

Founder



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Bobcat & Catalac Cruising Association

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B.C.C.A. Burgee

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Disclaimer

Neither the BCCA nor Committee will accept any liability for personal injury arising out of participating in any event, rally or race organized by or through the BCCA whether sustained by members, guests, or visitors, or caused by the said members, guests or visitors whether or not such damage or injury could have been attributed to or was occasioned by the neglect, default or negligence of any of the officers, committees or servants of the BCCA.

Boat Owners Third Party Insurance

It is the responsibility of all boat owners to have adequate third party insurance in respect of him/herself, vessel, his/her crew for the time being & his/her visitors.

August 2004

To all fellow Bobcat and Catalac sailors

THIS YEAR THE B.C.C.A. AGM.

WILL BE HELD ON THE 11TH. SEPTEMBER.

The start of the Southampton Boat Show is **10th. September.**

When you have finished buying all the latest goodies for your boat

Join us, rest your feet and quench your thirst at the **B.C.C.A.** supper.

If you don't fancy the boat show join us and quench your thirst anyway,
the parking at the pub/restaurant was free last year with plenty of space to spare.

The **B.C.C.A.** A.G.M. will be held after the supper in the

"The Round the World"

pub/restaurant at Town Quay Southampton which is situated next to the Boat Show

Saturday, September 11th. at 7.30 for 8.00

B.C.C.A members are welcome to attend, to discuss and vote on the future proposals of the association and election of the committee please contact Peter Gimson or Jeremy Bretherton.

Two of the many Photo's of the Bembridge Rally



>>>>>>>E.mail update from (Haptic Duo).<<<<<<<<

Hi there again from Haptic Duo.

We left St Peter Port, Guernsey on 18th June for St Marlo. But uncomfortable cross seas caused us to alter course for Jersey. Where we went into Albert marina, St Helier. There we sat through a visit by Prince Charles, and a storm with predicted 17-19ft waves.

We were glad to be so enclosed for once.

Derek flew home on 25th and unfortunately Maggie developed vertigo. One of the marina staff came to our aid and offered to crew for Roger to St Marlo. His local knowledge was most helpful.

On 28th we all crossed to St Marlo. Roger and Jeremy on Haptic Duo, and Maggie on the ferry. We changed over crew in port solidor in the Rance, just round the headland from the ferry port – and free. Then we passed through the barrage and into a lovely quiet mooring area for the night. 29th we moved up the river to plouer marina, a lovely peaceful old mill pool.

Then on to Dinan where we had lots of help to drop the mast.

Once under the very low bridge the whole world changes and we were in very peaceful tranquil countryside.

We traveled with two other English boats and have now succeeded in getting to the top of the canal system after the last 11 locks of Hedes, all within a couple of miles.

We are told that going down is easier! We hope so!

Family news- Derek has given us the date for his wedding as the 4th August, so we will have to arrange to be home by then.

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Why is it that one's children don't seem to understand that summer is for sailing not getting married.

My son arranged his marriage last August Bank holiday Saturday 300miles across London in a heat wave. Just the time when every man and his dog decide to go to the coast and to make matters worse--the local councils attempt to repair our overworked roads. This year after spending the last two building a new boat my daughter and family decided to move house back to Bournemouth moving date the 28th.July. The following week the four of them are flying off to Florida for in their words (a well earned holiday) and by the way dad can you get someone in to move this door and fit a new kitchen so it's all done when we arrive back in two weeks. It's so hard to say NO is it not? It will be nice to have them living on our doorstep for the odd job or babysitting till the wee small hours. The grandchildren's week-end stop overs are always a pleasure and we all look forward to them with glee, but g'andad the birds are singing at 4.00 AM every morning can ware a bit thin after a weekend or two. But WE wouldn't have it any other way would we?

I am pleased to see I am not alone with these minor every day family matters. Bob and Ann Freeman have one of their son's living in a caravan with the family in their back garden, having sold their house, furniture in store, while his house purchase is being completed.

Are well Let's see if we can find the summer and get away before the strong winds and dark nights are back upon us. ED.

Progress on C'est Tout and new sterns

Dear Peter

progress on C'est Tout has been slow and she is still out of the water, just before Christmas i was diagnosed with the big 'C' however caught very early and dealt with by one of the best head and neck surgeons, Mr Peter Rhys Evans and his team at the Royal Marsden, an operation and radio therapy and here i am getting fit again, this is as much an encouragement to everyone who i know will have had some family member or friend go though this but catching it early is the key! and let us all remember that an urgent private consultation will only cost about £150 the price of those new fenders!

anyway i am continuing to go ahead with the sugar scoops and have decided the only way will be to make a mould, the rudders are in fact made already and this together with the opening up of the saloon area and new teleflex steering to replace the cable system are pretty much all that is going on.

I shall not launch this year but will concentrate on getting C'est Tout finished (the wiring still needs to be braved)! and then fit and healthy look forward to next year.

i hope everyone else has been enjoying their sailing and have fair winds and plenty of sunshine (factor 25 at least please!)for the rest of the year.

I have valiant RIB i am selling which fits neatly on davits behind the 9m it is the smallest RIB you can get but i have inherited a new one so this is nearly 3 years old, £500 ono half of which will go to cancer research

**brdgs
Tim**

TARA DOS COMES HOME

There was something wrong with the 'system'!!

I suppose one can list the various conditions you meet at sea in some sort of preference order – say:

1. A fair wind, not more than force 4
2. A dead calm
3. A strong, but fair, wind. At least it will blow you where you want to go!!
4. A light contrary wind
5. A damn gale on the nose!!!

When we set out we normally expect force 2 to 4 here in the Med – and last year, as Burt Beresford recounted in his well deserved Bowl winning article, we encountered primarily No.5 for the first two weeks of our voyage to Greece.

Subsequently to Berry and Dorothy leaving us, Joan and I explored many more of those lovely Greek islands. We navigated the Corinth Canal (a fascinating experience!) sailed round several of the Ionian Islands and eventually ended up in Malta where Tara Dos was laid up for the winter.

We returned to Malta at the end of May to ready Tara for her return voyage – and there was quite a lot to do, including socializing and jollyng round Gozo with Frank and Joyce Wilkins of Matamata. Anyway – thus it was that on 17 June we set out from Valetta expecting, of course, a dead calm or light contrary!

What did we get? A No.1!! It was very light – but at least it pushed us in the right direction most of that day and the following night. We were heading North – first stop: SYRACUSE. We had to use the motors eventually, of course, but we got there just after midday.

Syracuse is a very large port with all the quays and town on the north side. Penny, a vivacious, attractive young lady was crewing with us and she did not like harbours. We had already seen enough of Syracuse to last us for a long time – so we dropped anchor on the south side of the bay to enjoy a beautifully peaceful night and several swims overside. This latter was very important because the temperatures each day are well up in the 90's and Tara was something of an oven.

Our intention was to reach Port Cervo, on the NE corner of Sardinia, around the end of August, so we had plenty of time to meander on the way – and that is just what we did. The following morning we did a bit of shopping (mostly Sicilian wines, of course) and then potted up the east coast of Sicily to the little port of Naxos, which is the harbour for Taormina, a fascinating hilltop village, very tourist-orientated but well worth a visit.

Ahead of us now lay the 'dreaded' straits of Messina where we would have to fight our way through whirlpools between the ill-famed Scilla and Charibdis. There are tides there too – about the only place in the Med. Having sailed through the Alderney race on many occasions and in very different conditions, I felt that this dire experience was going to need careful planning and preparation so, on the following day, we sailed on to the port of Reggio di Calabria on the toe of Italy – just under the nail.

This is a large commercial port but there is an excellent yacht harbour just on the left as you enter. It is safe and secure and nobody charged us for staying there. That is about all one can say about it except that there is an excellent restaurant about 500 yards out of the harbour to the north where we had a very good fish meal at a reasonable price. We met a couple of English long-distance lorry drivers there who told us that they always eat there when in Reggio.. and these chaps are now gene5ally connoisseurs o continental eating so their recommendations are worth listening to.

The market in the town is very good – but it is a mile away and needs a taxi drive. We were almost disappointed to learn that an earthquake some years ago had smoothed the sea bed of the Messina Straits so the perils of passing through had been diminished to little more than combating a 3 – 5 kn tide – or, of course, timing your passage to go with it.

Next day we set off in a dead calm 2 hours before the northerly set was due and plugged the tide for a time. There were a few whirlpools around but nothing like those round the Casquets and certainly nothing for us to worry about – though Penny found a lot of interest in them.

At the appropriate time the tide changed and we were merrily whisked along through the narrows and out into the Tyrennian Sea.

The first thing we saw that hot, hot, calm, sunny day was the most incredible craft I have ever set eyes upon. It was about 70 ft. long had a steel lattice mast some 100 ft. high and unbelievable bowsprit stretching 130 ft. beyond its

bow, also made of steel lattice work. There were two men on top of the mast and one out on the end of the bowsprit with a harpoon clasped in his hand. It was a swordfisher! Apparently all the controls are fed up to the top of the mast where the skipper controls the ship. The other man is a look out for shoals of swordfish and of course, the man on the bowsprit is poised to spear them before the disturbance made by the hull in the water scares them away.

Just north of the straits, turn right and you will find a little harbour named – guess! – Scilla. It is very small and not frequented by yachts but it is delightful. There is a tap on the quay giving ice-cold water and there is a little village on the hilltop above where you can buy all the usual things.

It was here that Penny made us realize that we truly were not in a hurry. “It’s lovely” she said “why do we want to hurry on?”

A French yacht came in alongside us and we made good friends. We stayed there four days – going out each day to anchor in some small cove or other in company. – and then we agreed to go together to have a look at the Lipari Islands which lie some 25 miles to the west of the north coast of Sicily.

It was about this time we realized that Penny was not only a good English cook (for we had some superb meals with her and her husband Richard in their home) but was also a master (or should it be mistress) of Italian cookery. She warbled on about Tagliateli and Vongoli and things like that which meant nothing to me. I thought all Italian food was Spaghetti Bolognese (a la Brighton) Anyway she went shopping in various ports we put into and came back with a very depleted kitty purse but the makings of the most superb and different pasta dishes which I had never imagined could exist. Never again will I be toffee-nosed and look down on Italian food – the which I had been inclined to do.

Anyway, on with the cruise. We motored and sailed and stopped and swam our way to Volcano, the first of the Lipari Islands you come to from the East and, as far as I can learn, the only one with any adequate shelter for visiting yachts. There is a knob at the north end of the island that you can sail round and drop anchor at either side depending which way the wind is coming from. The minute harbour is not worth looking at, but the modern little village is charming. There is a natural sulphur bath on the beach that many people visit for health reasons. It is just a hole in the ground which you wade into – being careful to wear shoes because the sand under your feet is very hot. Take great care if you want to sit down and wallow! And in the sea by the shore the hot sulphurous water bubbles up, but, at least it’s cooler there.

We stayed there three days and then, still with our friends, went on to the main island of Lipari. This we found uninteresting, unwelcoming, and uncomfortable. There was nowhere to anchor in shelter – the small harbours were all banned for visiting yachts – and we spent an unpleasant night wallowing in a swell and wondering what the weather was going to do.

Next day was 30th. June and we felt we ought to be making a bit more headway, so we said goodbye to Jean Marie and Isabel and set off northward for the Gulf of Policastro on the Italian mainland...some 100miles away. .

On the way we put into another of the Lipari group of islands – Panaria. We dropped anchor in a lovely little cove called Cala Fanco. The holding was deep and a bit precarious but it was tranquil and very beautiful. Unfortunately the Cala was full of jellyfish which made swimming a problem so we decided not to stay the night and push on.

We upped anchor at 1530 hours and set sail –soon finding a fair but gentle wind. This really was proving to be the most tranquil sailing holiday we had ever had. When awind arrived it was generally in the right direction – when there was no wind whichever motor we decided to use started first touch of the button and purred away for hours without a hiccup or an oiling plug or anything –really quite boring! At the end of the cruise I had put on half a stone!. Nothing to do but sit and drink.

By 1130 hours the next morning we had closed the mainland of Italy and had dropped anchor off a small town called Camerote. We distained the harbour in favour of diving overboard whenever we wanted to – which, in the prevailing heat of the summer was often.

A ramble ashore and another tranquil night and the next day we sailed on to Scario, our objective. This is a lovely little harbour and a beguiling little town. We arrived on 1st. July and didn’t leave until the 6th. One day Joan and I bussed up into the hills behind the town looking for a village called Bosco where Jean Marie and Isabel had found some really good white wine a few weeks earlier. We failed to find the white wine – but we found some really good red and humped a carafe of four litres all the way back to Tara. Regrettably it didn’t last us very long. We should have humped two or three!!

The whole Gulf of Policastro is unspoilt by tourism and is very lovely – but – particularly in the town of Policastro itself, we felt an animosity towards English people which we had never experienced before. Perhaps it is the tail-off of some unfortunate military event which occurred in the last war.

Despite that it is an area well worth visiting for anyone cruising along the Italian coast.

By 6 July the barometer had started to drop. Nevertheless, we decided to head on and cleared Scario with a course round Cabo Palinaro to Accioroli – which we reached by 1615 hrs.

Accioroli is a good harbour – safe in almost any state of weather – but getting into it is a perilous operation. There are underwater rocks all over the place on one's approach. Even in Tara – drawing only 2 ft 9 ins we were worried. There is, of course, one good channel, which Denham vaguely describes, but it is quite unmarked. The barometer continued to drop that night and next day –but there was no sign of any change from calm conditions we had become so accustomed to. Thus, on 8 July we cast off and set course for Amalfi.

We reached Punta Licosa about 1300 hrs – and found the reason for the barometer drop. A very strong NW wind was blowing and seas were quite high. By 1445 hrs we were back in Accioroli! Fair weather sailors us. Accioroli seemed a very pleasant place to be in. The wind continued all next day, so we stayed put. However, on the following day, Sunday, 11 July, we cast off and had a glorious sail to Amalfi. I 8 hours we did the 40 miles, with no worries ... except to identify Amalfi.

Visibility was poor and when, eventually, we saw the great mountain range which runs from east to west our problem was to identify which of the small clusters of houses at the base of those cliffs was the one we wanted – the only one with a harbour. However, with no tides to worry about, we had blind confidence in our DR and kept straight on. We were right on course – of course – and slipped into the pleasant little harbour there with no trouble at all. By 1400 hrs we were tied up and sitting back knocking off gin and tonics.

Amalfi is a lovely little town – but, of course, tourist orientated.

The great mountains behind make a spectacular backdrop and at night lights twinkle all the way up. To us, though, it was hot and oppressive in the harbour. That night was the final of the World Soccer Cup. We had been in Scario to witness the effect of the Italians getting through the quarter finals. It was tremendous – but nothing compared to their winning the Cup. A large Italian boat next to us had a television set rigged on deck and we joined in to watch. I think we were as excited as they were when Italy beat the Germans – and they brought out a bottle of champagne for us all to celebrate. The town went mad. Guns went off – cars paraded with enormous Italian flags blowing their horns continuously and young men and women jumped into the water with all their clothes on from sheer high spirits. The noise and cheering and shouting and hooting went on until the early hours and I am sure that there was hardly a car in Amalfi which had enough battery power left to start it next morning. It was a wonderful evening and we were so glad to have been in Italy to see it.

30 July we moved on. After all there was still a lot to see and we only had a month. We set course towards Capri. On the way we put into an idyllic little cove called Sina ierant – open only to the west. We decided to stay there for the night. But, by 1630 hrs there was a swell coming in and the wind had built up from the west – about F4. No way could we stay there tranquilly. We upped the anchor and motored off the 10 miles or so to Capri Island.

Several friends had told us that Capri harbour was a bad place to stay in. It was crowded and the constant arrival and departure of ferries churned up the water and made living aboard very uncomfortable. We did not find it so. We tied up to a very nice berth – nose onto the quay – and were told to move to a smaller one. No problem. We moved and passed two very peaceful nights there. The only complaint we had – if it was a complaint – was that we were charged £10 per night. At least there was plenty of water available on the quay. This was the only time in the entire trip that we had to pay harbour dues.

Capri, of course, is entirely tourist orientated to the N'th degree. A cup of indifferent coffee in the town on the hill above the harbour cost me £1.00. We didn't buy a lot there but we stayed for two nights and really did enjoy the place.

I don't remember if it was here or earlier that Penny bought her three cigarette lighters. Probably it was earlier. Anyway, the story of this is that Panny came aboard with ONE lighter only. Within 3 days she had lost it. I gather she always loses her lighters. Now I keep my lighter in any one of 4 specific places. I am very careful about this. It is left either by the compass – to deflect it – or on the cabin table or in the Navigation room or in our cabin. Nowhere else.

In no time at all Penny – bless her – blow her – found where I normally left it. From that moment on no one could find it. From time to time it was found – behind a cushion or in her cabin or in the cockpit or anywhere. But meantime, we both had to use matches for our smokes. Eventually Penny decided to clear herself and bought 3 lighters. She gave one to Joan to keep for her and managed to find one or other of the remaining two for about a week. Then she was stuck again – and back to matches, unless she asked Joan for her last hope. By this time I was

getting worried again. My lighter might start disappearing once more. But the answer was there. Penny is superstitious – very – and no way will she have anything to do with anything Green. Fortunately the Med can be called Blue – so she swam in it very happily – but what she does with grass and trees I have yet to find out. Anyway, there lay my answer. I went ashore and bought a Green lighter. Thereafter my lighter was always in the place where I had left it. The only trouble was that when Penny wanted a cigarette she asked me to light one and then lit hers from mine. You cannot win – can you?

Next month we will go back to the sailing as we get away from expensive Capri

FOR SALE AND WANTED

Catalac 8/201. CAT-NA-MARA built 1986, with twin Yanmar diesels. Lying Isle of Skye.

Sails: Main, Roller Furling Genoa and Jib
Wheel shelter with removable canvas back and sides.

Equipment:

VHF Radio: Demek RS 8000 GPS: Global GPS 6 Depth: Seafarer Log: VDO Sumlog SL

Wind: NASA Clipper Compass: Plastimo Stereo: Blaupunkt Water Heater: Paloma

Space Heater: Eberspacher Cooker: Plastimo Neptune 2000 Fridge: Electrolux

Gas Detector: Plastimo Solar Panel: Solarex 30 Watt Bilge Pumps: 1 manual – Whale

2 x electric – Rule – with manual and automatic switching Fire Extinguishers x 3 and Fire Blanket

Diesel Tanks: 2 x 43 litres Water Tanks: 2 x 90 litres & 1 x 35 litres

Anchors: Danforth with 6 mm chain Bruce with 8 mm chain anchor winch.

Mast climbing steps Flares Fenders Cockpit Cushions

Avon dinghy and 2 hp Mariner outboard

The boat was last surveyed in 2001,
it has been lightly used and I am hoping to get £23,000 for her.

For details phone 01346 514375 or e-mail graham.souter@which.net

.....E.mail from John Trueman.....

I would be interested to know of members experience in trying to get the engines to drive the 9m or 900 against wind and tide.

I understand that it is possible to fit 20hp Volvo engines successfully. Any other thoughts would be most welcomes. Has anyone tried with bigger engines???

Regards John Trueman

To be honest John, many have tried bigger engines but the problem is twofold one being the extra weight at the rear. The other being the designed hull speed and shape ie. The stern will dig deeper in the water the more power that is applied. I have heard many tales of 10, 12, even 15 knots being achieved depending how much money has been spent. That's perhaps a bit cruel but I have yet to see anyone water skiing behind a Catalac, but there is always a first time. ED.

