



**CSWEST**

**CS Yacht Owners West**

27 • Q28 • 30 • 33 • 34 • 36T • 36M • 40

**SUMMER  
2016**

Volume 17, Issue 1

## Commodore's Corner

Early spring was lovely, warm and sunny. June not so much. After we left the May rendezvous in Port Browning (and after a brief stop at home for a new alternator and regulator, which fixed all our problems), we headed for Desolation Sound via Nanaimo, where we waited out three days of gale force winds, Schooner Cove, Comox - more wind warnings- and then finally across the Strait to Lund and on to Desolation. For every warm and sunny day, we had three of pouring rain. But, even in the rain, Von Donop is beautiful and no anchorage was crowded.

The best part of the trip was meeting up with other CSers. We just arrived on the dock at the Nanaimo YC when Bob Cook (My WindSong, CS 33) came down the dock to welcome us. What a lovely smile. In Schooner Cove, Barb and Dieter Giese (Blue Lagoon, CS 36T), came by to say hi. Dick Duffley (Pyrat) was very helpful in finding some fittings we needed. In Squirrel Cove, Jack and Marilyn Williams (Musashi, CS30), circled Heron to say hi. They were headed to the Broughtons. Sabbatical and Heron crossed paths several times, and we were very happy to "pass it on" by helping them with a problem with their engine. What a great group of people in CS West.

The May Rendezvous and AGM in Port Browning went well. Thanks to Mary Ellen Spinar for another great event. Unfortunately, Mary Ellen and Don are leaving the Pacific Northwest, and Mary Ellen has stepped down as Activities co-ordinator and Don as Newsletter editor. We will miss them both very much and wish them well in their new landlocked home.

There are changes coming later this summer to the website and to the CS West email service. There will be ample notice sent out prior to any changes, however, I would encourage anyone who has not done so, to renew memberships and stay in the loop.

The weather is supposed to get better and we are looking forward to the first mini rendezvous of the summer in Genoa Bay on July 9 & 10.

Have a great summer.  
Fair winds,  
Kathie Thompson, Commodore

### Inside this issue

Spring Rendezvous: 2

Mini's: 3

Membership: 3

Boats For Sale: 4

Sailing Story: 5-7

Merlin Manual: 8

Executive: 8

Sponsors: 8



## 2016 SPRING RENDEZVOUS—PORT BROWNING

A good time was had by all at Port Browning for our Spring Rendezvous. Friday was an amazingly warm day. We took full advantage of the fine weather during our dockside Happy Hour. The weather changed the next day, but that didn't stop any of us from great camaraderie and enjoying wonderful food. It was a great success. Here's hoping all can make it to the Fall Rendezvous!



## Mini Rendezvous or Unofficial Official Rendezvous

A rendezvous of CSs occurs whenever there are two or more CSs in the same harbour at the same time. A great opportunity to meet, greet, compare boats and just have fun with others with taste in boats that is as good as yours. There will always be a CS boat at each rendezvous. Look for HERON ( 36T ) or WIND DANCER ( 36T ) or both. Pot luck happy hour starts around 5:00 on the Saturday and lasts as long as the food and conversation hold out. Dinner is often not necessary.

### Summer Mini Rendezvous in the Gulf Islands

**July 9 & 10 Genoa Bay.** Good anchorage and a really good restaurant. A small mountain to climb and nice walking.

**July 23 & 24 Winter Cove.** Good anchorage and nice walking trails and roads.

**Aug. 10 & 11 Montague Harbour, south end.** Good anchorage. Nice walks in the parks and a pub a short bus ride away (the pub supplies the bus).

**Sept. 10 & 11 Long Harbour, top end.** Good anchorage. No shore access but quiet.



## MEMBERSHIP

### Have you paid your 2016 dues yet?

YES?—Great news. Enjoy being part of this great group of people and experiencing all the benefits.

NO?—Why wait? Send a cheque for \$30 made out to CS Yacht Owners West to:

Stephanie Greer, 37-1255 Wain Road, North Saanich, BC V8L 4R4

Stephanie will send you a membership card and list. If you need a new CS burgee, add \$15.

Let us know of any changes to address, phone number, email, and boat name or location.

#### Email List:

Stephanie maintains our group email list [cs-west@lists.ubc.ca](mailto:cs-west@lists.ubc.ca)

Only those whose emails have been added to the UBC database can send or receive messages using this address –thus preventing spam. Please let her know if you change your email address.

This list is used for upcoming events and the exchange of CS information. Questions are O.K. but use the “Reply All” with discretion.

The technical discussions are best held using the CS Yacht Owners Associations list server. See <http://www.closereach.com/csoa/> for sign-on info.





## CS Boats for Sale June 2016

Boat Name	Location	Contact
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**C27**

Light Spirit	Vancouver	David Record (604)584-1260 <a href="mailto:sandrare@vcn.bc.ca">sandrare@vcn.bc.ca</a>
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**CS30**

La Gabrielle.	<a href="http://www.thunderbirdmarine.com/boat-info.php?ID=4274">http://www.thunderbirdmarine.com/boat-info.php?ID=4274</a>	Thunderbird Marine. Contact Tim Furze 778-241-1963
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Sprite.	Bainbridge Island.	<a href="http://seattle.craigslist.org/boa/5572180692.html">http://seattle.craigslist.org/boa/5572180692.html</a>
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Charlie Mayne	<a href="mailto:charliemayne1@gmail.com">charliemayne1@gmail.com</a>
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**CS36 Traditional**

FarFetch.	Schooner Cove.	John Amy 250-468-7555 <a href="mailto:john@proflyer.com">john@proflyer.com</a>
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Four Sisters.	Comox.	Chris Diamond. 250-897-4930 <a href="mailto:diamondcsm@hotmail.com">diamondcsm@hotmail.com</a>
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Gadgets.	1/2 partner.	\$35,000. Derek Wolff <a href="mailto:derekow53@gmail.com">derekow53@gmail.com</a>
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Generation.	Vancouver.	Arash Sharifi. <a href="mailto:arash@aplusautomotive.ca">arash@aplusautomotive.ca</a>
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Saracen	Otter Bay, Pender Island	Frank Eadie 604-250-0540 <a href="mailto:feadie@shawbiz.ca">feadie@shawbiz.ca</a>
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Trelawney 1.	Point Roberts.	Phil Cocking 604-420-4295 <a href="mailto:pcocking@telus.net">pcocking@telus.net</a>
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Wanuskewin.	Charles David Yachts,	Nanaimo
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Wind Dancer	U.S. \$55, 000.	Mary Ellen Spinar 360-620-0422 <a href="mailto:spinar9@comcast.net">spinar9@comcast.net</a>
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**CS40**

Scorpio.	Dan Kreier, Marine Service Center, Seattle	206-369-3348 <a href="mailto:dank-reier@marinesc.com">dank-reier@marinesc.com</a>
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**This is a story written by Aleck Ostry.**

## **Carlotta**

My mother is 102 years old. She is a tiny and, at this stage, rather sweet – cute even. She dresses neatly and with attention to her appearance. Although slightly wobbly when she walks she uses a stick only when she walks outside. She uses her computer, mainly for emails with her many friends and family members and also for reading various international newspapers, which she does on a daily basis, and conducting Google searches on subjects that interest her.

She has been highly independent all her life and remains in control, dignified and self-contained. Mentally, she is alert, especially to nuance and mood in others, though her ability to deal with numbers is now somewhat constrained.

Despite some inability to process numbers, she reads her barometer every day. It is located just to the right of the front door of her apartment in the reasonably upscale old folks home in North Vancouver where she lives. The barometer is not modern. It's a set-in-its ways old English one that reads atmospheric pressure only in inches.

This barometer has two needles. One which is driven by variations in atmospheric pressure (indicator needle) and, the other, (marking needle) which she moves manually to mark the atmospheric pressure.

Every morning, still in her dressing gown, before coffee, before face wash and teeth cleaning she walks from her bedroom into the hallway. She taps the glass on the ancient device to ensure the indicator needle is moving freely. Then she looks for the position of the indicator needle showing the morning's barometric pressure, in relation to the marking needle, which shows the previous morning's barometric pressure. She doesn't write these down but simply notes, in her mind, the spread between the needles indicating the pressure difference from the previous morning.

Whenever I come for a visit the first thing she tells me is whether the barometer is going up or down or staying steady. If it is going up or down she will follow up with an observation about the difference in pressure over the past 24 hours, never using numbers but just letting me know her sense of whether or not the changes will result bad or good weather.

Her interaction with the old instrument is more art than science as, like the sailor she used to be, she is interested more in change in pressure than the reading itself as it is extent and the speed of the change that indicate coming severity in weather and these things matter to sailors.

And, like a sailor who learned her craft at a time when weather forecasts were less available and the science of weather prediction less precise than now, she relies almost solely on this old instrument, not exactly pooh-poohing modern radio and television prognostication, but just finding these too easy and less interesting to converse about than her old barometer.

She comes by her daily ritual honestly. When she was young her family took up sailing. They would sail forth from their central London home on weekends to a country home purchased, sometime in the early 1930s, in Burnham on Crouch on England's South-east Coast near the mouth of the Thames. At Burnham she, her sisters and her mother and father joined the local yacht club and took up competitive sailing (and, perhaps somewhat incongruously, Fabian Socialism) along the River Crouch and in its tidal estuary.

At first they sailed in Sharpies, small two-person, flat-bottomed, hard chined and very fast little boats. I have a photograph of her mother, Bessie, with hand on the tiller of her Sharpie face forward, in a somewhat heroic pose which I guess was fashionable for photographs of this era, hatless with wind-blown hair and wearing a long woolen dress down below her knees. And, my mother told me once that they she raced her Sharpie from the Mainland to the Isle of Wight, no mean feat given the ship traffic, even at that time, and the Solent's reputation for rough water and strong tides.

In 1935 my grandfather bought his first cruising sailboat. It was named Idris, about 40 feet long, and was, by my mother's account, heavy and slow. Having gotten the taste of family sailing and having cruised across the Channel to Holland, Belgium and France in the Idris they upgraded to a bigger faster boat, purchasing in 1937, the Carlotta a 55 foot Bristol Channel pilot cutter built sometime during the last decade of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

At this point my mother was 23 years old, still living at home, and unsure about her future. She used to tell me that she was born at a difficult time (she was born in January 1914 around six months before the outbreak of World War One) because the expectation for girls of her background and class was that they should be married by their early 20s. Working was not an option for middle class girls at this time. And, marriage was frustrated and delayed for many women by the losses among British officers in World War One which were massive leaving a major gender imbalance, especially among the middle classes, in Britain in the 1930s and 40s.



Be that as it may, when she was 23 her father bought Carlotta. The next two years were filled with sailing trips including a circumnavigation of Britain, a trip through the Kiel canal to Copenhagen, and many jaunts to Normandy and Brittany. My mother became quite familiar, during this time, with Calais, Concarneau, and the huge Bay in Brest.

This habit of reading the barometer was learned at this time in her life and that old barometer in her apartment, though not from Carlotta, was of the same vintage.

My mother rarely spoke about herself (she told me once that “using the word “I” in a sentence, was “thought to be rude” - at least for a young girl) and when I was growing up I learned very little about who she was, where she came from and what her life was like when she was young. This emotional and informational lacunae was perhaps exacerbated because I was raised in Canada, and felt more Canadian than English, and so there was also a kind of cultural gulf between us too.

Her verbal and emotional silence was broached only when she spoke about sailing although these reminiscences were infrequent and stilted. It was as if the feelings she had for sailing were so strong they overwhelmed the rules of her strict Edwardian upbringing and so I did know about Carlotta and when she spoke about the times she sailed on her she became alive and available -briefly.

Most of her sailing took place during a short window of time beginning around age 14 stopping at age 25 in the summer of 1939. She and her family were returning from a sailing trip to Brittany at the end of August that year and learned on docking in St. Peters Port on the Isle of Guernsey in the English Channel that Hitler had just invaded Poland. They were unaware of these developments as their radio (one of the only modern conveniences they had on their little ship- there were no life jackets, engines, or navigation gear, except for a compass- my grandfather apparently had a sextant on board but had no idea how to use it) had broken several weeks before. They were advised to leave Carlotta on Guernsey and immediately head back to London.

This story was told to me in matter of fact tone so it was hard to tell how sad it was for her at the time and subsequently. Abandoning Carlotta marked a stark demarcation in my mother's life as after this she entered nurse training in London and all thoughts of a personal life and personal pleasures like sailing were submerged by, most immediately, the blitz followed by five hard drawn out years of war.

The war, as she used to tell me, “changed everything”. The old order in Britain was gone. The empire was broke and broken displaced by the upstart across the Atlantic. The old class system was gone. Lives of privilege were less easily had in the immediate post war decade as the servant class had had enough and as Britain struggled economically only moving on from wartime rationing in the mid-1950s.

At war's end my mother was 31 years old, mature, and changed forever by nursing in wartime London. She had an education and a skill and was moving towards family, marriage, and immigration to Canada. Thoughts of sailing for pleasure and Carlotta were not, as far as I know, on her mind at this time though knowing her love of sailing and sea these must have been tucked away safely.

During the war my mother had no idea what happened to Carlotta as the Germans invaded Guernsey (the only part of the UK they occupied during the War) cutting off the possibility of retrieving the boat. I have no idea whether or not my grandfather made attempts to find Carlotta after the war and this was never, for some reason, discussed. I think it was presumed that the Germans seized the boat and so it just disappeared from family mythology.

As well, all dimensions of my mother's life after the war moved her away from sailing. In 1950 she married a man who wouldn't have know the bow from the stern nor port from starboard and would not have been at home on a sail boat. (My dad was Jewish and although he did spend time outside in nature as a child, had no knowledge or experience of sailing. His interests were more urban and urbane).

Once she moved to Canada, my mother developed a passion for the outdoors, for nature, and spending time hiking and just being out in the mountains near Banff- we lived in Calgary then. These activities would have been a pretty good substitute for sailing as they would have given her that feeling she so loved of being wind blown outdoors and being physically active in nature.

Yet too, this stage of her life ended abruptly as my father became acutely and seriously ill and we abandoned North American moving back to the UK in 1967 so he could get medical treatment. I came back to Canada on my own in 1972 as I never really adjusted to life in London. I ended up moving to Vancouver, and, by 1980, the rest of the family (sister, brother, mother and father- the medical treatment he accessed in the UK stabilized his condition) had followed me settling on the west coast.

And, one summer day, it was in 1985, I went walking on Kitsilano beach. I rounded the corner heading east towards the city past the small marine museum housing the RCMP boat (the St. Roche) that had gone through the North West passage in 1967. My thoughts were on my father's brother, my uncle Harry, who was doctor on the St. Roche and had gone through the famed passage that year. It was a gorgeous summer day breezy and fresh and I decided to walk down to the Maritime Museum.

Although I was not a sailor at that time and, in fact had only sailed briefly as a fourteen year old when living in Calgary where I had taken a few sailing lessons on the Glenmore dam, I had always had a fascination with sailboats and whenever I was by the sea would invariably find



find myself at a marina looking at the boats, checking their lines, vaguely excited by this nautical interaction but not really knowing why.

At that time, the museum consisted of an, often changing, collection of interesting old and mainly wooden sailboats. There were the usual suspects moored there, such as the broad sterned wooden clunker that appeared to be a replica of Joshua Sloocum's famous sailboat and the faux Viking sailboat/ rowboat with fierce looking elevated carved prow.

That day I noticed a new one. According to the small wooden plaque affixed to a railing it was a 55 foot Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter, used originally to guide larger ships in and out of the harbor in Bristol. It was built, according to the plaque, sometime in the last decade of the 19th Century. She was a beauty. Sleek, low slung, with a small doghouse forward of the steering wheel barely protruding above the deck.

I could envision this boat heeled over hard with the skipper barely protected in the slightly sunken cockpit in front of the wheel as waves washed over the deck. This was a boat built for speed in heavy weather conditions. The standing and the running gear looked original with thick old fashioned ropes on wooden pulleys and wooden spars. Seeing this small ship gave me the feeling I was in the 19th Century.

It was unusual to see a boat like this on Canada's west coast. On further reading I saw that the boat's name was Carlotta. I thought to myself that's interesting. But perhaps Carlotta was a popular girls and/or boat name back in the last decade of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and perhaps many boats had this name. Perhaps it was a common name for Bristol Pilot Cutters at that time. I didn't know and I didn't get too excited about it but thought I should phone my, then, 70 or so year old mother as regardless, she would be excited to see such a craft so like her old boat.

When I got home (no cell phones then) I phoned my mother and told her about Carlotta on the west coast and said that it was probably just a coincidence but that she should come down to the Maritime Museum and check it out.

This she did. It was her Carlotta. It had been discovered, in the mid-1970s, by a man from Vancouver, abandoned and derelict along the banks of the Avon River in Somerset. He spent four years re-furbishing her and when it was done he set sail, with no engine, for the Caribbean where he raced her (winning most of his races) for 2 years. Then, in the late 1970s he sailed her through the Panama Canal and up to Vancouver parking her, at least some of the time, at the Maritime Museum.

My mother met him. He was of course delighted, in turn, to meet her and learn about sailing this boat in the 1930s. And, he was able to tell her the tale of Carlotta filling in some of the void from 1939 to 1985. Over the next few years she often went out with the generous new owner of Carlotta for day sails in English Bay.

In talking with him she found out that after the German's had occupied Guernsey, four locals escaped the island by commandeering Carlotta and sailing her to the Irish coast and thence to the West coast of Britain. I can't remember the rest of her history in the UK from War's end to the mid-1970s.

After arriving on the west coast of Canada Carlotta was sold several times. At some point she was completely re-built by one owner and finally, in 2016, she was purchased by a group of English buyers and taken back to the UK to be used as a training vessel of some kind.

My mother lived a somewhat privileged early life, but a more difficult later life in part because of several immigrations (to Canada with two small children in 1956, back to the UK with older children in 1967, and then back to Canada in 1980) and subsequent efforts to establish family life and put down roots. As well, my father was in poor health for much of their marriage, at certain times requiring a lot of care, and all this occurred against a backdrop of familial economic uncertainty.

Having this old boat turn up on the West coast reawakened a part of her that was long dormant. The pieces of her life were not well connected. Each disruption emphasizing the very different ways she lived her life through this time and reinforcing the discontinuity. Reconnecting in this dramatic way with Carlotta she found the thin thread linking her childhood, youth, and early adulthood in the UK with her life as a mature and eventually elderly person in a different country.

Several years ago I took up sailing. I'm not sure quite why. At this point, having sailed for several years, I know I really like the way being on the water connects me with nature as well as the slightly anarchic feeling of just taking off with destination undefined by roads or towns, and the sense, especially in BC, that I can get into truly wild places leaving them more or less as I find them.

It's the feeling of independence I get when I'm on my boat. It's the feeling of strength I get when I when deal with unpredictable winds, tides, and the mechanical problems of boating. It's the intensity of it all.

And, now whenever I walk into my 102 year old mother's apartment, the first things I do is look up to the right to read the barometer on her wall. It's only then that I feel properly prepared to discuss what the day has in store for us.



## CS36 Merlin Owners Manual

The owner's manual for the CS36 Merlin is now posted on the CS West website:

[www.csyachtswest.org](http://www.csyachtswest.org). It is in the Technical section in the black bar at the top of the page. Thanks to Bill Loach, SV Jewel II, for scanning and sharing this document with CS West. It looks like the CS 22 is the only manual missing from our records. Does anyone have one to share with CS West?

### Your CSYacht Owners West 2016-17 Executive

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**Newsletter**—Becky Wageman [bwageman125@gmail.com](mailto:bwageman125@gmail.com) 360-393-2170

Website: <http://www.csyachtswest.org>

### Please Patronize Our Supporters

Currently, five West Coast chandleries offer discounts ranging up to 15% to CS West members. They are:

- Steveston Marine at all its lower mainland stores (you'll have to be on their mailing list to receive the discount - see the website)
- Massey's Marine Supply in Ladner,
- All Bay Marine in Sidney
- Spencer Marine & Consignment in Sidney
- The Harbour Chandler in Nanaimo.

As well, CS West members are entitled to a 10% discount at:

- Quadrant Marine Institute in Sidney off its seminars and at-home courseware,
- JM Marine Canvas in Victoria off all its canvas products and services, and
- UK Halsey Sailmakers in Sidney off all goods and services, including specials.

Please refer to the website for the latest list of supporters and, whenever possible, patronize them.

