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# Catamaran Cruising Association

Formerly Bobcat & Catalac Cruising Association



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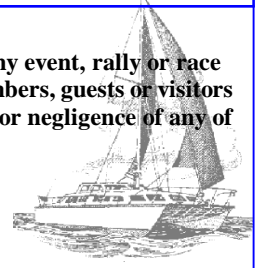
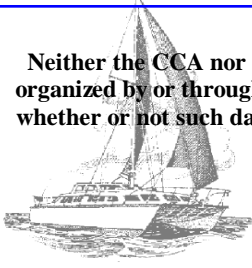
[www.bobcatandcatalac.btinternet.co.uk](http://www.bobcatandcatalac.btinternet.co.uk)

## Disclaimer

Neither the CCA nor Committee will accept any liability for personal injury arising out of participating in any event, rally or race organized by or through the CCA 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 CCA.

**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 June 2010

*Dear Members,*

Our boats should now be ship shape and Bristol fashion, as the sailing season is for most of us now in full swing.

How many of us are guilty of out of sight out of mind and take things for granted.

I have received a letter from a concerned member who wishes to enquire how many Catalac owners have taken the trouble this season to check on the safety equipment they carry on board and those having checked it, have they ever practiced operating it or had to use it in earnest.

It is easy to shrug ones shoulders and think well yes I have checked.

Our concerned member Jeremy felt his boat more than satisfied the safety rules.

It was while ashore during last winter's storage, he discovered, that, probably the least expensive and often forgotten piece of safety equipment we all take for granted and hope not to need would in it's present form be of no use at all. This discovery had gone unnoticed for many years and would have continued to do so were it not for him being approached by another Catalac owner.

The owner had asked if he could borrow the emergency tiller that was supplied with all new Catalacs as the used Catalac he had recently bought had not one onboard.

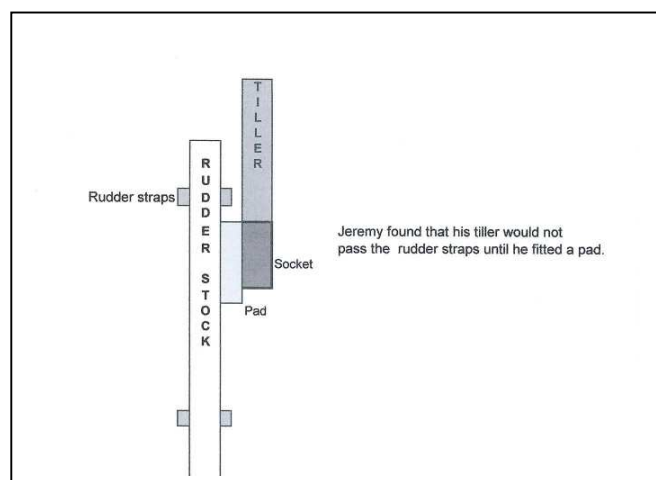
I don't know where you store your emergency tiller but the garden shed or garage at home is not really the ideal place. If you are sensible and keep the tiller on board, sods law it will be buried under all manner of must have fenders ropes and other goodies that seem to grow in the lockers of our boats. However I can confirm that once extracted and fitted it works well enough to get you safely home. I have been forced to use an emergency tiller twice, in each case when it was needed we were sailing hard and in both cases the steering

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wire snapped with very little warning. The first time it was needed we were approx half a mile outside St Malo heading for St Peter Port. The channel in question is not very wide and rock strewn and used by both ferries and pleasure craft. The steering momentarily became heavy then almost immediately the cable snapped with no other warning. The boat immediately turned into the wind. We dropped sails double quick, started the engine and fitted the emergency tiller. We traveled at the time from St Malo to St Peter Port then back to Poole some hundred nautical miles.

The emergency tiller that Jeremy had faithfully kept on board to his consternation he discovered that, not only was he unable to get it into the socket but also the stem was not long enough to be in the socket and clear the cockpit surround.

Needless to say he has put a pad behind the socket so it now clears the rudder straps and fits snugly in the socket, the stem has been extended (see photo) so that the handle clears the cockpit surround and can operate the rudder.



Jeremy's other surprise this winter was discovered while he was checking the connections in the tri-light, on looking down he was shocked to find that there was a four-inch hole in the top of his radar reflector, this hole was not visible from the deck. It was caused by deterioration in the material giving free access to water inside it. While up the mast on looking round at the reflectors on other masts he discovered his holed radar reflector was not alone.

Many Thanks for the information Jeremy I guess we will all be hoisted aloft before too long. Or perhaps we should wait till our first Rally at the Folly Inn as listed below.

- a. 29 - 31 May 2010 - Rally - The Folly Inn, River Medina, Isle of Wight
- b. 30 June - 1 July 2010 - Cruise - Poole. Jeremy Bretherton organizing
- c. 19 - 22 August 2010 - Bournemouth Air Festival Rally with Sunday lunch at the RNLI  
We will anchor in Poole Harbour for shelter overnight either in the area of Bramble Bush or Brownsea Island, depending on the direction of any wind. As per normal we will need to know the numbers for the RNLI lunch, the booking must be advised by early July to enable us to ensure adequate seating. They are always busy during the Bournemouth Air festival.

**Please inform us if you intend to attend any of the above events.**

Further safety rules from the Maritime and Coastguard Agency for the safe disposal of pyrotechnics.

### New System for the Disposal of Time Expired Pyrotechnics.

From 1<sup>st</sup>. April 2010 if you want to hand over time expired pyrotechnics, like distress flares, to HM Coastguard for safe disposal you must contact your nearest centre to make an appointment.

When you contact your local coastguard please be ready to give details of the type, quantity, age and condition of your time expired pyrotechnics.

Following changes from the legislation covering the transportation and storage of explosives, the locations listed below can accept time expired pyrotechnics.

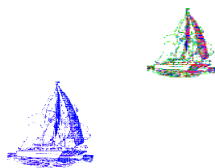
We only accept pyrotechnics from recreational water users.

Shetland	01595 692 976.	Stornoway	01851 702 013	Belfast	02891 463 933
Liverpool	01519 313 341	Holyhead	01407 762 051	Milford Haven	01646 690 909
Falmouth	01326 317 575	Brixham	01803 882 704	Solent	02392 552 100
Dover	01304 210 008	Thames	01256 675 518	Humber	01262 672 317
Poole	01202 336 336	St Andrews	01333 450 666	Inverness	01224 592 334
Yarmouth	01493 851 338	Aberdeen	01224 592 334	Clyde	01475 729 988

**Please also note that it is illegal to put time expired pyrotechnics in The general rubbish or to fire them, unless there is an emergency.**

In April's newsletter we heard from Jim Glassbrook a new member who intended to sail from Ibiza to the Algarve starting on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. May.

He has sent us an update.



Hello Peter,

I'm back from the little adventure, which, for a variety of reasons, didn't go according to plan (Sod's law of the sea).

Nick was unable to travel from St. Annes to Ibiza because the Icelanders were letting off old flares.

Nuno & I arrived to find that Lynx was still ashore but would be launched the following day. The waggon & crane arrived shortly after 8am and the journey from the yard to the quay with police escort took about an hour then the lift and lowering and mast stepping were completed by 13.00 after two trips to the chandlers for cotter pins, split pins and a plug for the masthead light plus a third to buy fire extinguisher, calor gas cylinder & jerry cans for spare diesel which we then filled. We were chased away by the authorities and picked up a mooring with the starboard engine running a little roughly and the port one cutting out every few minutes. The first priority was to create room to move about which required Nuno to row the dinghy, (a very dirty & old looking Honda which rowed surprisingly well) full of bags of

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rubbish twice and I made the third trip. Going under the name of "Inyer Dreams" she had been a floating caravan and before that a diving boat and she has an interesting pair of folding ladders (in the absence of davits the dinghy is sitting on them) which I will photograph for you one of these days.

We checked the sails - the main appeared to be in reasonable condition so we put in a reef before storing it on the principle that it's easier to shake out a reef than to put one in if the weather turns nasty.

The jib's sacrificial strip was very tired and the stitching at the clew looked a bit suspect so we reinforced it with duct tape. By this time it was getting dark and we were tired and hungry so decided that it would be wiser to delay departure until the following morning and went ashore to enjoy a rather good Chinese.

Bright and early with a flat calm and no change forecast we found that the starboard engine was behaving itself and the port one, after bleeding also. As we were in S. Antonio which is on the west of the island we motored at five knots and were in open water when the port engine started to play up. Question - should we return or press on? The mainland only being some 60 miles away and the probability of a flat calm all the way we continued with the B & G log showing 5 knots on slightly less than full throttle (the gps now showed half a knot less). When the engine cut out we could hear a very strange, loud noise from the direction of the engine. The float switch had jammed on and the bilge pump was sucking away on air. In the silence after disconnecting the pump the engine re-started with no indication as to why it had stopped. When it cut out again I was a bit concerned to see that there was a goodly quantity of diesel swilling around and on climbing down I discovered that the fuel filter bowl was loose. The vice grips wouldn't open sufficiently to encircle the bowl but I managed to get it fairly tight. I made a temporary connection to the pump to drain the bilge. The engine re-started and we were on our way again. When I next looked in there was some water - easily pumped out but giving rise to the thought that there must be a slight leak and the following idea that such a small leak could easily pass unnoticed because of the automatic system.

Our original idea which had been to head in the direction of Portugal was changed (because of the lack of wind) and when the engines started to play up we headed for the nearest harbour which was Denia but with the starboard running sweetly (as it should because we had spent a lot of money to have both overhauled) we decided to go to Calpe as being not only farther south but also avoiding a headland on the next leg. We arrived late, ate and slept. The following day we headed past Alicante to the little town of Guardamar where an old friend lives and the marina there isn't excessively expensive. The following day a very efficient mechanic discovered (as I should have done) that filter bowl on the port engine was loose but the symptoms had been quite different. He also expressed the opinion that the exhaust water pipe was dangerously perished.

Time was getting short, Nuno had to get back to work and Alicante airport was close by so we flew to Seville and caught the bus to Faro .....to be continued.

Can you tell me what length the jib sheets should be?

We have two odd ones both of which are over 20m length but different diam.

Also is a rev. counter is possible with my Yanmar diesel engines.

Regards,  
Jim

Hi Jim,



Many Thanks for your update.

The Jib sheet length or how long is a piece of string?

There is no set length, the length is what you the boat owner feel comfortable with, too long and it will fall everywhere to short and you will loose the free end.

Most of us hard up boat owners use one long sheet that serves both jib and genoa. The Genoa is the long one as when on one tack the loose sheet runs foreword past the inner fore-stay then back on the other side of the boat to the rear pulley block then foreword again to the sheet winch. The length of the jib sheet is on average some 6 meters shorter.

I am sorry to sound vague but I would be tempted to use one of the 20meter warps that you have and fit an eye halfway thereby giving 10 meters each side and secure it to the jib with a shackle.

The diameter of the sheet should be similar or slightly larger than the main sheet.

Hope this helps.

Yes a rev counter is possible most firms do them I bought mine from a chandler called ASAP they are mainly on the east coast. They do mail order. If you are spending the money I would buy the ones with hour meters built in, they are not much dearer and the hour meter is very useful for balancing the throttles, checking fuel consumption, oil changes etc.

Good Luck

Peter G..



CATAMARAN CRUISING ASSOCIATION					
Income & Expenditure Accounts for two years ending 31st. December 2009					
INCOME	2008	2009	EXPENDITURE	2008	2009
Subscriptions	£1,356.50	£1,131.50	Newsletter	£1,500.00	£1,260.00
Advertising	£0.00	£0.00	Register	£20.00	
Burgee/Sales	£55.00	£14.00	Postage	£231.40	£168.00
Register/Sales	£48.00	£7.00	Burgee Costs	£25.00	
Raffle	£194.00	£83.51			
Bank Interest	£8.15	£0.24			
Jumble sale	£0.00	£22.00	Rallies	£0.00	
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>£1,661.65</b>	<b>£1,236.25</b>	<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>£1,776.40</b>	<b>£1,428.00</b>
			Less Deficit for Year	<b>£114.75</b>	<b>£169.75</b>
			<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>£1,661.65</b>	<b>£1,236.25</b>
Balance Sheet as at 31st. December					
ASSETS	2008	2009	Net assets	2008	2009
Current ac.	£91.96	£457.97		£80.81	<b>£33.94</b>
Premium ac.	£396.10	£396.34			
Total cash at Banks	£488.06	£854.31	Deduct deficit	<b>114.75</b>	<b>169.75</b>
Less liabilities	<b>£522.00</b>	<b>£1,080.00</b>			
<b>Balance</b>	<b>£33.94</b>	<b>£203.69</b>		<b>£33.94</b>	<b>£203.69</b>
Hon. Sec. Peter Gimson			Hon. Commodore. Aleck Tidmarsh		
.....					
I have examined the financial records of the association. From the explanations received, confirm the accounts as presented are in accordance therein. TH.					
Theo Hargreaves Hon. Examiner.					

Many thanks to our auditor Theo Hargreaves who has examined the financial records of the association.

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# *Heady Business*

## **TALKING HEADS**

### **BARRIE BRIDGEMAN "CATRY" CL.10.25**

#### ***(acknowledgement to Alan Bennett)***

When one buys a yacht there are various quirks that have to be discovered and skills to acquire that are not taught on RYA approved courses.

#### Meet the Family

However, before telling the tale let me introduce the family. There is the first (and old fashioned we may be, the "only") mate, Anne, my wife. There is our home, Catry, a 10 metre Catalac (No 25) whom we bought in June 1998 and moved into from our previous home of 11 years, a narrowboat, Fletcher Lynd. Finally there is me, Barrie, 64, 5' 8½" in my socks, too portly, bald, bearded, bespectacled and looking in most photographs like a demented gnome.

#### A Voyage of Discovery

The heads/the John/toilet arrangements on Catry are more complicated than they had been on Fletcher Lynd, which had been of the sophisticated bucket and chuck it type. On Catry sewage can either be pumped into the sea or by means of a two-way valve into a storage tank, which can later be pumped via a Henderson pump into the sea. The hand-over instructions, when we got Catry, had not been entirely explicit about which way the two-way valve handle should point for which operation.

Shortly after taking possession, we beached inadvertently on Stone Island in the entrance to Poole harbour. To show that we had planned that all along, I descended to the ground and inspected Catry's hull. We tried by Anne pumping and me observing to work out which way the handle of the two-way valve needed to point to discharge the contents into the sea or in this case over my sea boots. By the time the tide returned and refloated us we thought we had it clear.

#### "Perchance to Dream"

It was not until we had been lifted out at Burnham on Crouch for some DIY anti-fouling that we discovered that we, correction "I" (*the skipper is always responsible for what goes wrong*) had reached the wrong conclusion. The sewage tank was absolutely full. It was also then that we discovered that the Henderson pump for emptying the tank was not working.

I spent the whole of the next day trying to get to the pump to service it. Not easy. We could imagine the boat builder saying, "Here is a Henderson pump. Let's build a boat round it." There was no way that it could have been installed after the bulkheads were fitted except by a Double-Jointed Orang-utan.

Demented gnome I might appear but not a D-J O-u. After a complete day of removing bits, failing to remove other bits, hanging upside down and darn nearly inside out we concluded that the only answer was to carve an access panel in the bulkhead to which the pump was fixed. We were still concerned that with all our fiddling around with the plumbing we might in our ignorance empty the whole contents of the sewage tank into the boat's bilges by mistake. That would have been bad enough for us, but the prevailing wind was blowing from our boat across the rest of the marina.

I know not what you do in bed, but strangely I woke early the next morning with a mental map of the whole sewage system which my brain had worked out in my sleep. Each to his or her own dreams, eh? I lost no time in putting it into one of my computers and printing it out as a flow chart (forgive the pun). Suffice to say that another day later I had created an access panel in the bulkhead, refurbished the pump by replacing a gunjed up outlet valve and reconnected a couple of pipes without spilling more than a drop or two of the contents. Now came the moment to test it all.

Anne womanned (a bit of political correctness!) the pump and I went below the hull with a bucket held to catch the contents from the outlet. You have the scene? I am standing below the hull, bucket held toward the outlet and peering round the rim of the bucket to see if my handiwork was going to work ... well, handily. Unfortunately, what was not known at that time was that the pump did not generate a smooth flow, but rather sudden spurts. Next moment there is a sudden gush of sewage most of which hits the bucket and stays, but some misses and .. well let's put it this way, my beard needed a good wash and I could have done with some windscreen wipers on my spectacles. There is always a bright side, at least it worked as far as I could see!

We still, of course, had a full sewage tank so the answer was to get a large container hold it right up against the outlet and pump. That was accomplished with only a bit of leakage and I decided to take the container and empty it down a lavatory pan in the toilet block. Self-consciously I picked a time very early in the morning when I knew no-one would be around. Unfortunately, the next day was Saturday and the male population of the marina boats turned up in force for a weekend sail. How does one creep surreptitiously through a crowded ablution area carrying a heavy black container, into a toilet cubicle and pour contents as silently as possible into the bowl? To say nothing of the smell! The real art is then to walk nonchalantly back through the ablution area, still crowded, with an obviously much lighter container, trailing odorous air in one's wake and a friendly "Good Morning" issuing from one's lips. Brute Force and ...

It was on our second visit to St. P. P. that we had another trial with the heads. Once again it was Anne who identified the problem; it was impossible to push down the plunger which both empties and flushes the bowl. It was the emptying which was the problem this time. At this point, again, she decided to go shopping. My approach to such problems is always to seek a cure with the least complication. So the obvious first step was to apply a little more pressure to see if whatever was obstructing the operation could be shifted. Picture the scene: in order to exert the maximum force I stood over the plunger, which of course meant that I was bent over the lavatory bowl. I strained to push down the plunger but was unsuccessful in shifting the blockage. However, I had applied a great deal of pressure.

When the handle was released at the end of the effort, the resulting pressure had to find a way out. The easiest was out of the toilet bowl, bringing with it some of the contents which had been caught by the blockage. What stopped the mess going all over the place was me: mainly my face, with beard and spectacles, and hands. Oh well, there was nothing for it but to dismantle the pipe. clear it with a stick and quantities of water, reassemble the plumbing and then take myself off to the shower block. As I told Anne afterwards, "It was as well there was no one else there; I could hardly bear to go into the shower cubicle with myself." It took two days before I was sure that I could no longer smell my hands, let alone my beard.

#### International Co-operation

The last occasion, to date, of having to use one's head to use one's heads was at Carentan, Normandy. Once again they would not pump out.

By now I am well practised in locating the source of the problem.

This one was an accumulation of rock hard deposit in one of the pipes. It must have built up over the years. It was but a moment, comparatively speaking, to remove the pipe, but then what was the best way to clear it. I tried poking it clear with a boat pole. A neighbouring Belgian boater produced a more effective spiked boat pole but it was not working very well. Then I found the solution: banging the pipe on the pontoon dislodged the deposits. In a fit of enthusiasm in my new found technique, I swept the pipe over the top of my head in a vigorous

movement onto the pontoon a fine spray of particles escaped the end of the pipe landing on me as the pipe went overhead and then a large chunk came out of the pipe when it hit the pontoon. "That was a big one", said the Belgian approvingly. And when I said at the end of the operation that I needed a shower now, the Belgian responded equally enthusiastically, "You surely do."

#### Postscript

There are many joys of yachting: the constant learning, taking the rough patches with the smooth, being responsible for one's own craft and finally, a sense of achievement.

What Anne might call "going shopping" and I, "being flushed with success."

*Barrie & Anne Bridgeman*

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*E-Mail from across the pond: Ed Tamara (Catnamara CL 10.02)*

*Hi Peter:*

*As I told you before this is my first Cat (I used to sail Hobbie Cats in my youth) so this is a learning process and I think I started with my right foot on a Catalac.*

*I bought this boat from a lawyer that at one time was talking to Tom Lack about purchasing the whole Catalac company leaving Tom and Mary doing what they knew.*

*This person bought 2 boats a 9 meter and a 10 meter and started putting all of the options and then some on these 2 boats, mine has a mast 51'10" with special traveler combination, in boom furler (I hate it) oversized winches, 2 x 30 hp Yanmar saildrives, 8 kw generator, 2 A/C units, freezer and refrigerator, has all of the electronics available in 1985 would you believe that this boat has 12 bilge pumps? 3 manual and 3 electrical in each side, is wired for TV, telephone, lightening, etc.*

*I am hoping that the toilet breaks down to replace the famous "ROYAL FLUSH" I am afraid that if I activate this monster with me sitting on it I am going to be sucked down and transformed into not exactly ashes before my time, it is basically an air compressor that blows compressed air into a water chamber that it blows the combination of the two into a third chamber that has already swallowed the brown stuff and dilutes it into gray water and then violently disperses it into the ocean; I am describing it because I know you Britts love this kind of American decadence. Now I am dismantling some of the obsolete gear and replacing with just a radar and a chartplotter;*

*I'll deal with the boom later on when I get a couple of pennies.*

*My wife and I are fixing the leaks on the windows as all the workers I hired to do this mysteriously disappeared and if we don't do it nobody else will.*

*We sail in South Florida mainly in Biscayne Bay (not nearly as windy as yours) and will go to the Florida Keys and the Bahamas as I am still working to earn a living.*

*Best Regards*

*Ed Tamara.*

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**Cheers Ed I hope you will understand and not be offended if I don't raft up alongside you.**