



Paphos International Sailing Club

PISC Newsletter

October 2009

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Ed's Bit

Welcome back to all those who have been off the island during the hot summer months. Some scorching hot and humid Friday lunchtimes were a challenge for those of us who stayed at home but generally the club was well supported. If you have been away you will see a number of new faces.

We continue to have new members join us so please go and say hello and get to know them. There is plenty going on so do check out the website and posters for all the news and upcoming events.

Bye for now.

Trisha



PISC House Commodore



We are pleased to announce that we have a new House Commodore. Richard and his wife Mary joined PISC earlier this year.

Richard used to do dinghy sailing but is now turning his sights towards power boats. His first job was to put up lights to enable the Horse Appreciation Society to hold its autumn meeting and when he returns from holiday he will be working on the new ceiling project!

Welcome Richard.

PISC CLUB 2009

Earlier this year a new fund raising initiative aimed specifically at those who do not stay on the island full time was planned. Sadly, due to lack of support/interest apart from the stalwarts, it has now been cancelled.

Thank you to the eight people who did sign up for the scheme. Hopefully members will continue to support the raffle to pay for ongoing clubhouse improvements.

PISC RAFFLE HANDOVER

Nineteen months ago Gerald took over as Fundraiser/PR Officer and Raffle Master. He has done a superb job of raising nearly 9,000 euros in that time thanks to the generosity of all club members. He has now decided to hand on the clubhouse raffle bowl.

When volunteers were sought to take over raffles held in the clubhouse Dave S. raised his hand and offered to take it on. It is no easy task but Dave looks forward to the continued support of the club members.

In the past all funds raised by the raffle have been used purely for the improvement of the clubhouse and this tradition **will** continue. Money is now being raised for alterations to the ceiling of the clubhouse and improvements in the kitchen which will in turn make the electrical system more reliable.

Gerald will not be disappearing out of sight! He will continue to be PISC Fundraiser/PR Officer and also be MC and raffle organiser at the social events held away from the clubhouse premises. He will stand in for Dave when he is away. It is very likely that Gerald is already planning some further fundraising initiatives.

Thank you Gerald and good luck Dave.



PISC Library



Since PISC had its makeover last year we have been building up the library. A number of people have brought in books but we need lots more.

If you want a book just make your choice, no charge. All we ask is that you bring it back for others to enjoy and if you have any books that you no longer want please bring them down to the Clubhouse. We can always build some more shelves!

Book lovers may have come across a website called bookcrossing.com where you can release your books into the wild and see where in the world they end up. If you are interested have a chat with Nikki or visit the website. Ed.

PISC Annual BBQ at Mannijin

The day of the annual BBQ dawned bright and sunny but with a blustery wind whipping the sea up into white horses which resulted in a rather wet journey for those arriving by boat. However, in the afternoon the wind dropped and the sea was calm, unlike the Sunday before when there was very little space for sitting!



Manijin The previous week



Zoe arrived bright and early and set up her BBQs and the salad bar and before long more than 50 PISC members and guests were settled on the rocks. We were delighted that a number of members from Latchi Nautical Club came to join us this year.



The BBQ was excellent with plenty of food for 'seconds'. Thank you Zoe.



Lunch was followed by swimming and one or two of the braver souls went water ski-ing and used the Aquaglide.

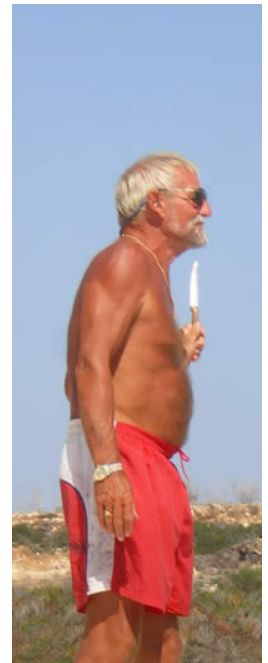




Gerald of course had his raffle bowl and several guests were among the lucky winners.



Deep in conversation



Rod inviting people to eat!



Eldorado joined the BBQ on her way back from the rally

It was a great day out and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Thank you to all who were involved in making the BBQ such a success!

SOCIALLY PISC

PISC is a sailing club but we also have a social life! Social events have now been planned for the next twelve months. There is a full list on display in the clubhouse and also on the PISC website. Please do come along and support the social activities. A great deal of hard work goes into them and it gives us the opportunity to have some fun together.

2009 Dates for your Diary

October

- 13th Indian Theme Night - book your place with Zoe
- 20th Horse Appreciation Night - choose your horse in advance. See Pat or Terry.
Food available - see Zoe. 7pm.
- 27th Quiz - no need to book, just turn up 7pm for 7.30pm start. 2 euros. Food available.

November

- 3rd Laying Supper at Clubhouse - members only. Book early with Christina. 10 euros.
- 8th Treasure Hunt - book your place with June.
- 24th Quiz with Christmas Theme - a night not to be missed.
- 30th Snooker night at Armageti - more details nearer the time

December

- 15th Mince Pies, Mulled Wine and Carols - 7pm for 7.30pm start.

PISC success at the ASSC Regatta



Following the great weekend at Episkopi PISC was invited to go to the regatta at Akrotiri in October and our crews were Rod and Anita, Peter and Barry, Dave and Brian.

Dave and Brian won the trophy for the 'General Handicap' race, with 3 firsts and 2 seconds in the five race series and have very generously donated their prize to PISC as it was the first the club has ever won.

Anita and Rod managed a second in one race, despite nearly sinking, a dubious start, and a suggestion from Paul that they should have been flying a flag which said 'Am under way, but making no progress'.



PISC Rally 2009

The Night of The Storm by The Commodore

Almost everyone has now returned from the 2nd PISC Annual Rally to Turkey and I am sure that all who took part will agree that it was a huge success with credit going to its organiser James.



I propose to leave the main story to James, I think this is only fair, but I would like to comment on what was probably the most significant night of the whole week, that was the night of THE STORM in Datcha. I think the only one fortunate enough to miss it was Eldorado, with Paul and Anita having chosen to spend another night at Selimaye.

Others have their own personal accounts of this storm, but this is mine.

We had just about finished eating supper on board the Belize catamaran Mal-de-Mer, when Chris commented on the wind 'getting up a little'. Not a problem, we were in harbour, moored stern to, two back lines, with an anchor down with some 50 metres of chain out, a good hold, so what could go wrong.

With Chris's comment about the wind, I went on deck just to check the lines. I was just in time to see the boat next to us, Tic-Tac, a Bavaria 38, owned by Betty and Russell, drag its anchor. As it did so, its port stern quarter started banging against the hull of Mal-de-Mer,

and the starboard stern quarter against the quayside.

I jumped onto Tic-Tac, and Rick from our boat, threw me a rope. The plan being just to bring the nose of Tic-Tac into the wind and safely alongside Mal-de-Mer. Fortunately we knew where Betty and Russell were dining, so a runner was sent. Rick and I found it impossible to bring the boat bows on to the wind, and when Betty and Russell arrived they made the immediate decision to head to sea.

Some of the lines were so tight that Russell cut with them with a knife as Betty on the helm, tried to head out. Pulling on the anchor which was now dragging, we got a little into the harbour before the wind caught the bows, almost spinning the boat in its own length. With what I considered absolutely brilliant seamanship, Betty put the boat into reverse, and went out backwards, with the bows missing other boats by inches. This manoeuvre was straight out of a text book.

I had jumped on board Tic-Tac to lend a hand for a few minutes, as simple as that, but I was to spend the next 10 hours riding out probably the worst storm I had ever been in, and we were in harbour. With winds topping 40 mph, and waves about 2 metres, each one breaking over the stern of the boat, Betty went into a holding pattern, which she was to maintain for 9 hours without leaving the helm. At one point, we considered heading for open sea, but the sight of an empty life-raft being blown past us, from out at sea, changed our minds.

Early on, as we were riding the storm, I physically felt sick as I saw the catamaran drag its anchor also and swing sideways on to the quay. I knew Chris was still on board, and how difficult it would be for her to get off if the boat started breaking up. Others on board or on the shore will describe what it was like

there, but from where I was there was nothing I could do, just watch as it battered against the quay.



well placed, and I have nothing but the greatest admiration for Betty. Miraculously, no one was hurt, and the damage to Mal-de-Mer and Tic-Tac, were I believe cosmetic.



Three times we tried to lay an anchor, but to no avail. The lightning was spectacular, but we had no time to admire it. I am guessing, but perhaps about 4.30 am the winds started to ease, but it wasn't until about 7 am as daylight came, that the sea started to settle and we could even consider coming back to the shore.

I must comment also, despite the fact that I was not present, on Maggie's heroic actions onboard Emblem, and on Carole Willey on board Mal-de-Mer, who was a rock.

Some ten hours after jumping on board 'for a few minutes to lend a hand,' I stepped off Tic-Tac onto dry land, to find that my wife had gone to sleep, obviously confident in Betty's ability to look after me! Her confidence was

This was a night when the ladies were the real heroes.

As many of you will know, Paul and Anita sailed their yacht Eldorado from Limassol to Turkey to join the rally. They had number of adventures along the way and Paul has written about one or two of them. We join them as they arrive at Finikie. I hope you will enjoy reading this as much as I have! Ed

PART ONE - Anita becomes an Android

We got to Finikie about 18:00; a very helpful chap met us at the entrance in a RIB and helped us to moor. We were asked if we were British and when we said 'yes', we were told not to leave the yacht until the health authorities came aboard which would be in about 10 minutes. Our plan was to do all the Turkish paperwork formalities and get under way by 10:00 the following morning.

As expected, half an hour elapsed so we wandered off to the harbourmaster police. He explained that Turkey has a special rule for Brits and Mexicans where all visitors have to be personally examined by the health authorities for H1N1 swine flu prior to entering the country. However, this was Ramadam season and the poor chap from the Health Authority has not had anything to eat or drink during the day so he has had to go home early and we should see him tomorrow at 10:00! At this point our plans to

maintain the schedule and be away from Finkie by 10:00 the following morning started to look a bit dodgy.

In the interim, we had been given strict instructions to remain on board. The problem was that the previous evening we had drunk Eldorado dry! Anita and I discussed what 'remain on board' meant and after much deliberating, we reckoned that roughly translated it amounted to 'it is OK to go ashore for a few cold beers, but eating out at a restaurant is a strict no no'. Anita started the chicken curry in slow cooker and a few minutes later, we were on the Efes beer! When we got back, tired, hungry and rather un-sober, Anita continued with the curry rather annoyed.

'Paul! You haven't eaten all the chicken I got out, have you?'

'Course not, why?'

'Well where is it? In fact, its all gone, someone's come on board and stolen our dinner!'

At that point we heard a faint 'me-ow' and saw a rather fat cat running away from Eldorado! Oh dear! Opening the cupboards...'Ok what about Weetabix, slice of toast and some cup-a-soup for dinner, followed by a yoghurt between us!'



Anita after the health inspector had left

The following morning, we went over to the health authority 'hut', it was just as deserted as the previous evening. The chap in the marina office was really annoyed that we were British and were wandering around the Marina without a health check certificate. I explained that although we were British Citizens, we were essentially 'Cypriot' in the spirit of the rules, consequently the rule did not apply. He checked, but no, the rule was not based on the reasonable logic of last country visited or even legal residency status but on your nationality written on your passport! I know

from the past that getting annoyed gets you nowhere but I couldn't help picture the sign at Heathrow that

says 'Special discriminatory, very slow queue reserved for Muslims because they are all diseased and might wipe out the Human Race!' I wonder how long it would last!

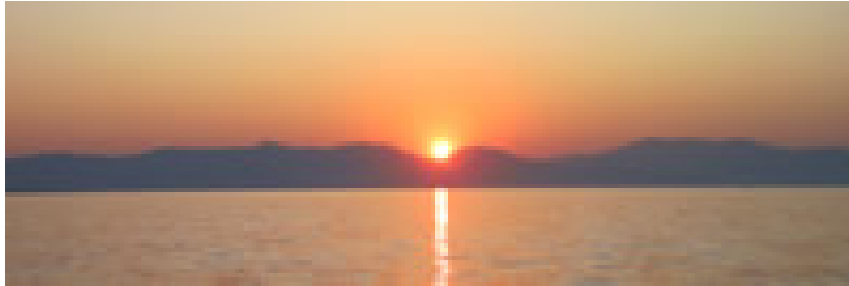
Eventually, the guy came on board examined me, measured my temperature and declared I was perfectly healthy. He checked over Anita, checked her temperature and declared she was dead! We started the process again, I was checked and proved to be very much alive, he checked himself, he was very much alive, he checked Anita, and she appeared to still be dead.

He asked Anita to take off a few clothes (I think it's something to do with the strict Muslim faith and Ramadan season). Once again, he started to check her temperature all over, she was still clinically dead! 'It must be the sweat causing the probe to misread'. So off Anita went to get a shower and get changed into her swimsuit, the theory being that more exposed, clean body flesh will make the infra red probe work correctly.

A few minutes later, wearing not a lot, she was still clinically dead so that plan didn't work! I assured him that to my best knowledge she was not an android but as it transpired his remit was only to check

for the symptoms of H1N1 and Anita, although his instruments indicated she had died about half an hour previously, did not prevent him from issuing the certificate to say she was not going to pass on H1N1!

I must admit holding our two bits of paper and as the guy cycled away around the corner, I had to give her a kiss, more for my own reassurance that she had not been replaced by a cooler animatronics impersonation during the previous evening!



To be continued in the next issue.

Did you know?



This is the 'M' or Mike flag which means 'trying to make way but going nowhere'. Sadly in a regatta it means 'someone has stolen one of our buoys'.

And finally -



Maybe someone should have told him that the boat goes in first!