



YCC Yachting News

August 2008

YCC Cruises

A word from the President

The theme of this 2008 Newsletter is cruises, in receding order from last month, with *Pogoria* a memorable experience unlikely to be repeatable in the near future, reported on by Tim Hancox, the anxious-looking crew member left accompanying myself into St Malo on board *Pogoria* - early morning and yes, even in July it was Atlantic-chilly much of the time! Then Michel Chevallier reports on the Croatia cruise of early June and lastly, from 2007, Yvonne Rogers describes yet another different approach to cruising - the Baltic on a boat specially designed for cold weather.

The common theme of the Newsletter is not merely cruises but how the experience can bring together friends, or forge new friendships, or teach



- so some new participants found, and reported - the art of living together in inhabital close conditions. In Geneva, most of us have as much private space as we desire, most of the time, so the confines of a boat for a week or so are a different experience: human nature, sometimes under difficult conditions - but an educational experience to us all.

No plans so far for future cruises with the YCC, although I do know of several events planned among friends this autumn - remember, the more you attend Thursday Club nights, participate in all our ventures, the more you get to know people, learn what is happening, get invited on a cruise yourself!

Tomasz



Photo 27 June, courtesy of French Navy helicopter.

Feedback and comments about this newsletter or to contact the YCC committee send your emails to:

club-yachting-committee@cern.ch

For information about the club, committee, members, events, external regattas etc.

Website:

<http://cern.ch/yachting/>

YCC Cruise on STS *Pogoria*, June-July 2008

The *Pogoria* cruise was well covered in the CERN *Echo* of 21 July, so we refer you to that, and will not repeat text here - we cannot resist, however, republishing surely one of the best photos that the 30-year old ship has ever had on the front page of this Newsletter.

Several readers have asked how this came about: simply that a French warship in the Bay of Biscay came across to investigate a relatively rare ship and - perhaps with time on their hands and wanting experience - scrambled a helicopter to take a picture. They then very generously radioed in to ask for our e-mail and sent this along! Perfect conditions: as many sails up and drawing as she normally uses, perfect sunlight, and reflections on the water. Another factor we learnt: with a square-rigged ship, the sails are intended to facilitate different points of sailing and it is virtually impossible (and pointless) to get them all (16, did we count?) drawing at the same time.

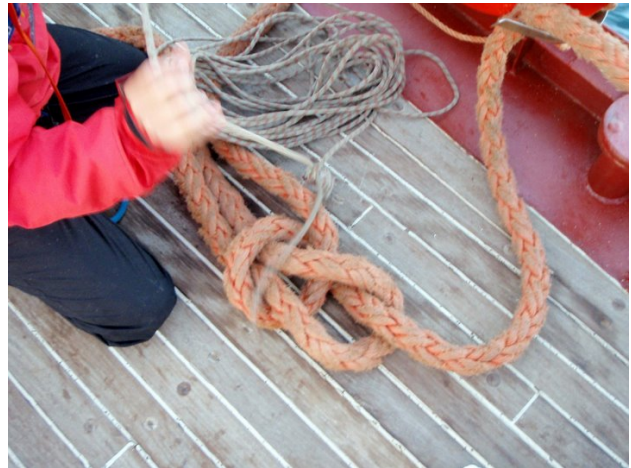
Somehow, sailing in shifts (four hours long and carefully scheduled over centuries so that you rotate middles of the night, galley duty, etc.) beneficially lengthens the days: we all found we were more active, even in grabbing quick naps before going out to dinner, and thoroughly enjoyed the days, the change of routine.



Photo Sebastian Łopiński: appropriate use of the bowsprit in the harbour.

Next photo: we also predictably changed up a scale with everything on board a 300 ton ship: instead of simply tossing a mooring line on land and perhaps hopping after it, as in Port Choiseul, on *Pogoria*, you carefully tied on a throwing-line, with a weighted end, to whip across a much wider distance to someone perhaps already placed on land via tender. He then draws your whole heavy mooring line across.

We also had some disbelief about the Man Overboards reported so let us say that both were substantially correct: we did indeed rescue a dog from



a watery grave in St Malo around *four bells of the middle watch* (as we old salts call it - 2 a.m. for lesser mortals) and yes, he was very grateful, sat as our mascot at the gangway, accepted a late snack and then decided he really should go home ...

And similarly we did have the mid-ocean "rescue" of the fishing buoy with the flashing light, about which we are still quite proud. It is no mean thing to turn around a ship of the size of *Pogoria* under some six sails and in the middle of the night, return and find the same place, all within 20 minutes.



Photo Peter Kelemen. For more visit <http://cern.ch/yachting/Photo/Welcome.html>

YCC Cruise to Croatia (Kastela, Split), 7-14 June 2008

Report from Michel Chevallier

This YCC cruise was said to be a "do it yourself cruise", meaning that participants had to organize it themselves. Actually, it was mostly organized by Luca Canali, Rob Veenhof and Alessandro Cerri. The destination was the Croatian islands.

Two boats were chartered: "Gorki", a 37 feet Sazona, and "Reni", a 32 feet Oceanis.

Reni was skippered by Michel Chevallier and Wolfgang Borkenhagen, with Jamie Boyd and Marcel Arditì also on board. *Gorki* was skippered by Rob Veenhof and had Luca Canali, Alessandro Cerri, Andrea Sciaba and Paolo Meridiani.



Photo Alex Cerri: is Captain Rob recruiting new crew?

During the whole week, we only had thermal winds (NE to NW) starting at 11 am and finishing at roughly 8 pm. Night sailing was therefore not an option, but, since we were heading North because of the weather forecast for the week that predicted storms and since there are many unmarked rocks and islets in the islands North of Split (Kornati archipelago), it was anyway better to sail only by daylight.

The forecast for the week proved true, but the storm passed further NW and didn't touch us. A series of perturbations ran over our heads, letting some sunshine through or in-between two perturbations.

Since Rob is fond of freedom and his boat being larger was faster, we didn't sail jointly, but kept in touch through VHF and SMS. We met on Wednesday evening Lavsa island, in Marina Luka Zut. The Marina is simply a long pier in a beautiful and very large natural bay that is protected from all winds. The pier is parallel to the shore and boats moor stern on to the pier.

It appeared however that we basically moored in the same locations, but not on the same days. This proved true in Rogoznica, a beautiful village that is passionate about football (don't try to ask your way during a Euro 2008 game, everybody only has eyes for TV) or in the beautiful Stupica bay on Zirje island where the locals have installed several

tens of buoys (I counted some 30 boats that night) and charge 80 Kuna (roughly 20 CHF) for the night.

Our final destination was Kornat island, which is a national park. We passed the channel on the North of the island, a very narrow one with the island of Dugi Otok on starboard side and anchored for a swim and a walk in the beautiful bay of Skolj. Then we started our way back South through the Kornati Kanal, leaving Kornat island on port side. The island is made of stone with very little vegetation. A few sheep graze on it (the Kornat sheep meat is extremely expensive) and a few olive trees grow on it. Many stone walls "dot" the island, as the first thing peasants had to do before being able to plant anything or bringing in any cattle, was to clean the soil of its stones - so at least says a guidebook we had onboard. So, they piled the stones one on top of the other and built kilometers of walls whose presence cannot otherwise be explained.



Photo Alex Cerri: jump!

During the following night, at 5 am, a very strong thunderstorm stroke above our heads, but the boat didn't move from its anchorage. The next day was rather rainy and the sea was choppy not because the wind kept strong, but because it had been set in motion by the strong night winds and needed time to calm again. It was the most challenging part of the cruise, but still very decent. We left the mooring with the jib up, but no mainsail, under winds of 13-14 knots, and progressively raised the main, taking 2 reefs first and releasing them in the course of the morning. We had some good sailing that morning, reaching 6 knots under sail.

The afternoon was windless and we had to motor our way to Rogoznica, where the population was again watching a football game, this time Croatia winning over Germany.

And that was the end, until next year!

YCC Members cruising on *Imram*, Helsinki to St Petersburg August 2007

Report by Yvonne Rogers

Skipper Rob Veenhof

Crew: Yvonne Rogers (and author), Ruben Gaspar Aparicio, Haude Morel

Cook: Helen Morris (and photographer)

Met the boat in Helsinki, some obligatory food and wine shopping and we were off, bound for St Petersburg – some 160 NM of very tricky navigation. The cold war isn't over in the Baltic Sea and we had to follow a ridiculously precise small boats channel with dire consequences for drifting off. Fortunately the channel was marked on the chart with cardinals and buoys and other navigational aids. Unfortunately none of these actually existed on the water so we made it up as we went along. Helen's ability to speak Russian came in handy pacifying an irate Russian boat that put its search lights on us in the middle of the night.



The aluminum-hulled winter-tolerating Imram

It was worth it though for the long approach bordered by low islands and rushes towards the iconic LENIN-GRAD sign and through the docks to St Pete yacht club. Customs formalities were fairly brief thanks to our fixer Victor.



The Golden fountains of Peterhof, the extravagant marble and frescoes of the Church of Spilled Blood, the stunning art collection spanning centuries of the Hermitage, a visit to the ballet, several trendy bars, and of course, a never-ending search for a perfect Georgian restaurant. The first one we were looking for was not just closed for summer holidays; the entire building had been demolished! So much for guide books!

In Estonia we were charmed by the welcome of the locals and the erratic boulders of Altja and the excitement of mooring in the marina used for the sailing events of the 1980 Moscow Olympics. Once a year there is an overnight regatta between Helsinki and Tallinn and we inadvertently stumbled into the middle of it. There followed 4 hours of staring into a sea of red and green lights trying to decide how far away they were and making split second decisions to tack with the occasional unmarked boat to keep the adrenalin levels up. The adrenalin was pumped even higher when we heard a *mayday* from a vessel that had lost her mast, so along with the boats tacking crazily we knew that there was one which would probably be unable to manoeuvre quickly.

After a breather, several lovely meals in the restaurants and coffee shops of Tallinn, and visits to art galleries, we set off again. During the sail from Tallinn, we had the company of NATO warship *Middleton* as our constant companion on the radio, (I spell ship's name, Mike, India, Delta, etc) warning us of controlled explosions in two hours, in one hour, in two minutes, etc. That lesson about plotting exactly where you are on your chart quickly comes to mind, with several requests to the skipper to check, "just in case." NATO is still cleaning up the remains of Soviet era arms caches in the Baltic. Kurassare, one of the largest islands in the Estonian archipelago, is home to a castle that marks the approach to its harbour, a pretty little market town, and several upmarket spa hotels with the possibility of chocolate massages, rock massages, or any kind of beauty treatment the long-suffering sailor might want. Rob was slightly perplexed when told we could not depart until a crew members toe-nails were dry.

A long and foggy night sail across to Sweden, kept lively by Yvonne asking "what do you see? what do you see?" approximately every two minutes – I think it is one of the "long sounds" that is required of a vessel in fog. In the morning, we arrived at Gotska Sandon, an island national park that is difficult to reach without a yacht. The excitement of seeing seals on the beach was somewhat muted when they flew away – turns out they were cormorants. After a long walk on the beach to investigate the native bird life, we sailed to Norkopying, one of the dullest towns in Sweden where we prepared *Imram* for her winter hibernation.