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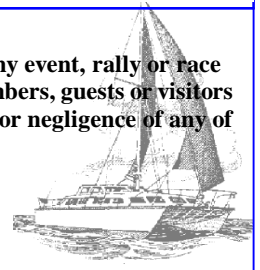
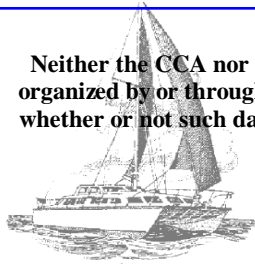
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Disclaimer

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.



September 2010

Dear Members,

It's that time of year with the season about to change to autumn bringing with it the shorter days and longer nights.

This month's **meet & eat** as per normal will be held during the **Southampton Boat Show** on the **18 September** at the **Duke of Wellington**, Bugle Street. Meet at 6.00pm. To eat approx. 7.00 pm.

Please let us know if you will be able to attend. Either by email to peter.Gimson@sky.com or text to +44 (0) 7971 808 777 Many Thanks ED

Our May Rally had mixed success please see members comments below:-

Hi Guy, an apology and something to add to the newsletter!

Scubacat's May Bank Holiday Cruise (?)

The bank holiday cruise has been something that we have been looking forward to. Not being retired means it is not often we can get off for a long weekend, and even with a bank holiday it needs some organising. So on Friday morning Cathy came with me to work in Basingstoke, and whilst I worked through stuff that had to be done, Cathy spend a hard time shopping!. We only work a half day on fridays, which usually translates to being able to leave at 4pm, but I managed to clear the decks enough to leave at 2pm, and we went to down to the boat. Lovely clear weather, nice wind. I fired up the computer and the detailed forecast for the next day was excellent. Enough wind to actually sail, and from the south. I didn't actually take much notice of the rain, it looked acceptable.

Next day we got up at a sensible time- weather was fine. (best tide to Cowes from Chichester meant we only needed to leave the mooring at 10am).

We cleared the mooring at 10, put up a reefed main and motored head to wind towards the entrance. By this time the wind was 24-27 kts apparent, and the rain had started. By the time we got to the entrance, she who must be obeyed was making negative comments. It didn't help that we couldn't actually see where we had come from, visibility was down to about 1/2 mile or less. But I was looking forward to a decent sail, so we continued out of the harbour as part of a small convoy of three yachts, all presumably also heading towards Cowes. We had heard the VHF inshore forecast, and it was not

(1) Hon. Sec. Office 196 Harewood Ave. Queens Pk. Bournemouth, Dorset BH7 7BQ

wonderful, but I persuaded the now rather rebellious crew that we would continue. We left the harbour and were heading to the beacon,(which we couldn't actually see), when there was a DSC alert and the coastguard said that there was a storm warning – Force 8 soon., Cathy and I looked at each other and I did a 180 degree turn back into the harbour - almost simultaneously with the other two yachts who had obviously also heard the warning and made the same decision!. We were most disappointed to let you all down, and rang Aleck to apologize.

I think we made the right decision; the VHF was fairly heavy with lifeboat and helicopter action and flares being sighted off Langstone. Chimet recorded gusts of 35 kts. We shot back to the mooring but discovered that our waterproofs were not particularly waterproof anymore. We also discovered that the ships bursar had expected summer weather and we were lacking dry warmer clothes. So we packed up, drove home and had a Chinese take away! So there you are. At least you know what happened to us!. I look forward to hearing what happened to the hardy and well provisioned crews who made it to the Folly.

With best wishes
Dagnall and Cathy
Scubacat.

Spring Bank Holiday Cruise to the Folly Inn, Isle of Wight

Thursday 27th May.

Dragonslayer left Poole for Isle of Wight and had a great sail to the Island, Think Again, Ard-na Greine and Duplicat were already on the Island holidaying.

Friday 28th May

Rumpelteazer left Christchurch early in the morning and made good time over to the Island. Arriving at the entrance to Cowes at the same time as all the ferries, which was a bit hair-raising. We continued our way up the river and finding Dragonslayer at anchor we tied up against her.

Later that day we were joined by three Catalacs that came down the river from Newport.

Ard-na Greine tied up on the other side of Dragonslayer while Think Again and Duplicat decided to moor up on the pontoon opposite the Folly Inn.



Drinks with nibbles onboard
Dragonslayer.

Aleck, Chris and Pop
Dragonslayer

Bob and Ann
Think Again

Ann and Nigel
Ard-na Greine

Shirley and Alan
Duplicat

John and Margaret
Rumpelteazer

Saturday 29th May

Aleck, John and Margaret went to the Island Harbour marina chandlery and then had a walk through the new housing estate and then down onto the pontoons to have a look at the other Cats that were there. We are hoping that Aleck may have recruited another member, but time will tell.

We should award a man overboard prize at the AGM for the person who did the best un-in tensional dive overboard. Nearly everyone has had a mishap and landed in the drink.



**I am sure all our
Members would like
to wish**

Nick (Pop) Tidmarsh

**A very happy 100th.
Birthday on
4 September 2010**

.....

Sunday 30th May

We all met up at the Folly Inn for Sunday Lunch which was very good.

Aleck needed to go up the mast of Dragonslayer to fix a wind direction vane and while up there noticed that a pigeon had made a nest on top of his radar and it contained two little dead chicks. The fact that he had sailed from Poole and that the nest stayed in place is some achievement for a bird.

Monday 31st May

Think Again came and tied up beside us all for a photo shoot before leaving for Christchurch.

On the way down the river they meet up with a traffic jam, the Moody's Yachts were celebrating their 50th anniversary.

Ard-na Greine and Duplicat were staying for a while longer on the Island and were going to make their way up to Newport for a few days.

John and Nigel helped Aleck to up anchor before leaving themselves.

As we came out of the river the wind just died right down, so we had to motor sail nearly all the way to Christchurch. We managed to catch 2 large mackerel, but one managed to escape before we got it onboard.

It was a good weekend, the company was great, just a pity that Peter and Sue on ME-AND-ER and Dagnall and Cathy on SCUBACAT weren't able to join us.

The weather was sunny at times but still a bit cold and windy.

Margaret Waller.....Rumpelteazer

Many thanks for your reports on the May Rally, let us hope that we will have more boats at our August Air Show Rally.

Catballou Emigrates to France.

The new owners of Catballou Rob & Jenny are taking her nearer to their home in France and the warmer climate of the Mediterranean, they had tried at the end of last year 2009 but the weather was not very favorable so they decided to leave her in Elkins boatyard Christchurch till the better weather of 2010.

They had some work to do over here and had hoped to go back in the water in April and also visit the Beaulieu Boat jumble before heading across the pond to Cherbourg.

However the best made plans etc did not work out as having been put in the water there was not sufficient room for them to stay on while they got every thing sorted.

Catballou also had to be moved to allow Matthew to use the dock for another crane in.

I felt the least I could do was to offer my services in getting the boat to Cherbourg for them. The weather was improving, the temperature had risen above 10 degree's and the wind was from the East and the forecast was improving as a high pressure settled over the uk chaos was raining with the shut down of all flights due to the Volcano eruption and the ensuing dust cloud, people were travelling all around the world to try and get back home, especially across Europe to the channel ports, Geoff Elkins cheered us up by saying there was chaos in Cherbourg, but I felt that by the time we got there and got the boat settled into the marina we stood a good chance of getting back to the uk. Rob & Jen were also coming back to pick up there car.

I left home on Wednesday April 21st about lunch time, Christchurch tide times can be a bit awkward for getting in or out at a suitable time but this time it was neaps and the second high was just after 6 oclock in the morning and an estimated 12 hour crossing would get us to Cherbourg about 6pm.

The initial plan was to head down to Poole and anchor up for the night but I felt we had a few jobs that wanted tidying up before we departed, setting up the GPS and installing a few waypoints etc.

The weather report was for an anticyclone centered over England by Thursday morning with a light to moderate easterly wind, sea state slight, weather fair, visibility good.

We were up at 5 o'clock fed and watered by half past and on our way, clearing Mudeford by 6 o'clock, the tides were pretty even 8.3 west 7.3 east. The auto-pilot was set up and a coarse set for 170 degree's magnetic. Rob got the main up, sorting out a halyard problem and a lazy jack problem, also hauling out the Jib, the wind tended to stay just forward of the beam and was about 15 knots, The gps was giving us a speed of 7 knots which would get us into Cherbourg about 4 o'clock 2 hours ahead of the predicted 12 hours, by lunch time the wind speed had increased to 20 knots gusting 25 knots and we had picked up a long easterly swell which had us rocking and rolling a bit but Catballou coped with it very well, we had to alter coarse two or three times for shipping in the separation zone but nothing that caused us any problems, the wind had increased a little more and was giving us gusts of 30 knots but Cherbourg was insight, being slightly east of the entrance I was able to come 10 degree's to starboard and easing the sheets a little rather then ask Rob to try to put a reef in the main and we came up and entered the western entrance to Cherbourg just

before 4 o'clock, entering the inner harbour and coming alongside on the end of Q pontoon, time for a welcome cup of tea !



We visited the harbour office and sorted out a more permanent berth as Rob & Jen are keeping the boat in Cherbourg for a while, we then went around to see about a ferry back home, it seems there was nothing back to Poole as Barfleur has been sold and the fast cat was in for a repair and service, the only option was a new boat called Cap Finnestere and she was due to depart for an over night crossing to Portsmouth in about 2 hours time, so to get every thing done that had to be done it was a taxi back to the marina and also booking him to return in about an hours time, we had to move Catballou onto another mooring set up the mooring lines and electric cable, make sure she was safe and secure and getting our bags ashore before getting the taxi back to the ferry terminal. Jenny went straight to bed but Rob and I enjoyed a nice meal and a bottle of wine before turning in, we were due in at Portsmouth at 8 o'clock in the morning, luckily Jen had been able to get a friend to meet us and drive us back to Christchurch where we could pick up our respective cars, Rob & Jen were heading straight back to Portsmouth to catch a ferry to Caen and drive to Cherbourg as there were no ferries going direct and I was driving home to Wiltshire to pick up wife Ann and back to Christchurch to get some work done on Think Again, a very eventful couple of days.

Catballou leaving Christchurch

Bob Freeman

Snip below is from a sailing forum – thought it might interest you.

Regards,

Dave Howell
D G Howell (Hydraulic Engineers) Ltd
tel 01633 612044

<Penetrating Oils Compared

Machinist's Workshop magazine actually tested penetrants for break out torque on rusted nuts. Significant results! They arranged a subjective test of all the popular penetrants with the control being the torque required to remove the nut from a "scientifically rusted" environment.

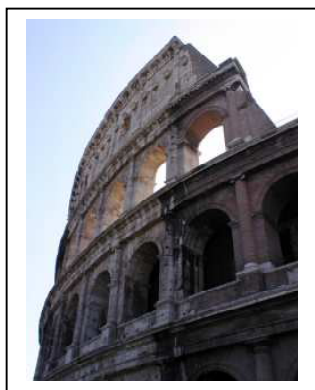
Penetrating oil	Average load
None	516 pounds
WD-40	238 pounds
PB Blaster	214 pounds
Liquid Wrench	127 pounds
Kano Kroil	106 pounds
ATF-Acetone mix...	53 pounds

The ATF-Acetone mix was a "home brew" mix of 50 - 50 automatic transmission fluid and acetone.

Note the "home brew" was better than any commercial product in this one particular test. A local machinist group mixed up a batch and all now use it with equally good results. Note also that "Liquid Wrench" is about as good as "Kroil" for about 20% of the price.>

We now rejoin Squib on her summer cruise.

Barmy Bohemians



Squib newsletters are like the number 10 bus, you wait around for hours and 2 come long at once!

The 34 mile crossing to mainland Italy from Elba went without a hitch which was surprising as we literally followed a storm for the whole way. However on arrival at the first port Punta Ala, there was no room at the inn and we were forced to travel south for a further 5 miles and with the change in direction a storm started following us! By now, the moderate seas and swell made the destined harbour too dangerous to enter - we found this to be a common problem along this mostly straight coastline for many miles. The weather cheered up and the sun came out and we continued our journey for another 20 miles arriving at Talamone a walled Tuscan village and berthed for free on the town quay. Unfortunately the bad weather returned and it remained unsettled for a few days more, which didn't bother us unduly as Rome was by now only a train ride away and the town of Talamone was very interesting.

2 days later we woke up to blue sky and sunshine and a flat battery! After a steward's enquiry of mammoth proportions we charged it up.

On channel 68 on the VHF radio throughout Italy a continuous weather report is given in Italian and English at dictation speed, Len and Gill had nicknamed the reader 'Popeye' and the name had stuck. On the 3rd day we listened intently to 'Popeye' and he promised a reasonable day so with this we got underway heading south once more. We soon discovered and not for the first time, that he had underestimated the sea state and we took a pounding with the swell. The forecasted NW wind was not accurate either and remained on the nose for 50 miles. We eventually arrived at the huge port of Civitavecchia feeling decidedly battered. We were too exhausted to explore so an early night for an early start to Fiumicino.

We'd read quite a bit about navigating the entrance to Fiumicino canal - too much because the message received was it's dodgy at the best of times and sometimes dangerous due to the constant swell and the tidal flow, this concerned me a little. For approximately 10 miles before our destination, we noticed several dead fish floating and at first presumed the trawlers had dumped part of their catch until the situation worsened the nearer we got. Eventually at the entrance we were distracted enough not to notice the difficult entry and before we knew it we were tied up in the marina having a beer. The marina was littered with dead fish too, so much so that a couple of days later the environmental health was forced to carry out a massive clean-up operation. It seems that with the recent storms, the heavy rains had sought the canal as a drain taking with it the general pollution, thus killing the unsuspecting sea water fish and causing this tragic massacre.

With the girls arriving the following day, we had to get organised with beds and bedding, provisions and perhaps more importantly the right bus to catch to Leonardo di Vinci airport. We whizzed around the boat and the shops and also found a couple of English boats in the canal who were au fait with the buses.



Until we saw our daughters the following day with our own eyes, we still couldn't believe they were coming and we would all be together for 2 weeks, we were obviously incredibly excited. There were lots of hugs and greetings at the airport, and then back to *Squib* for a welcome meal. The next day was spent catching up with the gossip and going to the nearby beach to relax before attempting any

sightseeing in Rome.

Rome wasn't built in a day and you certainly can't see it all in a day! After a short train ride and then metro we arrived at the Colosseum. We learnt that construction was started in 72AD on the site of Emperor Nero's house; it was multi-purpose a bit like a modern day leisure centre except I don't recall seeing any gladiator fights or Christians being slayed in our local one. This time we paid for a guide to animate this immense amphitheatre and we were able to imagine the imperial family in their box witnessing gruesome spectacles such as wild beast shows. We saw the underground cages they were kept in and pictured the place filled with water for battles.

Our entry ticket also entitled us to visit the nearby Palatine Hill, one of the seven hills of Rome, where it's said that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf and later Romulus

founded Rome; it overlooks the Forum the rtrifa for political rallies, public ceremonies and senate meetings. We let our imaginations go into overdrive as we strolled around both places picturing the ancient Romans togged in their togas.

Time to orientate ourselves on a sightseeing tour around Rome to see what else there was on the menu. On the bus we soon discovered that we would have to stay a long time to see everything of interest, so we whittled it down to the general consensus.

The heat made it impossible to dress in anything but shorts and vest tops, so the next day we equipped ourselves with sarongs and cardigans to cover up in St Peter's. Unfortunately they were even more pedantic than anticipated and our arms and to below the knees had to be covered or entry refused. The upshot was we had to go in twos and Paul didn't go in at all as he said the throw-away trousers on sale for the purpose would spoil his street cred.....! Once inside we were met by an awe-inspiring sight that rooted us to the spot. It is immense and beautiful. The spell was eventually broken by the sound of an English guide explaining about Michaelangelo's Pietà, the marble statue of the Virgin Mary with Jesus dying in her lap, her face portraying intense compassion. We were able to find some more English speaking guides to bring to life the cavernous interior, the chapels, the exquisite, ornate floors and the many famous treasures and rtrifacts. Later in the square and the heat the almighty columns surrounded us and the cool waters of the fountain beckoned, but we decided it might have been blasphemous for cooling our feet down. We were disappointed to find out that the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican were closed for the day although we did glimpse the guards in their curious uniforms, must have used the same tailor as the one used for the disposable trousers!

We caught a bus to Piazza Venezia and explored the Vittoriano, a monument dedicated to Victor Emmanuel 11 before stumbling upon a virtual reality attraction called The Time Elevator. From the ancient to the modern. We sat in a small studio with surround sound and screen and were presented with the story of Rome. The film started with the birth of Romulus and Remus and spanned the ages to the present day. Along the way we saw, amongst much more, Michaelangelo at work in the Sistine chapel and the rise and fall of the Roman Empire; the seats moved with the motion of the time machine and we had the sound effects. To complete the surrealism we had 'real' wind, 'real' rain and 'real' rats running up our legs! Glad they asked if anyone had a weak heart first! This place was a big hit with all of us.

Zóe had a burning ambition to have her photo taken on the steps used in the film Roman Holiday and Sam wanted to see the statue of Romulus and Remus with the wolf, so as the steps were nearby, Zóe bought the necessary ice cream (for €5 - don't think she was the first with this idea!) and the photo was snapped. Sadly the museum housing the statue was closed on arrival, but there was a replica outside so out with the camera again and another one for the album.

We wandered across the river Tiber (well via the bridge anyway!) into the enchanting medieval Trastevere area and found a small friendly family run bar for a much needed refreshment before finding a restaurant for an evening meal. Every restaurant had been very busy with long queues, then after our meal we got lost and as a consequence missed the last train back. In the railway station we were just deciding whether find a hotel or bed ourselves down on the station benches, when Sam came back from a wander to tell us she had negotiated a good price for a taxi to take us back home.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH ED.

