

Racing

Heather MacGillivray

Mick and I have had
The opportunity of late
To go out racing
On a Northshore 38.
It was Don who asked Roy
To give us a call,
And I still can't decide
If I was brave or a fool.
See, our Austral is six metres long
And perhaps two metres wide,
But when I stood on *Bottom Line's* deck
I just could've cried —
The cockpit, the winches,
The thickness of the shroud —
I mean, with three people on our boat,
And you've got yourself a crowd.
I was frightened, excited
And totally in awe.
We were going off racing,
But I still wasn't sure.
See, we've done some cruising,
And a spot of fishing too,
And I don't know if Don knew
I didn't know what to do.
So we motored up the Harbor,
Heading towards the start line.
Up went the mainsail and headsail.
All was going just fine,
Till I noticed the armada
That had quickly accrued
In our small amount of water.
Now, I swear that it's true,
There was shouting and calling
With boats left and right.
It was hard to keep calm.
When Don himself locked a freight
The starting gun blasted,
It went off with a bang.
The mainsail creaked slightly,

And so did the vang.
So windward we headed,
Off towards the top mark.
Now we were racing,
Did "T" look the part?
Then from the cockpit
Came an ordering shout.
There was no mistaking it:
We were going about!
I held the winch handle,
I think I'm prepared;
We started to turn,
But I found I was scared.
So I winched and I winched,
My little arms turning quick,
And found to my delight,
I was too busy to feel sick.
Then the others were preparing
More braces and more sheets
For something that truly did haunt me.
The next couple of nights in my sleep,
Now, please if you'll allow me
A moment to digress,
'Cause I need to explain this
The way that I know best.
If you're not a yachting,
And you watch a big race,
You really can't help
The smile coming to your face
When the boats round the mark
On the downwind run,
With all the "pretty sails",
Now doesn't that look fun?
But when watching the telly
You're not in their boat,
If you don't know what's happening,
You don't have to cope.
All the colours of the rainbow
May decidedly look sweet,

But the call, "Fly the spinnaker!"
Still chills me to my feet.
Anyway, the fellas up the front
Prepared for the deed,
With the monster in the bag
Just waiting to be freed.
It shot up the front,
And it blotted out the sun.
The boat sped off faster!
"My God, what have we done?"
It was massive and macabre,
It's power immense.
Surely no-one would use it
If they had any sense.
But the next mark loomed near,
As if that wasn't quite enough,
So we have to do a gybe.
Now, believe me, that's tough.
It all went quite wrong,
And I let out a squeal.
But, you see that's OK,
Because I am a girl.
And although less than successful,
In fact near a total flop,
It wasn't so tragic.
I mean, we didn't have to stop.
But my heart did just once,
If only for a sec.
But the extra adrenaline
Kept it in check.
Now my story must end.
Thank you for your time.
Hell, I enjoyed it
And that's *The Bottom Line!*
And, just as a PS,
Or is it post haste?
Before, we could sail,
But now we can race.

What's happening with Canopus?

Theresa Bradley

Laurey wanted a yacht, one that had good lines and would sail well. One look at *Canopus*, and he fell in love. Older Squadron Members will remember her in her heyday, but by now she was in need of attention and someone to love her. Water had leaked through the deck, and it was in need of repair. Laurey decided to give her a new teak deck. While preparing it, he found that the plywood needed replacing. Then the canvas on the cabin should also be changed, and the motor needed an overhaul. After many hours of stripping, chiselling and sanding, she's at the stage now that we are starting to put her back together again. Laurey is a bit concerned that she has been out of the water for a long time, so he has rigged up a clever system with garden sprinklers to keep the hull damp. By Christmas we hope to have her the way Mr Williams would have wanted her to be. Many thanks to Ray Cauci for guiding Laurey and for Jim Theodore for use of his shed in this project.

SQ

[Jack Williams built *Canopus* in about 1961. There is information about him and his vessels in *Squadron Quarterly* for March 1993.]



Working on *Canopus* (Theresa Bradley).

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