

CAPS

The All Catalina Association of Puget Sound



- **“Polly put the kettle on,” acquires a new meaning**
- **What does it take to Shanghai a C36?**
- **Dick and Peg, Carol and Paul concoct a whopper**
- **Another tale from the Darien from J & J**

EARLY 6:00 PM MEETING TO LEARN CPR; BRING BLANKETS FOR FLOOR PRACTICE

We have a chance to become heroes in our own lifetime by coming to the next CAPS meeting. The meeting will start at CYC Leschi at 6:00 PM with all-you-can-eat subs for \$5 per person, and the BYOB “Banquet License” that enables you to bring an alcoholic beverage for a modest contribution to the kitty. We’re going to start planning for the NW Catalina Regatta at the end of June as part of the business meeting. Then, the Seattle Fire Department will take over.

The **CPR class** will be from 7-9, and will consist of a video and practice. You might want to bring a blanket or something to put

on the floor for the actual practice. We will be taught by an off-duty firefighter volunteering his time through Medic-Two. This agency relies on donations from people who take the class. A link to their website: <http://www.seattle.gov/fire/medics/medictwp.htm>. The club will contribute something to them, too, but please give anything you can. However, don’t let the fact the they need a donation keep you from coming! Carol McManus, Safety Focal, has bent over backward to arrange this fantastic opportunity.

Please come if you can. Someone’s life may depend on it.

PORT TOWNSEND IS YOUR NEXT PORT OF CALI

Boat Haven at Port Townsend will once more be the site of the annual **Memorial Day Weekend Cruise** May 25-28.

Moorage at the dock is first-come, first-served, and the status changes from minute to minute but we’ve always gotten in, even if some are at the commercial dock next door. Call them on the VHF when you get there, or at 360-385-0656 and they’ll tell you where to go.

Still the home of the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, and a happy conglomeration of 19th century buildings

and 21st century shops and restaurant, Port Townsend has something for everyone. The only cast-in-bronze event is the hors d’oeuvres potluck on Saturday at 4 PM. Otherwise, ask on the boat with the big CAPS burgee!

The town has all sorts of attractions, not to mention good restaurants. The host (yet to be determined) will be flying the big CAPS burgee, with hors d’oeuvres on that boat Saturday at 4 and dinner at a spot they’ll designate. The rest of the fun is up to you! **Be there!**

BELL STREET DRAWS A CROWD FOR DINNER

There were only 3 boats this year— but hors d’oeuvres and dinner brought them flocking in by car and ferry! Paul and Carol McManus went straight to **Sea Sea Rider** from their eastern odyssey and chugged over from Port Orchard on Friday (and

were joined by Linda Loux and George Fogg for dinner); on Saturday John and Sally Hamel had their unused reservation from stormy last year for **Auntie Beryl**, and Gary Wilson conned his friend Rod

Bell Street Cruise Continued on Page 3

CONTENTS

Commodore’s Corner	2
Anchor Kettles	3
Catalina in China	3
Officer Roster	4
EnCAPSulated Calendar	4
Florida Fantasy	5
Italian Chicken Stew	5
Darien Revisited	6-8

COMMODORE'S CORNER



Sounds like Chinook became that hole in the water into which one pours money! Fun, though!

P.S.

Jim says, "See you at the meeting this Friday.

It's time to work on our CPR skills and be prepared for whatever arises out there on the water, at work, or on the street.

You never know what surprise lurks around the next cape.

Just ask Bill and Jenny Disney about the people they rescued from a sinking boat they came upon."



Remember how much fun it is, *after* you finish working!

Well, it has arrived! Opening Day of boating season was this past weekend. Boats of all shapes and sizes lined the Montlake Cut and reached into Lake Washington to celebrate the "first" day of boating season. The Husky Crew teams were successful, flags flew, crowds cheered, parties lasted well into the night. The gala parade featured sail, power, steam and human powered vessels moving through the "Cut" to display their pride and glory.

Days of preparation, toil, and sweat were common factors to all who participated. Whether you were on the "Cut" in the parade, moored on the log boom, tied up at your marina detailing the cabin, or getting away from the crowd with a leisurely sail on the Sound, it was a day to celebrate life in the Northwest and this great boating lifestyle.

This past weekend we embarked on an extra long weekend on our boat, **Chinook**. It was our first venture away from the dock for 2007. We've spent a couple of weekends aboard, you know, "the old cabin in Ballard." But this weekend was special; we had two visitors from Tokyo, two visitors from Eastern Washington, and of course, Carol and I on board.

Our son, Tim, who is living and working in Tokyo, was in town for a couple of weeks. Golden Week (Japanese Holiday) was during the first week of his visit; for the second week he's calling on businesses here in the Seattle area. We were joined by Tim's friend, Mai (pronounced My), also from Tokyo. Mai had never been sailing before and this was our first time to meet her. Mai's English was excellent, and our Japanese was very weak. On Sunday, Carol's brother Don and his wife, Teresa, joined us for brunch. Monday we sailed away from Shilshole and headed to Bainbridge. We put a Captain's hat on Mai and put her at the helm. We had a leisurely sail both to and from Bainbridge.

So that's the travel-log. But, it doesn't end there; it was another weekend filled with

constant reminders why we sail and why we like boating. It was all about relationships. Let's take a count: husband and wife, son and girlfriend, brother and wife, our boat partners, folks at CAPS, and then there are the great people we encountered on the docks and at marinas. Boating is all about the people, but it's also about the "ship".

In previous articles, I've mentioned I was looking forward to spring, and all that surrounds it. The **Chinook** owners have been working through our "list" (thank you Bob, o'keeper of the list). Let's see: new starter battery, new house bank battery wiring, new Link10, relocated fuel pump, electrical system splitters and shunts, rebuilt Autohelm rudder position indicator, new plumbing, rebuilt heater ducting, new macerator (not that we'd ever use one), mainsail repairs, detailing the interior, and miscellaneous stainless steel rings replaced.

The work list is a never-ending dream of the perfect yacht. There will always be a winch to grease or head to rebuild. Owning a boat is like owning a house — there is always something to fix or improve. However, to quote from Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*, "There is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." It's hard to describe to a non-boater, why spending time working on you boat is better than a good afternoon at work.

Studies have shown that all kinds of things provide relaxation and enjoyment. However, I don't think anyone has ever added "messing about in boats" as a study subject. I even enjoy doing the dishes on the boat, but, then again, people have said I'm weird. *[No ripe comments here, editor! Author] [Since when do you ever do dishes? Jim's Personal Editor.] [But he does cook! Ed.]*

To sum it up, whether it's time with family, a simple sail on the Sound, or an afternoon making the "ole ship" look a little more ship shape, being afloat is a wonderful thing. Now get out there, relax, and enjoy your boat.

Bell Street Cruise Continued from Page 1

Johnson to bring his C36 **Spirit Wind** all the way over from Elliott Bay Marina (Shari joined us for the afternoon and dinner, but had to rush back to be with her ailing father). But the hors d'oeuvres potluck brought the CAPS folk out of the woodwork! Car cruisers galore flocked to **Auntie Beryl**³: Early arrivals were Barb and Roger Jenkins [*And they were at the Kingston Cruise, too! Mea maxima culpa for leaving them out of the last newsletter. Ed.*] Marilyn and Don Morrow, Linda Loux and George Fogg, Peggy and Dave Fend, and Lynda and Mike McCann (who came by

ferry) joined the party. Short timers Kathy and Norm Wells (had to babysit) and Mike Parker came for the hors d'oeuvres only, but all the rest went to a delicious dinner up at the Bell Street Café.

Sunday morning was a lazy one — Paul and Carol debarked early to unpack at home from their travels, Gary and Rod walked up to the new SAM Sculpture Park, and then the C36s started their auxiliaries and took off for their respective marinas. **Auntie Beryl**³ actually killed the engine and sailed for a couple of leisurely hours — imagine that!

Next cruise is Memorial Day weekend.



Seattle is a working harbor, and we were right in the middle of it!

WHAT THE HECK IS AN ANCHOR KETTLE?

By George Fogg

Before I talk about kettles, I'll start off by getting blown off the hook, not once but twice. One time at Manzanita Bay at night in 25+ knots of wind and once at Port San Juan which is the halfway point to anchor going to Barkley Sound.

I don't like resetting the anchor any time of day, especially at night. Call me paranoid but it's one of those tasks that is not fun, especially after you made sure the hook is set and then later you're drifting to places you don't want to be. After all, you spent time setting the anchor, made sure it was set, then broke out the rum and wham! The anchor is dragging.

After dragging at Port San Juan, I bought 200 feet of chain thinking that the weight of the chain will increase anchor catenary. But of course, at the time, I had no idea what anchor catenary was, but I knew enough that I just didn't want the anchor to drag and I was told by cruiser experts that more chain, less drag.

So what is Anchor Catenary? Well, let me paraphrase an article. "An anchor rode is not just a straight link between the bow and the anchor. If you could swim down alongside it, you would see it start from the bow at a fairly steep angle, then slowly flatten out until it blends smoothly into the bottom. This curvature (mathematicians call it a

Kettles Continued on Page 8

CATALINAS RULE ON OTHER SIDE OF WORLD

The best response ever to a googlegroups email came in last week.

Don Egge from Gig Harbor, who has his third or fourth Catalina, all named **Over Easy**, (and though he and Claire are mystery faces, are longtime members) wrote,

"As I read your request for the May newsletter, I was checking email at the Raddison Hotel in Shanghai, China. On Wednesday, May 2, we took a tour of the Huangpu River out to where it meets the Yangtze, then goes on to the Yellow Sea.

The river was active with in-bound and out-bound ships of all sizes and shapes. The river banks were lined with cranes and shipyards with vessels under construction or in repair and vessels waiting their turn for cargo and a trip up the river or out to sea. The extent of maritime activity is beyond belief, and we saw only one sailboat and private yacht tied up to a dock in the center of the city, a Catalina 36."

Thanks, Don, for a slice of life from the other side of the world. At least we can relate to the Catalina part!



This is what you'd expect to see on Chinese waters.

*Don't
Understand
Anchor rode
Catenary?
Check out
[*\[Www.johnsboatstuff.com/\]\(http://www.johnsboatstuff.com/\)*](http://</i></p>
</div>
<div data-bbox=)*

[Articles/anchor.htm](http://www.johnsboatstuff.com/articles/anchor.htm)

You'll be glad you did!



If this is a brain trust, then what are they doing messing around in boats?

THE ALL CATALINA ASSOCIATION OF PUGET SOUND			
Commodore	Jim Fielder	(425) 641-9097	jimfielder@comcast.net
Vice-Commodore	Norm Wells	(206) 713-5702	normwells910@hotmail.com
Treas./Sec.	Nancy McKenzie	(425) 823-2849	ngm@coredesign.com
Newsletter	Sally Hamel	(206) 364-6606	sally_john@yahoo.com
Measurer	Ken McKenzie	(425) 823-2849	mckenzie.k@portseattle.org
Cruise	Paul McManus	(206) 365-7079	pc_mcmanus@yahoo.com
Webmaster	Dave Fend	(206) 232-2362	dfend@thefends.com
Hospitality	Bob Armstrong	(425) 235-0756	barmstro2@juno.com
Safety Focal	Carol McManus	(206) 310-8580	pc_mcmanus@comcast.net
Historian	Rod Sparks	(206) 290-6779	rod@nwsailor.com

You'll Find this Calendar on Our website at www.capsfleet.com Check it out!



Got CAPS on your calendar?

	MAY	JUNE
<p>ENCAPSULATED CALENDAR 2007 (subject to change)</p>	<p>May 11 <i>Monthly Meeting</i> 6:00 PM, CYC Leschi \$5/ea. for pizza BYOB CPR Class—Donation May 12—Milltown Mid-Dist.#4 May 25-28 CAPS & CATSS Memorial Day Cruise to Port Townsend</p>	<p>Jun. 8 <i>Monthly Meeting</i> 6:30 PM, CYC Leschi \$5/ea. for pizza BYOB Program: Jeff Renner Jun. 15-17 Manzanita Bay Anchor-out Cruise Jun. 23 Shilshole CYC Northwest Catalina Regatta</p>
<p>JULY Jul.1-3 Gunkhole Anchor-out Marathon — Port Madison, Manzanita, & Liberty Bay for Poulsbo 3rd Fireworks NO MEETING GONE CRUISING</p>	<p>AUGUST Aug. 17-19 Everett Cruise At the guest dock Crab feast if the Season is still open And a belated Birthday cake</p>	<p>SEPTEMBER Aug. 31-Sep. 3 Poulsbo Cruise Labor Day Anchor-out Sept. 8 Milltown Fall Regatta Sept. 14 <i>Monthly Meeting 6:30</i> Leschi, BYOB, Pizza \$5 Sept. 21-22 CAPS & CATTS Catalina Rendezvous at Port Orchard</p>
<p>OCTOBER Oct. 5-7 Brownsville Cruise Oct. 6 Foulweather Bluff Race Oct. 13 <i>Monthly Meeting</i> Saturday Men's Cook-off CYC Leschi 7:00 PM (BYOB) Program:TBA</p>	<p>NOVEMBER Nov. 9 <i>Monthly Meeting</i> 6:30 Pizza, BYOB CYC Leschi Elections HAPPY THANKSGIVING</p>	<p>DECEMBER Dec. 8 Annual Christmas Party Potluck and Gift Exchange (Boat Gift and/or White Elephant) CYC Leschi Dec. 31-Jan. 1 Elliott Bay New Year's Cruise</p>

THE FLORIDA TIKI BAR INCIDENT by Dick Eagle

Through simple happenstance, the McManus's and Eagles discovered they would (all four) be in Southwest Florida at the same time, and amazingly, on the same date as the CAPS April Meeting! What better idea than to charter a boat and go sailing to commune in sympathy with our cold, wet Seattle brethren. Things did not go well. Sarasota Bay is very shallow. The accounts of the charter vary.

Carol and Paul: Dick Eagle arranged the charter, it was a lovely day, and the sailing was good. As we approached the beach, Paul suggested to Dick that he watch the



depth. Dick said it was no problem. After the first bump, Peg, who was fixing Margaritas in the galley, remarked on the lovely fountain just forward of the mast.

Peg and Dick: Paul McManus arranged the charter, it was a lovely day, and the sailing was good. As we approached the beach, Dick suggested to Paul that he watch the



depth. Paul said it was no problem. After the first bump, Carol, who was fixing Margaritas in the galley, remarked on the lovely fountain just forward of the mast.

The outcome, however, was just as you'd expect from a CAPS planned cruise. We could all wade ashore from the boat to O'Leary's Tiki Bar to enjoy the delights of Florida. Please note that Paul's pants are not wet. Having already sampled a margarita or three, he gleefully removed said pants to reveal his cool turquoise Brazilian style Speedos, which he has been known to wear on occasion, (according to Carol), and wore today in anticipation of a dip into the bay, then simply waded ashore along with the rest of us.

The four of us hope all of you enjoyed your April meeting as much as we did ours!

[*Too many Margaritas? Thanks, Dick. Ed.*]



There's a hulk in every harbor.

*Dick wasn't
Too reliable when
It came to writing
Commodore's
Corner.
Is this
An
Improvement?*

A NEW RECIPE: GREAT ITALIAN CHICKEN STEW

I've made this three times now, and still like it! Ed.

- 4 boneless, skinless chicken thighs (Costco)
- 2 T flour
- 1 1/2 t each salt & pepper
- 2T olive oil
- 2 large garlic cloves, minced
- 1 T capers
- Grated zest of and juice of 1 small lemon
- 1/2 C dry white wine
- 1 3/4 C chicken broth (1 can Swanson's)
- 1 lb. Yukon Gold potatoes, cut into 3/4" cubes
- 1 can artichoke hearts drained
- 1 C finely chopped flat-leaf parsley
- 1 C pitted medium green olives

Cut each chicken thigh into 4-6 chunks. In a re-sealable plastic bag combine flour, salt & pepper. Add chicken, seal, and shake to coat.

Heat oil in large pot (3 quarts works) over medium high heat. Add coated chicken in single layer and cook, turning once, until browned. Transfer to plate.

Reduce heat to medium. Add garlic, capers, lemon zest and stir just until fragrant, about 30 seconds. Add wine and simmer, scraping up browned bits from bottom of pan, until reduced by half (2-4 minutes) Add broth, potatoes and chicken and return to a simmer. Cover and cook until potatoes are tender when pierced (about 20 minutes).

Add artichokes to pot, and stir in parsley, lemon juice and olives.

Add salt & pepper if necessary. Serves 4-6.

Enjoy — it doubles easily. Great with crusty bread.



Add a little heat and eat!

THE DARIEN REVISITED ON ANNA III by Judy Mork

[The adventures of yours truly's friends Judy and Jorgen continue. Although they are part way up the west coast of Mexico by now, and coming north for the summer, this is another look at a place they had sailed to once before, and how it has changed....Ed.]

We went up the Sabana River in the Darien. Where it branches from the Tuira it was wide enough to tack against the wind, helped along by the flooding tide. At dusk the wind was calm and we anchored. Smoke from the Indian village could be seen curling above the distant hills. The morning brought us there, to Boca de Lara, twenty miles upstream where the river narrows and forks, laying down a shallow bar. In a deep pool below the bar we set two anchors, tucked snugly between the grass huts of the village on the high bank, dense jungle on the other side, and landlocked by river bends.

It was precisely the spot we were looking for. Lara is a traditional and remote Wounaan village separated from outside influences by the forbidding mountains and jungle of the Darien and accessed only by water — as we knew from being there three years before. Then, we experienced some moments of surpassing beauty that had become distilled and crystallized by memory into something almost transcendent — the Indian village waking in a golden dawn, smoke from cooking fires curling up mingling with early morning mist draped along the valley, villagers paddling dugout canoes, and the sudden raucous explosion of flocks of parrots shattering the silence, glinting bright green, their undersides lit by the rising sun. Children in crisp uniforms lined up in long ulus, parent paddling in back; fishermen with billowy nets piled high; a long older woman waving as she poled upstream in her native dress, only a wrap around the waist; early light spreading sparkles on the stream. In that instant everything was in motion — current swirling us, birds filling the air, everything bathed in an almost tangible green golden light that also was soon gone. A fleeting luminous moment burned in memory as though a shutter clicked in the brain.

It was this moment I was after...surely this scene must repeat itself every day. This was a place that had not changed noticeable for centuries — there was little reason to think it would have now. And indeed it was the same remembered row of palm roofed dwellings on raised open platforms lining the shore high above the bank. The familiar, though new, crop of children waving eagerly and scrambling into their ulus or splashing into the water to come visit us. Arriving ashore we were met by two men with geometric designs painted on torsos and arms with a

black dye that appeared to glisten as though freshly applied. Strolling up through the rows of houses it became apparent that everyone was body-painted, and bare from the waist up, women wearing only colorful wrapped skirts and ropes of beads. This was something we only saw rarely on our last visit, in candid moments (although then, it was more likely to glimpse bare unpainted torsos). It was surely the same traditional village, but as though we had traveled back in time.

As we passed by the houses people looked out and smiled and offered their beautiful intricate baskets and carved ivory-like tagua nuts to buy. In a central round hut a number of women gathered to lay their handicrafts out for inspection and sale. Afterward the women danced, accompanied by a drum — something we did not see before. It seemed to be a performance for us, and rather devoid of joy and spontaneity.

Our suspicion that these changes were reinstated to attract tourists was confirmed when we were presented with a list of charges: five dollars to enter the village, and a mounting list of options that included body painting, walking in the forest, viewing a dance, and so on. The two other tourists there on this day, tour operators from the city, had hired the dance. They had come in a Land Rover...a vehicle!?! There is a road? Yes, since the year before — dusty and rutted though it is. The Pan American “highway” ends in the Darien a few miles away, and now Lara is connected to it...and the outside world...and no longer an isolated village. Cinder block school buildings are being built. Electricity has come, though only for an ice house and incidental road lights. We noticed a Peace Corps worker in the village and were told that their project was to promote tourism (they would call it economic development) — setting fees, creating web sites and brochures, and no doubt advising the villagers on ‘going native’.

The next morning, expectant, I arose before dawn to watch the day unfold. But there was not great exodus of ulus going out for the daily activities — now, it seems, it is faster and easier to go by road. A couple of fishermen go out at dawn, wood smoke rises, parrots screech and fly off in pairs and groups, but somehow it was not the magic I remembered. It was foolish to think I could recreate the experience. I had secretly told myself, “You can’t go back,” but I was hopeful.

This time was different, but still good. The setting is lovely. The simplicity and charm of their way of life

Darien Continued from Page 6

remains intact. The people are as warm and sweet as I remember. Children swarmed all over the boat like flies (and just as difficult to shoo away). They scaled the anchor chain, little faces peering into every port and hatch, and they insisted on painting Jorgen front and back with jaguar fruit ink — which was greatly enjoyed by all. Elvira invited us up the stepped log to her platform house where she and her daughter were preparing palm reeds for basket making and tending tiny Miquel in his hammock. Nelson guided us up through steep lush jungle where we had an outlook over the river and mountains. On the way we passed a hunter out for iguana or rabbits, and a silvery gray horse drinking in the stream who, upon seeing us, scrambled up the steep stony slope in an instant. Alma welcomed me to her back yard where a pot was steaming over the open log fire on the wood platform of her house. It was still the same village, despite the changes. But even though the changes are aimed at making it seem more traditional rather than more modern, somehow it seems less authentic. The innovations seem a veneer for tourists, as thin as paint on skin. I can't help but think they will find out what I did: you can't go back.

Downstream

The river floated us downstream on the ebbing tide helped along by our sails and a following breeze. By midday it widened where a number of pretty islands (Islas Bellas) are scattered. This time I couldn't resist stopping, and spent a lovely afternoon kayaking with the many kinds of shore birds grazing the mud banks at low tide. So quiet in the mangrove inlets that only the distant buzzing of insects could be heard. At dusk long lines of white ibis skimmed the surface returning to roost for the night in a tree near us. The silence and serenity was total, and impressive.

In the morning we left shortly after the ibis, and tacked downwind, riding with the current. No signs of civilization since Lara, just jungle-clad hills. We towed two fishermen in a dugout for awhile, then when the wind died at sunset, tucked into the narrow mouth of an estuary. Monkeys howled in the distance. Parrots settled into the nearby trees, cackling noisily. Soon everyone was sleeping.

At first light the noise arose again — each voice coming in turn and building in volume — cheeps, caws, cackles, coos, screeches, honks, growls, howls. A tropical partita. The tide was ebbing and it was time to move on, but, not wishing to drown this forest music with our engine, we simply lifted the anchor and drifted out — no steering necessary. The boat slowly turned in all directions, but kept going downstream, accompanied by this jungle concert.

Quite suddenly, by about eight o'clock, the sounds died and the daytime silence once again came over the river. We drifted until we were able to catch some wind and then crossed into the wide Tuira River and found a pleasant spot to stop by a cluster of palm roofed huts not far from the town of La Palma.

The Wounaan family settlement, three clusters of 4 to 6 houses, perched on the side of the hill. Quite picturesque, and — despite the lack of body paint (or maybe because of it) probably more authentically traditional than Lara. No electricity, only a small fire showing at night. They only rarely have visitors, and were eager to invite us ashore and into their houses. Wanting to sell baskets was a part of it, but their hospitality went beyond that, as numerous regales (gifts) were forthcoming. We spent two very agreeable days here, visiting back and forth, exchanging gifts, learning about the native plants they use and eat, unfamiliar to us.

La Palma was our destination for the festival of the patron saint San Jose. Only a mile or so away, the town is populated exclusively by African descendents and retains a distinct feel and culture; native people visit to shop but each group remains physically and culturally separate. Turn of the 19th century clapboard storefronts line the main (and only) street, backsides perching on stilts over the water — another interesting piece of historical Panama.

San Jose was celebrated with a mass to standing room only, everyone dressed up in their best. The white-robed priest solemnly prepared the communion chalice as the choir, in West African print robes and head wraps, swayed and bounced merrily to the beat of congo drums and castanets. Afterward, the likeness of the saint was carried from the altar to lead the devotees up and down the street at dusk, candles and fireworks marking his progress. Then...the real partying began. On the heels of the religious procession was another boisterous parade led by a brass band piping out the by now familiar loud and discordant noise that seems to arouse a festive mood. The rest of the night, til 5 AM, was music, dancing and cockfights. We caught the beginning as the birds were being weighed in and displayed on the rafters; the rest was heard from the comfort of our bunks on board. Being the only white people there, we were no doubt a curiosity, but everyone was exceptionally friendly, open and welcoming.

The next anchorage was downstream, tucked into a niche and completely surrounded by several islands near the

Darien Continued from Page 7

large bend in the Tuira before it empties into the Gulf and then the Pacific. Seemed the perfect quiet and protected spot. A relaxing dinner under the new moon was underway when we noticed, and heard, water rushing by the hull. Peering over the side with a flashlight, it looked to be running ten knots or more. The anchor started reporting intermittent distress signals, slid, then held. The current persisted, finding its shortcut to the gulf in the narrow passage behind our island. The view in the flashlight beam revealed a veritable rapids. The anchor protested again, then slid over the rocks, sweeping us quickly down the narrow passage. Barely making any headway going full out with the 62 HP Peugeot, we managed to inch our way back up into a wider spot. The sliver of moon had set, there were no visible reference points in the blackness, and, even with the radar it was hard to tell where to set the hook. Finally we just dropped it, away from the previous spot hoping for the best. Thankfully, it held through the night. Next morning was tranquil and benign again — deceptively so. We were able to explore the islands by kayak and dinghy at slack tide, and then got outta there!

We motored out through the narrow passage and into the widest part of the river, anchoring at the mouth of a tributary next to an ibis roost. Interesting kayak and dinghy exploration among the mangrove islands and down

long winding tunnels of jungle growth. Next morning floated silently downstream into the Gulf to the small beach village of Punta Alegre, another Africano settlement of very friendly people whose livelihood is constructing well crafted wooden pangas. A few Embera families live in their open dwellings at the edge of the village. I had the opportunity of experiencing the local curative methods when, upon impaling my foot on a dirty splintered stick, the black women who were sitting nearby rubbed salt on and then pour kerosene over it. I never had any pain and two days later it was unnoticeable except for the dark stain under the skin where dirt is lodged.

We left the Darien next morning. I hadn't found exactly what I thought I would, but did find other unexpected and memorable experiences. As we sailed back out into the Pacific, the Darien's delta followed us for miles (only 30' of depth) — as though it was as reluctant at our departure as we were.

*[The Darien is on the Pacific side of Panama, which at this point is actually south of the Isthmus, and the Gulf she refers to is the Gulf of Panama. Remember, the Panama Canal actually goes from north to south. I had to look at an atlas to get this straight! They hauled **Anna III** and had the bottom painted; they plan to leave the boat in Costa Rica for the summer. Will try to bring them to the June meeting. Ed.]*

Anchor Kettles Continued from Page 3

“catenary”) is due to the weight of the rode, which causes the line to sag. Having a lot of sag in the rode reduces shock loads and helps keep the anchor dug in by reducing the angle between the rode and anchor. The best you can do is an angle of “zero”, which exists when the anchor rode is flat on the bottom, and all the pulling forces are horizontal. As tension increases, it reaches a point where the weight of the rode is overcome, and the angle becomes positive. Positive angles made the anchor work harder at keeping set, since the rode is now pulling up the anchor. If the tension continues to increase, the catenary reduces to a straight line, and eventually the anchor pulls out.”

OK, you with less “catenary” are all going to die on a lee shore and “us” that have more “catenary” will survive. I think most power boats will die. After seeing most of them fight for dock space so those with no dock space are forced to anchor out, and then they stop at some spot they think is comfortable (closest to the marina), drop the anchor until the rode is slack and call it good! I can't count the times I've seen this at Poulsbo. Sometimes I've seen

sailboats do this. In fact, the first time I met Paul and Carol at Liberty Bay, sailboats were dragging their anchors and heading for the logs protecting the Poulsbo Marina. We didn't and Paul and Carol's boat wasn't dragging anchor, but we decided to go to Brownsville to get out of the way of drifting boats.

So, I need a “positive angle”, known as increase of the anchor catenary. I did this by having more chain, but I can also increase this on my single chain rode by using a 30 pound kettle. A kettle can be anything that will pull the anchor rode down to an angle instead of the rode going from the bow straight down to the anchor.

You can use diver weights that slide down the rode, or even a mushroom anchor that is attached to the rode and slides down. Commercially offered, there's a kettle that works for rope or chain rode: www.anchorbuddy.co.nz.

I think the kettle will be a Christmas gift for **Branwen** and give me peace of mind when anchoring so I don't indulge in a massive dose of Prozac and Southern Comfort when it's blowing 25+ knots in some dark isolated rocky shore infested with Carcharodon megalodon sharks and 200 foot man-eating squids.