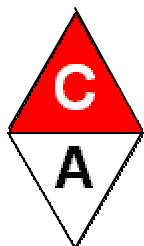


CAPS

The All Catalina Association of Puget Sound



- Elliott Bay Marina still the place to see New Year's Eve fireworks
- Be grateful for environmentally friendly boatyards
- Tim Brogan helps us remember why we sail on Puget Sound

NOVEMBER MEETING ACTUALLY FOUND A VOLUNTEER TO BE THE SANTA CLAUS

Dick Eagle, ran the election. But first, he called for an amendment to the Charter to add another Officer position [*As if there aren't enough problems getting volunteers for the ones we have... Ed.*] The position is that of Information Officer — and, amazingly, he already had someone to take that position! The Information Officer will be responsible for CAPS on the Internet, maintaining the Website and the CAPSfleet1 listserv. Now you know who that is — of course, it's Dave Fend. [*That'll teach him to take retirement! Ed.*] So the officers were elected (see the

Commodore's Corner on Page 2), and the plans for the Christmas Party were fleshed out. The biggest surprise was that someone said that he/she would be Santa! Since yours truly wasn't there, the identity of the *persona definitely grata* will remain a surprise.

Since the speaker finked out, a grand social hour commenced. Next meeting will be the Christmas Party, on Saturday, December 10 at 6:30 PM.

Be there, and be merry!

IT'S COMING! THE CHRISTMAS PARTY IS COMING!

By Barb Jenkins

The annual CAPS Christmas Party is on December 10th at the CYC Leschi Clubhouse. The time to gather is 6:30 PM on Saturday, the 10th. We will be having a potluck dinner that evening, with CAPS providing ham as a main course. Those attending are asked to bring a side dish, a salad, or desert. Also you will need to bring whatever beverage you wish to imbibe. CAPS will provide the coffee.

Now, on to the gift exchange [*Yup, that's why we need a Santa! Ed.*] Let's see if I can explain how it works. Each couple is asked to bring a "nice" gift valued about \$20.00, and "naughty/nauti" gift [*White elephants run rampant! Ed.*], value questionable. We will draw numbers to select a gift. Number 1 obviously goes first [*And that's the only thing that's obvious! Ed.*] That representative of the couple/boat then selects a "nice" gift and

unwraps it. Number 2 then either chooses a gift, or takes the one Number 1 opened. If that happens, Number 1 then may choose another gift. This continues until all gifts have been picked. When it is your turn, you may open a gift or take someone else's. However, a gift may only be taken three times — the third person to take the gift, keeps it! When all is done, then Number 1 can pick a gift that has not been around three times, if they happen to be without a gift! The reason for that is that Number 1 is the only one who actually has to open a gift! Of course, the same rules apply to the "nauti" gifts, only we usually start with the highest number first.

[*Is this all clear? Certainly adds to the merriment, and the food's always good. Ed.*]

Hope to see you at the party!

CONTENTS

Commodore's Corner	2
New Year's Eve Cruise	2
Cruising Life	3
Officer Roster	3
Puget Sound Summer	4

COMMODORE'S CORNER

By Dick Eagle



Yeah, we're all computer literate now, and we even have a new officer to test us!

Jerry & Diane Purdy
Have got another
New boat —
A Beneteau 373,
Called
Živjeli —
You ask them
How to pronounce it
and
What it means!

The Holiday Season is upon us and it's time for the CAPS Christmas party and the last get-together of the year, the New Year's Eve Cruise. At the November meeting, we agreed to amend the CAPS Charter and add another Officer position, the position of Information Officer. The Information Officer will be responsible for the Internet presence of CAPS *[Did you know that this is only the 15th year of the Web? All some scientist wanted to do was create a way he could share information with other scientists, and he decided to make it available to anyone! Probably one of the nicest things done in the last century! Ed.]*; he'll maintain the CAPS website and manage the CAPSfleet1 listserv. *[And those terms weren't household words when the Charter was written! Ed.]*

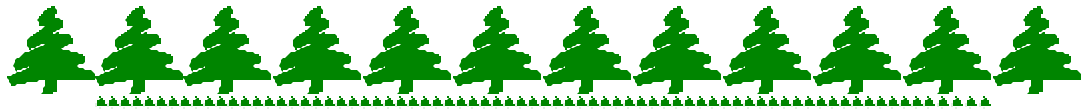
Fortunately, we also had a volunteer for the new position, and the slate of officers was elected! Beginning on January 1st, the new officers are: Commodore, Bob

Armstrong; Vice Commodore, Jim Fielder; Secretary/Treasurer, Nancy McKenzie; Communications, Sally Hamel; Cruising Chair, John Hamel; Measurer, Ken McKenzie; Safety Focal, Jim Fielder; Historian, Rod Sparks; Information Officer, Dave Fend; Hospitality, Dick Eagle.

And, I'm pleased to report, we were also able to achieve what is usually the most difficult task at the November meeting ... finding a Santa volunteer for the Christmas Party! *[Last year it was the last one to arrive. Ed.]* Yes, there will be a Santa, and one with experience.

With all that hard work done, now it's time to party! Start looking for that ugly, useless piece of boat equipment to wrap for the "nauti" gift side of the tree. It's an environmental friendly thing to do, because if the gift is awful enough, it will be recycled at CAPS Christmas parties for years to come. Where did the fish-cleaning tray go?

See you on December 10th!



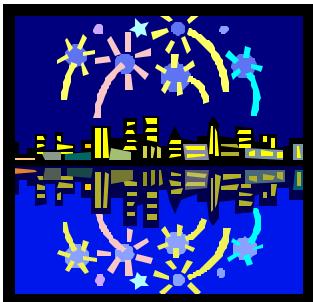
BRANWEN WILL HOST NEW YEAR'S CRUISE

By Linda Loux

Branwen will again be hosting CAPS as they welcome in the New Year. Our New Year's Cruise to Elliott Bay Marina is often attended by more driving members than sailing, but if you do choose to bring your boat, be sure to ask the marina for a slip close-in on K dock. The normal procedure is for them to place the visiting boats out at the end of the dock; this means a longer walk to the facilities and **Branwen**, as we are located in slip K-10. Since the weather is likely to be inclement, you may want to minimize that walk. Slip K-8 is currently open, so you may be able to get right next to us. For

those of you that prefer to drive, give us a call at (206) 713-1609 and we'll give you the code for the gate, or you can just buzz for the office to let you in. Should you arrive earlier, you are welcome to come down — we just can't promise to be on board continuously as we may be dock walking.

[And, except for the year when the fog was so thick you couldn't see the Space Needle, or the year the wind was so strong that the patterns all blew in one direction, the fireworks have always been spectacular! Thanks, Linda and George, (and Hailey, too) for being there for us once more! Ed.]



Wanna go hang out in Elliott Bay and see the fireworks? Linda and George are open for business!

CRUISING COUPLE'S LIFE HAS UPS AND DOWNS

By Judy Mork

[The following emails were received by your editor on the same day — but were written over a period of several weeks by her friend, Judy, who is still cruising with Jorgen on their 44-foot sailboat on the Caribbean side of South America. Fun? Frustration? Magic? Ed.]

Cruising Life I

As the plane banked at 37,000 feet over the lush mountains of central Columbia, cut by snaking luminescence and dotted with the sparse humble evidence of human habitation barely changed for many centuries, the tingle of anticipation, the lure of being there on the ground resurfaces, and I am reminded of why, despite fifty sleepless hours of travel, rowdy children kicking the back of my seat, the prospect of contending with a boat left six months in a steamy filthy boatyard, and suffering the agony of yet more time there... I will inevitably rethink my avowal, "I'll never go through this again," because of the experience of such rare and magical places on the planet will redeem the day.

Cruising Life II

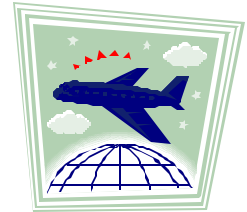
Have just gotten out of a week in hell! The worst boat yard in the known universe ... and none of them are paradise. Thick layers of metal dust inside and out from sandblasting, horrid smells — solvents, burning garbage, who knows what — mosquitoes, flies, the sound of cranes, pounding on metal,

generators all night long. Dark forms toiling with sticks and shovels silhouetted by the welding sparks, as if stoking the eternal fires of the damned. Having to live with the boat closed up against all these pestilences, in the kind of climate where a rubber band melts and welds itself to the countertop, and a vitamin tablet left out for a couple of hours dissolves. A fan placed next to the body the only way to get some sleep. Nowhere to go to get away from it, as the place is out in the boondocks. We almost didn't get away from there. The boat was getting filthy faster than we could hose of the 44 foot deck, and then we ran our newly painted keel onto a shoal in the mangroves where they hadn't mentioned that the channel marker buoys were no longer there. The 7th circle of hell has nothing on that place! We barely escaped. Whatever I did to deserve that, I will try to mend my ways! Halloween in hell was no party.

Cruising Life III

Sunday was a quiet day in the anchorage. But meanwhile in the barrio deep in the old walled section of Cartagena, they were pulling out all the stops — Carnival! Each barrio has its own fiesta day during the two-week long nonstop independence celebration, but this one, San Diego, must be the wildest. The streets were packed to

Cruising Life Cont. on Page 4



After what seems like a lifetime on an airplane, the boat looks pretty good.

***The
Cruising
Life isn't all
Rainbows and
Moonbeams!
But there
Are
A lot of
Compensating
Moments.***



In that kind of boatyard you'd expect a lot of boats to sink!

THE ALL CATALINA ASSOCIATION OF PUGET SOUND			
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Cruise	John Hamel	(206) 364-6606	sally_john@comcast.net
Newsletter	Sally Hamel	(206) 364-6606	sally_john@comcast.net
Hospitality	Gordon Ellis	(425) 885-7462	gfedomino@msn.com
Safety Focal	Jim Fielder	(425) 641-9097	jimfielder@comcast.net
Historian	Rod Sparks	(206) 290-6779	rod@nwsailor.com

***You
Might
Want to
Check
Out
Our
Web Site
At
Www.capsfleet1.com***

Cruising Life cont from P. 3



Everybody's dancing during Carnival in Cartagena!

capacity and the air was thick with firecracker smoke and a cacophony of innumerable bands and stereos blaring music to which almost no one was standing still. The hard core celebrants were sporting the badges of shaving cream and chalk-dust balloon warfare. The most intrepid warriors were in the midst demonstrating their bravery tossing lit firecrackers and not flinching as they arced overhead and skittered along in a barrage of explosions on the crowded pavement. The constant loud cracks, noise, haze, and ratatattat artillery-like explosions was like a battle zone. Last year we were in the midst of it — very exciting, a bit scary. No tourists here; no white people in fact. But everyone friendly.

This year, not needing to experience that

excitement another time, we took in the scene from atop the broad 15th century wall. Here we discovered another side to the party. Folkloric dance and music groups (very popular here), retired from the parade which had finished earlier in the afternoon, had not yet had enough, and were dancing on the wall, next to the sea and framed by the sunset. "Performing" would not be the word, as there were few spectators to speak of, and seeming they were just having a ball for themselves. Wandering around, we saw many small bands just playing for themselves. Magical. Very special. It was a privilege to see this, to happen upon it. That's what happens when you stray from the peaceful routine of happy hour and card games at the marina.

[From heaven to hell and back to heaven, in three parts! Stay tuned! Ed.]

**Who
Needs to
Go on a major
Cruise?
We know
That a turn around
Elliott Bay
Will do!**

THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS ON PUGET SOUND By Tim Brogan (with a lot of help from Lori!)

*[Your editor was perusing the November 2005 issue of **Mainsheet** with rapt attention when the words Puget Sound came off the page — and then the name Tim Brogan. Hey, he's one of ours! He sails **April IV**, a C350. So, I immediately emailed him for permission to use the article in CAPSEyes, knowing that I would have lots of space for it, and he said, sure, but be sure to give Lori credit, too! And, since sailing after work in the summer is my favorite pastime, I knew how the story came out! So, you can read it here, or read it in **Mainsheet**, but here it is. No editing even if it needs it! Ed.]*

On a beautiful Wednesday evening last summer, I took a group of co-workers out for an "after-work" sail. It was one of the glorious days that happen every so often here in the Puget Sound of Seattle, WA, with clear skies, exceptionally warm air (87°F on land), wind blowing 10-12 knots from the north, and the calm seas.

Everybody arrived at Shilshole Marina — in spite of my good directions. I stood in amazement at the continuous pile of snacks and beverages that streamed aboard. The refrigerator has been on the dock for the last

week, and while the compartment was only around 40°F, it was cold enough for the beer/pop and snacks that went in it for the afternoon. Not going to slam the unit today — we are having fun!

The group of 10 that boarded not only included my co-workers, but their spouses as well. I did a quick safety review at the dock before we leave: location of life jackets and fire extinguishers, quick overview of engine controls, untie and we are off!

We motor out of the marina — giving one of the guys a chance to steer while I gather up the lines and fenders and get it all stowed. Everybody finds a comfortable spot — but 10 folks aboard means someone needs to move to do just about anything.

We clear the breakwater, head into the wind and raise the main. I fall off a little and let it start drawing and the breeze has us moving nearly 4 knots immediately. I shut off the engine and revel in the quiet and lack of any engine sensations — that's one of my favorite parts of the whole sailing experience — when you first turn off the engine and the calmness overtakes you.



We've got lots of mountains to look at from Puget Sound!

Summer Nights cont. from Page 4

We adjust people a little more and roll out the Genoa — I get everything trimmed for a downwind run and we get a nice little southbound ride out around West Point and outside the mouth of Elliott Bay. The Olympic Mountains are standing out to the west — and someone remarks about how clear and snow free they look. Looking north, Mt. Baker is very visible, and as we get around to Elliott bay, Mt. Rainier looms huge over the skyline of Seattle. Just picture perfect!

Downwind is so calm sometimes you don't even feel the breeze and it is a hot day in Seattle. Everyone is just relaxing — the snacks have come out and one of my co-workers uncorks some wine that he has made — actually very good, but I prefer cold beer.

We gently jibe and start heading into the bay. A large Tug and Tow pass us to port, and then a large container ship. Even their roller/wakes aren't really disruptive. As we get closer to the city, we talk about remembering how the skyline looked when we were all a lot younger — OK, we don't go back before the Smith Tower (the tallest building west of the Mississippi until about 1930 or something) [*I think it was actually 1949! Ed.*], but most of us remember the time before the Space Needle.

As one of the ferries heads westbound, he is flanked by two Homeland Security RIBs — sporting big machine guns for and aft. The lead one seems to come over and place himself between us and the ferry as the ferry passes to port. We wave at all the people on the ferry and don't get shot so I guess it worked out well.

As we approach the city, I start to head up a bit and trim for close hauled, starting the swing back toward the dock. We tack and start the long run parallel to the shore and Magnolia Bluff. The wind coming of the land is very warm — we all comment on just how comfortable it is out on the water. The boat trims up real nice and settles in at about 15 degrees of heel — everyone is just astounded at how nice the boat sails. Up pops a lot of questions and I get to shine as the guy with the answers. One of the things that amaze everyone is just how much power is involved!

I have one of the guys “pluck” the Genoa sheet like a guitar string and you hear the tone — sounding like a musical note and pointing out just how much tension that line is under.

As we clear West Point, the breeze seems to cool off a couple of degrees. The wind is now coming off the water more yet still comfortably warm. As Shilshole Marina comes in sight, we see a group of boats out racing. We make one quick tack, and head back toward the breakwater. As we get closer, we pass the temporary race marks and pay close attention not to foul any of the boats coming into the leeward mark under spinnaker. What a great sight! We are just clear of the area and get a great view of the boats coming in, the takedowns and them getting set back up close-hauled toward the finish. We fall off a bit to stay out of their lay line, roll up the Genoa, start up the noise and drop the main.

We dodge a surprising number of crab pot buoys and motor back inside the breakwater and I let another one of the guys take a turn at the helm as I ready the lines and fenders for docking.

We ease down the fairway, docking the boat in a most expert and smooth manner (if I do say so myself), and everyone goes about gathering up their stuff to head out. I report that we sailed 18.9 miles and that our max speed had been 6.9 knots.

I tell them that it's really easier for me to get the boat put away by myself instead of “supervising” all of them trying to help. They all thank me profusely for a great afternoon, and head out. I pop a cold beer, sit down in the cockpit and watch a beautiful sunset. After about 20 minutes of chores, I close her up and head home as well. What a great night! It's why I own a boat and love to sail.

[This story makes me all soggy! The scary part is that the rest of the Catalina world will realize just how incredible our summers are; let's try to keep it a secret that we can really sail year round if we want to! Ed.]



Sailing while there's a race is truly exhilarating.

**Tim Brogan
Has got it right.
A quick sail
Around
Elliott Bay
Will show anyone
What sailing
Is all
About!**



The rest of the world doesn't know how long our summer nights are!