



A Likely Story



**Frank Lively Trust
Middle Harbour Yacht Club**

The Spit, Mosman NSW Australia

A LIKELY STORY

Frank Likely was unique in that he was a life member of both Middle Harbour Yacht Club and the Yachting Association of New South Wales, an indication of the widespread respect in which he was held. He passed away on 10th November 1990 at the age of 71, his death leaving a gap in the club and the Yachting Association.

Every member who sails with MHYC and elsewhere for that matter, owes a great debt to this remarkable man who has done so much for our sport. With Frank, Middle Harbour Yacht Club has a premier place in yachting, not only in NSW but nationally.

Frank's remarkable influence has been throughout the whole gamut of sailing activities, from participation, organisation, safety, training, junior sailing and navigation.

Under his direction, courses ran from 1966, preceding the AYF Training Scheme by several years but embracing the scheme on its formation. It was for this work that the Yachting Association awarded Frank Life Membership. By the time of his death, 500 people had attended MHYC 'Navigation' courses, both celestial and coastal, 950 'Sailing Birds' in 38 courses, 350 'Radio', 200 'Meteorology', 200 'Yachtmasters', 100 'Inshore Skippers', 140 'Diesel Maintenance' and 50 'Yacht Maintenance'.

After Frank's death, a trust was formed to perpetuate his memory in a practical way, largely by making awards to young sailors who would otherwise be unable to continue their sailing. It is a condition of the award that beneficiaries will, in turn, pass on their knowledge to others. Awards are not aimed at the champion racers, many of whom receive sponsorship, but rather at the enthusiast who is likely to meet the trust's objectives and show the 'Likely spirit'. To date 12 awards have been made, a number of recipients continuing to help others, particularly in coaching younger members.

His story should not be forgotten .

The Early Years

Frank Likely was born **Valden Alva Likely** in 1919, his father being an architect. He spent most of his childhood in Sydney with a period in Norfolk Island where he went to the local school. He was a slight figure, maybe 5ft. 6in tall, somehow with a continuing expression of content, yet without a trace of smugness.

Frank's lifelong friend was Roger (Tiny) Hunter, at least a foot taller than Frank, who sent the following story of their friendship:-

I first met Frank when he literally landed in my lap one July evening in 1938. The tram I had just boarded near Sydney's Victoria Barracks was moving into top gear when a slight flying figure hit the foot board. His momentum and my reflex flying grab did the rest. His first and prophetic words were a triumphant "*made it*". My response went something like "*don't be such a stupid young idiot in future*". Thus began a lifelong friendship.



On that occasion Frank wore the uniform of a lance-corporal of the 1/19th City of Sydney Battalion, a militia unit I had joined that very evening. While a very youthful appearance belied his 19 years, bright brass efficiency badges gave notice of potential talents. Outshining these material trophies, an infectious grin reflected a warm and vibrant personality. As we lived in the same neighbourhood and shared similar interests we were soon spending most of our leisure hours in company.

At that time Frank was employed in the display section of a major Sydney store and living with his dad, **Alva (Johnno) Likely** in a flat at Milsons Point overlooking Lavender Bay. Although his dad had a long yachting association with the Sydney Amateurs, Frank's main hobby then centred around his large and valuable collection of army histories and weapons. The more modern rifles were often employed from his bedroom to knock off large rats roaming round the waterfront.

Over ensuing months we became more familiar with many of the remote beaches south of Sydney, the Blue Gum Forest and similar regions of the Blue Mountains, light rod fishing for blackfish off the sandbanks of Port Hacking, rock climbs in the Megalong Valley and other outdoor pursuits.

Only three brief ventures with any whiff of nautical flavour occurred during the pre-war years. The first resulted from a lack of bites on a fishing trip to Port Hacking. A square rig of a tent-fly and a pair of sculls sent our

rowing boat scudding along from our campsite on Gynea Bay before an increasing westerly. The long palm-blistering row back quenched our enthusiasm for sail power. The next venture exploring the upper reaches of the Hawkesbury River from Brooklyn in a hired *Chapman Pup* proved more to our liking. Our last venture introduced us to fast river passages along the Shoalhaven and Namoi River systems in a borrowed Canadian type canoe. Frank particularly enjoyed body-surfing favourable sections of the route.

Frank embraced these ventures with a zest and style which at times appeared to border on the reckless. One soon realised, however, that he had quickly analysed possible risks involved, and allowed for appropriate options. His simple approach was to see what was required and if there was a way to do it, go ahead. If there wasn't, leave it alone.

This approach stemmed from a confidence which inspired all who knew him. It was a quiet, unassuming confidence, completely devoid of self-praise or self-advancement. I well recall one early experience which left me frozen halfway up a severe rock face with nowhere to go. Frank simply shinned back down to my level, calmly directed me to a friendlier sector and resumed his climb. No fuss, no post mortem. With the added bonuses of a big heart, an inquiring mind and an unflinching sense of humour, he was at all times the ideal bloke to have along.

These attributes were to serve him well upon enlisting in the **2/1st Infantry Battalion** at the outbreak of World War 2. Overnight a relatively insular environment gave way to the real life extremes of an adult male society not yet recovered from the worst depression of the century.

As a slim and young-looking acting lance corporal, Frank soon found the job of controlling new recruits to be a far cry from his former militia experience. For example, the tasks of instructing a weathered kangaroo shooter to handle a rifle, a bearded and grimy swaggie to shave and shower for daily inspection, or an arrogant young socialite to perform kitchen or latrine duties, required a considerable amount of tact. After a few initial hiccups Frank soon had the recalcitrants on side. His major defaulter was a tough Kiwi miner who had failed to secure a priority boat passage back across the Tasman. When paraded before the company O.C. his defence ran "*I joined this Australian mob to fight Germans, not to peel spuds for a young squirt just out of nappies*". "**Kiwi**" subsequently became an enthusiastic member of our platoon.

Frank relished army life. It was an environment which he enjoyed immensely and a job at which he was well prepared to excel. It was a unique education which his probing mind absorbed to full advantage. As the only child of a broken marriage, it provided his first lengthy experience of close 'family' living and friendships which he cherished for the rest of his days.

In **December 1939** we were detached from our mother unit to form the **2/1 Machine Gun Battalion**, which was to be our home for the next six years. On **4th May 1940** the unit embarked on the *Queen Mary* to join the **6th Division** in the Middle East. However, a worsening situation in Europe and Italy's imminent entry into the war resulted in our convoy being diverted round the Cape of Good Hope to Britain.

We landed at Glasgow and moved straight to our base camp on Salisbury Plain at the time of the Dunkirk disaster, which found us as one of a handful of fully equipped and mobile army units available to confront the expected invasion. Frank was then a corporal and had his section at peak efficiency for such a grim eventuality, which, thanks to the heroes of the Battle of Britain, did not eventuate.



The first contact with the realities of war left Frank with a lasting respect and admiration for the English. Their courage and determination in the face of constant bombing and acute shortages of food and other essential commodities were in extreme contrast to the smug complacency and selfishness prevailing back home. During occasional periods of leave Frank was to experience severe air raids and to assist in recovering the

bodies of innocent civilian victims. In particular the deaths of young children moved him greatly.

With the threat of invasion removed we were granted six days leave which we spent in Scotland. The hospitality of the Scots was such that we were a few days late returning to camp. Consequently our departure from England in late **November 1940** found Frank once more a private soldier happy to resume his favourite role as a No.1 gunner.

The battalion arrived in Europe on **New Year's Eve 1940**, anxious to prove its worth in desert terrain ideally suited to its Vickers medium machine guns. However, the early rout of the Italians in the first Libyan campaign relegated its role to shepherding prisoners to ship transports. Frank soaked up the raw beauty and mystique of the desert, and was somewhat disappointed to embark early in **April 1940** for the humiliating Greek disaster.

An omen greeted our arrival in Greece with a big bang. Enemy planes scored a direct hit on an ammunition ship close to our disembarkation point earlier that day. A few days later our company was occupying a defensive line near the Yugoslav border when the main German push began. Following several sharp actions it became obvious that the scattered Allied fronts could not be held and a fighting withdrawal was ordered. Thereafter

we were constantly on call to provide covering fire for rearguard actions. This job was carried out in the face of continuous unopposed daylight air attacks and greatly superior armour and ground firepower.

Frank romped through this testing period with unrivalled aplomb and courage. On one occasion communication difficulties caused by the fluid nature and speed of the enemy's advance left us in rather a tight hole when word reached our isolated mountain position that the last bridge across our sole line of retreat and supply had been blown by our own sappers. In atonement the same sappers built a trestle bridge over the fast-flowing Aliakmon River which we crossed at midnight and effected our escape as recorded in the battalion's official history as follows :-

“A Company carried out all their guns, spare parts, weapons and gear including instruments and anti-tank rifles, and marched in pitch darkness back over mountain tracks to the Mikrovalton Road, 15 miles to the rear. As no vehicles were available this was a magnificent performance and probably the longest ‘long carry’ on record for a Machine Gun Company. The paths followed were goat tracks, the mountains high and precipitous. One anti-tank rifle only was lost over a mountain ledge into a gorge.”



Frank's personal load on that occasion topped 85 lbs., yet he cheerfully covered much additional ground in doubling back to encourage or otherwise assist tired stragglers. This compassion surfaced again when a team member showed signs of cracking. Frank took him under his wing and nursed him through a tough stretch until medical aid was reached. His stamina was legendary, albeit enhanced by an enviable ability to catnap in most unlikely situations. During the final stages of the withdrawal, mainly carried out under cover of darkness, along congested and bomb-ravaged roads, Frank shared the exacting driving job after his own driver had been killed.

At Roger Hunter's request, the next part of the Likely Story, dealing with the evacuation from Greece is in the words of Reg Gladstone who was the No.2 on Frank's gun at that time.

When we had to run out of Greece, heavily outnumbered, we arrived at a town called Kalamata on **26th April 1941** and embarked on a ship called the *Costa Rica*, heading for Crete. On Sunday 27th we were strafed and bombed by German Stukas. The last bomb, an aerial torpedo, got us and

damaged the propeller, holing the stern so that we began to sink slowly. A British destroyer, the *Hereward*, pulled alongside and took us off, the destroyer captain ordering us to leave everything behind except the things we stood up in. Frank, who feared neither man nor beast, said "No", he wanted to take our Vickers gun. After a great deal of argument, Frank had to give up, as there were about 3,000 troops to be rescued from the *Costa Rica*, and naturally there was not enough room on the destroyer. 'Jeep', as Frank was nicknamed, a top bloke and a good soldier, was very dirty about the incident.

Returning to Tiny Hunter's memories:-

The situation on Crete was grim. Acute shortages of arms, ammunition, food and medical supplies decreed that the size of the force available to defend the island had to be severely restricted. Consequently the battalion's participation was limited to those remnants who had reached Crete by various other means with their guns intact. Their performance in subsequent costly actions was outstanding. Thanks once again to the courage and sacrifices of the Allied naval forces, the remainder of our troops were evacuated to Egypt a few days before the Jerry invasion began.

A period of rest and regrouping in Palestine again saw Frank's enthusiasm and stamina much in evidence at a large Brigade sports meeting. After gaining a close second placing in the mile event he then saddled up to finish fifth of sixty eight starters in the five mile cross country run.

Christmas 1941 was spent among the snow of the Syrian mountains before the unit returned home to Sydney in April 1942 after Japan entered the war.

While on seven days leave we sampled crewing on Johnno Likely's new ketch *Hoi Phoon* which was then moored adjacent to Mosman Ferry Wharf. The motor being on the blink, the owner was not impressed with our debut while beating a passage through the cluttered moorings in the bay.

Intense jungle training in Queensland was interrupted by a two-day leave pass to Brisbane, which somehow found us in Sydney for the marriage of **Valden Alva Likely** to **Jean Gumley Pauling** on 17th July 1942. The minister's repetition of their given names during the ritual cemented a firm resolve that any offspring would not be similarly encumbered. Son **Ian** was born the following year with later arrivals **Susan** and **Laraine** completing a close and happy family.

A week's honeymoon was spent at Jenolan Caves and upon his return from a pleasant AWOL period Acting Sergeant Likely was placed under open arrest pending a C.O.'s hearing. This allowed him to participate as

hooker for our rugby team in an important match. To everyone's amazement he collapsed at half time and was unable to continue. The final diagnosis of the M.O. was 'extreme fatigue.' A few days later Private Likely was back as No.1 on his gun team.

On **29th October 1942**, the Company embarked for New Guinea where it remained until February 1944. Apart from brief stopovers in Port Moresby it operated in remote areas ranging from Wau and Bulolo in the Highlands to coastal regions between Milne Bay and Nassau Bay. As many regions were unsuitable for Vickers guns, we were largely engaged as infantry in patrolling the area which included some of the most difficult terrain and climatic conditions yet encountered. Frank adapted quickly to this new role which supplied further scope for his many talents.

There were lengthy spells when we were entirely dependent on air supplies which often failed to arrive due to adverse weather conditions. At such times Frank's skill with a rifle added a welcome touch of wild pork to a staple diet of sweet potatoes. He also became adept at skewering with his sheath knife, the large and tasty eels resting in ponds along river beds. His crowning achievement occurred during a spell at Oro Bay, after a heavy Jap air-raid sank the Dutch ship *Bantam* in shallow waters which left part of its superstructure exposed at low water. Free-diving Frank located the ship's pantry, organised the recovery of much of its contents by way of a fixed rope guideline, and effected its welcome arrival ashore via the ship's sole undamaged lifeboat.

On his return home Frank was questioned by his Dad as to what constituted his most lasting impressions of the New Guinea campaign. His laconic reply was "*being wet and hungry most of the time*".

The battalion's last action of the war was in support of the 7th Division's seaborne landings at Balikpapan in Dutch Borneo, commencing on **1st July 1945**. During this brief but costly campaign Frank was mainly engaged in the sticky job of mopping up pockets of stubborn Japanese resistance. A sobering feature of this period was the loss of some 'old hands' a few days before V.P. Day on 15th August.

Throughout his six years of war service Frank earned and has retained the regard of all who were privileged to serve with him.

That concludes Roger Hunter's wartime memories, but **Major Jock Williams**, a former Sergeant in Frank's company, who was the 1993 President of the 2/1st Machine Gun Battalion Association, and who gave the eulogy at Frank's funeral, writes:-

I remember my wartime mate Frank Likely very well. His nickname was *Jeep*, and at first I took it that he was named after a cartoon character of that time. That may well have been so, but there was no resemblance. Our

Jeep Likely was like the wartime Jeep, a famous army vehicle that could go anywhere and operate under the worst conditions.

In a machine gun section there were five gunners. Number one was the senior gunner and fired the gun, number two fed the ammunition into the gun and assisted with stoppages, number three carried water for the gun as well as carrying a box of ammunition, while numbers four and five carried extra boxes of ammunition. Frank Likely was a number one gunner for five years which speaks for itself.

A task that soldiers did not relish was patrolling, especially in New Guinea and the most hazardous job in the patrol was scout, because he was most likely to be shot when contact was made with the enemy. Frank volunteered as scout for more than his fair share,

Frank Likely had incredible stamina. Route marches were tough affairs and I can recollect one of 50 kilometres which had to be completed in ten hours. Even fit machine-gunners did not finish. Frank not only completed the march, but helped tiring mates by carrying some of their gear such as a rifle or a haversack. This was a common practice for Frank. He was an outstanding soldier.

Geoff Foster, long time friend and one of MHYC's earliest members notes:

Frank's former army comrades have contributed most generously to the Frank Likely Trust, surely the true test of their continuing regard after a break of almost fifty years.

Whatever else was on the programme after the war, (even a major ocean race, which was always an important event in Frank's life) nothing would stop him from attending a unit reunion. He valued the mateship from army days very highly and travelled with Jean to where-ever the reunion was being held. There is a picture of Frank, a mature-aged Frank, with his old colleagues at a reunion, and another obviously taken on the same day, of Frank firing a Vickers machine-gun, something from which he would have gained boundless pleasure.

However Frank's nature would not allow him to leave his normal sailing mates in a hole. Largely through his ability we won the **1974 Montagu Race**, then one of the premier events on the ocean racing calendar. The following year the Montagu clashed with Frank's reunion, and Frank contacted **Ron Swanson**, another of Australia's premier yachtsmen, as well as the designer of our yacht, to sail in the race in his stead. We still missed Frank - maybe that's why we didn't win.

Sailing 1946 – 1990

Sailing Yarns

Roger (Tiny) Hunter again takes up the story:

Frank resumed civilian life with a new family and a new vocation. After advanced plans to buy a north coast milk run had failed he opted for the new field he was destined to follow.

Early in 1946 Frank bought **Mac's Boatshed**, an isolated rundown boatshed at Sailors Bay, access to which was by way of a steep narrow track through a bushland reserve. This new domain comprised a large shed, a small manually-operated slipway, a leaking pontoon, three ancient rowboats and a handful of moorings. On the plus side however, these daunting features were far outweighed by a superb northerly aspect. At weekends this was to be our second home for the next decade.

The first few years were tough going: New skills to master, tools and equipment to purchase, new clients to attract and a suffocating web of statutory demands to be observed. Frank tackled these challenges with his usual zest and confidence. Natural talents, night tech classes and untiring energy soon earned him a reputation for sound honest work. With his dad's help major additions were completed, included a large slipway, an office/living block, a separate workshop with an adjoining pontoon, enlarged dinghy storage and an extensive crop of moorings. The old track was upgraded to allow vehicle access close to the shed. Frank's strong aversion to paper work, however, curtailed similar progress to his financial state and relationships until a friendly but firm book-keeper took control.



During this period of toil Frank still took time out for play. Early in 1946 I had bought an old 18ft. skiff which Frank transformed into a neat-looking yacht. After a season of weekends of trial and errors we joined **Middle Harbour Yacht Club**, and raced *Nisus* in third division in the company of such greats as **Keith Adams, Alan Jarman, Ron Swanson, Noel Hopkinson and Jim Mason** to name but a few.

Thanks to Frank's for'ard hand skills and cutting references to my concentration lapses we enjoyed several successful seasons before graduating to higher things. On calm nights after racing we would often row a light cedar skiff to Manly for a milkshake - with double sculls, a good time for the trip would be about forty minutes.

Early in the fifties Johnno Likely retired and came to live in the shed. His vast boating experience and technical know-how were of immense value to Frank, while his cheerful personality and cooking prowess were very much appreciated by all who shared them. Johnno's presence also allowed Frank to spend time afloat in *Hoi Phoon* with his family and friends, and to participate more frequently in offshore deliveries, etc. We all looked forward to the Club's Easter pilgrimage to Lake Macquarie aboard *Hoi Phoon*, when, under favourable conditions, we would often sing half the night away. On cold winter nights a wood stove made the shed a cosy haven for yarning or entertaining old army friends. These were the learning years which were to culminate in Frank's pre-eminence in many yachting fields.

It was also the period when his association with his revered mentor, **Ron Swanson**, began. This remarkable duo established instant rapport based on many similar qualities and precepts. As the nucleus of outstanding crews in outstanding yachts designed and/or built by Swanno, they were to achieve legendary success at home and abroad. They will be best remembered, however, for their lifelong dedication towards saving life at sea.

Frank's enthusiasm for training the young surfaced early in his career and was duly noted by local parents. The shed soon became the Mecca for fleets of the VJ class, then popular with aspiring young sailors, with Frank a popular teacher and minder. With unflinching good humour he answered all questions without impatience or criticism. His own interest in the subject matter concerned made him appear less as a tutor and more as a partner in some exciting new discovery. Along with his dad, Frank was ever ready to rescue lads in trouble on the bay. Among the multitude of embryo yachtsmen to benefit from these ministrations was **Peter (Pod) O'Donnell**, later to win a gold medal as **Bill Northam's** for'ard hand at the Tokyo Olympics.

Roger (Tiny) Hunter left Sydney for Tasmania in the 1950s and lived there ever since, but he and Frank always remained close friends, regularly attending army reunions together.

Colin Montgomery adds some of his memories in the dual role of a Boy Scout and many years later as winner of the Bicentennial Round Australia Yacht Race.

I first met Frank Likely just after the Second World War at Likely's Boatshed. I was a member of the 1st Chatswood Sea Scouts who had a boatshed at Sailors Bay.

Frank gave a lot of assistance to the Scouts with small repairs and advice when we got into difficulties. One winter's day in the pouring rain he was kind enough to pull us out of the water when we ditched in a gaff-rigged clinker built 18 footer, a boat type that most readers would only have seen in a museum.

After leaving the Sea Scouts I joined **Middle Harbour Yacht Club**, and sailed on *Ozone* in Division 1 with **Dick McKenzie**. Every Saturday we raced against Frank in his boat *Hoi Phoon*. He was always ready with a smile to tell us what we were doing wrong, until our boat won several races in a row, plus the points score. It was pleasant sailing against a competitor who helped you to beat him!

After *Ozone* was sold I decided I needed a boat for myself and with little money purchased the Colin Archer ketch *Ingrid*, which many years previously had won the Sydney to Hobart Race. It was in a terrible state. Frank invited me to lie up at the second pontoon at his boatshed where *Ingrid* lay for eighteen months. He was an inspiration in getting the boat completely refurbished, changing the rig from fractional to masthead to give more speed to windward. Frank sailed with us on *Ingrid* several times, teaching us to get the best out of her.

Certainly those were really the good days of ocean racing and camaraderie. It was fun!

Unfortunately I had to sell *Ingrid* to raise the money for a new business, but went into partnership with **Cec Haynes** and **Ken Churcher** to buy *Malveena*, and later bought *Toolka* and then *Mululu*. Frank was of great assistance in all these ventures, helping to minimise weight, assist with sail trim, etc. His biggest contribution was his 'quiet advice'. He never raised his voice; very different from the 'screamers' we seemed to get from the various sail lofts.

I sold *Mululu* to build a boat to race in the **Bicentennial Round Australia Race in 1988** which I was determined to win, and built *Otella* with this in mind. Frank had been a member of the organising committee, and when the Fully-crewed and Short-handed Races were combined I grabbed him for the first leg to Brisbane.

I had sailed up Moreton Bay in Sydney to Brisbane Races, but forward of the mast where you need brawn, not brains. There is no doubt in my mind that Frank was a key component in *Otella* winning the first leg, a big

psychological boost. Even though there was a wild gale for the first two days when a boat and crew member were lost, Frank took all his watches which gave the crew a lot of confidence. They felt that if someone of Frank's age would go on deck with gusts of 90 knots, they could do the same. Moreton Bay is like Storm Bay only worse. You have no wind and large tidal currents. Frank took charge of the boat after we rounded Caloundra Light and worked her up the Bay to the finishing line. As we expected, the wind gradually dropped to nothing, but under Frank's capable guidance *Otella* did not stop and crossed the line first and a winner.

Geoff Foster was another fortunate enough to have sailed with Frank, and he notes:-



After joining Middle Harbour Yacht Club, virtually as a landlubber in 1963, somehow I was No.1 Offshore rep in 1969. Frank was a member of the Race Committee with abundant wisdom and experience to contribute. The following year (1990), much to my surprise and delight Frank asked whether he could sail with me, an

offer that was immediately accepted. His father had died earlier in the year, maybe that was the reason for his decision to leave *Hoi Phoon* just for cruising, but it was wonderful to have one of Australia's premier yachtsmen in the crew.

Before Frank we had been a crew of beginners, mostly going along for the ride. Now we became a force to be reckoned with, winning races not only in Middle Harbour Yacht Club, but also the Montagu and two Cabbage Tree races. In 1975 we entered the Noumea race, a decision we would not have made but for the Likely presence, and came second after many of the larger yachts retired in a storm. Frank had been looking forward to the return sail back to Sydney with his lifelong friend Tiny Hunter who flew to Noumea, but Frank was unable to do so due to the death of his mother, necessitating his flying back to Sydney post haste. However, Tiny joined three perfect strangers and was a tower of strength all the way to Sydney.

Everyone who sailed with Frank profited from the experience. He never thrust his knowledge down your throat, but quietly did things efficiently and properly, with the result that you were sailing well and doing your best for him and trying to make him proud of us all. There was no question of paying Frank for his involvement, he always insisted on paying his whack and was always surprised when we gave him some little personal trophy to

commemorate a race that we had won largely because of his ability and enthusiasm.

Frank's practical ability was well known. The **1976 Mooloolaba Race** was sailed in a southerly gale, and *Helsa's* time of just over 45 hours stood as the record for eighteen years. Frank and I were among *Harmony's* crew, and our radio was knocked out by a wave that broke in the cockpit early in the race so that we could not answer any skeds. No other yacht reported our position, and in view of apparent concern about our safety I rang Vic English, the Race Director at Mooloolaba as soon as we finished, to receive the reply "*We weren't worried about Harmony, we knew that Frank would rebuild the boat if necessary.*"

Typical of Frank's modesty, his skill and ability is covered by a single entry in **Lou d'Alpuget's** book '**Yachting in Australia**', and even that being a partly apocryphal event passed on to Lou by Geoff Foster. Lou, now father-in-law of former Prime Minister Bob Hawke wrote of an incident in a Brisbane Race in the late nineteen seventies

"Early one morning off Port Macquarie Geoff Foster and Frank Likely were on watch together when they saw a sea turtle a few hundred yards ahead of them which, like them, seemed to be heading north. As the yacht approached, the turtle accelerated and swam further ahead, but still remained in view. Likely and Foster responded to the challenge, trimming sails and concentrating on every lift in the breeze and the shape of each sea to catch up. It took more than an hour to do so, and when they drew alongside, they found that the turtle was, in fact a battered oil drum used to buoy an anchored fish trap. It had remained stationary while the yacht was carried stern-first at over three knots in the southerly current."

Didn't that true story bring some laughs, maybe tongue in cheek respect, when told across the bar!

The Bicentennial Round Australia Race was probably Frank's last major race, an event composed of a number of stages with *Otella* the overall winner. It was undoubtedly his overall knowledge and commonsense approach that led David Holloway, then President of the Australian Yachting Federation to seek Middle Harbour Yacht Club's involvement as race headquarters.

The success of the race was somewhat mixed with a small fleet and no overall sponsor, but it linked all major ports and provided considerable pleasure to those who did take part, such as members of the **Ocean Youth Club of Australia** in *Sir Thomas Sopwith* , skippered by **Don Gillies**, current chairman of the Frank Likely Trust. The race was run in conjunction with the Shorthanded Round Australia Race, the driving force for which was

Don McIntyre, now a Trustee with his wife **Margie**, who spent a year in the Antarctic. Don had previously completed a solo round the world race and has always been a generous contributor to the Trust as shown by the address that Don and Margie gave at Middle Harbour Yacht Club when the entire proceeds were donated to the Trust.



Siandra's winning crew for the 1960 Sydney to Hobart. – Pod O'Donnell, Frank Likely, Doug Patterson, Graham Newland and Ron Swanson

Frank summed up his racing career in a Middle Harbour Yacht Club **LOG**, then a roneoed sheet in 1974 beginning that he sailed on Tiny Hunter's 18 footer *Nisus* from 1947 to 1954, then sailed *Hoi Phoon* until 1971, noting that his first ocean racing season was 1956 with **Graham Newlands** on *Siandra*, when they came 5th in the Hobart, repeating the dose in 1958 and 1960 with better effect, first both times. Frank's ability and compatibility were such that he sailed in *Camille* when she was the top-scoring yacht in Australia's first **Admirals Cup Challenge**; competed in **One Ton Cup** events for Australia in Denmark and for France in Australia and in almost all major ocean races in local waters.

Maybe the Brisbane Race, later to become the Mooloolaba was the event from which Frank derived the greatest pleasure. He was one of the original organising committee with Horrie Godden, then Commodore and Brisbane Lord Mayor Clem Jones. The first race was in 1964 when Frank sailed on *Carmen*, coming second, followed by another second in *Calliope* in 1965 and a first place in *Camelot* in 1966. However it may have been the 1967 race that gave Frank the greatest pleasure although he only got a fourth place, but it was in *Hoi Phoon*, his heavy and comfortable timber ketch, a yacht full of happy memories for so many people, but hardly a racing machine. In an era of sloops with alloy masts and spars *Hoity* could always be identified as the yacht (hopefully stated to be a ketch) with two wooden masts and a bowsprit.

When Middle Harbour Yacht Club decided to move the finishing line from **Brisbane** to **Mooloolaba** - an event which immediately doubled the feet - it was Frank who led discussions with Queensland Cruising Yacht Club. He negotiated with such tact that Queensland Cruising Yacht Club continued to donate a trophy for many years.

The Volunteer

Frank sailed brilliantly but he put an equal or even greater effort into helping others enjoy his chosen sport.

MHYC had been founded in 1939 but had not really got into its stride until after the war. For many years it operated almost entirely through voluntary labour - the first paid sailing secretary was appointed in 1979, after receiving an honorarium for working on a part-time basis for the previous two years. Frank was honorary race secretary from 1949 for some years and Rear Commodore for three years, although it is doubtful if he ever wished to become Commodore. Frank was on the Race Committee for about forty years, at a time when membership of the Committee demanded real commitment, there was no computer to work out results, for many years there was only a part-time girl in the office who also did general administration and accounts, and for twenty five years there was no paid race secretary. Despite the lack of outside help and electronic gadgetry, perhaps because of its absence, members were involved in running their own events. Fleets in the 1970s were double the size of those twenty years later, and Frank Likely's involvement typifies that of many members at that time.

He also held high office in the **Yachting Association of NSW** and for many years was Chairman of the **YA Offshore Safety Committee** and a member of the **Offshore Racing Committee**, both of these positions being as the Middle Harbour Yacht Club delegate. For a number of years he served on the Yachting Association of **NSW Racing Rules Committee** and was Queensland's delegate on the **Australian Yachting Federation Rules Committee** – a certain tribute to the regard in which he was held by yachtsmen even hundreds of miles away. Lastly he was an **Australian Yachting Federation (AYF) IOR measurer**, as well as being involved with the fledgling **Training Committee**.

Frank's compassion and desire to be of help was always apparent. In 1983 *Waikikamukau* was one of two yachts tragically lost during a Junior Offshore Group (JOG) night race to Botany Bay and back, and a number of crew were missing including **John Tavener**, a personal friend with whom Frank had often sailed and a Middle Harbour Yacht Club Committeeman. Frank had recently undergone hip replacement surgery and was comparatively immobile, but insisted on going out on *Color 7*, the Club's starting boat, in rough conditions in the hope of finding possible survivors, a search that proved abortive.

Safety First

1957 saw the introduction of basic sailing rules, because boat owners were becoming more adventurous. New boats were being built to the designs of Alan Payne, Robert Clark, Laurent Giles, Arthur Robb, and Sparkman and Stephens. The designs were seaworthy and kept pace with the traditional designs on the harbour. Guard rails were becoming accepted and a centre lifeline was considered a good idea!

Safety equipment was minimal with the general attitude of 'one hand for yourself and one for the boat' and 'don't fall overboard: you know what that could mean!' A southerly gale of 60 knots during a night sail to Port Stephens and the Myall Lakes (before the bridge to Hawks Nest restricted access for tall-masted boats) found Frank Likely on the blackest of nights on the bow of *Hoi Poon* clawing down the headsail with the only safety procedure available – calling out every fifteen seconds or so that he was OK. Prompted by such an experience, Frank readily volunteered to become Safety Officer and joined up with safety officers appointed by other clubs, starting a huge development in safety gear and life rafts, and an accepted standard of safety rules

In boating safety Frank Likely became the guiding light. He would not just think or write about safety, he would do it! Don Gilles remembers him testing retro reflective patches on wet weather gear. Not sufficient to try it on one set, he had many of us fronting up with our gear to have patches firmly glued on and tested! In fact Don's jacket still has the patches attached.

Frank was not just content with organising and taking part in safety exercises, but, with the approval of Yachting Association and other bodies tested items of safety equipment as it came on the market. One test registered with a great many members of MHYC when he donned safety harness and cast himself off the first floor balcony. Neville Watkins, another long time friend with a humorous touch describes the incident thus:-

“Frank's object was to show how to release oneself from a yacht safety harness. He thought the best way to show this was to suspend himself on a tight rope, stretched very effectively by some truckies in the Club from the top veranda rail to the wharf near the starter's box. He took off from the Club veranda, and decided to slide down the rope to a spot just above the sand, hanging by his harness safety rope. However, in skidding down the rope, using his safety rope passed over the tight rope, he forgot, having been brought up on cotton and manila ropes, that synthetic ropes don't like friction. The slide down melted the rope and down came Frank, crashing four metres to the sand. In true circus fashion he fronted up again, suspended from the rope, and against his

own body weight released the harness, dropping a metre or so to the sand to deafening applause.”

Many people owe their insight into survival to Frank's commitment and organising ability. He and **Horrie Godden** started up the much awaited and respected bi-yearly life-raft exercises from MHYC. Horrie Godden, past Commodore and the 'father of the Brisbane Race' who was at one time both Commodore of Middle Harbour Yacht Club and President of Yachting Association of NSW had been active in arranging offshore safety demonstrations and had died on his yacht *Kaleena* one Friday night immediately before a demonstration.

Frank took over Horrie's role with his usual enthusiasm and determination, organising and taking part in practical life-raft exercises, when a number of life-rafts with volunteers wearing safety gear were cast adrift for twenty four hours off Sydney Heads. Many of the crew suffered seasickness as a result of their sojourn. All, including national as well as local yachting authorities gained valuable knowledge of survival at sea following abandonment of their craft.

Since Frank's death in 1990 Middle Harbour Yacht Club had not conducted any life-raft exercises until members of the Frank Likely Trust under **Don Gillies** revived the concept in 1995. Through Don's keenness and with support from the Cruising Division, safety lectures started in February 1996, the first series being attended by twenty eight people, members and others who had read of the courses in the local press.

Training Trails



Perhaps the most enduring and important of Frank's activities was on the training side of yachting in which he led Middle Harbour Yacht Club to a position of leadership in NSW and almost certainly in Australia. It was he who arranged the courses, found instructors with whom he prepared the appropriate syllabus, agreed fee structures, prepared paperwork, reserved rooms at the Club or elsewhere, found boats for waterborne sections of the course and did all the preparatory work with help from the office staff at the Club. In short, Frank did all the preparatory work, and, when the course was in progress he attended some of the lectures to ensure that all was proceeding to plan and that high

standard were met. All this was in addition to his role as Chairman of the Club's training committee.

Don Gillies, Chairman of the Frank Likely Trustees has particular memories which he penned in December 1996, six years after Frank's death.

In January 1981 I retired from the Australian Army to take up the position as **Executive Director of the Yachting Association of NSW (YA)**. This was to be an enjoyable challenge. During my military service I had the opportunity to participate in a number of Inter Service Sailing Competitions in Melbourne, Sydney and Canberra and had participated in a number of Sydney to Hobart races as a member of a service crew on board *Anaconda II*. The highlight of my career was to sail on *Anaconda* from Sydney to Plymouth. I mention this by way of introduction because even though I believed I had some significant sailing experience, I found that I could always learn from listening to and observing Frank Likely.

My task at the Yachting Association of NSW was to gain better collaboration between members of the sailing community and the YA and to assist in the introduction of the **Australian Yachting Federation (AYF) National Training Schemes into NSW**. In both these tasks I was to be thankful for the advice and wisdom that Frank quietly, readily yet firmly gave to me. He was always ready to help those who were interested in learning.

At the time of my joining the Yachting Association, Frank was heavily involved in his own club, MHYC. He was particularly busy in developing the Club into a premier training centre, wherein members and the general public, could come and enrol in a wide variety of courses. People could learn a whole range of skills - from dinghy sailing, yacht handling and seamanship, navigation, meteorology, engine maintenance, safety and radio operation. He was particularly keen on attracting adults learning to sail. He believed in encouraging new members and ensuring that they sailed safely and gained maximum enjoyment from their time on the water.

I remember the day I first met Frank. After measuring yachts in the early morning, he had a habit of coming into the YA office to drop off his paperwork and have a 'cuppa'. Sitting in my office, I can recall hearing this person with a slow drawl saying words to the effect "*where's this new army bloke?*"

I came out to be greeted by this shortish person with a happy smile (I can always remember the smile because of the gold tooth) and dressed in work clothes, a trademark of Frank's I was quickly to discover. He quizzed me about my army days. Having since had the opportunity to read about some of Frank's exploits during his wartime army service and movement up and down the ranks, I now have better insight into the direction of his questions!

I had heard of Frank's commendable sailing achievements, it was hard to believe that this quiet, reserved person was such an accomplished sailor. During the short time I knew him, Frank did not use his achievements to impress others, but influenced them through their respect for his knowledge and experience and through the development of mutual trust.

This was to be the beginning of a close relationship. After a few months in the job we had some changes in the office staff. When I was asked by **Geoff Foster** to write a few words for this story of Frank's life, I was reminiscing with two of the new staff members who became the mainstays of the office - **Diana Turner** (Wilford in those days) and **May Gregor** (who subsequently went on to work in the AYF). We could all remember Frank's 'cuppa's', his dedication to all things sailing, his cheerfulness, quiet manner and strength of character.

Frank would regularly come to the YA office for a yarn about what was going on with the AYF training scheme. He was like a ferret or a sponge (I'm not sure which). He was very proud of what MHYC was doing. He quickly saw the advantages in a national coordinated scheme to raise standards of seamanship and safety and worked closely with **Alastair Mitchell**, the **National Coaching Director of the Australian Yachting Federation** (AYF). Alastair was instrumental in developing the syllabus and setting up the schemes around Australia. Frank had the ability to identify people with skills and commitment and to get them involved. He gathered a band of willing helpers at MHYC, including people such as **Gordon Forbes-Smith, John Tavener, Roger Lewis, Terry Ayscough, Terry Fitzgerald** and **Marian Packer**. Frank would find someone to help with his courses; he would then be on hand at the Club to make sure all was well.

Sailing Birds



including attending the Graduation Dinner!

The Sailing Birds was first formed in 1976 at the MHYC under the direction of Joanna van Gray, Cliff McGarry, Marian Packer and others, with the support and help of Frank Likely. The purpose of the group was to give women the opportunity to learn the art of sailing. Many people, both male and female have learned to sail safely and enjoyably through their participation in this course,

Marian Packer worked with Frank in running the sail training programs and she reflects on one memorable survival training event.

The late 70's saw MHYC Sailing Birds participate with **Frank Likely** in the liferaft exercise conducted by MHYC.

Leaving the club early in the morning **aboard Alan Sweeny's** yacht *Diamond Cutter* we made our way out the heads. At a given time signal we were to board the 10 man life raft approx 10 miles off the heads. Frank was very patient showing us over the boat, deciding what we should take and who would take what at the given time.

No-one knew what length of drogue we had on our life raft, we were to try and sail the life raft, as best we could. We made a valiant attempt with a paddle, a bucket and a storm jib, steering was difficult, but at least the uncomfortable motion was reduced.

One Sailing Bird was rescued by the Water Police as she was very sea sick. Whilst the rest didn't feel too good we were able to let off the flares at 12 noon. Frank once again assisted, telling us how to hold and light the flares and how to hold them out and up so the smoke didn't fill the raft. We were supposed to try the food rations but all we tried were the sponges to keep the floor dry.

After 6 hours of sitting in the raft we were picked up by the Water Police (first all female crew plus Frank), returning at great speed to get ready for a debriefing while the others had to motor back to the Club.

Junior Sailing

Learning by '*mucking-around-in-boats*' (complemented by sailing against other juniors in races, organised club members) began to take on a more formal look at MHYC in the late 1970's. Junior sailing came under Frank's general direction.

His aim was to ensure that as many children as possible learnt to sail safely and enjoyably. Extending the structure and disciplined approach to learning to sail with safety now afforded by the 'AYF approved' courses for adults, was an ideal vehicle to broaden the appeal of sailing to the next generation.

A four-day program with an instructor and curriculum was organised. Running over summer school holidays, these courses began to attract children who had never before had anything to do with sailing. The concept of wily, experienced hands teaching the young gained credibility through the tutoring, given with much patience and care by **John 'Buster' Brown** and **Marian Packer** (both later to become life members of MHYC) in the early 1980s. Frank participated as often as time allowed, organising instruction, handing out merit certificates and signing proficiency log books for those who 'graduated' from the courses.

Having established the framework, Frank played a guiding role and mentor to those who were more directly concerned with organising the growing ranks of children. His philosophy - that sailing was something that could, and should, be enjoyed over a lifetime - depended on entering into it in the right spirit and with the knowledge to have 'fun' and sail 'safely'. This was for him - as in his life - not only the 'right way' but in many respects the only way.

Thus on many occasions 'juniors' would test their boat-handling skills if there was a surfable swell running or practice good natured 'bombing' runs on their opposition with the 'blessing' of the organising committee while making their way back to the Club after competition. Perhaps also as a reflection on his own upbringing, the pervading 'ethic' was that sailing was to be enjoyed to its fullest. The emphasis of all training was on participation and proficiency rather than competition.

Against this rich background, Australia won the America's Cup in the early summer of 1983. The crew of *Australia II* became heroes to a whole generation of youngsters wanting to sail boats. The now established Junior Training programs at MHYC first filled, and then overflowed.

Supported by an enthusiastic group of parents, more and more children from 8 to 15 completed their tuition and entered in the Club's Junior Pointscore races on Sundays. By 1984/5 MHYC had more than 150 registered junior members many actively racing in Manly Juniors, Flying 11's and a mixed 'open' fleet of assorted dinghies. In the season's opening regatta in 1986 (to which other local sailing clubs were also invited) more than 100 crews participated.

Though he appeared less and less on Sundays as the 1980's drew to a close, Frank would quite often be spotted checking safety gear or helping a new crew tie a knot and such was his standing that his comments back to the Junior's Centreboard Committee on anything - particularly if it concerned safety - were taken with great seriousness.

'Racing' in junior sailing was less of a goal for Frank (who of course himself competed in many races) than sound seamanship. And it is to his everlasting credit and tribute that these young sailors were taught 'right'. Take, for example one of the 'graduates' from the 'class of 1983' (later to become a National women's Class Champion) who was racing in a Manly Junior Regatta at Port Kembla in a very brisk nor'easter with her younger sister as crew when the mainsail collapsed. Undaunted by a lee shore and one metre chop (these waves look enormous when you are 11 years old) she capsized her boat, untied a toe-strap, and reattached the mainsail headboard and halyard, and went on to complete the course without receiving outside assistance. While **Kay Cottee** later presented an award 'for seamanship' it was the kind of daring and unheralded initiative

generated by Frank Likely, inspired training programs and his pervasive enthusiasm over the years before that were truly being recognised.

The 'golden era' of junior sailing at Middle Harbour Yacht Club prompted by the cup win lasted well into 1990's and produced many junior champions. Middle Harbour Yacht Club twice won the **Manly Junior Teams trophy** and young sailors won **State, National and World Junior** titles in a variety of classes. Those who didn't win honours on shorter courses often went on to compete in Hobart races and offshore events. Many continue to sail today and one at least is a current Olympian.

Many recipients of awards from the Frank Likely Trust have been junior sailors. His contribution to junior sailing and sailors was, and continues to be, significant. While the modern age has seen a more commercial approach to sail training and instruction, Frank created a learning environment which generated an awareness and camaraderie rare among younger sailors. It not only raised the bar, but it still persists today and, through the Trust, will hopefully continue tomorrow.

Navigators Association

The MHYC Navigators' Association was formed in 1983 with such eminent navigators such as Richard 'Sightie' Hammond and Malcolm Murray.



A valuable mounted copy of Norries Tables, printed in 1844, was donated by Frank Likely in 1988 as the centrepiece of what was to become the Navigator's Association Annual Trophy. Frank did all the mounting work himself, yet another example of the vast range of his interests and activity within the Club. The trophy, proudly displayed in the club's trophy cabinet in the main bar, is awarded to a club member who made special contribution in the area of navigation.

Yacht Measurement

Ocean racing yachts have to undergo complicated measurements to determine their rating for handicap purposes, and it is as a measurer that **John Anderson of YA of NSW first remembered Frank Likely.**

It was a task that was subject to a nominal fee that did little more than meet expenses. Mutual trust between owner and measurer was vital, a factor that Frank supplied to the full, while his practical knowledge was invaluable.

Still water and light winds were also necessary conditions which apply in the early morning. To take advantage of these conditions Frank often slept the night in his panel van on site so as to make an early start.

There were times when the vital measurements would not have been made without Frank as no other measurers were available and his activities covered virtually the entire state. Agility is needed for the task, which he carried out despite the handicap of worn joints and hips that had to be replaced, and he looked to the future by training new measurers, an activity that showed a dropout rate of 90% of candidates because of the complicated system, need for scrupulous honesty in recording measurements, and the lack of adequate financial reward.

In Summary

Soon after Frank's death, **Don Gillies**, previously Executive Director of the Yachting Association of NSW wrote of the bond that had developed between Frank and himself when Don was appointed to YA in 1981, and continues:

“Frank was then Chairman of the YA Safety Committee, a position that he carried out with professionalism, dedication and concern for the safety of his fellow yachtsman and woman. He had a boundless knowledge of the technicalities of the sport and left you with the impression that he had probably forgotten more than some of us had ever learnt about the art and science of sailing. His dedication, knowledge and quiet reassuring attitude, persuaded, me to assist him with his life-raft and safety seminars which he enjoyed holding at Middle Harbour Yacht Club on behalf of the Yachting Association of NSW”.

The sailors of NSW and Middle Harbour Yacht Club in particular, owe a great deal to Frank's knowledge, experience, determination, commitment and dedication. Frank did not have a bad word for anyone. He had tremendous courage and will be missed by all who have come in contact with him. Yachting lost a good teacher, dedicated safety expert, member and friend. We have all gained from having known him.

He will always remain sailing's 'quiet achiever.

Frank Likely Trust

Frank passed away on **10th November, 1990** and there was a rapid and spontaneous movement to commemorate his life in a meaningful manner. With the advice of solicitor **Peter Sorensen** and Middle Harbour Yacht Club auditor **John Page** a Trust was formed with the stated objectives as follows -

1. To perpetuate the memory of Frank Likely in view of his many years of outstanding voluntary service to yachting and Middle Harbour Yacht Club.
2. To assist Middle Harbour Yacht Club members and young sailors selected at the discretion of the Committee to compete in yacht and dinghy racing.
3. To make awards to outstanding persons who have contributed valuable services to the Middle Harbour Yacht Club and Australian Yachting in the Frank Likely Spirit.

The Trust Deed was dated 16th January 1991, Trustees being **Keith Tierney, Tony Hill** and **Maurice Gilet**, all being Middle Harbour Yacht Club's senior Flag Officers, **Marian Packer, Geoff Foster, Don Gillies** and **Wayne Parkes**, all of whom had known Frank well through sailing and particularly through training.

An appeal was sent to Club members and Frank's army mates from the days of World War 2, including Club members, past and present, whose debentures were due for repayment and all responded generously and promptly. Early decisions were that the Trust Fund should be self-perpetuating, spending only interest from donations, and that the beneficiaries should, in turn, make a contribution to the Club and fellow members through training, coaching or other voluntary assistance.



Money was being received sufficiently fast for Trustees to make the first award in May 1991 to **Matthew Bassett** with the confidence that the fund would be self-perpetuating and the 1991 Annual Report included the names of 62 donors.

Trustees adopted the philosophy that beneficiaries must have sailing ability, be prepared to accept financial help as well as appropriate training, and be ready to pass on their knowledge to others, or help in the conduct of the Club in meaningful ways, likening this to Frank Likely's life as a 'quiet achiever'. This is stated in the commemorative plaque in the Club, which reads in part:-

“The Trust helps young sailors to compete and acquire skills which, without assistance would be beyond them. Criteria for assistance include applicants’ sailing ability, together with their commitment to the Club and willingness to pass on their knowledge to others...”

The Frank Likely Trust is dedicated to his memory and commemorates his devotion to yachting and, above all, to helping others. The Trust has been established to recognise and develop these qualities in younger members for the long term benefit of Middle Harbour Yacht Club and sailing generally.

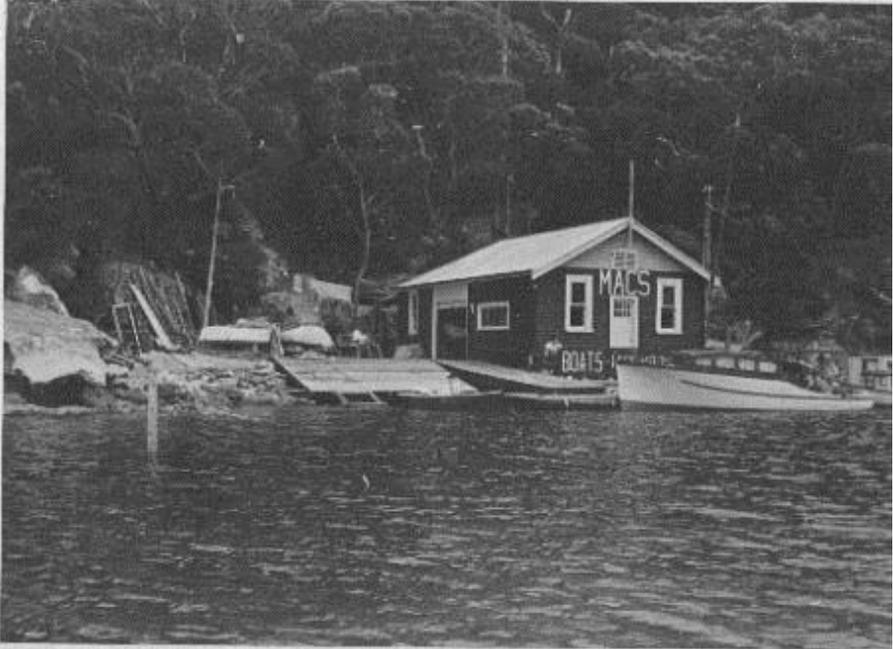
The names of beneficiaries to 2003 follow, and the Trust, through its recognition by the Australian Sports Foundation has the ability to make donations to specified sailors tax free to the donors, subject to Sports Foundation and Tax Office approval. All the beneficiaries to date have lived up to the Trust ideals, although the benefits will not become fully apparent for some years to come in some cases.

Additional Trust Events

- In 1995 Trustees, led by chairman Don Gillies revived practical safety demonstration days and in February 1996 Don ran a marine survival training course attended by twenty eight students, further vital aspects of sailing that had been foremost in Frank’s mind.
- Others to follow the gospel of teaching safe sailing were **Doug and Val Brooker**, long-term friends of Frank’s. They ran a very successful course on sailing the Barrier Reef, donating the proceeds to the Trust.
- In 1993 the Trust, through **Merilyn Bury**, a trustee, was responsible for re-starting the Melbourne Cup lunch at the Club, which had lapsed with the demise of the Associates. The Trust has also conducted other events such as visits to Spectacle Island.
- Major contributors have been **Don and Margie McIntyre** who have donated the proceeds of their talks on Antarctica to the Trust.

FRANK LIKELY TRUST BENEFICIARIES TO 2003

1991	Matthew Bassett	Matt had crewed with MHYC Juniors for 9 years and the Trust enabled him to skipper his 'own' dinghy which it made available for a full racing season.
1992	Mandy Higgins	Mandy had skippered a Flying 11 in 3 National Women's championships from MHYC but did not have the means to move to bigger classes. The Trust provided a 420, new sails and competition entry fees. Mandy qualified as a Sailing Instructor.
1993	Ranger Girl Guides*	Five Ranger Guides (*Tracey Follers, Debbie Johnson, Anita Kingdom, Denise Kyzelis, Sharon Tickell) from R.T.S. Tingira, the Girl Guides Outdoor Water Activities Centre for NSW received formal instruction in sailing and safety for a year with MHYC, knowledge now being passed on to junior guides and MHYC members. Anita Kingdom conducted a course for MHYC juniors and Debbie Johnson was active in the Ocean Youth Club.
1994	Gary Moon	Gary was assisted in his Flying 11 campaign with new equipment, new sails, instruction and race training. With the confidence and knowledge gained Gary is now an apprentice sailmaker.
1996	Chris Cuttle	Chris was encouraged to graduate from Manly Juniors with assistance to purchase a Flying 11. He sailed with MHYC junior division.
	Andrew Verdon	A former MHYC Junior, Andrew was seriously campaigning in the Laser Class with 2000 in mind. He received assistance with overseas and interstate travel and accommodation.
1997	Rebecca Mobbs	Rebecca was a keen and competitive MJ sailor who needed assistance to keep developing her skills and engaging in higher level competition
1999	Daniel Gain	Flying 11'??
	Shane Guanaria	A keen Tasar sailor who achieved 7th place in the Open Division in the World Titles. Volunteered to coach Rebecca Amies as part of his award
2000	Rebecca Amies	A creditable 1st in World Junior Division
2003	Sea Safety & Survival	Four junior sailors sailing offshore: George Hinings, William Horne, Nick Payton, Michael Reynolds



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