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# Catamaran Cruising Association

Formerly Bobcat & Catalac Cruising Association



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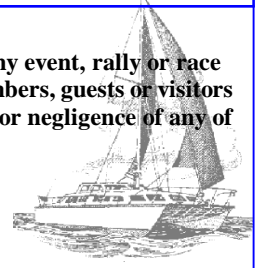
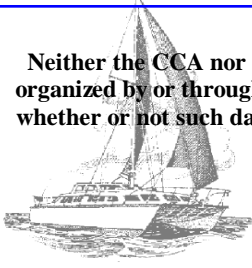
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## Disclaimer

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.



July - August 2012

Hi Members,

Those members wishing to attend August Rally please contact the hosts.  
I hope many of you will be able to attend.

Poole Harbour/Bmth Airshow-30<sup>th</sup> Aug – 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept – Hosts A.Tidmarsh/C. McCarthy.

.....  
Following our last newsletter we have been asked for more sailing stories.

So let us board Tara Dos CL 9.09 as she leaves Expensive Capri.

## **Back to sailing!**

On the 15 July we got away from expensive Capri and sailed to Ischia. There was a fair wind (Incredible wasn't it) and we eventually dropped anchor under the lee of Mont St. Michaela at 14.30 hrs. 15<sup>th</sup>.July. We had been given to understand that the harbour of Ischia is always full and a walk there next day confirmed the fact. It was jam-packed and no way would I have liked to try and moor up there.

Ischia is a very pleasant island and the little village ashore of Mt. St. Michaela is unspoilt by tourism. Prices are reasonable and the atmosphere is a happy one. The anchorage is good and one can move either side of the mount depending on the direction of the wind – but it is no place to leave your boat unattended for long.

There is a similar promontory at the south of the island – St. Angelo. There is a lovely little village there and, again one can anchor in safety either side. We went to St. Angelo for a couple of days, had a barbeque on the beach one evening and then set off towards the north. We ended up at a harbour on the west coast called Forio which was not shown in any detail either on our charts or in Denham. In fact it is a

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good, large harbour and later that day we sat out a strong NE blow in reasonable comfort at anchor close under a protective mole.

We didn't see much of the town – but what we did see did not impress us unduly so we decided to carry on to Ventotene. We left Forio at 13.45 hrs. and reached Ventotene at 19.00 hrs. with a mixture of gentle sailing and motoring. Ventotene is fascinating. There are two harbours – one modern with long quays and good anchoring off a sandy beach. The other is the ancient roman galley harbour – carved out of living rock. We chose the old one – and it was crowded, with other yachts, all with the same idea as us. We tied up to which, no doubt, many galleys had made fast 2000 years ago. We walked through a tunnel carved by the romans to a lovely beach on the other side of the headland – and we reveled in the place!

However, “the name of the game” was to get to Sardinia so, after two nights there, we set forth once again, heading for Ponsa. This was to be our setting – off point for the crossing to Sardinia.

Log entries for the trip: 1100 hrs. cast off. Course for Ponsa 290° Wind 290° !!  
1500 hrs. wind more southerly. Sailing – very close-hauled  
1900 hrs. At anchor in Ponsa Bay.

Ponsa was a delight – in every way.

We made no attempt to get alongside any jetty. They were crowded with every conceivable type of craft moored 3 astern of one another!! Why – I cannot imagine. There is a wide, safe bay and one can anchor anywhere in perfect safety. The only thing is – you have to dinghy ashore, but what chore is that?

The town is very pleasant and interesting and the coastline, both to the north and south is spectacular offering delightful bays in which to anchor. This island too is full of Roman works. There are numerous caves carved out of the rocks to provide berthing for galleys and storage for their cargoes. They really were an industrious nation – or, at least, they made their slaves do a lot of work!!

We arrived at Ponsa on 21<sup>st</sup>. July and the weather deteriorated almost immediately. Twice we went round the island to have a look – once northabout and once southabout – and found big seas and contrary winds – so each time we ran back to the comparative safety of Ponsa harbour. We felt that if there was any place where we had to wait for the weather, Ponsa was about the best. Each day we sailed up or down the coast to some little bay to swim and laze, while the wind blew its heart out on the other side of the island.

Eventually, however, things settled down again and on 29<sup>th</sup>. July we set sail for our long leg to the northern end of Sardinia – nearly 200 miles. For the first three hours there was no wind at all, that is from 0530 – 0830, but thereafter we scarcely used the motors and by 1745 hrs. 30<sup>th</sup>. July, Sardinia was in site ahead.

Quite incredible, in fact we didn't take a sun sight nor did we get a radio bearing, yet we altered course just 10 degrees and ran straight into Port Cervo harbour to tie up alongside “Bandola”, Penny's boat, at 1945 hrs. – dead on schedule.

Thus far it had been quite a remarkable trip to us. On the odd occasion when there had been contrary winds we had had time to stay in harbour and wait for a change – a thing we have never had time to do before. And we lapped it up! This kind of sailing we like. On top of that those little dolphins had given no trouble at all – and they had been used for many hours on end.

To Joan and me that seemed the end of our “jollying”, yet it was not to be so. We spent a month in port Cervo looking, without any envy, at the magnificent cruisers and expensive racing yachts sailing out each day and coming back each night. Some of them are beautiful – not all. Porto Cervo is very much a rich man's marina, it costs quite a lot per day to go on the quay there. We, of course, anchored in the bay for nothing and nobody queried us when we went alongside to fill up with water. The supermarkets there are expensive – as one would expect – but the quality of the goods is also good. The sailing area around the north coast of Sardinia and in the Straits of Bonifacio is absolutely superb. There are little islands and bays where one can anchor in idyllic surroundings to be found wherever one sails. The prevailing wind is through the Straits from west or north west and it blows strongly nearly all the time – but all the easterly facing coast is available to the cruising man and there are dozens of places to visit.

Eventually, Barbara joined us. She had volunteered to sail back to Mallorca where she kept her catamaran "Maron". Also Penny and Richard had a friend staying with them for three weeks – Tom Moore. He had time to play with and also opted to come with us – so, leaving Penny in "Bandola" (my lighter was now quite secure!) we had a crew of four for the last leg. Barbara of course, is an excellent crew and quite a delightful person. Tom, a farmer by upbringing and inclination, is utterly practical and reliable. He had never sailed before but had no fear of water and did not get seasick. I had no hesitation in leaving him on watch entirely on his own. So, we had a superb crew, no worries and no contentions. In fact for the first (and only) time in the trip these qualities were to be tried if only gently!

We bade goodbye to Penny and left Porto Cervo on the 4<sup>th</sup>. September to find a nice easterly blowing ---- What a change for these parts! Our course was through the islands and on to Bonifacio on the south coast of Corsica. We had a splendid sail with the wind up to F5-6, crashing along. Bonifacio is not the easiest of harbours to identify but Joan and I had visited it (by ferry) during our prolonged stay in Port Cervo so we felt fairly certain of our land fall. That was ok, but, just off the entrance to the long narrow cala we dropped our sails and started our engines – or tried to! The starboard one gave a hiccup or two and seemed to settle down, but the port one, no way would it go. One glance in the engine compartment was enough. Water was dripping from the tube linking the exhaust manifold to the silencer!! Never—but never---before have I had that trouble and I have had Tara out in some pretty rough seas. Somehow a wave had hit the exhaust outlet strongly enough to force itself round the "0" bend into the pipe and the engine. Anyway—the starboard motor was working and I thought that that would get us into the harbour ok, so we carried on, rather slowly! The entrance to Bonifacio is very long and narrow and goes from SW to NE. The wind was from the NE, by now very nearly F8. It was howling down the cala. We crawled along, bit by bit, working our way into the harbour. Then for the first time in three months, one of the cylinders oiled up. No way would one cylinder push us against the wind – and, at that moment I looked astern and saw one of the huge inter-island ferries lining up to enter the harbour. Thank the lord for roller reefing! We rounded up, set the jib and had control, running out to sea again. In fact the ferry altered course to starboard along the coast and I thought, how very courteous of him. Of course, it wasn't for us that he waited to enter. Some ten minutes later another ferry came steaming out of Bonifacio at a rate of knots. By that time, however, we had got to grips with the problem, or, at least, Tom had. He disconnected the exhaust pipe and poured a pint of water into the bilge. Then we ran the engine with the B----plugs out and sprayed water over everything. Eventually we –sorrysorry he—put the plugs back in and tried again. After six more changes of plugs the motor ran again quite sweetly, apparently none the worse for a dose of salt water. The starboard was no trouble – a plug change and all was ok –so in due course we ran happily into Boifacio harbour....but it had been a moment of tension.

The marina at Bonifacio is crowded and, I believe, expensive, but there is a pleasant little cove on the port side as you enter, with good holding. We put in there and, being a Catalac, we were able to go right up towards the sandy beach before dropping anchor in peaceful, sheltered surroundings. Never, but never would I want a deep-keel boat. I cannot count the number of occasions on which I have taken Tara closer inshore than any other boat and have anchored in complete safety when the others have been swinging about and threatening to drag their anchors set in 3 or 4 metres.

We only spent one night in Bonifacio and then set off westwards. The north west corner of Sardinia comes up in a great horn to Caprara Point. We could have cleared that and headed straight to Menorca or we could have gone a little to the south, found an anchorage or harbour for the night, and have gone through a narrow passage in the horn and thus away to sea. We headed for Punta Caprara, keeping our options open, when we set off at 0600 hrs. on the 5<sup>th</sup>. the wind was right behind us. Just before 1200 hrs. we sighted the Punta ahead.. and had a committee meeting!

We had, in fact, been strongly recommended to call into a small town some 30 miles down the west coast, called Algehero, and this rather influenced our decision, coupled with the fact that we had no time schedule other than Joan and I wanting to be back in Mallorca by mid September. Denham mentions a small harbour facing NE just south of the base of the horn and we had been told that this had recently been developed for yachts. – So we turned left. That beautiful easterly wind, now on our beam, began to die away and within an hour we were facing into a full southerly 7! However, quick to come, quick to go! It didn't last long and not much more than an hour later we were motoring with no wind at all. You get used to that sort of thing in the Med!

The harbour Stintino was excellent. There is a long cove which had recently been dredged and had new concrete holes on either side and there was an unbelievable number of empty spaces. We tied up alongside in perfect security and comfort at 1730 hrs to be welcomed ashore by a good friend Les and his pretty, Irish girl friend Shan, who had been with us for much of the time in Porto Cervo. There is little one can say in favour of the village of Stintino. It is raw, new and not at all well-planned, but it is such a happy place. Everybody was smiling and friendly, and it was the time of the village fiesta. We stayed until the 8<sup>th</sup>. we made an attempt to get away.

We set off at 0900hrs. and motored the few miles north to the narrow passage which separates the mainland from the horn and turned westward, to pick up the transit points to guide us through. There was not much wind but the long blow of the past few days had set up a large sea and waves were breaking either side of the channel. Indeed it was impossible to identify the channel at all. To have followed the transits we would have to sail within 50 yds. Of the rocky island which was almost completely covered in spray – so I chickened out and turned tail back to Stintino. Once that decision was made there was a palpable sigh of relief from all three crew, and I called for a quick whisky! We didn't regret turning back in any way. The previous evenings there had been a superb concert in the village square – brass bands, a remarkable display of country dancing and a good disco. This evening was the last night of the fiesta and they gave one of the finest firework displays we have ever seen. The whole village and many visitors were out having fun- and we joined in.

One thing I ought to mention in case any readers go that way. Denham shows a good anchorage just near the south end of Asinara Island On his way, Les put in there and was about to drop anchor when he was greeted by furious shouting from a group military personnel ashore. They were all armed and one put a shot over his masthead. Apparently the place is a penal colony of some importance.

There are actually two passages out to sea westwards. The southerly one, which no book says is navigable, is! Next morning four of us (yachts that is) followed a Frenchman through. He knew it well and was our willing guide – but I am not sure that I would like to attempt it without him. Once through we waved goodbyu and headed south along the coast. That afternoon, 9<sup>th</sup>. September, we put into a large bay facing south – Porto Conti – and found a nice little cove. Next day we sailed on eight miles to Algehero town, still with Les and Shan in company. We liked the bay of Algehero very much and, had we had more time, we could have spent some days exploring. The town too is very pleasant and the shops are good – though we were badly caught for a round of beers at a tourist café in the square. However, time was marching – as it ever does – and at 1245 hrs. on the 11<sup>th</sup> we set off for the long leg to Menorca... some 200 miles due west.

This, I think was the most trouble-free voyage we have ever done. The wind was a little north of NW and it stayed there all day and all night, only varying between F2 and F5. Only once did we use the motors – and then for little over an hour. The sun shone by day and the stars glittered by night. What more could anyone want!!

At 1600hrs. we got a radio bearing on Mahon 260 degrees – dead ahead. At 0500 next morning we could see Cabo Favaritx light and at 0715 hrs. 13<sup>th</sup>. September we entered harbour. All the way across we had kept in touch with “Mercava” on VHF and found it very cheering to exchange current experiences. Mercava is an Islander 32 and a very light, fast boat. Nevertheless he only got there four hours before we did! We had anchored in a little cove and next day collected a large bucket of mussels which Joan cooked in wine for supper. Delicious!

16<sup>th</sup>. September. We cleared Mahon harbour at 0645 hrs. had a lovely sail, caught three large bonite and entered Porto Petro harbour at 2300 hrs. End of a long, long voyage! Last year 2900 miles and this year 1300. this I think will satisfy us – for a little while.

One thing is certain – CL 9.09 Tara Dos satisfies us.

She is just the right size and we have complete confidence in her ability to look after us.

And she is so comfortable to live in.!!





## *SEABIRD*

*Jacqui Linford --- JazzCat 1992*

*Wish I was a seabird flying,  
Flying high in the sky,  
Wish I was a seabird flying  
In a Heavenly sky.*

*Watching the waves that curl and toss  
And crash on the rocks below,  
Seahorses rolling, rising and falling,  
Tide turning into a flow.*

*Watching the ships as they go,  
Spinnakers billowing low,  
Tall ships are here once again-  
Here come the tall ships again.*

*Wish I was a seabird flying  
Flying high in the sky,  
Wish I was a seabird flying  
In a Heavenly sky.*

*Watching the children on the shore,  
And surf-riding waters that roar  
Onto the beaches, slipways and reaches,  
Sand and sea evermore.*

*Back to the coaster and ketch,  
Circle the fisherman's net,  
Back to the tall ships again,  
Tall ships are here once again.*

*Wish I was a seabird flying,  
Flying high in the sky,  
Wish I was a seabird flying  
In a Heavenly sky.*

Kindly sent in by Jacqui for inclusion in our newsletter, published in 1995. ED.

## **THE NIGHTMARE**

(A Cautionary Tale)

*My wife, Maggie, and I purchased a Catalac 8 (sail No.50) a couple of seasons ago and have thoroughly enjoyed the change from a larger monohull. The boat did leave a bit to be desired from a cosmetic point of view when we got her and so we started some refurbishing. Having finished improving the interior with new upholstery and roof lining we decided to go for a new outboard. Two reasons for this in that whilst the Honda 15 never failed to start it was developing for the second season running a nasty habit of stalling when put into reverse (this is very embarrassing when berthing in a Marina!). In addition tilting the motor up when sailing or in a berth was almost beyond my wife's strength and as I'm not getting any younger might well get to be beyond mine as well. When we discovered that one can get new motors with*

*a power tilt facility the matter was settled. After consulting several outboard suppliers a local dealer was selected and, after having a look at the boat, he came up with an acceptable quote for supplying and fitting the new motor complete with control box and cabling. This was in mid November with the boat due to be lifted out at the beginning of December and re-launched at the beginning of March. The motor to be fitted whilst she was ashore. All well so far. First snag. No motors with power tilt were available ex stock in the UK from Ronda, it had to come from Japan, by sea. Eventually it arrives at the dealer at the beginning of February (and I am sure that you can see the trouble developing!). He has a rush job to finish before getting to us and he arranges to fit the motor during the week prior to the re-launch date. I go down to give him a hand as it's a weighty job single handed. So we lift off old motor and offer up the new one in the tilted up position and in it goes. Connect to battery and power down, except it won't because it's fatter than the old one! End of work for the day whilst he goes to get jig saw to start hacking stern of boat about. Return next day (Friday) and surgery is performed. Motor will now lower through stern but guess what? With the rudders centred the motor when lowered just fouls the rudder bar! Now the time starts running out as the boat has to be launched the following Tuesday. We are due to move her out of the marina on the Wednesday and we are going away for a week on the Thursday. I cannot delay the launch as she is blocking in other boats that are also due for launch. I consult with the man who does most of my winter maintenance work (Adrian Metcalfe of Silverwood Yacht Services) and we decide that the only solution is to remove the rudder bar-and put a centre crank in it to clear the motor. This, of course, means that the fixing holes to the quadrants are now not on the correct centres. He has a good contact with a stainless steel fabricator and will decide whether the existing bar can be modified or whether a new one is the preferred option. So we put the boat in the water, I negotiate a berth for a week and I go away and leave it to him, having lost much sleep in the meantime. Come back from our week in the sun and low and behold a happy ending. Adrian has come up trumps for us, rudder bar modified and re-fitted, motor installed, power tilt works, Maggie delighted and we motor round to our berth in Fareham Creek, once again proving that however much time you allow for a job on a boat it is always a panic at the end.*

Oh, and I still haven't worked out how to make a stern cover for the motor as, of course, the original no longer fits.

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## *Sea Read.*

Now I know I don't have much experience in this sailing lark, having stumbled into it by association, but one thing I do have is courteous behaviour, or is it seamanship?. Whatever it is called my dictionary's definition of this easy to apply, guaranteed smiley is 'polite, considerate'. But I haven't seen much evidence of it in my fellow travellers on the sea.

For example; on our shake down journey we called in to Brixham and were advised that due to shortage of available space we may have to raft up. No problem, but on arrival we found a free berth on the visitor's pontoon, and shortly found ourselves ashore heading for the town and a meal. One shepherds pie and two pints of lager later, we were snuggled under the duvet counting dolphins on course for a good nights sleep. All was well until 4am when we were abruptly woken by loud voices shouting instructions, which were obviously going unheeded, followed by a heavy thud on our foredeck. On inspection we found we'd been tango'd as a huge orange tri-maran had come alongside and was rafting up to us. The noise which emanated not only from their mouths but from their feet as they pounded up and down our decks was horrendous. So much so, that Baggy Pipes heaved himself from his pit, opened the hatch above his head and politely requested the offenders to lower the decibels. Thankfully they complied.

The following morning we found that our decks were sporting a new line in decorative deck coverings. Our night visitor had left his calling card in the shape of black, dirty footprints everywhere. Although we were in a fairly sheltered position, there was quite a swell which didn't pose a problem until rafted up with a raftee who neglected to use shore lines. This can put quite a strain on the shore boats cleats, but this didn't seem to occur or bother our raftee. The noise didn't abate the following day; thankfully it wasn't too long before they departed. But where was the 'polite' and 'considerate' which my dictionary had advised me of? Both had been very sadly lacking.



radio is in the fore part of the main cabin I grabbed the hand held to issue a May-Day. After a couple of attempts I got no reply so gave up and got preparations under way to effect an rescue with myself, along with another 2 adults and 2 children down for a weekend sail – their third time on a boat in 3 years.

We managed to get close enough to throw a rope that was caught by the mother and child. With them grabbing the rope they went into the water and we pulled them towards our stern by the boarding ladder. By now the engine was in neutral with the boat lying to the wind; in our case the stern to.

This meant that the boarding ladder was up and down all the time with the worry that it may come down on the people in the water. The mother pushed her son towards the ladder which he started to climb. I grabbed hold of the buoyancy aid and pulled. Child and buoyancy stayed together and both landed in the cockpit ! Mothers turn next though being heavier she did not fly so far! Even though the air and water temperature was mild / warm (for the UK) both were shivering quite a lot. By now we had drifted quite a distance from the dinghy so had to motor back. It took 3 attempts at throwing the line before the father on the dinghy could grab it. All this time I was trying to hold the boat in position by motoring astern into a short steep sea. The father, having watched his wife and son being dragged on board decided that it was easier to climb himself which suited me !

Rather than try to use the VHF I called the coastguard using my mobile phone and explained what had happened, and that a dinghy was upside down. They replied that the lifeboat would not launch as there was no life in danger. The family now feeling safe, wanted to try and save their dinghy. I made the comment that the dinghy was a hazard to navigation and if hit by another boat or even us, they would be launching the lifeboat to rescue people; if us, we were now numbered 8 on board. I had thought of donning wetsuit etc. and getting into the water and connecting a towline but thought better of it with the lack of inexperienced crew on board.

After a few minutes Portland coast Guard rang me back to say that Mudeford inshore lifeboat was going launch to try and collect the dinghy and would I stay nearby to make it easier to locate; this I was more than happy to do. After 15 minutes a bright orange 'blob' was seen heading towards us at speed. As it got closer it took the shape of the lifeboat. As they came near us they asked whether everyone who was rescued were ok. As this was a 'yes' they carried on the few yards to the dinghy.

Once we had seen them get the dinghy upright we headed towards Christchurch harbour only to have the lifeboat with dinghy on tow overtaking us a short while later. They came nearby and said that the dinghy would be at the lifeboat house which suited the rescued as they had launched from the same area that morning. One of the rescued main concerns was that they lived locally and knew some of the lifeboat crew and were now getting worried about the rib taking they would have to endure. This though was only a minor item!

After dropping them off at Mudeford Quay with one of our towels and some clothing we carried on up to our mooring, cleared up and went home.

Next weekend when I got down, in the steering position was a bag containing new towels, clothing and a letter thanking us as well as apologising for the loss of a towel but hoping that the replacements would make up for it.

Another weekend and my original towel reappeared having been located in the lifeboat house.

Would I do the rescue any different if it happens again ? I don't know, only time will tell and as it has been the only rescue that I have been involved with in 35 years I possibly (and hopefully) won't get a chance to find out.....

Rescuers name not included as requested.

I think they were lucky to be rescued by a catamaran as a mono would indeed be somewhat over crowded and with the higher sides be harder to climb up into.

Please keep your stories coming, and any news or photos we can share with others.

Many thanks to you all and pleasant seas. ED.