

## ODE TO LENNY DUCK

Through rain, hail, lightning, sunshine, bushfire smoke, moorings too close together –  
From southerly busters, howling nor'easters, hot summer nor'westers that sears the  
inside of your nostrils and threaten bushfires with every gust,  
To the bitterly cold winter westerlies that dry out your lips and hands till they split....  
the weeks of rain where you got soaked tying up the Ferry and collecting fares –

From the people who left their boats tied up on the ends of the wharves when they  
know you have to bring the Ferry in,  
To others who turn up at the wharf just after you pulled out - and expect you to  
come back and get them –  
And the ones who want to know what time the next Ferry leaves....

Others who have given you a hard time and you still have to pick them up on your  
daily round – no doubt there were other things that made your job difficult at times –

On a brighter note, there were the beautiful sunrises and sunsets, rainbows, flocks of  
sea birds over schools of fish in a feeding frenzy, brightly coloured sails, the mist  
rolling off the hills in the morning...

Seeing children grow up, and their children grow up –  
Seeing the smiles of grateful people as you pick them up in all weather and at all  
hours –  
To the melodious "Thanks Lenny" as you drop them off,  
and your cheery "See you in the morningtime" reply.

Here's to a very special man – a man who wore shorts right through winter up until  
not that long ago, and to days when there weren't any outboard motors or tinnies, no  
electricity, a monthly garbage service, very few people and no commuter moorings –  
when we all tied our putt putts to Church Point wharf and were able to park our cars  
between the Pasadena and Blackler's Boatshed (now the mini-market) –

To the days when we were all allowed to burn off on our own properties – and  
bushfires were a regular occurrence  
To the sound of the World War 2 air-raid siren at the old Fireshed....which still makes  
the hair stand up on the back of my neck!

To the eerie sight of car headlights on the amphibious car heading to Towlers Bay  
shining through the waves.....

You have seen all these things, and more ... the Island and the Bays come from a few  
holiday houses and a handful of people to almost saturation point.

Here's to the Beaver, Wagstaff, Church Point, Elvina, Curlew (and no doubt other  
Ferries before our arrival in the late sixties) that you gently coaxed along – they no  
doubt would have sunk in the old days when they weren't so well maintained if it  
weren't for your skilful driving –

And do you remember Denis Ryan playing the Double Bass and the bagpipes as he  
travelled around the Bays on the back of the ferries?  
Or early days when the Elvina had no wheel-house and you had to drive with the  
front window down because the spray on the window made it hard to see where you  
were going....needless to say, you and the passengers got wet, but never a real  
complaint –

hand printed  
BOAT CLUB

*Could go on for hours, but this card will only hold so much! Our heartfelt thanks for being such a thoughtful, considerate and helpful friend over the thirty-plus years we have known you Lenny,*

*Lynne and Mike Clay*

