

CAT - A - LOG

**A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER FOR NAUTICAT
ASSOCIATION MEMBERS**



Beaulieu Palace

The venue for the Nauticat Association's 15th Anniversary



Nauticat Association Newsletter

Issue Number 55

Summer 2010

Merchandise

Heavy Pique Polo Shirt (35% Cotton, 65% polyester)

S to 3XL - White, Black, Bottle Green, Royal, Navy. £14.50

Performance Polyester Polo Shirt (100% Polyester with moisture Management system) S to 4XL - Navy or White only. £18.25

S to XL £16.99. White, Black, Bottle Green, Maroon, Emerald Green, Navy, Royal Blue, Sky Blue, Yellow Grey.

Round Neck Sweatshirt (50% Cotton, 50% Polyester)

S to 3XL - White, Black, Navy, Red, Burgundy, Bottle Green, Royal. £19.25

Two Colour Quarter Zip Fleece (100% Anti Pill Spun Polyester)

S to 2XL - Black/Charcoal, Bottle/Navy, Royal/Navy, Navy/Red, Red/Navy. £19.25

Long Sleeve Rugby Shirt (CVC Jersey) S - 2XL - Black, Navy, Red, White, Royal, Bottle, Gold, Sky Blue all with white collar. £22.00

Short Sleeve Classic Drill Rugby Shirt (100% Cotton) XS to XL

Navy, Dark Navy, Sky Blue, Deep Pink. £28.75

Size Guide (inches): XS 30/32, S 32/34, M 36/38, L 40/42, XL 44/46, 2XL 48/50, 3XL 50/52, 4XL 54/56

The above prices include the garment embroidered with the association logo and personalised with your boat's name and is inclusive of VAT. Where delivery or collection is not possible, items will be sent by post at a cost of: 1 x item £2.24, 2 x items £2.70, 3/4 x items £4.41.

The following items are available from the Chairman inclusive of postage and VAT.

Association Tie - navy background with narrow red / gold stripes and Association Logo OR gold background with narrow red / navy stripes and Association Logo. £15.00

The Nauticat Association Burgee. £11.50

Please send your order enclosing a cheque payable to the Nauticat Association for the appropriate amount to:

Colvin Rae, 30 Beacon drive, Selsey, West Sussex, PO20 0TW

Any queries please call 07811 217633 or E mail colvinrae@aol.com

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Chairman's Thoughts

I hope you have all enjoyed the same wonderful summer weather as we have here on the south coast. Sue and I have certainly taken maximum advantage of it. We may not have sailed vast distances or been away for more than a couple of weeks at a time but we have spent as much time on the water as our other commitments have permitted.

In the last couple of months two events have taken place – the East Coast Rally and the South Coast Rally – both of which are reported fully elsewhere. My thanks go to Bob and Roger and their small teams of “volunteers” who worked hard to make these events successful and enjoyable. Family commitments meant we were unable to get to Ipswich this year. By the time you read this we will have joined our Celtic members in Troon for the Celtic Rally at the beginning of August. I understand Harry has co-opted me to give language lessons to those attending from the foreign climes of Ireland and Wales (plus any who make it over from Edinburgh!).

The 15th Anniversary dinner, which was held during the South Coast Rally, was attended by 58 members and guests – the largest number at any Association event to date. Sadly Jan and Ray Dennett, our President, and founders of the Association, were unable to join us but we did manage to raise a glass to “absent friends” and to drink a toast to the next fifteen years of the Association. As is usual in any marina where more than one Nauticat Member meets the lights on Nauticats are always the last lights to be extinguished at night.

I have only six months left in my post as Chairman – it seems like only a few weeks since I accepted the position for a two year term. The members will therefore need to appoint a successor to take over at our AGM in February until February 2013. The workload is far from onerous – we have a group of very committed volunteers who look after membership, secretarial matters, our money, our website, technical queries, our cruising forum and the production and distribution of the Catalog. Our three social secretaries do a great job in coming up with ideas for rallies, other events and turning these ideas into reality. In addition Sue and I have had the ideal excuse to catch up with all the many friends we have made in our twelve years as members.

The joy of being Chairman has been that I have spoken to so many members and prospective members I would never have met otherwise. The only event which has traditionally fallen to the Chairman to organise is the AGM and even there Richard Bartlett and John Claisse have looked after the Technical and Cruising Forums respectively.

I have bumped into a number of former members who did not renew their membership on selling their Nauticat as they believed ownership was a prerequisite of membership like many sailing associations. Some of them had really enjoyed the social interaction as members and now missed it. If you meet any such former members may I ask you to do as I do and tell them that we are an Association for those who have Nauticats; have had them; are thinking about having them and would like to enjoy our many social events while at the same time getting access to our superb technical support. (Put like that confirms the annual subscription is really good value!).

I would ask everyone reading this to think how they could help the Association continue to grow for the benefit our current and future members. If you feel you might like to fill the role of Chair – either in February or in 2013 – then please get in touch and let’s have a chat – I promise no pressure and no commitment from getting in touch. Roger Cass who has been South Coast Social Secretary for the last two years (Roger also did a two year term some years earlier) would like to hand over the reins at the AGM. He is currently putting together the arrangements for the South Coast rally in 2011 so whoever takes over will only need to handle any outstanding details. Again if you feel you’d like to help the Association in this way please call either Roger or me for a chat.

Little information has been forthcoming from Nauticat in Finland. At this point they have not appointed an agent for the UK and there are no indications this situation is likely to change in the next months. They still have a provisional space booked at the Southampton Boat Show in September. We will have to wait to see if/how that is used.

I am hoping that we will once again have the benefit of significant discounts on Southampton Boat Show tickets. As soon as I have the details I will circulate it to all members.

Enjoy the rest of the summer and we hope you will try to participate in our Laying Up Supper – “with a difference” – full details and the booking form are included with the Catalog.

We plan to be aboard around the South Coast during August so if you see “Atonement” please come aboard and raise a glass with us.

Colvin



South Coast Rally and 15th Anniversary

A long arduous trip from The Hamble to The Beaulieu River, a distance of seven miles, was the trip Oisín had to make to get to the South Coast Rally and the special event to celebrate the 15th anniversary of the Nauticat Association. Roger Cass ably assisted by Malcolm and supported by Susan Rae brilliantly organised two very special days of celebration. The Beaulieu River and Bucklers Hard are a beautiful location in their own right but this was topped by the 'Posh' evening at Beaulieu Palace, the culmination of fifteen Nauticat years.

The first evening of the two night stay was informal with a lovely buffet dinner at The Captains Table followed by skittles and croquet. For the next evening we took a coach for the short ride to Beaulieu Palace where we were treated to a private guided tour of the apartments followed by a sumptuous dinner in the beautiful dining room. A fantastic young piano player accompanied us through dinner and then after all the speeches treated us to a recital, completing this very special evening. *Ed*





Technical Support

We have had a relatively new boat broken into on a swinging mooring which resulted in considerable internal damage to the woodwork. The thieves stripped out all the electronics and engine instruments and departed without a trace. This was probably an isolated case but never the less it's a reminder for us all to be vigilant.

An older NC44 lost all steering 6 miles off the coast. This potentially serious situation was the result of severe corrosion of a copper hydraulic steering line under the aft cabin area when all the fluid was pumped into the aft bilge. The failure was instant rather than gradual as further rotation of either helm just pumped more fluid out of the system. We recommend all owners to inspect the copper tubes, particularly in the area of the propeller shaft gland and under the aft floor. Corrosion should be carefully removed and the entire copper pipe runs coated in 2 applications of a preservative such as Waxol. Some of these pipes are almost inaccessible and therefore difficult to replace.

Two other steering faults are: If the helm cannot be rotated easily with one finger the hydraulic steering jack is ceasing up. If the boat manually steers in only one direction but is normal with the autopilot engaged, one of the non return valves in the autopilot electric hydraulic pump has stuck open.

The first Raymarine autopilot has been repaired by Maritime Services (www.theservicecentre.eu) in Wareham and the Association member reported that the standard of service was excellent. This is a purely trade organisation and we have been given forms and labels to issue via the internet.

It's interesting just how many boat internal fittings are available for caravans at a much lower price. Take a look at C.A.K.Tanks (www.caktank.com) who are in Kenilworth, Warwickshire. They are a very large trade distributor who's showroom is well worth a visit. The largest supplier of boat toilet systems and spares is Lee Sanitation (www.leesan.com) who are just down the road.

We have had a report of a good quality diesel tank cleaning service for boats between Poole and Brighton. The price was certainly very competitive and the operator was extremely careful and didn't rush the job. Details provided on request.

Deck lamps on later boats could be Aquasignal Series 80s units which are fitted with GE 4406 12v 35w bulbs. These bulbs are priced at £5.11 ex VAT from our suppliers but a chandlery was charging £22 each!

We now have a UK stockist of Oras taps and shower handsets. Nauticat has used Oras (Finland) for many years and we have a small but steady demand for their products. It's so helpful when members send in these reports as it's easy to add the information to our ever expanding Parts Suppliers List.

Report: NC331 late model: I found spots of rust falling out of the aft head ceiling halogen spotlight. On closer examination I discovered that the metal support for the bulb holder was rusting away. Why Nauticat use products that contain nickel plated parts amazes me. In the forward head they fitted a sealed Frilight, I think they should have fitted the same in the rear head. I then proceeded to pull out all the ceiling lights and have found that 4 more were rusting to varying degrees. Comment from Technical Support – check all boats from 1990 onwards as they all have the same halogen light holders.

We've received a chandlery catalogue from Hamburg which looks quite interesting www.toplicht.de. Fortunately they do speak English on the phone and are very helpful.

Best regards to you all from
Richard Bartlett
01395 232789 rgbartlett@aol.com



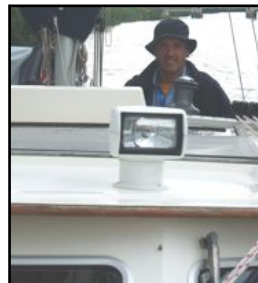
Disclaimer

Neither the Organisers of any event, nor the Nauticat Association shall be held liable for any loss, damage or personal injury, howsoever caused, arising from or in connection with any event.

CONDOR - Still in Flight

Friday, 8 June 2007

CONDOR is continuing her flight north eastwards. We are currently sitting in 1.7 metres of water (draught 1.9) in a delightful place called Grou in Friesland, north Netherlands. We made good progress on our last move from Dordrecht, out of the Oude Maas to the Hook of Holland and out to sea again.



As we proceeded down the estuary at 9 knots (including abut of current) we spotted a Dutch Customs boat. Are they coming towards us or are they not? Oh crikey, yes they are, shall we slow down or shall we see if they can board us at 9 knots. We slowed down and entertained two extremely polite Police Officials asking the standard questions. Where have you come from? Where are you going? Are you the owners? How many people on board? May we see your passports? That was all. They then jumped back in their rib, revved up their twin 200 hp engines and disappeared in a flash. Absolute gentlemen.

We progressed with a spirited sail up the coast in 20 knots over the deck to over night in Schveningen, then onto Ijmuiden and Amsterdam. Great place to stay just opposite the city centre with a free ferry across the canal to savour the delights of this rather raunchy conurbation. The harbour-master is quite a character who easily made up for the major civil engineering works installing the new metro tunnel beside the marina.

We went through the lock into the Marksemeer and to Vollandam, very busy and rather touristy, on the "trail" they tell us. Onto Enkhuizen, lovely, across the IJseelmeer to Stavoren and into the canal system to Grou. Wonderful sailing on the Marksemeer and IJseelmeer, the whole of everybody was out there. The culture of sailing in such a wonderful place and in such ideal conditions is definitely a thing to be experienced before you die.

Clearly depth is a bit of an issue in these waters but one gets used to seeing 3 metres on the gauge and hardly able to see the shore.

For the trivial pursuits - What is a Terperlan? A Terperlan is a small hillock upon which a village in Friesland stands. It has been built up over 2500 years as a result of the husbandry of large herds of cattle, pure

compost. Alternatively a large heap of pooh....! We return this weekend for another thrilling instalment in the quest for the pickled herring

Wednesday, 20 June 2007

CONDOR – Difficult Decisions in the Dutch Canals

We finally departed from Grou at 8.30am on Sunday 17th June, the weather was good, visibility excellent and a decision had still not been made as to how to exit the Friesland canals into the North Sea. We slipped our moorings and reversed out squelching through the mud as we went. Methinks that should clean the barnacles off the bottom of the keel.

After 40 minutes we approached the now infamous Big Horrible Brug. It just opened as we approached. It never ceases to amaze us how a major dual carriageway bridge can be opened for a single yacht to pass through at 8.45 in the morning rush hour. Such is the significance of canal traffic, both commercial and “sport” deeply embedded in the Dutch psyche. Can you picture that happening in the UK...!

Onward we went and as we approached the critical fork in the canal at the approach to Leeuwarden we were still without a decision that would allow us to escape back to sea. On the one hand we could go left along the safe and Deep Harlingen Ship Canal, out through the lock at Harlingen, into the Waddensee and catch the midday favourable tide along the dredged channel to the marina at Oost Vlieland for the night. Easy. Alternatively we could turn right, proceed through the bridges of Leeuwarden, then north west along the Dokkumer Ee to the Laursmeer. The chart showed a general depth of 2.2 mtrs and a minimum depth just after the lock at Dokkum of 1.9 mts, our nominal draft.

As we approached the junction the decision was only 2 minutes away. We had spoken to many Dutch cruisers on the way up and the general response seemed to be “it is possible”, spoken with a shrug..! We were really confused. We felt that if we had a 50 ton craft with an underwater plough fitted and a 1000hp engine we could make it easily, regularising the canal bed as we go. Brian Navin had no hesitation in recommending the route but were becoming increasingly concerned that his routes were referenced to a smaller lighter craft than ours with a shoal draft of 1.5 mtrs. “Well said the Lady, you are going to have to go left or right in the next 15 seconds” “Lets go for it, into the shallows, lets prove it can be

done, lets boldly go where no other Nauticat has previously gone”. After all we were saving some 50 miles at sea on the next day, that’s a whole day off our passage time.

We proceeded through the Leeuwarden bridges, the little man swung his clog out on the end of a fishing line to collect the tolls, the canal banks of mown grass and stately trees and lovely fully serviced canal side moorings greeted us. We were still worried but what the heck – this is sailing in paradise.

[Sunday, 24 June 2007](#)

CONDOR - Has Landed

We are pleased to advise that CONDOR has made it to Kiel on the German Coast of the Baltic. After travelling through part of the inland waterways of The Netherlands we finally put to sea at Lawersroog to complete the final leg outside the Eastern Fresian Islands. This area is a notoriously rough part of the journey (so we are told), our experience was for two days of wonderfully warm weather, flat calm seas and wind force zero gusting force one. Absolutely glorious but not a lot of sailing.

We proceeded up the Kiel Canal in the evening and had it virtually to ourselves. Back in dear old Blighty for a couple of weeks and then we return to cruise around the Danish Islands, reputed to be one of the finest family cruising grounds in the world. We will let you know!

Tally to date:- Eight grounding, one set of trees, one electricity cable and one box-up (a major cock-up in a box).. This close quarter work certainly improves ones boat handling skills and none of it can be read about in a book.

[Saturday, 14 July 2007](#)

CONDOR - Ever Onwards

Now completed 800 miles with quite alot of wind assistance. Will shortly need to find a diesel pump for the first time since leaving Eastbourne. Made it to Kolding on this trip via Kiel, Flensberg, Sonderborg and Arosund (Middlefart - didn't actually go there, but what a wonderfully sounding place) with some good sailing and some snappy seas - we thought the Baltic was going to be a millpond. Seem to be living in every chandlers



that we visit, latest acquisition, a new courtesy flag - blue with a yellow cross. We shall see...!

European public transport is marvellous, we travel without effort until we attempt to drive home from Stanstead, section from Junctions 30 to 1 closed all day for repairs and 13 vehicle pile up between junctions 3 and 4. What a nightmare getting back. We also noted that the M1, M6, M4, M20 were all closed at sometime during the day. We find that the UK is generally well thought of by the countries through which we have travelled, they are clearly unaware of our wonderful transport infrastructure.

Friday, 20 July 2007

CONDOR - On holiday, and a guest arrives

We return to Condor in the North Yachthaven in Kolding, flying out from Stanstead with Ryanair to Esbjerg, coach to station and train to Kolding is easy and about an hour. Being - UK go everywhere in a car - type people, getting used to public transport into and out of a variety of locations proved a little torturous. Thankfully we have overcome the problem and feel that if the cheap airlines had a frequent flyer category we would now be receiving a sizable discount.

On this occasion we were accompanied by daughter Did, six months pregnant but as always refusing to miss out on anything. Condor looked good as we sailed down Kolding Fiord with the wind aft passed the magnificent Kolding Fiord Hotel nestling on the waters edge. Just an 8 mile trip to get our sea legs going again to the South Yachthavn at Middlefart (pronounced Middlefat). A nice hammerhead made life easy and a pleasant stroll into the town on a lovely day.

We are seeing Danish towns as being very similar to English ones, the usual pedestrian precinct with shops selling racks of clothes “made in China”, nothing particularly stylish. How do the French and Italians create style? The weather over the next few days was kindish, no real rain until of course we wanted to anchor and the it tipped it down. Not blisteringly hot as “it normally is” the locals were suggesting. It has generally been cooler than normal, always 20 degrees and warm but not 25 and hot.

Faaborg was our next stop, a quaint town worth a visit, which was enjoying a music festival on the Saturday morning that we arrived, until one o'clock when they all packed up and went home. All they shops

closed leaving a few tables on the pavement outside a café where nobody wanted to serve us – and this is the high season. Denmark to us seemed to be driven by respect for people and social need rather than the blatant drive for commercialism so obvious in the UK or everyone had gone on holiday. Refreshing or boring? We couldn't find a restaurant that we either fancied, could reserve a table at or afford so we retired to the yacht for our evening repast. We either need to shake off our taste for the delights of France or develop a taste for what are huge portions of meat, fish and potatoes served with seeming disdain for the customer.

We remain open minded at this stage, perhaps we are choosing the wrong items from the menu. It was here that we rafted up alongside an X Yacht 612 owned by a gentleman named "Torben" whose home port was the Christianshavn in Copenhagen. "There is plenty of room in the winter and being in the middle of a large European city, it doesn't freeze, and it is very central for everything including the airport. You should go there" he said It was definitely a shoes off boat and when another yacht from a country with a blue and yellow flag tried to join the raft it was swiftly told to be off in no uncertain terms.

Nice to be British, a rare bird in those waters, but always respected and refreshingly welcome (we hope).

[Monday, 23 July 2007](#)

CONDOR - A birthday on board

It was nice to celebrate the skippers 59th birthday whilst on cruise and this in part was marked by the phrasing locally of a short poem by the first mate:-

*Intrepid travellers are we three (and a half)
Sailing in Condor across the sea
In Denmark we are sure to be fed
On "schwartzbrod", "kartoffel" og "roget slid"
Each day we eat the dog's breath "ost"
Og a couple of Tuborgs for frokost
Plenty of "sove" for each of us
Reading Michael Connelly is a must
Lets hope the "sol" appears everyday
And helps us on our holiday
Around the islands and over the seas
Intrepid travellers are we three (and a half)*

Monday, 30 July 2007

CONDOR - Cruising the islands in the Danish Archipelago

Having now completed the passage making for this year we were joined by our daughter for a summer holiday cruise in the Danish Archipelago, the Danish equivalent of the Costa del Sol. It was quite an experience. We visited some lovely places, Aerokobing on the Island of Aero took the prize. A delightful antiquated place with brightly coloured, beamed houses leaning in all manner of directions. Cobbled streets needed big shoes and ice creams for sale needed a shady corner for at least half an hour. A lovely bay for screaming around in the tender and deserted islands to disappear to and play at Robinson Crusoe.

The locals declared that it was not a good summer weather wise, we were in shorts and tee shirts and didn't need a woolly in the evening. It seemed a little too cold to swim, daughter declaring it was a season for wally tans, face, arms and legs only. The harbours were generally quite busy, the weather not being stable enough for mass anchoring in the numerous bays in about 4 metres. When the weather is blazing the marinas are allegedly empty.

For the science fans, the island of Aero is being used as a European experiment in electricity self sufficiency. They have installed a 4900 sq mtr photovoltaic array, countless wind turbines, a 500 watt power solar generator on each roof top and an electricity generating straw burning plant. Our initial impression was that there were very few locals around, perhaps they had left for a proper life on the mainland!

The only drawback was the necessity to navigate some tricky channels through the shallow bits, of which there were many and it was not easy to get a good sail going. On one occasion we gybed 5 times in a narrow channel with a fluky wind aft, whilst try to avoid other craft coming towards us and keep an eye on the buoys.

Saturday, 25 August 2007

CONDOR - The Cruising Association Rally

The catalyst for this year's adventure was the Cruising Association's rally at Rudkobing. We have been members of Sovereign Harbour Yacht Club in Eastbourne since we purchased Condor back in 2003 and are much indebted to Rob Morris the then Rear Commodore of Sail for "leading" us into a cruising life.

Having jaunted around the English Channel for three years and enjoyed the delights of Northern France, we joined the Cruising Association based in The Limehouse Basin, London, as a means of going onto the next step in our sailing careers, cruising further afield. We attended the winter lectures and were inspired by the Baltic Section's adventures.



The CA rally at Rudkobing was great, we made 72 new friends in 4 days many of whom we are still in contact with and have met up with since. The event was wonderfully organised by Stuart and Marjorie Bradley and Laura and made the whole trip to the Baltic worthwhile.

Many of the owners we met keep their yachts in the Baltic and lay them up for the winter months in either Germany or Denmark where they are extremely well cared for and prepared in the spring for a further six months of cruising in this truly delightful sailing location. Condor will not return to the UK this winter, more details to follow.

PS If you click on the image it gets big !

[Saturday, 1 September 2007](#)

CONDOR - On passage to Copenhagen

After a great rally, we set sail, going south through the channel towards Maastal, wiggling around the channel at the entrance to the marina (they seem to want to capture all yachts as they pass) and out into the Baltic.

Around the southern extremity of the Great Baelt and eastwards along the southern coast of Falstar. It was truly a beautiful day, no wind and no sailing but lots of sunshine and a mirror like sea. We suddenly heard Golden Dawn (from the rally) talking to another yacht as they sailed off towards Kiel. We called them up and had a chat and exchanged cherios. We were then called by Foot Loose, 15 miles to the south at Fehman trying to find somewhere to get his liferaft serviced. Amazingly we exchanged mobile phone numbers on Ch 16, or rather I published Jackies phone number to the whole of Denmark and North Germany. A text message comes through from Hexotic somewhere to the north but running parallel

to us on the other side of Falstar. How bad was this going to get?

As we motored on the wind got up, right on the nose. Its amazing how the sea kicks up in no time at all. We started slamming an the decision was taken to come about and head for Rodbyhavn just three miles behind us. Our intention was to get into Gedser but it would be an uncomfortable journey and we hadn't seen Rodby so it seemed a good idea.

As we dodged the Puttgarten to Rodby ferries as they relentlessly ply their way ever 15 mins across the short stretch of water between Germany and Denmark. Not a particular nice place but a timely refuge as we tied up against the south quay and the heavens opened as the ropes went ashore. We got absolutely drenched, I mean seriously crew mutinying drench and with no electricity on the pontoon, no hairdrier. I must get the inverter fixed.

[Monday, 3 September 2007](#)

CONDOR - Jeremy-a magic moment

Our next intended port of call was Gedser. Six miles inland and then back out the next day was a bit of an imposition but it seemed the next place to go. As we left Rodby in 0 knots of wind we hit fog, serious fog, ferry dodging fog, crew mutinying fog, second time in twenty four hours – impossible. Mutinying that is.

We crept up the coast, due east, keeping out of the shipping lanes, when suddenly the VHF, channel 16 burst into life. “We are a sailing yacht on a course ---, in the shipping lanes in position -- -. E and -- ---N, in thick fog. Please do not hit us” Lots of them, all in English. Amazing how the old mother tongue gets used in a crisis. Lots of German yachts playing hide and seek in a major shipping lane. Well whatever turns you on!

With visibility down to 200 yards, all eyes were on the radar. “Target coming in at 340 degrees, 3 miles”. Watch him closely. 2 miles and coming down the line, change course 20 degrees. That should do it. Replot. He's changed course and still coming down the line. Change course 70 degrees – ie go the other way. What the ---- he's following us. Out of the mist comes a huge German “Gentlemen” motor boat, 200 yards away, looked turned to starboard on went on its way. Extraordinary

It later transpired that the Keil to Copenhagen 12 mtrs yacht race was on and we were in the middle of it. The yachts in the shipping lanes were

stuck there with no wind and the cruiser that appeared out of the mist was the marshals boat. It came to see who we were. How very nice, they might have said something – like “Hello, sorry to have scared the pants off you!” The fog cleared, it turned into a nice sunny day and we decided to miss Gedser and save the 12 miles detour and go straight to Klintholm. We were back schedule. As we rounded Gedser Rev, a lump of rock, up went the genny and we sailed the dozen or so miles up to Klintholm.

17.45 - Klintholm in sight – prepare the fenders, mooring ropes, boat hooks ready, now where is the harbour entrance. “Could you find the book for me Jack. I haven’t had a look at this one”. We have just completed a 40+ miles run, entering a strange harbour, “look there is a good spot over there. Ready, here we go” Bloke on pontoon espied out of the corner of an eye, that will help. “Ok Jack, throw the ropes” Bloke makes no attempt to catch them, but casually says “ dinner at 6, there’s a better spot over there. Dear Jeremy, guest on Hexotic already in harbour, a magic moment. We all eat at the Rogerii (smokehouse) – wonderful.

[Thursday, 6 September 2007](#)

CONDOR - The bent Swiss stantions

Just one night in Klintholm, we set off for Rodvig with Hexotic in pursuit. Jeremy, now renamed “The Boy Racer” at the helm, sailing as if his life depended on it. Here comes a gust, ah ha, he didn’t spot that one and we are advised at a later date the teapot flew horizontally from its normally safe position on the table and made a dent in the ceiling. Now that what I call heeling, thank goodness we are only cruising.

Hexotic in first, we raft alongside and a good evening was spent courtesy of Gavin and Terry. Next morning becomes interesting. Wind 17 kts blowing us onto raft. We reverse fairly quickly to disengage from raft, stern goes out and bow goes in, rattling bowsprit along the rails of a Swiss motorboat. Owner pops out of cabin suggesting we are “something or others”. We come to rest on a pole amidships at the other end of the harbour, turned the boat on the pole and proceed to reverse out. A neat bit of boat handling – I am sure the Swiss guy would have applauded if he hadn’t been preoccupied with some distorted stantions.

No harm done to Condor and we were on the last leg of the season to Copenhagen. Who'd have believed it!

Monday, 10 September 2007

CONDOR - We tie up in the Christianshavn

We coasted into the main channel of the major European city of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. We had high expectations and were not without some apprehension - leaving Condor right in the middle of a vast conurbation, all those people, all those opportunities for crime.

An earlier expedition had secured an option from Gorm, the Havn Meister for us to over winter from the first of September, in the Christianshavn with a deposit paid in advance - £500.00 for two months rent, £300.00 for September and £200.00 for October. There is one thing for sure, we had to be there.

Mike & Jacky Scott



Deadline for next issue - 1st December 2010.

Copy can be sent by e-mail:
robidonoghue@aol.com - or to:

44 Hill Avenue, Hazlemere,
Bucks HP15 7JU.

Photographs, including digital, very welcome



Logs from Ocean Blue

A new member, George Chadwick is singlehanded his Nauticat 35 to the West Indies. George has kindly sent his log for publishing which I believe could be of great interest; I will be serialising George's adventure as it unfolds.

Part ten - *4th March 2008 - Carriacou to Union Island*

I wanted to get away reasonably early this morning, but just as I started the engine, John from Gaucho invited me over for a coffee, and since I was interested in his boat, I decided that Union Island could wait a little longer. As I'd already taken the outboard out of my dinghy, John rowed me across to Gaucho and took me back later.

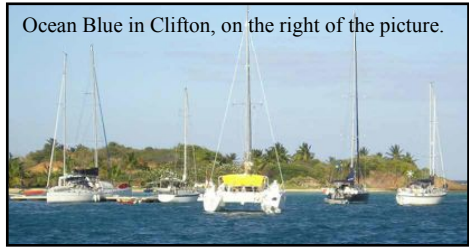
Gaucho is a wooden boat built in 1942 in Argentina, a real classic ketch; John showed me recent repairs carried out by a shipwright from windward Carriacou, where there is still a tradition of building boats in wood; there had been a great deal of rot in the deckhouse roof and around the foot of the mainmast, this had all been replaced beautifully and to a quality it must be difficult to obtain in the marine world today. The new wedges at the base of the mast were so well fitted and caulked that they were waterproof without a boot at deck level, not something I can claim for Ocean Blue.

John and his wife have owned Gaucho for 22 years, they brought up their two children in it, and the kids attended primary school in Carriacou before moving to Virginia for eight years so that they could attend secondary school in the States. John's American, his wife is Scottish; I didn't meet her because she is currently resident in Comrie, Perthshire, where she is caring for her elderly mother. John himself is typical of a lot of people I'm meeting out here, passionately committed to their nautical lifestyle, somehow scratching out a living and keeping sailing on.

Anyway, after a nice cup of coffee and a pleasant visit, it was back to Ocean Blue and anchor aweigh by 0930. The wind remains adverse, being more to the NE than usual, so the 10 miles from Tyrrel Bay to Clifton in Union Island took 17 ½ miles of hard tacking and more than three hours of sailing. The anchorage was pretty full, and since I prefer anchoring in shallow water because the anchor gets a more horizontal pull in windy weather, it was a bit of a job working my way through the boats to get close to the beach and the Anchorage Boat Club. Arriving off Clifton, Union Island I had been told where to drop my hook by one of the yachtsmen I met in Tyrrel Bay; this meant the minimum dinghy ride to the dinghy dock, followed by a two minute walk to the airport to clear inwards with Customs and Immigration,

so I should now be free of officialdom until I prepare to leave St Vincent for St Lucia.

I got a bit of a shock when I came back to the dock, a Swedish yacht of 45 ft or more had actually anchored inside me, you can see it in the above picture on my port side, as we swung to our anchors he came within 5metres of my port



side, making me distinctly nervous; when I came back aboard I pointed out our proximity, and he agreed to seek a slightly less intimate position.

I had a walk around Clifton, and was going to go ashore to eat, but by the time I got back aboard, my neck and arm were so painful that I couldn't have managed the dinghy, so I ate aboard. Luckily I'd bought a nice pawpaw, this made a good start to the meal, and I'd a mountain of postcards to write, as is my wont in every new country, so I had plenty to be going on with.

5th March 2008 - Clifton, Union Island

This anchorage at Clifton is a bit wild; it is protected from the sea created by the prevailing wind by a reef to the east, but some swell still penetrates and the boat is really quite lively. There is little or ne protection from the wind, which is an almost constant 20kts, so the anchor rode is always fully stressed, and Ocean Blue and all the other boats at anchor swing heavily back and forth, probably as much as 90 degrees of the compass. The good thing about the wind is that the battery is being fully charged by the wind generator, which means that the fridge can be run for several hours a day, keeping food and drinks at a much more pleasant temperature; the hardships of the lone yachtsman!

Tried to book a dive tomorrow despite the poor condition of my left arm, I'm not yet sure if I'll be going, that depends on how many people who have previously booked turn up and whether it will leave room for me. If I don't get the dive, I think I'll just move on to Mayreau and the Tobago Cays for some snorkelling and dive at Bequia instead.

I went for a snorkel this afternoon off the beach close to the anchorage, as I could see there was a small reef beside the beach. This whole reef proved to be made of conch shells dumped by the local fishermen, but that didn't make it any less effective, it was stuffed with lots of colourful little fish, and gave me twenty minutes pleasure before I decided my neck needed a rest. I spent the rest of the afternoon reading in a deck chair at the yacht club, then back

for a shower and something to eat in Ocean Blue before a bit of computer work and an early night in anticipation of diving tomorrow.

6th March 2008 - Clifton, Union Island

I got one dive today, not two as I'd hoped. I went over to Grenadines Dive's jetty at 1030, and was taken over to Tobago Cays in the dive boat; this was a somewhat terrifying ordeal, as the helmsman seemed in a hurry, so the two 75HP Yamahas were at full stretch the whole way across, the trip consisting of bouncing from one wave crest to the next, very rapidly. In the Tobago Cays we pulled up beside an American charter yacht, where we loaded two American couples, then to a French yacht flying the Basque flag (they were from St Jean de Luz) to pick up another couple. We then moved to the reef at the N end of the Cays and dived on Horseshoe Reef, it was quite good, but not as good



as the reefs I'd dived at Carriacou; a wide diversity of smaller fish, not too many big ones, and no sharks. The dive lasted for 40mins at about 20 metres to start, and then averaged about 10 - 15 metres, I thoroughly enjoyed myself, and I felt I managed to get my breathing and buoyancy under better control. Finishing the dive, we reversed the process until we stopped at Mayreau to change helmsmen; we were back in Clifton by 1330. Having been to Tobago Cays and seen how crowded the anchorage was, and how much the anchored yachts were rolling, I decided to change my itinerary; I'm going to give Mayreau and the Cays a miss and proceed straight to Canouan, have an overnight stop there, then go to Bequia. I might have tried to go straight to Bequia, but it will be a hard push against this wind in a day, I don't want to have to motor, and I don't want to find myself running out of daylight as I approach the anchorage at Bequia.

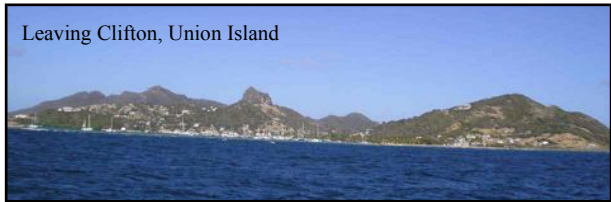
When I got back to Ocean Blue I got a good laugh; a yacht called Poch Ma Hon had anchored just ahead of me, I suspected it might be owned by a Scotsman. While I was on deck, the occupants returned, and I shouted over to ask if they were Scots. They shouted back that they were Americans, they were chartering it; I asked if they knew what the name meant, but they hadn't an idea, so I gave them the Gaelic translation (kiss my backside), they said they guessed it must be something like that from the way the thing had been maintained!

Just towards evening, Dominique Serafini cruised past in his dinghy, and I invited him aboard for a drink; he said he'd been joined by his Canadian girlfriend who'd just flown in to Canouan, he'd go and collect her and bring

her across for a cup of tea. He was back with Catherine in about ten minutes, they stayed for about half an hour, and Dominique gave me advice about what he thought was the best dive site on Bequia. I've been told to make sure I have a dive when I get to Bequia, so Dominique's advice will come in handy if I can get the dive company in Bequia to take me there.

7th March 2008 - Union Island to Bequia

I got away at 0830 this morning, and once I was outside Clifton harbour, I realized that the wind had veered two points to ENE, which meant that



Bequia was no longer hard upwind, and could possibly be reached in a single tack, so I put aside all thought of making for Canouan, which I hadn't envisaged as one of my destinations, just a convenient stop on the way. I went round the west side of Mayreau, where I saw a small cruise ship putting into Saline Bay to anchor, then up to the east of Catholic Island, something I should not have done, as it put me on a lee shore in shallow water; I didn't want to lose distance to leeward, but it really was no excuse for unnecessary and frankly dangerous corner-cutting.

We were opposite Canouan by 1000, and past the N end before midday, but the wind then backed a couple of points toward the NE, and strengthened to F6, so it was no longer possible to hold up for my projected landfall on Bequia at West Cay, the southern entrance to Admiralty Bay. It wasn't the end of the world however, as the strong wind was sometimes pushing us along at 7kts, so although we were being forced downwind a bit, we were still making reasonable northing. We passed Tobago cays as we passed Mayreau, then Mustique where I kept a special lookout for Princess Margaret's reef of gin bottles, finally Isla a Quatre before arriving off West Cay. We'd been carried three miles downwind, so I had to go on for another two or three miles before I could make a straight tack for Admiralty Bay; for some reason Ocean Blue performs less well on the port tack than the starboard, so once we'd turned in towards land, we only made about 4kts for the rest of the passage.

I dropped the hook at 3.40pm, so I felt we'd made reasonable time on passage, and that a day I hadn't particularly wanted to spend in Canouan had been saved. I've been brilliant at losing days on this voyage; I think this might have been the first one I've saved.

The passage was really quite rough, I hadn't ducked in time for a big sea and had got well soaked, and the boat was covered in a paste of salt, so everything needed to be washed down with a bit of fresh water once the anchor had settled; I also needed a shower to get rid of the sticky salty feeling, so by the time the chores had been completed, I no longer felt in the frame of mind for my first exploration of Bequia (pronounced beck-way), that will wait until tomorrow morning.

Distance 36 miles - Distance from Tarbert 5360 miles



8th March 2008 - Bequia

I'd been kept awake during the night by a knocking sound which I couldn't identify; these are the sort of sounds you don't want to hear on a boat, as you always imagine something serious has gone wrong, although normally it turns out to be something innocuous like an unsecured bucket or a door that you didn't secure properly. When I got up and had a chance to look around in daylight, it turned out that the radius of my swing intersected with a metal mooring buoy which knocked gently on the starboard side, all I had to do was slacken off a further 5 metres of anchor cable, and tonight's sleep would be relatively undisturbed (in all these harbours there is always an amplified music system playing from some bar into the early morning hours, you mostly manage to filter them out).

Breakfast was interesting, as I sat with my Tesco muesli (the last bag) OJ and coffee, I watched a pelican breakfasting off a shoal of small fish, flying up, diving, swallowing the fish then flying back up for the next one. After ten minutes, it seemed to either have had its fill or the shoal disappeared, off it went to the nearest big mooring buoy for a sleep. Next, along came a frigate bird which took up where the pelican had left off, it was quickly followed by a flight of the local gulls, rather pretty birds with long orange bills. This caused a change in the frigate bird's behaviour as, joined by a friend, it gave up foraging for its own food and started harassing the gulls to make them disgorge their catch; this seemed more energy-intensive than the apparent ease with which it had first caught the fish by itself, but I suppose this is the

basic nature of the frigate bird, and the reason for its name.

Having had by morning's nature watch, I decided it was time to go ashore to see what sort of place Bequia is, and to do my compulsive postcard purchase, in case my postcard correspondents should feel

short-changed (I'd promised myself that the Union Island's PCs were to cover the whole St Vincent and the Grenadines nation, but somehow it seemed niggardly).

I have to say that Bequia is somehow different from the other islands I've visited so far, firstly from the very obvious large winter population of Americans and Europeans, you know they've been here for a while because they all greet each other, and then from the people themselves, who in some indefinable way are different from the natives in the other islands. The pilot book explains the difference as being something to do with the Bequians' close connection with the sea; they still have a strong tradition of boatbuilding in all sizes, from model boats for which they are famous to full sized sailing schooners in wood. I don't know if that has anything to do with the difference, but in any case, it is a very pleasant place for a visit, and I could see why so many Snowbirds decide to overwinter here.

I had a quick visit to Immigration so I could get my passport stamped, as they don't stamp them on Union Island, and I like the stamps as souvenirs, then a



coffee and pumpkin nut cookie in at The Gingerbread Bar on the beach while I wrote my postcards, or almost wrote them, having addressed the one to Graham Burgess then accidentally posted it without writing in a message. I think he'll be able to work out from whom it came.

I then strolled back to the town centre, got a nice baguette for lunch, did a bit of shopping and had another cup of coffee, talked to a few of the Snowbirds and some of the yachtspeople anchored in the bay, then back to Ocean Blue for lunch and a quiet read.

There is a British registered ketch anchored just ahead of me, when I saw the skipper getting into his dinghy to go ashore, I called over to him to see if he had any paperbacks to exchange, so he came over to Ocean Blue for a quick chat. John turned out to be an American who has been sailing down here for the last 4 years, and seems to know Bequia well; he'd just changed his books recently, but he pointed out The Porthole Restaurant on the beach, where they

operate a free one-for-one book exchange. I was to watch and make sure to have the fish cooked “soft”, or it would be life a brick, but otherwise he said the food was excellent, and the prices reasonable. He also said that there is a tradition of yachtspeople gathering informally on Lower Bay on Sundays after 2pm for a get-together, as long as the swell is moderate you can drag your dinghy up on the beach and don’t need to look for a dinghy dock. Now I know what I’ll be doing tonight and tomorrow afternoon.

I went over to the Porthole at 7pm, and was able to change a dozen paperbacks while waiting for my meal to be cooked; they weren’t in great condition or very new, but when you’ve nothing to read, a toilet roll marked “Izal” on every sheet is better than nothing!

The food was nice, conch fritters as a starter, and grilled fish of the day for the main course; I asked what the fish today was, it was barracuda, tasty if somewhat bony. There was an unknown vegetable I’d had once before in the mixed veg, I asked what that was and was told it was christophene, it looks just like an avocado on the outside and has flesh with a greenish tinge, but no discernible strong taste. There’s something new every day.

And so to bed, but this time to sleep, perchance to dream, with no mooring buoy playing the castanets on the hull.

9th March 2008 - Bequia

Had a lazy morning on board, watching the frigate birds and pelicans and doing a wee bit of reading, then set off for Lower Bat at about 2.30pm. This proved a bit of a disappointment, apart from a short chat with a Swedish yachtswoman and her husband, everyone was in a little group of their own friends that it wasn’t possible to get into, in the end I gave it up and went back to the boat for a read. As I came aboard Ocean Blue, I realized that the oar was missing; it must have been stolen from the dinghy dock last night when I was eating ashore. This is a real annoyance because even with one oar I had some chance of getting out of trouble if the outboard failed, now I’ll just have to drift all the way to Central America while being desiccated by the ever present sun.

The skipper of the American ketch anchored directly astern of me came over to say that he was moving off in the morning, and that he thought he’d get very close to me as he heaved in his cable; I said I’d watch out for him and shorten cable if I felt there was a need, but later decided that I might as well pick up at the same time and go onto the fuel jetty to take on diesel and water. My port water tank has been empty for about a week, and there is more diesel in the starboard tank than the port, so I have a pronounced starboard list, which isn’t at all comfortable, this will be rectified by refilling all tanks; I know that diesel would be substantially cheaper at St Martins, but I’ll be a

while getting there, and the list is a nuisance.

I also decided that I should plan the next voyage leg, the intention being to go to St Vincent. However, when I had a good look at the pilot book, it wasn't exactly the Mecca for single handers because of steep-to shorelines and anchorages requiring mooring lines run out to trees, or stern anchors. It isn't that I can't manage these evolutions, but that they are quite demanding, and I didn't come here to kill myself. There are a couple of reasonable anchorages, but you can't clear outwards with Customs and Immigration at them, so on balance I decided that I might be better clearing from Bequia and missing St Vincent altogether, taking the longer harder sail to St Lucia. I can't visit all the islands in this long chain, and I do need to be at the N end by May in order to set off for the Azores with the chance of optimum weather for the passage.

10th March 2008 - Bequia

Got the anchor up just after 8am and went straight to the fuel jetty, where I took on 34.7 gallons (157.5l) of diesel. This gives me a diesel consumption of 2.7litres per hour at 1200RPM since La Gomera, and confirms Graham Todd's contention that there is a greatly increased fuel range to be gained in running the engine at relatively low revolutions. I also took on water, they tried to charge me for 101gallons; since my maximum capacity for water is 103 ½ gallons and the S tank was more than half full, I declined to pay for that amount, eventually they settled on charging me for 70 gallons. I'm so used to thinking in litres nowadays that I have to convert gallons back to litres to make sense, at least they were Imperial units and I didn't have the added problem of trying to convert US gallons.

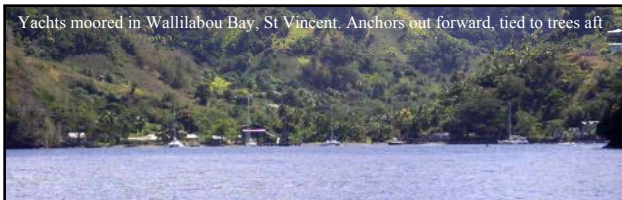
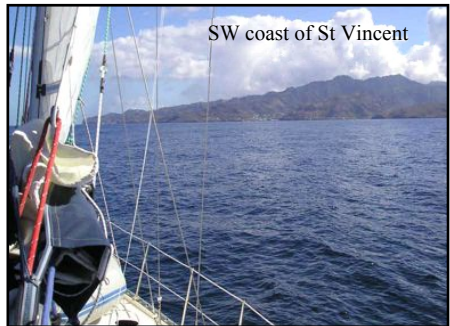
I went back out to the anchorage and did some housekeeping tasks, there's never a shortage of things to do on a boat, and then after lunch I went ashore and cleared outwards with Customs and Immigration, bought a courtesy ensign for St Lucia and got some fresh supplies. I thought of going back ashore this evening for a meal, because I know I've somewhat short-changed Bequia in terms of exploring its character, but tomorrow is going to be a hard sail against the wind, a straight line distance of at least 48miles, and the channel at the top of St Vincent can be extremely rough for the first three or four miles. This means that the dinghy has to come up on deck, something I won't do in the dark and definitely something I won't have time to do in the morning, so with regret, that's the end of my shore excursions on beautiful Bequia, I didn't even scratch the surface.

11th March 2008 - Bequia to St Lucia

I got the engine started at 0715, but had a small delay in getting the anchor weighed, it caught in the spurling pipe cover (the spurling pipe leads the anchor cable from the chain locker to the windlass), the last time this happened I got a finger caught between the cable and the drum, this time I managed to sort the problem temporarily with a wrench, but I'm going to have to straighten out the cover tomorrow so that it becomes less liable to snarl up in future.

After that was sorted, we were under sail by 0735, and as we came out of the lee of the land and into the channel between Bequia and St Vincent we fairly flew along, making 7 knots for a wee while. However, when we came under the lee of St Vincent, the wind died away completely for a time, and there was nothing for it but to resort to the engine.

For about an hour as we proceeded up the leeward side of St Vincent, we even had a backwind from the NW, this allowed me to take Ocean Blue in close to St Vincent, that is, upwind, all of which will help later in the day when we are crossing the St Vincent Passage to St Lucia, and trying to get upwind to make landfall at Vieux Fort.



As we came abeam of Mount Soufriere towards the N end of St Vincent, the wind went strongly into the NE and accelerated to

F6, until this we'd been keeping well up to windward, but now we were sent downwind quite quickly so that it looked like we wouldn't even be able to make landfall at the farthest west point of St Lucia. Fortunately this acceleration zone lasted for only 4 or 5 miles, then the wind went back to F5 and veered more to the E, so were able to point up a bit more, and were sure to make landfall with St Lucia, albeit about 10 or 11 miles downwind and down current from Vieux Fort.

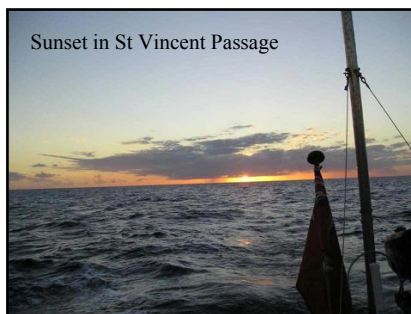
Once well across the St Vincent Passage, I tried a tack to starboard to see how we'd do in terms of reaching Vieux Fort before dark, it soon became obvious that there was no chance of making it under sail, Vieux Fort now being in the eye of the wind, and up current to boot. Reluctantly at 4.30pm it was down

sails and engine on, and it necessitated 2000RPM if there was to be any chance of reaching port before dark. Unfortunately we lost the light with 20 minutes to go, so I had to make for the more obvious anchorage rather than the one I want to stay at, as it is too complex to approach at night. I dropped the hook at 7.00pm, I think I'm quite close to a cliff, but the wind will keep me off until the morning, I hope. There's no chance of getting the dinghy back in the water until tomorrow morning, so no chance to try the pilot book's recommended restaurant, which had been my intention. Where's that tin opener?

Distance 63 - Distance from Tarbert 5,423

12th March 2008 - Vieux Fort

I woke to find that I had indeed parked a bit close to the cliff, but was safe enough for the moment, so I could clean down the decks inside and have my shower and breakfast before taking on the job of moving to my preferred anchorage. First I had to fix the cap on the spurling pipe, to get at that I had to put the dinghy in the water, which didn't take too long, as I've rigged up a block and tackle to the spinnaker halyard to make it easier. The cap was also fixed quite quickly, and things would have been fine if I hadn't kicked my Croc shoe overboard; the outboard wasn't yet in the dinghy, so the quickest way to get it was to get the engine on, up anchor and chase it before it headed for Central America. All very fine, but the thing wouldn't drift at a regular rate, and took three goes to catch with the boathook while I kept a nervous eye on the echosounder. Anyway, at least I was anchor aweigh, so I could head over to the fishing harbour, my preferred anchorage, and get the hook dropped and bedded in.



Off for the usual pantomime ashore to clear in with Customs and Immigration; I made a small error because the pilot book said it was almost impossible to catch a hold of Immigration at the commercial dock, they were almost always out at the airport, so I bethought to myself I'd just do Customs there as well. Caught the bus to the airport, where the Customs men said I should have cleared Customs at the commercial dock, and that it had to be Customs first, Immigration second. I didn't burst into tears or lie down on the floor and throw a tantrum (which surprised me), instead I threw myself on their mercy, surely it was only a small mistake, and just once they could maybe be a wee bit flexible; it must have been a Grade A crawl, because they agreed to make an exception, I got cleared by both august departments and was

away by midday, back to shabby but vibrant Vieux Port, not one of St Lucia's foremost tourist destinations. By now starving, I found a restaurant which did a fish roti; I followed

this with a visit to the Post Office for some stamps, and then bought the inevitable post-cards.

The pilot book recommended a restaurant called The Old Plantation in the heart of the old town, so I thought I'd go there to have a drink, write the postcards and make sure that I could get a meal there this evening. Bad luck dogs me today; they don't serve evening meals, their menu of Creole specialties had my salivary glands in full flood, and having eaten lunch, I just didn't have room for a second. Sad, sad, sad.



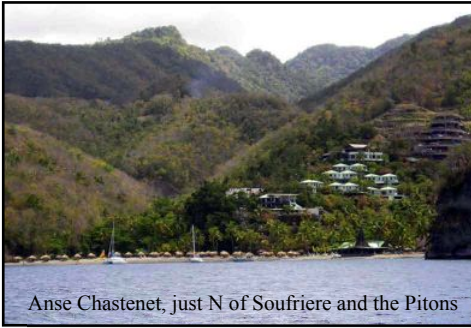
I then sat down and wrote the postcards, I had their recommended drinks, first fresh tamarind juice, and then fresh orange juice. While writing, I got in conversation with Sheila Rambally, an Indian lady who was visiting from Marigot Bay; she was with her family, some of whom were visiting from Canada where they have emigrated. This resulted in me receiving a signed CD from one of the Canadians who is a professional singer, a request from her brother to be included on my mailing list, and an invitation from their cousin, Sheila's daughter Doreen, to visit her restaurant in Marigot Bay for a free pizza and use of their Wi-Fi, and to see her small fleet of charter yachts. She'd sailed the Atlantic herself, and like me, she said she wouldn't be doing this again (while I'm writing this I'm listening to the CD by Christine D M Wollman, very pleasant).

After they left, I finished the postcards, only to find that the nearest letter box is at the Post Office, more than a mile away; luck was back, a contractor who'd stopped to pick up some food for his men was going that way and offered to drop me off. Near here I found a pharmacy where I went in on the off-chance that I'd be able to get thyroxin and the ACE inhibitor for my heart, as they will both run out before I get back to UK; luck is still running in the right direction this afternoon, both were available, so a nagging worry I've had has been put to rest. I was also able to identify somewhere I can eat tonight; I think I've earned it after what turned out to be a busy day. I'm off to Marigot Bay tomorrow.

13th March 2008- Vieux Fort to Marigot Harbour

This was not a particularly long sail today, so there was no need to hurry this morning, I didn't weigh anchor until just after 8.00am. We passed the marine

nature reserve which takes in Soufriere and The Pitons, two spectacular volcanic cones after which a local beer is named, partly sailing, partly motoring because the wind was variable and fluky, first off the starboard bow, next off the port.



We arrived at the mouth of Marigot Harbour just before 1.00pm, the pilot book said there was room to anchor in the inner harbour, but this has now been shut off, unless you're prepared to pay EC\$ 65 per day for a buoy (£13), which I wasn't.

I did a u-turn in the upper harbour and came back into the entrance,

where I was able to get the hook settled in 7ft, I'm definitely becoming bolder in my anchoring tactics.

Once I'd tidied down, I thought I'd just have a wee swim and while at it, check the anchor, no big deal as it was in only 6 or 7 feet of water; it was nicely dug in, so I'm nice and secure for as long as I stay here. I noticed that the boat ahead, Salt Dragon, a 50ft steel ketch, was flying the Red Ensign, there was someone having a read on the after deck, so I swam over to introduce myself and see if there was any prospect of a book exchange. Shane, the owner, was delighted to do an exchange, so once I'd gone back to Ocean Blue for a shower and to collect my used books, it was over to Salt Dragon; what started as a book exchange turned into three cups of coffee and a long gossip. Shane had had to spend two months here when he first arrived with a broken gearbox, so knows the place well and was able to give me advice, not only on Marigot, but also on Castries and Rodney Bay, which are also on my projected itinerary. Like me, he is now moving northwards, as he is returning to Gibraltar via The Azores in May, so we may sail in company for a time.



I arranged to meet him ashore for a drink after dinner, and then went ashore to the Rambally's place, Chateau Mygo, to fill my face. At first my luck was right out, there was a large party of Norwegian charterers who'd booked the restaurant, so nobody else was to be served. I had a drink and was just about to leave for Ocean Blue and something out of a tin, when Doreen came in. I said I'd be back tomorrow for

a meal, but she wouldn't hear of it, in no time at all I was sitting down to delicious barbequed chicken and all the trimmings, my hunger assuaged. Many thanks for your kindness, Doreen.

After I'd finished my meal, Shane arrived, the band started to play, and we were soon in company of a couple of charter yacht skippers who Shane has come to know. We had a good conversation on sailing topics, Nick, the skipper of a 50 plus ft Oyster was particularly good value, he had some valuable tips about weather websites that I might use in the future; every bit of extra knowledge is gratefully received. By 1130pm, I was feeling the weight of the day, and I wanted to get today's log typed while still fresh in my mind. I'm hoping to be able to download it at Chateau
To be continued

Letter to the Editor

Hi Robin

Just thought this offer might be of interest to all in the association who have Jabsco toilets on board and want to replace the original pump to the newer "Twist n Lock" pump.

I don't know how long the price of £39.99 will stay but it a huge saving from the rrp if buying from cleghorn/jabsco. anyway here's a link to the company selling these pumps.

<http://www.leesan.co.uk/store/index.php?act=viewProd&productId=305>

or ring the company 'Lee Sanitation Ltd' 01295 770000



Dave Beckett
'Nell'

Galatea of London's Summer Cruise 2009

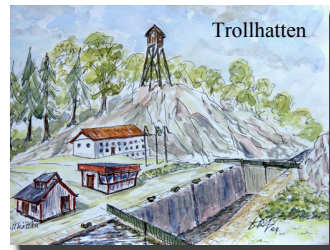
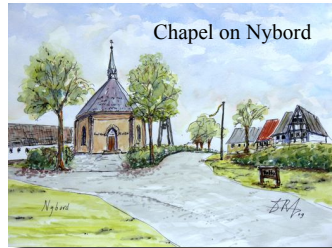
The Swedish Lakes and Canals



My summer cruise was in three distinct parts; the passage from Thuro south of Fyne to Gothenburg; the passage through the Swedish canals, locks and lakes to Stockholm; and the passage all the way back to Poole.

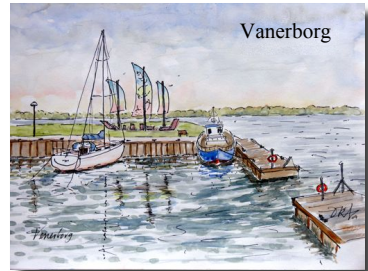
Before setting off I quizzed fellow Cruising Association members who had experienced the Trollhatten and Gota Canal locks. Although mainly solo sailing I accepted their advice and had crew aboard for these locks although I handled others on my own.

I set off solo in my Nauticat 351 from Thuro, where I had wintered Galatea, on the 13th May 2010. I sailed through Danish islands including Nybord, up the Sound passed Copenhagen and arrived at Gothenburg on the May 24th. Here the inner route to the Baltic starts. It was created in the 19th century with the help of Thomas Telford, to avoid paying Danish dues. The Lilla Bowman marina for visitors was very convenient for shopping and close to the opera house and Naval Museum. A fellow Cruising Association member took my lines and provided hospitality. He headed off to Norway as we set off up the river towards the Trollhatten canal and locks at a regulation 5 knots. The locks are for big ships and so a bit daunting on entry. I needed my crew at the bow to lasso the bollards, which were let into the walls at two metre vertical intervals, while I walked my boathook up the ladder at the stern. It poured with rain and the water rushed in making the first occasion scary, but confidence returned as we later ascended a flight of four. At the top we paid the 800 Sek and moored up in a little marina. The café served delicious prawn sandwiches and provided a fantastic view.



It was squally the next morning as we motored along the canal into

Lake Vanern and approached Vanerborg in a F7 with 36 knot gusts. I anchored off and bounced around for 4 hours waiting for the wind and seas to ease a little before entering the marina and mooring up with difficulty. Another Cruising Association yacht arrived on the following morning, Moody Blue, which had weathered a gale and gusts of 38 knots. They had already come through the Gota Canal and were heading for the west Swedish coast, so we were able to swap information and tips on handling the respective locks. Vanerborg is a pleasant dignified town with all facilities. The marina has a good chandlers and a sculpture at the entrance of granite blocks and translucent coloured sails in the image of a traditional ship.



The Friday forecast was for NE 3-4 and we set off in sunshine and had a delightful sail on Lake Vanern for 43 nms across to some islands and then suddenly around a corner the dramatic medieval castle of Lacko came into view. We moored up in very shallow water by the castle. Astern an old Dutch barge entered the channel and used its lee board to swivel around on full power to come alongside.

I was reluctant to leave such an idyllic setting but sailed off towards Mariestad. The approaches are very shallow but the channels are well marked. I moored up against the quay where restaurants and facilities were to hand. It is a delightful town dominated by a fine Gothic brick church with a high steeple.

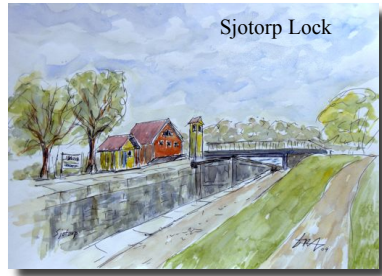


One couple left and another couple joined me as Galatea headed for Sjotorp and the Gota Canal. We moored up in the basin ready for our turn in the morning. It was pre-season and I had booked a place in the convoy. On the 3rd. June we entered the lock as directed by the young attendant with two other yachts, sail taking precedence over motor, and paid 5,300 Sek,



which covered the locks and mooring fees.

We had 58 locks to go. The young lady attendant drove ahead to open locks for us but we were often held up by bridges. I was glad of the bow thruster to help in tight situations. It was very relaxing ticking along and stopping at predetermined



places for lunch or overnight. We passed immaculate farmsteads and occasional delightful yellow painted wooden houses. At Lyrested there was a fascinating glass studio. At Tatorp there was a manual lock but most locks had electric motors. Then it was the Berg Canal which was very narrow and wound through thickly wooded country. A well marked channel then led into Lake Viken. In a NW4-5 with strong gusts we had a lively sail before entering a narrow channel to Brosundet Bridge. There were more rocks to weave through before a walled cut and more narrow channels led through to Forsvik. The lock dropped 3.5 metres and I had to protect the stern from a projecting wall. Then we crossed Lake Botten and Lake Sjo to Karlsberg where we moored up. I walked to the castle and sheltered from a heavy shower while sketching.

More rain and a SW4 gave a good but wet sail in convoy across Lake Vattern then we left the convoy to visit Vadstena, and moored up in the castle moat. The harbour master wouldn't take anything for our short stay providing we didn't want shore power. It is a huge and strong castle with very thick walls. It was adapted in the 18c to become a palace. We headed off into a F5 and steepish seas and caught up with the Finnish and Swedish yachts at Motala, where they were waiting for the rail and road bridges to open. Both lock gates were open so water levels must have been even. Motala looked attractive with its wooden buildings all painted in red ochre. It was a F5 on the nose as we crossed Lake Boren and did six locks before stopping at Borensburg for the night. There were more bridges and flights of locks the next day as we motored through the countryside passing a number of flocks of mainly black sheep to reach Berg. In one lock a warp jammed, suspending Galatea. It proved the strength of the cleats but the warp had to be cut. Always keep a sharp knife handy. It was a pleasant sail across lake Roxen to Norshamn where we ate oxpytt in Captain Bill's characterful nautical restaurant. In the morning we were back in the Gota Canal again and, after many locks and

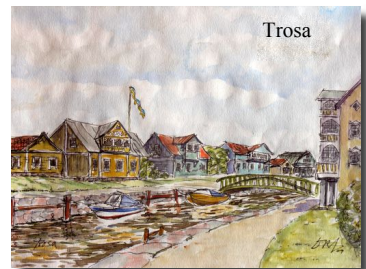
bridges, and after passing many farms, we arrived at Soderkoping. The quayside was full but an arm beckoned from a yacht flying the Cruising Association burgee. It was Rein, our CA harbour representative for the area and he was just moving off with a boat load of friends. We moored up and later Rein returned and came aboard for a glass of champagne. It was my crew's Ruby wedding anniversary. It is an historic port for trade into the lakes with many fine old wooden buildings and an impressive brick church with the traditional separate tall wooden bell tower.

The convoy system was now over and we set off in our own time through the lock and down to Mem and had lunch in the old Kanalmagasinet café. A charming young blond opened the last lock for us and then we were off through an archipelago to Stegeborg where we moored by a ruined castle. I walked across the causeway to Skalvik which had an interesting old church and another very impressive bell tower. That evening we opened a bottle or two to celebrate the completion of the Gota Canal system.

Our next stop was at St. Anna, an isolated rock with a tiny chapel and wooden bell tower. Gulls screamed at us because chicks were hatching.

We then sailed up the coast in windy and choppy conditions to Arkosund and then into Trosa, a delightful little town with painted wooden houses bordering the river.

We followed a winding route through more islands to the lock at Sodertalja, which let us into Lake Malaren. We had an enjoyable sail in sunshine to Mariefred, where we moored opposite the very impressive Gripsholm castle. This was modified to become a palace in the 18th century. The crew left for Stockholm and I was solo again. Mariefred is a lovely old town with many fine 17 century wooden



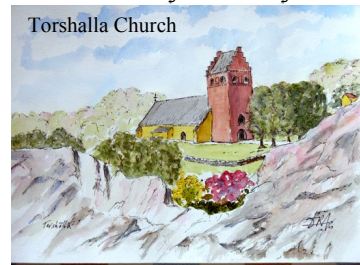
buildings and a narrow gauge steam railway to link it to Llaggesta, where you can change on to the main line for Stockholm. I attended the mid-summer's day celebrations with dancing and singing around a tall decorated pole.



I set off in glorious sunshine and had a perfect sail past islands to Strangnass with its windmill and church tower dominating the skyline. The waterfront and boardwalk were full of flower displays and the old wooden buildings dated from the 16 century. I left Galatea here for two weeks while I returned for the annual painting exhibition. On return I visited Eskilstuna and its industrial museums and then had an excellent sail west



before motoring up a long narrow and shallow river to Torshalla. I moored alongside a German couple, the only other visitor. It was a quiet spot and perfect for exploring the old town with its windmill and church high up on the rocky hillside. An American folk group provided evening entertainment in the town. The harbour master was very friendly and welcoming but said most yachtsmen avoid the river and go to the new marina on the lake



I sailed north up the lake to Vasteras, a large and mainly modern town before heading back to Mariefred and the Riddardagar-na medieval festival. There was archery, fencing and jousting. After exploring the lake and a few of the delightful anchorages amongst the islands and nature reserves I headed towards Stockholm and stopped at Bjorka, the former Viking settlement. It was their main trading post in the Baltic. Students dress up as Vikings and live in a traditional reconstructed settlement demonstrating traditional crafts. I anchored off the island of Bjorkfjarden for the night before sailing on to Drottningholm and dropping anchor for the night in front of the palace where the Royal Family live.



A new motorway bridge stopped me sailing up to Segtuna, another former Viking area, so I headed in towards Stockholm, under high bridges, opening bridges, the last lock and one further bridge before motoring out into the harbour. What a shock to suddenly face a large cruise liner on my way to the Vasahamn marina in front of the

Vasa Museum. I arrived in Stockholm on the August 21st.after having left Thuro in Denmark on May 13th. The lakes had proved to be a fascinating cruising ground. I had only sampled parts of the lakes and dropped anchor in a few of the many nature reserves. I then sailed all the way back to Poole arriving at Ridge Wharf Yacht Centre on the 19th. October. That was another adventure.

Douglas Addison
Galatea of London

Crew Available

John Hinton, a non boat owner and cannot see himself owning a boat, would like to offer himself to anyone who needs a crew.

John is a RYA Day Skipper, Radio Operator, First Aider, Ham Radio Operator and Deck Hand. John would be delighted to lend a hand and ‘Chip in sailing wise’.

Any boat interested in John’s crewing talents please call.

Tel: 01142 2367 622

CRUISING FORUM

Approach to St. Vaast – The approach waypoint Le Gavendest cardinal buoy has been moved South to make a straight run in to the entrance to the Marina (instead of a dog leg round La Dent). This confused me on arrival this spring after a 5 year gap from my last visit and will teach me to keep my charts and waypoints up to date in future.

Kajtuula in the Med. I have a full report of John and Jean's voyage so far in the Med., from Port Napoleon, along the Riviera to Nice, down the West Coast of Corsica and over to Sardinia. They intend to overwinter in Sicily. I was with them in Calvi, sitting on the deck enjoying a Sundowner when there was a cry from the jetty "Hi, do you know Kaj? I'm his sister". It was Kristina Ruutu and her husband Risto, who were cruising the Med. in their, no not a Nauticat, but a Malo! What a small world.

Keeping in Touch

In the absence of a web based means of communication I will act as a collection point for information that has a shelf life. These might include such as the latest on E-borders, Customs and Excise, harbour police, harbour masters regulations, marina facilities, Windfarms, ATIS, fuel availability, navigation, security etc. If you have any news that might not be common knowledge and is relevant to Nauticat owners, please e-mail it to me j.claisse@btinternet.com or snail mail Chapel House, West Meon, Petersfield GU32 1LX Tel:01730 829001.

In order that I do not pass on these exchanges to people that would consider it junk mail, I would be grateful if interested participants would e-mail me (or write) with cruising Forum in the Subject: line.

*John Claisse
Zarzuela*



East Coast Rally Here We Come!

At 07.30 on the morning of the 1st June 'Old Possum' and I cast off from our pontoon at Gosport Marina, Portsmouth and headed for Selsey Bill. We were making for Sovereign Marina at Eastbourne and with a favourable tide and a N.E F.3 it was motoring most of the way with the occasional help from the Genoa; arrived at Sovereign, through the lock and alongside a berth at 19.00 hrs.



Wednesday, 2nd June. We departed the lock on passage for Ramsgate Harbour at 08.00 with a weather forecast the same as the previous day but with some sunshine and a moderate sea. Position keeping was important, the tide set in various directions over the 60 mile trip and often the seas off Dover and Folkestone were apt to come aboard; motoring and the tide was giving me 7 knots. On arriving at Ramsgate Harbour I called the Harbour Master on Channel 14 for permission to enter, this was not granted owing to the cross channel ferry coming out, once the ferry was clear I was given permission. Once inside I had to contact the Marina for a berth and came alongside my allotted berth at 18.30.

Thursday, 3rd June. Departed Ramsgate at midday to take advantage of the favourable tide to cross the Thames Estuary, forecast about the same: wind NE, F3-4, sea moderate. On leaving my berth I noticed a red brick building at the back of the harbour with stone inscription reading 'Ramsgate Home for Smack Boys 1851'.

I was hoping for a fast passage to get me off Harwich by 21.00 hrs but 5 miles out, being under motor, the propeller stopped turning although the engine kept running perfectly smoothly. Looking over the stern I could see a trail of heavy green fishing net trailing behind me. I called the Coastguard on the VHF and was told to drop anchor, give my position and type of vessel and await the Ramsgate Lifeboat. I was towed back into Ramsgate Harbour and taken to the hoist and lifted clear revealing a very large mass of netting surrounding the whole propeller. The netting was removed quite quickly then 'Old Possum' was lowered back into the

water where, after an engine and propeller test was satisfactorily carried out, I resumed my passage for Harwich.

Twelve miles south of Harwich I developed a fuel supply problem and changing over to the second tank caused an airlock. The time is now 21.45 and with the comfort of our organiser, Bob Higgins, on the telephone I decided to anchor in the shallow but safe waters of The Medusa Channel. With 3 metres of water beneath the keel at low water I paid out 12 metres of chain: wind NE F.3, sea choppy; I was dragging. After several anxious minutes I decided to pay out another 10 metres, slowly after a few minutes the vessel came round into the wind and held. Daylight found us safe and well and after breakfast at 07.30, started the engine; not to good. It would run with some throttle but stop when in neutral. So, with throttle open I raised the anchor and by 08.45 was on passage for Harwich and with a hesitant engine entered the River Orwell for the journey to Ipswich Haven Marina, a distance of almost 9 miles. Halfway there is the small marina of Wolverston, I came alongside and moored on the hammerhead pontoon. Here I took advantage and washed 'Old Possum' down, had some lunch and went to look for a marine engineer. I found two but they informed me they were to bust to help me. Returning to the boat I started the engine and noticed that it now sounded much better so confidently proceeded to the rally.

Once through the lock I was directed, by a very helpful berthing master, to my pontoon where Bob Higgins, Yvonne and many others greeted me warmly; a distance of 178 nautical miles.

There then followed a super get-together of Nauticat Owners and friends. Bob Higgins did well getting us together on two separate evening venues, to say nothing of a 'Busman's Trip' to the industrial dock side of Felixstowe and the River Colne. On late Saturday afternoon Keith, a Nauticat Owner, changed the main filter on 'Old Possums' engine and made sure all was clean.

I had an excellent motor all the way back – wind 3-4 SW of course although I did manage a sail from Selsey Bill to Portsmouth.

Maurice Owens



The 2010 Ipswich Meet

4th & 5th June

We could not have wished for better weather - a high pressure had set in for the whole of the previous week, so we thought Maurice would have a good trip. We were in constant phone contact, so we knew how he was faring. See his report elsewhere in the CAT-A-LOG.

We had six Nauticats in all with Maurice's "Old Possum", Rod Ushers lovely 32 complete with stainless steel anchor, Ed Candy's "River Moth" and Anthony Cheetham's 36 "Polar Bear II". Chris Soames sailed down from Yarmouth (Norfolk) again in "Blue Fulmar"; Chris has managed to sail down for nearly all our meetings. Keith and Pamela Barthorpe have now returned from France, so were very welcome in "Famille de Rose".

We all had drinks on "Tena" on the Friday night, very crowded on the 32, most of us sat in the cockpit on a glorious evening. Rod and Julia worked hard satisfying our thirst, it all ended far too quickly and we then walked round to the Bistro for a very good three course dinner with wine - all for £25 - there were 19 of us there.

On the Saturday morning, we gathered on Anthony's "Polar Bear II" and on Ed Candy's "River Moth" and went down to the lock, just a short wait, then we went down the Orwell in convoy. We were drinking Pimms No1 and eating some super snacks - all prepared by Alison, (Ed's friend). We turned round on the Shotley Spit and proceeded up the Stour past the passenger and ferry terminals and just kept going, but turned there and made our way back past Wrabness moorings - the idea was to pick up a mooring and have lunch together, but all the moorings were occupied and it was getting late for evening drinks on the boats.

Dinner at the Novotel was at 7:30 p.m. and we were all on time except for Maurice, Keith Barthorpe and Chris Soames who were changing a filter for Maurice, as he wanted to leave early the next morning. We held the dinner for as long as we could and there was only a 15 minute delay in the end!

A really good dinner, as usual, and Maurice again was invited to do his very funny act - we had 16 in all.

The only member from a far to attend was Barbara, her daughter decided not to come, so she came alone, we missed Maurice who always came. Also Peter and Betty Stubbs could not make it this year as well as Clive and Stephanie, as they were involved in a local event. The Meet was too close to the Beaulieu River 15th anniversary function and must have made a difference to our numbers.

We can't thank enough Ed Candy and Anthony Cheetham for the expense and preparation they had made to do the Orwell Experience.

Bob Higgins



Laying Up Supper

23rd October 2010

The Laying Up Supper will this year be in the form of a hot and cold buffet, and take place in David and Sarah Subtil's barn at:

Shiprod's Farm, Slinfold, Horsham, West Sussex RH13 0PD

Many members will remember the magnificent barbeques David and Sarah have put on for us at various Rallies, and the food on this occasion will be just as good. Cost will be £16.50 per head, which will include half a bottle of wine per person or soft drinks.

Dress code will be country casual, and I am working on getting a guest to provide some after dinner entertainment. Please arrive at the barn any time after 6.30 p.m., supper will be served from 7.00 p.m.

Horsham is close to Gatwick Airport, and there is plenty of reasonably priced accommodation nearby. If you want details of local bed & breakfast accommodation or local taxi's give me a call on – 01580 200904 any evening.

Numbers are limited, so respond quickly to secure your place – guests are welcome.

Please complete the application form below, enclosing your cheque payable to "THE NAUTICAT ASSOCIATION".

Roger Cass
South Coast Social Secretary



Booking Form Details

NAUTICAT ASSOCIATION LAYING UP SUPPER

Saturday 23rd October 2010 : 6.30 for 7.00 p.m.

Shiprod's Farm, Slinfold, Horsham, West Sussex RH13 0PD

Name:

Telephone Number or
e-mail address:

Please reserve places at the Laying Up Supper at £16.50
per person. I enclose cheque payable to "The Nauticat Association" for

£

Number of Vegetarians:

Return by Thursday 30th September 2010 to:

Sue Rae,
30 Beacon Drive,
Selsey,
West Sussex
PO20 0TW

Classified

Nauticat 37 Deck Saloon - Commissioned 2003

A true fully wonderful example of one of the finest boats on the market, a dearly loved boat at the top end of the specification only for sale due to a change in personal circumstances

Any trial will not be disappoint; this boat just needs viewing



- Internal helming position with seat
- Nav station with instrumentation
- Lee cloth
- Sun covers
- Large Aft Cabin
- Double berth
- En suit
- Antimoisture material
- Lee cloth
- Bokulla textile for bed
- Fridge
- Neptune oven hob and grill
- Forward cabin
- Toilet
- Separate shower room
- Teak decks
- Bruce anchor with roller 60m chain
- Side ladder both sides
- Side ladder both sides
- Harken 46.2 electric winches
- Fresh water shower aft deck

- Salt water wash point
- Loudspeakers
- Heavy duty entrance door
- 4x safety pad eyes
- Bimini with harbour awning
- In mast furling main
- Raymarine autopilot wind multi
- GPS navigator
- Chart plotter
- Radar
- VHF radio
- SSB radio
- Mastervolt battery charger
- Bow thruster
- Solar panel
- 56 hp yanmar engine
- 40 ltr water heater
- Webasto heating
- Rope cutter
- Electric salt water pump
- 3 blade feathering prop

Located Hartlepool

Price £199,995 Tax paid Jersey register part 1

Call Michael on 07900 990062 or email michael@ives-contracts.co.uk

Classified

Amanda Nauticat 33 - Mk 11 - 1987



Brief Specification

- 90HP Ford Lehmen Engine
- Sails recently overhauled
- Lofrens Windlass
- New Chart Plotter
- Battery Charger
- Sterling Regulator
- Eberspacher Heating
- Epirb

The Wheelhouse sold us Amanda.

The U shaped comfortable seating around the table means you don't have to miss anything at mealtimes. Inboard steering to starboard of steps down to the galley and a large glazed hatch providing plenty of circulation in the summer. The rear aft cabin with double berth, en suite head, hanging locker plus much additional storage make Amanda a very practical yacht. The table in the central galley converts into a double berth. Fridge, sink, gimbed cooker, a second hanging locker and a second heads. The fore cabin has two good size single berths or with an infill to make a large double bunk. The outside steering position on the raised aft deck, surrounded by blue dodgers, is roomy enough for social occasions. The engine has been very well maintained.

Lying in the water at: Port Bannatyne, Isle of Bute, Scotland.

For more information And price call:

Vivien Hebblethwait - 01577 830 320

Classified

Hyskeir

Nauticat 43 -1987/88



Sparkman & Stephens design. Well equipped ocean-going pilothouse ketch with 90hp Ford Sabre engine. Extensive accommodation (9 possible berths) and storage. Equipment includes Maxprop, Westerbeke generator, Eberspacher heater, full 240v system with ring main and Victron charger plus circuit of 12v outlets. VDO instruments, Furuno radar, McMurdo Navtex, Raymarine autopilot with gyro compass, wind/towing generator, solar panels, fixed bimini, davits, 8 man Avon liferaft and safety equipment including Epirb. Comprehensive suit of sails including fully battened mainsail, furling genoa and spinnaker. It is a go anywhere yacht set up for comfortable onboard living.

Lying South Wales. Asking price £130,000.

For further details please telephone 01446 760753 or email nauticat43@btinternet.com.

Classified

Neridos

Nauticat 33 1980 - Commissioned 1981

Hull No. 775
Part 1 Registered



A rare all fibreglass lower aft deck model, built late 1980.
For sale due to ill health. In excellent condition well equipped for
living on board with such luxuries as a 4kvh generator,
3.5kg washing machine, microwave,
flat screen 12v/240v television and DVD player.
For full details contact 00 30 694 881 5254

Website: <http://neridos.blog.co.uk> (note: no www)

Or email: neridos@hotmail.com

Price. Open to sensible offers

Classified

‘Cu Two’

Nauticat 40 Ketch 1986/7



Full suite of sails, inmast furling, bow thrusters, DSC, VHF & SSB radios, heating, air conditioning, Raymarine C80 radar/chart plotter, auto pilot, GPS, Navtex, fridge & deep freeze, cooker/oven, microwave, 90hp engine, 7.5kw Westerbeke generator, Inverter, Adverc charging system, davits & dinghy outboard.

(2 Atlantic crossings) Hull 400/42. Same owner since new.

Moored Dun Laoghaire Dublin

Tel: +353 1 285 8088

Mob: +353 868 104 104

Email: cutwoo@gmail.com

Wanted

NC331

Standard layout with lower saloon, aft double bunk,
dressing table and heads.

Please contact Richard Bartlett

rgbartlett@aol.com or 01395 232789

Classified

'STORNELLA'

Nauticat 33 (Mk 1)

'Stornella' has been lovingly restored over the last couple of years and the result is a beautiful 'go anywhere' motor sailer. Built in 1974 Stornella has huge internal living and storage space. There is a double forecabin, head and a hanging locker ahead of the spacious saloon which will convert to a double sleeping space.

The wheelhouse is a joy to behold giving superb protection and all round visibility. The sliding doors and huge 'sun roof' give plenty of circulating air in the summer. The rear double cabin also houses a sink, vanity unit and hanging locker. There is plenty of storage space throughout. Stornella is fully registered and has a **FORD Lehman 80 HP DIESEL**

When Stornella was last bought she was halfway through a renovation project, which has been lovingly completed by her present owners. She has been restored to a very high standard with an impressive inventory. The hull construction is fibreglass, with a beautiful wooden wheelhouse, which is in very good condition.

- The wooden decks were completely lifted; the deck floor reglued and the decking re-laid all done lovingly by hand!
- Complete re-wiring from the engine through to all equipment .
- New lights in aft cabin
- New control panel
- New Engine, Oil and Water dials
- Steering changed to Hydraulic
- New suit of sails
- Full hull scrape and gel coat
- New exhaust and silencer
- New V.H.F., GPS, Speed and Depth log
- Engine serviced and winterised every year



Currently lying at home port in **Marchwood Yacht Club, Southampton**

Please contact: Paul or Annemarie **01452 541612** evenings
or **0776 9696594** for further information or to view.

OIR of **£39,995**

FUTURE EVENTS

NAUTICAT ASSOCIATION LAYING UP SUPPER

Saturday 23rd October 2010
6.30 for 7.00 pm

Shiprod's Farm
Slinfold, Horsham
West Sussex
RH13 0PD

TECHNICAL MERCHANDISE

Perkins engine handbook	£2.00
Ford Lehman 2712 engine handbook	£2.00
Junkers water heater manual English	£1.00
Door roller wheels per set of 4	£10.00
Door roller wheels each	£3.00
Modified Gustavson / early Lehman engine anode holders that allow use of international standard anodes. Set of 2	£8.50