alongside...and it, and the wind, were pushing us onto the reef. We managed to set an anchor and pull off with the rising tide. But we nudged rocks three more times before we found our way back out of the reef area. I was by that time ready to abandon the plan and head for deep water. But Jorgen would hear none of that and insisted on getting “back on the horse”. We were headed upstream to an Indian village at the head of the river, and that is what we did...first having to brave it through a thick brown river with breaking wavelets off a reef and roiling current that made it impossible to read the water for submerged hazards. *[I might mention here that Jorgen has sailed to Antarctica and been in 100-knot winds, so this was probably a “piece of cake” for him! Ed.]*

But we did, and soon we were tacking up the serene, beautiful and wide Rio Sabana, and I was glad. We were planning to anchor somewhere upstream and dinghy the rest of the way to the village which was at a narrow confluence of two streams. But Jorge had acquired a “guide” along the way when he threw a tow line to a fisherman paddling with his son. He indicated where to find the deeper water for our boat and assured us we could go all the way up to the village and anchor, which we did. The bank was lined with people witnessing the curious phenomenon of a 44 foot gleaming white yacht anchoring off their rustic village amid dugout canoes in a river bend barely large enough for it. In no time the dugouts had been launched and we were entertaining 28 people aboard, mostly kids, with 9 canoes tied up. First one canoe approached tentatively and then the chain

Darién Letter Continued on Page 7

Darién Letter Continued from Page 6

reaction was set off and we could only watch helpless and laughing.

We managed to clear the boat of visitors pointing out that we wished to visit their village and buy flour and leavening. Here where words become completely inadequate, to try to describe the habitations that were actually just open elevated platforms, the barrenness and the beauty, the poverty yet contentedness of the people. A couple of houses offered basic goods for sale, and one, cold beer, where we chatted with the cacique (chief) who, for the occasion, in his official capacity speaking to visitors, stripped off his t-shirt. Everyone, of both sexes, wore nothing on the top. (This is also my preference, in this climate, and certainly only makes sense.)

Our departure was abrupt; at the 5 AM tidal change next morning, owing to the fact that we discovered, after falling over on our side about 10 PM, that there was in fact not enough depth to anchor there. We stuck upright in the soft mud for a while, until the falling water let us tip over and rest on the mud bank until it rose enough again to float us back up 3 hours later. In the flashlight beam we could see our stern anchor splayed out on the exposed mud flat. Even so, when the water was high enough again at 5 AM and it was time to move, that anchor was stuck here — another tense moment, since our options for freeing it were limited by power and space.

At 5 AM the water was rapid and swirling, mist veiled the trees and hills, and smoke rose from houses ashore in a dim monochromatic scene, as sunlight began to descend from the tops of trees illuminating a hundred bright winged parrots noisily leaving their roost, and brightly clad villagers paddling away from

shore to begin the day's activities. It was a moment I didn't want to end. But we left on the current and with a vivid memory of those last moments.

The visit to Darién was drawing to a close, but we made a couple of additional stops on our way out of the gulf. The town of La Palma, as the rest of the Latin world, was celebrating carnival, and the contrast from the tranquility of La Boca couldn't have been greater. Revelry, bands, drinking, cockfights, parading up and down the one street until far into the night. Only the prison inmates, it seemed, were not out merrymaking. The town of about 400 souls possesses only one short street, but the most was made of it that night. Normally there is no traffic, since no roads connect it to anywhere but the neighboring town just a few miles away. As the nominal center of the region, it is connected to the outside world only by an airstrip and infrequent flights. Water taxis connect it with nearby villages. We got supplies, joined the festivities at a bar for a while, and then attempted to get some sleep before proceeding the next morning.

The last place we stopped just to stay the night to await a more favorable current. But going ashore, we found a temporarily unoccupied Indian hut, a most delightfully butterfly habitat with many enormous iridescent beauties, amazing and bizarre tropical vegetation, and a surprising walk up several hundred feet of elevation where at the top we had a view not only of the gulf, but the Pacific a well on the other side — perhaps as Balboa himself might have seen it.

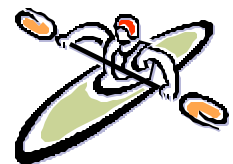
The trip to Darién hadn't been without its hazards (though not the ones we'd expected), but they were certainly outweighed by the rewards.

To be continued....



Dugout canoes are the Cadillacs of this village!

You should note that Judy used to be pretty conservative, but living on a boat in the middle of nowhere has made her pretty adventuresome!



You never know what you'll find paddling about in a kayak!



THE ALL CATALINA ASSOCIATION OF PUGET SOUND

Please fill out this form completely. The data generated will be used to fill the database and to provide you with a roster (in May), newsletter (almost monthly), and Mainsheet (quarterly). Dues for 2003 are \$39/boat/family for voting members and \$29/family for those who do not own Catalina sailboats or owners who receive Mainsheet from another source.

Owner First Name	Owner Last Name		
Significant Other First Name	Significant Other Last Name		
Street Address	City	State/Province	Zip/Postal Code
	Country		
Home Phone	Work Phone/Cell Phone (one will be listed on roster)		
E-Mail			
Boat Name	Catalina Model	Year	Hull Number
Home Port	Slip Number		
Name(s) of any local yacht club(s) you are currently a member of :			
Please return this form to Carol McManus, 20216 41st Place NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155, with your check made out to CAPS (you may also buy a CAPS Burgee from her for only \$26) .			



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