

The Integrated Maritime Services Provider

Wallem Shipmanagement
Wallem Shipagencies
Wallem Shipbroking
Maritime Software Development



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Waving not drowning

Tall tales, outrageous behaviour, embarrassing recollections. Everyone has a story about "that time at Posidonia"

efore the advent of cheap air travel, Posidonia used to be looked upon as the first summer holiday of the year: especially for Scandinavians, many of whom still bring their partners. Generous-hearted Greek owners often invite guests on their yachts for trips out to sea, where a secluded beach – such as those on Egina Island – is selected and high jinks are indulged in. But as in most things, timing is everything.

At the beginning of the week, shipbrokers descend on the Astir Palace hotel complex at Vouliagmeni. Always strictly sober of course, the week for them has a slow start. A Greek salad and a glass of wine at the small beachside café along the beach from the Nafsika hotel lays a firm but nevertheless fairly abstemious foundation. The

The yacht parties

Yacht parties can be fun. On one of them, some London brokers indulged in increasingly wild behaviour. Aboard was also a Scandinavian broker accompanied by his wife. She went ashore in a state of shock and has never returned to Posidonia.

Every year, one shipowner held what was called the Osco Olympics. The guests were divided into a red team and a blue team. The organisers took a large case of oranges 50 metres offshore and floated them out onto the sea surface. Each team then had to swim out from the beach and in one single trip bring as many oranges back as possible. These were then counted and the best team won.

Girl's tight bikinis are not best designed for the carriage of oranges and there was much hilarity as the contestants emerged from the sea, drooping in all kinds of intimate places.

afternoon passes slowly beside the pool chatting to old acquaintances.

"Afternoon tea, Sir?" the waiter had approached quietly.

"No thank you. Perhaps a beer or a cold glass of wine." There is no hint of embarrassment. After all, this is Posidonia.

"Oh and waiter? A bottle of mineral water; I don't want to get wasted on the first afternoon." But by the time the heat of the day has eased slightly, our noble shipbroker could find himself convicted in a court of law for drunkdriving in most countries of the world.

Of course, stories abound in Posidonia of drink-driving. Especially of certain persons who have found themselves losing control of either their eyelids, their rented cars, or both.

Our noble broker's passage through the week becomes hazier and hazier. Arrangements for yacht parties are best



expenses

made early in the week, rather than at the end. As mentioned before, timing is everything. Too late in the Posidonia calendar and most of one's guests will have reached that plateau stage where The broker who just one drink confessed at drunken stage Posidonia to paying his own Just 20 Posidonia So Posidonia

just one drink will return them to the drunken stage they were at when they turned in just a few hours before.

So Posidonia is here once more. It could be déjà vu all over again.





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