

PORTHOLE AUTUMN 2006 EDITION



THE DRINKS ARE ON THE BAR CHAIRMAN!

Congratulations to John Worsdale for the winning letter in Motor Boats Monthly magazine. His prize of a bottle of Plymouth Gin has not yet arrived but is promised. The letter was in protest at the constant deluge of rubbish which floats up and down the River Ouse. His challenge to the magazine and its readers to find a more rubbish strewn navigation will be interesting to watch. The next column has a copy of the letter that he sent.

Dear Sirs,

The members of York Motor Yacht Club after many years of cruising most of Holland, Belgium, France and other European countries, together with the tidal and non-tidal Thames, the tidal and non-tidal Trent, the Inland waterways of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Lancashire and of course the River Humber would like to nominate the tidal section of the Yorkshire Ouse particularly between Selby bridges and Naburn Lock as the river with the most flotsam and jetsam i.e. floating rubbish, of any water-

way in Europe. Enclosed are some photographs taken this August from my boat whilst negotiating this most dangerous river. My wife was only able to take these photographs on the less rubbish strewn parts of the river, as on the many occasions when the flotsam stretched from bank to bank she was too busy calling out the depth as we (and 5 other boats) weaved from bank to bank. Also enclosed is a press cutting taken from the Yorkshire Evening Press, the contents speak for themselves. This rubbish mainly consisting of trees, pallets, calor gas bottles, fridges and car tyres

float up and down the river on each flood and ebb tide, as mentioned previously, between Selby and Naburn, gradually increasing in size throughout the year until the Winter floods flush it out to sea.

Despite many letters and phone calls to British Waterways the problem re-occurs every single year. They do put a boat out a few times a year, which is woefully inadequate for the job and fails to collect even 1% of the total rubbish. So I challenge any other reader to name a more rubbish strewn river.



The photograph tells it all!

UPDATE ON RED DIESEL

As we write this the Government have as yet not applied for the derogation on red diesel. If anyone has any up to date info let the members know via Porthole.

Presidents Piece

The regatta was hailed as a great success by many of those present. Notably among these were members of other clubs who attended, some of whom are believed to be considering dual membership as a result .

YMYC funds benefited substantially over the Bank Holiday weekend and I take this opportunity to thank those who gave so freely of their time and energy in preparation for the regatta and in helping out during the extended weekend.

On not such a pleasant note I have to say that during the season there have been a number of regrettable incidents, which I consider it necessary to mention with a view to preventing their recurrence.

An actual break in took place at the clubhouse from which it was apparent that a person or persons had been sleeping rough in the club and using the facilities. There was no internal damage or theft, leading to the suspicion that there might have been an intention to return.

Since the initial incident there has been a belated but non the less disturbing report of a group of young people found sleeping rough in the club, and one morning recently I also discovered a young man asleep in the club.

It therefore seems likely that some of the younger element and their friends

have come to regard the clubhouse as a convenient place to casually spend the night.

This practice is unacceptable and must not be repeated. To this end members are reminded that only full members may introduce guests to the clubhouse, and that they are responsible for the conduct of such guests. Associate members and junior members are not entitled to bring in guests who are not invited by a full member.

It is clear that an attempt recently was made to fuel boats on club premises using a supplier inexperienced in marine bunkering operations. There were earlier sightings of oil in the river undoubtedly from other sources but suspicion was rife that the unauthorised bunker operation was entirely responsible. To eliminate doubt and to protect the reputation of the club I wish to make it clear that presently, and until further notice, the firm of W. Eves, highly experienced as they are in marine bunkering will be the only firm authorised to enter club premises.

Recently the Commodore challenged two intruders on the towpath only to receive an aggressive tirade in response from them asserting their perception of a right to be present on club premises. It transpires that the two intruders were inspecting a member's boat with a view to purchase in the absence of either the member or

of a known representative of his broker, entry in this case having been gained by the broker passing a member's card key to the intruders.

The broker in question has been informed of events and has undertaken to ensure that there are no more unattended inspections of boats by strangers.

Apart from the obvious security implications of this incident members should bear in mind that all officers of the club and committee members are volunteers and none are obliged to tolerate aggressive tirades from any quarter, least of all from intruders.

Members whose boats are on the market are therefore requested to instruct brokers accordingly.

To conclude on a happier note I am delighted that the caterers introduced to the club by Rita Lavender have proved to be such a great success. Diane and her associates have responded positively to requests for healthy options on the menu and support from the membership is strengthening. Members are requested to indicate what likely support there might be for catering to be extended to Saturday evenings and Sunday breakfast as requested in the secretary's introductory flyer.

Glyn

Commodores Corner

Dear Members

Now that everyone is back from their main summer cruising expeditions its nice to hear the tales of happy reflections on your expeditions at the club bar. Most members were back in time for the Aug. Bank Holiday Regatta, which proved to be a great success, and we were very pleased to welcome old friends from Glanford, Ripon, Heck and Farndon. The President and I were pleased to represent Y.M.Y.C. at Ripon's 75th anniversary regatta on Sat. 16th Sept. which was a very pleasant day out and the fact that beer in their bar was £1.10p / pint had nothing to do with it!

The Last Chance Rally on Sun. 17 Sept. [Upstream] was blessed with a clear blue sky and extremely warm temperature, which was most enjoyable.

We are now close to the annual Dinner Dance at the Pavilion Hotel with all the cups and trophies to be awarded and the Laying Up Supper which is to be on the 28th October and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible on these occasions.

Happy and Safe Boating

Alan Ritchie

BAR CHAIRMANS REPORT by John Worsdale

A great big thank you to my bar committee for their hard work during the Regatta weekend. The bar was open for a total of 39 hours, also a big thank you to all of the volunteers who made the Regatta such a success.

Committee.

Jack Bean

Karen Worsdale

Karen and Ed Nutter

Dawn and Andrew Hart

Steven Savage.

Forthcoming Attractions.

14th October—DINNER DANCE

GET YOUR FORMS BACK, ENTERTAINMENT BY LUCID.

28th October—LAYING UP SUPPER AND CABARET.

4th November—BONFIRE NIGHT, SUPPER AND GUEST VOCALIST STEVE KAY.

9th December—CHILDREN'S PARTY. GAMES AND BEATTY BUNNY MAGICIAN!

9th December—EVENING CHRISTMAS DINNER AND SURPRISE CABARET.

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS AT YOUR FAVOURITE CLUB.

Moorings Report by Terry Hattersley

HOUSE REPORT by Michael Robinson and Steve Savage

Dear Members,

The season is drawing to an end, the winter mooring forms are now available at the moorings notice board, please apply as soon as possible if you need a winter mooring.

There has been a change in the cost of winter moorings this season due to a number of complaints made last year by members that the rate charged did not reflect the mooring costs per foot that was paid by the moorings holders, this year the cost has been amended to reflect a similar price per foot.

Don't forget to winterize your boat well, a few minutes this side of Christmas could well save hours at the beginning of next season.

T Hattersley

The House Committee are pleased to inform you that during the Summer months we have cladded part of the external walls and replaced windows to the gable and rear. We are sure members can already see a marked improvement. Plans are in hand to replace the Childrens Room Portacabin and to clad the right hand gable. We are also pleased to inform you, that the Central Heating Boiler has been repaired and serviced in readiness for the winter months.

Regards Michael and Steve House Committee

SOCIAL REPORT BY JOHN SWATMAN and his crew.

The regatta weekend was a resounding success and a big thanks goes to all who supported, contributed and helped. The catering, entertainment, bar, Pimms bar, raffle boat auction, jazz band display by Humber Rescue, nautical quiz and junior treasure hunt was enjoyed by all, as was the various stalls, games and chandlery display. The bar takings topped £200 thanks to John Worsdale and bar team. Thanks also to Rita, Ken and team, along with Terry Hattersley for his contribution with the boat auction. Also thanks to Sue, Alex, Pat, Jennifer and Christine. The social fund made an impressive £900.

Are there any Dragons out there?

I am looking for 20 volunteers male or female to enter a team in the 2007 Dragon Boat Racing Event in York during August.

Thats all for now folks. John Swatman.

PS. John would also like to thank anyone he forgot such as; Dawn, Yvonne, Ed, Karen, Paula, etc but I would also like to thank John for his stirring efforts. —Editor.

The brief for our Summer Cruise with Still Waters this year was simple. With the threat of losing red diesel at the end of the year it was decided that a long haul trip should be attempted. After reading an article in a magazine, a trip to the Normandy beaches was planned and on Friday 21st of July we left Naburn on the evening tide. With very little fresh in the river and the ever changing sands over the Whittons to negotiate, an initial plan to overnight in Selby was abandoned when the width of the lock entrance seemed to visibly shrink as we passed. Our back up plan was put into operation and we anchored at Trent Falls at dusk. After checking the anchor was holding we turned in, only to be woken at three in the morning by a strange sound. One lap round the deck confirmed that the huge tree we had passed in the river hadn't caught us up and was not wreaking havoc down the side of the boat. On entering the saloon I realised that the tide had turned and the propellers were dutifully doing what comes naturally. At 05.30 we decided to leave but found we had a problem weighing the anchor. After tripping the electric winch three times the anchor finally broke the surface bringing with it what can only be described as a steel pallet. Returning with a deck brush in my hand my thoughts were "How am I going to get rid of this?" But fortunately the pallet had dislodged itself and returned to the murky depths. So for a safe nights anchorage visit www.safenightssleepattrentfalls.co.uk where for a small consideration the exact coordinate of the pallet can be downloaded (by the way you must put it back where you found it!). We floated over the Whittons at high water and after meeting up with friends on Piranha we had an uneventful run down to Great Yarmouth. After re-fuelling we moved on to Lowestoft where we met up with Malcolm and Celia on Cesari. Another early start at 05.00 saw us run down over the Thames Estuary and after another fuel stop at Ramsgate we pushed on for Brighton from where we planned to cross the channel. At 14.00 hours we found ourselves in calm waters off Dungeness. We had put up with some choppy conditions in the Dover Straights, but now tired from two early starts, and warm sunny conditions I was looking forward to our arrival. It was at this point a terrific noise brought me to my senses. The noise was so intense and so sudden that I could not contemplate what had gone wrong. Seconds later it all became clear as the Red Arrows, flying in two sections, one about a quarter of a mile to our port side and the other about 100 feet above us passed in tight formation. The lead aircraft above us broke formation, climbed and performed a perfect barrel roll and then they were gone leaving the white trailing smoke to settle in the water around us. We watched for several minutes thinking they were performing for an event elsewhere but they never returned, so we are claiming this as our own personal display. At 16.00 hrs we arrived at Brighton, re-fuelled and were appointed berths. We were pleased to find that the fuel was sold at cost price because we were stopping for the night. We had visited Brighton before in 1995 and must say that the development has gone on apace since then and now not only covers the marina but housing, shops and entertainment. Well worth a visit. Piranha and her crew were to leave us here as they were going on to the Isle of Wight.

A sleep in was the order of the day, and after another look round and some last minute provisions we left at 13.00 for the six-hour crossing to St Vaast-la-Hogue on the Cherbourg peninsula. We entered a sheltered bay to the sight of around twenty anchored yachts and the news that the marina was full for the night. We knew the weather was settled so decided that another night on the hook would be O.K. but didn't reckon with the fleet of fishing boats that charged back and forth all night long creating wash that was uncomfortable to say the least. A better plan would have been to follow the dozen or so yachts that up anchored and entered the marina at locking time. I'm sure they would have found somewhere for us. At 10 the next morning we floated in on the level and found a modern well equipped marina and were appointed a berth with plenty of willing hands to help us in. St. Vaast is a quaint village which farms huge areas of oysters in beds between the mainland and a small island which can be walked to on low water springs. We explored for the day, and had a disappointing meal that evening wishing we had followed the advice given in the magazine article about where to eat.

We had worked on a strategic plan for the relatively short hops on the French coast and the following morning leaving on the first level put these into practice. The next destination was Courseulles-sur-mer, some thirty-five miles away, but to save on fuel we cruised at ten knots enjoying the calm conditions and early sun. This all changed about half way when fog descended. We could still see blue skies above us but at times lost sight of Cesari some 100 yards behind. We eventually broke through the fog and arrived at 13.00. We found a marina tight for space but we squeezed in alongside and went off to explore. Courseulles is where the Canadians came ashore on D day and some of the coastal defences still survive alongside a new museum and memorial dedicated to the Canadians. Young students from Canada staff the museum. The village itself was a typical seaside resort with the exception of memorial tanks on the sea front. During the early evening we had a thunderstorm which threw hailstones the size of marbles at us. The marina although having all the facilities was one of the most expensive of our trip and the following morning after chatting to an ex pat who told me he split his retirement between a flat in the town, and his boat which he kept in Holland, we left, promising to wave at him as we went. An hour or so later brought us to Ouistreham and the large sea lock and canal. We passed on the opportunity to overnight at the marina just through the canal, and instead pushed on to the first of the three bridges over the canal famous for the airborne landing on D-day and know since then as Pegasus bride. We stopped for an hour or so and explored the museum. The original bridge and a glider are in the grounds of the museum and were well worth a visit.

We were told that we had to convoy up for the passage up to Caen, but when the bridge lifted for a ferry coming the other way we took our opportunity and moved off. The second bridge was being worked on and was open for passage and after the ten miles or so we found ourselves within touching distance of the marina but blocked by the last bridge. We waited and eventually called the marina who told us we had missed the last bridge. Dejected we made our way a half mile back down the river to an industrial area, but before we had a chance to tie up were pleased to see the bridge keeper hailing us from his car on the bank. We found the moorings at Caen excellent, right in the heart of the city and one of the cheapest we used during the whole trip. The home of William the Conqueror was a lively vibrant city dominated by the castle in which William is buried. We stayed for three nights and explored the sights in the surrounding area including Bayeux where we saw the famous tapestry, even more famous now after Lynn pointed out the rude bits to everyone within earshot. We also visited the British cemetery and museum there. Another short bus ride brought us to Arranches where the British forces landed, and the site of the famous Mulberry harbour, which was towed across the channel in sections before being assembled off the beach. Back in Caen the area around the marina seemed to have regular entertainment and one night we had an excellent meal in the restaurant area, a really lively spot.

We left on the 08.45 bridge in a convoy, took on fuel at Ouistreham marina, and locked through at 12.00 for the short hop to the twin ports of Trouville and Deauville. Locking through on the level our mooring in Deauville backed on to the sea. A walk into town proved everything we had been told. Beautiful individual architecture, designer shops, definitely a place to see and to be seen. A short ferry ride across the harbour brought us to Trouville, more touristy but still special in its own way. A huge Casino dominated the sea front and a fresh fish market with the biggest prawns imaginable to tempt you. We would have stayed longer but had heard a forecast which was not favourable and decided the one hour run to Honfleur in the Seine estuary would be a better place to hole up. This proved to be the case and on the level we entered the basin and waited along with a dozen yachts for the 3.30 bridge. At approx. 3.15 the young harbourmaster made her way across to us and invited us to enter first and moor alongside the visitors. Honfleur is a chocolate box destination. The moorings are surrounded by alfresco restaurants and beyond the harbour lay whole streets of early 17th century houses. Alongside the bridge was an old fashioned carousel with galloping horses, magical. We lazed away the days waiting for the wind to drop, at one point having seven craft alongside, and even managing a day on the beach. Finally the wind dropped and we left on the 11.30 bridge making our way up to Fe-camp, famous for the Benedictine liqueur brewed by monks. The facilities were first class and we were helped into our moorings by friendly staff. After a look round the town and a meal we turned in making ready for the run back across the channel the following day. We had a favourable forecast and an uneventful four-hour run brought us to Eastbourne's Sovereign complex. Along the lines of Brighton this is an out of town experience with restaurant's shops and a cinema built around marina. We looked at the aerial photograph in our 1995 Channel pilot, which just showed the marina without any development around it. We negotiated a price for fuel, and the following morning left at 06.10. Passing Dover we noted a cross channel swimmer about two miles off with a cruiser guarding his painfully slow passage, not a job I would fancy. A stop off in Ramsgate for lunch saw the tide turn, then we ran up to the Orwell for a night on a mooring buoy opposite Pin Mill. It still amazes me how peaceful it is on this river, a perfect end to the day. The next morning we ran up to Ipswich and passed through the lock on the level. Another first for us, we spent the day exploring, even managing half an hour on the Internet courtesy of the local Library. The forecast had now turned for the worst and the decision was made to move back to Lowestoft the following day. After a lively run up the coast with the wind blowing Easterly we entered Lowestoft, just as the club skiffs let go their moorings, adding another 20 minute wait in the harbour. We were to leave Cesari here and the following morning after fuelling up at Yarmouth we set off in a North Westerly 4-5 which was forecast to back Easterly and increase to a 6 later. I can only describe this trip as a chew, and as we entered the Humber with the wind howling on the nose we shipped gallons of dirty water over us, even losing our Burgee. The final leg of the trip back up to Naburn was uneventful and after a day of cleaning we calculated we had covered some 950 miles.

Did we enjoy it— Undoubtedly! Would we recommend it – Definitely!

Dave Mortlock—Still Waters.

COMMUNICATION

As part of the hand over of the duties for producing the Porthole we were handed a package from Sally and Michael Robinson. We found in the package a copy of the original news magazine produced in 1975. The magazine was not known as the Porthole in those days but had the motto “Non Saepius Vivitur” (you only live once). The magazine was edited by Brian Smith who obviously had some influence in the club looking at the people who had contributed to it. As part of the format the President, Commodore and Flag officers had written reports, but in addition three members had provided summaries of their summer cruise, and a useful guide to tidal cruising had been written to help new members with their first trip through the lock onto tidal waters, filling the magazine out to an impressive 27 pages. As the then President wrote, the idea behind the magazine was to “improve communication within our club” and to my mind this has not changed To this end we are asking members to provide information to the club magazine. If you have opinions, ideas or just want to get something off your chest please feel free to contact us.

Choices of media have changed since the first magazine and the idea has been put forward to create a York Motor Yacht Club Web site where its possible that in the future you may be able to read this magazine. If any member has the knowledge or can provide assistance in setting up such a site please contact us.



Ode to Anodes! By John Worsdale

Although I try very hard not to be a moaning B***** I am publishing another letter that I have sent during August. It is a warning for anybody not fitting their own anodes. Although I have not named the Marina who did the work— as correspondence is continuing, it doesn't take many guesses!

On the 10th July I had my boat lifted at Hull marina for a power wash. As soon as the water from the power washer came in contact with the port sacrificial anode it promptly fell off. This anode had been supplied and fitted by your company some 2 1/2 years ago. The reason this anode fell off was because your employees had used dissimilar metals i.e. Stainless steel Nut and Mild Steel Bolt. The consequences of this anode or the starboard anode (of which the bolts was approximately 90% rusted away) could have been catastrophic. Had that anode become detached at planing speed it would have hit the propeller doing untold damage and may well have been spun by the propeller into the hull.

As this raises a serious Health and Safety issue it would seem prudent that you recall all craft that your company has fitted with anodes over the last 3 years.

It was also brought to my attention by the company that refitted these anodes that there should have been a serrated washer that bites into the anode prior to the locking nut; these were missing on both anodes and causing them not to be effective.

An early reply to this letter is requested.



In the original 1975 magazine there was a poem written by Jennie Grewer, which is as true today as it was then. Ian gave us permission to publish the poem, but to make it clear that it was his wife Jennie not his mother who had written it. I am sure that there will be a lot of agreeing nods after reading this.

BOATWIFE

Bacon and egg at half past four
These are words that are familiar to all
It never ceases to amaze me
Why tides are always so darned early

Once out of bed it's all hands on deck
No use in saying, "just wait a sec"
When on a boat all men are changed
Some even seem to be deranged

If you walk on deck with muddy shoes
The 'captain' turns purple, all sorts of hues
There's decks to scrub and ropes to coil
Is there no end to all this toil?

I guess it will always be a complete mystery
Why the 'captain' gets tired just shouting at me
I'm the one that's doing the dashing
Whilst he stands at the wheel saying, "Isn't this smashing"?

What time is dinner? How long will it be?
While you're peeling potatoes quite frantically
Once it is ready you look around
But the 'captain' has gone – nowhere to be found

Two hours later he returns in a flurry
It seems we have to leave in a hurry
If we stay where we are we'll be left high and dry
"Those tides again," I say with a sigh

Maybe one day I'll be able to see
Why I continue to boat when it's sheer purgatory
But when planning the next trip I'll approach it with zest
Plotting and scheming along with the rest

The moral to this story is easy to see
While boat work is hardwork and always will be
Once you're a member of Y.M.Y.C.
You can always relax in good company.

Jennie Grewer.



And lastly



.....mmmmm!

Send your thoughts to
david@heatherview.freeserve.co.uk

**Big Thanks to all who sponsored me
in the Race for Life.**

Dawn Hart.

Dubious Jokes

Dead ahead, through the pitch-black night, the captain sees a light on a collision course with his ship. He sends a signal: "Change your course ten degrees east." "Change yours ten degrees west," comes the reply. The captain responds, "I'm a Royal Navy captain! Change your course, sir!" "I'm a seaman second class," the next message reads. "Change your course, sir." The captain is furious. "I'm a battleship! I'm not changing course!" "I'm a lighthouse." came the reply.

A man was trapped on a deserted island that was sinking into the sea. As the water lapped around his feet, a motor boat suddenly approached the island. "Come on, man, get in!" said the boatman. "No," said the man on the island, "I have faith in Jesus. He will save me!" The boat went off and the water continued to rise. When it was up to the mans chest, a sailboat appeared. "Get in the boat, or you're going to drown!" said the sailor. Again, the man said, "No, I have faith in Jesus. He will save me!" The boat went off and the water continued to rise. When it was up to the man's chin, a fishing boat appeared. "Get in, this is your last chance", shouted the fisherman "No", the man said again, "Jesus will save me!" So the boat went off, the water continued to rise and the man drowned. He went up to heaven and was greeted by Jesus. "Hey, Jesus," he said, "I trusted in you all my life and you let me drown! I don't believe it!" "YOU don't believe it?" Jesus said, "I sent three boats to save you

