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APRIL 2002

Hi there Bobcat & Catalac sailors, how the time flies, its now April and the clocks are set to GMT +1 to tell us its Summer Time ? but I am not sure that the weather knows it yet, we are still getting a mixture of sun, wind and rain and the temperature has been struggling to get over 10 c. The Committee meeting held last month went very well, with us discussing every thing appertaining to the Association. Peter Gimson and Rick Harvey have done a great job in sorting out your subscriptions and boat details, Peter especially has been burning the midnight oil occasionally to get things sorted and on to the computer. The 2002 register is being printed ready to send out with this newsletter. In the past the register has been sent to UK members only, this year we will include all members abroad as well. The cost of Printing and postage are the main costs of the association. We would like to say a big thank you to those of you who are sending in Articles, Stories and Pictures, these will be used in future newsletters and also entered for the Presidents Cup.

PLEASE KEEP THEM COMING.

The AGM is to be held on 20th. April in Bournemouth, any member wishing to attend contact P.Gimson before the 12th. April for details.

Studies for my Cevni (French Canal) licence are coming along slowly and preparation on *Think Again* are well under way. I am at present modifying the table arrangement, fitting a roll away table between the two bunks. I will try and do an article at a later date. I am also tilting the dog house to give extra height and to try to stop the rain running down the neck of the helms-person.

Good Sailing Bob Freeman. President.

TIP OF THE MONTH Flares.

Have you had a look at your Flares lately, it's a good idea to check them over, note and write down the date of purchase and the expiry date if they have one ? Flares made for the leisure industry don't always conform to the same standards as for commercial craft.

As Flares are expensive it is probably a good idea to purchase a 1 or 2 new flares every year, leisure flares have a recommended life of 3 ½ years, but kept in a proper container and in a dry damp free environment, if possible, they should be ok for a further couple of years ? Keep a record and change different types of flares each year. Carry out Regularly familiarising at least once a year by skipper and crew Its also a good idea to have a white hand flare handy while on passage in case you need to be seen by another vessel in a close proximity situation.!

If you have flares to dispose of then see your local lifeboat or coastguard station or your local fire station may be able to help ? The RNLI sea check service can supply flare demonstrations for yacht clubs in the UK.

Call Freefone : **0800 328 0600.**

Remember Flares can be Dangerous
Fire all Flares to Leeward / Downwind
So that Smoke and Debris is Blown Clear.

If using Parachute Flares,
keep clear of Sails and Rigging.

And
not when there is a Helicopter Close By



OWNER'S MONEY SAVING MOD...

*Your readers may be interested to know that my husband & I decided to try a different prop on our **9.9HP 4-stroke Yamaha** outboard fitted to our 8m Catalac. The outboard comes with a standard 9.25" pitch x 11". We changed it to a prop of 11" x 11" and found our petrol consumption virtually halved, with no loss of top speed, or thrust (we even made steady, but slow, progress against Littlehampton's mid-ebb at springs!). However, Yamaha only supply this prop in plastic and it did not take long to become damaged. So, we found an alternative.*

Streamlined Props of Unit 17 Cavendish Mews, Grovenor Road, Aldershot, Hants GULL 3EH, can repitch (and cup) the original alloy prop for an inclusive cost of £35. They can also replace hub centres at a much lower cost than the purchase price of a new prop. All for now. Keep up the good work with the newsletter.

*Yours sincerely =~~~"-- Dawn Austin
CL. 8.155 "TOODLES"*

HAS ANYONE ELSE TRIED THIS PROP????



CURIOUS CRUISERS

Published by: Judy & Paul Thompson (Squib CL 9.200)

Date: August 2000.

Gibberish!!!

No that's not what I'm about to write (hopefully!), this is the nickname given by the Gibraltarians to their language which is a curious mixture of Spanish and English, often in the same sentence. At the most western end of the Mediterranean, Gibraltar is the place we had aimed for before making our journey back to the central and eastern Med.. Although, unlike our Greek and Roman predecessors, we know there is a world beyond the two 'Pillars of Hercules' which stand prominently at northern Morocco and Gibraltar and one day we hope to explore the shores of the Caribbean and America. For now though we are content to explore the Mediterranean shores.



We arrived at Gibraltar just over a year after leaving Brightlingsea and logging **1900** nautical miles. Approaching by sea, the rock loomed majestically and we considered the many stories we had heard about it and arrived with mixed feelings, but looking forward to being taken on a trip into history and for this we were not disappointed.

The rock must be one of the most fought over pieces of land in all time and much of this is documented in the museum. The town itself consists of many defence structures and fortifications and although the whole place is only 5km long and 1 km wide the community is huge and condensed. On a trip to the Upper Rock Nature Reserve we stood beside one of the pillars of Hercules and had a panoramic view across to northern Africa, Gibraltar Bay and down the Straits, before exploring the St Michael's caves, which is one of Europe's most dramatic grottoes with the most spectacular stalagmites and stalactites. Finally we saw the famous tailless monkeys known as Barbary Macaques. We knew they were wild and lived as such, but were surprised to see how people friendly they are. However they may look gorgeous and cuddly, but we were advised not to touch them. Wise enough (*being monkeys*) to realise we represented food, they quite happily walked amongst us accepting the proffered fruit and nuts and posed for photographs, many carrying their young and each demonstrating their individual, amusing characters.

During our 7 day stay we got a bit lazy with our Spanish, gorged ourselves on English food from the local Safeway store (porridge, cheddar, Paxo, oxos, sausages....) and stocked up on booze and cigarettes (gin at £2.99 litre Bacardi at £5.50 litre 200 cigs at £6.80!)

The laws and currency are British, but they drive on the right; motorbikers wear helmets too we noticed, something which is completely taboo in Spain! Commerce seemed to observe British hours with no 3 hour siesta in the afternoon, just as we'd got used to the Spanish custom. We were also kept entertained by a parrot owned by an American couple on a neighbouring catamaran on their way to their homeland, they had a young baby and the parrot mimicked the baby and wolf whistled all day long!

The strong sun had by now taken its toll on my hair and with the many self chops which I had subjected it to, it now resembled a cross between *a marmalade cat and a bog brush*, so I went shame faced on a trip to an English speaking hairdressers for a trim insisting Paul, who couldn't see what all the fuss was about, came along. Thankfully I now look a bit more human.

Our journey to Gibraltar continued from Alicante where we left you in our last newsletter in June (which, incidently we were surprised to find out that most people did actually receive despite attaching, by mistake, only half the correct value in stamps - oops!) and when our mail arrived we set sail along the Costa Blanca. After a few miles we arrived at Torrivieja, which we discovered was a bit touristy, but had other qualities like a marvellous chandlers selling second-hand nautical odds and sods, providing a wonderful opportunity for a good old rummage.

Torrivieja port has a fair size marina with a sheltered harbour and we decided to anchor in the latter along with a dozen or so other craft. The dinghy was launched to take us backwards and forwards to the town for provisions etc. We made ourselves comfortable and did some distance chatting with our neighbours and on our second evening towards midnight, we were treated to a very spectacular storm, which we could see advancing in the distance before surrounding us with a wonderful display fork lightning. With the rain lashing down and the wind howling, we had naturally battened down the hatches and checked we were secure, so it was a shock to acknowledge **the clunking noise** we could hear was actually our anchor dragging along the sea bed with the force of the elements. With all hands on deck and our hearts in our mouths as we headed for the harbour wall, we managed to fire the engines and reset the anchor with more chain after drifting about 200 metres backwards in seconds. Soaking wet and chilled, we witnessed 5 other boats having the same problem, which albeit unfortunate, made us feel a little better.

After a couple of days the weather reverted to a pussycat again and we journeyed along the coast to Mar Menor. A curious inland sea lying parallel to the Med. measuring approximately 12 miles long and 6 miles wide not suitable for all boats as it's very shallow in parts, but we draw very little so not a problem for us and in we went via a swing bridge. We headed for the quiet southern side to a small, very cheap marina called Puerto de Los Urrutias.

Our first priority was to find a supermarket and the marinero (marina staff) assured us there was one about 2km away. Off we set on our bikes passing olive and lemon groves and after 5km or so we saw a field of onions being harvested manually by 60- 70 men and women with large hats, but no supermarket. The afternoon temperature was beginning to affect us and after another 5km we had stopped at a crossroad wondering if we'd ever find the shop and which way was it, when a man stopped in his Merc. got out and starting gesticulating in a friendly, but astonished way. We initially had no idea what he was saying as our Spanish hasn't progressed that well, but concluded he was simply in awe of our folding stainless steel bikes with their small wheels that could carry all shapes and sizes! We asked him in our pidgin Spanish to direct us to the supermarket. He got

back into his car and escorted us along a busy road with an uphill gradient at 20mph with us puffing like mad trying to keep up! 10 minutes later we arrived and he once again got out shook our hands expressing obvious pleasure at meeting and being of service to us. What a nice man! Needless to say when we arrived back home we went to the beach had a much needed swim to cool down.

We spent the next few days with our echo sounder working overtime in these shallow waters, exploring the remainder of Mar Menor and meeting more friendly locals and watching an impromptu air display by a lone fighter pilot from a nearby small airport doing loop the loop and other aerobatics. Apart from the buoyed areas along the beaches swimming was not a good idea as it seemed the jellyfish were out in force over the whole area after being trapped in this inland water and breeding like mad, an annual problem apparently.

time to leave and this time our GPS navigated us to Cartagena a town steeped in history and a busy and fascinating port, one of the largest naval bases in the Med. Watching the huge frigates and other vessels going about their duties in military fashion kept us entertained during our 3 day stay. Our daily alarm clock at 8am was reveille played on a bugle and the last post played at sun down. We had a joint celebration meal one evening with some friends, Nicky and Ron, their reason - Nicky's birthday and our reason - Zoe achieving a 2:2 degree in Multi Media Studies, which we were thrilled about. We're very proud that all 3 daughters have achieved a degree, but we can't agree where they get their brains from!

Departing Cartagena the wind couldn't make it's mind up and sea decided to become confused as well, but we plodded on stopping for one night each at Mazarron, Garrucha and San Jose meeting two couples just completing a circumnavigation and relating their many adventures. I also saw my first flying fish which, as opposed to a jumping fish, does actually flap its wings to fly quite a way out of the water.

The sea by now had settled down to a more comfortable smooth to slight, which the Spanish report on their weather forecasts on the VHF radio as "smooth with ripples"! and we departed the Costa Blanca and moved into the Costa del Sol passing Almeria to dock at Aguadulce 5km beyond.

Aguadulce is where many seafarers stop for the winter months and when we arrived there were still a few stragglers left and it wasn't difficult to slot into this friendly community and enjoyed many social occasions. Our mail needed to catch up with us and with the airport close by to return to the UK for the forthcoming graduation, we decided to stay for a month.

The marina is situated at the foot of the Sierra Gador a huge mountain range and this acted as a giant radiator keeping the temperature high all year round, hence the popularity with the live-aboards for wintering. We also found it was incredibly cheap to eat out here and spent a few evenings starting with a beverage and tapas (which is a saucer sized mini-snack often provided free) and a meal to follow for £4 each including drinks.

One day towards the end of June whilst on the nearby beach, we watched with interest as people started building bonfires along the 10km stretch of the bay. Later in the evening families started to arrive with BBQ's, food and in particular sardines, drink and other paraphernalia ready to party. By 11 pm the fiesta was well under way and still more people kept arriving. The bonfires, some by now had guys on, were lit around the bay, music was playing and then at midnight everyone went into the sea for a swim. It transpired the following day that it had been the eve of the feast day of St John the Baptist, known as 'la noche de San Juan' and the fiesta is meant to drive away the evil spirits of midsummer, the 'guys' represent the undesirable elements from the past year and the dip in the sea is a purification process.

All good fun and of course part of the adventure!

Back to a cold, wet Britain, spending a day in Croydon before driving to Wales, taking my Mum with us. Emma and John have just bought a house in Cross Hands and found us a corner amongst the cardboard boxes for us to sleep. Sam had just been offered a job as a pet passport control officer based at Dover to start in August, so fortunately for us she was also in Wales - 'between jobs'. Zoe's graduation went very well and naturally we were the proudest parents there! The weather was fortunately kind and we later enjoyed a family meal together to celebrate. It was very special for us to spend time with our family. We had to spend some time in our house preparing for new tenants to move in and unfortunately it proved quite time consuming and once again we didn't manage to see everyone.

Back to Aguadulce, Squib, the sun and the adventure. After catching up with a bit of sleep due to our early flight from Gatwick, we were ready to set sail again, and continued our journey stopping at Almerimar. Only a short distance around the bay at the southern point, but with a strong head wind and the current against us it was hard going. We intended stopping for one night only, but the wind had other ideas and blew at a force 8 the following day so we stayed put for another day.

With the forecast promising an improvement we set off again to a small town and port called Adra. With no moorings available we anchored in the harbour, fine as long as we didn't do the drag act again! The town was more of a village with not one souvenir shop in sight and although optimistically they had a tourist information centre, there didn't seem to be any tourists. We liked it so much we stayed for a couple of days and set about some maintenance tasks on boat and ploughing through the undergrowth that had attached itself to our hulls.

Anchors away and off we went again heading for Motril. We were joined for a short distance by a lone turtle doing turtle paddle alongside. A little further along, a school of dolphins had some fun playing chicken around our hulls. Such graceful, intelligent creatures and entertaining to watch.

Motril was a disappointment, so without stopping we sailed for another 11 km and found a small cala to anchor. We had again unwittingly found yet another nudist beach and the subject of Rome cropped up again!!!!. By now it was the end of July and a time when many Spanish people take their holidays and at our next port of call we were turned away as there was no room at the inn. Left with no alternative but to continue, we contacted the marina at Benalmadena, another 38kms away, to reserve a berth and got under way once more. We arrived at our destination at 7pm after travelling for 12 hours and more than a little weary I only to be told there was a queue before us and there would simply be no room! What! But we had phoned?! Silence. After a while the mariner relented (with hindsight we realised he was waiting for a back hander - another local custom) and we were shown reluctantly to our berth, which proved to be uncomfortable in the swell and was among some boats seized by customs as drug runners, impounded and left to rot.

My sister Diane and her 7 year old son Frankie were due to arrive in nearby Malaga in a few days and after investigating the environment concluded there was plenty to occupy them during their holiday. A couple of days before they arrived, we went on a busman's holiday and cruised around the local waters and Paul put a couple of rods out whilst we drifted and caught a fairly large ray and then a 5lb tuna and I caught the sun. The tuna tasted quite different from the tinned variety and provided us with a few appetising meals.

Diane and Frankie arrived and settled themselves in. During their week's stay we made several trips to the nearby beaches, Aquapark and a trip on a cable car up a mountain, which unfortunately Diane wasn't keen on due to her aversion to heights. A local hotel had a drag queen performing one evening, so we gate crashed and had an hilarious evening and also met a couple of landlubbers called Don and Pat who had a lifelong yearning to go for a sail on a yacht. Happy to oblige, we arranged for them to come out with us the next day. The sea state wasn't playing though and with a bit of a swell we just motored a short distance along the coast. This we think thwarted any further aspirations on their part as Pat felt very sick and Don was very sick! Back in dock they recovered enough to enjoy lunch with us before departing back to their hotel.

Frankie became friendly with a boy and his sister on the beach and together with their mother we all enjoyed a meal in an Italian restaurant on Diane and Frankie's last evening. The following day we discovered a 9 day feria (fair) was about to begin in Malaga in honour of the 'virgen de la Cruz', the 15th of August being the Feast of the Assumption and Benalmadena was to celebrate in their own way. That evening we witnessed a mass exodus of boats of all shapes and sizes, which was surprising as sea conditions were not at their best, making their journey along the coast to Malaga to watch the midnight fireworks

Next evening we went by taxi to Benalmadena town, which in contrast to Benalmadena Costa was entirely Spanish. The whole place had been festively decorated and we strolled around the spotlessly clean town with its whitewashed houses, before watching a guest troupe of Canadian dancers and a Spanish version of Punch and Judy.

In another part of town was a small funfair and stage with a dance floor in front. Here the party really got going and after a female singer sung Spanish folk songs accompanied by an excellent guitarist, a 4 piece band with 2 female dancers entertained us with the many popular Spanish songs that have become so familiar to us everyday whilst listening to the radio. All the while everyone danced, some dressed in national costume and ate, drank and revelled until the following morning finishing about 8am. We left at an early 3am conceding defeat once more.

Adios BenalmAdena. Our plans to anchor somewhere near Marbella were impeded by our fridge throwing a wobbly. Designed to function on 12V, 240V and gas it suddenly chose to work on only 240V, which is difficult to obtain from the sea bed. As we had just stocked it up at BenalmAdena, we docked reluctantly in Marbella marina to conserve our provisions, plug into shore power and investigate the problem.

Marbella is legendary for being the first package tour destination back in the '60's and our preconceived image was one of Tourist Town, which in parts it was. However we were pleasantly surprised to find the old part of town has managed to retain some of its original character and has a well preserved 15th century castle, an ornate and interesting ancient church and a museum. During the evening we went to a music and dance event

timber, windows with perspex (so sleeping is dry and comfortable), hatches replaced with modern smoke-glass ones. Galley with 3 flames stove plus oven, gas pipes are according regulations insurance. Foot-pumped watertap, special built-in dustbin etc.

Floors done with teak veneer waterproof plates (conserved with 2 comp lacvarnish).

Equipment: mariphone, gps (maellan 300 with click-on stand), auto-pilot, compass, seafarer 4 depthmeter

Board lights: 3-color toplight, steamlight halfway mast, decklight, plus original board lights.

2 batteries (2000) x 65 AH, electrical system OK.

Extra (included): Achilles rubber boat plus footpump (2 persons)

All together: this is a very well maintained CL 8 (I never saw a better one, specially the interior),

It is a 'plain' and honest ship, ready to sail away.

I will maintain underwatership with anti-fauling before launching her again, probably within 3 weeks.



I hope this will give a good idea of our CL 8 If you have any question, do not hesitate....

Hope to hear from you, or to read you,

Nanne Douma

Lange Wijngaardstraat 18, 2011 RL Haarlem.

tel: ++ 31235316613

email: dieleman.douma@hccnet.nl

“Moondrifter” CL. 9. 55

£19.000.00

9m with extended sterns, creating a huge aft deck and added buoyancy.

Bukh DV24 driving an Enfield Z drive in S/B hull which turns with the steering.

Recent exterior repaint and Copperbot but still needing a little TLC and some modernizing.

Realistic price for a quick sale Lying ashore at Totnes Devon.

Further details contact Frank Meredith 01803 857335 or email schooladmin@gn.apc .org (after 12th April)

“Therapeutic” CL. 9.235

£35000.00

Little used 9m. built 1983 with twin diesels in excellent condition throughout.

Equipment: Sestral compass, Voyager log, Echosounder, & wind instrument, V.H.F. Lights cabin, tri, steaming, port /starboard & stern. Gas cooker 2 sinks & Baby Blake W.C. with spares.

SAILS main with slab reefing, No1 Genoa, No.2 Genoa, Rotostay, Cruising shute & snuffer (98)

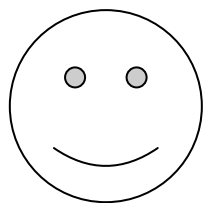
NEW 1998: Standing rigging S/S.....2 x Yanmar 1gm 10 and 2 rev. counters & both 10 gallon fuel tanks both engines serviced July 2001 now done 45hrs. only.

Extras: 10kg. Bruce 6m. chain...15 & 25 lb. Danforth 5m. chain...SL electric windlass Serviced (2001) Radar Furuno 1621 mk2.... Furuno GPS 30/35....Autopilot Autohelm 4000. all new (98).

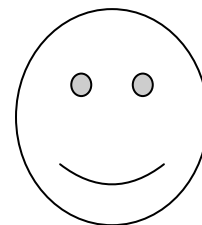
NEW 2001: 2 x 115 AH batteries ...steering cables ...Spinnaker pole...life lines..Lifebelt & holder...Jon Bouy..lifejackets & harnesses x 2...Boyancy aid...fire blanket.& 4 extinguishers..Coastal Flare pack & 2 x Whites... Boarding ladder warps & boathook
Dinghy Lodestar 230 inflatable floor & keel Oct. 2001. engine Yamaha 2HP serviced Aug.2001

The hulls were epoxied Aug. 2001 then antifouled. We have also replaced the carpets curtains and cockpit cushions, dodgers and backscreen to wheelhouse, renewed wheelhouse windows and fitted lewmar hatches to both front cabins. We have had the boat surveyed in May 2001.

For more information **Contact Bob Stephenson Tel: UK. 01935 814173**



WELCOME TO NEW OWNER



Lance Hemming of 12 Hardwick Rd. Pill, Bristol. BS20 OPG CL.9.231 DOUBLE BERTHA.

Please amend your new register, and keep us up to date. Don't wait until next year when you pay your subs. I am sure you will support the advertisers in the register, and let them know where you saw the add. To help ensure their continued support next year.

After the news letter adds we may have more new owners to welcome to our happy clan. I know there are more mods. boats and goodies for sale in later additions of our news letter.
Happy sailing, Peter & Sue Gimson.