



# Melbourne Whittley Cruiser Club

## Mallacoota New Year 2016-17

### ATTENDEES:

<i>ConKiki</i>	Peter and Audrey Nicolopoulos
<i>Lucky Us</i>	Gary and Lee Honeychurch
<i>Ruby Tuesday</i>	Wilco and Marisca Sienin, Cleo and Eric
<i>JBsquared (JB2)</i>	John and Joy Beckman
<i>Serenity</i>	Tony and Dianne Marshall
<i>Surreal</i>	Brad and Karen Jones

Not all plans go as expected!

Conkiki was planning on leaving the 23<sup>rd</sup> Dec for the trip to Mallacoota, family events prevented this. We made our way on Boxing Day, finally.

Some distance from Nar Nar Goon, we came across Black Sheep who was making her way to the Lakes (Paynesville). They followed about 10 minutes behind us.

About 8 kilometres short of Traralgon we had blowout #1. Three shredded nuts later we finally got the wheel off. They were well and truly rusted on. How do you fix wheel studs on Boxing Day and Xmas day holiday to follow? We slowly made our way to Honeychurch ranch and left ConKiki there and came back to Melbourne.

Wednesday morning we had the spare repaired and headed back to Traralgon where Gary had arranged to have the studs replaced at a friendly mechanic. At this point we agreed to have all the studs replaced on all 4 wheels as a precaution. Eight more nuts broke as he replaced them. We spent the night at the ranch, and left early Thursday morning with Lucky us, JB2 and Ruby Tuesday. All went well until Cann River, where we stopped for fuel. JB2 drove off and left Joy at the petrol station as he went to find a parking space near food shops, we gave her a lift, it wasn't far.

Ahhhh Mallacoota, we finally made it. It was hot and humid as we launched, parked our cars and made our way to Cemetery bight for the night. We stayed there and enjoyed the weather, where Eric caught fish.

Friday, the boys went into town to test some repairs. We stayed behind and saw a lightning display like no other. It was magic, with very little rain.

Saturday (NYE) the girls wanted showers, so back to town and then to Cape Horn for NYE. It was full so we doubled back to Genoa River jetty for a couple of hours. Does Eric have a secret magnet for attracting fish? Cape Horn, here we come!

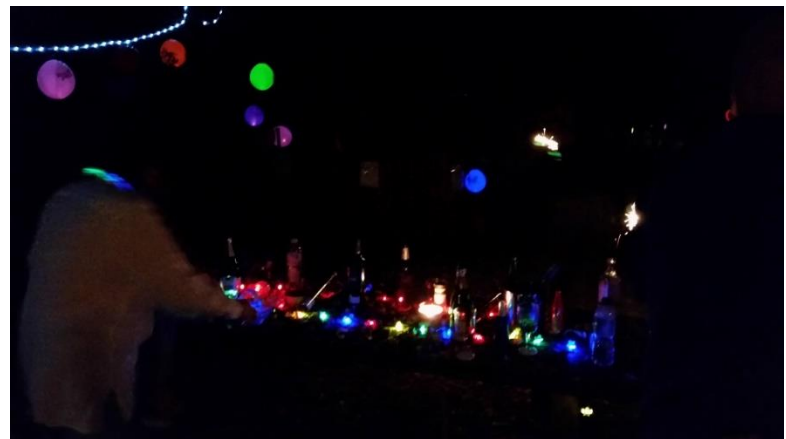
We kept busy setting up for the party of all parties.



Serenity finally put in at Gypsy Point and met us at the Cape. No phone reception, as we knew they were coming but didn't know when. How many balloons, party poppers, and sparklers can you have for a party? The night went on and we partied, as Wilco said "BEST PARTY EVER". We finally called it a night at 2.00 am, as we saw in Adelaide and Perth.

The next morning the clean-up started and lasted a while as there were party poppers shredded all over the grounds.

Joy received a phone call that prompted an early departure, and so JB2, Lucky Us, and Ruby Tuesday pulled up stumps and made their way back home. ConKiki and Serenity stayed on and caught fish and enjoyed the seclusion.



Monday saw Dianne pull out the COB in the afternoon and it was roast lamb and vegies for dinner... "YUM"!!

Tuesday we pulled out from the Horn and cruised around the top lake and checked out all the jetties and the inlets and discovered a new place for the night, one that we had not tried before called "Captain Creek". Sheltered from all Southerly winds and well protected from Northerlies, and a gas bbq (even though it was not working).

That evening we received a call from Surreal, informing us that they were on the water and heading to Cemetery Bight. A small navigational adjustment saw them find us at the creek and we spent the night together, with happy hour on Surreal.



Wednesday was a bit windy and we felt no need to change location, so we spent the day fishing. Dianne finally caught a fish, and broke a 3 year drought with a fabulous Flounder. Amazing what happens when you spend a bit of time with a baited line in the water. I decided it was a bit windy sitting on the jetty, and went and sat in the boat. Audrey had a nanna nap in the cabin and I dosed off at the rear. Don't ask me why, but I opened my eyes and looked along the jetty and saw Brad's coffee table, but where was my chair? I asked Dianne if she had moved it, and then asked Brad the same question. Nope was the reply.

Well, this became a mission for Brad to recover the chair. The water was deep here, being about 4 to 5 metres. It was fishing time with a difference.

Two hook sticks joined together with gaffer tape just to reach the bottom. Tony used the hook sticks and searched the bottom. "I got it" was the call and it took all his strength to pull this monster up from the deep!! It was an old tyre... Oh where is a camera when you need it? Laughs were had by all.

This was not going to work! Brad pulled out his Flatty Flicker and with some panel beating shaped it to look like a BIG hook and tied it to some mooring line. A few casts and success. Up came the Rhino! And so the story of Brad catching a Rhino was born. What a catch, my chair was saved.



Thursday morning and Brad wanted to try his luck at Cape Horn. It was busy there with 6 speed boats there and it would not be comfortable with them skiing around, so we went to Genoa River Jetty and spent the day there. Brad and Karen went for a walk along the waters' edge and a couple of hours later they returned. It must have been windy as Karen's hair was in a mess! Apparently they found a lovely little spot to hang out for a while.

Friday we took off for Cemetery Bight with Brad wanting to do some fishing at a couple of places along the way. We would meet at the Bight and have dinner together. Dianne was cooking for the six of us, roast beef and veggies.



There were boats all lined up along the beach, and in the distance we saw another Whittley called "Old Gold" (not a club member).

Brad caught a pinkie snapper and a gurnard, both under sized and returned to grow bigger.

Dinner was lovely again and nothing was left. YUMMY.

Saturday was pull out day for Brad and we decided to pull out as well, as we were getting low on fuel and out of tank water and saw no reason to stock up for just one more day.

Off to Mallacoota we went. In the 5 knot zone we got "pulled over" by the water police for a safety check. We all passed!

Went and got the trailer and backed it into the water and drove the boat on, and she went on straight! There is a first time for everything. If you know my boat you know what I mean.

Next was Serenity. She was having a lovely time in the water and did not want to leave. She had a "hissy fit" though and decided she was not going to lift her leg. How do you get a 2380 with a twin prop out of the water and have no damage? Beats me! Manually winch the boat out and drive onto the grass.

Sometime later we had the leg disconnected and lifted up to a safe driving height. Off to spend the night at Cols', with dinner at the golf club first.

Sunday morning we left nice and early and got to Cann River for coffee and breakfast and shortly after that a blow out on ConKiki. In fact 2 in one trip, damn. Changed the tyre and off we went, but just before Bruthen, "BANG" another blow out on ConKiki!! 3 in one trip, double damn. Luckily we were following Serenity and borrowed their spare. Where do you replace 2 blown tyres in the country on a Sunday? NOWHERE.

We continued to drive on, and as we approached Traralgon we thought of ringing the RACgary. He was happy to help by offering to take his spare, just in case. We met up in town and after a few hugs, out came the spare, a 14 inch (we had 13s on our trailer). Gary kept the spare and we continued along the highway until we reached home. Safe and happy to be home.

We now have 4 new tyres on the trailer, and for all the adventures we had, we still enjoyed our Whittley and the fun in her.

No matter how much preplanning you do, you cannot avoid some things.

To everyone out there that had an incident this holiday season, just be grateful that it was fixable and you got home safely!

*Written by the crew of ConKiki.*