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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 2005

To all fellow Bobcat and Catalac sailors

Hi folks, The sec is still away sailing, Full details of our A.G.M. and dinner during September's Southampton Boat Show will be in next months newsletter .

We continue our story from last month

FIRST CRUISE IN A CAT

Tuesday 15 August

A sunny start to the day but became cloudy later, still very windy. We went to the local pottery in search of a typical souvenir and for the girls to see how pottery is made but unfortunately nothing was being made so we were all rather disappointed. I'd rather have something useful but not one did I see among the lovely to things in display.

After lunch we went on a boat trip to St Martins and the Eastern Isles in a boat called 'Swordfish 11'. We saw a few seals and Pat was very busy taking photos of them but they are all very quick to submerge. We saw lots of sea birds who were not so shy. We also took a photo of a tiny island in the distance called Hanjague after which we have named our house.

Chatted to a couple from a nearby Jaguar 22 and invited them aboard and gave them the infamous home brew to drink. Turned in about 0030 after broaching 2 quart bottles of beer and a cup of coffee each.

Wednesday 16 August

After a late breakfast Pat took the girls crabbing while I went shopping. When I returned with goodies, Pat and I went onto the boat, leaving the girls happily playing on the beach. While I swept and shook and cleaned Pat filled the fuel tanks. After lunch in Hugh Town we visited various beaches. The evening was beautiful and we sat in the cockpit with full moon beaming down on us out of a clear sky. Everything was so peaceful just the

gentle sound of small waves breaking on the shore. Very soporific. Wish Pat would hurry and finish washing so I can wash and get into my pit.

Thursday 17 August

While the girls played on the beach I went off as usual to do my shopping while Pat repaired a fuel leak after which he took Kim and Lee crabbing. After lunch we returned to Morffa and listened to the 1355 F S/F then motored to Tresco. While Pat navigated I stood on the foredeck looking for rocks just under the surface. I'm sure, though, I would never have seen one in time to avoid it as the sun was directly in front of us so I could only see a few feet ahead. We anchored just north to Town Quay at New Grimsby among mainly French boats again. Pat and I left the girls exploring the beach while we went to look for a pub. During the evening Pat tried his hand at feather fishing and caught two quite large fish which were olive brown on top and cream underneath. They were beautiful but as we had not a clue what they were, we put them back. A French yacht anchored rather close to us, possibly not aware of a cat's swinging capabilities.

Friday 18 August

We were rudely awakened at 0500 by a resounding crash, Pat hastily donning his pyjamas while I fumbled for my specs. Never mind the clothes, as long as I can see. We've collided with the French boat, as we were then suffering the wind against tide syndrome. As the French fellers were all on deck by then, as I peered from the safety of the hardtop, I decided that modesty was the better part of valour and returned to my bunk. About an hour later, Pat reappeared having donned jeans, sweater and boots earlier, to shiver his way back into his sleeping bag.

At 0800 repeat of previous performance except that this time I had the prudence to array myself in jeans, boots, sweater etc. not to mention the invaluable glasses. We did a fair bit of slewing around and fending off during which time Pat was trying to say that we would move, even to the extent of asking me how to say 'We will move downstream' in French, but at 0800 my own language is a bit skimpy, let alone another one. Eventually the Frenchmen said they would be leaving soon so while they got themselves sorted out we fended off.

Not wanting any more excitement of that nature we decided to move so after lunch we upped the hook and moved nearer to New Grimsby behind an island called Plum Island out of the southerly wind. We have found out that the fish Pat caught were Pollack and very edible they are said to be. With this in mind, Pat commenced fishing again but no luck today.

Saturday 19 August

Set off for the famous Tresco Abbey Gardens complete with picnic. A very pleasant walk took us there along avenues of tall trees some familiar others we cannot guess what they are. The gardens were beautiful though I feel they would have been appreciated more had the weather been kinder. The forecast sounded quite hopeful so we left our oilies aboard and the girls were wearing dresses and I even managed a skirt but by late morning it was very chilly and overcast. While we were sitting demolishing our sandwiches and feeding a curious peacock it began to drizzle so we finished our meal sheltering under a huge tree. Having seen most of the gardens including an area called Valhalla, which houses ships' figureheads rescued and refurbished from ships which had foundered in the Isles of Scilly we decided it was time to leave. As we walked back to the Town Quay where we'd left the dinghy the drizzle got steadier and heavier and by the time we reached Morffa it was very heavy and we were all rather bedraggled.

Resplendent in oilies that evening, Pat spent the early part filling up our tanks with water with a 5 gallon container while the rain came and went spasmodically. Still no more Pollack although Pat has tried again to catch some for supper. Suddenly, during the evening the wind sprang up and it blew very hard and the rain fell in stair-rods. The boats near Cromwell's Castle where we had been were all swinging about in different directions and there seemed to be a lot of activity on numerous decks, so we are very pleased to be here having taken the ground at low water.

Sunday 20 August

When we woke this morning it was lovely, a cloudless sky and no wind. Later, however, the wind got up but still very warm. At last, this is what it's all about, isn't it? We motored Morffa across to the island of Bryer and reversed her up the beach. The girls love it as they can cope and go as they please, even at high water, we tie the dinghy to a long line and they can either row or pull themselves back along the line. Pat has been very busy repairing a leak round the stern tube and the girls have been equally busy fishing, crabbing, and making sandcastles. Kim has her usual swims, she's getting very good now but Lee complains that it's much too cold for her.

We had chicken, home-grown potatoes and beans for lunch by courtesy of the pressure cooker. I think it's the first time it has been used this year. I took the spare cushions onto the foredeck and at this moment I'm sunbathing while writing the log. The girls seem to have adopted another family who don't seem to mind, even after Pat went over and urged them to send Kim and Lee back if they tired of them.

After the girls were tucked up in their bunks, Pat walked into the village to phone his mother just to let her know that we are all OK and to find out if anything startling has happened at home. The view of the bay was so attractive he returned to the boat to collect the camera. On his return, I went for a walk which became longer than I intended and when I returned I found Pat with a martyred look on his face as he had refrained from eating any of the cheese and tomato sandwiches I had prepared for supper.

Monday 21 August

Another lovely morning, a few clouds around but not enough to spoil things. The girls' friend, James, appeared again, much to their delight. Considering that he is 14 he is very good with them. We even stopped them going to him in case he did not wish to spend his time with them. It's very quiet here on Bryer, just a few houses, a post office, and a couple of shops. After lunch we all went for a walk in search for the inevitable ice cream and then walked to the highest point on the island where it is said one can see all the Isle of Scilly on a clear day. After our return to the beach, I went shell hunting while the girls went in search of James –poor lad. Kim swam with James but Lee ducked under up to her chin as she's convinced that she can only swim on her back.

We turned Morffa round this evening on the rising tide and now she seems festooned with warps, but it's more comfortable without the wind blowing straight into the cabin. Kim and Lee met one of the locals who had come down to the beach to feed the seagulls. After he had said to them what a nice boat, Kim remarked: 'Yes, Lee and I have our own cabins, but poor Mummy and Daddy have to sleep together'! This comment repeated to us by the aforesaid gentleman had us in fits of laughter (on and off for the rest of the holiday).

While Pat was attempting to catch Pollock this evening the reel jammed and the weight and feathers flew off into the gathering gloom. Hope he can find them at low tide tomorrow!

Tuesday 22 August

The day started rather overcast but fairly soon cleared to give us a fairly hot sunny day. The northerly wind was still blowing to chill us. Took Morffa over to Tresco in the early evening to fill her with water (and us with beer!) When we landed by dinghy we were informed by the Harbour Master that we had anchored within the low water mark which is not allowed so Pat returned to Morffa to move her while the girls and I made our usual slow progress to the one and only pub, only to find that it doesn't open until 7.30 pm. So much for our quick drink and return to Morffa. True to form it began to drizzle so a hasty retreat was called for. The vis. was dropping fairly quickly so while I put the girls to bed, Pat set off for St Mary's in the murk. Again Pat's navigation found us the harbour wall dead ahead and soon we were anchored. We haven't yet managed to arrive there in ideal conditions. By the time we had arrived the Round Island Lighthouse foghorn was booming out, warning all who came near.

Wednesday 23 August

We awoke to find the wind had veered easterly, typical, just as we are about to sail for home. The girls had their last day on a Scillies beach for quite a while but we are certain to return. We have really enjoyed it here

and are sure to enjoy it even more with better weather, although the last few days have been lovely but the wind is chilly.

We had lunch, as usual at a restaurant called 'The Pilot's Gig' after which we took our inevitable look at the Scillonion unloading for the last time. In the afternoon we went to Porth Cressa beach. The sand was very warm and I regret having forgotten to take my bikini.

Thursday 24 August

0633 S/F N/NE 3-4. We can't seem to get it right! Anyway, we're off to Salcombe after breakfast.

Panic stations! Port engine completely dead but starboard engine fired though but Pat thought I was about to ram the boat in front of us so came haring back off the foredeck to put me right. Having engine failure completely threw me and then I had great difficulty lining up the lead in marks to reciprocate on. All in all, it doesn't seem to be my day. Eventually everything was under control, genny and main up and filling. The handling is awful and she's behaving like a pig. Pat then realizes he's forgotten to insert the rudder bolts (he wrote in his log 'proves Tom Lack was right!')

That fixed, the course is set a few miles SE of the Lizard, where we are just able to hold the heading without pinching. We have port engine problems on and off all day. Pat managed to hand start it and we use it for about 30 minutes. Sail again until the wind dies about 1300. Try port engine, dead as a dodo – symptoms of a flat battery but they are all brand new. Pat got lots of exercise climbing in and out of the port engine compartment.

He left me on watch and turned in until midnight. Had a couple of anxious moments in the dark when I felt that a ship was heading straight at us but have the nav. lights worked out. It's easy when you're nervous. It was a lovely night and was quite sorry when my watch was over. After making hot chocolate for both of us, I turned in.

Friday 25 August

Slept rather fitfully and awoke about 0630 to Morffa leaping up and down over waves. Dozed for a while and eventually managed to struggle into my clothes despite my feet leaving the floor. Non contact lenses for me yet a while. Went out to find Pat feeling rather fed up as the wind is against us (as usual) and has piled up the water into short steep waves which were effectively stopping us, we were down to 2 knots at times. We've motored most of the way. As we are approaching Salcombe we have more engine trouble. Port engine will not run for more than a couple of minutes at a time. Pat has cleaned the filter and dismantled the carburetor already to no avail. Then the starboard engine fouls a plug, he replaces it, the engine fails for a second time. So in the time honoured tradition he thumped it and it works again but begrudgingly. Keeping up the revs he manages to nurse it into Salcombe and at 1100 pick up a visitors mooring.

Later we investigated the town and found somewhere for lunch. A breezy but sunny day, went across the river and spent the afternoon on the beach there. Pat had a doze and I had a sunbathe and, as usual, the girls found some friends. We all went to the Yacht Club and had a shower and a drink. How lovely it is to feel clean again. We almost had begun to think of standing downwind of people we were talking to. Showers are almost impossible to come by in the Scilly Isles. Pat turned in early and I sat on the foredeck until quite late as it was a lovely evening.

Saturday 26 August

Took the girls to the YC again, we can all wash our hair. Now I feel quite human again. Left Pat on Morffa figuring out what was wrong with the engines. After our ablutions I left the girls at the public landing stage to fish for crabs with countless other children doing likewise while I visited the laundrette. After lunch we spent the afternoon on the beach very lazily. While the girls ate their tea we left the visitors mooring to anchor over by the beach almost opposite the Club, very handy. Took the girls over for drinks and crisps in the garden overlooking the river. It really is lovely here, yet another place to revisit.

Sunday 27 August

Awoke with a start, Pat was leaping out of the bunk, rummaging around for his jeans, which he'd left on the table for me to repair. It seems that we've touched another boat but I didn't feel anything. At last he struggles into a pair of cream slacks and disappears. After that was sorted out we all got up and had breakfast. It is so handy being close to the beach, as we can land Kim and Lee to play and yet we are within sight and yelling distance to them. We took a picnic lunch and motored up river in the dinghy and found a not very salubrious shingle beach on which to eat it. The girls had a lovely time exploring and returned with loads of acorns to take back to the boat. We only have at least 3 oak trees in our garden at home. Returned to Morffa with the remains and then spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach. Returned to the YC again in the evening. I'm getting quite addicted to beer.

Monday 28 August – Bank Holiday Monday

As usual the girls spent the morning on the beach. Collected them at about 1100 and crossed the river to the public landing stage and left them fishing for crabs while we went shopping. After a steak and kidney pie lunch we dumped our shopping at Morffa and the girls and I went on the beach leaving the skipper to polish the boat. I surprised Pat later by swimming out to Morffa and back to the beach – twice. An incident worthy of note. The water has seemed so cold that I've not been tempted before but after playing ball with Kim, Lee and a friend and getting wet up to my waist, I felt it couldn't be missed. Pat caught 2 small Pollock in the evening and put them back. He gets so enthusiastic about fishing when he actually catches something. The forecast is no very good, the easterlies are still around, drat them. Rang my parents from the club to find out how my brother Paul had fared in his A levels, at least he passed them both.

Tuesday 29 August

Awoke to find a thick blanket of fog and also a monohull between us and the beach, lying on her side. Apparently her anchor buoy line had been tripped during the night and at 0400 hours her owners had found themselves drifting downstream. After re-anchoring it seems that they either anchored too near the beach or their anchor had dragged. Either way they were in a very uncomfortable position. After the fog cleared it was another lovely day but became more cloudy later. Pat and the girls were ejected to the beach while I performed the domestic ritual, after which we rowed across the river to Salcombe for lunch. On our return we saw another 9m and to our surprise, it was M'Bulu. On going over today hello we were invited aboard and offered a drink. After 1 ½ hours and 2 very large gins we had compared the new 9m with our 3 year old – minutely – and decided we really should return the girls on the beach. We even played ball with them, it's amazing what a couple of gins can do for you. We moved Morffa downstream in preparation for tomorrow's early start for Portland. Made our customary visit to the Club in the evening. Quite an alcoholic day all in all.

Wednesday 30 August

We were rudely awakened just before 0500 by the alarm. As it was still very dark we had a few more minutes in our sleeping bags before leaping (!) out to greet the dawn. Rather a cold morning but very pleasant with the moon in its last quarter with a couple of stars in the west and a lightening horizon from the east. Crept out of Salcombe and watched the awakening day. Very little wind at first but soon a breeze sprang up and we are able to sail. We caught 6 mackerel for our supper, before the girls had emerged and had to stop. A lovely sunny day, perfect for sailing at first. Quite a confused sea later and true to form my stomach began its mutiny. Took 2 Sealegs and retired for a couple of hours. When I surfaced I found that Lee has been sick over the cushion, her jeans, the cockpit floor and a rug. Pat has cleared the mess, washed up, washed the jeans and hung them in the shrouds to dry. Seems I did the best thing for once.

Arrived at Portland about 1900 and anchored at Castle Cove again. Trudge up to the Club. The bar was shut so after their shower I sent the girls out to Pat. With a sigh of relief I recommenced battle with the high velocity shower rose, only to be disturbed in the middle by the return of Kim and Lee to tell me something else. Trust me not to listen properly, they told me they were going round the corner with Pat to a pub. I thought they'd gone to the garden of the local castle ruins. After traipsing all round there, back to the beach, without any luck, the light began to dawn. Just for a change, mackerel for supper.

Thursday 31 August

The 0633 forecast says N-NW 4-5 but there's no sign of it here. Set off slowly with main and genoa set. Just outside Portland Harbour the wind died and we were almost becalmed. After breakfast we were able to sail on slowly to find Lulworth Cove, catching the standard 6 mackerel for tea and supper. We almost missed the Cove as it is smaller than we expected. At the entrance Pat turned the boat completely round as Lee had let go the string of her boat and we had to pick it up. Eventually, after confusing a few boats, we enter Lulworth and anchor. We walked $\frac{3}{4}$ way round the shingle beach to the inhabited area and found a very pleasant cafe in which to have lunch. In the afternoon we had an excellent sail to Studland Bay. The sky was overcast and it even rained a bit. We caught up and drew level with a monohull whose crew was all huddled in oilies whilst we were in sweaters. One-upmanship for cats. We were glad to be anchored as it was a foul evening. I felt somewhat under the weather, which we put down to the crab salad for lunch at Lulworth, so I turned in early.

Friday 1 September

White rabbits! We got up rather late and after breakfast went a cliff walk to Old Harry. It was very sheltered up and warm too. Back aboard Pat managed to knock one of Lee's play shoes in the water. It was only about 6' deep but it was impossible to reach as we were swinging about. We decided to attempt it from the dinghy on the way to the beach. I fished it out with the boathook. One up for me. After doing the shopping we sat on the beach for a while but it soon became very cold, even sheltering behind the upturned dinghy. We had tea back aboard and Pat washed the boat down in the evening.

Saturday 2 September

Up at 0600 to greet the dawn. We started off with a light breeze which became steadily stronger while we were doing 6 knots or more. The weather was lovely. We caught 2 mackerel within the first $\frac{1}{4}$ hour and returned one as it was so small. I regretted that all day, as that was the sum total we caught and trying to stock my freezer. We traveled so fast round the south of the Isle of Wight that we got the girls on the beach near Seaview by 1330. At Bembridge Ledge we encounter numerous fishing buoys and go between them with bated breath. The engines are giving trouble again, they die on us, one after the other. Kim, Lee and I go on the beach at Seaview leaving Pat to sort out the engines in peace. After an ice cream each, I leave the girls to make sandcastles while I return to Morffa to pack. Pat has found the fault with both engines, seems to be the fuel filters. Pat and I went ashore to the girls and we all went for a walk on the rocks. In an attempt to avoid going aground Pat tries to move Morffa but goes aground instead on a sandbank which has grown since last year. We eventually float off about 1900 and have a pleasant sail to Pompey. We motored up the river to save time and arrived at the Hardway pontoon just before dark. The girls are snug in their bunks by now so Pat and I go to fetch the car together in case the battery is flat. However it started first go but we had a flat tyre. After loading up I returned the car to the park. On return to Morffa I found Pat in deep conversation with the river Police who are compiling a dossier of boats that belong in the area.

After visiting the club house bar in search of sustenance, no food, so had to make do with beer (shame) we took Morffa up to her mooring in Spider Lake. Picked up mooring first time to find a month's gunge on the rope. Another job for the morning. We settled down below to an omelette and the last of the sherry and eventually turned in about 2300 feeling shattered.

Sunday 3 September

Had another rude awakening at 0645. It's just as well I can't reach that damned alarm! After breakfast we rushed around doing last minute packing and clearing up and eventually leave Morffa empty for the first time for a month. I must say that I'm really looking forward to a long soak in the bath and sleeping in a proper bed with sheets again.

As a family boat we are most impressed with our Morffa. She's like a floating cottage that can take us anywhere we want to go if we have the time. We are definitely determined to return with her to the Isle of Scilly. She's very comfortable to sail and except when beating and all in all we've had a superb holiday in her and hope to have many more in the years to come.

GOODS FORSALE IN THE MARKET PLACE

“SAMEN EEN”

- Boat Name & Details:** “Samen een”, Sailing Catamaran
- Registration:** Maltese number **5401** in 1999
- Specifications:** LOA 9.0m (29’ 3”) ~ Beam 4.2m (13’ 9”) ~ Draught 0.75m (2’ 6”) ~ Sail Area approx. 39 sq m (420 sq ft) ~ Weight 9 tons ~ Berths 7 in total: 1 double & 1 single cabin; saloon converts to extra double, 1 pilot berth, 1 quarter berth
- Construction:** Designer Tom Lack
Built in 1977 by Tom Lack Catamarans Ltd. Construction Number 9.116 Material GRP
- Sails:** 1 Main, Lazy Jacks, 2 furling foresails (1 Genoa, 1 Jib), 1 New Seateach Asymmetric chute with snuffer. Standing Rigging S/Steel
- Winches:** 4 – 2 New Antal W16 self tailing winches on coach roof for port and starboard sheets, 2 on mast for main sail
- Engines:** 2 – Volvo Penta type 2001 9hp each originally installed new on 3/7/1986 and professionally reconditioned in 2003, since covered 350 engine hours Details: Starboard Serial no. 12979, Gearbox 12702. Port Serial no. 13384 Gearbox 12219. Radio 2.4:1
- Instruments:** Tachometers - electronic, one for each engine Oil pressure, one for each engine Water temperature, one for each engine Engine hours, one for each engine all instruments new in 2003
- Batteries:** 4 x 85 Ah each - 2 for port and starboard engines and 2 in parallel for services. New three stage, three bank automatic battery charger 50Amp
- Navigation:** Fascia mounted GPS Garmin 128 New Windex wind speed & Direction coupled to Autohelm New Autopilot – Autohelm 3000 New VHF –
- Windlass:** Electric 1000w ‘Vetus’
- Ground tackle:** Anchor: 1 new Bruce 15kg New Danforth 25lb original
Fenders 6 Lines various lengths and types
- Dinghy:** 2.4m Inflatable New. with Outboard Selva 6hp
- Davits:** 2 with reduction blocks New
- Safety:** Emergency manual steering gear. (stainless steel) New
Life raft 4 man Lifeguard (needs servicing)
4 Whale pumps, 1 for each hull and 1 for each engine bay – all serviced
1 Portable electric bilge pump New
2 fire extinguishers (1 dry powder for electrical fires, 1 foam) New and serviced
- Cockpit:** Sprayhood for a fully covered helm position with opening front screen. Bimini, with closures for back and sided for a fully enclosed cockpit. New A cockpit table which raises from the wooden floor seats 8 people. It was built by yours truly. It is my design and quite apart from being useful it is attractive.
- Head:** Baby Blake WC, Pressurized Hot & cold water. Hot water Electric, Water tanks 2 x 25 gallon aprox. Stainless steel 1 in each hull. Shower with an option to switch from running water to circulating to have a long cool shower with out consuming water unnecessarily.
- Galley:** Hot and cold pressurized water and foot pump driven sea water supplement.
Gas oven with 2 burners Compressor driven 60 ltr refrigerator - All above new

Molded sink and drain boards – re sprayed

Other: VHF Radio – hy-Seas – registered - Call [Sign 9H5737](tel:9H5737)
Space heater. Unknown make. Runs on paraffin from its own SS tank never used
Shore power with connections both fore and aft for a choice of berthing
CD player/Radio. New Chart table with map (adjustable intensity) reading light.
Search light 500,000 candle power Numerous charts of the Mediterranean

History: “Samen een” which I was told means “Two in One” in Dutch was purchased new from the its maker Tom Lacks in 1978 by a Dutch man by the name of E.A. Boerema. He kept the boat for several years and seemed to be very meticulous. Apparently he cruised the Med. extensively and spent some time in Greece. “Samen een” was then purchased by an English man whom I met briefly but I lost track of him and his name and address. This gentleman subsequently sold “Samen een” to a Maltese by the name of John Agius. Unfortunately “Samen een” ran into neglect and its owners subsequent to Mr. Boerema not only did not add any improvements but did not repair or replace anything that went wrong. When I picked her up she was in a very sorry state. But although neglected, she had a sound hull her whole construction is strong in fact she is built like a tank. I purchased “Samen een” from John Agius on the 23rd August 2000 and started a very extensive refit and upgrading of this pretty vessel. The internal upholstery was changed, curtains fitted, roller blinds fitted to the cabins for some privacy and a major refit of the head and gully was undertaken. The Baby Blake WC was retained in preference of fitting one of the modern cheaper versions,. Having seen the price of a new Baby Blake I decided that giving this a thorough service was well worth the trouble it is now in perfect working condition and as good as new. Sailing wise I had the rigging checked by a professional rigger and I fitted new sheets and halyards. The sails were changed for good second hand ones and a new asymmetric chute with snuffer sock purchased from Seateach. The stepped mast is fairly easy to lower. It may look tricky the first time round but I lowered and raised the mast with the help of another pair of hands and the powerful windless with no trouble at all.

The engines which were bought new and installed in 1986 by the Dutch owner were given a thorough overhaul in 2003. The job was undertaken by Ron Wood, an accomplished marine engineer and Dave his colleague at the time. The Volvos now work like sewing machines. They are of a modest 9hp each and push “Samen een” at a moderate 5 knots, as was customary at the time of construction of this boat.

The Catalac is an easy cruiser to handle and 5 to 6 knots being the normal sailing speed in a moderate breeze. I did get 10.5 knots on a few occasions in a blow but that may not be everyone’s cup of tea. I travel to Sicily with my family and their kids practically every summer and the men often do a spring or autumn trip to Sicily or round the Edadi Islands, Lipari, Pantelleria etc. It is easy to maintain a steady 5 to 6 Knots motor sailing if the wind is not strong enough to or not blowing in the correct direction, and the Volvos are very economical. I have not quite yet finished all the work I intended to do on Samen een, she still needs a coat or two of twin can International paint, because the gel coat has lost its luster but unfortunately she has to go. I will not be able to use her for personal reasons and I would hate to see her go back into neglect. I have put plenty of loving care into “Samen een” and she deserves another careful and loving owner. “Samen een” is by no means a large vessel at 9m, at hair under 30ft but being a catamaran she has accommodation of a much larger vessel. I would say that her accommodation could easily compare to that of a 38ft mono hull. I found her ideal for the family not only for the space she affords, (her cockpit is truly voluminous) but also safety wise for the kids. Being a cat. She does not heel and lends herself well for entertaining, be it family or friends. Being of moderate size, she is easy to maintain and handle. Her twin engines make childs play of maneuvering in harbour. On one occasion I lost steerage due to a broken chain link and had no problem in berthing on engines only. As you may have guessed I am more than sorry to have to part with “Samen een” but it will give me pleasure to know that she has found a new loving owner. She has plenty more years of life in her and is capable of giving her new owner many years of pleasurable service as she has given me.

Registration: Annual ships registration fee is is Lm85 p.a. and the VHF Radio license is Lm25 p.a.

Price: GBP 28950 - VAT paid
This includes pontoon berth at Pieta Marina Malta should one wish to use Malta as their base.
Berthing fees are Lm220 payable every 6 months and this includes water and electricity which is available on the pontoon and is free of any further charge.

For more details and pictures contact Joseph mail to jpm@onvol.net

Having seen the pictures I can confirm the “SAMEN EEN” looks well worth the money. ED.

PS. Don’t forget the A.G.M. next month.

