

The Munmorah Chronicles

A six part introspective of the 2001/02 Moth Australian Championships

Part 1 - The Green Grocer's Revenge

There's a unique kind of look that can only be gained from living in a tent for several days while competing in a National Tittles regatta. That derro-esque appearance that leaves most Central Coast RSL's and Bowlo's thinking twice about offering temporary membership.

In the absence of a mirror it's amazing how the build up of white sunscreen residue can make a group of Moth sailors look like an off duty mime troupe. Perhaps the Munmorah Council found large numbers of vampires frequent their public amenities, and in a local tourism initiative, removed all reflective surfaces. However, it just would have been nice to discover that cheek-sitting booger before the nice lady at the Doyalson Servo pointed it out.

But when it comes to camping it's all about location. The Donovan / Loring / Wise camp thought they had it all - waterfront, close to amenities and leafy outlook. What they didn't realise was the trees that shaded them from the harsh morning sun was absolutely loaded with incontinent cicadas.

After spending seven years underground, it appeared these arthropods' new mission in life was to cover everyone with as much urine as was insectly possible. As the endless golden showers glistened in the fading afternoon light I was beginning to wonder if it was in fact enhancing the flavour of my pizza - a Munmorah Special with the lot. indeed.

One thing I did know for sure was that at the end of this newly forming cicada piss rainbow there was definitely no pot of gold.



The Cicada Pissing Trees



The Sunset on Lake Munmorah

Part 2 - Dude, where's my boat?

We awoke one morning to the sound of footsteps and the continual uttering of the word 'bastards'. Michael Boode had discovered his boat was missing, and after checking all the usual places - up the flagpole, on the clubhouse roof, Cash Converters - it was officially declared MIA.

As race time drew nearer, the 'true believers' amongst us began to analyse the dirt circles in the park behind the clubhouse. Could it be that these were not the work of a Cortina with sports exhaust as first thought, but maybe, just maybe, the site of a close encounter - absolute proof that the boat in question was in fact abducted by aliens.

Panic spread throughout the fleet, but just before we were about to get Mr Munro from A Current Affair on the blower, Mick's boat was found fully rigged in the club hall. A quick inspection on the boats bung hole revealed no evidence of exploratory probing so the whole Munmorah Paddock Circles incident was dismissed as a hoax.

To this day no one has officially claimed responsibility for the kidnapping, but the truth IS out there, somewhere.



With what appeared to be perfect rig and batten tension Narrow Minded was found unharmed in the Club Hall.



Sick mate, sick!

Part 3 - Monofilm, and the inappropriate use of.

It's amazing how an obsession with a Nylon / Elastine swimming brief has the power to infect a whole class. The old Speedos, Sluggos, Dickstickers, Lolly Bags, Grapesmugglers, Cock Jocks, Meat Hangers, call them what you will, had been given a new lease on life. Oliver and Rohan did for the humble Cock Jocks what Mr T did for tight jeans and a muscle shirt.

It all began with an anonymous amendment to the sailing instructions and pretty much went down hill from there. The amendment stipulated that all competitors must sail Heat 10 wearing nothing but the Aussie icon or face a harsh, but fair, penalty. Those who prefer a less supportive undergarment whilst sailing were set to make a choice between their beloved Boxers, or a ticket to the Presentation Dinner with the dress code stamped - NUDE.

As Heat 10 approached there was much talk as to the damage a wing-tramp could inflict on an arse cheek with such little protection. Could the action of sliding in off the wing cause the Dickstickers to ride acutely, resulting in carpet-burn on both cheeks and a wedgie of mammoth proportions? Such was the Cock Jock hysteria that one strange individual woke in the middle of the night with an idea - the repercussions of which were to be felt well into the series.

The now infamous Monofilm Cock Jocks were manufactured by the 'House of Dono-san', a subsidiary of Dono-san Industries, and used only the finest off-cuts of Monofilm scabbed from local Sydney sailmakers. Available in two styles 'The G' and 'Ballhugger Brief', a pair of Monofilm Cock Jocks certainly turned heads despite being given a negative SPF rating by the Australian Cancer Council. With slimming black waistband trim and fetching Moth logo, the Monofilm CJ's became a must for the discerning moth sailor.

However it was not to be. Just hours before the scheduled start of the inaugural 'Grapesmugglers Classic' a southerly front came through and literally blew us away. Some found it hard to contain their disappointment, while others now had to find clean clothes for the Presentation Dinner. As we chased bits of boats and camping hardware across the park, I had a feeling we hadn't seen the last of the Monofilm Cock Jocks, and it wasn't a matter of if they appear, but how many beers before they appear.



Early inspiration for the Monofilm Cock Jock.
(Shrink wrapped, visible to customers, packed fresh and ready for use!)



Some of Dono-san Industries R & D team.



A very proud moment - the first pair of Ballhugger Briefs go on display.



More than just a Lounge!

(while all other camp-seating hardware collapse around her - 'The Donovan' banana lounge remains solid as a rock)

Part 4- The tyranny of distance.

Not everybody had the luxury of camping down at Cicada-piss Central. Those who were slow on the uptake found flat ground was at a premium and had little option but to head for the edge of the park, up behind the clubhouse.

What seemed like a nice quiet, shady location that afternoon, was to become front-row seats in a local production of a circle-work extravaganza. An impressive array of shitboxes wowed us with a series of beautifully choreographed hand-breakies, doughnuts and wheelies - a real credit to Munmorah and their 'P' platers.

But with this choice of campsite also came the problem of distance. When walking from tent to boat and back again - how far is too far? Mark Thorpe decided the limit was about 45 meters. Not only did driving his car shave seconds off transit time, but the accumulative kilometers over a week-long regatta could reach well into single figures. Unfortunately Mark needed every kilometer he could muster lay-day eve, as his trusty Ford Laser de-engined itself somewhere between Munmorah and Sydney.

After hearing of Mark's misfortune and being concerned with the distance Andrew Stevenson had to travel to the toilet every morning, a couple of compassionate mothies decided they would relocate the Junior

Champion's tent a little closer to the 'can' for his last night in Munmorah. Although it restricted access to the southern end of the Gents somewhat, it did offer Andrew the luxury of being able to hit the trough without leaving the comforts of his own tent.

Despite the expansive stainless steel views and pleasant trough lolly ambiance, Andrew suddenly went cold on the idea when the urinal was mysteriously declared 'out of order' and a 'piss here' sign erected above his open tent door.



Part 5 - 35, number 35 to the bistro, number 35

One of the more endearing qualities of the Lake Munmorah district was the nightlife. The choice between Bowling Club and RSL was often a tough one, and always the source of much debate. The dress code for both establishments was the same - as long as you weren't nude or have a team number on your shirt - you were in.

Our closest option was the Munmorah Bowling Club, it boasted a modern pokie lounge, 2567 Keno TVs, Sky Racing and of course a Chinese restaurant. The comprehensive menu covered everything from sweet and sour to satay, the 'Favourites' section offered a choice of three dishes which either meant the locals had pretty specific tastes or not many came back a second time. The drinks were very reasonably priced and you can always tell you're in a top-notch club when you can buy cask moselle by the schooner.

Not more than ten minutes drive in a courtesy bus was our other option, Doyalson RSL. Also boasting a host of gambling options, this place was decked out in tropical décor and produced some of the nicest mashed potato I've tasted in years. As with the 'bowlo', the bar staff adhered strictly to the 'responsible service of alcohol code' whereby if a patron could extract a wallet from their tracksuit pants they were OK to be served.

Doyalson RSL is also home of the legendary Mr T.D.Forster, a man who held positions of power within the club for many years only to disappear from the honour roles never to return. Les embarked on a personal crusade to discover the fate of this man, only to be met with blank looks as he systematically asked every member of staff within the club. We're still not sure what's happened to Forster, many guess he's retired up the Gold Coast - Les fears the worst.

I believe plans are afoot to make T.D. an honorary member of IMCA of NSW.

Part 6 - It's not over till the rotund man with the shaved head sings

Anybody who has ever attended a Moth National Tittles Presentation Dinner will notice that the formal presentation of trophies is not just about the acknowledgement of winners and place getters. There are two equally important underlying functions to this ceremony that ensures its place in the evening programme falls somewhere after dinner. Firstly it determines the order in which people are to be crash tackled, bundled up and chucked into the water. Secondly it provides the recommended 30minute post-meal rest to avoid cramping whilst undergoing a mob-induced swim.

With the presentation out of the way and the short list of dunkings compiled, local band 'Rivastix' cranked into action. The music temporarily distracted the group of 'chuckers' milling in the hall, allowing the newly crowned National Champion, Mark Thorpe, to slip out the back. Realising their mistake, they quickly selected their next target and agreed to 'initiate crash-tackle sequence' on the second verse of Bon Jovi's 'Livin' on a Prayer'. As soon as 'Jimmy put his six string in hock' - it was on. The rumble erratically made its way out of the hall and down to the water, pausing at the lake's edge for the customary handing over of wallet, keys and shoes. With a splash, the scrum scattered and you couldn't help but feel sorry for the slowest of the herd as they were mown down and dragged back into the lake by a soggy Les.

Enjoying a state dry-ness, I decided to adjourn to the comforts of my banana chair and watch the band over a few VBs. While pondering the extreme contrast between John McAteer's pogo-ing and James Mackenzie's break-dancing - to the same song - the mob struck. I was forcefully lashed to the well-traveled banana chair with an array of granny knots and half hitches before being carried 'coffin style' down to the lake. Pausing for the aforementioned customary hand-over of valuables, it became apparent that the age-old theory of 'ignore them and they'll go away' wasn't working in this instance. I was left with no choice but to call upon all the escapee skills I had learnt watching countless David Copperfield specials. As I lay face down in a pile of half submerged Munmorah seaweed I couldn't help but wonder - if Claudia Schiffer was my assistant would I still be dry?

With all the water activities finished for the evening a kind of uneasy calm settled over the place. The band played My Sharona, James requested Napalm Death songs in between backspins, and apart from Andrew's tent being in the gents (see part 4) everything was pretty much normal.

Then without warning, a figure came darting out of the shadows from the left of the hall. Dressed in only a pair of G-string Monofilm Cock Jocks this particular individual, who was described as Rohan-looking, proceeded to rush the crowd. The band played on like true professionals as the so-called anonymous stalker weaved his way through the unsuspecting crowd. The signature arm waving and gyrating hips would tend to suggest that this was the work of a seasoned professional, and before any of the girls could get their cameras out - he was gone. Although the low light may have helped to disguise the identity of this person somewhat, one thing you could make out was the pained facial expressions, as with every step the raw monofilm edge sliced into his groin.

The night all too soon drew to a close, Rivastix played their final encore and the bar called last drinks so we relocated to the park bench outside. The Northbridge boys somehow managed to acquire the leftover sangria in a plastic mop bucket, and set themselves the task of polishing it off. Deciding this was my cue to go to bed, I began to reflect on the night's events as I made the short walk back to my tent. Turning to take one last look at the rigging area and club that had been our home for the past week, the striking moonlit silhouette of Phil Marsh could be seen in the distance as he raised the mop bucket aloft and took yet another swig of the liquid headache.

The End.

Written by Steve Donovan