

s THE SUN SET ON A BALMY NIGHT IN ATHENS last summer I was delighted to join the editor for a dinner of lobster washed down with some fine Perrier water. On our stroll back to Zia Marina we discussed the ever changing yachting scene and career opportunities and decided to indulge our conversation some more over coffee. Sitting across the way from the fine vessel I had command of, I felt pride at the admiration of the passers-by taking photos and just enjoying the glitter of such a fine yacht in port. Just by watching faces you could see people dreaming right there and then of working on, vacationing on or even owning a yacht. Apogee was secured serenely to the quay her underwater lights sparkling in the marina and setting up a welcoming glow around her.

We chatted about the presentation of yachts and crew. We reminisced on our days together on the 79 m motor yacht Massarah in the late eighties and the seemingly endless rules that were in place to organise and operate such a large vessel. The owners used her continually from May to September every summer. Colin asked me if I still observe the flag etiquette we both once so rigidly followed when I was a deckhand and Colin my chief officer. 'Of course' was my answer. In those days two deckhands went to the observation deck at ten minutes to flag time. One raised or lowered the courtesy flag of the country we were in, the other the owners flag and at the same time another deckhand in unison raised or lowered the main ensign in a timely manner, and at that time we were more than often the vessel in port that the others would take there lead from.

As the sun rose the following day it was to become the second time during my command that the watch-keepers on

## **ETIQUETTE**

## **OXFORD DICTIONARY:**

Conventional rules of social behaviour

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board had a different regard for my passion for etiquette procedures than mine. To Colin's amusement my ensign was not up on time and without a radio call from me would not have been flying for quite some time there after I am sure. Much to my embarrassment and with ensuing text messages between Colin and myself he went on his way delivering magazines around the super yacht marinas in the Med, I hoped not repeating the story to too many people.

This got me thinking. The crew was somewhat baffled about my pre-occupation with having the flag raised and lowered on time. Why would they be? This is a time honoured tradition at sea. How much etiquette is being lost, or disregarded in today's yachting world and if so why? The boats are bigger, the pay is better and now it is a career job. Why should we be losing the etiquette values that have always been around? They can surely only be a good thing and help maintain some kind of discipline

