

# Cruise the News

## York Cruiser Training Centre



JANUARY 2011

Joint Editors: Maggie Morris and Rod Swales

# WELCOME

To all our new students in the 2010-11 academic year.

## Who's Who at YCTC?

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Our Newsletter keeps you in touch with all YCTC comings and goings and is intended to supplement and remind all members of the diverse activities the centre undertakes. Each issue is delivered by email so it's important that we have an up-to-date email address. Please alert Maggie Morris to any changes to your contact details.

Regular dates for your diary are:

First Wednesdays every month we have our social evenings at the York Brewery, Toft Green, commencing at around 7:30 p.m. Some evenings we have a guest speaker and others we combine with certificate presentations or just have a chat and a drink.

The first Wednesday in December is reserved for our Christmas Party, again at the York Brewery.

## Learn with YCTC

A separate course guide is published and can be viewed on the YCTC website: [www.yctc.co.uk](http://www.yctc.co.uk)

### Shorebased Courses

RYA Day Skipper  
RYA Coastal Skipper/Yachtmaster  
RYA Small Craft First Aid  
RYA Diesel Engine Maintenance  
RYA Marine Radio Short Range Certificate

### Practical Courses

RYA Start Yachting  
RYA Competent Crew  
RYA Day Skipper  
RYA Coastal Skipper

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## Diesel Corner

### ATTENTION ALL MARINE DIESEL ENGINES

You may or may not be aware that from 1 January 2011 all leisure marine diesel fuel will have to be ultra low sulphur just like road diesel and the easiest way for suppliers to comply would be supply road diesel for marine leisure use.

Road diesel has 5% bio content which soon is going to be increased to a minimum of 7% and 12% is a target that has been mentioned.

The bio content in road diesel attracts water giving it a shorter "tank life" layering off and oxidising creating an ideal habitat for diesel bugs and lots of water.

The reduced sulphur may increase wear rates in fuel system components and biodiesel is incompatible with some materials such as brass, copper, lead, nitrile rubber and polyethylene.

The British Marine Federation have been working with the Department for Transport on a list of guide lines and a flier to prepare end users for the more stringent housekeeping regime they will have to put in place when the fuel changes so ask your owner to keep an eye open for this information coming out so that you have a safe changeover.

Harry Wilkinson

## Installing an Electric Windlass in Yorvik Spirit

I knew when I bought Yorvik Spirit that the matter of the existing manual windlass would need to be addressed sooner or later. A 25Kg anchor on the end of 35 metres of 10mm diameter chain is fine when you have a willing crew of YCTC day skipper candidates to haul in the anchor. However when you are sailing with family and friends the novelty of anchoring soon wears off when you have the option of either hauling the anchor up by hand or using the manual windlass. I use the term manual windlass very loosely as anyone who has used the windlass on Yorvik Spirit will know that you had to do a lot of cranking just to move the chain a couple of inches never mind 35 metres.

Also, I gained a lot of confidence in anchoring during our Christmas sailing trip to the BVI last year. In the BVI you have the benefit of clear, warm water so you are able to dive down with minimal equipment to check your anchor. I was amazed that, when at anchor with 20+ knots of wind on the nose and a swell coming abeam across the coral reefs that although the boat was being tossed about on the surface, the anchor and chain remained undisturbed on the sea bed.

Our plan to sail round the UK in 2011 and the thought of the expensive marina fees on the south coast also made me decide that an electric windlass was required sooner rather than later. I began my quest at the London boat show in January but soon realised that I had to do a lot more homework before I could decide on the right windlass. I considered the better-known windlass manufacturers of Lewmar and Lofrans before coming across the 'Quick' range of windlasses. I had never heard of Quick windlasses even though they are the largest manufacturers of windlasses in the world (according to their brochure that is). Anyway Bavaria and Beneteau yachts are all fitted with Quick windlasses these days so they seemed good enough for my needs. It also became apparent at this stage that it was going to be a better option to buy a windlass to suit an 8mm chain and buy a new 8mm calibrated chain rather than try and source a windlass to suit the existing 10mm chain. Windlasses with a 10mm gipsy are far more expensive and also have considerably larger power requirements.

After making my decision on which windlass to go for I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the exact model on special offer advertised in PBO. So I bought it and everything seemed to be starting to fit into place. The next problem was getting someone to fit it. I am OK with basic electrics but the sizing and crimping of large cables and the necessary breakers is a bit out of my league. I emailed several boat electric companies in the Clyde area to enquire about fitting the windlass but didn't even get a reply to my emails. As I carried my new windlass in its box back and forth numerous times from the boat to the car I began to think this might turn out to be a bit of a white elephant. Whilst waiting for email replies I started to do my homework on the electrical installation side of things. The Internet raised more questions than it answered with different schools of thought on which battery to use to power the windlass, the leisure batteries or the engine starter battery and even the suggestion to install an additional dedicated battery in the bow for the windlass. Just the thought of a car battery being tossed about in the bow in heavy seas made me dismiss this idea fairly quickly, plus you seem to need just as big a cable to run from the alternator to the bow battery to charge it so there didn't seem to be much saving there. The consensus seemed to be that the engine starter battery should only be used to start the engine so that answered the first important question.

We were now reaching the end of the sailing season and the windlass was still in its box, each time I hauled the anchor up by hand it strengthened my resolve to get the thing fitted. I daren't ask any family or friends to haul the anchor up for fear of them putting their back out.

It was at this time that I mentioned the windlass to Pete Lee and Rod Swales, friends from YCTC, 'no problem' they said 'we will help you fit it'. It was a breath of fresh air to hear such positive, constructive news. Pete made a beautiful stainless steel box to raise the smaller electric windlass to the correct height in the anchor locker. Beautiful may seem a strange word to describe a stainless steel box but there is no other way to describe it. It is truly beautiful and polished with the fixing holes drilled to perfection in accordance with the engineering template supplied by the manufacturer. Unfortunately the holes in the template didn't match the holes in the windlass – typical – b\*\*\*\*y Italians. 'No problem' said Pete 'I will sort it' and he did. Meanwhile Rod was busy sourcing the correct size cable and electrical bits. All production boats are manufactured to a budget and all the equipment used is specified to the minimum requirement. It is very reassuring to hear someone like Rod who knows what he is talking about 'electrically wise' to say 'this bit of kit will do but for a few pound more I would use this one'. So we headed up to Troon in the first week of November to see if it all fitted together. Even though there were only three of us in the car; I had to take the roof box to fit all the tools we had with the 'I had better take that just in case' train of thought. We had a slight diversion via Leeds to borrow an industrial hydraulic electrical crimper for the heavy-duty crimps. Thanks to Rod's son Simon for the use of this for the week.

The weather was truly miserably in Troon and Pete put his back out on the first morning putting his underpants on. He minced on bravely for the week, the only things he was unable to do with his bad back were wash the dishes and go to the bar. The installation process went according to plan and the only thing that put a damper on the week, apart from the weather, was the cost of the new chain, which was rather more than I had been quoted. I will save my views on the pros and cons of buying from a chandler or online' for another issue. So finally on 3 November I plugged in my windlass control unit and had great pleasure in dropping the anchor and retrieving it with absolutely no effort. Rod meanwhile carried out his final checks of monitoring voltages to ensure everything was behaving correctly. The splice between the anchor warp and the chain still needs sorting (I have included this note as a reminder to myself more than anything).

So I now have my shiny new electric windlass and shiny new chain, the only question is now, should I get myself a shiny new Rochna anchor like that fella has on his boat next door?

I would like to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to Pete and Rod, without them the windlass would still be in its box.

Michael Green

PS I now have 35 metres of 10mm anchor chain sitting in my garage, sounds like a job for ebay unless anyone out there is interested in it.

## Sail in Company - a Caribbean Cruise part 1

Sail in company 21 January - 3 February 2010

After a long flight the seven motley crew arrived in sunny Grenada at the breezy Maurice Bishop Airport. Our transfer driver showed us some of the sights along the drive to Port St Louis. When we asked him what the little black birds were – he replied “dem de black birds”. Things it appeared; would be or more literally were ‘as they seemed’ in the Caribbean. Hot was hot, wet was wet, Dollars meant US or East Caribbean (depending on how much he/she could get away with), Rum was definitely Rum, Alcohol by volume was probably one of the less stable variables. But anyway more about that later. So, we had arrived and despite our driver pointing out the ‘bleeding obvious’ he was a nice chap! (Editor’s note – the black birds we had spotted were called Caribbean Grackles (there was a bird book on the boat) and he did scam us on the fare!)

Settling in to the easy way of life for the next fortnight I think the next step was an important one for us all. Get changed into shorts and t shirts and sip a cold beer. So we did that for a while and then had a pre-departure brief. A short chat with Katie from Sail Ionian really started to whet our appetite for the places we would see. Accounts of Pirates of the Caribbean filming locations, fisherman’s tales of huge snapper, barracuda & tuna as well as the famous beach barbecues all left us eager to set sail.

So after some of that famous Rum Punch (Rum, Fruit juice, Ice, Nutmeg) we ate a tasty meal at the marina restaurant and had an early-ish night.

Thursday morning and after a few provisions (mainly beer, tonic water (we brought our own Gin) and a combination of known and unknown local foods) we departed and headed north. Destination Carriacou.

En route we were treated to some brisk winds which offered some fast sailing albeit a bit bouncy.

It appeared our Log impeller wasn’t working (I think we were going so fast it couldn’t read it) and apart from a broken kicker jammer handle the voyage was trouble free. The real treat however would come in the form of wildlife. We saw somewhere in the region of a few hundred flying fish! – the first few we thought we were imagining – but then every now and again you would see a fish jump out and fly along for 10 meters +. A short while later, after passing "Kick 'em Jenny" (an underwater volcano) we saw a huge flock of gulls and other sea birds, as we neared the flock we could see they were diving down to catch fish near the surface – we expected that it might be some large game fish corralling a school – but then suddenly we saw a blow hole – then another! The whales were not identified but could have been either Humpback, Sperm or Curvier beaked. Moments after the Whale incident a huge swordfish breached the surface and snatched a fish.



David Attenborough eat your heart out.

Arriving in Tyrrel Bay some time before sunset we anchored safely after a few attempts (having to avoid a wreck). A perfect end to the first day. Jon and Nigel treated us to a pasta (cheese, tomato, tuna combination) extravaganza. Which I have to say was delicious and certainly provided a good benchmark for their culinary expertise.

Friday offered us a short skip along the coast up to Hillsborough where we spent the day provisioning, fishing and exploring on land.

The Town of Hillsborough is basically a long street along the beach and port. Many shops, supermarkets and hardware stores dominate the frontage with a smattering of restaurants, cafés and bars.

We went for a drink in a quaint little bar overlooking the beach and our boat. When we asked for a recommendation for lunch we were told that Anne & Sharon’s place served great food. We wandered down the road to find Anne or Sharon,

instead we were met by Denise who informed us that the menu was really only for show and that there were two choices for lunch – beef soup with dumplings or chicken roti (with bones).

Priced at next to nothing we eagerly tucked into some traditional fayre. Washed down with the local brew.



On the way back to the boat we smelt the fantastic smell of barbecued chicken and pork. It turned out that every Friday evening you could eat barbecued chicken or pork on the street. So later that evening we returned ashore to sample some local barbeque. Now imagine if you can, a small town with a row of rickety shops and rickety buildings with a few old rickety locals cooking up a Friday Barbecue. The scent of rum punch, beer and cheap perfume wafting through the streets. Now imagine at the end of one street just before the shops finish and the beach starts; a Car Rental Garage. "Wayne's Autos" which was clearly the place to rent a car if you wanted a 4X4 – he had a variety of them – it also appeared that he had a side line in..... you guessed it Barbecued chicken and pork. For just a few dollars each we had a plate of meat, salad, potatoes and bread. And promptly relocated ourselves to the beach to enjoy it. His parts department/service desk also doubled up as a bar – I'm sure somewhere there must have been a switch (like in Buggy Malone) that swiveled the bar around. Mind you this was the Caribbean, so perhaps it was the norm.

After our tasty barbecue we headed further down the street in search of a bar, we didn't find one; we did find a lovely colonial building which seemed to be some sort of guest house. But despite the lights being on – there was nobody home. There were however lights and people at home in the local pots and pan shop!

A few of us entered this tiny shack of a shop and enquired if we could buy a beer – we were warmly encouraged to do so – most of the group took their drinks down to the beach but a few of us stayed in the shop and to be honest and as accurate as possible – consumed vast amounts of moonshine rum – this was claimed to be 150% and despite the expensive price tag 40p for 250ml!, seemed to be a bargain. We were offered Rum by the gallon, but this seemed a little excessive.



Safely back on board (we had designated drivers / pilots) we laughed and chatted into the early hours.

Saturday morning bright and sunny. Departed from Hillsborough and headed out to sea. (With a rushed return to shore to replace some New Zealand cheese and French white wine that had been inadvertently left at the dockside the afternoon before). It's only now that I'll admit to having seen some locals offering a "cheese fondue and Coq au Vin" as an alternative to the barbecue the evening before. Think they may have found our shopping bags!

The trip across to Union Island was again a pleasing sail with fresh winds. When we arrived at Union we decided to tie up to the Jetty instead of anchoring. This worked well as it offered the opportunity to re-water and provision once again.

The Anchorage yacht club (where we had moored) was a lively place with a well stocked bar and access to the airport and immigration offices. They had reef sharks in a manmade waterway (extremely James Bond Thunderball) connected to the sea by a concrete tunnel so the water was constantly fresh. It was one of our favourite locations, the local town just a few minutes' walk away had a fantastic fruit and veg market – a semicircle area with around 10 stores. The freshness and quality was unbelievable. As we were walking along the street a young boy of no more than 7 or 8 ran up to us and handed Jon a card – It simply read “Jennifer’s Restaurant”. He pointed down the road and promptly ran away.



Later that evening we returned up the road to search for the mysterious Jennifer. Walking past an outdoor church service with a lot of people singing and what seemed to be a lot of sadness. We wondered if it was a funeral. It turned out that someone on the island had experienced a vision. Arriving at Jennifer’s we discovered an empty restaurant – turned out that Jennifer was one of the wailers back on the roadside.

We were offered a host of dishes including curried shark, jerk chicken, beef stew & dolphin fish. Served with all sorts of side dishes – peas & rice, plantains, salads, potatoes. All washed down with a strong rum punch!

The night was still young for some and the infamous “Stress Out” Night Club beckoned us into its villa-style/someone’s front room/music’s too loud/bit smoky-type vibe. To be fair though; we were the only non locals there. Super friendly & one of the best night clubs going – free entry and not sure what time we left or how we got home!

Sunday – Setting of bright and early we had increasingly freshening winds from the east and they kept veering round. So much so that the boat took on a very bumpy ride. Some of the crew didn’t seem to notice – whilst some of the crew clearly did. A good advert for Stugeron could have been filmed that day! Our destination was intended to be Mustique, home of the rich and famous and previously Princess Margaret. However the wind just kept veering and we decided to change course for Bequia. We picked up a mooring buoy in Admiralty Bay and despite a disappointingly poor meal at a local restaurant we had a fairly uneventful evening. Bequia is an Island famous for Yachts and yacht building and apparently many of the population have been or do work in the Caribbean yachting industry. They are also one of the very few Islands that are allowed to hunt for Whales legally – using traditional wooden sailing boats and traditional harpoons local Bequians are allowed a very small quota (four per year).

Admiralty Bay was certainly an excellent place to provision the boat. We finally found Tonic Water in abundance – this was quickly exploited (did I mention we had purchased five bottles of Gin at Heathrow?) and were glad to bring on board some fresh ingredients and local fresh fish.

Monday morning and we were now considering a northerly passage. We headed for St Vincent. Enticed by the notorious “Blue Lagoon” we quickly made our way through some 11 miles of well... Blue water.

Our entrance into the Blue Lagoon was via a reef and two very tight routes were indicated on the chart. One marked and one unmarked. We chose the marked one! Even then it was a tight squeeze and we passed through with baited breath.

I have to say that we were particularly disappointed not to find Brooke Shields scantily clad and waiting for us on the beach!

The Blue Lagoon was however a delightful place, tranquil, rustic and surprisingly civilised. Breakfast the next day at the Driftwood restaurant was like high tea at a fancy restaurant in the Home Counties. Very prim & proper. Passing the capital Kingstown we then proceeded to hug the west coast of St Vincent and made our way up to Cumberland Bay via numerous filming locations from the three Pirates of the Caribbean movies. Sadly we didn’t spot either Johnny Depp or Keira Knightley. We did however find a cracking anchorage in the northernmost point of the bay. Dropping in the anchor and tying stern-to to a Palm Tree! The locals were out within moments of our arrival showing us menus of the three restaurants (basically beach huts). We offered some business to one of the rowing boats and ordered half a dozen beers! Jokes were exchanged as to whether the rowboat would return – but he promptly returned with six ice cold beers. We pottered about for the afternoon and then headed onto the beach (20 yards away) for our evening meal. The surf was pretty rough on the beach and made for a wet transfer between boat and restaurant. Somewhere along the way we’d probably sampled a rum punch or two so

we didn't really notice. Due to its high mountains the Western coast of St Vincent is rainforest covered and made for a rainy evening. The first rain we'd encountered!

The following day we headed back to Bequia, charging over some impressive overfalls, with the wind racing up to over 30 knots as we passed the headland (we were also feeling the fetch from the Atlantic). After some drenching waves which claimed the life of one digital camera, however the last shot it took was a full coach deck soaking wall of water!

A tricky entrance into Friendship Bay which boasted two sizeable reefs offered us a windy but secure anchorage. A Shore party discovered a Heineken bar and a few tried to catch fish for lunch. The reef tuned up some impressive coral and a variety of fish. We indulged in a very civilised meal at a luxury resort with fillet steaks the width of a yellow pages and some reasonable wine (another first for the trip... remember we'd lost our white wine in Hillsborough). Trying our hand at fishing in the moonlight we hooked up within minutes of setting the lines. At last a meal for free!



Chris Howells

## Summer 2009 - Not a Motorboat

During the summer of 2009 we were invited to go sailing on Loch Ryan on board the 45 year-old classic 43ft Yawl "SILENCE" built by the same boat builder as Gryff Rhys Jones's classic yacht.

Because of my knee injury I was excused hoisting sails and the like and became navigator because I had brought along my chart of Loch Ryan and was sat next to the repeater echo sounder display when Captain Richard decided to go below to skilfully brew tea on his paraffin fired stove. (No gas because of very deep keel). It was not apparent that he was watching exactly where we were on a large chart plotter and comparing my eyeball EP's with reality. The crew were ex navy and an ex local fisherman and they soon became bored of helming and wanted to relax and enjoy the sunshine having done all the hard work with the sails. Result, I was given the job.

On my first ever tack "Hawk eye Richard" immediately spotted that I had latched on to a transit to get a grip on a reasonable course and he shouted "this is not a motor boat and you are not watching the tell tales on the sails and not up to speed, she will sail closer to the wind than this and she did".

When crossing the wake of a high speed ship in mid channel the echo sounder went silly and showed a depth of 1 metre due to the bubbles giving a false echo, not good with a deep keel, but the ferry had not gone aground and my heart restarted when the true depth was registered again. Alas the wind began to die and it was time to head back to Stranraer with me still at the helm avoiding ferries and the Wig.

Scratching along with a following light wind, trying to avoid too many gybes was challenging when a small yacht appeared crossing our path from port to starboard with a constant bearing as Captain Richard asks if I have seen the constant bearing. "Yes I have and I am at the helm of a yacht not motor boat, I am seeing green, he is on the starboard tack, I am the upwind vessel, I am the give way vessel and turn to port with plenty of room, then he comes round into wind with sails slack. It was an ambush, they were stood on deck clicking away with cameras and waving.

The following week she sailed to Crinan to take part in The Crinan Classic Event and won several events. Yes we were worth photographing, just a pity that the other camera onboard turned out to have had no film in it so the other pictures we should have had were lost. Never mind, we have a definite perhaps for another outing this year and will get pictures of the whole vessel.

Harry Wilkinson

## Croatian Cruise - May 2011

Jonathan Meek has kindly agreed to organise a Croatian Cruise chartering from the same company as last year in Murter. Departure date will be 14 May 2011.

## Boat Chartering Club

For the majority of us without a boat of our own, chartering as a small group is an ideal way to follow on from the RYA courses. Few would claim to be fully confident and competent after successfully completing the practical exam and it is quite daunting being responsible for an expensive boat with no instructor to hold your hand when the going gets tough. Peter Lee has volunteered to act as a contact for anyone fancying trying a weekend (or longer) charter. It is useful experience to sail somewhere else other than on the relatively benign waters of the Clyde so how about it? Peter Lee: 01904 340696 or [peterlee33@ntlworld.com](mailto:peterlee33@ntlworld.com)

## Members' Notices

This section is available for any member to use e.g. to advertise something for sale, a skipper wanting crew or crew wanting a skipper - anything within reason. Just contact one of the joint editors or a committee member.

## New syndicate to buy and jointly own a yacht

Peter Lee and Rod Swales are in the process of putting together a new syndicate to buy a yacht. We have four/five interested people at the moment but we think the ideal number is six. Please contact Rod or Pete for further details.

Rod Swales: tel. 01904 760611, mob. 07761 575854, email [rod.1@o2.co.uk](mailto:rod.1@o2.co.uk)

Peter Lee: tel. 01904 340696, mob. 07954 604649, email [peterlee33@ntlworld.com](mailto:peterlee33@ntlworld.com)

## Chairman's Chat

Hi All and Welcome

Firstly an apology in that we have been a bit lapse with the issues of Cruise the News but we will try and remedy this. If any of you have any interesting stories relating to sailing please let the editors or myself have them.

The shorebased classes are now running and once again we have had a good response. Welcome to all new members to YCTC. I hope that you are all enjoying your chosen courses.

Our thoughts are now turning towards this year's sailing season. The practical courses are filling up, so if you have not booked yet hurry up and get your application forms in. In addition I am proposing to cruise Yorvik Star around the Isles of Scilly, Channel Islands and North West Coast of France. Contact me if you fancy joining us in July and August.

The social side is working well and we have some new ideas for 2011 so keep an eye on the website for further details.

Let's hope for some good sailing weather and favorable tides in 2011.

Nigel Foster