



Paphos International Sailing Club

PISC Newsletter

November 2009

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Ed's Bit

The change in the weather signals the end of the long hot summer. The big ship sailors have returned to the island with stories of their travels and soon the power boats will be coming out of the water for the winter but there is still plenty to do at the clubhouse.

A busy social calendar has been planned so do come and support the events. They are fun but only if people turn up. Gerald's Christmas Draw has been launched so do not miss out on this fantastic new fundraiser. Please keep the articles coming in, it is great to have your input.



Bye for now.

Trisha



GERALD'S CHRISTMAS DRAW



Tickets on sale NOW at the Clubhouse every Friday

Only 5 euros each with three cash prizes

First prize of at least 50 euros

The more you buy, the bigger the prizes

Draw on Friday 18th December at the Clubhouse



Dates for your Diary

- 10th November Chinese Buffet at the Clubhouse. Book your place with Zoe.
- 24th November Christmas Quiz 7 for 7.30pm. Food available.
- 8th December Chinese Buffet at the Clubhouse. Book your place with Zoe.
- 15th December Mince Pies and Carols at the Clubhouse.
- 19th December Snooker and Christmas Party at Armageti. Members only. Book with Anita.

See posters in the Clubhouse or visit the PISC Website for full details.

PISC Horse Appreciation Society



All who turned out for the PHAS had a brilliant time.

Pat and Terry introduced a new twist with tickling sticks and waistcoats which caused some hilarity.

Thank Pat and Terry for all your hard work.



PISC Laying Up Supper

The Laying Supper was held at the PISC Clubhouse this year and 51 members braved gales and storms to enjoy a lovely evening with friends.

The Clubhouse looked welcoming with blue and white checked table cloths and flowers and after one or two drinks everyone settled down to a three course meal.

As always, thank you to Christina and everyone involved in making the evening a success.



PISC Regatta News

Last month we reported on the success of PISC at the Akrotiri Regatta where Brian and Dave won the General Handicap Trophy.

The ASCC wrote the following in their newsletter -

In addition to the usual reliable Episkopi (ESSC) and Dhekelia (DSC) contingents, the club was delighted to welcome excellent support from the Paphos International Sailing Club (PISC).

Their members are a friendly bunch who have literally restored relics from the past - the lovely Flying Dutchman 'Great White' and the GP14 'Driftwood' are just two of the boats restored from scrap.

They are all very enthusiastic individuals but have only a handful of people who can actually sail the dinghies - they are, in the main, big boat sailors.

I'm sure they'll be back in force next year and meanwhile, they are hoping to return the compliments by staging their own regatta next year - the more regatta's, the better! Unfortunately a broken trapeze wire, curtailed the spectacle of the Flying Dutchman 'flying' somewhat.



Rod presents the trophy to Brian and Dave

PISC Rally 2009

The week long Rally proved to be a great success, enjoyed by the crew of the seven boats which took part, each making their own contribution.

"Eldorado. Say your position!"

"Umm, er, well. I've got blue sky above, blue sea below. There are brown rocks to the left of me and brown rocks to the right. Over!"

"Roger, that!"

The above comment on the first morning of the rally set the tone, as we sailed 'en mass' down the Hizoranu Limani from the start point in Keci Buku towards the first anchorage at Dirsek. The idea was to provide a loose association of yachts that could sail in the company of their choice, deviate off route and do their own thing, meet together in the evening or anchor off and cook on board, as the mood subscribed. The route was determined on a daily basis to allow for individual preferences and to cater for any changes to the weather and wind conditions. Communication was the name of the game and with most yachts owning a hand-held radio this time, it was easy to obtain the necessary flexibility and coordination.



"Red two this is red lead, over."

"Go ahead, red lead!"

"Close up to echelon starboard. Speed is five knots. Heading, best to windward."

"Copy, red lead."

"Hey, where did red three go?"

"Yea, this is red three. I don't subscribe to this formation nonsense. We're in fuel conservation mode."

"Oh, OK grumpy!"



Despite the great disparity in the types of vessel, which varied from a 44ft Cat, a 55ft Oyster to a sleek little Contessa 32, we were all able to achieve the individual goals of the various yachts and stay in company. We had a race between 'Mal de Mer' the cat with 'Lucifer' a very fast Gibsea Master, that was decided over a glass or two of beer, on a shortened upwind leg that was cut down in the end to 5nms. A lack of wind determined that the winner is still being discussed and contested but everyone shook hands afterwards proving once again the camaraderie that built up between yachts and crews.

The scenery all along the south west coast of Turkey is so stunning one develops 'vista' fatigue after a while. The pine covered mountains that slip into a turquoise sea are all around you with dozens of little bays and coves, each with an enterprising taverna owner to assist the yachts onto his especially provided rickety, wooden jetty, provide a profusion of localities to choose from every evening. As one of us stated, when he stared into yet another glorious sunset: "It just doesn't get any better than this!"



Even those familiar with the Caribbean or the Whit Sunday islands on the Australian barrier reef seem to prefer Turkish waters where excellent marinas proliferate, the people are friendly and unobtrusive, the food is both varied and delicious and the facilities for yachtsmen are unsurpassed.



Don's tee shirt embossed with the slogan: "Another day, another bay" provided the emphasis to a hugely enjoyable week, spoiled slightly by the mother of all storms in Datca bay on the last evening, when the wind blew ferociously most of the night from the wrong direction. I really must have a word with Poseidon about that sometime, 'cos Maggie definitely deserves a medal. All of which goes to show, I suppose, how unpredictable mother nature can be, even in those waters.

See you there again next year perhaps, all you chaps and chapesses.

Jolly japes!

James

PISC Rally Update Part Two

Emblem and the Datca Storm.

We had anchored quite satisfactorily in the north bay at Datca late one afternoon. It was overcast but we had sailed into the bay on a flat sea and later had a lovely supper of roast chicken on the cockpit table outside in quiet conditions. Maggie and I were sitting in the dusk discussing anchor watches through the night, when the storm hit almost out of nowhere. It caught everyone on the hop. We suddenly found ourselves dragging into the boat behind us, so I got Maggie up for'ard as I started the engine to reposition ourselves, with double the scope out. We tried and failed a least twice to

reset the anchor, by which time it was dark. The wind had risen to 45kts from the open southeast side of the bay and the seas were building rapidly. I guess we then had 3 options:

1. To go to sea. However, it was pitch dark by then. We were on a lee shore with no proper shelter nearby. There were hazards in the harbour entrance and by then major thunderstorms in the vicinity were delivering driving rain, lightening and ferocious gusts onto an ever rising sea outside as well as in. I was in radio contact with the yachts in the south harbour where the jetty was being destroyed and anchors were dragging all over the place.

2. To get Maggie to handle the boat as I wanted her to do so that I could go up to the bow and deal with the situation. Emblem has 70m of chain, which is fed into the locker by an electric windlass run by the engine. However, the locker is shallow due to the shape of the bow which requires the operator to feed the chain forwards into the locker all the time, to prevent it from piling up and causing a jam in the windlass. By then the chain had jumped off the roller and had become jammed in the feeder pipe. It was pitch black with huge cresting seas in a bay with about a dozen boats anchored. Some were without a single light on all night which made them practically invisible against a battery of shore lights and several other boats, including us by then, going around in circles in the same patch of water trying to avoid each other and those lucky enough to be holding at anchor. I had deck lights, nav lights, every sort of light on externally I could. Maggie tried the helm but she just couldn't see the hazards properly in the driving rain and hadn't the physical strength to control the boat with any degree of safety.

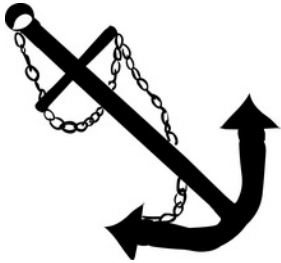
3. To revert to a tried and tested technique we were both comfortable with and try to improve our predicament. I sent Maggie below to change out of her wet clothes and brew a hot drink as I was worried about hyperthermia by then, but you have to imagine being cold and wet and exhausted and trying to get out of and then into clothes in a cabin that is being thrown around continuously at violent angles. Even the chicken, too hot for the fridge and wrapped in tin foil, was being tenderised as it flew involuntarily around the cabin! (We ate it cold later - nice).

I guess that we circled using transits for about 2 hours plus by holding the boat into the sea at less than a knot and then rushing down wind at 4.5kts before turning back again cross wind to repeat the ordeal. The big thing was to maintain some sort of steerage way. The waves were cresting by then in 5m of water and crashing onto the rocks only a short distance downwind of us. In the end at about 3am, we set the anchor in a small lee behind a hotel using 60m of chain! I sent Maggie below to rest, while I watched the other yachts wrestling with the conditions. Three boats sank that night and one was washed onto the beach, fortunately with only superficial damage. By dawn it was all over. At 8am we raised anchor on a near flat sea and motored around to the south bay in the sunshine, where we thought we would get water and electrics and link up with our chums. We slept for most of the day.

I have no end of respect for Maggie, who manfully dealt with a very difficult situation by 'doing the achievable' and overcame huge odds to save the boat and who knows what predicament that might have followed? Older than many of us, she was presented with a very touching accolade by one of the anchored boats (with proper lights), who watched us in horror as Emblem pitched and rolled to extreme angles but were unable to offer any form of assistance. No, neither of us were frightened. We just knew that we had to deal with the circumstances we were presented with or else. We chose the former! I guess hindsight is a great equaliser but at the time you get on and deal as best you can with what you know has to be done. Everything else doesn't seem terribly relevant. Any lesser boat than Emblem might have led to a different outcome.

In October our Vice Commodore wrote about Anita the Android - his Rally story. This month we have, as promised, part two. This time we read about their antics when dropping anchor! And yes, there is a part three for next month! Ed

Our first anchor in a bay



In all past boating experience spanning 30 years, we have never anchored in a bay. Power boats just don't do it, they go fast from marina to marina. If you stuck a ruddy great anchor on the front with 250Kg of chain attached, the average power boat would never get anywhere! The anchor is treated as a safety item, not something you would ever dream of using unless your life depended on it.

Bearing in mind our power boat mentality, here we are off to this picturesque bay to spend the night anchored, with all the rocks, jaggedy objects, man eating sharks, deadly poisonous jellyfish and all sorts of hazards our minds were conjuring up. Not only fearing for our safety, can't say I was totally happy entrusting a good six figures worth of technology to an oversize bent nail.

Fortunately, we arrived early on in the day and had the 'pick of the anchorage spots'. This was in fact our first problem since how on earth do you choose the best spot. We had been briefed by all our friends as to the techniques of anchoring but nothing on how to pick the best spot. Somehow I knew this would be one of those 'yottie' things where you look at the clouds, the birds, feel for the ripples, see where the female fish are circling and somehow in an old, crusty sea dog way, you would know exactly where the anchor should go, one day in my dreams perhaps.

Suddenly I had an idea; our trusty companion, the Rod Heikell guide to Turkey has a diagram of the bay with an anchor symbol on. I figured that Rod must have anchored here years ago and whilst at anchor would have been writing up his notes. He would have used his GPS to establish where it was consequently, there was a reasonable chance that the little purple anchor symbol was probably the exact spot he put his anchor. All I had to do was to put our anchor in exactly the same hole that Rod had left 10 years previously!

As a pilot I was familiar with flying what is called an 'NDB/DME teardrop let down', consequently, we would treat this as a conventional aircraft instrument approach! Compensating for wind, we went over the purple anchor symbol maintaining 30 degrees off the wind, performed a base turn which placed us directly into wind heading back to the anchor symbol, stopped exactly at the anchor symbol as Anita perfectly co-ordinated the clutch and 50 metres of chain charged out and made itself into a great heap on the sea bed just next to the anchor! As we reversed back there was this reassuring jolt. We had arrived and going nowhere so it was time for a well deserved cup of tea!

Our next task was getting the line ashore, the theory is that one end is attached to Eldorado, the other is tied around a giant rock. Normally, whizzing around in the dinghy is a simple matter however a few weeks earlier I had dropped the stupidly oversized outboard and the magnets had become unglued from the flywheel so all dinghy work was strictly by human propulsion! As we lowered the dinghy, it did look remarkably flat and flimsy so I got out the air pump and jumped in. At some point, half way down in mid air, it did dawn on me that perhaps it would have been sensible to have put the air into the dinghy prior to putting it into the water! Luckily the seas around Turkey are lovely and warm!



With a nicely inflated dinghy, we had our second big decision of the day to make. Who was to row ashore and what technique to use.

We had choice: Attach one end of the line to the boat, play out the line as you row to the shore, attach it to the rock and then use the line to assist you coming back. Put all the line in the dinghy, take it ashore, attach it to a rock and play it out rowing back to the boat.

Over our cup of tea, we had a read up of all our sailing books, nothing really helped or gave us any advice on this crucial technique. Once again, it was scientific logic to the rescue; I figured that if I played out the line whilst heading for the shore, I could use the line as a quick means of getting back. Also, how on earth do you put all the necessary line in the dinghy when you have no idea as to the distance to the shore and no idea how long all your 'long lines' actually are. At least if the line went from the yacht to the shore, it could be continually extended as necessary by tying more bits on the end.

I must admit that when we were anchoring the shore looked dangerously close, now it was time to row there, somehow it looked as if it was a faint spot somewhere in the distance! Worst, we still had no outboard. Anita was dispatched in the dinghy and she started rowing to the shore, after all how hard can it be rowing a simple inflatable ashore! After half an hour of ever increasing diameter circles we decided rowing was not her strong point consequently, we swapped jobs. In what seemed like hours, I eventually made the shore. All I was wearing were my swimmys, then I discovered the rocks were way too sharp to walk on without shoes - whoops! I made a mental note for next time... 'WEAR SHOES!'

Since there was no way of walking ashore, Plan B was to attach the dinghy painter to my life jacket buckle and jump into some deeper water the other side of the dinghy and then carefully crawl up the bank. I guess it was reassuring that the self inflating lifejackets worked great, whoops! (I was about time to change the gas canisters anyway). Meanwhile, on board, Anita was having a bit of a 'girlie session' with the man overboard system that had been activated by me jumping into the water and it was trying to 'heave to' and compute a course back to me on shore, sending out a Mayday, activating the EPIRBs, firing off a few distress flares and whatever else it was designed to do! It would probably have been useful if we had read that section of the manual!

Meanwhile, I had persevered and with the line, wound around a ten ton rock a few times and shouted to Anita to pull it tight. Ah! another problem, where I had dragged the line across the seabed, it was firmly attached to a rock! Luckily a nice lady called Joyce from the yacht anchored next to us offered to dive down for me. Once released, Anita pulled the line again, it was firmly attached to another rock! Joyce dived down again, the line went limp as she untangled it from another rock but as Anita pulled hard it headed off in the wrong direction as it went tight around a third rock. Luckily Joyce had a sense of humour and persevered as she unhooked it from what we later discovered to be a myriad of rocks that had somehow entangled it on the way to the shore!

An hour later we were reducing our red wine stock with our new friends Joyce and George from Bluebell and as it transpired they knew quite a few people we knew despite the fact we were 300nm from base, small world this sailing lark! In the hazy, semi-sober memory I have of our evening, Joyce did explain that unless you have a floating line (it was already somewhere near the top of my shopping list), or a line with floats (they were half way down the shopping list), it is very important to take the line from the shore to the boat otherwise you will get it all tangled around the rocks on the seabed! Good tip, another one not in any of the myriad of sailing books we were slowly accumulating.

Zygi Marina

As Gerald and I were feeling a little bored the other day we decided to wander down to Zygi to have a look at the progress being made on the new marina. It is supposed to open early 2010.



A Sailor's Prayer

"The Lord is my pilot, I shall not go adrift; He lighteth my passage across dark channels; He steereth me through the deep waters, He keepeth my log. He guideth me by the evening star for my safety's sake. Yea, though I sail mid the thunders and tempest of life, I shall fear no peril for Thou art with me. The vastness of thy sea upholds me. Surely fair winds and safe harbors shall be found all the days of my life; And I shall moor, fast, and secure, forever Amen.

Sailor's Sayings

Money for old rope:

When sailors were in port and short of cash they used to sell lengths of old rope.

Pull your finger out:

Hurry; get a move on

Cannons were primed with a small amount of gunpowder poured into an ignition hole. A sailor kept this powder in place with a finger, and was ordered to pull his finger out just before ignition.

Dogsbody:

Someone considered a menial

Meals made from passengers' leftovers mixed with ships biscuits were known as dogsbody. This poor-quality food was fed to those with the lowest status, who then became known as dogsbodies.