

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

New Year Fun at KI Open to All

Dear Editor,

The American River Ballast Head Regatta will be run again on New Year's Day 2009.

This race is not a Squadron event but is open to everyone. It happens to be organised by several CYC members just for fun, and run along Twilight Race rules, with Fastest, Handicap and the Jamie Cowell Perpetual Trophy for first time competitors. Prize giving is at a beach BBQ afterwards.

This being such a 'serious' race, extra handicap points are gained by picking up any visitors or locals who happen to be on the beach. In fact pets can add to crew!

I was privileged to be on *Ellos* with Gill and Bob Hogarth last year and it was great fun.

This links in well with the Squadron's annual Cruise to KI and New Year's Eve party on Brown's Beach, Eastern Cove.

I can recommend the Regatta to you all. I shall be sorry to miss it this year but shall hopefully be flying over the Antarctic on New Year's Eve.

See you all next year!

Anthea Cowell

Oberon

Dear Editor

Mavis & I owned *Oberon* for 23 years and she has been on the Squadron register for 30 years to date.

Eight years ago when I sold her I wrote a poem, lamenting the sale.

I sent copies to a few friends and received a reply from my good friend David Sorrill.

My poem may have been published in an earlier SQ but the reply has not seen the light of day.

It occurred to me that the sentiments expressed must be shared by a number of sailors when parting with an old friend. If you have space I submit both the original and the reply for publication.

John Smith

Oberon

Alas poor *Oberon* she is sold
our love has gone for want of gold.
No thrilling times for us remain
henceforth our life will be mundane.

No more to see the sea at rage
to witness it in wild rampage.
No more to see its heavenly bliss
when stars stoop down with tender kiss.

Lost are the days of salutary balm
when shags skim low over its wondrous calm.
When shearwaters with their graceful flight
return to the land for the coming night.

No more to see the dolphins play
with their attentive eye and proud display,
leaping clear of the waters crest
and laughing at us, though we do our best.

Good times. Yea, good times all
and now we let her canvas fall,
and then the sails are stowed at last
To become a memory of a distant past.

JKS

Paperback Library for Members

My wife Kathy Read, of *Miakoda* has suggested that she will donate a bookshelf to be placed in Jimmy's Bar for Members to donate paperback books that are surplus to their requirements. The reason for this suggestion is that Kathy feels that it would be beneficial to Members to have an informal library for all Members to access.

To kick the library off, we are looking for paperback books only. Donations of books could be left in boxes in the main Locker Room behind the Administration Offices in front of *Miakoda's* locker (No 10). We will sort them and set the bookcase up for immediate use.

The books will be placed in categories only eg: Drama, Autobiography, Romance, etc.. To allow the Paperback Library to operate with a minimum of fuss, the books will not be in alphabetical order.

The idea is simple:-

- Members place their un-wanted paperback novels in the bookcase.
- Then they take a book or two to read.
- Return them on completion with no time frames & no paperwork

It is suggested that the paperback library be trialled for a period of 12 months. If, after that time, Members feel it is not providing a benefit, then it will be dismantled. On the other hand, if Members feel it is a worthwhile addition to the Club, then it will be expanded and updated.

Regards
Garry Read

Reply to Oberon

We hear your cry of sorrow
Oberon is no more.
The oceans are a distant dream
Of adventure that's gone before.

But weep not tears good friends.
Remember the days of yore;
When storms and tempests filled your nights,
And sails and halliards tore!

Recall the fear, the fun, and the danger
That shook you to the core.
Delicious thrills of soaking waters,
Memories of scares that you adore.

Time has moved another chapter,
Life has opened another door.
Left you with countless memories
It's just the newness that makes you sore.

You'll not
Forget
The dolphins
The wind
The tides
The frights

Like us – you're getting a weeny bit grey
And need to stop at nights!

David Sorrill.

