



Fall 2002

Newsletter of the CS Yacht Owners Group West

Spring Rendezvous Great Success

Twenty-two boats came to Port Browning for the May long weekend. Attending were *Arbutus Girl*, *Blue Lagoon*, *Carriad*, *CS Cape*, *Deckadance*, *Drift Away*, *Heron*, *Katia*, *Lollipop*, *Luana*, *Magic Karpet III*, *Minnedosa*, *Northern Valour*, *Optical Illusion*, *Rivendell*, *Rosmond*, *Sabbatical* (both 33 and *Quanta*), *Slip Stream II*, *Trelawney I*, *Vonnie Tree* and *Whistler I*.

Carl Swanson arrived early to mark out our dock space and guide boats into suitable spots. The weather was cooperative most of the time. There was lots of boat-visiting back and forth, happy hours and socializing on the dock. There were visits to the Saturday craft market, browsing in the

Driftwood Centre shops and walks.

Leigh and Bonnie Stewart on *Northern Valour* had trouble with the cooling system on their Bukh engine. Pierre Porcheron and Bob Bayers had the engine apart in no time, diagnosed the problem and fixed it.

Port Browning had booked us in the Cafe for Sunday night instead of Saturday (bumping another group that has had Sunday night for years). This mix-up was straightened out by Bob Bayers on Saturday afternoon and a buffet dinner was ready in time for us.

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and **Quanta 28**

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Dates of Interest

- *November Get-Together - November 2, location and other details to follow by e-mail*
- *Winter Meeting - During the Vancouver Boat Show, details in next issue of CS West*

Plan to attend the Fall Rendezvous at Telegraph Harbour

September 21-22, 2002

This year, the Fall Rendezvous will be held at Thetis Island Marina, Telegraph Harbour, Thetis Island. Enjoy a:

- pot-luck dinner on Friday evening (please bring a "pot-luck" contribution)
- raffle
- pig roast on Saturday (if pork isn't for you, let us know beforehand and we'll arrange something else for you), cost ~ \$20/person, including dessert.

Marina facilities include: showers, laundry, grocery store, liquor store and, of course,

the pub. Mooring is \$0.95/ft, but we may get a better rate by collecting everyone's fee, in cash, ourselves and making one payment to the marina. So, please bring "exact change".

We have reserved twenty slips but, as the date approaches, we'll have to fine-tune that number. So, if you plan to attend, please contact Stephanie Greer ASAP by:

- phone: (250) 656-4200, or
- e-mail: polaris@interchange.ubc.ca.

See you there.



Highlights from the Voyage of Nootka Rose

Barbara Rozalska

After about 2 years of intensive work on our new boat we left our Victoria home base in Aug. 2001. We followed the usual cruisers' route south along the coast to Mexico where we spent about 4 months.

Right after leaving La Paz at the beginning of Jan. 2002 we started discussing with Jerry, my husband, the subject of 'life after Mexico'. As we had very different ideas about it, we had hard time coming to an agreement: one of us wanted to ship the boat back to Canada and sell it, the other - to continue our dream trip to the S. Pacific. I was 'the other'.

In March, Jerry flew back home to Victoria and I continued the journey with 2 crew. After visiting the archipelagos of Marquesas and Tuamotu, we arrived in Papeete, Tahiti in mid-May where Jerry came for a one month visit. We cruised from Tahiti to Bora Bora together, visiting several French Polynesia islands on the way. I will continue my trip to New Zealand (via Cook Is., Samoa and Tonga) with several different sets of crew. We will meet again in New Zealand.

Here are just some of the highlights of my trip and memories that I will treasure for a long time.

First of all, I am pleased to say that I've been happy with the boat's performance and her efficiency at every point of sail, her responsiveness and speed. I've also heard many positive comments from other cruisers about her appearance. The Monitor wind vane and solar panels were, and still are, the most valued pieces of equipment.

What impressed me most, so far, during the trip:

- black swans in S. California
- flying dinghy in Mexico (No, it's not a joke. The dinghy was attached to some sort of an enormous kite with a small engine. We saw it land on water and take off later. By the time I had my camera ready, it became a small dot in the sky .)
- crocodiles on the river bank in San Blas, Mexico
- bird sanctuary on Isla Isabela, Mexico
- pods of dolphins accompanying the boat, racing with us, jumping out of the water
- numerous whale sightings - often very (too) close
- Pacific crossing, 26 days at sea, less dramatic than expected, many scary squalls, 6 windless days, deeply moved when crossing the Equator.
- first landfall after the crossing in Hiva Oa, an enormous sense of achievement

- charm and child-like happiness of the Marquesans
- dramatic skyline of Fatu Hiva and Moorea islands
- snorkelling in crystal-clear waters of the Society Is.
- postcard-perfect scenery of Tuamotu atolls
- visiting a banana forest and a vanilla plantation
- first sight of the legendary Bora Bora
- unusual & unexpected meetings: another sailboat in the middle of the Pacific, good friends of one of my crew, not seen/heard for several months; friend from Victoria on the street of Puerto Vallarta; Barb & Dieter of CSOA at cruisers' party at Paradise Village, Puerto Vallarta.

Not every experience was a happy or positive one. On the more difficult side of the spectrum:

- auto pilot failure, not much help or support from the manufacturer
- hard struggle with boat insurance company (we took insurance for our Mexican part of the trip through the Blue Water Ins. Co, as they had the lowest rates) to receive a premium refund guaranteed under policy agreement; as they could not accommodate our new travel itinerary we needed to change the policy; several months later - still struggling to get it back; lies, promised but never sent faxes, arrogant treatment, etc.; however, we heard much worse stories from other cruisers
- realization that the expression 'under warranty' has no meaning while far away; often shipment would cost more than the item itself (e.g. try to ship a dinghy for repairs back to BC from the S. Pacific)
- fatigue that would overcome us after several night watches during a longer passage; after several hours of hand steering at night I kept falling asleep while standing behind the steering wheel in spite of violent motion of the boat and very heavy rain
- the lack of real showers, a washing machine and an accessible storage
- the necessity of having crew: I've had both very good and very bad experience with crew; there are probably more drawbacks than benefits for the skipper; for me, however, cruising with crew is the only option - I am much too 'green' to even consider sailing solo
- sad meetings: meeting a widow - her husband was killed in a sailing accident in Puerto Vallarta during our stay there, she also lost their boat; meeting an Australian family of 4 who lost their boat on a reef on Hiva



Oa after seven years of cruising.

In conclusion, in spite of many problems, discomforts, cuts and bruises I sincerely enjoy this gypsy lifestyle and, yes, I would do it again.. (...and again...). However, I would be wiser and more relaxed next time, would not have spent so much energy on over provisioning and over preparing for a disaster.

The following was received just prior to printing. ... Ed.

I've arrived in Rarotonga unharmed; however, I've had my share of (let's call them) 'adventures'.

During the recent passage from Raiatea (some 550 nm) the new tiller pilot (the old one passed away), which was supposed to support the wind vane, did not work (improperly installed). There was no wind anyway (hence, hand steering around the clock), the engine overheated, we developed a major salt water leak from the cooling system in the middle of the night and both my crew were not only inexperienced but also sea sick all the time. One of them (the female), during the last few days of the trip, turned into a hostile and irrational monster. Two examples: in her attempt to "prove" that the boat was not seaworthy, she poured burned meat sauce into the bilge when I was not watching and then insisted that I check the bilge pump as she 'felt' that there was something wrong with the boat. Then, she categorically refused to give me the required documents to check-in with the port/country authority - no reason given, just some insults). To make matters worse, we were hit by a mighty squall while entering the harbour and I was down with a horrible flu.

With my share of luck, I managed to have the engine repaired. The only local diesel mechanic was away. But, one of the cruisers in the harbour was a retired mechanic and, although he claimed he didn't do that any more, he agreed to Fortunately, the problems

were of minor nature.

I was feeling somewhat better and found new crew for the next leg....at least that was what I thought. One of them, however, could not change his air ticket back to the UK, the other one changed her mind and boarded another boat in Papeete, destination Fiji. I ran an ad in the local paper re crew on the day of arrival, but they made an error in my e-mail address, so not a single enquiry. A repeated ad resulted in a single enquiry: a local drunk who said that when he does not drink he 'gets nuts' and who had never been on a sailboat before.

A couple of nights ago, it was very windy. My stern docking line broke off at the far end. I am rafted with a big commercial boat. It was pretty challenging to replace the line, relocate the fenders (while both boats were jerking violently) without losing any of the fingers.

Well, after being somewhat depressed for two days, I decided it was time to bounce back. Not much has changed, in reality, but I am much more relaxed. After all, the difficulties I went through have made me stronger, more experienced and more resistant to life's challenges.

So, here I am, stranded in beautiful Rarotonga, spreading the word around, advertising intensively with help of some motorized angels and waiting patiently. I believe that all these events happen for a reason, which I am trying to discover and understand. On the positive side, I've done some interesting hikes, met fascinating people and seen great dance performances.

It is much cooler here and much less humid than in French Polynesia—and also substantially cheaper. The batteries are, finally, less tired in this climate as the fridge has a chance to rest from time to time.

Have a great and enjoyable summer
Barbara

CS Logo-Wear

The CS logo has been digitized and can be embroidered onto a variety of clothing items - fleece vests and jackets, denim shirts, golf shirts, baseball caps, etc.

For those people living on the island, the Dog's Ear outlets in Nanaimo and in the Mayfair Mall in Victoria have the logo on file. You can either take in your own items for embroidery or purchase items from the store. The cost for having the CS logo and your boat name embroidered is approximately \$10.00 per item in either case.

Jonie Foran

Unfortunately, I haven't been able to make similar arrangements in Vancouver. So, in Vancouver and elsewhere, contact me at (604) 241-1322 and I'll send you a diskette with the CS logo (to be returned) which you can take to the embroidery store of your choice (Justin Stitches on Granville Island, Dog's Ear in Richmond Centre, Elves Embroidery in Steveston, etc.) The cost will vary depending on the retailer.



A Close Call

Cap't Carsten

I would like to tell you about an incident on my boat that took me completely by surprise. (One can not be too careful when checking the engine; this problem would not have happened had I been more observant.)

I have a Westerbeke 33, a Mitsubishi engine, which is fresh water cooled. The heat exchanger, a cylinder 3" in diameter and approximately 13" long, is mounted forward over the transmission, perpendicular to the engine. Both ends are closed with end caps. In Westerbeke fashion, it is painted red. On the port side of the heat exchanger is a pencil zinc which should be changed frequently (as I learned later).

We had just completed an Easter Trip with six hours of motoring. The engine bilge was completely dry. After a day-sail, I inspected the engine compartment again and noticed the bilge full of seawater. I blamed the stuffing box right away and adjusted it.

Next day we were off to Butchart Gardens. Having passed John Pass heading towards the ferry terminal at Swartz Bay, I was alarmed by the bilge pump coming on. Investigating, I removed the engine cover. To my horror, I was immediately showered with saltwater!

The portside end cap of the heat exchanger had sprung a leak. An effort to tighten it with an automotive wrench made things worse. I draped a plastic bag over it to divert all the water into the bilge away from some electrical equipment and turned back to our slip. The ebb tide was

at its lowest and I made it back with only 3" of water under the keel. To explain, our boat is moored in the North Saanich Marina in Tsehum Harbour and it needs a minimum tide of 2.6 feet to get in and out.

When I removed the port-side end cap, it fell apart in two pieces. Electrolysis had done its damage.

The next question was "On a Monday afternoon, where do I get a replacement for a 15 year old heat exchanger?". It would take weeks to get it from Westerbeke and we do not want to speculate about the cost.

I was lucky. Gartside Marine Engines, a local business, had a replacement end cap. All I had to do was cut the gaskets. I changed both end caps just to be on the safe side. The installation was easy. It was, however, a lot of work to clean the engine of all salt deposits.

As I am writing this, we are tied to the buoy in sun-drenched Todd Inlet. The delay was quickly forgotten. But, thinking about what happened makes me shudder. However, it could have been worse. The engine could have stalled - not pleasant when the tide is running. I could have had an electrical short or even a fire.

I was lucky that nothing like that happened. I will be more thorough in future when inspecting the engine.

Cap't Carsten
CS 36T *Polaris*

Other Close Calls

Don Grovestine

As most of you know, Captain Carsten is not the only one who suffers misfortunes at sea. During our summer cruise to Desolation Sound and points north, we too incurred the wrath of Poseiden, not once but twice—well, at least twice that I'm going to talk about.

In the first instance, we were anchored in the lagoon at Thurston Bay. In fact, anchored beside us the previous night was Carsten and Stephanie, on *Polaris*, whom we encountered quite by accident a couple of days before.

Immediately after starting the engine before weighing anchor, I heard a loud grinding noise. Upon pulling the starboard engine access panel, the alternator fell into the bilge. (Do you suppose Captain Carsten's affinity for misfortune is catching?) It appears that, first, the nut on the 8mm x 100mm alternator pivot bolt had come off and the

pivot bolt had worked its way out—leaving the alternator supported only by the belt tensioning arm. Then, presumably due to the extra torque demanded by the alternator to recharge the starting battery, the head of the bolt holding the belt tensioning arm to the engine block sheared off. The drive belt, which also powers the water pump, had worn to less than half its original width, so this situation had been developing for some time. (There were no other indications of problems; the engine cooling system had been working properly and the alternator had been charging on the trip up from Waiatt Bay. Since I can reach the oil dipstick through the cockpit locker, I seldom have a need to clear out the quarter berth and remove the two

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Fuel Tank Cleaning and Fuel Polishing

Ron Cook

With most boat owners, the thought eventually comes to mind, "I wonder how much crud has accumulated in my fuel tank?"

I pictured being in the perfect storm—like something from the 1940s Hollywood set (the name of the film has long since escaped my memory) where a picnic lunch sail to Catalina is turned into the evening tragedy. Boat awash and pitching, sails torn and sand from frolicking on the beach only a few short hours ago getting washed out of the clothes like a 25 cent ride in a laundromat washer. Here it comes! The ol' Westerbeke falls deathly silent. *She* looks at you, terrified and confused, in a way that says "How could something like this happen considering the time and money you put into this tub?"

Having an 1981 36T with a fuel tank that doesn't have an inspection port and which, to my knowledge, had never been cleaned, I had to get peace of mind. So, I decided to have my tank cleaned and the fuel polished. (Fuel polishing involves circulating your fuel through a filter system that removes water and contaminants.)

I followed the CSOA Listserve archives, but still didn't get a clear picture of what I would face inside my tank. Besides, where would I find a fuel-polishing system? So, I got the name of Gary McNeil, Island Petroleum Scrub Ltd., who is now located in Victoria—cell phone number (250) 715-8196.

Gary has a mobile cart that he wheels onto the dock, right up to the boat. First, he extracted and filtered the fuel from the tank - drawing it through the fuel filler inlet - and put the bulk of it into a 45 gallon drum. Then, after removing the aft quarterberth side panel, he cut a 6" hole in the forward starboard corner of the tank with a hole saw. I gulped as I watched him drill a hole in the side of my tank! (He couldn't put the hole in the top of the tank due to a conflict with the heater pickup fitting, the fuel level sender and the otherwise limited space available to view the inside and vacuum the tank.)

We had a good view of the inside of the tank. Well, what did we see?

The tank has a baffle running fore and aft. The baffle is

dropped from the top of the tank by about 4 inches at the walls and it curves downward towards the center. It is raised off the bottom of the tank. Unfortunately, from the hole on the starboard side of the tank, the pickup tube (which is on the port side) was not fully visible. However, the shape of the baffle provides enough room at the top for the vacuum to be inserted for cleaning the port side of the tank.

Gary then proceeded to vacuum the walls and bottom of the tank. The tank was not as dirty as I imagined. There was no noticeable crud on the walls and only a thin layer on the bottom. Not surprisingly, the pickup tube area, being in lowest part of the tank, had the most accumulation. There was only a bit of pitting on the inside top of the tank, but, otherwise, it looked OK.

After cleaning, Gary covered the hole with a steel port cover using a hylomar (a polyurethane-based gasket/jointing compound that doesn't harden and transforms into a flexible putty when the solvent evaporates) gasket. He then epoxied six bolts into two semi-circular fittings that, together, form a ring around the hole inside the tank, with the bolts protruding outward. The cover and gasket (with nuts on the bolt and tightened) seal the hole. Gary then refilled the tank with my polished fuel. Total cost was \$400.00.

I still feel a little nervous about the hole being on the side and not the top of the tank. But, should any diesel seep past the gasket, it will be clearly visible and easily cleaned up from the bottom of the lazette. However, since having the job done in the May 2002, there has been no seepage from around the hole.

I now have peace of mind that the tank is clean. I also have an access port to deal with future cleaning, inspection or work in the tank. Of course, I'll have to remember to lower the fuel level before opening the port.

Should you have any questions, feel free to call me at (250) 715-0568 or email me at "rondebcook@shaw.ca"

Ron Cook
CS-36T *Slip Stream II*

November Meeting, November 2, 2002

Plan now to attend the November meeting. At the moment, the only thing that's firm is the date. Once the other details have been settled, we'll e-mail them to you. For those of you without e-mail, someone will call you.



It Really Happened!

This is the first of what I hope will become a regular feature—your accounts of the time on your boat when everything went wrong. The concept was originally suggested by Elsie and Leslie Wollaston (Slipstream). While they also suggested you may feel more comfortable if the stories were kept anonymous, its obvious that Mac isn't shy in that regard. ...Ed..

We've owned and loved Quicksilver, a 27, for seven years or more. This is astounding in view of the time we had on our first "cruise." I had earlier discovered and corrected the cause of the overpowering stink of diesel fuel ten minutes after shutting down the engine. Someone had put the fuel-line banjo fittings together without any copper gaskets! I replaced the gaskets and ran the engine for fifteen minutes so as to check for air locks - all systems "go"!

We motored out of Snug Cove where Quicksilver lives and down to the corner of Bowen Island at Gower Point headed for Silva Bay on Gabriola where we had a reservation at Paige's Marina. "We" consisted of my wife, our son and his wife, their daughter who was four at the time and our large standard poodle. Six souls in all and our first "over-nighter" together since we purchased the boat. All went well - for a while. We motored to Gower - about half an hour - hoisted the sails and downed the engine. Oh, joy, oh ecstasy! This is the life!

We had a fine sail and were too soon off Thrasher Rock. Time to start the engine, which I did before lowering the sails and still all was well. We lowered the main and applied the gaskets and the engine died! There was still a bit of wind and we were under the Genoa so there was no imminent danger. The engine had run well for three quarters of an hour since the gasket job so it never occurred to me that there could be an air lock. Instead, I went below looking for a plugged fuel line. A look at the filter told me there was no water or blockage there. I removed the supply line from the tank to the filter and sucked on it, just to be sure -and was instantly rewarded with a mouthful of diesel!

Where to put the fuel became an urgent question. Not to worry, the dog's water dish was still easily at hand on top of the cutting board on top of the galley stove so I spit it out there and returned the dish to the cutting board. Still no engine! I should here add that all my previous diesel experience had been with much larger engines. I set about bleeding the injector in the only way I knew how which is by loosening the feed line from the injector, turning the engine over and looking for a squirt

Mac MacKenzie

of fuel. I had no way of knowing that this little Yanmar doesn't "squirt" - it just "oozes" and I didn't see the ooze! By this time, my granddaughter became curious to see what grandpa was doing down there. Someone passed her down to me and I put her on the settee to starboard where she took a deep breath of diesel, threw up and started screaming her lungs out! Up she went to the cockpit and was replaced by her father whose stomach is a bit stronger but not much in the calm wind and sloppy sea of Thrasher Rock in the late afternoon. He too sucked on the pipe and spit in the dog's dish - it is now a family tradition! We finally realised that the manufacturer probably had words for this situation, read the manual, performed the bleeding ritual there described and, presto, we had power!

We motored in to Paige's after lowering and stowing the genoa. During the motor into the bay, my wife "straightened up" a bit and put the dish of diesel on top of the icebox. We found our assigned slip and tied up there. When the engine was shut down, there was no smell of fuel. This was wonderful news and augured well for the remainder of the trip. It was time for a small libation for us hard-working guys to help us wash away our troubles and the taste of diesel fuel. Daughter-in-law, always trying to help, volunteered to fetch a couple of cold ones from the icebox. When she opened the lid at the front, the lid slid forward and dumped the dish into the back of the icebox.

It is truly astounding how pervasive diesel fuel - even the smell of diesel fuel - can be! We spent three days trying to convince one another and ourselves that the vegetables, lunchmeat, spaghetti, beer etc. didn't either smell or taste of diesel. We have had wonderful times in Quicksilver ever since that inauspicious beginning and have all come to love her dearly. To this day I have no idea how the engine ran so long before it air locked, neither do I know why the ritual of removing and replacing a plunger worked to solve the problem.

Mac MacKenzie
CS-27 Quicksilver

In as much as three quarters of the Earth's surface is covered by water, the Lord's intention is perfectly clear!

SV Quicksilver



Other ... *continued from page 4*

access panels completely—which is probably the only other way I would have detected the situation.) What to do? The nut for the pivot bolt was nowhere to be found. (I still haven't found it. Perhaps it disappeared into one of the limber holes in the engine bed.) And, I didn't have a spare 8mm nut nor did I have a long-enough 5/16" bolt to replace the metric one. 1/4" hardware would have to do. Then, I had to find a place to fasten the tensioning arm. Fortunately, the aft side of the water pump assembly is almost perfectly aligned vertically with the tensioning bolt on the alternator. So, it was simply a matter of reversing the tensioning arm so that it went down instead of up from the alternator. But, alas, the tensioning arm was too short to reach the water pump assembly. Fortunately, the skipper of our companion cruising boat found a stainless steel tang that extended the tensioning arm sufficiently to allow it to be connected to one of the bolts in the water pump assembly while, at the same time, properly tensioning the spare fan belt. Three hours later, we were ready to go but the tide had turned against us, so we stayed put for another night.

The repair involved drilling out the body of the sheared-off bolt and re-tapping the hole.

So, next time you CS-36T with W33 owners have a chance, check your alternator mounting.

The second incident involved the first mate. She managed to become trapped in the forepeak. The latch on the door was stuck and no amount of turning would budge it. (For some time I had noticed that the latch

seemed a little "sloppy", but that didn't make it to the top of my "to do" list before we left.) Fortunately, the frame of the forepeak door has some "give" and, after crawling through the fore-hatch into the forepeak where Wendy was trapped, I was able, using a sturdy screwdriver, to force the frame sufficiently to be able to insert a second screwdriver behind the latch and open the door, i.e., the old "credit card trick". There was minimal damage to the door frame and none to the door. But, when I attempted to withdraw the lock assembly from the door, it fell to the floor in pieces—apparently a casualty of 19 years of use and vibration.

It is fortunate that the incident didn't involve the door to the head, which has the very same lock assembly but which could not have been forced to the same extent as the forepeak door. I assume the same latch assembly is used across the line of CS boats and, based on Stephanie's report about the Spring rendezvous, this has happened before.

So, if there's "play" in the handle/knob of your door latches, you may have a problem in the offing.

To end on a positive note, this was our first summer in BC and, hence, our first cruise to Desolation Sound and points north. We spent over six weeks in the area, including going and coming back and just loved it, getting as far north as Forward Harbour. Hopefully, next year, we'll get further. As I've told all my Eastern boating friends, it's like the Thousand Islands—only a 1000 times better.

Don Grovestine
CS-36T Gadgets

Welcome New Members

A big CS Owners West Group welcome to the following new members:

Campbell, Dave and Scotty Wilson - *Driftaway* (CS 33), 2918 Dresden Way, North Vancouver, B.C. V7H 1P9, (604) 929-3965

Faith, David and Carol Ann - *Leap of Faith* (CS-36 Merlin) - Live aboard. (604) 733-4548 dfaith@uniserve.com

For Sale

35 lb. Plow Anchor - it's seen the bottom lots of times, but after an unpleasant experience in Desolation Sound this summer, I decided to get a bigger anchor. Don Grovestine (250) 386-1783

3-bank 75A. Battery Charger - Professional Mariner (original CS equipment), isolator included. Don Grovestine (250) 386-1783

CSOW Group Winter Meeting

Plan now to attend the CS Owners West Group annual Winter Meeting to be held in Vancouver during the Boat Show weekend. In previous years, the event has been held at the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. At this point, we're not sure RVYC can accommodate us. Details in the next newsletter.



CS West is published quarterly, in January, April, September and November, (we hope!). Deadline for submissions is the 15th of the previous month. Please send your contributions to the Editor:

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Your CS Yacht Owners Group West 2002-03 Executive

President: David Krauel
Treasurer: Pierre Porcheron
Membership/Secretary: Stephanie Greer
Publicity: Ron Cook
Port Captain: Carl Swanson
Technical Advisor: Carsten Nachtigahl
CS West Editor: Don Grovestine

Port Browning General Meeting

A General Meeting was held during the Port Browning rendezvous.

David Krauel thanked all those who had helped make the rendezvous a success. There was a call for executive volunteers with the result that the only new executive member is Don Grovestine - the new editor. Bob Thompson received an ovation for all the work he has put in on the newsletter for the past five years.

Other highlights of the meeting include:

- Pierre will follow up on the arrangements for the September Thetis Marina rendezvous
- Mike and Bev Bayliss volunteered to coordinate the

Stephanie Greer

2003 spring rendezvous; he will also check out the availability of other possible locations

- Sidney/Victoria area members will check out locations for a November social
- volunteers are needed to organize the February Boat Show weekend get-together in Vancouver.
- David Krauel also noted that he got \$100 off his boat insurance rate this year thanks to Pierre Porcheron's efforts in negotiating a special rate for CS boats.

Stephanie Greer
CS-36T *Polaris*

Spring continued from Page 1

Mike Bayliss did his usual fine performance as raffle-master. Phil Cocking won the top draw item-a pair of dock chairs.

A general meeting was held on Sunday morning and a pot luck dinner in the evening. Bob Bayers made his traditional seafood chowder. Those in the know quickly lined up with their bowls. After that, it was hard to do justice to all the other tempting offerings.

Optical Illusion had a locked head door (nobody inside) and had to remove the entire handle and lock assembly, which proved to be defective.

There was a mass exodus on Monday morning in the drizzle. However, everyone seemed to have a good

time. Port Browning is always disorganized and somewhat frustrating to deal with - but everything always seems to work out.

Since *Polaris* could not make it this year as Capt'n Carsten was in Germany for his mothers 90th birthday celebration, I hitched a ride to the rendezvous. Many thanks to all those who provided me with transportation (*Heron*), berths and breakfast, (*Blue Lagoon* and *Heron* - not at the same time), Sunday breakfast (*Trelawney I*) after I was left on the dock with my sleeping bag by the departing *Blue Lagoon* and glasses of wine and coffee (*Slip Stream II*). I felt quite pampered.

Stephanie Greer
CS-36T *Polaris*

Time to renew your marine insurance? Pierre Porcheron has negotiated a **great** deal for CS owners with Pacific Marine Underwriting Managers, in Vancouver. The underwriter is Continental Casualty Insurance of Canada. Contact Richard Creed at (604) 535-2681 or on his cell at (604) 290-3722.