

Issue No 55



PAPHOS INTERNATIONAL SAILING CLUB

Newsletter - November 2007

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Ed's bit

What an incredibly busy time we've had since reconvening in September! Curry Night, Quiz Night, Wine Tasting and the Laying Up Supper all within two months. Our thanks go immeasurably to Sam who copes with all the catering with remarkable aplomb. A particularly good job was done at the Laying Up Supper; the first 'posh' do we have held in the clubhouse, with waitress service and smashing food.

I was gratified to win the 'caption' competition on the website ... and Abbo has rewarded me with a bottle of my choice. There is a new photograph and a new competition this month. I have to say, the website changes almost weekly, so there's always something new to tune in to. Don't forget www.PISC.org.cy. Cheers! Nikki

Commodore's Message - Awards and Stuff

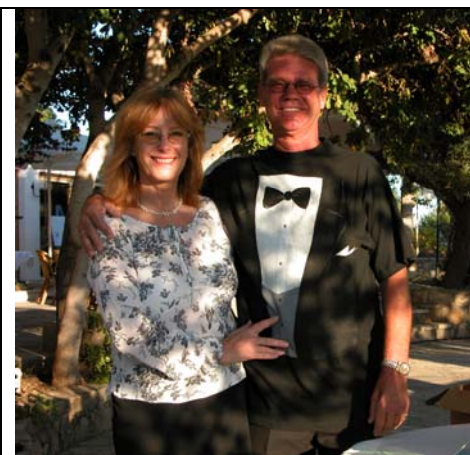
Now is the time, at the end of the current season, when we reflect on the events throughout the summer with its highs and lows, and make up our marine 'wish list' of jobs and equipment that can be achieved during the winter months. Perhaps also, it's a time when we consider the goals and objectives for the upcoming season next year.

Those of you who were able to get to our excellent 'Laying Up Supper', which was held for the first time on the club premises, will appreciate the hard work that has gone on over the past year to improve the clubs facilities. A short time ago that kind of event would not have been possible, in any degree of comfort, in October. To mark all the support that the club has received over the year, the Committee awarded the Commodore's Shield to the individual who, in their opinion, had contributed the most in forwarding the interests of the club. This award was presented at the supper to Paul McRae for his excellent work on the website>>

Whilst on the subject of awards, I feel it's time to



recognise the hard work of Trevor Hutson and his team in raising funds for the club throughout the past year. By November 17th, which marks a year since the raffle started, it looks very much like we will achieve a profit of £3500, or pretty close to it. This is a remarkable achievement and reflects the degree of support the membership has offered collectively to the club. *Continued>>*



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All of the funds, as you know, will continue to be spent on providing the improvements we all seek. I think Trevor would like to hand on the baton to another volunteer shortly, so should you wish to undertake this rewarding task on behalf of the club, please contact me in the near future. In the meantime our gratitude and thanks are extended to Trevor - seen at left with wife Sue - and his team in orchestrating such a successful campaign.

With regards, James

Obituary -Victor Newman

It is with regret that I have to announce the death of Victor Newman, a member of the Paphos International Sailing Club.

Vic, with his wife Mavis, joined PISC about two years ago and, although they have not visited Cyprus in the intervening period due to Vic's poor health, they have maintained ties with the club and kept up to date with current issues and affairs. Vic was a very keen sailor and had various boats in Poole Harbour where he liked to sail. He was an accomplished engineer and thought nothing of rebuilding old Land Rovers, motorcycles and, of course, boats. His knowledge of most things mechanical and electrical was expansive and he would share that knowledge willingly with all.

I most remember his ready wit and humour particularly the " 9 million bicycles in Beijing" and *The Goon Show* song "Dig that Crazy Rhythm."

He leaves his wife Mavis and five daughters with families, one of whom, Jean Petty, many of us will know. Our thoughts and condolences go to them all; the Club will be closed as a mark of respect on Tuesday 13th November.

Perhaps the words of John Masefield are appropriate

*And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.*

Abbo - Marine Commodore

Welcome to new members!

Club Membership is now 165 with the introduction of Gerald and Tricia Payne at the end of October. Club funds have also increase substantially with two more life members, James Heath and Maggi Brown. Who will be next??

Next year's subscriptions were discussed and finalised at the October Committee meeting and a copy of James' letter was posted in the Club house for those not on the internet. James is keen that members understand that the Committee voted for an increase in subscriptions before they were made Euro- compatible. The Committee believe that PISC offers

2008 Membership Fees

Joining - 10 Euros,
Single membership - 21 Euros,
Double membership - 42 Euros
Life Membership -210 Euros (as before x 10 of annual membership).

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great value for money and, with all the improvements to both premises and activities this year, will continue to be the place that members will want to visit and bring their guests.

Bob and Margaret Morrison, your membership Secretaries report that they have been left with a number of membership plastic cards for members who do not attend the club frequently, and these have been placed in the various pigeon holes in the club house. The members concerned have been advised by e-mail and anyone with a particular problem getting down to the club may have theirs sent to them by post as a last resort.

Social Update

Membership Secretaries Christina and Rod Chorlton are doing a wonderful job of organising the Club's activity diary and kicked off with the Curry Night and a Quiz Night in September, which they followed up with the Kolios Wine and Cheese night in October. The latter was an idea which had been bandied around one Tuesday evening and suddenly it was all organised; Marios from the winery had been inveigled into supplying loads of wine at very impressive prices, Sam had shopped out every supermarket for a superb selection of cheeses - see right! - and members turned up with every intention of having a terrific night. They weren't disappointed.



The Laying Up Supper was a grand affair in true sailing club fashion for 48 members in a very stylishly decorated clubhouse. Sam's team performed flawlessly from the somewhat tongue in cheek maitre d'-style welcome at the door to delivering the delicious dinner with style. The ticket included not only three courses, but also two litres of wine for each table of six; coffee and brandy and a winning-ticket raffle with a dozen or so prizes, most of which seemed to be won by Don Taylor's table!

A highlight was the Awards ceremony with James in command of the Commodore's Shield and hand-engraved glass goblet memento for webmaster Paul McRae. Paul had been heard to say when he read that he had been nominated in the September newsletter: 'Well, it's got to go to one of the carpenters because we haven't got a trophy cupboard!' June - right - was also nominated for the Award along with Brian Bedford & Terry Palmer.



Dates for your diary: Next Quiz Night - Tuesday 27th November, 7pm
Christmas/New Year Function - January 26th 2008

The latter may seem like a long way out of the 'festive season' per se, but the Committee thought long and hard about when to hold an event and it did seem that most of them and half the membership would be away from mid December to mid January. So we went with Trevor's suggestion for a 'Hangover Party' ... when all the rest of the commotion is finished we shall be ready to put our hearts into a real good PISC 'bash'. The Kamares club has been booked - as they make functions so memorable for us - and Christina is tracking down the entertainer, probably as this gets posted! Further info will be available before Christmas.

Oz Commodore visits PISC ...

... And goes home with one of the Club's new baseball-style caps. John Cronly is the Commodore of the Sydney's Small Yacht Cruising Club (www.sycc.net.au) on Pittwater and came to stay with old friends Chris and Nikki Dake for a week. He put in a couple of appearances at the Club and was invaluable as part of the team which took Virginia Osman's *Circe* out of the water - not for the fainthearted...

PISC caps and round-necked T-shirts can now be bought from Maggi Brown.



Putting the eye into PISC - James Heath



On the weekend of 14th Oct 2007 PISC went international, when the off-shore sailors from the club met for a long weekend on foreign shores. The yachts of varying sizes with crews from all ages and experience, collected together from numerous different locations and began an event, which all of us hope will become a tradition to be repeated annually, as enthusiasm for the event spreads throughout the membership.

It was the first time that PISC has been able to produce and organise a rally of

members' yachts overseas since the club's inception over 10 years ago. Many sailors will know the maxim KISS - Keep It Simple Sailor - which we applied to this first event. This allowed everyone who participated to relax under a broad-based schedule, which enabled boats to travel between the destinations on the itinerary, in a leisurely and hopefully controlled manner at their own pace.

Nevertheless, the weekend was not without incident. Some crews had endured fairly testing conditions in transit to the event. One yacht had to beat up through stiff winds to get there on time; another had a galley fire and had to stop en-route for repairs. A third skipper lost his dinghy during an ideal transit between night stops and someone else narrowly missed a disaster when he collided with a submerged rock in a narrow passage.

The weather and location, however, proved to be supreme and we all felt the effort expended to congregate at the same time together albeit in a different marina, creek or cove each day to be invaluable. There was much frivolity, discussion and the exchange of knowledge and experience amongst like-minded people, all of whom just enjoy messing about on the water.

Next year we hope to involve more people in a similar venue between 19th and 22nd September 2008. The idea is to incorporate a charter yacht for club members who are able to give time and commitment for an event that offers a tremendous opportunity to novices and experienced seamen alike. Watch the website for details as there are already a number of people researching the cost of charter boats etc., the cost being cheaper if you book it this year.

An Occasional Column (2) called 'Tyro Time with Captain Fearful' - Virginia Osman



Fifty years after my first boat, I bought my second, at twice the length. But I figured it ought to be easier to handle. Proper cockpit to sit in, guard rails to stop me falling overboard and An Engine. The latter would, of course, enable me to make an elegant getaway out of -and into - the harbour. Hmm. Not exactly. On my first attempt I crashed smartly backwards into the jetty. Oh, no not again! That's just what I did with my first boat.

Well, at least I had learnt something about buoys all those years ago. Those pretty red and green ones at the harbour entrance are big enough and far enough apart even for me to pass between without hitting either. But it's those namby-pamby little ones dotted about the harbour that cause me trouble.

There they are, all innocent, bobbing gently in the water - until I try to grab one with a boat hook, and especially, try to grab my own with my boat's name upon it. This one has its own agenda and either floats just out of reach of the boat hook or disappears under the stern so that its line is all set to wrap itself round the propeller. I'm sure it does it deliberately to make me look a fool.

But, Ah! Ah! I've thwarted it by cheating and tossing my aft mooring line over next door's boat. It has to be said that this is a lot easier (for me) than fishing for that nasty little buoy. I can sometimes manage it with nonchalance.

So now I've mastered getting in and out of the harbour it's time to head for deep waters...

Whoops! Wrong Island - Paul McRae

A year ago, Anita and I were having a few beers in the cockpit of *Eldorado* when the peace was interrupted by a commotion coming from a yacht just entering St Raphael Marina. I walked a short way to the end of the pontoon to check it out.

'Which way, we need to come in. Can you help us? We've never done this before!'

My friend had just departed for Thailand and I knew that his berth was free so I steered them in that direction, following down to help them moor up. As they approached the mooring they started asking some pretty daft questions:

'What do we do with anchor?' - 'You do nothing I will hand you the laid lines'
'Can we drive in?' - 'No, you have to reverse'
'OK, which way do I turn the wheel?'
'Er...just stay there a sec, we'll give you a hand.' 'Thanks for all your help; we haven't ever done this before!'

After a completely uneventful mooring, I asked them which bit they hadn't actually done before.

'Moored up' - 'Oh what you mean with laid lines' - 'No, we mean moor up, we're all dinghy sailors. Then the crunch question: 'Where are we?'

'St Raphael, of course, why? Where did you think you were', I added somewhat sarcastically.

'Which Greek Island is that on?' - 'It's not, it's near Limassol in Cyprus'

'Oh shit! That explains all the big ships, the lights and all the land'

They explained that they'd chartered a yacht from one of the Greek Islands. They all had bucketfuls of experience on Staines Reservoir and Bray Lake but this was the first time ever on the salty stuff. Having been briefed and trained they'd set off late in the afternoon three other identical

charter yachts. Soon one of the yachts irretrievably broke down and the flotilla captain took off to sort the problem, leaving this intrepid crew to find their own way.

It was at that point they realized that the captain had taken his briefcase with him containing the 'chart with the lines on', their version of the chart was brand new ... no lines. Worst still their mobile phones were out of range and they had no idea how to use the VHF - that was to be one of tonight's lessons! However, the plotter was on and displaying lat/long but they couldn't actually agree between them on where they were. Once again the lat/long briefing was another lesson planned for later.

The captain had however left a yellow line on the plotter the end of which read 'Marina'. Without being able to navigate, they decided they'd just carry on sailing along the yellow line to the waypoint 'Marina'.

A whole night, day and half the night later, they pitched up in St Raphael, their

first ever trip in a sailboat at sea! They rang the captain on his mobile; apparently, there was no search and rescue or even any concern, they'd all assumed that they had continued onto the next destination on their own and would meet up the following day.

When they said 'St Raphael, Cyprus', I could hear lots of expletives from the other end. The captain insisted he spoke to a third party, so they handed me the phone. 'Yes, that's right St Raphael Marina, Limassol, here in Cyprus!'

The following evening all trace of our new reservoir friends were gone which is probably just as well because Nick unexpectedly re-appeared; they never made Thailand, in fact they never actually got out of Cyprus waters! Some kind of un-discussable mutiny had taken place and Thailand was 'no longer viable' ... but that's a different story

THE VALUE OF A DRINK - E-mailed from friends in Thailand... Ed

'Sometimes when I reflect back on all the wine I drink I feel shame. Then I look into the glass and think about the workers in the vineyards and all of their hopes and dreams. If I didn't drink this wine, they might be out of work and their dreams would be shattered. Then I say to myself, "It is better that I drink this wine and let their dreams come true than be selfish and worry about my liver."' Jack Handy

"24 hours in a day, 24 beers in a case. Coincidence? I think not." Stephen Wright

"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not taste nearly as great with pizza." Dave Barry

And saving the best for last, as explained by Cliff Clavin, of Cheers. One afternoon at Cheers, Cliff Clavin was explaining the Buffalo Theory to his buddy Norm. Here's how it went: "Well ya see, Norm, it's like this... A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members. In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake of alcohol, as we know, kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine. That's why you always feel smarter after a few beers."