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# Bobcat & Catalac

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## Cruising Association



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NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2001

Here we are rushing toward Christmas and another year. The older I get, the less I get done in the day and the faster the days go. Do other wrinklies find the same? This will be our final Newsletter this year, so I must try to remember to include all needed to bring you up-to-date.

The Committee met yesterday, so plans for the future have been discussed and decided. First and foremost was the ever present question of finances. All costs seem to escalate rapidly. We have tried to keep subscriptions at the current rate, struggling for several years – now the time has come to bite the bullet – We had a very divided response from many of you, so hope we have struck an acceptable happy medium. It seems that we shall have to take on a 2-tier system, for E-mail is so much cheaper than printing and postage of a Newsletter as we have been accustomed. *I do apologise and am sympathetic to those who do not have access to this modern, rather impersonal, method of keeping in touch.* We know that we shall, inevitably, lose several members this year – every time we need to amend standing orders and similar, this happens, but the cost of everything around has overtaken us. As a result, the following will be the categories. I do hope there will be only a few who opt for category c) for I do hate losing touch with anyone.:

- a) £20 p.a. for your letter to be sent by E-mail. For this, we must have your E-Mail address, Precisely please.
- b) £25 p.a. for your letter to be printed and posted as in the past.
- c) Your name taken off the membership list.

Your subscription will include a printed copy of the Register, sent by post to everyone in March / April, We have your address but would like to include your boat's harbour let us know. Further copies may be ordered at £5 each.

We enclose a **Standing Order form** with this Newsletter,, so that you may notify your Bank well in advance, before they send £15 and then debit your account with a further sum – giving hassle all round,

*We shall try to interest advertisers in the Register, so if you know of anyone who would like to help by placing an ad – do please let me know.*

Furthermore, we shall be happy to include any **Sales or Wanted** items which you would like us to advertise in the Newsletter. £10 per entry. Just a few lines please. ( see back of standing order form)

Now, on a more cheerful note, let us welcome several new Catalac owners to our ranks.

GUY DE MOREAU Rue Keyenveld 36, 1050 Bruxelles, Belgium.	TI-PUNCH CL 8.185	JOSEPH PSAILA MANCHE 13 "Manderley", Omerado Bres St. Ta'Xbiex MSD 11, Malta	SAMEN EEN CL 9.116
SERGE & ANNIE DESFIEUX A Cercles, La Tour Blanche, 34220 Verteillac, France	THALASSANA CL 9.135	JOHN & JUDY TRUEMAN 38 Froggnal Lane, Hampstead, London NW3 6PR	PATIRI CL 9.153
ELGARDO & LEONOR TAMARA 5021 SW 151 Terrace, Miramar, FL.33027, U.S.A.	CATMARA CL 10.03	CHARLES & JUDY TOMLINS 3916 SE 16 <sup>th</sup> Place, Cape Coral, Fl. 33904, U.S.A.	JUDY-JUDY CL 12.02

**In January, during the run of the London Boat Show, we shall have our annual dinner in London. I hope we shall see very many of you there. Please do not feel you will not enjoy yourself because you know no-one. Come along and we will make you feel welcome and soon you WILL make new friends with others who have at least one interest in common. Dress is informal and the meal inexpensive, only the company is above average! but you must buy your own liquid refreshment!  
The date chosen is Friday 4<sup>th</sup> January 2002. ....Tickets will cost you £21 each.**

In order to leave some room to keep up with the adventures of others, I will stop waffling and let you enjoy the start of Aku-Aku's travels and the closing chapters of Pinkle Purr's epic voyage.

With every good wish for a very happy CHRISTMAS and an enjoyable NEW YEAR

## SAILING VESSEL AKU-AKU By DAVE THOMAS

Paris had no sunshine welcome for us, the weather had been so kind to us until then so we really cannot complain. We were alongside a quay neatly tucked in astern of a floating restaurant with a fine view of the Eifel tower illuminations for one night. Then on, as tradition seems to dictate to the Paris Arsenal Marina which really is in the heart of it. To our surprise there were also two other Catalacs there. They were both 8m types on a similar route to us. We compared notes briefly then went off to explore. Fascinating is really all that can be said, as it is not possible adequately to describe the adjacent vicinity in a mere newsletter.

The Marina is very well run with staff about as helpful as it is possible to be. The facilities are excellent and security first class. It was a little odd to discover that the Peniches some times went right through the middle of the marina! With some regret we decided we must depart and press on. We felt it could be all too easy to become enthralled with the obvious interest of the city. We could easily lose sight of the objective which seems to have become going as far south as possible.

Continuing along the upper reaches of the Seine brought its own special delights. Probably the grandest properties we have ever seen overlooked the riverside. The imaginative and tasteful architecture has to be seen to be believed. Every one occupied by a multi millionaire, who else could possibly afford them? The adverse downstream water flow makes for slow going but the vista is so magnificent that it does not seem too irritating. It was however working the motor quite hard for long periods. A morning pre-start up check revealed a trace of engine oil in the coolant tank. Apprehensive thoughts of head gasket trouble sprang to mind. A catch tank was fitted to the tank overflow so that we could scrutinise its contents after fully topping up the heat exchanger header tank. We were about to cruise along another section of man made canal and we were afraid of it being built with the hostile concrete sloping banks which we had earlier encountered just after Calais. Taking a chance, the cylinder heads were tightened down a little. Past experience had demonstrated that such interference can sometimes make matters worse. There were no spare head gaskets aboard. Everything else!

The next section of the canal (man made) in fact turned out to be particularly charming. Beautiful long tree lined stretches, flat water and frequent tiny locks which seemed only just wide enough for *Aku-Aku* to squeeze into. Five metres is the dimension which matters so I will let readers ponder the fact that *Aku-Aku* is 4.3m in her beam! There were many grey heron, all of which could not seem to grasp the idea that flying ahead to escape the oncoming boat was not intelligent. Ducks behaved in a similar manner but one expects it of them. We did find a few black swans which are normally native to Australia. The locks were manually operated by keepers of varying dispositions. Their supposed half-hour lunch breaks appeared to be extendible whereas the working day seemed to contract to well inside the published hours. To be fair, they sometimes start at seven, so their insistence on lunch break is not unreasonable. Most were pleasant and helpful in response to our very limited command of their language. An encounter with an opposing peniche provided considerable interest. Their skippers are in fact absolute gentlemen and their skill in handling their boats can only be marvelled at.

As we progressed, the commercial traffic diminished and the lock keepers became more amenable to the point of being downright helpful. One morning we were asked what time we would like to start. Another keeper actually thanked us for coming to France. We do make as much effort as we can with our schoolie French, the only snag is that they think that if you speak the language, then you also understand it! Not always so, I wish now of course that I had paid more attention at school but it is surprising how much of it comes back sometimes. We are now being treated to sightings of coypu. We slacken speed and try not to frighten them. Kingfishers are frequently seen, one flew alongside us for a while, stopping at times on the bank while we caught up! Their brilliant plumage is extraordinary. Still the same friendly waves and welcoming smiles greet us. Ladies seem to be particularly pleased when the hat is raised. I think the biggest broadest beaming smile I have ever seen was from a lady Peniche skipper in response to this form of salute! Her smile remained with us for many kilometres. Again the weather is unbelievably good even though autumn leaves are beginning to settle on our decks.

The engine has thundered on exhibiting no further gasket trouble symptoms. We crossed the astonishing viaduct at Briare. Built by monsieur Eiffel, it is a truly amazing masterpiece of engineering, 11.5 m wide and 662 m long. It is dead straight and one can see from end to end whilst passing along. Its height above the valley it crosses I do not know, but it is truly breathtaking! We also saw the *incredible seven ecluses built by Henri IV, they ascend a hillside looking like a giant staircase, they have now been replaced by automatic locks. These are particularly good but the absence of a keeper gives them a certain eeriness, especially the ascending ones where an unseen hand closes the doors, thus shutting the boat into a vast concrete chasm with slimy green walls full of cascading noisy water. Satanic belches gurgle within the automaton's belly as the water rises, boiling and swirling. Scary! In the downgoing ones, it often seems a long wait for the automatic doors to open allowing escape. In one instance they failed, but a keeper appeared like a genie out of a bottle and thankfully he quickly remedied the fault.*

So we are now alongside a pleasant stop and a visit to the local supermarket extraordinaire is necessary. We grossly overstock many items as the three day French weekend is looming and we have often had to call a halt deep in the French countryside where there are no shopping facilities. The shopping trolley, which actually goes in a straight line, is overflowing and a second is almost called for. **We steel ourselves for the bill! There must be some mistake. It is a little over half what we would have expected in England.**

This leads me to reflect on the state of Britain by comparison. It is sad to realise the extent to which the long-suffering British are being ripped off at every opportunity. Government is seemingly top of the list closely followed by harbour masters. At many of the canal-side Marinas, payment for an overnight stay with electricity supplied is actually refused! The reaction is almost as if offer of payment amounts to insult! What a contrast to the incredible treatment we received at Lymington. **I will spare readers the details!**

What No Water? But what is this? We are beginning to get the feeling that something may be wrong. Ours is the only boat in the canal. By turning out early one morning, we had stolen a march on the tedious convoy we were in. We believed we were well ahead. Lock keepers are actually waiting for us with lock open. We are making amazing progress. Then of course it all became crystal clear. Ahead the canal was shut! We had missed the last locking by a few hours! The marvellous weather we had been enjoying had starved the system of water. Later in the day the following convoy caught up with us and came to a halt. Some had arranged rendezvous ahead with relatives and friends, which they would be unable to keep. Since the problem stemmed from natural causes, the return to normality could not be predicted and we were obliged to sit it out in a Marina where we would be kept informed of any change in the situation. Charges were payable but they were so small as to be well worth the convenience and relative security. The local supermarket was again very comprehensive, as are most in France. They make those which we are accustomed to seem rather inadequate and lacking in variety. The town is delightful but the weather is beginning to feel distinctly autumnal.

Here we met Peter and Liz who had elected to swap their sailboat for a rather grand motor vessel. Their tale of woe was frightful to contemplate. First they had hit a sunken wrecked peniche whilst coming up the Seine. Doing fifteen knots, a perfectly legal speed at that point, they sustained colossal damage to props and rudders. It is a credit to the type of vessel, a Birchwood, that she did not sink. In response to a "Mayday" they were taken in tow to a yard where the boat was hauled out for repairs. Whilst this was in progress, they returned to Britain. Repairs completed they returned to collect the vessel only to find her broken into and robbed of everything of any use or value that could be removed, stripped or prised away. Undaunted, yet another insurance claim saw them on their way once again, only to be confronted by the canal closure and a totally seized Sureflow water pump. For the unenlightened this means no water supply at taps or shower, as the boat had no form of manually operated back up water supply system. We have not yet asked if the boat's name was changed when purchased, but could the gods be angry? The run of bad luck continued when a new water pump turned out to be faulty and quite useless. A great deal of time was wasted in the fitting of it, only to find it must be returned for another. The boat must have a Jonah stowed away somewhere!

There has been little in the way of downside to the adventure so far. However two things stick in our memory. The first was when we arrived at our second halt shortly after leaving Calais. The area for going alongside was adjacent a touring caravan site. The free water and electricity supply had been pirated, since the area was fully occupied by what we sometimes refer to as "Travellers". We felt distinctly nervous and apprehensive as this was not at all what we had expected. Adding to our apprehension, the travellers were depleting the local duck population with the aid of shot guns! Several ducks cruised up and down, one of their number quacking loudly for a very long time indeed. We concluded that its mate had probably finished up as supper on the open fire which was set up in the camp site. We departed very early that morning somewhat disenchanted. However, there has been nothing like it since.

One evening, having secured alongside a pontoon, this time with the benefit of free water and electricity, Michele preparing a meal in the galley was confronted by a **rat** which had boarded and was very interested in attempting to gain access to said galley. *Could it have been partial to curry we wondered?* It was quickly persuaded to disembark and we were amazed that in an instant it simply dived below the water surface. We departed that particular pontoon and went alongside a stretch of concrete where we would more likely be safe from the rodent's aspiration, thus foregoing the facilities provided.

So now we must simply wait as more boats arrive at the impasse! The town, whilst delightful is quickly explored. A few boat crews are quickly on first name terms with local innkeepers and restaurateurs. A young single-handed German is scouring the town for a new wife, armed only with a single French phrase. In view of its form of enquiry, he may find himself slapped on the face or possibly challenged to a duel by an angry husband.

**NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED**  
**By LUCIEN CONTESSE**

## **Chapter 39**

Sunday 22 October

After a few nasty blows in the night, the wind has somehow slowed down and shifted from south to south-east. Finally, I can hope to make some south. All yesterday's sailing of 67 miles on the counter has taken me only 11 miles further south. I am encountering a southerly swell of about 6 – 8 metres. As my working jib has expired, I am now running the genoa as a jib. This is a sail only for light winds and I have to watch it. I furl it in every time a rain squall comes close. If the wind stays, I might even make one or two degrees south, which would be great. New Zealand, or the Bay of Islands, is only eight more degrees of latitude away or 480 miles in a straight line. That does not make me very happy but I have to obey

the power of Nature that has its own way, always! Position E.172.09, S. 26.57. Before sunset, I take the genoa down as the wind seems to be gaining in strength. I cannot afford more trouble in the night, as the moon does not rise before midnight.

23 October

At one of my regular lookouts I realise that the wind has greatly slackened. The sea is still rough but I unfurl the genoa anyway. Johann is so finely trimmed that the boat sails in an undulating movement. The bow turns into the wind but, through lack of speed, does not pass through it. After about 20 seconds, Pinkle Purr turns away from the wind, she starts to gather speed and comes back in a long curve, till she comes to a standstill, but does not go through the wind. This manoeuvre will repeat itself ad infinitum if I do not stop it. In this way I do not gain much mileage but I let it be for the time being. At 10.00 am. and 12.00 am. I get a good shot at the sun through holes in the cloud cover and get a fix. Pure luck I would say.

This climate here is already so cool that I have to wear socks. In the night I need a sleeping bag and a blanket. I have now and then "cold feet" anyway, but not from the weather. By 7.00 pm. I drop the genoa and set the storm jib. This is a wise decision as, in the night, there are a few nasty gusts. Otherwise everything is OK.

24 October

My sailing from yesterday has effectively brought me some south latitude but also west longitude. My course was SSE as hard on the wind as possible. The calculation of the position shows that I have made 40 miles south and 36 miles west. From the miles to the west, I assume that 24 miles or more are caused by the westward current and the difference to 36 by drifting. That would not be a drama, if I had not already overshot New Zealand by 200 miles according to my longitude. The problem is, I have constantly SE to SSE wind. This lets me make some south but also forces me, every day, 24 or more miles west. So my real course over ground is SSW to SW in these latitudes. I should have mostly westerly winds, but it just does not happen. I am in a real dilemma. I decide to sail east or north east, dependent on the wind, thus gain some of the unwanted west mileage back. That means also, that I am sailing now east or northeast and losing some of my south latitude, for which I had worked so hard. The whole situation is unsatisfactory, whichever way I look at it. The westerlies just do not come. If I fight my way back to the east, at least 300 or 400 miles, then I might be in the same situation as now, when the westerlies return. I am sure whatever I decide will be wrong in the end. This place called New Zealand is not easy to get to. I decide to go east. Position E.170.40, S.26.39. Log 62 miles.

25 October

It is difficult to say what I have achieved. The south latitude is approximately the same. On the longitude run to the east, I have gained about 35 miles. I expected a much worse result. The weather in the last 24 hours has been less rugged with at least some sunshine. I am really missing my working jib, as the genoa is, for this weather, too big and too light. At noon I change course to the south for 24 hours, just to see if there is really that much current. Position E.171.19, S./28.44. Log 37 miles.

26 October

I have changed my mind, I sail first for 6 hours east and then turn south. Today I lost only 3 miles east longitude but gained 65 miles south. That was not bad at all. The sea is still rough but the sun shines.

27 October

The beginning of the night is very confused. Lots of wind and short waves make the noise in the boat nearly unbearable. After midnight the wind subsides very quickly. The sky is now clear and the stars so bright, such as I have seldom seen. The air must be without any humidity or movement. Otherwise the stars would not shine so brightly. The barometer is unbelievably high, reading 1028 millibars. These are the conditions of an anti-cyclone, so we have practically a lull, but the current is not sleeping. The 20 – 25 miles a day drift hits hard, if there is no wind to compensate. It cost me at least 8 hours eastward sailing for every day. But my hopes of arriving in New Zealand in about one week's time, are rising. Position E 171.00, S.30.59. I will sail eastwards again, as soon as I get some wind. From last night till now, I am sure I have again lost a few miles through the current. Pinkle Purr is drifting. Why am I so angry? I should enjoy it. What are time and a few lost miles anyway? The sun is shining and that should be good enough.

28 October

Not much changed in the last 18 hours. The breeze was very light, at about 4 kn. Up to today's noon I have made 27 miles against wind and current. I have lost 7 miles south latitude, which in these circumstances is very little. I'll try to make east again for the next 24 hours, if the wind does not change. The sky is slowly clouding over and sprinkles of rain are falling. It is cool. Noon position E.171.28, S.30.52. I hope the weather is not turning bad but the barometer is still high. I am getting impatient. I would like to arrive in New Zealand as soon as possible, but Nature does not heed my requests. Log 27 miles.

Today there is nothing much to report. The wind blows at 25 kn. But there is beautiful sunshine.

30 October

The morning position line says that Pinkle Purr has made 60 miles east in the last 18 hours. I decide to turn south again, at least until noon. The wind is somewhat less but the sea has very short and steep waves. The road is infernally bumpy. The sun is shining out of a blue sky but the wind is so cold I am dressed up to my neck. Unfortunately the 60 miles east are wrong. I have made a mistake in my calculation. Position E 173.00, S. 30.30. Log 38 miles.

31 October

With my noon position from today of E.171.47, S.30.35, I am near the necessary longitude for Opuia, on the east coast of New Zealand. I decide to make some more east, as the wind has shifted to the south, just when I could use an easterly. I counted on it, that something like that would happen. Well, I just need a few more days to reach New Zealand. By watching carefully I manage to get a noon shot through a hole in the clouds. After that everything is grey again. I am happy, even if I make only slow progress. Hopefully I can soon turn my bow to the south with a usable wind. Log 47 miles.

1 November

The wind has slackened considerably. I make only slow progress but I am running south. I have made 17 miles to the east and 13 miles to the south. The sky is steel-blue again and its cool if not cold. Position E.174.04, S.30.48. I hope the good weather lasts till New Zealand. I have had enough of the bad. The only thing left is hope. Log 22 miles.

2 November

Three weeks today since I left Suva and I have 300 miles to go. My time limit of 30 days given to the harbour master in Suva, is nearly up. I would not like to be the reason for a search and rescue action. As I put down the four weeks' travelling time to New Zealand, the officer asked astonished, "Do you really want four weeks?" Jokingly I said, "Why not? If I make it in 12 days that is even better, but one never knows"

The night is very quiet. A light breeze at about 5 kn. lets Pinkle Purr move quietly south at 1-2 knots. Unfortunately the westward running current makes my course more south westerly. I just have to accept it. The sky is overcast again, so that I cannot get an early morning position to calculate my drift. By 8.00 am. the breeze changes to south and I am sailing east. The forecast for the north of New Zealand reports fine weather, so I assume that nothing much will happen out here. Position E 174.02, S. 31.21. At noon the cloud cover has disappeared by 80% and it is sunny again, but we have practically no wind. Log 33 miles.

3 November

I wake up shortly after midnight. Something has disturbed my sleep. I am listening and know immediately what is wrong. I can hear nothing and the pitch of the boat is barely noticeable. The wind has disappeared. The sea is oily flat, only a light swell runs in long intervals, above me is a superbly starry sky. Everything would be paradise, if I were not to be soon overdue. As I can do nothing about it, I go back to bed. The current of course is taking me west on its back without consideration for my travel plans. If only the compensation wouldn't take so much time. What can I do? I sleep on it and wait and see. In the morning I get a position at sunrise, without a speck of a cloud in the sky. Then I have breakfast and calculate my sun-shot. After that I read a part of a crime story and go to sleep again.

The weather forecast for New Zealand promises fine weather and variable winds up to 5 kn. So, by and by, I get some puffs of a breeze, but not for long and I make headway to the south-east by compass, which of course is falsified by the current. Slowly, slowly I am making south. Position E 173.30, S. 31.19. As I can see from my position we did not go south but 30 miles to the west and 2 miles north. A most disappointing result. One more day without success. With the best of weather, the day ends. The breeze has stopped and we drift irrevocably to the west. How much will it be tomorrow?

Sunday 4 November

Fortunately I get some wind in the night. This time from the west. It is only weak but steadily increasing. During the morning there are a few showers, but now the sun is shining again. The weather over New Zealand is deteriorating and worsening conditions will soon affect me here. At the moment we are making good speed but we are still 200 miles away. Perhaps I'll have a little more luck with the wind from now on. The sailing time from Fiji to New Zealand is becoming ridiculously long. Position E 173.50, S. 31.57. Log 43 miles.

5 November

The night passes quietly with a steady wind. The clouds are covering more and more of the sky. Everything is grey, grey. A position line is not possible; the sun is not available. Showers of rain are coming in short spells, without an increase of wind. I go back to bed and read a book. At 11.00 am. the first sunbeams penetrate the cloud-cover. Life on board is immediately more comfortable. If it clears before noon, I might even get a position, which would be a bonus, as I am approaching New Zealand. Plotting a position at this time, with so many assumed facts, like real mileage over ground, drift through current and boat's displacement by wind, is not very reassuring. Sometimes one has to rely too much on luck and assumptions, which is more than dangerous so close to land. But I am in luck and get what I need. Position E 174.45, S.33.23. The afternoon promises to get better, but that is a deception. The wind changes from west to south, without my



noticing it. The sky puts a blanket on and is as grey as in the morning. I am about 120 miles from New Zealand and on the right longitude, but in a new dilemma. Do I go east, which would be easy, or do I go southwest and take unwanted 25 miles drift with me? If the wind turns west, then I have to sail back. If it turns southeast, everything would be OK. If I sail southwest, I will make some south and get a free ride to west. If the wind then turns to west, everything would be fine but, if it turns to southeast, then I have to sail back too. Besides all that, I shall soon be close to land, which makes the situation even worse. What shall I do? I don't know! Log 98 miles.

#### Chapter 40

Monday 6 November

After a restless night of sailing to the east, the sun rises in a brilliance that blinds the eye. I take a morning shot and then change my course to south as well as it will go. I assess my position and find that I have made 19 miles to the east during the night, from E 174.45 to E 175.04. This gives me a small reserve against the current. The wind stops for a while and then returns from the southeast at about 5 kn. Under these conditions Pinkle Purr makes probably more west than south. The sun shines nice and hot and warms my feet. For the moment, who cares about the drift? Over noon the cloudiness increases and a weak southeasterly comes up, which develops by 3.00 pm. to a 20 kn. wind. Waves and foam hills are flogging Pinkle Purr and all around us everything is grey. Rain is on its way but, hopefully, it will pass us. I change sail just in time, as it would have been a wet affair. The wind is cold. At 4.15 pm. everything is finished. The wind is dead. Far away it is still raining. The waves created are tremendous. Pinkle Purr stands on the spot and is pushed around incredibly by the watery hills, which are still climbing one another. What will come next? The wind returns about an hour later at 10 kn. and blows all night. In the early night I get a tuna fish on the hook, approximately 10 – 15 pounds. I kill it and let it lie in the cockpit, as the weather is cool enough. Log 20 miles.

7 November

Before sunrise, I cut the two back parts from the tuna and throw the rest overboard. What a waste! One of the fillets is my breakfast, a marvellous tasting fish steak. It is far too much. The rest is for the fishes. At 7.45 am. I shoot my 90 degree position line and at 10.00 am. I sight land for the first time. It is a hilltop; question is, which one? By the sailed distance it should be in the Bay of Islands but I will not have a confirmation before noon if the sun is still shining. The cloudiness of the sky is increasing steadily. I am already nervous. Position E.174.21, S.35.07. OK, this is the place. I have approximately another 15 miles to go to the harbour of Opuā. I hope I can make it before nightfall. I stay on the helm, as the boat is badly balanced through the reefed main and the boomed out genoa. Pinkle Purr makes only 3 kn. I have the impression that we are going at a snail's pace but that is only my impatience. Small islands are visible and seem to lie in the entrance to the bay. I feel a lot better now, as the land is coming closer and closer. The sun is shining warmly on a nice afternoon. Time is running out for me to reach a place where I can anchor before nightfall, so I start the outboard motor and hope to make it with its help. The outflowing tide brakes my speed and I am still 5 miles away as darkness falls over the sea. I am motoring on nevertheless. Navigation lights give me some help to find my way. I see the light of a village and steer to it. The sea is not very deep here and I decide to anchor. When I move the gear to neutral, the push rod breaks. More work for tomorrow. I drop the anchor in 20 metres of water and set the yellow flag for immigration. 9.00 pm. and I finally have made it to New Zealand, after 27 days! The worst trip I ever made. Tired but happy, I go to bed. Log 90 miles.

8 November

At dawn I get out of bed and clear up the boat. Then I start the repair of the motor. A fishing boat comes alongside on its way to the fishing grounds and I am asked if I want to clear in. I say yes and am advised that this is Russell and not Opuā. Opuā Wharf is a few miles further up. I extinguish the anchor lights and make breakfast. At 10.00 am. a light breeze comes up and I sail the last few miles with the genoa only. My nervousness has gone and I have all the time in the world. With my field glasses, I can see the jetty, but the situation is not very inviting. The jetty is far too high for my boat, as we have low tide at the moment. When the flood comes in, my boat could easily be squashed underneath. The difference is about 3 metres between low and high tide. Friendly helpers give me a hand and welcome me to New Zealand. I am advised that the customs officers will be coming on board in the afternoon. This gives me time to finish my diary for today. New Zealand will be my home for a long time to come, if I can find work. I need money urgently. The officials who come on board in the afternoon are very friendly and helpful Kiwis. I have no problems to get the forms filled out by the officers, all part of their service. They enjoy my offered drinks and leave. Hurray! I am free to go!! As soon as customs have cleared me, the lady from the post office brings my letters to the boat. The office is right on the end of the jetty. If all the people are so friendly in New Zealand, I should like to stay here - for a while anyway.

Thursday 9 November

I didn't know that I would stay here for the next 10 years ,,,, and beyond!

**ORDER FORM**

**B.C.C.A Membership 2002.....due.....1<sup>st</sup> January ..... By post.....£25.00**  
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**ADDRESS.....**

Please pay	<b>BANK</b>	<b>BRANCH TITLE</b>	<b>SORT CODE</b>
	<b>BARCLAYS</b>	<b>CHRISTCHURCH</b>	<b>20 -- 11 -- 39</b>
For the credit of	<b>BENEFICIARY'S NAME</b>		<b>ACCOUNT NUMBER</b>
	<b>BOBCAT &amp; CATALAC CRUISING ASSOCIATION</b>		<b>8 0 1 8 4 2 6 8</b>
# the sum of	<b>AMOUNT IN FIGURES</b>	<b>AMOUNT IN WORDS</b>	
	<b>£ 20.00</b>	<b>TWENTY POUNDS</b>	
commencing	<b>DATE &amp; AMOUNT OF FIRST PAYMENT</b>		<b>DUE DATE &amp; FREQUENCY</b>
	<b>1<sup>st</sup> January 2002</b>	<b>£ 20.00</b>	<b>1<sup>st</sup> January</b>
Quoting the reference	<b>DATE &amp; AMOUNT OF LAST PAYMENT</b>		thereafter  *until you receive further notice from me/us in writing and debit my/our account accordingly.
	£ SUBSCRIPTION		

PLEASE CANCEL ANY PREVIOUS STANDING ORDER OR DIRECT DEBIT IN FAVOUR OF THE BENEFICIARY NAMED ABOVE, UNDER THIS REFERENCE.

**SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.**

**ACCOUNT TO BE DEBITED**

**ACCOUNT NUMBER**

**SIGNATURE'S**

**DATE.**

## Sails For Sale

### Balloon Staysail

Luff 9m, Leach 9.4m, Foot 5.3m, Colour White, 5 s/s hanks, leach line.

### Staysail

Luff 4.3m, Leach 4m, Foot 2.25m, Colour white, 5 hanks.

### Spinnaker Staysail

Luff 5.85m, Leach 5.1m, Foot 4m, Colour red, wire luff and leach line.

### Tallboy

Luff 10.2m, Leach 9.5m, Foot 2.7m, Colour white, wire luff and leach line.

### Staysail Genoa

Luff 5.1m, Leach 6.1m, Foot 4.8m, Colour yellow, wire luff, 6 s/s hanks

All £50 each can be viewed in Surrey (near junction 9 M25) or possibly Christchurch. All the sails are from a 9m Catalac but would suit any other boat with suitable luff length.

Also, I have a Mariner 15hp twin cylinder outboard for sale, £100 as seen. Did work a couple of years back but now needs some TLC.

Peter Denning Tel: 01306-748736 07796-997320 (mobile)

## Charts for Sale

*3 Charts for sale,*

*IMRAY*

*C23 EAST COAST of SCOTLAND*

*C24 FLAMBOROUGH HEAD to FIFE NESS*

*C27 FIRTH of FORTH*

*1993/4 updated 1995 only used once, as new £15*

**Bob Freeman: Tel:01793 852 855**