



PROPELLER

ROYAL VICTORIAN MOTOR YACHT CLUB | ESTABLISHED 1904

INSIDE

Commodore's Report

What's New

Opening Day

Opening Day 2020



Merry
Xmas to
all and
to all a
Merry
Xmas





Club News

A warm welcome to our new Club members.



John Gademski



Tim Keegan



Peter Holdsworth



Brett Prebble



Bill Prokopiou



Jed Ritchens



Robert Ritchens

**Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our members.
We look forward to seeing everyone in 2021**

RVMYC Office Xmas Closure

Closed from Thursday 24th December
Re-opening Monday 4th January, 2021

Club By-Law of the Month

21. Members are requested to use their best endeavours to secure the observance of all rules and By-Laws, and to report any breach thereof to the Committee.

A Final Farewell

Judith (Judy) Gillespie
6-2-1929 – 21-8-2020

Jim Gillespie died whilst serving as Commodore of the R.V.M.Y.C in 1993, sadly his wife Judy recently passed away peacefully at Casey Aged Care in Narre Warren. Older members will remember them fondly as keen club members always willing to participate in club activities.

Rest in Peace

EDITOR'S NOTE



We welcome contributions from members. Propeller will endeavour to publish articles as soon as possible, space permitting. Please contact the Propeller sub committee for more information.

Ann Przybysz:shezgame24@gmail.com

ADVERTISING RATES

Did you know that you can advertise in this newsletter from as little as \$30.45 an edition for a business card size ad?

Ten editions are published each year and circulated to our members and friends.

Business Card Size: \$180pa Quarter Page: \$387 Half Page: \$554pa.

We also offer a bonus free ad placement on our website for advertisers, where space is available. Contact the Club for further details.



Dear Members,

Well for a year that was so uneventful for much of it, isn't it ending with a rush!! Honestly I don't know where the time went from end of lockdown to now but it has certainly rushed by.

I suppose the biggest event since my last report has been our Opening Day which was held on 12th December 2020. Despite the fact that it clashed with so many other commitments a very good number of members along with their guests and friends attended and by all reports very much enjoyed the day.

But I get ahead of myself. The week before, the annual Working Bee was conducted, coordinated by Joe Borg. Approximately 30 members got together and attended to the various small, big and once a year jobs that ensure our clubhouse and grounds are spick and span for Opening Day. Thank you to all that volunteered for the day, your efforts were very evident on the day and I received numerous compliments from the official guests of other clubs, so thank you all that contributed.

Back to Opening Day, we got the weather right again with

From the Commodore's Deck

a glorious day beckoning (the previous week I attended Hobbo's Opening Day and nearly got blown off their lawn!). The Scottish Pipe Band provided a very enthusiastic commencement to proceedings for our Guest of Honour Commodore Greg Yorke accompanied by his wife Pam and the several Commodores from other clubs as well. What appeared to be a usual number of members, friends and guests gathered on the lawn for the official ceremony and unfurling of the burgee to commemorate the opening of our boating season. This duty was performed by Jillian and William Folley in memory of Mark Folley who most will know passed away recently. Commodore Yorke gave an excellent presentation and again this year the fleet was blessed by Judy Wilkins. Then to the boats for the Sail Past. Numbers were less than last year but enthusiasm was just as high. We again had the thrill of two Svitzer tugs saluting the fleet with their powerful water cannons putting on a very impressive display. Then back to the Clubhouse for what was a sumptuous three course lunch prepared by our friends of La Luna, Adrian Richardson & Lynda Horton. All I spoke to were very impressed with what they had.

Ad hoc as this year has been, we used the opportunity of the lunch to make a presentation to Graeme Furlonger of his 40 Year badge. Well done GF only ten years until Life Membership!! I would also like to thank Ben Ackerman for being our official photographer on the day. We also made the announcement of Club Person of the Year which this year was Club Persons, they being Rhonda and Graham Gibson

and Marco Sampaio. These are repeat awards as they have all won before but there is no denying their commitment and generosity to the club. Congratulations to all three, so richly deserved. Then on to more fun, frivolity and music in the Member's bar until everyone had danced themselves out.

I for one will not be sad to see the end of 2020. However in saying that there have definitely been positives. Our increase in membership during COVID I think is an example of us arriving at all sorts of decisions from where we want to work to where and how we want to socialise. Perhaps the most valuable gift from it was giving us the time and space to prioritise what is important in our lives.

In closing I want to wish all of you wonderful RVMYC'ers, your family and friends a most Joyous Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous 2021!!

And remember over the Christmas Break, whether on water or ashore, stay safe and have fun.

Paul F Doherty
Commodore
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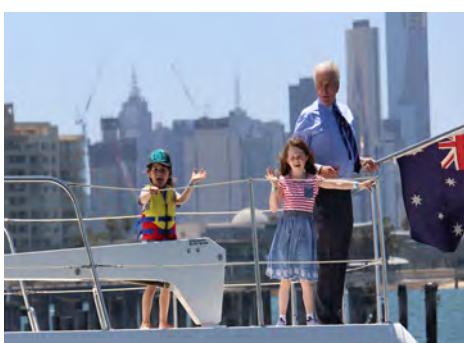
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Opening Day

Saturday 12th December, 2020







Graeme Furlonger
40 years of membership



Marco Sampaio, Graeme & Rhonda Gibson
Recipients of the Club Person(s) of the Year Award





William Folley: Raising of the Flag



 VIKING



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TRAVEL
ASSOCIATES



Ferdinand Magellan

1480-1521.

Story by John Marks

Trade along the Silk Road commenced in the second century BC, bringing exotic goods from China and other eastern countries to Europe. Spices from the Indonesian islands were of particular interest, as these could enhance the taste and preservation of foodstuffs, in the absence of refrigeration.

In 1295 AD, Venetian adventurer Marco Polo returned from China after 24 years, bringing exotic goods, and tales of faraway places such as Java and Japan. His sojourn was not unique, but his written record of the journey heightened awareness of the eastern trade.

In the early 1500's Spain and Portugal were the dominant European countries. They competed for trade opportunities, but were sea-going nations, and were not interested in walking to China for the coveted trade goods. Unable to settle their differences, they approached the ultimate arbiter, the Pope, for a resolution. Pope Alexander VI simply drew a line mid-Atlantic, the Line of Demarcation, gifting Spain all to the west, and the rest to Portugal.

Although Portugal was the smaller country, their sea-faring was superior. They regularly voyaged to the Grand Banks off Canada as early as the 12th Century. They knew that sailing to the east was possible, but the navigation was yet to be developed. Voyages down the African coast ended in failure, due to adverse weather and currents, and fear and superstition of the unknown. Prince Henry of Portugal was not a

navigator, but a successful manager and convenor of the best brains, to work out a successful route to the Spice Islands. It was decided to sail out to mid-Atlantic, and then turn south. Accurate sailing consisted only of a north-south or an east-west line, so the trek down to the Cape consisted of a number of right-angled legs, south then east, to complete the African coast. *Ferdinand Magellan*



Bartholomew Diaz eventually rounded the Cape, and his successor Vasco da Gama made it to India, where Portugal negotiated or forced the locals to trade, and established forts.

Soon they were in Malacca and Timor, and ultimately at Macau. The spice trade flourished, enriching Portugal. The Spanish wanted a piece of the action, but were not prepared to flout the papal decree. Enter ambitious Portuguese soldier/sailor Ferdinand Magellan, who had spent years in India and parts east. He petitioned the king for support and permission for a fleet of his own, to exploit the spice trade. Don Manuel pointedly refused, so in a fit of spite and ambition, Magellan renounced his citizenship and moved to Spain.

Magellan somehow believed that the Spice Islands could be reached by sailing west, thereby not encroaching on Portuguese territory.



Gil Eannes Statue

Earlier attempts were blocked by the vast American continents, but through contacts and persistence, Magellan was able not only to convince the Spanish royalty of the possibility, but also to secure the ships and finance to proceed.

Magellan was privy to an ancient map, supposedly drawn by Pedro Reynell (Reinell?), which depicted a channel through southern South America to access the Pacific, although no record exists of any European voyage which could have discovered this. Common wisdom had Tierra Del Fuego joined to the "Great South Land" which included Australia and Antarctica. The Great South Land was part knowledge, part rumour and part invention of a land mass which "balanced" the northern continents.

Early Map of Proposed Great South Land





In September 1519, the fleet of five departed, with a short stop-over in Madeira for last minute provisions. After an event-free Atlantic crossing, they proceeded south, with unwieldy vessels, worsening weather and mutinous crews. Magellan ruthlessly maintained control, beheading the ring-leaders and marooning others. The Strait was eventually found, much further south than expected. Only two ships entered the Pacific, the rest were wrecked, lost or returned to Spain.

The Pacific was much larger than previously thought, and after months of thirst, starvation and illness of scurvy, a land-fall was made at Guam. Here the crews rested and recovered, but the local propensity

for theft of anything not fixed down caused Magellan to name Guam the "Isle de Ladrones" (Island of Thieves).

Next a short hop to the Philippines, where Magellan assisted a local war lord to vanquish his neighbours, the fighting prowess of whom Magellan underestimated, and he was hacked to death in the shallows. The larger of the two ships was considered unseaworthy and was abandoned, leaving only the smallest of all, the Victoria, to continue. Victoria was only 69 tons, a relative dinghy.

The remaining few sailors and officers proceeded to Ternate, and loaded the Victoria to the waterline with pepper, mace, nutmeg, and whatever other spices they could sequester. Running the gauntlet of the Pope's line, they sailed back to Spain, the cargo easily paying for the entire adventure.

The Victoria became the first European ship to circumnavigate.

Footnotes:

*Portuguese mathematician Pedro Nunes eventually solved the problem of sailing a continuously curved course, enabling ships to take the shortest route A to B, the Great Circle Route, using spherical geometry.

*Earlier Spanish attempts to sail to China and the East Indies ended in the Caribbean, where the islands were nominated the "West Indies".

*The first Portuguese skipper to test Prince Henry's theory, Gil Eannes, reached a landfall in what is now Sierra Leone, and brought back a barrel of little wild roses to prove his claim. A bronze statue of Eannes and his roses stands in a park in Lagos, Portugal.



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This story was provided by one of our members, and is courtesy of the online magazine 'Passage Maker'

A very interesting read!

Written by: Douglas M Wartelle

Bottom Kisser is not a good name for a boat.

I know this because, three years removed from law school, while single and weary of apartment life, I needed a residence. I didn't have the resources to acquire one on land, so I thought I'd purchase a trawler and live aboard. I closed in July 1998 on a 30-foot 1981 Clipper Marine trawler (obviously not the boat pictured above). It had a nice berth forward, a head, a hanging locker, a spacious (relatively speaking) salon, and a flybridge with an upper helm station. A 120-hp diesel engine provided a cruising speed of 7 knots, though the 1960s-era depthsounder was not user-friendly.

Until I bought the boat, my first 27 summers had been spent at an expanded family beach cabin on Port Susan Bay in Washington state. The grade of the beach was quite gradual, and extensive sand

shallows existed. This is where I'd learned to boat, starting at age 4 or 5. My father would tie a long line to the bow of a wooden rowboat, and the other end to a concrete anchor. He'd heave the anchor into the water and shove me offshore, and I'd row in a circle. Sometimes on an ebb tide, I would end up without any water in which to row. On a flood tide, I would need to be "rescued" as my rowing radius shrank.

By age 27, I had logged thousands of boating hours in Port Susan Bay. I knew the waters well. Blindfolded and placed on the shore, just by the smell of the air, I could determine the month, general weather conditions, and whether the tide was high or low. A skill I was soon to forget.

The move aboard went smoothly. Within a week or so, it was time for the first cruise. I chose the family beach cabin as the destination: far enough away



to get a feel for the boat, and close enough to be navigating in familiar waters.

Two mates were enlisted. The first was a longtime college and law school friend, Dave. He originated from eastern Washington—a place known for wheat fields, not saltwater cruising. His idea of boating was to tie six or seven truck inner tubes together and float in a local river. The second

mate was my father. He had extensive small boat experience at the family beach cabin, but things of a mechanical nature were not in his wheelhouse.

Saturday morning of the cruise arrived: hot with no wind. The night before, I'd viewed a full moon from the aft deck while double-checking the boat. I had plenty of diesel (though checking the tanks required using a stick with measurements on it, and then extrapolating the fuel level into gallons using some math).

Oil and coolant were checked. The raw water thru-hull was open. Things were right. Dave arrived with a bounce in his step and a family-size pack of Oreos. My father arrived dressed for a solo open-ocean transit, as though he were about to depart on a 17th-century ship.

We set off, and the cruise north was pleasant. Oreos were consumed, and the boat operated just as it was supposed to.

Near the beach cabin, I could see a gathering of relatives milling about. The arrival of a "big" boat was a spectacle to be duly observed.

That's when Dave called to me from the aft deck: "Hey Doug, is the water supposed to be this brown?"

Continued overpage.....

In an instant, I knew my error. This was July in the Pacific Northwest. The moon was full. We were arriving late in the morning. The air had the briny smell of rarely exposed seaweed and barnacles.

Today was a super low tide, one of the lowest tides in a calendar year. I turned toward deeper water, knowing full well that the whole area was basically flat sand. A smart move was to shut off the engine, to prevent it from sucking up sand. A second smart move was to deploy the anchor, to prevent the boat from being pushed toward shallower water. When it was all said and done, the trawler, yet unnamed, sat in maybe 2½ feet of water. Its draft was 3½ feet.

The three of us took the dinghy ashore, and I went to visit with my mother, who I recall may have

been enjoying a beverage. She leaned over and asked, "Doug, do you have a name for your boat yet?"

Still a bit unsettled by the sandy experience, I responded, simply, "No." She then said, "Why don't you call it the Bottom Kisser?" and let out a good laugh.

This conversation becomes funnier as the years pass. Later in the day, Dave and I made our way back to homeport. That cruise was smooth, and sand was not found. A few days later, I had the boat hauled. Some of the bottom paint on the full keel was rubbed away, as was some of the paint on the tips of the propeller blades. But otherwise, no harm.

The lesson, of course, is that checking a tide chart is never a bad idea. Another lesson may be that things known can be



forgotten if one is preoccupied.

My boat operated just as it was intended to operate; the captain temporarily lost focus of something he knew well.

I never did call the boat Bottom Kisser, but I did learn to read that antiquated depthsounder.




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- Friday - Bistro open 5.30pm
- Saturday - Bistro open 12.00pm to 2.30pm
- Sunday - Bistro open 12.00pm to 2.30pm.

To view the weekly Bistro menu, visit the RVMYC website

Members Draw!

Member's Draw suspended until the New Year.

Fishing Licences

Fishing licences are available from the Club office or bar; 3 year licence \$100.70; 1 year licence \$37.20; 28 day licence \$21.20; 3 day licence \$10. Please contact the office or see Terri at the bar. Members can use their accounts to pay.

NOTE: Seniors cardholders do not require a fishing licence

Calendar of Events

DECEMBER

Office Closed: Thursday 24th December

JANUARY

New Years Eve - Bar Open

Office re-opens: Monday 4th January

Australia Day Nauti Weekend(RMYS) 23-26th

**BE SURE TO CHECK THE WEDNESDAY WRAP,
FACEBOOK & RVMYC WEBSITE
FOR UPDATES**

Duty Officers - N/A until further notice

