

The Melbourne Whittleby Cruiser Club



Torrumbarry Cruise 16th-17th September 2017

Attendees:

Mike Smith	Braveheart
Mike & Monica Jones	Impulse
Peter & Audrey Nicolopoulos	Conkiki
George & Sandy Antonopoulos	Mana 1
Neil Laver & Lyn Herbert	Navara
Renato & Domenica Greco	The Boss
Richard Dong & Meow (friend)	No name yet
Tony & Di Marshall	Serenity
Wayne & Leeanne Carpenter	Leeway

Apology from Peter & Coby Morris late withdrawal (Flu).

Thursday 14th

Mike Smith arrived early, all by himself and made camp on the bank.

Friday 15th

Mike and Monica arrived on Friday and met Smithy on the river and went to the lagoon at the 1640 marker.

ConKiki and Mana 1 met up in Rowville and headed up to Wallan where they met up with Navara. In convoy we headed to Heathcote for brunch. After a delightful meal we headed to Torrumbarry to start our weekend of fun. We all launched and off we went to meet up with Impulse and Braveheart. There is something enjoyable being on the plane at 25 knots and winding around the mighty Murray River. It was sunny when we arrived, but we knew it was going to be a cold night, and we made sure we had plenty of firewood for the night to come. We then settled in for the afternoon and waited for more boats to arrive.

The Boss arrived and happy hour was well under way.

We kept in touch with Richard, our new member as it was his first outing with the club, and due to circumstances beyond his control, he was running late.

ConKiki, with Peter, George and Neil on board departed the lagoon about 5.30 and met Richard at the ramp. Please note the Peter was completely sober.

The boys helped in launching, and made their way back to the lagoon in complete darkness. No moon, no stars, no lights. With one torch each to guide us back. How we didn't hit the banks is a mystery, average speed 11 knots.



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When we finally arrived at the lagoon and made the boats secure, Richard pulled out his charcoal bbq and lit the heat beads. He proceeded to cook some lamb shashliks, enough to feed the entire group. They were great, but boy they were spicy, just ask "Smithy". We had a good night.

Saturday 16th

Next morning we had a lazy start as always.

Some of the crew went for a walk and "got lost".

Serenity and Leeway arrived late morning, and we were promptly informed that Leeway had a shortage of suitable bedding, (how about no blankets, no sleeping bags, nothing except 2 water bottles). As always the "Melbourne Whittley Cruiser Club" came to the rescue and supplied some extra bedding.

After lunch we started our way up river to Deep Creek Marina for the evening. Some of the boats continued up river for some sightseeing. Amazingly there were no other boats on the river, so it suited us just fine (no slowing down to minimise wake).

When all the boats were tied up at the marina, Happy Hour got under way.

We were expecting a very cold night (zero degrees), so we made our way to the warmth of the pub and the wood fires, we were pleased to have the warmth of the publicans reception as usual.

The meals were great and everyone watched the footy. Eventually we headed off to bed and our cold boats with no heaters. Someone "Plugged" into the shore power and ran his electric heater all night without telling anyone what he had done. He could have shared. He will remain nameless.

Sunday 17th

The next morning we had breakfast, and he who had shore power offered us all freshly brewed coffee, it was well received by all. We hung around for a while until Braveheart, The Boss, Leeway, and Richard had to make their way back to their trailers and to Melbourne. The rest went back to the lagoon and collected more wood for the evening fire. Navara and Serenity had to leave for work the next morning and left ConKiki, Impulse and Mana 1 for the evening.

Sandy had prepared a bag full of potatoes in alfoil, and they found their way into the hot ashes, and as Sandy said "they were cooked to perfection" (how we boys didn't burn them beyond recognition defies logic). A little bit of salt, pepper, and butter, YUMMY.

Monday 18th

Mana 1 had to pull out in the morning and go home (grandparent duties always spoil a great weekend). The 3 boats meandered back to the ramp and helped George put the boat on the trailer. Mike, Monica and Audrey went for a stroll to the weir and checked the other side to confirm what we had been told about the water level being too low to go through the weir. Yep, it was low, so low that we would have got stuck on the other side before we even got started.



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Two boats left, so we sat at 6 knots and headed back to the lagoon. Audrey wanted to drive my boat (there is a first time for everything), so I radioed Mike and he got Monica to do the same. No chance of doing any damage as we were the only 2 boats in the river.

We got to the lagoon and spent the afternoon watching our friendly Kookaburra eat the last of our roast potatoes from the night before. It was so tame it was only 2 metres away from our feet. (Did you know that Kookaburras don't walk, they hop??!!)

Not to be outdone by Sandy's effort the night before, Monica pulled out some Chestnuts in alfoil and into the fire they went. Mike likes his raw. They too were delicious.

As the night went on the wind picked up strength and as we doused the fire with plenty of water, the rain decided to finally arrive, so off to the boats we went for the evening. It rained a little, but nothing major.

Tuesday 19th

ConKiki and Impulse also had grandparent duties to perform in the afternoon so we packed up early and headed back to the ramp, put the boats on trailers and then had brunch. It was a beautiful morning, no wind, didn't want to leave. Oh well.

"A perfect week end"

This trip report was prepared by the crew of ConKiki.

Can't wait for our next outing.