



From the Commodore

Dear Members

As I write it's hard to imagine we are only a week and a bit away from Christmas.

For most it will be a year that we are keen to write off and move on from. When the gates shut at the Club many months ago it wasn't long before we started to appreciate the simple things in life that we used to take for granted.

Nav Rallies, fishing comps, boating, cruising, social sailing, competitive sailing and sunset drinks on the balcony were all of a sudden out of bounds.

Luckily for Zoom some things continued on (albeit in an alternative format) and it was great to see the Sutton Lounge, open mic night, monthly general meetings and our Opening Day carry on regardless.

While the island and its activities were shut things didn't stop and we managed to achieve many things behind the scenes.

Solar panels were installed, air conditioners fitted to the upstairs and the slipway jetties were completed just to name a few. The decommissioned Slip 2 transformation into a water sports storage shed also began. The only thing that was put on the back burner was the demolition of the scout hall which is now pencilled in for the first quarter of 2021.

A positive to come out of this crazy year was the influx of new members and new member enquiries. It's been great to welcome so many new faces on to the island over the last month and we look forward to coming together for a welcome morning tea early in the New Year.

There are plenty of things planned and happening next year at the Club so it's exciting times ahead.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Committee and many members who have assisted throughout the year to maintain the Club both physically and financially.

On behalf of the Flag Officers and Committee we wish you and your extended families a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

JAMIE DORRITY

[Message from the Flag Officers](#)

MMYC Christmas Party

We were fortunate to be able to have our (covid safe) Christmas party and BBQ this year, as it had seemed that it was not going to be possible. Thankfully restrictions eased and we could welcome back members to the Club.

One hundred and thirteen members, families and friends attended on what was a perfect summer night. We are so lucky to have the Island to enjoy.

Steve Beashell contacted Santa who arrived with his elf Georgia to give the children Christmas presents. The Dean Ford Orchestra provided the music and we had our very talented face painter Eva, who also did balloon bending creating some truly amazing animals that the children loved.

As usual it was a team of people working hard behind the scenes who made the evening possible. Many thanks to Jamie, Greame, Steve, Helen, Dennis and Sue for all their hard work in creating a successful night.

Merry Christmas to everyone.

Christine Ffrench



MMYC Opening Day

Something as minor as a worldwide pandemic was never going to get in the way of the annual Opening Day. However some concessions had to be made and for the first time the event was held online using the Zoom technology which had become a regular feature in our locked down lives.

Some highlights below.



Rangi performing the National Anthem in three part harmony



Stars of the small screen

Fishy Tales and Heads



Snapper season arrived and local MMYC members were rewarded with some excellent catches.

Fulvio Godina, pictured above, with a decent haul.

On the right Danko Kovacevic landed this whopper.



JJJ Pompei boat restoration

The original 19 foot wooden vessel was built in the mid 1960's by the three Pompei brothers, Jack Pompei OAM, John, and Joe. The boat changed hands a number of times over the years, eventually being purchased by Frank Hutchinson, a member of the Albert Park Yachting and Angling Club more than 10 years ago.

Frank's father, Frank (snr), was a former member of the Mordialloc Angling and Boating Club.

After some restoration the vessel was re named the *JJJPompei* in honour of the Pompei brothers.

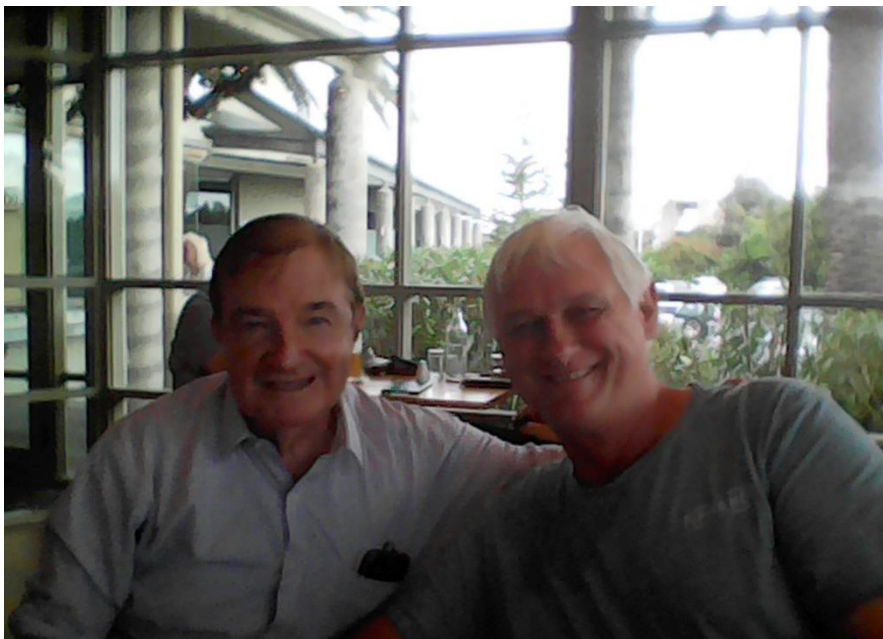
While moored in the Mordialloc Creek the boat was damaged and finished up underwater for several months

So began the task of salvage and restoration.

Frank's brother Pat Hutchinson and co-workers from the Don Kyatt group of companies winched the craft to the surface and then spent a further 12 months refurbishing the boat which included the installation of a Yanmar diesel motor.

The Pompei connection was further extended when one of Jack's sons Stephen, also a qualified shipwright, was called on to add his expertise and provide the finishing touches to complete the project.

A function was held by Frank at Doyle's Mordialloc restaurant to celebrate the re-floating of the *JJJPompei* early in December 2020.



Frank Hutchinson (left) with Stephen Pompei (son of Jack)



The restored JJI Pompei resting peacefully in the Mordialloc Creek



Aussie Disposals

THE OUTDOOR ADVENTURE STORES PROUDLY AUSTRALIAN

EST. 1962



PROUDLY AUSTRALIAN OWNED & OPERATED SINCE 1962

Mordialloc

CELLAR DOOR

WINE SHOP / WINE LOUNGE
B.Y.O FOOD



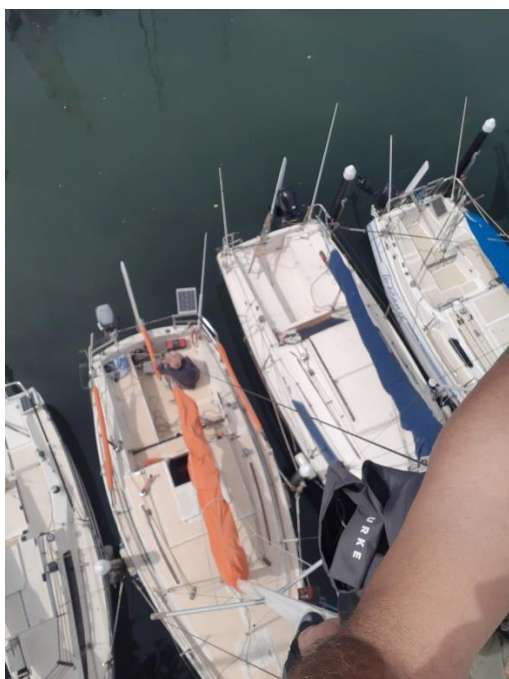
Hot Stuff scales the heights

Hot Stuff had a makeover to the spinnaker blocks on top of its mast. Both Clive and Mario had an attempt at doing modifications using a bosun's chair with great success.

Yes it was safe and much easier than de-masting. It took a week to assemble the parts so meanwhile I could still take part in sailing events.

Thanks to Mike Garrett for the loan of the bosun's chair and the winch hands, Peter Mosbey, Clive Gilbert, John Long and Paul Tozer.

MARIO BARBIERI



Editor Wanted for the Anchor

Unfortunately our current editor is relocating to Geelong and unavailable to continue.

If you feel you have the time to take over this simple task please get in touch with Dennis at secretary@mmyc.com.au

Free Boat

GRP Robert's Longboat, with a diesel engine. The hull needs some work, although quite repairable stuff for a handy fellow. Contact: Shane Langford 0499 989 713



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Limitless' beached, then reached its limit

Respecting Mother Nature when boating is a fundamental prerequisite, and a captain shall always be alert that a happy day boating can quickly become a disastrous boating day. Preparation, experience, awareness and control are the tools needed to command your vessel.

But on this day, the stage was set for Limitless. She encountered a beach doing nothing but being a beach, a jetty doing nothing but being a jetty, yet the sexy 70 foot Sunseeker Predator was about to entertain onlookers for pretty much two days.

It started out just wrong, and got even better when the big white whale approached our Mordialloc pier with pace. She thrust into reverse with bubbling mounds of white foam slapping up its bum pulling the big boat to a rapid stop. From my perch I excitedly reached for the big eyes thinking we might be well be sitting front row to see some serious expensive crunching take place (All the better if it is not your expensive crunching). Up in the helm area, which looked somewhat like a spaceship control centre, I could see the small heads bobbing around inside, a head out the window, directions being given to the crew, a person sent to the foredeck and a fair bit of pointing to a fella on the pier. Now I understood it – they were planning to collect groceries from that fellow holding a couple of green Woolies bags on the end of the pier! Brilliant! This could be a costly pick up.

Fishermen at the end of the pier looked perplexed by the intrusion and I was certainly now turning pink with excitement – the big white beasts tactic looked to be an approach from the upwind side of the pier with a nice 15 knot westerly pushing her onto the pier – oh no! no! no! I thought, but at the same time yes! yes! yes! this was to be a thorough bust up. Polished Plastic verses a slimy old pier – the battle was about to begin although I already knew who would win.

Like a sumo posturing to wrestle a large rock, the Sunseeker went forward, then suddenly into reverse, then forward and reverse again but more quickly with more white stuff now surging and bubbling all around the boat. The Pier did nothing. The fella on the pier held station with arms stretched out over the railing, groceries swinging.

Approach, withdraw, approach, and another withdrawal – then silence as the frothed up white water gained a chance to settle. The little heads in the cockpit got together and then the tender locker opened. Ahah, plan 'B'. 'Launch the luna lander to get the groceries'! Geez this was getting interesting, particularly with the stern of the boat facing into the wind. Captain also dropped the anchor with the boat (I was thinking the wrong way around) arse about, but we all remain open to learn new tricks. The luna lander copped some nasty waves rolling into the stern hatch pushing it all about the place then finally she was launched. I noted during the kerfuffle the anchor chain looked a little vertical for my liking. Didn't really look like it had set. With Plan B now in operation my excitement began to dwindle, could it be possible that this would all be over when the crumpets and jam were safely onboard?

Yes, no, yes? Crumpets made it aboard, the anchor never set, yes she's on the beach!

I called a short time out to phone about 50 of my closest friends, then regained focus. Stuck at first on the second sandbar then slipping to the first sandbar, the passengers were now conveniently much closer for observation. They looked well dressed, hair straightened or gelled, wearing designer sunglasses and a ciggi or two held as you do. They appeared unaware of the peril, perhaps thinking they had landed on a sunny Sardinian beach. Not much was going on for a while until the luna lander made tracks to the Aspendale beach. By now a crowd had gathered, news reporters, Police, locals, parking officers, dogs barking at it, children squinting and pointing at it and out of an Uber dropped a hired Master V skipper who was transferred aboard. Let's just call him 'Scapegoat' for now.

With a skipper aboard not much was likely to change because they were stuck aground. Gen set running chuffing out white smoke I guess because its raw water intake was stuffed with sand or it was partially out of the water or both, but hair straighteners, coffee machines ice makers and fridges need to run! Right?

Police arrive... in the biggest boat they have. Attempts over hours pulling the bow, left, then right over and over with two broken tow lines fail – but one last go as the tide began to drop after high, the big white whale was afloat between the bars. Fists on the aft deck punched the air, spectators seated row after row on the sandbags cheered. I was not so confident. The police boat towed Limitless north between the first and second sandbars looking for an escape channel, but as saved whales sometimes do, Limitless headed back to towards the shore and beached itself again. Instinct I guess, it just wanted to die that day.

Sunset came, police boat left. The luna module came to the creek and we chatted. I recognised a mate was the driver and he was freezing. We got him a jacket, dried him and warmed him up - bailed out the tender boat and I guess this is when we got involved. He was ashore to receive several Uber deliveries. Toilet paper, dog food, drinking water and a bus load of KFC. I skipped the 'luna lander' jet powered tender which was a horrible poorly maintained thing back out to deliver the supplies. Now dark and a considerable shore break beating against the side of Limitless we did the transfer of supplies and took off the Master V skipper. Approximately 6 persons remained onboard for a very unpleasant night as waves crashed and broke over the big beached whale while she lay stranded on her side. Returning to the creek we copped several waves flooding the tender. I briefed the two others aboard if we overturned to swim to the beach and not towards the pier but it all worked out.



Sunday morning we launched a better RIB to do the ferry trips to Limitless – still stuck on her side, morning light catching the still choking gen set smoke. The Master V skipper returned with a couple of proper Maritime fellas from Baghwan Marine based up in the Yarra. Plan was to return with a 350 ton barge to persuade Limitless to return to the sea on the next high tide. Later that day the impressive big barge arrived with a support boat, a crew of fellas in yellow hard hats, divers and heavy duty equipment. Able access the shallow water around Limitless we delivered tow lines and the Baghwan crew to prepare them for the tow. All was in place but for the owner to accept the conditions of an email that I gather

had to do with damage and likely cost to commence with the 'salvage'. All in place the show began. 350 tons vs 60 ton. The large barge was anchored 300 meters to sea. The tow line tensioned on a massive scale winch used for towing ships. The line lifted from the water over its entire length. A man in a hard hat was stationed in the bow of limitless reporting over the radio the creeks and groans from the fibreglass shell. All the rest hid protected in case of something breaking. There she sat, not an inch of movement... but over time the crew knew that the action of the waves would wriggle the boat enough for the tow line tension to do its thing – and it did. She then gently slipped forward towards freedom and away from today's patient crowd. It all looked controlled and gentle enough although underwater stabilisers had dug into the sand didn't fare so well.

Towed a distance out to sea, Bagwhan Marine sent a diver below in a full suit with air lines attached. An underwater camera mounted to his helmet relayed live images to a screen as they checked for damage. This was a serious professional operation with a second diver ready to assist if required. Some fuel escaped into the sea from a bilge pump but that was swiftly dealt with. A well executed salvage was complete and the powerless carcus was then towed to the Yarra for monitoring overnight.

A few days later she was towed to Martha Cove for slipping and many weeks of repairs followed. In a way, she found a new limit but an expensive way to find it.

Nigel Abbot

