

Poet's Corner

The Best Days That I've Had!

The race was postponed the other day
So I filled in the time sitting around in the usual
way
My eyes just vacantly looking around
And fell upon an old friend who was really down.

In a strange way I was taken aback
When I saw the old Northbridge 401 in the rack.
She looked old, someone had painted her a cacky
brown
And she looked as if she had a constant frown.

I remember her when she was new,
I built her, she was one of two.
Varnished cedar hulls as shiny as can be,
My two little boys loved Tweedledum and
Tweedledee.

They were the pride of the Club in their day,
The beat all the Sabots and Minnows in the bay.
Even went to Sydney and showed them the way
And won a couple of Vic. Titles I'm proud to say.

I look past her at an "A" class in the yard
Proud, a winner, her skipper sails her so hard.
But that little boat taught him how races can be
won,
But more importantly taught him that sailing is
fun.

I somehow rather fancy she'd love to be out there
in the fleet
With a little skipper hanging by the toe straps half
way up the beat,
To be dragged up the beach, left with her old sails
flapping
To be around those little sailors and hear their
constant yapping.

That little boat was part of the best days that I've
had
It was new! I was young and hearing constantly
"Hey Dad!"
As the kids rigged their boats I was always on the
run
And those little boats taught them to love waves,
wind and sun.

As I go I pat her hull with my hand
"Thank you, little friend for those days that were
grand"
Those two small boys are now men and still love
the sea
And I love those great memories you brought back
to me.

Max Owen – January 2000

N.B.J. Fever – Fiona Bird - February 1979.

We're the "Northbridge skippers from McCrae,
We sail for hours and hours every day,
Cause we're slightly like "Noah",
We're a little bit slowa,
We just hop on our boats and away.

We try to stick together,
In all sorts of weather,
Though some of us do scatter,
They say it doesn't matter,
Because McCandy watches us all the way.

We know we're Nigel's chicks,
And we'r not just there for kicks,
We want to learn to sail
In shine, rain or hail.
And Barry says we're doing O.K!

I can sea flag of red,
Oh! It's only Timmy's head
What's he doing way out there?
Happened again! Well I don't care,
Lookout! Here comes "Virgo" in my way.

I called "Starboard" but he couldn't give a dam,
If I don't watch out I'm gonna be jam.
Thank goodness he tacked,
My little boat would have been hacked,
And in the workshop up until May.

It's Saturday and it's 9.00 am,
Boats on the beach and rigged again.
All the cadets are doing a test
Hope they're all doing their best,
It's not long now to Presentation Day for McCrae
(Y.C.)

From a Bird's Eye View

While on the beach down at McCrae,
Twenty years ago, I'd say,
We came across this Guy called Doug,
A member of the sailing club.

He said "I know a person you should meet,
He'll put you straight, he's really sweet!"
So off we went, all wet and sandy,
To the club ... and Mr Candy.

I felt myself work up a lather,
There before me, stood by Father!
The likeness was in every pose
Moustache and glasses – not the nose.

Our kids grew up with heaps of fun,
And sailed, enjoyed the games, and sun.
They learned so much, all very handy,
Especially ... keep clear of Mr Candy.

One season when no crew was handy,
I helped to run the craft McCandy.
But my term was cut too short,
I smashed my knee ... so no more sport.

Cedric without crew again,
Cast around for days ... and then
He spied a lass, ... "we're right McCandy,
I'll go down and ask Anne Tandy..

Your dulcet tones through P.A. heard,
Made folks hang on your every word,
"Boats off the lawn!! .. Cars off the beach !!
Don't climb the fence the sand to reach!!"

But when it all is said and done,
Who saw to, how a Club was run?
And late at night, when you're all out,
Who locked the gates, and looked about?

You saw that all was safe and sound,
T'was good to have C.C. around.
And now another Era's started,
Cedric and his books have parted.

New Peter Bird's the one to peck,
Away at the job called "HON. SEC."
My old man, - he'll pay his dues,
But he can't fit in Cedric's shoes.

When P.B.'s stuck and not so dandy,
He'll prob'ly turn to Cedric Candy,

But Cedric, if he's any sense,
Will be with Kath, beyond that fence.

Underneath their large umbrella,
With two straws – one Sarsperella.
Thank you Cedric, and need I say,
We all love you at McCrae.

Eileen Bird – May 1993 – on the retirement of
Cedric Candy as Hon. Secretary.

MACKA MCCRAE'S HIT

Chorus:
The birds on the beach they just sit in the sun
Getting third degree burns is their idea of fun,
But me I love sailing on Port Phillip Bay
And I love every minute I spend at McCrae

I wake up in the morning it's blowing a gale,
I could stay warm in bed and touch my wife on the
tail.
But there's a race at the Club I can't miss it today
So I hop out of bed and I head for McCrae.

I walk on the beach and the weather is grand
I can tell by the way it's blowing crabs from the
sand.
I rig up my boat, it takes me an hour
And I'm cold and I'm wet from that last freezing
shower.

The OOD says its on! Get on to the water,
I pretend not to hear cos I don't think I oughter!
The other blokes say c'mon its gunna be good,
So out there I go but I don't think I should.

O' the wind it is strong and the water is rough
I get out on trapeze, boy this is really tough.
Yes I get started and I'm flying on the Beat
Till I buries the bow and don't throw off the sheet.

Oh I fly thru the air I come down with a crash
See my boat go right over and make a great splash.
I think things are bad cos I gunna come last!
But they can always get worse yes I busted my
mast.

On the crash boat that comes there's a great deal
of Mirth
Yes, it's skippered I know by my old cobber –
Murf!
He produces his camera and asks me to smile!
Says if you need any help I'll be back in a while.

I got dragged up the beach all battered and worn
 My mast is broken and my new sail is torn.
 There's hole in my hull just as big as the bay,
 And my wife come to greet me says "Mothers
 coming to stay".

I head for the shower I feel ninety years old,
 And yes you have guessed it, the bloody thing's
 cold.
 There's a social club barby, I'll have a chop and a
 beer,
 When I get there it's over an the tables are clear.

I go to my car and the tyre is flat,
 I get out the spare and there's no air either in that.
 I finally get home – Oh boy what a day,
 I can't wait till next week to get back to McCrae.

Macka McCrae (aka Max Owen).

The "BEACH BAGS" Response to Macca McCrae
(Sung go "Click Go the Shears")

ALL
 Tonight we are assembled for a very worthwhile
 cause,
 To celebrate the birthdays of two very good
 friends of yours,
 These two lovely ladies, always smart and nifty,
 Surprisingly, surprisingly, have reached the age of
 FIFTY!

ALL
 Lauris is fifty, and so is Eileen too,
 So we all got together, and wondered what to do,
 Eileen was given some time-off (we think it was
 an hour)
 But couldn't you guess what happened –
 She was needed in the tower!

ALL
 Lauris, as you know, always neat and trim,
 And from all accounts, it seems she's also prim,
 Well may you ask "How do you know"
 Seven nighties filled the case in her honeymoon
 trousseau.

1st Chorus – Men only
 Quick go the years girls, quick, quick, quick,
 Wider are your beams, and your waistlines, thick,
 However hard you try, you resort to reading
 glasses,

The active ones go diving and attend aerobic
 classes.

Ladies only
 Macca McCrae, though a very good part actor,
 Doesn't know of sun creams which contain the
 highest factor,
 If he thinks we bags suffer third degree burn
 That proves the "Lighthouse Laurate" has a
 helluva lot to learn.

Ladies only
 We must admit, "the bags" have lots of fun,
 Sitting on our beach chairs, soaking up the sun,
 While you're on the water, we hear of many a tale,
 And later on you all return with "What a ripper
 sail".

Ladies only
 We don't quite believe it, as you shiver, cold and
 wet,
 So we think to ourselves "how stupid can you
 get?"
 So, if again the old bard dags "the bags" with (T)
 Chorus,
 We'll fight back hard and let him know –
 "It's all a load of Taurus".

2nd Chorus – Men only
 Quick go the years girls, quick, quick, quick,
 Wider are your beams, and your waistlines, thick,
 As we look along the beach, we ask the reason
 why?
 We think you are the best between St Kilda pier
 and Rye.

HAVE A NICE DAY!
THEY SAY. I'M AWAY!
FOR A DAY ON THE BAY OFF MCCRAE.

I pull on the sheet, "Sheez Apples" is fleet
 And I fly like a bird in the sky.
 My mind wanders to lust,
 I'm hit by a puff, oh no it's a gust,
 And I'm in! upside down in the bay off McCrae.

There's a plane in the air circling an arc,
 Wouldn't you know it, a "Noah's Ark"!
 I swim like hell – and I do swim well,
 And I climb on the hull like a stranded seagull
 Upside down in the bay off McCrae.

The waves roar, the big wind blew,

And golly, I don't know what to do.
 Hooray here's a crash boat with a smiling crew,
 They come alongside with an encouraging yelp,
 "Are you in trouble? Do you need help?"
 "Cause you're upside down in the bay off McCrae".

Do I need help, I do declare!
 With my boards in the air and my mast way down
 there!
 But I don't say a word, don't make a sound,
 'Cos I'm in trouble if they're not around.
 They give me hope – they throw me a rope,
 They pull it tight – Hooray, it's upright and on my
 way,
 Not upside down in the bay off McCrae.

There's one thing more I'll say 'cos I oughter,
 When Rosemary says "Trailers in the water",
 I leap to the task – before I'm asked,
 Some say there's Heaven, but I know there's Hell,
 It's not down below shovelling coal all day,
 It's being upside down in the bay off McCrae.

Max Owen.
 Beacon – February 1979.

"QUESTION" BY Eileen Bird

Which boat will you borrow,
 For the ladies race tomorrow?
 The O.O.D. is Dennis,
 Yes, He's really quite a menace.
 Says the Ladies must join in,
 Dad'll mind the kids a min,
 Will I go? The jolly fact is
 I haven't had much practice.
 The sea is very choppy
 And my sailing's rather sloppy.
 Judging all the ripe old buffers
 Who are not such silly duffers,
 I am quite sure I have seen
 At least two sailors come back green!
 The "O.O.D." he starts the race,
 And so as not to lose his face
 Came quickly back to shore
 OH! And there's the Commodore!
 Joy with glasses poised to call
 Can't look too long at all
 And her tummy's all a bunch,
 Gee I'm glad she missed out lunch!
 Birdy's winning, Mason's coming close behind,
 Rule says, "change your boat", John – nevermind!
 It's fun that counts, or so they say
 They'll live to race another day.

The Ladies race is on, I hear,
 I must go home and get my gear.
 I'll have some lunch – no make it wine
 But I'll need my wits in two hours time
 Back at the beach to rig or not Oh!
 There's a westerly blowing, where's Dennis
 Bertotto?

Lady Mac's on the water just waiting for me,
 Flying "N" and 1st sub. As large as can be!
 It's off all you ladies! And I breathe again,
 Saved by the hooter, Oh look at those men,
 I think they're all smiling, altho I'm not sure,
 Back to pots, pans and children, I'll settle the
 score,
 I'll cook him a roast, that'll make him think
 She's not a bad sport, over there at the sink,
 Her intentions were good and she might have
 joined in
 Wouldn't matter at all if my wife didn't win.
 Anyway the bad weather's a pretty good reason,
 And maybe she'll try once again, come next
 season.

THE ANCHOR – Max Owen

I wonder what is that old anchors story,
 People ask and imagine it's former glory,
 So I will tell you a part of its history,
 to unravel that old piece of irons mystery.

It was in the days before there was such a thing as
 a cat,
 In those days real men sailed a sharpie or
 something like that.
 No foam sandwich, fibreglass or anything else
 they say's good,
 In those days they were just plain old wood.
 And they sweated and worked and built them
 themselves,
 Not for them this junk you buy off the shelves.

There was one rugged crew who asked no
 quarter,
 And caused many a mother to lock up her
 daughter
 The forward hand was Hanger! His life's one
 desire,
 Was to spend all day flat out on the wire.
 The sheet hand was known only as Linen,
 A tall, lean and thin'un.
 He was known to stretch rope when those
 bloomin blocks bound, and then let out a burst of
 language profound.
 The skipper, of doubtful parentage the opposition
 would say,
 Was Macka's young brother Craezy – Craezy
 McCrae!

This story is of a night when a storm really blew,
 The temperature was down to minus two.
 They stood at the Club and watched with awe,
 As gigantic waves pounded the shore.
 And at this time navigating the Rip,
 Was a large white passenger ship.
 The "Queen Agatha" with five hundred passengers
 asleep,
 And the Captain struggling his course to keep.

As they entered the Bay the Captain said "now we
 are right", because I can see McCrae's guiding
 light".
 But on shore there was a scream and a shout,
 Like New Years Eve all the lights had gone out.
 And that light house light that had always shone,
 When they looked up it too had gone.

The radio crackled S.O.S. – S.O.S.

It's the "Queen Agatha" here and are we in a mess.
 Our engines are out and we don't know what to
 do,
 There are five hundred people plus Captain and
 crew.
 Oh! Help us! Oh! Help us we pray,
 Or we all shall perish – upside down in the Bay off
 McCrae!

The Coast Guard cried what a disaster there will
 be!
 It's far too rough to put a boat to sea!
 But a voice was heard – "Get out the way"
 Twas Craezy saying "I can sail through anything
 on this blooming bay,
 To my motley crew an this boat of mine,
 We reckon this kind of weather is fine!"

As they launched through a twelve foot wave,
 They cried "there they go – stupid but brave".
 They reached the "Queen Agatha", its only hope,
 And cried quickly throw us a rope".
 "All our ropes are gone" Craezy cried in distain,
 "throw us your bloody anchor and chain."

With the anchor resting in the bottom of the boat,
 They had some trouble just staying afloat.
 But with Hanger on the wire and Linen's sheet on
 tight
 Craezy began a broad reach through that murky
 night.
 "We are going well, we'll stay on this reach
 we'll tow the thing to Safety Beach.

"We had better tack now!" cried the forward hand,
 "We will lose our tow but we will miss the land".
 Craezy replied "I don't want to end up in a burial
 box",
 and he sailed flat out into the rocks.

The "Queen Agatha" was saved and what a sight,
 Five hundred people singing "Oh what a Night".
 The next morning was calm and they searched in
 the light,
 But no trace was found, not a clue,
 Of Craezy's boat or its crew.

Many years later on the floor of the sea,
 Someone said "What can that be?"
 The Queen Agatha's anchor was found at last,
 A tribute to its glorious past,
 It now sits surrounded by the old shrub
 At the entrance to our beloved Club.

You may not believe it, but if you are ever there,
 Standing late at night, by yourself, by the stair,
 If you listen closely and concentrate,
 You can still hear Craezy shouting at his mate.
 He's not a ghost or spirit or anything new,
 But he is part of McCrae – I'm telling you.

So next time you walk past it, here is what to do,
 Spare a thought for the saviours of the Queen
 Agatha and its crew.
 Dip your lid, spend a second of your day
 Remembering Hanger and Linen and Craezy
 McCrae.

MACKA MCCRAE – Max Owen Beacon February 1985.

The big Cat Challenge was on that day,
 to be sailed on the waters of Port Phillip bay.
 A bloke walked in wearing shorts and a hat,
 Is this where I can race me cat?
 Yes, but park your trailer out the back if you like,
 Can't! I carry me boat on me back on me bike!

The craft on the beach were sleek – all from the
 one mould,
 But this bloke's was carved from a telegraph pole,
 The beams were fence posts joined with a four
 inch nail,
 It had a gal. pipe mast and a chaff bag sail.
 They asked him his name – what did he say?
 Just call me "Macka", Macka McCrae.

The boats left the beach and who was last?
 Macka was still tying up his mast.
 The starter's gun went, and they were into the
 fray,
 Tacking to the mark that was far away.
 After an hour the starter heard a cry,
 Was Macka – Is this the way the others went by?

Well he pulled on the sheet and was away,
 On Port tack right up the bay,
 A cultured voice cried, "starboard please",
 But not one inch of sheet did Macka ease,
 Instead he replied "Look out brother!"
 And went in one side and out the other!

The rest of the fleet were on starboard too,
 Macka did not know what to do.
 It's too late now, I can do now worse,
 They'll rub me out for sinking the first.
 My copybook has a great big blot,

So he proceeded on and ploughed through the lot.

Macka reached the mark and gave a snort,
 The first beat was miles too short!
 The wind was now howling, it was a fantastic
 reach.
 He missed the mark and gybed at Safety Beach.
 On the way back a cliff on the Bay was jutting,
 Macka went too close and made Anthony's cutting.

He came back in a shower of spray,
 He churned up half of Port Phillip Bay.
 Above the wind you could hear a shrieking shout,
 Macka had his trap hook on inside out.
 The wind was now blowing force nine,
 But to Macka that just meant the weather was
 fine.

Macka hung out there on the wire,
 Going so fast his lee hull caught on fire,
 He did not ease up, did not slow his rate,
 Until his hull did disintegrate!
 But did Macka panic – was he taken aback?
 No, he just threw in a very quick tack.

Yes, Macka was thinking, he was not having
 dreams,
 He was still on the wire, barefoot, on the end of
 the beams.
 With a smirk on his face they heard him say,
 Don't need that hull when I'm going this way.
 The wind was so strong when he finished the beat,
 He tacked right around Arthur's Seat.

The lightning was flashing – the thunder was
 crashing,
 The wind was thrashing and the waves were
 smashing.
 Port Phillip was land-locked, or so it's said,
 Till that day when Macka went right through the
 Heads.
 Across the Tasman he went as it blew,
 The old timers tell me and I'm sure it's true,
 New Zealand was one island till Macka went
 through!

Back at the club they said "Let's not be slack?"
 We must get this young Macka back!"
 We'll show him the way – we'll use our nous,"
 So they built a shiny new light house.
 You think it's there to help the ships at night,
 It's not, it's an aid to Macka's sight.

Now when there's a storm and it blows like heck,

The old timers gather on the upper deck.
They stare for hours into the night,
They all know for sure that he'll be all right.
And then he comes back we'll all shout "Hooray",
For that legendary sailor, Macka, Macka McCrae.

Max Owen

Perchance to Dream – Lucy Cook

(Beacon January 2000)

At the conclusion of the highly successful Pacer series, awards were made to acknowledge the contribution of various yacht club personnel. These included the Patrol boat crews, those happy, humble, heroic guardians of the fleet. They received elegant drink coasters on which to rest glasses.

These simple gifts present a new perspective on the quest of the white knights.

As in a vision, one sees them launching their boats and departing from the beach, their outer gear disguising the bow ties and dicky fronts. Having decided between a port course and a chardonnay course, they will get the race underway, then retreat to calm waters and proceed with their refreshment break whereupon suitable beverages will be placed on the elegant coasters.

Canteen volunteers will no longer be required to pre-heat thermos flasks to ensure the water is hot for tea and coffee. Instead packs of ice will be included in the string bags and oysters and pate will replace the bikkies in cello bags. Afternoon tea will conclude all rescues and as long as most sailors cross the line a successful afternoon will be enjoyed by all.

The Painting of the Club

The committee was boring, as most committee meetings are,
Two blokes having a snooze, two blokes propped up at the bar,
A lady committee member knitting, said, "At the end of this row I'll be free
to make you all a nice cup of tea
Two blokes thought they'd rather be chasing sheilas at the pub,
When someone said, "why don't we paint he club?"

"What a great idea, Fella
We can paint I a bright yella"
"No, no, no that will never do,
if we paint it, we must paint it blue".
"You've got to be made", another said,
"The only colour to paint it is red
The Commodore was confused, thought not once
but twice,
And said "to solve this problem we must get
expert outside advice".

So a colour consultant was brought from afar,
She was young, cute, as colour consultants are.
The committee was really taken aback,
When she said, "the colours must be symbolic,
your're on the right track.
The colour yellow is grant,
It's symbolic of McCrae's golden sand,
The colour blue what else could it be,
It's symbolic of McCrae's sparkling sea."

Then her eyes glazed, she became fuzzy in the head,
"why the hell would they pick colour red?"
Then her eyes cleared as if touched by a hand divine,
"Of course! The colour red is symbolic of the Commodore's wine."
But in future we have troubles, and this is no joke,
The next Commodore drinks Bundy and coke!

So when you are lying on the beach and you look up at the club in awe,
Don't say those colours are ghastly they make my eyes sore,
The are bright, happy, fun colours, that's what I say,
See! Those colours are symbolic of sailing at McCrae.
(Anon – or Max Owen)

Big Splash Award Beacon May 2001
Awarded to David Robinson and Joel van Weel.

It was a bright autumnal day
When Minnow 979 went out to play
He was looking good – his prospects bright
The wind was fair and not too light.

The Minnow sped to the start on a run
Unaware of the trouble to come
For leaving the beach too was a yacht big and wild.

What could it do to a very small child?
 As the Minnow sat luffed near Eastern Light
 Waiting to start when the time was right
 The 49'er came through the fleet tacking
 One could almost say, some control was lacking
 They saw the Minnow at the very last minute
 And veered away – would they hit it?
 Alas! Alack! There was an enormous crash
 Followed by a spectacular SPLASH
 White Knight rushed over at top speed,
 To see what help they both might need
 Poor Joel popped up like a little cork
 So shocked that he could hardly talk
 However this story has a happy ending
 Little Speedo didn't need any mending
 And Joel was cool and he could cope
 But the 49'er was left in a tangle of rope!
 Anon.

The True story of the McCYC Anchor.

Beacon December 2003

Can you write a better story than this?

Some Club members have recently asked “what is the story of the anchor that is in the garden at the Club? Is it off the “Rosebud” or the “Alma Doepel”?”

Well the answer is a bit boring and it is like this
Picture this! Three Past Commodores are standing in the yard talking amongst themselves, largely because no one else much talks to Past Commodores. Two were called Graham and one wasn't. Suddenly up the mats comes an aluminium outboard runabout, under the control of the then resident of the Light-house house. He was a Public Works Department employee and a maintenance diver.

Three inquisitive heads peer into the boat as it is towed past, and spy a large anchor and some other rust stuff.

“What's that?” they asked.

“It's a large anchor and some other rusty stuff” he said.

“Where did you get it?”

“About a mile straight out off shore”, he said.

“What's if off?”

“No idea mate!”

“What are you going to do with it?”

“Try and sell it”

“How much do you think you will get?”

“Probably about \$30” he said.

Three hands moved as one into pockets and each emerged holding a \$10 note.

“Done” they said in unison. “Put it over there”. And he did.

The “Other rusty stuff” roved to include a cast iron end plate off a windlass (the sort of thing you can see in photos of “Cutty Sark”). After a few years it fell apart and was thrown out. The anchor remains more or less as it was then, although it has been rearranged a few times. Search as you may, you will not find reference to this deal in the Minutes or Financial reports. It happened just like that.

ON REFLECTION

Anon

While watching the naming ceremony of our latest patrol boat (Macarthur) I was struck by the thought that as General Macarthur “had returned” (to the Philippines), so too had he into our patrol boat names.

Having a reasonable long memory of the Club, I mused further about the absence of another famous ‘he’. Who remembers “Macka McCrae”? Perhaps the following poem may stir some memories.

*For those without memory failure,
D’you remember that legendary sailor,
Greatest sailor on the bay;
Macka McCrae?*

*Alas he deserted McCrae to wander,
Out in the wide blue yonder,
Crossing horizons undefined,
More adventures, no doubt to find.*

*Now twenty years on,
Looking old as Bill and Tom,
I’ll swear that’s Macka McCrae
Back to visit for a day.*

*Toting a decrepit Sabre,
Needing some loving labour,
Sails stretched, rigging jaded,
One something better should be traded.*

*Surreptitiously I watched him rig,
He glances up, suspects his jig
Is up if I choose,
I quietly smile and tap my nose.*

*The friendly ‘D’ division cadre
Help him launch the Sabre
Like most of them he’s past his prime,
Bi-focalled, battery powered they take their time.*

Max

THE LADIES OF THE TOWER.

*As I sit on my boat
There’s no wind, I just float,
I’ve been here more than an hour,
I wonder what goes on up in that tower.
They’re up there, that much I know,
Those lovely ladies Joy and Ro
Sitting there watching, ever alert,
Or are they there just completely inert?*

*O h! I guess it’s not for me
All those bickies and tea,
Writing numbers on paper
is just not my caper.
I’d rather stay home and listen to the Mrs. nark
than watch boats drift away from a stationary
mark.
Are they up there saying “ the forecast is bad but
becoming fair”,
Or “Darling, I love the way you are wearing your
hair!”*

*But I admire the way
They confuse the Officer of the day
And I laughs and I gloats
At the repartee with the crash boats,
But the melodious tones that emit from that tower,
Seem to go on hour after hour.
Trailers off the beach, drop your sail, sailor,
Help push into the water that bloody great trailer.
I don’t know about you but it seems to be,
All those messages are directed at me.*

*But when I am out there and it really blows, how I
am keeping it up nobody knows,
The thought crosses my mind as my fingers go
nummer,
I hope I signed on and they have got my number
And while I’m out there battling the monstrous sea,
Are they asking each other “Would you like coffee
or tea?”*

*They survey the beach and make sure lost kids are
found,
They know who’s talking to who and who’s hanging
around,
Who’s wearing what “Darling look at that!
Her in a bikini, it makes her look fat.”*

*And one day when I don’t sail my worst
And finish the race to find I’m first,
I won’t feel happy, relax or feel fine*

*I'll be petrified they will say I sailed back through
the line.*

*And as I go up to collect my prize,
With a modest look and moist eyes,
I'll only think of the day with the big seas pounding,
Not of the ladies that correctly marked all my
roundings.*

*I would not like to be in that place,
But if there is no one there, there is no race.
They do their job with patience and charm,
And about now suppose it would cause no harm,
To say we enjoy the mischief, we enjoy the pranks,
But just to say from us all, just thanks!.*

Max Owen Mid 1980s

Ode to Pete and Paul

*Last season Pete was really keen
His enthusiasm for Tigers had to be seen.
He taught us how to gybe and tack
then let 'Crazy Cat' fall off the rack.
He once had eleven on board, jumped on last
Tipped the thing over and broke the mast.
But in Titles and trophies he did well
He made old Crazy go like hell.
A Tiger devotee – NO – Just a pretender
The cad has gone out and bought a Contender.*

*Oh! Woe is me! It cannot be true
Our hero Paul in a Q.B.2.
Paul's Tiger, complete with weird bird
Was never seen further back than third.
We look forward to the day – as he leaves our scene
When we see Paul knock off "Clockwork" and
"Green Bean".*

Max Owen August 1974.

HAPPINESS!

*What is happiness in this life?
To me!
A laughing suntanned wife on a beach
Two little boys with bright faces
rigging their boats for cadet races
In the sun
Wind and waves
A fast catamaran
And friends, a steak and a cold Carlton can
And my feet in the sand!
Ain't life grand?*

Max Owen
1979

NORTHBRIDGE 407

*"Would the skipper of N.B.J. 407 please come to the
Tower."
The call echoed over the beach for nearly an hour.
It was the Interclub Regatta at Rye,
With more than two hundred boats going by.
The Northbridge Juniors numbered eleven,
But suddenly they said "where is 407?"*

*A small boy of seven out there at sea?
The obvious question "Where can he be?"
Is asked by his father's harrowed face
And the skippers ashore don't talk of the race
But stand staring as if in sheer disbelief
That one of them had come to grief.*

*The radio crackled "We are very, very worried"
To and fro the crash boats scurried
Tension was mounting – nerves were thin,
A call "we've got him!"
The crash boat "Southerly" down the bay
had found him over five miles away.*

*Strained faces cracked and burst into smile
It was back to normal in a very short while.
The race was resailed again from the beach,
Sailors laughed and said what a reach
And for a father and mother a sight from Heaven
The crash boat "Southerly" and Northbridge 407.*

Max Owen 1978

(The above poem is a summary of Cam Owen during a storm on Port Phillip Bay. As above, it blew up and many boats bottled and had to be rescued but Cam just sheeted on and went with

the wind. He was found by Rosebud pier looking for the mark! Now he is nearly forty years old so you can see how quickly the years fly by. The Rye Yacht club were trying their last grid pattern of search before they called the Air Sea 'n Search Rescue helicopter in. Quite a nerve racking time.)

To the girls of McCrae, on their luncheon day.
Eileen Bird 1984

*Welcome, welcome,
It's good to see you here,
A lovely group I do declare,
With such a lot of cheer.*

*The phone was ringing madly
And the list was growing strong,
And such a lot who work today
Would've loved to come along.*

*Still, they all sent us good wishes,
For a happy luncheon date,
And they'll be thinking of us,
While they're eating off their plate.*

*Now in order that you know
Just who was here today,
I'm going to ask that you stand up
When your name's called – O.K.?*

*Firstly are the Social mob,
Of whom we have but four;
There's me – Eileen, two Ann's, Collette,
We wish we had some more.*

*Then from McCrae there's quite a group,
Who had a decent journey,
Nancy, Di and Marie
Alison, Jo and Noni.*

*We've two who share their birthday date,
That's really pretty nifty;
Stand up Joy and Shirley now,
We know which one is fifty!!!*

*Marg Smith, Denise and Marcia's here,
Ann Grant and Pam Scarpella,
A special day of real good cheer
For Pam's a BIRTHDAY fella.*

*We've another Lady dare I say,
She's really rather clarsy,*

*Without her prompts at A.G.M.
We'd all be bareing arsey!!*

*Good on you Verna, you're our Girl,
Speak up any time
At least we have our showers alone
Now we're not in our prime!!
We've Charlotte, Kath and Connie B,
Now there's a Happy Bunch,
Another Candy's here I see,
Hi Jan!! How was your lunch?*

*There is a lass named Betty P,
Who has a brother John,
Who wed a girl named Rosemary,
Do you want me to go on?*

*There's Grahams' in there too somehow,
To complicate connections,
Brothers, Husbands, take a bow,
The Mason Pearson collection!!*

*We're really quite a motley lot,
Hairdressers, Mums and Teachers,
Some retired, and some are not,
Come summer ----- Bums on beachers !!!*

*That's what McCrae is really for,
A holiday resort,
We cluster all around the shore,
For a sailing's real good sport.*

*Look forward to the summer weeks,
With parents and their 'Bubs',
We'll see you all, when you go seek
Your tan, outside the Club.*

MORRIE !

*Decimal conversion gives me a pain,
Things will just never ever be the same.
But we haven't converted down at McCrae,
We still have Miles I am pleased to say,
They haven't changed as the years have gone by,
Morrie Kilometre sounds stupid I suppose thats
why!*

*Who is this bloke and where is he from?
Someone told he was a pom,
That does not appear right,
He seems far too bright.
In fact when it comes to art,
It could be said he's very smart,*

*Each year the club house looks bare,
Till Morrie's Father Christmas appears there.*

*But he is not really that smart I can tell,
Doesn't even know how to spell!
Spells Myles with a Y not an I,
I do not know why! Why should I be one eyed?
Should it be I or Y, and why?
I ask my crew why and he says Aye! Aye!
I still wonder why!, I or Y!*

*For years he's sat in the tower checking rounding,
Gawd, with those shielas up there, his ears must
take a hell of a pounding.
There was once a hot day - just one,
When he took off his shirt and showed his chest to
the sun,
The Shielas went wild, they attacked him but all in
vain,
Val said "Morrie put your shirt back on and don't
take it off again!"*

*But Morrie Myles is at last being converted,
The land of fog and rain is being deserted!
What's good he has finally realised,
Yes, Morrie is going to be Naturalised!
Good on ya mate - forget all the fuss,
You don't need that piece of paper to be one of us.
For years you've been there nearly every day,
And we all say "Thanks Morrie for being part of
McCrae!"*

Max Owen.