

Commodore: ALECK TIDMARSH  
e.mail : [aleck@mq-sales.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:aleck@mq-sales.fsnet.co.uk)  
mob:+44 (0) 7905 105 596

Treasurer: SUSAN STACEY  
e.mail: [susanmstacey@sky.com](mailto:susanmstacey@sky.com)  
mob: 44 (0) 7985 022 540

# Catamaran Cruising Association

Formally Bobcat & Catalac Cruising Association



Secretary: Dagnall Clutterbuck :Mob 07958571932

e.mail: [catamarancruising@gmail.com](mailto:catamarancruising@gmail.com)

[www.catamarancruising.cu.cc](http://www.catamarancruising.cu.cc)



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 2013

**Commodore's Notices:** At the AGM in April, Peter Gimson stood down as the Secretary of the association after long and much valued service. Peter has almost single handedly held together the newsletter, which has been hugely appreciated by all our members. However, with very few new articles coming in, the pressure has been increasing each issue, and Peter felt that he had to stand down. Dagnall Clutterbuck has agreed to take on the Secretary position, and Sue is going to stay on as the treasurer. All of this comes at a time of change for the Association, with a need to restructure and reorganise to revitalize the association. One of the ways that we plan to achieve this is to move to a more Electronic, less Paper Association, and we are setting up a new website to help locate members and to set up "meets and rallies". Dagnall has written an introduction to this and you can read about it later in the newsletter.

A major change for some members will be that we plan to stop sending out paper copies of the newsletter, and to rely on E-Mail and the new website. Printing and Sending the old newsletters was the major drain on the association finances, and by using only Email and the website, we plan that the Association finances will be much stronger.

We now continue where the last newsletter stopped, with the final part of :

## FIRST CRUISE IN A CAT.

Pat hopes we may sail for Salcome tomorrow.

Thursday 10 August

0030 the alarm rings for S/F. It appears that we are going. 0300 the alarm rings again. Pat arises, resets alarm and returns to his pit. It's too dark to leave as we are surrounded by mooring buoys. 0400 Pat must have been awake as no alarm but lots of getting up and getting going noises. Eventually it's light enough to go and by 0600 we have passed Portland Bill on the inside. Later on having peered in to see if I am awake, Pat presents me with 2 Sea Legs as it's quite choppy. Getting dressed when your feet periodically almost leave the floor takes some concentration. Inserting contact lenses is definitely out in those conditions so go around in glasses, attracting unflattering comments from my husband and children. Later when the wind died on us, lenses went in, clothes came off. It was hot, lovely, and about time. This is the first occasion we have felt inclined to remove even a sweater. Pat turned in for a nap before lunch. Just as we are about to get down to the serious business of bangers and mash, the wind dies so Pat decides to down the genoa and motor for a while.

(1) Hon. Sec. Office 25 St Catherines Road Hayling Island PO11 0HF

As we approached Berry Head, we decided to press on to the Helford River to make up time. After supper of freshly caught mackerel, Pat retired, leaving instructions to be called at midnight and a course alteration when we pass the Eddystone. As it's only my second night sail I had to suppress the urge to get up and look round every couple of minutes. We passed the Eddystone at about 2230, having made a course correction to leave it to starboard. I was very relieved when we had passed it and I'd made the alteration as instructed by the skipper. I felt that I could relax a little more. The moon had risen early but had set by 2300 and I was left disconcertingly traveling into blackness, leaving a lovely phosphorescent wake. I'd heard of it but never seen it before, it's rather weird. Pat appeared at midnight, making me jump. I'd intended to leave him until at least 0100 but it seems he had not even been to sleep, although he had been up since 0400.

After making us both hot chocolate, I turned in, lulled by the engines as there was not a breath of wind.

Having sailed and motored alternately during the night, Pat picked up a mooring in the Helford River and turned in for 1 ½ hours. We had a late breakfast and then went to explore Helford's facilities. It was a lovely sunny morning to appreciate what a beautiful spot we had come to. The village itself is so picturesque, with thatched cottages and narrow twisty lanes. As no visitors' cars are allowed in the village it was also very peaceful and totally unspoiled. I almost felt obliged to talk in a whisper for fear of disturbing the tranquility.

We crossed the river and I left Pat dozing on the beach with the girls playing nearby while I went to the laundrette. We had a pub lunch of cold meat and salad but it was not the salad that the girls expected, so that was not very satisfactory. Had a short walk in the afternoon before returning to the boat. Pat, needless to say, had an early night and I was left with the problem of getting onto the inside of the double bunk without waking him.

Happily Pat has seen a notice saying that meals and snacks can be obtained from the Helford River Club House so I was saved from cooking at the 11th hour. We had intended to have an early lunch but somehow did not finish until after 1400. Took the girls and showered them and washed their hair, then shooed them out to Daddy while I performed my ablutions. Washing 3 lots of long hair seems to take ages and I'm usually greeted with 'you've been a long time'. We took the dinghy and explored Navas Creek, what lovely scenery and a delightful place to have a house. The 1755 S/F sounds promising so we may be off to the Isles of Scilly tomorrow.

We had the familiar caper of the 0033 S/F. Pat got up at 0445 and sailed us out of the Helford River. He says it was a lovely morning but I'm sorry to say I slept rather late, so by the time I was dressed the skipper was complaining about lack of breakfast. Not that I can blame him. The sun was shining and out of the wind, very warm, so clothes off again. My mean husband took a photo of me topless while I was totally oblivious! We alternated between sailing and motoring in an effort to reach the Scillies by a reasonable hour, as there was a W4 against us as usual. Our sailing so far has been so frustrating we have had to beat every time. We went past Wolf Rock in the late afternoon and obtained our first glimpse of the Islands. We had hoped to reach Hugh Town, St Mary's in daylight. What a hope, in our usual fashion we crept in in the dark. We really should have stood off until dawn but I couldn't face the thought of turn and turn about on watch so in we went. Pat was navigating like a ding-bat and I was helming to his instructions. It was such a confused sea, I daren't take my eyes off the compass for a second and it was quite hard to keep to the given courses. Eventually we arrived and anchored in St Mary's Pool in an almost completely black night about 2200. The shore lights were all we could see. After a very late supper, we turned in. We have been very lucky and, thanks to Pat's superb navigating, arrived safely.

We had quite a disturbed night, a good swell going. Pat was up a couple of times in the night as we knew there were rocks astern of us and the holding suspect. Moved further inshore during the morning and escaped from the swell. Rather dull and grey at first but brightened after breakfast and the sun even shone for a while. We were able to see how pretty it is among these islands with their sparkling white sands.

Went a walk into Hugh Town to explore and found a pleasant café for lunch. After eating Pat took the girls back to the beach while I did the shopping. After visiting the lifeboat station and inspecting the

lifeboat, we spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach. On returning to Morffa, in the dinghy, the two girls in the bow, me in the stern, weighted down by all my purchases and pat rowing, Lee fell in, full clothed. The first I know was when a startled face appeared beneath Pat's oar. We hauled her out completely soaked, poor girl, and nearly choked ourselves trying not to laugh. Fortunately, she saw the funny side of it so we all had a good laugh. A very dreary evening, rained hard, with the wind howling mournfully in our rigging and everyone else's within earshot.

There are a great number of French boats here, we English are definitely outnumbered.

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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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!

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.

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 Scillonian 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 to say 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.

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.

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.

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.

Had another rude awakening at 0645. It's just as well I can't reach that dammed 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.

#### Secretary's Corner:

Firstly, I would like to express my appreciation of Peter for all his work over so many years. The newsletter was very much an expression of Peter's knowledge and enthusiasm, and I know I enjoyed it a lot. My personal enthusiasm is for electronic things, and so with Alex, we have made some steps towards restarting the website. To this end I have arranged for a new website to be set up, [WWW.CatamaranCruising.CU.CC](http://WWW.CatamaranCruising.CU.CC). I would like to build this site as a place that we as an association can read about other member's locations, or plans, and to easily organize to meet up. When you use your browser and go to the site you should see a screen like this:



Home About Events Archive Contact Map Login

NEWS:

*Welcome to the new home of the Catamaran Cruising Association.*

This site will provide members with a simple to use tool to help organise Rallies, and other gatherings. You can see where other members are on the Map page, and visitors to the site can see events on the "Events" tag.

**April 27th 2013:** We have the map page working, but remember it is under construction!

We have old newsletters to download in the members only archive.

**AND,** There is an auto update Android app being developed for members to update their map pins automatically.

Please note that at the moment, Google and the other search engines do not know about the site, so you may have to type [WWW.CatamaranCruising.CU.CC](http://WWW.CatamaranCruising.CU.CC) into the Address bar of your browser the hard way!

The Big Application on the website is the MAP page, of which more later, but first, you will have to login.



When you click on the login tab for the first time, you will see this screen:



If you have not received your email from me with your login and initial password, I have set up a "Test Boat", login with [T@T.org](mailto:T@T.org) and the password "T". Once you have typed in your email address and password, click the "login button alongside the password and you should be logged in. The screen will change to an "Edit" screen where you can change the password and add your contact telephone number. If you logged in as the Test Boat, please do not change these as it will prevent other members "testing" the website!.

You can now click on the "Map" tab and you should see something like this: