



## Teaser 100 Club Winners

Prize	Membership Number	March 2012	Membership Number	October 2012
£500	048	M Winter	004	M Winter
£200	010	C Smith	103	DG Wilson
£150	026	N Hambleton	095	RD Kelsall
£150	073	D Jones	124	D Trevorrow

## Rod Knight (25-27) - Senior Hand

I am now resident on the second floor of a 3-story building along with 60 or 70 other ancients but it's a large building and we're not crowded. I think I'm the oldest, but not the most decrepit, judging by the number of walkers I see being pushed around. So far I've managed with a cane. The building is situated on the northern outskirts of Sidney, about a mile or so from where I lived with my family for 30 years before moving to Victoria, Vancouver island. So I am not out in the wilderness. But friends and neighbors of those days are long gone. For the past 15 years I have been struggling to write my memoirs, as a memento for my children. Friends persuaded me it would be worthwhile, and I wish they hadn't. I have a very poor memory. The main reason I gave up on life at sea was no matter how hard I studied, I couldn't remember what was needed for an exam. But there are exceptions. I could sing the whole of *The Conway Song* to you. But that was pounded into me every Sunday night after church service. I don't suppose it is ever sung now.

I am sure there are countless numbers of Conway Boys who wrote or were written about. But I'm sure there was never one that had a poem written to and about him that so aptly fitted:

There is no turning back for him who goes,  
Down to the sea at seventeen or so.  
The music of the sea that leaps and flows in emerald tides  
Will haunt him.  
He will go forever with the sunrise on his lips.

When I first read those words, sometime in the 1930s, they struck a chord that still resonates. These words may leave you cold, but for those of us who love the sea, there is a meaning. I was introduced to the sea when I was four years old and I've lived most of my life on or within sight and sound of it. Maybe I am just an addled-pated old man dreaming dreams, but I'm sure there are others who think as I do. I have no ailments threatening my life. I'm as healthy as I was 50 years ago, but time is taking its toll. I can almost hear the breakers crashing on the bar.