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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.

May 2005

To all fellow Bobcat and Catalac sailors

Hi folks,

the sec is away sailing so all reports and pictures from Bembridge will appear on our web page.

Catalac Meet Friday 27th May – Sunday 30th May at Poole.

Friday 27th

Meet at **Bramble Bush Bay**.

Proceed through the entrance of the Harbour at Poole and having past the Chain Ferry turn south and follow the beach through the moored boats to the clear water at the southern end of the moorings.

Take care to keep to the channel as there are drying sands to the West of it. Once in amongst the moored boats there is plenty of water.

It is hoped that with plenty of warps and fenders, we can raft up and all take the ground at low water (1920 BST. 1.2m) together leaving us able to walk across each others boats and have a really good opportunity to get together.

There are no facilities for purchasing a meal here but for a rather expensive Fish Restaurant on the beach so we expect all to be providing a meal for the evening.

Saturday 28th

Breakfast on board. (Low water 0800 BST. 0.9m)

As and when we are ready and floated free of the bottom (1100), sail or motor in convoy across to South Deep and around Goat Horn Point, past Fuzzey Island, Green island, the West of Fuzzey Island and Brownsea Island and across to the beach to the West of Poole Yacht Club.

It is hoped we can again raft up leaving plenty of room for the Mirror Dingies to be launched from the slipway to the West of the Club as there is a very large competition being held from there that weekend. Several of us are members of the PYC and so long as we do not expect to avail our selves of anything other than snacks and drinks, we can have use of the clubs facilities as signed in visitors. Barbeque on the beach in the evening or in the boats if weather should be inclement.

Be sure to bring seats, food and BBQ trays on which to cook.

Sunday 29th

Breakfast on board. We should float off at 1100 (low water 0900 1.0m).

We plan to walk through the club, to the lifting bridge being sure to cross it before it opens at 1230, and complete the 1 mile walk to the RNLI College for Sunday Lunch (£7.50). This is a splendid building and is well worth the visit. The usual facilities are available as there is a bar as well as a restaurant. Those that might wish to stock up on some more provisions can on the way back call into ASDA, which is next door. There is an alternative option here for the brave that being to either dingy around and moor the tender up to the rear of the college or to take the boat through the bridge on the 1230 opening and moor in Holes Bay. This option is of course not risk free as there is little room in Holes bay, a lot of mud and if you dry out there you will have to time things very carefully as you will need to be up and afloat in time for one of the bridge openings, (0730,0930,1030,1230,1430,1630).

Monday 30th

Breakfast on board. Low water is 1020 BST so we should be floating free by 1220. Those wishing to get away earlier will have to position themselves strategically during the Sunday evening. Those wishing to stay in company can of course move on to anywhere else within the harbour that suits them. Again snacks will be available at PYC for anyone who wishes to eat or drink there during the day.

Note! Chris & Aleck of “Minou Chaud” live within a short walk of PYC and know that you will enjoy your visit given the weather gives us half a chance. As with all plans there are several alternatives to those that have been outlined should conditions on the day dictate so be prepared for plan two.

We shall need to have numbers of those wishing to attend Sunday Lunch at the RNLI College, so please let us know soon. E-mail aleck@mq-sales.fsnet.co.uk or tel: 01202 661164 or mobile 07905 105596.

I for one am looking forward to this event and ME-AND-ER will attend please let Aleck and Cris your intensions as soon as possible. ED.

Indeed I myself while sailing in fog find my sense of direction confused and have to force myself to believe the compass. Without GPS and modern aids one can kid oneself that the headland in the distance is the one we were aiming for.

I am sure that as you read this, your brain is more than capable to complete this simple test—or is it.

All you have to do is count every “F” in the following text:

(FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.)

How many did you get? I am sure you are right but just look again the answer is on the next page. ED.

Adventure oui, relaxation non!

Spiders - they get everywhere!!

Spiders are wonderful creatures....but! The entire population of spiders in France has decided to hitch a ride on our boat and jump out on me when I least expect it. We've found them everywhere - down below, on deck, in the rigging and in every locker. The favorite place is in the mooring lines and as tying-up is usually my department, I get quite a few surprises.

We settled into life in Sancerre very nice and enjoyed Mandy's cooking and hospitality on several occasions. Denis took us on a trek into the wilderness with the kids to gather nuts which were windfalls from some trees. They will be ready to eat at Christmas, by which time they will have dried thoroughly.

One of the best aspects of this life is the many fascinating people we meet and, while docked in St. I Satur near Sancerre, we met a wonderful lady called Griselda, well into her eighties, who had travelled from England last November and wandered around the canals of France in her 17 ft. Hardy yacht all on her own. She cycled everywhere. A great inspiration. When she came onto our boat for a cup of tea we were chatting away and a spider crawled up my bare arm, so trying to be brave I just brushed it off. Griselda jumped up and rescued it and put it safely on land! Awesome.

We finally said au revoir to Mandy, Denis and the kids towards the end of September, to continue our journey along the Canal Lateral a la Loire. We once again grew accustomed to passing through the many locks and stopped at La Carite, Marseilles les Aubigny, Fleury sur Loire, Decize and many other interesting places and it was about here we started to notice the invasion of the Germans. Everywhere we looked, everywhere we went there they were in hired boats. We assumed it must be stop fortnight in Germany and nodded sweetly at them.

We became quite friendly with two German couples sharing a hire boat or "bumper boat" as they are nicknamed, and travelled for a few days with them, until we lost them for a while. When we found them again, it was at a junction in the canal and we were heading for Diou and they for a port de plaisance (marina) in Dompierre sur Bresbre and I noticed they were standing on the stern waving a flag backwards and forwards. Recognising this as a distress signal, I alerted Paul and we rushed to assist, only to find they were fine and just saying goodbye!

HOW MANY three? You are wrong there are six no joke try again- the reason is that the brain cannot process of now go back and look again anyone who counts six first time is a genius three is quite normal and four is quite rare.

The next stretch of canal was to take us in a northeasterly direction along the Canal du Centre where I revived some muscles and stamina I had lost years ago!

There was a lock every 500m in places. We set a new personal record of 32 locks in one day. At least the spiders decided to call it a day for a while, as there was no peace in the lines!

At the junction of the Canal du Centre and the Saone river is the very picturesque town of Chalon-sur-Saone, which was to be our next "long" stop. The port de plaisance is situated on the right bank adjacent to a small island. This configuration creates a very strong current on the stretch of water in between. The temperature and the barometer had dropped and when we arrived there had been a couple of days of unsettled weather and the current was particularly strong. This coupled with a huge amount of debris like whole trees floating downstream, obviously created a very dangerous scene. However we surprised ourselves by mooring with no great effort or problem

The following morning we awoke after another wild night (the weather that is) to find we were surrounded by flotsam and jetsam, particularly between the hulls and a tree alongside had jammed under the port hull which was facing the river not the pontoon. So while I got on with the important

business of breakfast, Paul attempted to clear the debris. Cutting through a hot crispy croissant, I just happened to see two legs disappearing into the river! I quickly went on deck to try out my "man overboard" skills when two men appeared from nowhere to help, so I never go the chance but thought I would be more useful getting the survival blanket from the first aid box. Meanwhile Paul managed to manoeuvre himself around the boat and onto the pontoon, hindered rather than helped by the two men.

Standing in the cockpit soaking wet, cold and steaming like a Christmas pudding, we just laughed and Paul laughed even more at the sight of the survival blanket (I don't think it was funny). We were soon joined by the rest of the marina who had come to see the commotion!

This spectacle was to be the start of a day of spectacles. The strength of the current was underestimated and, as the day unfolded, there were all sorts of scenes of boats getting in difficulty manoeuvring and debris causing havoc, the worst culprits being the bumper boats who caused an incredible amount of damage and, just went on their way.

Nevertheless the town of Chalon was very appealing so we decided to stay for a week. It transpired that it was home to Nicephone Niepce, who allegedly invented photography, although we understand this is controversial. Anyway there is now a very interesting museum housing his works and a huge collection of innovative and ingenious cameras and equipment.

It was also a good opportunity to use the marina as an address to catch up with our mail, which we arranged for Zoe to send. During the week it was our 27th wedding anniversary and to celebrate we went for a really tasty French meal in a nearby bistro, although Zoe sent us a packet of Schwartz spaghetti carbonara, this being the smallest "student" package she could find! Thanks Zoe. Our aperitif that evening was a bottle of Champagne, courtesy of Will and Lynne (thank you both), very decadent. We were joined by a Scottish guy on the neighbouring boat, who had plenty of interesting yarns.

As I've said before, the boating community is full of interesting people and once again we met an inspiring English couple, Ann and Paul, who had spent several years living in Gibraltar, but had decided to return to native Jersey. Never having been in a boat before, they thought it would be quite exciting to buy a 32ft motor boat and go by sea. So, along with 4 cats they set out along the Spanish coast in June, toward their destination. Incredibly, several hundreds of miles later, when we met them, without any major mishaps or at least none they would admit to!

By the end of the week, the weather had improved considerably and it had proved to be quite productive with much swapping of charts and English books. But the lure of the Med. is strong, so we got underway heading directly south down the Saone and with the current going our way it created a surreal speed of 10 knots!

The one thing Paul has missed is his beloved rugby and the BBC World Service doesn't have it on their list of priorities. So when we stopped for the night in Macon we moored near a converted tug owned by Gini and Ken, who we have bumped into (not literally) many times, and Ken said he had booked a table at a nearby cafe/bar to watch England play South Africa. Before you could say Will Carling, the English rugby shirt was on and we were on our way to the bar! Needless to say beaucoup des bieres were consumed and a good time was had by all.

Further on downriver the scenery was becoming much more hilly, the river banks less defined and suitable mooring places less frequent. One late afternoon, when we arrived at a lock we were told there would be a delay of about 45 minutes. Unfortunately it was a french 45 minutes so, 2 hours later, when we finally emerged from the lock the sun was disappearing rapidly and darkness setting in. It is not recommended to travel on the waterways in the dark and even the commercial skippers avoid it. I have the greatest difficulty seeing in the dark, although Paul doesn't have that problem fortunately, because for the next 8 km I stood on the bow with the torch defining the river banks and buoys before finally arriving at our destination, the marina at Les Roches de Condrieu. I was totally spooked, Paul thoroughly enjoyed it. All part of the adventure!

It is very hard to relate how fascinating and intriguing some of the stops have been, but we have found some very quaint, primitive villages. They usually consist of a couple of bakers, a bar\cafe, a communal square and a church with the obligatory clock which chimes every hour and has bats in the belfry. The

roads are narrow, only one car width if that, sometimes. But the one common factor is everyone is very courteous and friendly and, to a certain extent, curious of this catamaran that resembles some kind of sea creature drifting along. We have grown accustomed to waking to the sound of ducks waiting for their breakfast and herons sitting in wait like scrunched old men, before taking flight along their territory. The swans are always plentiful, as are the jumping fish. Paul continues to enjoy fishing and has caught chubb, roach, bream, carp and the obligatory quantity of catfish, still using sweetcorn. He did try using a caterpillar which I found in a lettuce, without much success!

We left the Saone river at Lyon and joined the Rhone river, heading for Avignon. When we arrived at Avignon we considered ourselves in the south of France and couldn't help singing the song "sur le pont d' Avignon" etc. and in fact, the port de plaisance is just below the St. Benezet bridge where the nursery rhyme originated. We stayed for 2 weeks, mostly because the atmosphere was exciting and was safe to leave Squib to make a trip back to Wales for a week (thanks for putting up with us for week Peter - sorry that should be putting us up for a week!)

Avignon is a walled city with much of it contained within the mostly intact walls. Until the revolution it was under Vatican rule and the Palais des Papes is the centre of attraction. It is very much a city of artists and thespians and we spent hours being entertained by the many buskers, in fact we were very tempted to winter here but eventually decided to continue further south.

We left Avignon on a Monday and, as we passed the clock tower just beyond the famous bridge, we noticed the time was an hour earlier than our timepiece. We arrived at Vallebregues, a short distance down river, settled down and went to explore the little village and the obligatory clock chimed on less. Apparently the French had altered the time the previous Saturday night and we had not realised

The following morning we awoke to a commotion on the nearby slipway involving a motor boat being lifted into the water by a crane which had been hired for the day for the purpose. Quite straightforward really, except that in France this took several flasks of coffee, 3 families, lunch with wine and a great deal of discussion and it took all day! The French couple who owned the boat, which was obviously their pride and joy, invited us to join in so, of course, we had to oblige and late afternoon the launch took place with a quick check for leaks, lots of frayed tempers, expletives and waving of arms the way only the French know how. Paul was happy to oblige with the lines using some muscle power which was evidently in short supply and I helped with the warming of the baby's food (I'm still not quite sure why I was enrolled for this task!) All in all we had a very entertaining day and we met some lovely people.

Before we left the following day, Monsieur came running over to us with a huge canvas bag full of apples, to send us on our way with Madame waving an enthusiastic "bon voyage" in the background

We are now in a place called Arles which is 40 km from Port St. Louis and the sea. It is a Roman town with plenty of ruins to explore. It has a Roman amphitheatre and arena which is now used as a bull ring. Thankfully there will be no bull fights during our stay but apparently, it is very important for the economy of Arles.

Since Macon, we have managed to watch the rugby in several places and last night was the final, with Australia playing France so, of course, we found a suitable bar with a screen. During the warm up and all the hype, a few French men drifted in, but it obviously wasn't as important as it is in Wales. However, the people that were there took it very seriously and we got the impression that they thought we were supporting Australia, especially as we had our yellow waterproof jackets on! In truth we didn't support either team but played up to them. Friendly banter ensued and a journalist and a photographer from the local rag joined in and, before we knew it, we were being interviewed and Paul had his photo taken with two of the loudest of the crowd! Again, beaucoup des bieres and Pastis. The French are very good losers.

This morning we have woken to another Rhone phenomenon. The Mistral. So far to-day we have witnessed a 60 m peniche being slammed against a wall and a nearby unattended motor boat becoming detached from its mooring and drifting down the river, before being rescued by Paul and a guy from a neighboring boat. Such heroes! It is a vicious wind, which shows no mercy for anyone who gets in the way. Fortunately, we are in a relatively sheltered spot and, despite the wind, the sun continues to shine in a cloudless blue sky.

On a final note, a boat has just arrived on the pontoon and moored directly behind us.

All part of the adventure!!!!

GOODS FORSALE IN THE MARKET PLACE

1. PAIR OF MAGANESE BRONZE, ONE INCH O.D. $\frac{3}{4}$ I.D. ADMIRALTY WATER FILTERS IN LINE, FINE MESH.....PRICE: £15.00 each.
2. ONE HUNDRED FEET OF NEW 5/16 CHAIN COUPLED TO ONE HUNDRED FEET OF 15mm NEW TWIST ROPE (NYLON).PRICE: £100.00

CONTACT JOHN GREEN Tel: 023 9246 2502.

Bernard Warden has these items and a 9mtr. Catalac for sale

ALL THESE ITEMS ARE NEW.

<u>Ref No.</u>	<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>RRP</u>
<u>BARTON MARINE ITEMS.</u>			
	1	1 Towable Genoa Car	60
	2	3 Fiddel Swivel Block	9.82
	3	1 Triple Swivel Block	60
	4	1 Double Reverse Shackle	32
	5	1 Single Fixed Eye Block	17
	6	1 Towable Genoa Cars 2:1	60
	7	3 Single Block Swivel Becket size 4	11
	8	2 Single Snatch Block, Snap Shackle. 10mm	36
	9	3 Single Block Swivel Becket size 5	26
	10	3 Double Swivel Blocks 10mm size 3	15
	11	1 Triple Block Swivel Becket size 3.	22
	12	1 Double Rope Clutch 10mm.	70
	13	4 Size 1 Deck organisers, 4 sheaves.	35
	14	1 Size 1 Deck organisers, 5 sheaves.	36
		1 Size 1 Deck organiser, 6 sheaves	

LEWMAR MARINE ITEMS.

	15	2 Solent Snatch Block Size 1,	80
	16	1 Superlock Rope Clutch 10 - 12 single .	37

OTHER ITEMS.

	1	Plastimo Olympic 85 Compass	?
	1	Barton Lazy Jack System for boat 30' LOA	?
	1	SKANTI Leisure DSCall Trans/Rec unit.	625

I am open to offers on any or all the items above

Contact Bernard warden on 01296 662505 Mob:07958 353374

or e.mail: bwb@warden.freeserve.co.uk I also have for sale my

Catalac 9m Catamaran "Nemra" No 9.110.

A well established safe catamaran suitable for family use. The vessel has been completely refurbished with the hulls having been "peeled" and replaced using International Gelshield 200 epoxy, professionally carried out, November 2000 – June 2001.

all



The interior of the cabins have been relined. The rigging has been replaced, cushions and mattresses recovered and reconditioned 2 Volvo 2001 diesel engines with "S" drives installed. To intents and purposes a "new boat" at a reasonable price.
GB25,000 = E35,000.

Searead

Who would have thought that we would still be here in the UK? We should be somewhere in the Med, white, pasty bodies a thing of the past as we toast ourselves under a hot blazing sun, spreading our golden, super toned torsos upon unspoilt, uninhabited beaches. But what do we have instead? Essex next the sea, with the world famous Essex mud which contrary to belief, does your skin no good what so ever, unless you're into boils and blisters. Very fetching, goes well with the pink knitted swim suit (long story). What has caused this catastrophe, I hear you cry? Well, if you're sitting comfortably, then I'll begin.

Many months ago, baggy pipes and I sold up in order to go sail. We purchased a 900 which needed a lot of TLC and re-modelling to suit our needs. But first we decided to bring the boat and ourselves round to Essex to winter. We struck a good deal with a marina and off we set.

On the way round we encountered quite a few problems, mainly with the two engines, one of which decided not to play and shut down for the majority of the journey. We also suffered with leaky windows; unco-operative toilet; the emergence of an indoor swimming pool as, unbeknown to us, the starboard bilges steadily filled with water; fridge unwilling to work on gas; the list was endless.

Over the months, however, we have gradually fixed, replaced or repaired all of these niggles only to find that others have taken their place. For instance, we decided that although the problems that we had experienced with the engines were now fixed, we had lost faith in them and wanted to re-engine. This

didn't cause too much hassle, it was actually pretty painless. The problem didn't manifest its self until later, just when we thought it was safe and we were on the home straight. It was the revs, or rather the lack of them that caused the bad language once more. We bought the boat with 14x10 3 blade props, which had been altered to 14x9 3 blade. These were perfectly adequate for the original 9hp engines but not for the new 14hp that we had fitted, even though we had been assured that they were man enough for the job. But on a shake down cruise we noticed that maximum revs could not be attained. After a brief to-ing and fro-ing we managed at last to speak to the engineer at the company who had supplied the engines. According to him, Nanni the engine manufacturers recommend 13x9 3 blade props to be used with their 14hp engines. Oh! Yeh! So how come no-one makes size 13 props? Many fruitless calls later we at last got hold of someone who knew what they were talking about and as a result we are the proud owners of two 14x9 2 blade props, and the difference to the performance of the engines is quite astounding.

Now I know I'm not the most tidiest of people but even I found living in a continual state of what can only be described as MESS, a real pain in the butt. Even the simplest of tasks took forever to accomplish as a mountainous amount of 'stuff' had to be re-aligned (in other words moved) beforehand, then re re-aligned afterwards. This led once or twice to the exchange of harsh words, with the frustration of the situation being directed to the long suffering ships cats and dog, well they can't answer back, or so we thought. We have since discovered that they do exact their revenge on us poor humans but it is done with such subtlety and very careful planning that we don't see it coming until after it has been done.

For example; the two cats Juke and Harvey, spend most of the day asleep usually in a nice sunny spot that has a gentle breeze blowing which keeps their furry bodies at a comfortable temperature. The reason for this laziness is due to the fact that the two little so-n-so's have kept us awake for most of the previous night with their shenanigans, as they take great delight in running around the confines of the boat, scattering table lamps, discarded papers and magazines, empty or not so empty mugs, adding to the chaos and mess in which we lived, and all with as much noise and disruption as is possible. And believe me they have done this so often now that they have perfected it into an art.

And the reason for this juvenile behaviour?

I believe it's called 'pay back time'.

There are other moments when we are feeling really down, with so much still to be done and seemingly little time in which to do it, when you feel as if the weight of the world is upon your shoulders, and then Jake the border collie ambles over, sits in front of you and lifts his paw onto your knee in what feels like a comforting gesture, as if to say 'there, there, there'. It is at times like these that you come to know and understand the true meaning of love, friendship and companionship. Until you realise that he actually means, if you've nothing better to do that just sit there, then you can take me out to play ball or twiggy bit, I don't mind the choice is yours!!!!

I'll go get the lead.

Pets! Who'd have 'em?

Happy sailing

Floozy.