

CEBA : The First 50 Years

In Strasbourg, I've a fearsome task.

I've set myself one giant ask:

to write a tribute to our club.

So now, I'll get down to the nub.

Way back in time, when we were young

and from our natal homes far flung,

re-wind the clock to '69

and in this city by the Rhine,

Aydin S. had cause to think:

how best combine a sport with drink?

He'd seen one played with shuttlecock

to which he hoped his friends would flock

and joined by Dorothy and John,

the glove thrown down, the challenge on,

a year renowned for the moon landing,

they'd start a club would be outstanding.

One smallish step into unknown?

A giant leap as Time has shown.

CEBA was born and CEBA flourished,

the talent coached and coaxed and nourished.

And now we're 50 years on,

united by our badminton.

So, badminton, my friends, is good,

A fact which must be understood.

Alors,

Vive le badminton, vive le sport:

jouer amicalement, mais fort.

Ainsi terminent mes quelques lignes,

entre amis entre les vignes.

Alors, levons nos verres remplis

au CEBA et nos co-sportifs amis.***

*** Roughly something along the lines of :-

Long live Badminton, long live Sport:

play hard, though friendly fought.

Thus will end these few lines

amongst friends and between vines.

So, lift your brimful glasses

to CEBA and friends in sport, both lads and lasses.