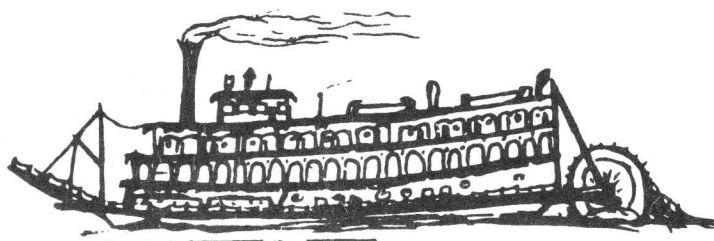


OLD STERNWHEELER'S Masters Monthly



Volume V, Number 7

UNMATCHED PROPAGANDA

October 1, 1980

Hello again, sea nymphs! Well, bless his pointed little head, the Old Sternwheeler has sobered up enough to create another mess-terpiece. We hope that your summer was productive, ours certainly was. At Northern Shores alone, we have 3 new babies, 2 advanced pregnancies, one new pregnancy, and the Old Sternwheeler still can't get a date.

As you can see by the attached double meet notice, we are planning two Friday night meets. They will be held on Friday nights for several reasons, among them the practicality of swimming when time isn't limited by the need to get up for work the next day, and the potential for social gatherings after the meet. The need to replace those lost body fluids after exercise should not be underestimated.

The rest of the year looks like this:

January - Mini Meet at the University of Minnesota

February - Mini Meet at Northern Shorts

Mid-March - State Short Course Championships

We hope that you will come to these meets to support the Masters program and stimulate your own fitness program.

HAVE A PHYSICAL FIT WITH MASTERS SWIMMING !

Rollie Duff, 65, was down in Iowa attending the Iowa Dairy Association's annual convention in Okoboji, Iowa last summer. Rollie is the President of the Iowa Dairy Foods Assn. One day, when not conventioning, Rollie swam across Lake Okoboji, a distance of almost 2 miles! I know Lake Okoboji, and how Rollie managed to dodge all the huge motor yachts, sailboats, and water skiers, I'll never know. Okoboji is also deep, cold, and can get very rough. All this after open heart surgery in 1973 makes Rollie another great example of the good to be had from Masters Swimming.

For his efforts, Rollie was appointed Long Distance Swimming Coach at the University of Okoboji and Rear Admiral in the Iowa Navy. Congratulations, Rollie!

Rollie is one of only a few people that write to the Old Sternwheeler with any regularity, and he always encloses gift certificates for Kemps Old Fashioned Ice Cream (yum, yum).

I WOUDN'T WANT TO BE A MEMBER OF ANY ORGANIZATION THAT WOULD HAVE ME FOR A MEMBER.

- Groucho Marx

SHORT COURSE INDIVIDUAL ALL-AROUND POSTAL MEET

Sponsored by the Coronado Masters and Penn Mutual Insurance, this is a "swim lots of different events, mail in your times, and we'll see who is the best all-around swimmer" contest. The events may be swum anytime between September 1 and May 1 of '81. The entry fee is \$5.00, due on February 1, 1981, and you mail in your results each month.

The events: Freestyle: 50, 100, 200, 500, 1650

Backstroke: 100, 200

Breaststroke: 100, 200

Butterfly: 50, 100

I.M.: 100, 200

The address for entry info:

Coronado Masters Assn.

P.O. Box 188

Coronado, CA 92118

FIRST ANNUAL SQUARE LAKE 1 HOUR RACE/WORKOUT

On a warm summer day with scattered showers, air temp 70°, warming to 76° during the morning, water temp 78° (beautiful), the first annual 1 hour race/workout was held.

The results, as reported by Jolly Roger (the Artful Dodger) Bosveld:

- Tie for 1st- Kory Kaye (NSAC) 4800 yds.
 Roger Bosveld (NSAC) 4800 yds.
- Tie for 2nd- Peggy O'Brien (NSAC) 4600 Yds.
 Jim Gausman (Como) 4600 yds.
- 5th- Rod Eng (Como) 4400 yds.
- 6th- Gregg Engst (Como) 4250 yds.
- 7th- Bob Gausman (Como) 3800 yds.
- 8th- Larry Schultz (Midway Y) 3250 yds.

Roger reports that a grand time was had by all, and the meet will be held again next year.

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CHUMS IN THE TANK, CHAPTER 3

Our story so far: Buck Bhoard, talented young swimmer from the Central High Junior Varsity swim team, faces a challenge from his shady team-mate, Bill Jawater. Bill is sprinting in practice as if jet-propelled. Buck has twice had to defend the honor of his steady girlfriend, Merrilee Downthestream; once against the insinuations of Jawater, and once more on their way to the library when they passed a seedy bar. Buck chivalrously shielded Merrilee's eyes from the sight of Bill Jawater parked against the bar rail holding court before a dozen empty beer glasses.

"I don't want to be a tattler", said Buck, "But I sure am curious why Bill swims like he is jet-propelled the day after drinking dozens of beers."

"Well," said Merrilee, "I still think it's something you should talk to your coach about it."

"I'll settle this with Jawater before I talk to Coach Heese." said Buck with determination.

The next day, at Junior Varsity practice, Coach Heese boomed, warmly, "Awright, everybody out for the wind sprints, c'mon, people!" And the boys scrambled out of the pool, with the Frosh and younger Sophomores covering themselves modestly. "I don't know why Coach Heese won't let us wear swim suits to practice," queried Justin Tyme, the youthful backstroker.

"And I don't like those fungus inspections after practice every day," said Ivan Aufelich, the exchange student from Bavaria.

As the boys lined up for sprints, Buck lined up for a head-to-head race with Bill Jawater. Wave after wave of boys sprinted down the pool, elbows pumping, shiny white buns glistening in the pool lights overhead, until it was Bill and Buck's turn.

"Hold onto your jock, Bhoard," hissed the nasty Bill Jawater.

"But I'm not wearing a jock," said Buck, "Coach won't let..." and the whistle blew, and Jawater was off in a flash. Caught flat footed in the middle of his answer, Buck finally gathered his wits and took off after Jawater's flashing buns.

Again, Jawater swam like he was jet propelled, and the young Buck was just as puzzled as ever.

The next heat of sprinters dove off the side and headed down the pool in the wake of the two rivals. They raced neck and neck for the first half of the length, until Matt Ernity, swimming in Bill's lane, suddenly stopped short, grabbed his throat, and started to gag uncontrollably. Matt's eyes began to roll, his cheeks turning green, and he struggled to the side of the pool, gasping for air.

Coach Heese ran to his side and began massaging the boys nubile, young body.

"C'mon, boy, take a man's breath!" boomed the coach, warmly, massaging the boys legs and chest. Slowly the color came back into Matt Ernity's cheeks and face. He spoke breathlessly, "Something... in the... air. ...Couldn't hardly (cough)...breathe."

Bill Jawater gave a nasty chuckle that prickled the peachfuzz on Buck Bhoard's neck.

"All right, people," warmly boomed the coach, "back in line."

Matt Ernity struggled to his feet and staggered back into line. Bill Jawater jumped in line ahead of Buck. "Hey," shouted the young sprinter, "get in your own line!"

"Eat my bubbles, Bhoard-Brain," hissed the evil Jawater.

Next month, CHAPTER 4...