



York Railway Institute  
Sailing Club

# YRISC Newsletter

Autumn 2009— [www.yrisc.org](http://www.yrisc.org)



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### End of Sunday Sailing

The 25th October was the last day of Sunday sailing this year— however the Saturday program starts on the 31st and runs until the 19th December. See you on Saturday!



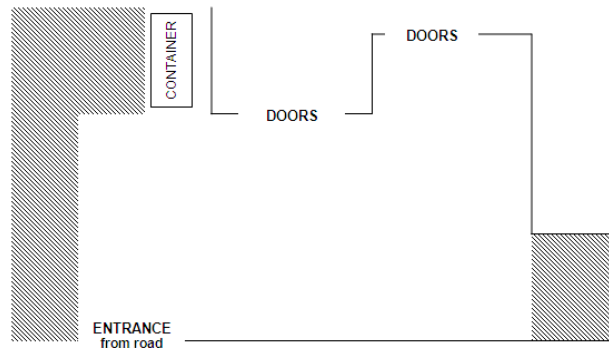
YOSC/YRISC Regatta, September 2009, Photo by Martin Ward

## Parking

**Please only park in the shaded areas...**

As many of you know, the owner of the warehouse unit near the club kindly allows us to park in his yard.

We've been asked to make sure we only park in the shaded areas. Also, please can you show a YRISC parking card when you are parking in this car park. These are available in the club house.



## New Emergency Points

The River Ouse Safety Advisory Group (ROSAG) has recently developed an emergency response plan for the River Ouse within the City of York area. Part of this plan involves the identification of locations on both banks. These locations are identified by yellow signs with a red border and a number in the centre.

In all, there are 20 signs between Poppleton and Naburn Lock, nine “Forward Control Points” numbered F1 to F9 and eleven “Emergency Meeting Points” (EMPs) numbered Em1 to Em11. The difference between F and Em matters to the emergency services but not to us! The points on “our” stretch of the river are as follows:

- Ship Inn, Acaster (Em1)
- Main Street, Naburn (Em2)
- Naburn Marina, fuel pontoon (Em3)
- Bishopthorpe Landing (F3)

Leaflets explaining the system in more detail are displayed in the clubhouse.



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## Annual Regatta 6/9/2009

The Annual Regatta was very successful and was very well run. Many thanks to all those that helped and those that took part.

Obviously I think the handicapping was particularly spot on, though I'm sure no-one was more surprised than Neville and I were when we won. I can tell you that we have since returned to our usual form.

Plenty of YOSC members attended and the day provided great fun for sailors (and boats) of all abilities. I'm looking forward to defending the title next year. I think we'll borrow that Apache dinghy.

- James

## Annual Dinner

Friday 27th November 2009, 7.30pm

Not long now until the annual dinner at Lady Anne Middleton's Hotel on Skeldergate in York City Centre. The evening will follow the same format as previous years with a dinner, a review of the year's activities from Hugh our Commodore, a raffle and the annual presentation of trophies.

Please bring a small prize for the raffle, all proceeds go to the club funds. The cost is a very reasonable £19.95 per head.

If you haven't already done so following his e-mail sent on the 7th of October, please email your meal choice to [stevehogg@hotmail.com](mailto:stevehogg@hotmail.com). Full payment can be made to Steve or Paul McLean, that and your meal choice need to be received by Monday the 16th November.

## Safety...

Just a reminder to please wear buoyancy aids when on the Jetties. Also can we advise using wetsuits/drysuits in the cold weather?

## Rescue Boat Training Sun 1st November 2009

Reminder: Learn how to operate the Rescue boats—if you haven't already then let Pete know if you are coming [ptcraggs@hotmail.com](mailto:ptcraggs@hotmail.com).

## End Of Season Meeting

Tue 15th December 2009, 7.30pm

The annual end of season meeting at Steve Parry's house, 109 Bramley Garth—food provided and all members and friends welcome!

## Letter From Down Under

By Peter Huxford

It seems a long time ago now but, as I wrote the following, Lake Wakupiti stretched out below me and in the harbour lay a retired America's Cup yacht ready to take me out at \$150 for two hours. Well below my usual rate, but I thought it worth a go and then I realised I was supposed to pay *them*. Anyway, there was not a breath of wind that day so I went for a walk instead..

Far more exciting, and above all free, was my outing in Sydney Harbour a few weeks previously. A friend of a friend invited me out on his 28 foot Cavalier one afternoon. So it was Margot and I took the ferry to Mossman Bay where it was moored – Margot, who normally refuses to step aboard anything without stabilisers, was enticed by the promise of a bottle of wine while watching the sun set over the Bridge.

I took the helm, leaving the owner to navigate and control the various winches - far more complex than my Laser and, as you know, I have enough trouble with that.

A quick turn around the Bridge and the Opera House and we headed out towards Manly near the ocean entrance. Sydney Harbour is hectic enough in a force four to five with ferries that don't give way to anything, a cruise liner heading out to the Tasman Sea, a paddle steamer and innumerable other small craft. To make it worse we also managed to pass Rushcutter's Bay five minutes ahead of the start of the Sydney Harbour Cruising Club twilight race.

Their fleet was led by 3 or 4 50-foot America's Cup style monsters and before too long they began to overhaul us, and we were in the thick of it. On a long starboard tack we had right-of-way but I deferred to the boat owner on how to deal with the looming collisions. We dropped behind the first two boats but the third was too close and the owner told me to hold my course as he shouted "starboard!" at the oncoming leviathan, so close we could read the labels on the designer sunglasses of the dozen or so crew lining the windward rail (except Margot who had her eyes closed tight). At the very last moment they went about leaving us in their wake, and with us any chance of taking the lead. I consoled myself with the thought that the following day I would be on the plane out of the country.

We carried on to Manly, took a peek at the ocean and then ran back down to a sheltered cove with a fantastic view down to the Bridge. We dropped anchor, had a quick swim (this was a couple of days before the first shark attack in Sydney Harbour), cracked a bottle of wine and watched the sun set over the city.

With the Southern Cross above us and the light of the Central Business District to port we motored back across the harbour to our moorings. An unforgettable experience and probably good practice for the mouth of Naburn Marina once we got home.

The next day we flew to Auckland to find the Louis Vutton races under way in Auckland Harbour and we watched the two Americas Cup boats battle it out from the top of Mount Victoria. Clearly news of my prowess had not travelled across the Tasman Sea, as I was not invited to helm one of the competing boats. Or, on second thoughts maybe it had.