



[www.highpointyachtfest.eu](http://www.highpointyachtfest.eu)

From Colin Ford, HPYF 2012 Commodore



"To the water it is the hour" or as they say in French à l'eau c'est l'heure (get it ?!!!)

Well we've been in possession of the Telescope for 6 months now, which means that it's only six months until we take to the water for the next High Point Yacht Fest in Croatia so high time I, as this years commodore welcomed you all to HPYF 2013.

It was great to see so many boats taking part last year as coming 1st from 13 boats just seems like even more of an achievement, I know, I know, it wouldn't have happened if it weren't for a certain ringer on the crew and having one's bottom scraped but we were 4th in 2011 with neither of these advantages so we were in the top half anyhow and although only our crew will remember, we didn't have an easy time of it en route to victory in Sicily.

Our first day was spent back in Porto Rosa waiting for a batten for our main sail so no sailing for the Senza Pensieri on day one, we rejoined the fleet too late to take part in Sunday's race but did spend the evening with the fleet in Lipari.

Monday was a no sail day, but not without incident as the strong winds in Panarea on Monday night managed to break us free from our mooring at around 0600 hrs the next



[www.highpointyachtfest.eu](http://www.highpointyachtfest.eu)

morning and we gave skipper Suter a very loud wake-up call as we crashed into him, fortunately both boats were undamaged and we were moved to another mooring, some distance away from the rest of the fleet, surprisingly. That wasn't the only problem that morning as immediately following the collision/mooring crisis, my newly wedded wife, Emma, decided that enough was enough and packed her bags intent on high tailing it back to the airport, thence on to dear old blighty. Like the dutiful and caring husband that I am, I took Emma to the Ferry booking office where we worked out that Emma could be back at Gatwick in a mere 12 hours.....provided the ferry was on time and that the coach link to the airport ran to schedule etc., etc. after some deliberation and seeking guarantees from me that we would not be on buoys for the rest of the week Emma decided she would stay. We also got the mooring fee refunded so things at last were looking up.

Tuesday was our first race, the wind as I remember was fairly strong and I remember making a tack with about 5 minutes to go till the end of the race, when our main sail decided to do a great impression of a paraglider with two enormous gaping rips in the vicinity of the new batten we'd had fitted on the first day, We did however manage to finish the race, we then made our way back to Lipari to get the sail repaired, I'm pretty certain that the phone calls to our charter company that day will not be used for training purposes in the future. The sail was eventually returned to us at 20.30 hrs, too dark and too late to attach then; Emma got her wish that we weren't on buoys that night but we did have to leave at 6 am on Wednesday in order to rejoin the fleet which was some 3 hours away, the mainsail was installed en route.

Wednesday saw us achieve a 1st place in race one and although we started the second race, blissfully unaware that there was a second race, we abandoned it after seeing Carolyn drop sail (always do what the commodore does) and motored with them into Salina where we celebrated our decision with an early shower and then joined the welcoming committee up on the harbour wall where we partook of two Dutch Licquers served by Rob and Franz's wife Henrietta, how could we refuse, whilst taking in the view which in artistic terms was a combination of action (the minute hand sweeping round on our watches) and 'still life' (the fleet motionless on the water) we then welcomed the crews who'd decided to stick it out with the best mexican wave we could muster, obviously relieved that no one finished as we couldn't afford another DNF, luck was now on our side.

Thursday we achieved a 3rd place and Friday another 1st with Peter drilling us in the art of not looking back at Duncan's boat, who was hot on our tail for most of the last leg, but gently edging him to port for most of the leg - for us, the end of a not uneventful but hugely enjoyable week.

I'd like to thank John (our Admiral, handicapper, route planner, logbook writer, editor and publisher), Sasha (the mover and shaker of the outfit) and Carolyn, (our commodore for the



[www.highpointyachtfest.eu](http://www.highpointyachtfest.eu)

past two years) for the amazing effort they go to, this and every year in organising this event, without them it wouldn't happen so three cheers for them.

And I'd also like to thank my crew - Barry, Bruce, Peter, Dave, Dick, Dave, Keith and last but not least Emma who put up with me year in, year out, it is their collective effort that won us the coveted "antique" brassy-esque telescope, so WELL DONE GUYS, here's to 2013.

I look forward to meeting you all at the welcome party on the first night of HPYF 2013 in Trogir.

I wish you all a safe journey to Trogir and don't forget, having ones bottom scraped can be quite pleasurable and is definitely within the rules, I thoroughly recommend it.

Cheers

Colin

